

THE LADIES HOME

JOURNAL

And Practical Housekeeper...

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[FOR THE LADIES HOME JOURNAL.] A LOVELY GIRL.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS

PART II.

"Oh don't let her, don't let her!" cried a new voice, piercing our hubbub with peremptory intelligence. It was Mrs. Hearty. Her hands were covered with flour; but her face was as white as her biscuit.

"He'll cletch her! He'll overset her! Miss Esda! Miss Esda! I've sent for Jo—o—oo! Good Lord," moaned Mrs. Hearty, "That terrible young one will drown that blessed girl!"

Without a minute to think of it, Mrs. Hearty dashed into the water, and went wading out to her arm-pits, calling and pleading with Esda, as she went, trying to make her hear:

"You can't do it, you can't doo—oo it! Let him alon' for God's sake, or he'll cletch you!"

But Esda rowed straight on. She never could do anything except her duty, as God knows, and it was her duty to save that spoiled and sickly good-for-nothing little life, if the power had her.

She seemed, as we looked wildly on, to be all power. A few great strokes like heart-beats, took the white dory over the blazing water—how she rowed! Thud was struggling and shrieking on the surface now, making some horrible motions which he called swimming, obedient to Esda's ringing cry:

"Keep up, Theo! I'll save you, Theo! Now—so. There. I'll save you! Take care! Over the stern! Over the stern! Not the side of the boat, Theo—Oh, Theo!"

For Oh, that wretched child had clutched at the oar, and clutched at the side of the shallow dory, and clutched at Esda, and got her, somehow, anyhow—like a load of lead—and then, all we knew was that the dory had gone over; and all we could see was that the two had sunk together beneath the blur of white sunshine on the sea.

But there! almost before the cry we cried was off our lips, her pale face came up to sight again; and she struck out, like the heroine she was, bold and straight for shore. And we saw, as we looked, that the brave girl swam with one arm; for she carried the boy within the other, firm and fast.

"God bless her!" sobbed his mother. "God save her," moaned Mrs. Holiday—"Where the d—l is Jo?"

"God help her!" cried the Boston lady; just like other people.

Now the dory had drifted out of the girl's reach, and she could no more than swim for her life, and the child's; and swim she did right stoutly, so that hope bubbled in our hearts, and we cried out to her, and cheered her, and prayed God for her, and believed He meant to save her, and blessed Him for it.

Suddenly we saw a dreadful thing. We saw that her strength was giving way. She flagged, and faltered, and her stroke grew feeble. I felt that she looked at me. I thought I heard her cry: "Mamma!"

Oh, there before our eyes—thirteen women of us stranded on the beach,—our dear girl was going down. Even in that moment, I cursed our helplessness, and was ashamed of it, and thought: had there been but one of us who had ever had the sense or pluck to learn how to do things on the water, the simple things to save life, such as this girl of seventeen could do—our darling need not die.

At this moment, there came a mighty call, and a motion like a rushing wind across the beach. Some one tore through us, tossing the summer ladies to right and left, like curl-paper—knocked the Boston lady over, and hit off Miss Lean's gray bangs, and strode over Mrs. Duckling, who had squatted on the sand, gasping to get out of the newcomer's irresistible way. It was the washerwoman, the fisherman's wife.

Before one of us could have said: "Mrs. Sand!" she had the nearest dory (there were five moored off the rocks before our helplessness)—she had the nearest dory spinning over the water toward her. The boat came to the washerwoman's beck like a bit of floating soap. With those great womanly arms of hers, round and muscular, trained by hard toil and hard times, she hauled in the rope hand over iron hand. She pulled with the heart of a woman and the mind of a man.

Before we knew that it was done, the fisherman's wife, in her husband's big, dirty dory, was bounding over the water to our sinking girl. She did not row as prettily as our little lady; but she rowed with the mighty muscle, God bless it, that had "washed and ironed the

summer-folks" at Mrs. Hearty's for fifteen years. She caught the girl—and the girl held to the boy—and over the stern, and into the boat, we saw the two children crawl and fall; then we saw Mrs. Sand row calmly in.

"That blamed Joe's at the pond drorin' six buckets of water," said the washerwoman serenely, as she landed with her precious passengers. "I sent him three hours ago.—Here, Mrs. Holiday, take your young one. Miss Esda, my darlin', I'll carry you up the beach, my

Mrs. Hearty and I pulled off the dripping blue boating-dress that clung so cruelly to the shivering little figure, and we got her into warm things, and heated the bed, and gave her hot drinks, and did all we knew; and we put her poor mother on the lounge beside her, while we tended our darling, and we kept the others away—excepting Mrs. Sand, for Heaven and earth couldn't have kept her away; and we sent for a Doctor, and so on; and everything was done. And he told us it was "only the shock";

that opened off theirs; for we all thought it safer; and Esda slept; and so did I. I am not sure about her mother.

At all events, at midnight, the invalid called me, in a hurried voice:

"Miss Spruce! Miss Spruce! Please. Yes—come. Esda seems to be in pain."

And, Oh, when I got to my dear, I saw, in one look, that the worst was yet to come, and I saw that it was worse than any worst we had thought or dreamed of. She was moaning piteously. But all she said was:

"It was so cold!"

In ten minutes the house was roused, and in thrice that, the Doctor was there—but not the one who said she was "only nervous." And all that love and care could do, was done. It was little enough. There was internal inflammation—perhaps an internal injury; from the strain and the weight of the boy as she struggled for him, and swam with him. It was not possible wholly to be sure; and it did not matter much; it matters nothing now. Next day we sent to the City for a famous surgeon, and he came, and looked at her, and bothered her, and said the local practitioner was doing precisely right, and he was attentive to all the medical etiquette of the case, and said he thought there was every hope of recovery, and charged a hundred dollars, and went away.

And in three days after that, with suffering that I cannot speak of, and dare not think of,—in three days—but let me wait a minute.

For those three terrible days that house of strangers was as if it had been the child's own home, for love of her; it was like one family, overwhelmed for her sake; we had one thought, we did one deed, we prayed one prayer, we felt one anguish; she was something—to every soul beneath that roof. Some of the ladies talked about her, sobbing; some looked pale, and did not talk at all. Miss Lean stopped saying: "Dear me!" and instead, she said: "Dear Girl!"

The Boston woman said:

"She's a little lady."

And one said:

"How brave!"

And another said:

"How lovely!"

And Mrs. Holiday said:

"God bless her!"

And the landlady said:

"God save her!"

But the washerwoman watched with her all night, every night, and said:

"I've known all sorts. I never knew another like her. Lord love her!"

The Lord did love her. And He took her. On that third day, at dawn, at the ebb of the tide, when the souls of the race go back to Him who gave them, her lovely spirit passed, as the waves went out to sea. She spoke to me, and said:

"Dear Miss Spruce!"

And then she asked for her mother, and asked me, would I travel home with her? She seemed worried to know how the journey was to be managed without herself.

"Mamma has never travelled alone," she said. "Poor mamma!"

Then she spoke of little Josie Sand, and wanted—it was her sweet fancy—to hear Josie sing. So Josie sat on the piazza, by the low window, and sobbed, and sang. She sang part of an old hymn that Bethesda had taught her; but all I can remember of it, is this:—

"Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green."

But before the hymn was finished, our darling called again for her mother, and said:

"Dear mamma!" and then she said no more.

We followed her to the train that was to bear her on her last journey, as if she had been our very own.

Mrs. Sand and Josie walked close beside her. We were all there,—Mrs. Hearty, and the boarders, and Thud, and all.

The little white casket gleamed before us, as we followed, like the shining of a living thing. We had dressed her in her white nun's veil dress, the one she wore on Sundays, and on lovely summer nights, and we had covered her with pale pink rosebuds, and kissed her, and blessed her, and cried over her—and let her go. But, from out our hearts we never let her go. We held her, and we hold her, fast—our dear girl—the dearest girl we ever knew.

It was one day the last of next December, that I happened to see, in my daily paper:

"Died: on Christmas Eve—Bethesda's mother."

I do not mean that this was the way it was printed; but that was the way I read it through



child, for you're beat out. . . . Next time, ladies," added Mrs. Sand scornfully. "Next time there's thirteen of ye to two drownin' folks, and none of ye haint the sense to haul a dory in, I hope ye'll have enough to send for me!"

But Mrs. Hearty came wading out of the water, and said:

"Let me kiss her, Betty, if I couldn't do it. Since I had the crookedness to my fingers from bein' scalded, I couldn't have held an oar to save her. It aint my fault, Betty. Do let me help."

The two working women carried our dear girl between them,—for she could not stand, or speak to us—and the helpless summer ladies followed meekly up the long, wet beach.

But, when we came to the house, we saw a piteous sight. It was the invalid mother, on the piazza, alone, standing, staring, dead-white. We had forgotten all about her. She could not walk across the rocks; she could not get so far; she had been fastened there—the prisoner of her lot—and had seen the whole. There had been nobody for her so much as to ask a question of, in all that time.

We got her in, and to bed as fast as we could. She was terribly exhausted. I think I never saw a young person so exhausted before; it seemed as if her whole nature had sunk down under the strain. She beckoned to me to run on and tell her mother that she was not hurt; that "nothing was the matter."

"I'm all right, Mamma," she called weakly. "Dear Mamma! Poor Mamma! I'm only a little tired. Don't worry, Mamma."

he said she was "only nervous"—as Doctors do; and that she would be quite right to-morrow; and we believed him, and kissed her, and cared for her, and our hearts grew light.

"The water was so cold!" she said. She said it over, several times. "It was so cold! It was pretty cold!"

But she did not complain, of that, or anything; and we did not "realize," as people say. Afterward, we came to see how little we understood about it all. I suppose it is almost always so.

I have no doubt the proper things were done for Thud; but really, I did not ask; perhaps I did not care. My heart was full; it had no room for that long-legged boy.

Certainly he came out of the scrape with a success worthy of a better constitution; he never exhibited so much as a sore throat; he was cross enough for a few days; and he blew five blasts on that tin horn under Bethesda's window before I got to him:—after which he blew no more. Legends of what occurred at our meeting are still whispered confidentially at Mrs. Hearty's; carefully concealed from his mother. But upon this subject, I shall speak, in this public manner, with reserve.

On the whole, I think drowning agreed with that boy; he certainly thrived on it, to all human appearance.

We took turns in looking after our dear girl and her poor mother,—Mrs. Hearty, and Mrs. Sand and I; and Miss Merle begged to come in, and she was so gentle, and Esda asked us to let her come—so we did. And Esda seemed quite like herself before our bed-time, so that we felt at ease about her, and separated, laughing, for the night. Only I slept in the little back room

my blinding tears. And I thanked God for it—sick on earth, and homesick in heaven, they never could be, now. And I dream just how my darling looked, when it happened, and how she ran, and cried out: "Dear mamma!"

[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.] BETTER MANNERS AND SIMPLER DRESS.

The more we travel the more we ought to learn. We should learn to be better Americans, to love our own country better, to take what is good in foreign civilization, and to avoid what we do not approve of. It is this patient willingness to be taught, to be obedient, which makes the great soldier. Carried to its highest point, it is the noble self-command which Frederic, Emperor, and Sheridan, General, are showing the world on their sick beds. They can command *Death* to stand at bay, so accustomed have they been, first to obey and then to command.

Now in the lumber field of good manners we see this noble self-possession, this desire to obey what is right, to put aside what foreigners call American bumpthousness, is the true avenue to success.

The great rank and file of American citizens are law loving, law abiding people. The few discontented Germans will soon become as law abiding as the rest, and as anxious to learn the best American etiquette which, let us hope, will be equal to all the other good American things. We are now quoted abroad as the only solvent nation, the only one that ever paid its debt quickly and in full. Foreign dressmakers and shopkeepers always trust an American lady, they say, and it is a splendid national peculiarity.

"These Americans always pay their debts." Now let us consider some slight matters in which some of us may sin. We know as we travel the vulgar Englishman by his fussiness and his pretensions. He patronizes, he swaggers, he talks loud. Now and then we meet a meek-mannered, quiet gentleman who is polite, who gives us the best seat; we find that he is the Duke, the real Lord. A quiet old lady in a darned dress comes to see us. She is a Marchioness. The higher you get, the better are English manners. So of real Lords and Dukes; they are generally quiet, shy men, anxious to be let alone. Occasionally an exceedingly jolly, delightful creature like Lord Dufferin, with the gay blood of the Sheridans in his veins, appears, and he and Lord Rosebery are free from the English shyness; but we must not say "Your Grace" too often. As a nation we effuse too much. Let us study dignity and repose of manner, as a nation. We need it. A too great familiarity is resented. It is considered abroad a great insult to touch the person. Never slap a foreigner on the back. A young midshipman in his first cruise abroad treated a party of princes and noblemen, who came on board an American man of war, very much as he was in the habit of treating his fellow cadets, and he was challenged to five duels next day. It took the whole force of the American Navy to get him out of that particular scrape. I heard Admiral Earl English, tell the story when I was last at Nice. English people do not expect to be shaken hands with, but the jolly Prince always extends his hand. An American had better, however, content himself with a bow. It is the safer way.

There is one English custom I would like to see introduced here. It is that two ladies, even if they have not been introduced, should speak when under a friendly roof. In England people are never introduced when they meet at a dinner, but every one talks with delightful cordiality. There is no such restraint as you see in New York, where two ladies will meet in a parlor and gaze at each other as if they belonged to hostile tribes of Indians, each seeking the other's scalps, if, perchance, they have not been introduced. Remember that the house wherein you are is a sufficient introduction. Make it agreeable to your Hostess, even if on going down the front steps you should never speak again. It is proper etiquette to exchange the commonplaces of courtesy without being introduced. Now in New York it is considered improper to introduce two ladies who reside in the same city, but a truly hospitable hostess does introduce if she sees shyness and true humility. The ladies thus introduced need never know each other when they meet. They are only friends for the hour they are in a friendly house, and every lady should reply when she is spoken to.

A few years ago I went to a musical party in New York, and I turned to the young lady who sat next me and asked who was singing. She blushed and turned away. Soon after the song was ended she got a friend to introduce her, and then she said, "That was Madame L'Endivi who was singing." I could not help saying, "Thanks. I am so glad you are not deaf and dumb. It seems to me to be a very great rudeness not to speak under a friendly roof."

Those friendly critics who tell us of our national faults, say that a love of show, a disdain of privacy, a great ignoring of the proprieties of time and place, are amongst our national sins. I thought we had got beyond wearing diamonds and camels' hair shawls at sea, but the last time I crossed but one lady sat on deck wrapped in an expensive shawl, with diamonds as big as filberts in her ears, and a chain of pearls. I heard her daughter say to her, "Mother, I wish you would not wear your jewels at sea. Every one looks at you, and the Captain says he is afraid you will be robbed." "Pooh!" said her Mamma, "I wear them so as to show that I have got them."

Now I found that this lady was from my own state of New Hampshire, where we think we are very puritanical and perfect, and where we all go to Boston for our ideas. This shows how little we know of our own country until we travel; but I think our eccentricity of dress is less a peculiarity of our own countrywomen than of the English. Our great fault is that we wear too "good clothes."

I have been asked some question as to liveries. I think on that point every American must decide for himself what is the best taste. In London, last year, amid the "prevailing mediocrity of manners," I thought I noticed a great falling off as to liveries. A coachman

and footman were both powdered in the old times. Now a coachman in one livery and a footman with powdered hair would mount the same coach. In New York the prevailing fashion is for plain brown or blue liveries with monogram buttons. I do not know of any one who adopts a foreign livery at Newport but Mrs. Bonaparte, who has the drab and scarlet of the Bonapartes. We have not got to powdered footmen yet, but I think the people who are particular do not allow either coachman or footman to wear moustache or beard, but do allow the coachman side whiskers. I was much amused at West Point, a few years ago, when the hotel keeper turned off all his waiters who would not shave to please him.

The fashion of the moustache is a moving one. A not old lawyer told me that when he entered upon the practice of the law in New Hampshire, if he had worn a moustache, he would not have got a single brief. Now it is the gentleman who wears the moustache, but his servant must not. Why did Queen Elizabeth dine at eleven, and why do we dine at seven? Why do we wear long dresses one year, and short ones the next? How would a man in a lawn tennis suit, or a girl in an ulster have passed muster fifteen years ago? The wit of one age is the stupidity of the next. The most virtuous and priggish age as to dress and manners tolerated a freedom of expression which we cannot endure. The manners of the past, however, had this advantage over the manners of the present—they were founded far more on respect for age and the clergy; in fact, on respect for others.

The duty of an American citizen to his own society is somewhat complicated. We will suppose that he is a traveled man, learned in the best etiquette, able to hold his own in any company; he does not wish to parade his culture; he detests a fop, and he detests a boor; they are the two extremes which he wishes to avoid; yet he is compelled to associate with a man who is his political superior, and who thinks himself his social equal, whose manners may be anything but agreeable. Such a man will use bad grammar conscientiously because it will make him popular with his constituents. He may have that singular fluency which makes the American the wonder and the miracle of the age—a man who will speak excellent English in his speeches, but who disdains Lindley Murray in the bosom of his family. Such a man, whom we might call Barnwell Slote, may be a minister to some foreign city. He will meet the traveled and educated man. They will both dine with the King of Belgium, most enlightened and agreeable of men. The polished American is annoyed beyond measure if he is confounded with the Hon. Barnwell Slote, who is politically his superior. How can he explain the situation? He cannot. This awkwardness of adjustment so freely treated of by Henry James and Wm. D. Howells in their novels, is a reason, if there were no other, why all Americans should learn true etiquette. And if by chance the cultivated American gets the portfolio of a Minister, and the Barnwell Slote comes to visit him, he is obliged to use all his diplomacy. No man is so thoroughly a slave as one who has never learned good manners. He thinks himself independent, and that he *don't care*, but he does care. He sees that the cultivated gentleman has far more freedom than himself, and a thousand privileges from which he is debarred. He will see that good manners are the open sesame to good society all over the world.

And an American gentleman, while carefully learning the code of the Old World should not forget to infuse into his correctness a certain fresh originality, a vivacity and wit which the older civilizations have lost. There is a native born American aristocracy, and the original and beautiful American woman should never lose her originality, while she should study to be low-voiced, quiet, polite, properly dressed, and thoroughbred.

While we derive one Shakespeare, one Milton, one Fenelon, Moliere, Goethe, from the Old World, we need not be ashamed to study those manners which were the growths of thousands of years of civilization and culture. We must gather the best from all of them. The New World is but the offshoot of the Old World, but a better and a fresher growth, destined, let us hope, to turn a new chapter in the history of the world—an opening for the Human Race which shall afford every individuality to achieve its best and noblest development.

We all felt very angry when Dickens wrote his "American Notes." Yet now we see our own playwrights following his model of the politicians who forswear good manners as a national type. We are very angry at Matthew Arnold for his latest essay. Are we not, however, all a little sure that we deserve some of his bitter satire? It will do us no harm to try to be more polite, more "distinguished," as he says, by which he means, I am sure, more elegant, more quiet, less presumptuous, less "loud," if I may use the slang word. At any rate, let us remember Emerson's beautiful phrase:

"Solid Fashion is funded Politeness." M. E. W. SHERWOOD.

[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.] ALL THE YEAR ROUND IN THE HOME.

BY CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK.

SEPTEMBER.

HEALTH PRECAUTIONS. PRESERVING, ETC.

Although September holds a place in the calendar among the Autumn months, it yet possesses more of the lingering heat of Summer than it does of the cool crispness of the Fall. The mind is impressed with the fact that the sun does not cross the equinox until the month is three-fourths gone, and that until the 21st Summer reigns.

The hot spells that come during this month may not be prolonged, but they are almost harder to endure than the blazing days of July and August. There is something deadly in the September heats. They have a sickening qual-

ity that causes them to be dreaded by those wise in such matters, and the more prudent avoid them if possible and seek shelter from the sun's direct rays in the middle of the day. Violent exercise should be remitted when practicable. The sudden changes of temperature that are liable to occur in this month are to be feared. Draughts should be shunned, and one should never be tempted by the mildness of a day to leave wraps at home when going on an excursion. The chilly nights that follow the warm days may bring with them a certain amount of relief, but they are apt to be productive of fevers and other illnesses no less serious.

There is the more need for offering caution on these points because many families make September the time for moving home to the city from the country. The cooler air of the seaside or mountain resort is exchanged for the close heat of city streets. The good gained by the sojourn in the country is apt to be partially dissipated, unless great care is observed.

A young girl who had spent her Summer in a quiet retreat among the hills chose the middle of September to pay a visit to one of the warmest of northern cities. There was much to do and to see, and the girl threw herself into shopping and sight-seeing with an energy that was all the more earnest because of the period of quiet that had preceded it. The heat was intense, and had more power over the visitor from the country than over the friends who had been in the city most of the season. After two or three days of going to and fro in the streets, from shop to museum, from museum to picture gallery, the girl came home one evening with a splitting headache. It was accompanied by a fever that kept her tossing sleeplessly all night. With the foolish pride that sometimes hinders young people from confessing indisposition when it stands in the way of their doing what they have set their hearts upon, she said nothing of her uncomfortable feelings to her hostess, but started out the next day upon another round. The heat was not less than on the preceding day, but the girl kept up bravely until about noon. Then, as she sat in a shop, looking over goods, without the slightest premonition a deadly nausea seized her, a sudden blackness came before her eyes, and the room began to whirl. The unconsciousness lasted only a moment. The girl managed to drag herself home, and went to bed with an attack of congestion of the brain that held her captive for six weeks, and left traces of its presence that lingered for five or six years in disordered nerves and digestion.

This may be an extreme case, but the very fact of its possibility should serve as a warning. Grown people should have sufficient common sense to guard against such risks, but children are lacking in this faculty, and must be subjected to the closest watchfulness of parents and guardians. Not only should they be kept indoors during the middle of the warmest days, but they should be brought under shelter before the dampness and sudden chill of the evening settle down. The precaution of a blaze on the hearth at morning and evening in the room where the little ones are dressed and undressed will prove itself to be a valuable sanitary measure. No symptoms of drooping or sickness should be disregarded, and if the patient has a tendency to feverishness, the recurrence of this at fixed periods should be looked for. The dreaded malaria, that is the scourge of city and country alike, manifests itself in so many different forms that it is never safe to remit one's vigilance.

School children generally find this a hard month. Fresh from the freedom of country life, with the unaccustomedness to restraint that is the natural result of three months' vacation, they usually gird against the return to the rules and regulations inseparable from the scholastic routine. If they are ambitious, they plunge into their duties with a zeal that tells painfully upon the relaxed brain and nerve powers. Such students should be held in check and taught that making haste slowly is the surest and safest means of reaching the desired goal. On the other hand, those children who are easily discouraged and have no great love of study to stimulate them to vigorous effort should be encouraged and aided. Too many branches of work should not be assumed at once, but the pupil's strength should be tested before he is weighted with a heavy load. The children are like horses who have been unused to hard work. Their flesh is soft, and the exertion they would not feel when in thorough training wearies and disheartens them now. Patience, and steady, not severe labor will soon bring them to the point, where they will laugh at the burdens that at first seemed too great to be borne.

September is a busy month for the housekeeper. It is *par excellence* the time for putting up preserves, jellies and pickles. The small fruits, such as berries, cherries and currants, sink into insignificance compared with the peaches, pears, apples, quinces, citron melons, cucumbers, tomatoes, etc., that must now be converted into a shape which will admit of their being stored away for Winter consumption. The gherkins or tiny cucumbers may have been laid away in brine for weeks past, but now they must be soaked, greened and pickled. The ripe tomatoes to be canned must be put up now, for before the month is out there may be a touch of frost that will kill the vines and leave only the green tomatoes for pickling. The canning or preserving of peaches should not be postponed until too late in the month, lest the fruit become scarce and high-priced.

The housekeeper must exercise forethought that she may so arrange the putting up of the different fruits as to prevent one interfering with another. She should see, too, that her preserve kettle is in order. If it is of bell metal it will require a scouring with salt and hot vinegar before each using, for the verdigris accumulates with alarming rapidity. If it is porcelain lined the inside must be carefully examined for traces of dangerous cracks. The best kettle is of the agate iron ware manufactured by Lalance and Grosjean. This is easily kept clean and does not crack. Those pots with a double bottom made by this firm are especially valuable.

All fruits for preserving or pickling should

be ordered two or three days in advance, that the housewife may have everything in readiness. If preserving, canning, or jelling is to be done there should be plenty of sugar on hand. The scales must be in good working order. A sufficient number of glasses and jars must be in the house, and search made for missing tops and rubber rings that these may not be lacking at the last moment when delay will mean inconvenience, if not the ruin of the conserves.

When pickles are to be made, the best and strongest spices and vinegar must be provided. White vinegar makes the prettiest pickles, but it should be white wine vinegar and free from all taint of sulphuric acid. The "Purity" spices are among the best. In this day of adulterations it is necessary to be cautious in the purchase of condiments, whose inefficiency may result in insipid, flavorless compounds. For brandied fruits, white whisky is preferable to brandy, as making a lighter colored, more translucent conserve.

While canned vegetables are sold at as low rates as at present it does not pay to put them up for one's self, unless one has a garden full of vegetables that would otherwise go to waste. The home manufactures are undoubtedly better than the canned goods one buys, but it is costly work putting them up, if the materials have to be bought as well as the cans.

Preserves, on the contrary, are very expensive when purchased, and can be made at home more cheaply than they can be bought. The same is true of jellies. It is almost impossible to buy really good jellies except by ordering them from some Women's Exchange.

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[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.]
DISTINGUISHED AMERICAN WOMEN.

Laura C. Holloway. A well-known Brooklyn Journalist, Cultured Lecturer, and the Author of Numerous Successful Books.



[Engraved expressly for the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.]
MRS. LAURA C. HOLLOWAY.

Laura Carter Holloway was born upon a beautiful plantation near Nashville, Tenn., a few years before the war. Her father, the Hon. Samuel Jefferson Carter, a man of parts, an ideal gentleman who drew around him the most cultivated and distinguished men of his time, was a Virginian by birth, being a descendant of "Old King Carter," whose baronial style of living at Greenmary Court made him known throughout the State. Samuel Jefferson Carter was born upon the large estate at Fairfax, and the family had so intermarried with the wealthy and prominent "F. F. V.'s" that it is related of his brother that, driving in a buggy through Virginia, in a three weeks' journey, he ate and slept each night in a different relative's house. Mrs. Holloway's mother came from a Huguenot family, and was a pure, sweet woman, of beautiful person, bright intellectuality and delicate feeling. She reared her children carefully, instructing them in the culture and refinements of life, as well as in family lore and the learning of books. Mrs. Carter was a Quaker, of a deeply religious nature, and spent many hours upon her knees praying for her children and for her husband, who would swear a little upon trying occasions and indulge in other of the more pardonable vagaries which in that day distinguished the Southern gentleman. Laura was the oldest of a large family, and early learned to assist her mother in the care of the frequently recurring babies and providing for the plantation, which held many hundred slaves, not one of whom, after their coming to the Carter estate, was ever sold or whipped. There was an instance of the protection and kindness to the slave, which justified many a Southerner in seeking to extend a system which appeared to be a civilizing and Christianizing force.

Laura was educated at the Nashville Female Academy, where she graduated with honor, and was soon after married to Mr. Junius Holloway, of Richmond, Kentucky, a gentleman of good family and personal refinement. One son was the result of this union.

Among the influential friends of Senator Carter was Gov. Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee, and when he was inaugurated President of the United States, Mrs. Holloway, who was a special favorite with him, became a guest at the White House. She was the devoted friend of the ladies of the household, who found in the gifted and brilliant young lady a charming companion. Laura, who had early shown a strong predilection for literature, had a spirited conversation one day at dinner with the President upon a point of White House history.

They differed, but the little lady, after a few hours' earnest search in the Congressional library, was able to establish her point, to the amusement of the President, who suggested that she should write a history of the executive mansion, with interesting personal notes of its inmates. Mrs. Holloway caught the idea, and for several years, during which she remained an inmate of President Johnson's family, collected facts from many sources and issued what has proven one of the most entertaining, instructive and popular books written by an American. It is called "The Ladies of the White House" and has sold over 140,000 copies in the United States. It has been translated into several European languages, and is having a wide circulation abroad. When, some years later, Mrs. Holloway became the friend of Rose Elizabeth Cleveland, editing her book of Poems, and the President married Frances Folsom, the present "First Lady of the Land," Mrs. Holloway revised her book, adding much and bringing it up to the present time. Its popularity was greatly increased, and as the author hopes from one administration to another to add the history of the last Lady of the White House, it will doubtless continue to hold the market and return a handsome income which will outlast her own existence. When the war came the Carter's slaves were freed, and the bulk of their property swept from their hands. The mother and oldest daughter took up the burdens of existence under the changed order of things. They cheerfully worked for their daily subsistence, consoled the discouraged husband and father, and conspired together to induce him to come to New York. The estate was sold, and the family of twelve came north. The comparatively small amount which Mrs. Carter had saved from her private fortune and the price of the plantation was invested in Wall Street—and vanished with that celerity which has been the frequent and bitter result of the unwarranted confidence of other inexperienced financiers. Mrs. Holloway, who has an absorbing love for her family and a pride of birth which will be-

comes her, then went to work for their support with a steady purpose, faithful industry and unconquerable pluck, which, combined with her gifts of mind and heart, have made her, still a young woman, not only wealthy, but distinguished in several honorable fields.

Mrs. Holloway bent her energies to journalism as the most remunerative employment open to her. She settled in Brooklyn, and through the introductions of influential friends, obtained a place upon the editorial staff of the *Brooklyn Daily Union*, where she worked several years. Later she became associated editor of the *Brooklyn Eagle*, which was under the efficient guidance of Mr. Kinsella. She had entire charge of everything pertaining to or interesting women, and her terse, logical and magnetic treatment of a great variety of themes, made her an acknowledged acquisition to the journal. She has wielded a powerful influence upon all the vital questions of the day, her personal as well as her editorial bearing upon questions of ethics and education having made her widely known and respected. Mrs. Holloway declares that Mr. Kinsella educated her in journalism, and pays him a grateful tribute of respect. She found that her success was only bounded by her personal limitations, (a lesson which sooner or later must be learned by all honest workers) and that a woman who could do a man's work in modern journalism could without question secure a man's salary. She has always received the highest prices for her work. So, working at her desk by day, and thinking and planning many a night into the gray of the morning, this delicate, nervous and highly sensitive woman has given her father and mother a luxurious home, supported and educated eight brothers and sisters and her son, sending one, now Lieut. Carter of the Sixth Cavalry, through West Point, where he entered very young, and she studied and tutored him through the four years' course so ably that he graduated well up in the list; prepared another brother for the Naval Academy at Annapolis and saw him receive his orders; placed one sister at Miss A. M. Beecher's school at Hartford, Conn., and another at Mrs. Hosmer's in Springfield, Mass., and never ceased her labors for them all until they were settled in life. Her son, a handsome fellow of twenty-four, also recently a graduate of West Point, looks quite brave and good enough to be the champion, if necessary, of his little mother, to whom he is devotedly attached.

Mrs. Holloway had some years ago the gratification of buying back the old home in Tennessee, and her father and mother, who had always pined for their native air, passed their last days in comfort there, and were buried beside their friends of the sunny South.

After the death of Mr. Kinsella the editor-in-chief of the *Brooklyn Eagle*, where she had been settled for twelve years, Mrs. Holloway, whose health was seriously impaired by the strain of unremitting mental labor, resigned her position and went abroad in company with Gen. Oliver Otis Howard and his family, spending many months with them in a tour through Europe and the East. Though she feared a fatal disease was upon her, Mrs. Holloway preserved her cheerfulness and observed thoughts, and wrote much during this period. When the Howards returned home Mrs. Holloway, who had made many warm friends in the old countries, remained in Europe, meantime receiving glad assurance that she was to live and recover her health. In connection with a Brahman, who was one of several Hindus with whom she became associated, Mrs. Holloway wrote a book upon the mysticism of the East, which was published anonymously, and met with great favor in London, and six months later sent forth another, also without acknowledgment, which met with a large sale.

Mrs. Holloway has traveled and viewed various interesting places under the most favorable auspices. In Brazil she was the special guest of Dom Pedro; at Athens she was entertained by Dr. Henry Schliemann the great archeologist; Mr. Gladstone welcomed her at Harwarden, and Florence Nightingale embraced her at the door of her home—Park Lane, London.

After her return Mrs. Holloway wrote several books—"Howard, the Christian Soldier," a biography of Maj. Gen. O. O. Howard; "Chinese Gordon; the Uncrowned King," "The Mothers of Great Men and Women," and a sketch of Adelaide Neilson, the beautiful English actress, whose sudden death so shocked the whole theatrical world. Always an ardent admirer of "Shakespeare's Woman," Mrs. Holloway visited her birthplace in Yorkshire, and her grave; found her mother and her girlhood friends, and wrote a sketch which, illustrated by nine choice photographs, makes one of the loveliest and most sincere *souvenirs* possible.

Mrs. Holloway also saw literary possibilities in the unwritten life of the author of "Jane Eyre," whose fine cut and sensitive personality and brave struggles to get on in life "with the wind in her face," thrilled the sympathetic heart of the American woman. The book "An Hour with Charlotte Bronte; or Flowers from a Yorkshire Moor," was so well received that Mrs. Holloway was induced to go upon the lecture platform with it for a theme. As a child she had shown unusual oratorical abilities, her father being fond of lifting his tiny six-year-old pet to a table, where, to the delight of visitors, she would deliver a burlesque speech, without hesitating for a word, or for an instant lacking in the mannerisms and gestures which she had observed in his own political and literary efforts upon the rostrum. Mrs. Holloway has a full, rich voice, exquisitely modulated, with a deliberation in uttering certain words which suggests the English tongue.

Her elocution is fine, with a little trick of laziness in her voice and manner which is irresistibly humorous when she wills. Her first lecture, which was given for the benefit of a worthy object, was heard with unexpected pleasure, and its every repetition was a reiterated success. She has given other rare talks to delighted audiences upon "Imperial Asia," upon "An Old Grudge—A New Fuss," and other brilliant and popular lectures. Exceptionally fortunate in that her career

commenced with a strong friendly influence, Laura C. Holloway has abundantly proved her right to be and to do, by her faithfulness, industry, sweet temper, devotion and generosity to women, justice to men, the desire to think well of human beings, and the courage to uphold her opinions in the face of all possible opposition. She is a gentle personality, a vivid intelligence, a lovable soul, an indomitable spirit, which challenges affection, respect and golden opinions from all; a woman for whose life all womanhood is better and richer.
FLORINE THAYER McCRAY.

[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.]
ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

The author of "The Gates Ajar" is forty-four years of age, unmarried, and lives with her father at Andover, Massachusetts, at present



Elizabeth Stuart Phelps

almost incapacitated for work by ill health. She is suffering from nervous prostration induced by her intense application to literary work, and has a weakness of the eyes which prevents her from reading or writing. It is, however, confidently expected that rest will restore her powers of work, and that she will send forth much more of her rare and characteristic writing.

Miss Phelps was born in Boston, the daughter of Rev. Austin Phelps and granddaughter, through her mother, of the Rev. Moses Stuart, one of the brightest lights of the intellectual and theological world which at one period centered about the Seminary at Andover. She inherited the literary quality from both her parents, one of her earliest sketches being published in *Hours at Home*, the magazine which merged into the first *Scribner's*. It was called "Magdalen," and gave abundant promise of the strength and emotional power which has recently found such perfect expression in the wonderful story of "Jack."

Among the precious lives sacrificed in the war of the rebellion there perished one soldier, with whom died the hopes and nearly ended the life of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. But she regained her strength and threw all her energies into philanthropic work, and after a time resumed her writing. She was only twenty, when constant thoughts of the City of the Blest and the possible condition of one who had left the gates ajar for her, suggested the giving to the world her idea of Heaven. She was two years writing the book, and it remained two years longer in the publisher's hands, coming out in 1868. While deprecated by some of her friends as the result of a morbid feeling, and received with coolness by the more conservative part of the community, who considered it trivial, "The Gates Ajar" was so startling in its originality and suggestive of a Heaven so different from the one which a crude interpretation of the Scriptures has made less attractive to average humanity that its teachers wish, so agreeably suggestive of a state whose conditions must provide for the satisfaction of the whole nature, that it touched the sympathies of humanity at large and became universally read and discussed. It has reached a sale of over 100,000 copies in the United States, and has been translated into German, French, Dutch and Italian. Miss Phelps' best known works are "Men, Women and Ghosts," "The Story of Avis," "Hedged in," "Dr. Zay," "The Madonna of the Tubs," "An Old Maid's Paradise," and last the heart-breaking story of "Jack," the poor fisher lad, who ruined his life and died of drink. Miss Phelps' versatility is marvelous. The vigor and sparkle of "Dr. Zay," the pathos and sympathy in the tales of the hard lines of factory and fisher-folk, the music and wistfulness in her tales of married love, and the religious imagination and yearning in the depiction of her ideal life of the future world are rarely combined in one nature. With all her poetry and idyllic grace, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps yet writes as Millet paints peasants, with pathetic realism and a suggestion in the setting of sea and field and sky, that nature is beautiful and God good and heaven above, however much the living creatures may miss of their possibilities upon this earth. No one can be said to be acquainted with the best American literature who is not thoroughly familiar with the works of this gifted author.
FLORINE THAYER McCRAY.

PRETTY GIRLS.

Beauty in women is not to be undervalued, but it is easy to overvalue it. A well-known employer, who has about two thousand girls in his store and work-rooms, was asked the other day whether a pretty girl could sell more

goods than an ordinary-looking one. After hesitation he answered, doubtfully: "Yes—if she has other qualifications." Beauty alone, he said, will not lure the money from a careful customer, and when a girl is too conscious of her beauty, and is disposed to depend upon it for her power to please, it becomes a hindrance. The intelligent mind, the winning manner, the earnest purpose, are "the other qualifications" which give success.

It is much the same in the great affair of marriage. Beauty alone is by no means the attractive force it is often supposed to be. Dull, conscious, irresponsible beauty pleases but for a moment, and does not in that moment please much. It is the good, kind, friendly, capable girl whom we all like, and who can soonest convert liking into love. If, in addition to all these nice qualities, she has the gift of beauty, so much the better. But we can dispense with that very easily when the heart is good and the mind is intelligent.

A JUDGE'S SENSIBLE WORDS.

Judge Tuley occupies a position which enables him, almost compels him, to collect statistics as to the causes of divorce. In a recent interview he said:

"I would not add to nor take away any of the causes of divorce now given by the statute. If it were practicable, I would prohibit by law any newly married couple living with the parents of either within the first five years. When left by themselves, their characters sooner assimilate, and they much sooner learn that in order to be happy there must be continued and mutual self-sacrifices and dependence of each upon the other."

There is condensed in the last sentence the result of much experience by a close thinker. A vast amount of unhappiness might have been avoided if every newly-married couple, and the parents of each, could have been made to know this before it was too late.—*Chicago Times*.

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LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.]
FOR CONVALESCENTS.

A. R. RAMSEY.

NO. I.

Especially intended for the valid, who, weary of reading, and games, frets to know "what"

work are of the simplest description—paper and scissors; the paste-pot and color-box

figures made from paper the first form is a square—one measuring four inches on the side is a good size. You can cut the squares from sheet of bright paper, or from letter paper, or you can buy packages of them ready cut and in many colors, at any

ergarten materials are sold. edge to edge, and corner to corner. After folding at, so reuses the side corner center are all resect. the

ld the double corners to the (Fig. 3.) Turn the paper once more, and you will find four little flaps. (Fig. 4.) If you thrust the thumb and forefinger of your right hand under the flaps 2 and 4, and the thumb of your left hand under 1 and 3, and

ners together side, e "salt- Fig. 5. made, tions is n, and folding it until you can do

r into (Fig. 3) and then

ly as to preserve all and you will observe a y them and indicated by Lay this little square from each of its corners corresponding corner of

of each outside edge (Fig. 7) so that the square stand up in corners of the square. under, diagonally in ig 2 and the wing 4

as in Fig. 8, and

en," (Fig. 9) one of ded, so that (Fig. 7) wings; when the diagonally, and the d in pulled out to l, the "Chicken is

finished.

The "Balloon" in Fig. 10 is more difficult. The paper is creased, as in Fig. 3, then

unfolded, and held so that the centers of all the edges meet at a point directly below the center of the square. (Fig. 11.) By flattening this umbrella-shaped figure you obtain

two triangles, one above the other. (Fig. 12.) Bend the point a up and back till it meets the apex of the triangle; bend b back and up till it joins the same point, then turn the figure over and repeat the operation with c and d.

You now find two squares of many thicknesses. (Fig. 13) turn the point g under and in, till it meets the central line of the square; repeat with h; then turn the paper over and treat the correspond-

ing two points of the other square in a similar way. At the lower end of this curious figure you will find a hole. If you blow into it with force the form expands into the balloon.

[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.]
MERRY MAKINGS FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

A New England Corn-Roast.
BY MRS. A. G. LEWIS.

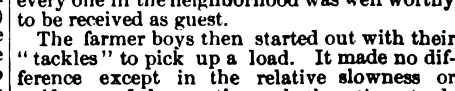
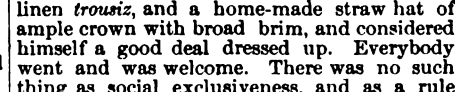
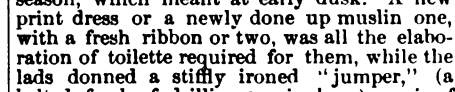
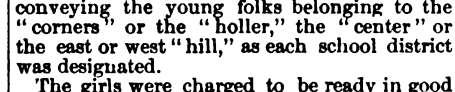
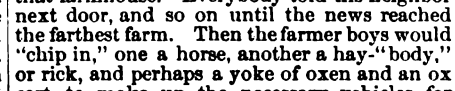
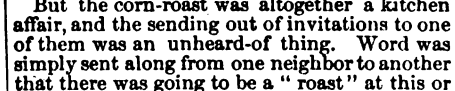
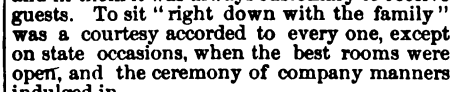
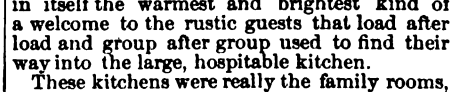
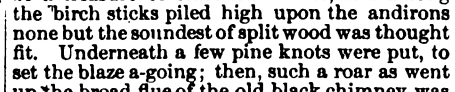
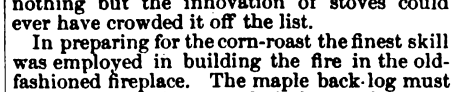
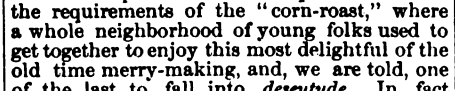
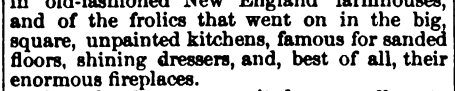
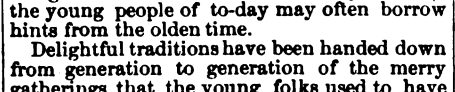
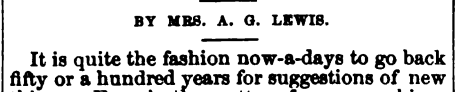
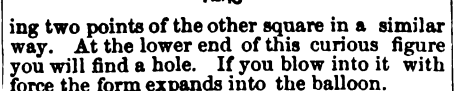
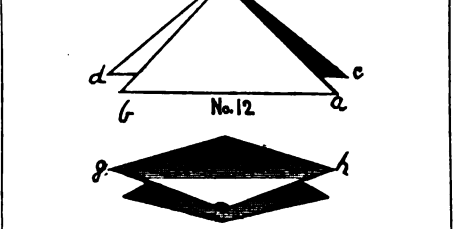
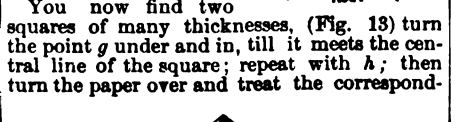
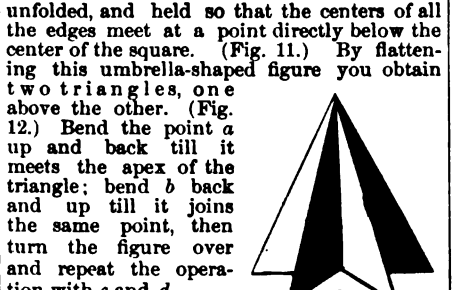
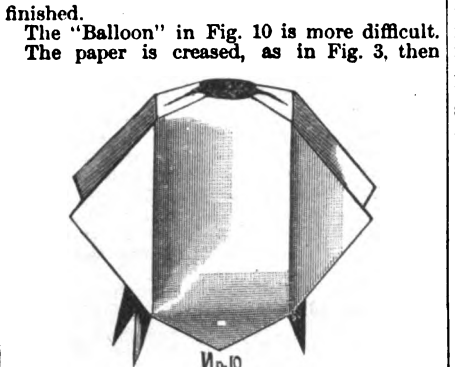
It is quite the fashion now-a-days to go back fifty or a hundred years for suggestions of new things. Even in the matter of merry-makings the young people of to-day may often borrow hints from the olden time.

Delightful traditions have been handed down from generation to generation of the merry gatherings that the young folks used to have in old-fashioned New England farmhouses, and of the frolics that went on in the big, square, unpainted kitchens, famous for sanded floors, shining dressers, and, best of all, their enormous fireplaces.

These fireplaces were suited par excellence to the requirements of the "corn-roast," where a whole neighborhood of young folks used to get together to enjoy this most delightful of the old time merry-making, and, we are told, one of the last to fall into desuetude. In fact nothing but the innovation of stoves could ever have crowded it off the list.

In preparing for the corn-roast the finest skill was employed in building the fire in the old-fashioned fireplace. The maple back-log must be a treasure of seasoned timber, and among the "birch sticks piled high upon the andirons none but the soundest of split wood was thought fit. Underneath a few pine knots were put, to set the blaze a-going; then, such a roar as went up the broad flue of the old black chimney was in itself the warmest and brightest kind of a welcome to the rustic guests that load after load and group after group used to find their way into the large, hospitable kitchen.

These kitchens were really the family rooms, and in them it was always customary to receive guests. To sit "right down with the family" was a courtesy accorded to every one, except on state occasions, when the best rooms were open, and the ceremony of company manners indulged in.



were oxen or horses. The maidens were not fastidious as to style. It was never considered in bad form for a lad to invite his lady-love to ride upon a hay-cart. It was simply inconvenient for him to be obliged to sandwich the sweetness of the drive with interlarded "whoa, hushes" and "haws," "whoa, Brights" and "haw, Bucks"; nor was it thought to be anything out of the way for him to take a frequent run along the tongue of the cart, to lash the lawless oxen back into the travelled path, or in a sudden emergency to dash over the wheel to catch up with, and duly castigate, the horned rascals who were bound to run down the steep hill. All of these things were simply inevitable, and a part of the merriment.

Previously to the arrival of guests the corn had either been picked in baskets or cut and bound into stooks. These lay spread out upon the barn floor, ready for husking.

There was a grand scramble in the husking after the red ears of corn. The lucky finders of the magical "ears" became at once the hero and heroine of the evening. Meanwhile the roaring fire has burnt low, leaving upon the hearth a glowing bed of hard-wood coals. The lads now whistle long willow canes into sharp points. With these they spear the stalk end of the juicy ears, and the roasting begins. The toothsome dainties, done to a brown turn, are handed here and there at the end of the sticks, each rustic roaster looking well to serving the lass whose eyes shine brightest for him. Snow white teeth play coyly at hide and seek among the succulent rows upon whose odd or even numbers of kernels the fortunes of her young life are supposed to depend. The fire-light paints rosy cheeks with a deeper glow, and laughing eyes flash back their sparkle. The scene is pretty, and the hour has a sweetness all unknown to the modern beau or belle, surfeited with society and its fulsome of bonbons and confections.

But the fun that follows the roasting must not be delayed. Proper ceremonial for the pair or pairs whose husking has been rewarded with the magical "red ears" must take place. Sometimes the parties are so incongruous that the ceremony is an absurd joke, and the source of a deal of merriment. In other cases it proves to have been the means of helping many a bashful youth to speak the momentous word upon which the happiness of two young lives depended.

The "red ear" couples are chosen to stand in the center of the big kitchen. The others join hands and form a ring around them, then moving to the left, keeping time to the music, they sing a special version of the old song "The needle's eye," suited to the occasion. The following verses give the words *verbatim*.

"The needle's eye that doth supply
The thread that runs so true,
It has caught many a bonny pair,
And now it has caught you.

We'll draw the threads around your heads
And fasten firm the tether,
To make you lovers strong and true
Through bright or stormy weather.

Now as we sing tie on the ring
To make the bargain stronger;
We sing our rhyme and grant you time,
One (year) not one day longer.

Before the singing of the second verse, which, as may be noted, adds a syllable to the second and fourth lines, those forming the ring "close in" around the couple in the center. Each takes the hand of the person opposite, and the couple kneels while the others sing "Now draw the threads," etc.

In the last verse at the words "Tie on the ring," the lad ties around the third finger of the maiden's left hand a ribbon made from a strip torn off the husk which encases the magical ear. This she is to wear at least until morning, and, if possible, dream about it. If in the morning the knot remains tied and the ring in good order, it is considered an omen that the lassie favors the finder of its duplicate.

The two ears of corn are then tied together with a strong twine. The lad must escort the lassie home, and with his own hands hang the corn by the chimney of her home. After this he is privileged to give close attention to the drying of the corn, by which the acquaintanceship of the young couple may progress rapidly. In many cases it has happened that long before the corn was dry enough for the winter's popping, the magical question had already been popped and happily answered. In that case another merry-making, usually on All Hallow e'en must be held, and the red corn popped and eaten in honor of the betrothal.

Every neighborhood boasted of a fiddler, a type of musician that would probably, in this era of musical high art, be suppressed as a breaker of the peace. He was always in demand whenever the young folks gathered for a frolic. Even in families where the strictest rules were observed in regard to public dancing and balls, the young people were allowed to invite the rustic fiddler "to scrape for a kitchen junket," and it was literally *scraping*. But it suited the needs of the occasion; for whatever his performance lacked in the way of musical rendering, the fiddlers boot-sole—and a thick one it was, too—could always be depended on to beat out the time with the force and precision of a drum major, and he could call off, "Deown the outside—back—balance ter partners—down the center—back—cast off right an' left," etc., etc., in a voice that left no one in doubt as to the changes demanded. The "pigeon wings" and "balances" and "shuffles" single and double, performed by the lads of the olden time would, even now, be considered marvels of execution; and the innocently arranged "country dances" of long ago, with their decorous changes and modest courtliness that permitted the maiden to barely rest her fingertips upon the hand of her partner, might well take the place of many of the round dances so unwisely sanctioned at the present day.

No merry-making was thought complete without the old, old games of *Monkey*, *Blind Man's Bluff*, *Roll the cover*—games which still live in the affection of young people. Strict accounts of forfeits were sure to be kept, and payment required in the sweetest of coin. Just before the party broke up, (which tradition

reluctantly confesses was seldom the case until the dawn began to light up the roads through the thickly wooded forests) platefuls of home-made pastries and treasures from the dairy were handed around, and cider, sweet as though just from the press, served to all. But it must be remembered that these dissipations were but seldom enjoyed, for with the pioneer settlers of New England towns holidays were few and far between.

Again we hear of the homeward ride in the hay-carts drawn by oxen whose heavy slowness brought all too soon the happy revelers to their own doors. Their laughter and singing ring across the years, and the echo of happy voices still lingers to insist "there can be no time like the olden one."

As a practical suggestion to the young folks of to-day who may be looking for something unique in the way of entertainment for their friends who are spending vacation days among the New England hills, a reproduction of an old New England corn-roast is recommended. Of course the old-time kitchens and fireplaces are no more, but an out-of-doors fire, built next to a stone wall, exactly after the plan given of the old-time roast, serves as well for the roasting, and is far more picturesque in effect and really better suited to the modern taste than the old-fashioned way.

A large, flat stone serves for the hearth. Two properly shaped boulders for andirons, the maple back-log, and birch sticks heaped high, give a blaze that welcomes from afar the approaching guests, and it is delightfully suggestive of gipsy life.

And for a picture nothing could be prettier than to watch the figures in costume of the olden-time, kneeling before the fire, holding with long sharpened canes the juicy ears; trees hung with Chinese lanterns serve as protection from the dampness of falling dew; mounds of newly mown hay conveniently placed over which bright-colored blankets have been spread for seats. Then the firelight and Bohemian fashion of serving add greatly to the brightness of the scene.

The "fun that follows the roast" may go on under the trees, or on the lawn. If perchance the harvest moon lends its presence to the hour, it is all the pleasanter. Who shall say that the modern merry-making does not rival at every point the old-time corn-roast?

A Remarkable Recovery that has Added an Idiom to the English Tongue.

In Wheeling, W. Va., there is a colloquialism that is universally understood and almost hourly used. It is heard on the streets when friends meet, and at the railroad stations and steamboat landings when citizens return home: "Can this be Mrs. Kelley?" The episode which these words recall is a touching one. Mrs. Kelley is the daughter of Colonel and Mrs. James Hornbrook, and during the Civil War she was a Florence Nightingale in the strongest, noblest sense. Her arduous labors broke down her health, and she became totally paralyzed from her hips to her feet. The trunk of her body was the seat of violent neuralgic pains. After many years of suffering she was brought to Philadelphia on a bed, enduring indescribable agonies in the cars. There she was placed under the Compound Oxygen Treatment of Drs. Starkey & Palen, then on Girard street, and now at 1529 Arch street, in that city. Her home physician regarded her case as hopeless, and it appeared so to her Philadelphia doctors. But at the end of a few months she was restored to the use of her limbs, and at the end of a year was completely restored. She then returned home, married, and has enjoyed life ever since. And when her friends meet her, they ask: "Can this be Mrs. Kelley?" A pamphlet giving full details of this and many other cures sent free on application.

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(FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.)

HIS SISTER JEANNE.

CHAPTER I.

"Cherries are ripe, cherries are ripe! Won't you buy? See the best in the market."

Philip Kingsley turns about at the speaker. She is a pretty little country girl, in a blue cotton gown, holding out most tempting basket of cherries,—red cherries, rich and ripe, lying in a cool bed of their own green leaves.

A glimpse of the fruit awakens memory, and somehow takes Philip back to his early youth, his boyhood. Suddenly he recalls with fond remembrance Aunt Kitty's farm and cherry time in the country. How, with sister Jeanne, he would watch the blossoms fall—the lovely snow-white blossoms, and then anxiously await the growing of the delicious fruit. Then climbing the trees and picking the cherries—how delightful it was, and coming down with basket full, and Jeanne's enjoyment. That dear old orchard! Was ever grass so fresh or green in any other place? Was every sky so blue? How the sunshine flickered amidst the trees, and birds caroled to their mates! Why, he sees it all now. Then in a moment more he remembers that a thing of the past, and yet it seems but yesterday. Aunt Kitty has long since gone to her rest, and he is no longer the boy, picking cherries, but Philip Kingsley, the man, standing near a little park in New York, not very far from Washington Market.

"Cherries are ripe, cherries are ripe! Won't you buy?" sounds once more in his ear. Without a word the blossoms fall—the lovely more than the value of the fruit in the hand of the astonished girl, he starts up town for his home. He has purchased the cherries for cousin Reta and sister Jeanne. Philip leaves the cars at Thirty-Fourth Street, and soon enters a small but pretty house, not far from Sixth Avenue. His sister meets him at the door with a glad smile of welcome, and takes the cherries with almost gleeful haste, for it is her favorite fruit.

Between her brother and herself there is a strong resemblance; the same grey eyes and dark hair, though he is the fairer of the two. She is not handsome, and never has been, but from head to foot she looks the patrician. Under any circumstances, Mrs. Jeanne Gordon would be always the thoroughbred lady. There is an air of cheerfulness about her, of life, of vivacity, that is delightful to behold. She gives one the impression of possessing not only great vitality but strength of character, and one would say at once, "Here is a woman to be trusted—to be relied upon in the hour of trouble."

Jeanne is thirty-six years of age, five years older than Philip, and had been a widow seven years. Since Mr. Gordon died her brother has lived with her, a sharer of her joys and sorrows, and four years ago, when their cousin Reta lost her parents, she too became one of this happy household. Jeanne loves her, but not as she does Philip. She adores Philip, and thinks there is nobody like him in all the world. Just now they are planning for their summer outing—Shall it be mountains or sea-side this year?

"Philip," remarks Jeanne, as they enter her sitting-room,—a room so inviting, so tastefully furnished, it shows the fondness of a woman's hand—"Philip, I think it must be Bar Harbor this year. We have never been there, and I am told it is charming."

"I don't doubt it. I am sure of it," cries a merry voice at the door. "May I come in?"

"And why not?" replies Jeanne, as the owner of the voice enters.

"Oh, I thought you might be busy with Phil. Good morning to you, cousin. I have not seen you since yesterday. I had feared so lately."

The speaker is a young girl of nineteen, with a plump, pretty figure and a piquante face, lighted up by a pair of bonny brown eyes. She is a most charming picture to look at, "a study" in brown and gold, for her dress is chestnut in hue, and in her hand she holds a bouquet of yellow lilies.

"Bar Harbor is rather expensive, Jeanne. I hardly think we can go there," Philip said, after gazing at his cousin. His face clouds as he speaks, and he looks serious and thoughtful.

After many propositions, many suggestions, it is finally settled that they shall spend the summer on Long Island, at a quiet place, near Nayside; so to the quiet place they go early in June, to remain until September. Their retreat proves much gayer than expected, and they meet a number of friends. There are many delightful walks and drives and moonlight rambles, during the sweet summer-time, and to Reta it will always be an enchanting memory—for it is here she is introduced to Frank Morgan, a friend of Philip's. That he should fall in love with her is not to be wondered at. He simply could not help it. This genial, light-hearted young man, to whom life is but a comedy, and all things pleasant. That they should become engaged seems the most natural thing of the world, and it makes Jeanne very happy, but Philip, though he is fond of Frank, and congratulates his cousin, and tells Reta she is a lucky girl, still he does not seem to share their joy. On the return home in September, in some way he is changed, absent-minded and indifferent. He cannot hide it from his sister's loving eyes, and she begins to wonder what is the matter with Philip. He says he is quite well, but acts like a man who has something on his mind; and soon he is more away from home, and tells Jeanne he is business—business down town, in the real estate office, where he has had a position for several years. His sister listens, believes him, but is anxious just the same.

The days and weeks go on; Autumn, bringing frost in the air, touches with magic fingers the dark green foliage, when lo! suddenly it changes to crimson and gold. December, with its snow, and the air of one who has been beaten in the battle of life, vanquished, crushed, and forsaken. Her heart softens as she gazes at him. To this woman, whose life has been so pure and good, whose sense of honor is so great, whose ideal is so high and noble, Philip's

watches impatiently for Philip. She has been waiting a long time, and at last he comes. When he is comfortably seated in their favorite room, she goes to his side.

"Philip, I want to talk to you. I have a number of bills to pay, and must have the money at once. You have kept me waiting for several days."

He does not answer her for some time, but looks steadily at the fire, burning so brightly on the hearth. At last he says:—

"You ask me for money, Jeanne. I can only reply I have none to give you."

"You have none to give me?" Jeanne turns to him an astonished face. "I do not understand you, Philip."

Though the daylight is fading, she sees that he is deadly pale.

"I have something to tell you, Jeanne; something I have been struggling to conceal for months. It can be hidden no longer, and I must confess to you the truth. How shall I say it? How can I find words to tell my sister how low I have fallen?"

Jeanne listens to him with growing amazement, mingled with a vague sense of alarm.

He rises from his chair, and leaning against the mantel, faces her as though with a determination to say what he has to say at once, and have done with it.

"I am unable to give you the usual money, Jeanne, because I have spent not only my own, but I have squandered yours also—worse than that—even worse; I have lost Reta's little fortune. You will think I must be mad—how could I have spent it? Well, it is an old story, I was in a hurry to be rich. I was not satisfied with a moderate income, and so I went into



Wall Street, and you can guess the rest. Everything has been engulfed in the vast whirlpool of speculation, where so many men have lost their fortunes. What you will think of me, what all our world will think of me, I dare not imagine. Oh, my sister," here his voice quivers as he speaks, "have pity upon me if you can."

Jeanne gazes at him with horror-stricken eyes, and then with indignation written in every line of her face, she says slowly:

"You have squandered not only my money, but Reta's also—you have stolen the little fortune of that defenseless girl; money entrusted to your care, to your honor—my brother Philip has done this dreadful thing!"

"Yes," he hoarsely answers.

"Oh, that I should have lived to see you sink to such infamy! And you come to me and ask for pity. Our father was an honest man, his father before him. There is not a blemish upon their good names, upon their integrity. Those upright, noble men, to whom honor was far more precious than life, whose memory I revere. And it remained for you, my brother, of whom I have been so proud, it remained for you to become a thief. Oh, the shame of it, the shame of it, the disgrace."

Jeanne's cutting words go home. They tell in the haggard look of Philip's face, as he turns from his sister and utters a low moan.

"Jeanne, don't make it too hard for me,—don't make it too hard. I know how low I have fallen, but I am so wretched!" and he drops in a chair that is near him.

His sister paces up and down the room, and then pausing by the fire, stands there thinking. These two, who have so loved each other, now seem far apart. Shadows gather in the corners, twilight goes, and darkness comes. A log of wood breaks on the hearth: The fire flares up anew and fills the room with a ruddy glow. It lights up the pictures, the walls, the furniture. It shows Philip's bowed head and hopeless attitude; it brings out quite clearly Jeanne's slender figure, her soft clinging dress, and the whiteness of her face.

A sound of merriment comes from the room beneath them. It is Reta with her lover, and a friend. There is a peal of laughter, and then Reta's rich contralto voice fills the house with melody. She is singing an old ballad. Philip and Jeanne know it well.

"Gather ye rose-buds while ye may, Old Time is still a-flying; And the same flower that smiles to-day To-morrow will be dying."

Jeanne's eyes fill with tears. How happy they are, those young people! How unconscious of the sorrow that has fallen upon her! Then she turns and looks at her brother. He seems like a man who has received a heavy blow; he has the air of one who has been beaten in the battle of life, vanquished, crushed, and forsaken. Her heart softens as she gazes at him. To this woman, whose life has been so pure and good, whose sense of honor is so great, whose ideal is so high and noble, Philip's

conduct is beyond comprehension; but he is her nearest and dearest.

Memory recalls that sad morning when her dying mother placed his hand in hers and said, "Jeanne, you must be mother, now;" and little Phil, sobbing out his grief by her side, had clung to her fondly. Had she not been his helper and comforter ever since? Yes—come what may, she will stand by him. Greatly as he has injured her, unworthy as he is, her love triumphs over every wrong, and bids her do what she can to help him.

She crosses the room, and placing one hand on her brother's shoulder, says gently, "I will no longer reproach you. We Kingsleys must stand by each other. Come, tell me the whole story, everything."

With a sob Philip opens his arms, and takes her to his heart. He gives Jeanne all the particulars, but alas! when all is told it does not look any brighter. There remains but the one overwhelming fact—the money is gone—lost, irrevocably lost.

"Philip, in some way this must be kept from Reta and the world, and our cousin's money shall be replaced. There is one person who can help us, and I think will. Dr. Sinclair, father's old and faithful friend. He is rich, he is generous; he might lend you money, to be repaid from time to time, or suggest some way out of this great trouble. I know his advice will be valuable. I have not heard from him lately, but go to Boston, to his home, and tell him everything. You must start as soon as possible—to-morrow."—She pauses.

They hear the sound of voices at the hall door. Frank Morgan is going with his friend, and bidding Reta good-bye. Then their cousin



comes singing up-stairs, and in a moment more has joined Philip and Jeanne.

"Why, good people, what are you doing here in the dark? Only fire-light to cheer you. Oh, I have so much to tell! There is to be a masquerade at Mrs. Morgan's, and I want to have a pretty costume. Think of it!—a masquerade! What a delightful world this is! I would like to go as Undine—fancy, just fancy me a sea-nymph." And here Reta gives a delicious laugh—a laugh such as only the young, the innocent, or the happy can give.

There is dead silence in the room. Philip is trying to control his voice, so he can speak to her. Jeanne, gathering all her courage and self-possession, is rising to the occasion, when Reta begins again:

"Why, you don't appear interested. Here is your cousin, your little cousin, and if I must say it, your charming cousin telling you a delightful fact, and you don't even seem to hear her."

"You are mistaken, dear; we are both interested, but Philip is not very well, and has a bad headache." Jeanne lights the gas as she speaks, and rings for tea.

"Phil not well. I am so sorry." And Reta gives her cousin a hug by way of cure. He shrinks from her caressing touch, remembering how deeply he has injured her. How she believes in him, how she trusts him, this fair young cousin, so full of life and joy, and how shamefully he has betrayed that trust.

"I am so glad," Reta continues, "we are going to have tea here. I dearly love this room. Jeanne; I always did; it is so cosy. We will enjoy the oolong, and I hope, I do hope, there are plenty of sweet cakes."

The Boston express, via Newport, whirrs out of the Forty-Second Street depot the following morning, bearing among its passengers Philip Kingsley, bound on his errand to Doctor Sinclair. He has taken his sister's advice, and is going to their father's old friend, who has always been so interested in them. Jeanne's parting words to him are "courage and hope," so now he is on his journey. The train bears him onward, sweeping through towns and villages, past snow-clad fields, past desolate woodland, leafless trees, all held in the icy grip of winter; through a country that in summer is fair and prosperous, though now so cheerless. On, on rushes the train, but none too swift for Philip's wishes. Reluctant at first, he is now in feverish haste to be there, to tell his story and throw himself on the mercy of his old friend. At last, as the short winter day is drawing to a close, as darkness comes, and the landscape grows dim before him, he sees in the distance the lights of Boston. Arriving at the depot Philip loses no time loitering on

the way, but taking the first carriage, is driven to Doctor Sinclair's house. As he rings the bell it suddenly strikes him the house is unusually dark for that hour, but perhaps the good doctor is fond of twilight by his fire. A servant opens the door, who is a foreigner and a stranger to Philip.

"I must see Doctor Sinclair at once, on important business."

"It is impossible," the servant replied.

"But my business is imperative, it cannot wait. Please take him my card."

"Ah, monsieur, I don't understand why it is impossible. Alas! monsieur does not know Doctor Sinclair has been buried two days."

(To be continued.)

A NOVEL ENTERTAINMENT.

A very pleasant way of entertaining friends is in vogue at present, which is very easily gotten up, and proves quite enjoyable. Invitations asking the presence of friends at a "Bean Bag Party" are sent out in little muslin bags with a few beans in each; the time and place are written in gold letters on the muslin. In getting up the party it is necessary to have a board about three feet long and two feet wide, with a hole about six inches square, at a distance of nine inches from the top. This board must be placed against the side wall of the room in a slanting position. Each guest on arrival is presented with a fancy colored bean bag made of bright cotton flannel or cretonne. The game consists in throwing the bags through the hole from a distance of about twenty feet. Each player tries in turn to do this, and the one who counts the highest number of times after six rounds claims a prize bag of the same color and kind as his own. In these prize bags all sorts of gifts may be secreted, and it is against the rule to open them until the playing is over. Then the company gather together around a table, and open the bags, and the one who has drawn no prizes may challenge the winners, and so in single combat win away some of the prizes.

A very novel way of serving refreshments at these parties is to have large paper bags, made fanciful by dainty devices on pretty paper, in which a number of small bags are placed, holding cake, crackers, cheese, olives, candy, etc. Great fun may be had by making a difference in the contents of the bags; one may find candied fruit, while another looks in vain for anything of the kind. Hot chocolate may be passed to each guest after the bags have been opened. Japanese napkins and a few flowers add greatly to the looks of the paper bags; these may be fastened on the outside, and may be removed and used at pleasure. A sort of house picnic may thus be gotten up at slight expense, and one may entertain friends without the least formality.—Christian at Work.

BURDETTE ON CONTINENTAL TEMPERATURE.

If there is one passage in the letters of American travellers in Europe more tiresome than another it is this: "During our six weeks' stay in Paris we did not see a single drunken person." Then they travel through Switzerland, Germany, Austria, Italy and Spain, and all France, and still they do not see a drunken person. They attribute the sobriety of the people to the fact that everybody drinks wine and beer; drink it all the time, and lots of it, with no high license and prohibition nonsense to bother them; consequently they never get drunk. Well, now, the only inference one can draw from these remarkable letters is either that the writers were themselves blind drunk all the time they were in Paris or that the Parisian drunkard is a most successful hider. Because, while our travellers last year did not see one instance of drunkenness in Paris, the official police records state that the police of Paris saw and arrested, on an average, 150 people every day between January 1 and April 30, for being drunk on the streets. So many drunkards are not arrested in New York, and yet these travellers of ours always contrast the sobriety of Europe with the excesses of America. It is just as well to bear in mind the official report while reading these letters, and perhaps if the writers drank less and thought more they would remember that official returns will not always agree with letters from the guide-book.—Robert J. Burdette.

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[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.]

WHAT SHINING DID.

BY KATHERINE B. FOOT.

Do any of you feel that you are so poor or so weak or so young that you are not able to help anybody in the world? You shall hear what a bit of glass did.

Once upon a time a looking-glass fell out of the third story back window of a tall city house, and all but one piece fell on the stones in the yard and were smashed into millions of pieces. That one piece, about four inches square, and broken in such a manner that one side ran down into a sharp point, caught as it fell on the half open slats of a blind on a second story window that was fastened back against the wall. Now you may not believe it, but it is quite true that there is a good genius in the heart of many things that people are apt to imagine have no heart at all, and the genius of the looking-glass was in the very piece that stuck fast in the blind. When the glass found itself sticking up quite safe, only much smaller than it had been, its first thought was:

"Well, here I am, of no use to anybody, no faces to reflect, nothing to reflect but the back of the dingy old tenement house over yonder, a gray sky and dust that will cover me, and no one will wipe it off."

It looked down to the pieces of what had been a bright looking-glass, now nothing but splinters, and thought sadly, "I might just as well have been smashed, too." All that day the wind blew, and the dust covered the glass, and finally after dark down came the rain. "Even the clouds are sorry for me, and weep," said the glass. When daylight came again it felt brighter and cleaner than the day before. "That is because my face has been washed," it said. "But it can do me no good; there is nothing for me to do." But the sky grew bright with the rising sun, and after some hours, when the sun had passed the middle of the sky and was going down on the other side, a bright beam fell into the heart of the looking-glass.

"Oh!" it said, "I can shine. I will shine with all my might."

So it began to shine, and saw at once its own reflection on a dingy pane of glass directly opposite to it; or I should say dark, not dingy, for it was not dirty, and was dark only because the sun never shone there. Now the good genius of the glass could follow the rays of light which it reflected, so it slid along, through the pane, and went into the patch of light which it had thrown upon the wall.

There was a woman and a little boy in the room, and they were both thin and pale, and the little boy was lame, for he was stumping about the room on a crutch.

"Holloa!" he said. "The sun has gone crooked. What makes it shine in here?"

"It isn't the sun," said his mother, looking up. "It must be a reflection. You can probably see where it came from if you look out of the window."

So George looked and soon saw the bit of glass, and they said how nice it was that it should have stuck there, and they seemed to enjoy the little patch of brightness so much that the good genius was sorry when, as the sun grew lower, the light crept higher and higher, and finally had to go off the pane of glass, and the room was dark once more.

"What a pity it wasn't a whole glass as big as the whole house," said George. "Then it would shine in all the time till the sun goes down. I wish it could be all glass. Wouldn't it be nice, mother?"

"It would be a good deal nicer if we had our old room, with the sun itself," said his mother, "if we are going to think about it at all," and then she sighed and moved a little nearer to the window with her sewing. George was sitting at the table, with his elbows on it and his hands under his chin.

"Here's one good thing about your not having any work, mother," he said. "You'll have plenty of time to mend my clothes; you said if you had time you could fix my jacket."

"So I can, George; but I don't get paid for mending your clothes, and if I don't get work I can get paid for, where shall I get bread and butter for us?"

"If I were a man, I'd pay you lots,—no, I wouldn't, though, I'd give you a nice house and nothing to do."

So George talked on, and built a fine castle in the air.

Mrs. Clark was a widow, and George was her only child. When she was first married she had gone to New York with her husband. He was a carpenter, or, rather, a cabinet maker, and he thought he could get higher wages in the city than among the New Hampshire hills. For a long time he did do better, but hard times and sickness came together, and at last he died, leaving no money for his wife and little boy to live on, for his sickness had used it all up. At first Mrs. Clark did very well. She found plenty of different kinds of work to do, and they lived very comfortably in a large sewing room in the front of the very house they were in when the sunbeam shone in. George had a place as a cash boy in a store, and he earned a dollar a week, but about a year

after his father died he was so unfortunate as to offend a clerk in the store, who had a very high temper, and one day when he was angry he gave George a push which threw him down. At first it hurt him a good deal, but after a while the bruise began to wear off, and his mother thought he wasn't much hurt, after all; but it did not prove to be the truth, for George was really seriously hurt, and he made it worse by walking and running all day, and then he grew very lame indeed, and had to leave his place. And before that the clerk had been discharged, and when Mrs. Clark tried to find him to make him pay George enough money to pay a doctor's bill, the man was gone, and no one knew where. Then Mrs. Clark sent for a doctor, and he said George needed plenty of good food and fresh air and sunshine and rest, and if he was careful he would get well; and he told Mrs. Clark she had better go into the country if she could. But she had no friends left in her old home, and no money to get there. So she got all the work she could, but times grew worse, and at last she had to give up the bright, sunny room and take a small back one, and she had hard work to pay the rent, and couldn't afford good food, and there was no sunshine, and poor George grew worse instead of better. The doctor was kind to them, but he was poor himself and couldn't do much. The very day that I am telling you about, a man whom Mrs. Clark had sewed for had told her that he should not have

putting it on a table when she jumped up in a great hurry.

"Oh! Aunt Mary, I forgot to tell you what I did this afternoon. The fire put it out of my head. Don't you know the day I knocked our looking-glass out of the window?"

"I am not likely to forget it, as I shall have to pay for the new one," said her aunt.

"Well, when I was looking out while you were gone, I saw some sunshine on one of those old windows in that house right back here," and she pointed out of the window, "and I never knew how it got there till I happened to think it must be a reflection, and I opened the window and looked way out, and do you believe a piece of our glass got stuck in Mrs. Barker's blinds, and that was what made it shine there. So then I wondered where it went to, and I got your opera glass and I screwed it up and looked over there."

"Why, Lucy Wharton," said her aunt, "didn't you know that was a very rude thing to do?"

"Well I didn't mean to do any harm; I didn't think till afterwards that it wasn't very polite, but I won't do it again, and I want to tell you what I saw."

Lucy talked very fast, because Miss Wharton looked as if she were going to say something.

"I couldn't see much, you know, 'cause I guess it was dark in there; but there was a real poor little boy looking out, and he had a crutch—I saw it under his arm—and there was a woman sewing, and I thought perhaps you could get her to make my new dress, because you said that other woman had gone away. I guess you could find the house; it's right even with us. So, you see, it's real lucky, after all, that I broke our glass, because if it hadn't been for that reflection I shouldn't have seen her."

"It wouldn't have made any great difference if you hadn't, would it?"

"Why yes, perhaps she can make my dress, I said."

"Oh! well I think I could have found somebody in this great city that would have been glad to do it."

"I guess she will be glad to, auntie. They looked poor, and I want to see that little boy close to. Will you go round there?"

Miss Mary said, "I'll see about it," and she did, for the very next day they went. They were lucky in finding the house and the room without any trouble, and Mrs. Clark was very glad to make the dress and there had to be several errands about

it, and by the time the dress was done, Miss Mary knew all about Mrs. Clark's troubles, and George and Lucy had become great friends. It wasn't at all strange that they should have, either, because neither of them had any companions of their own age.

Miss Mary felt very sorry for Mrs. Clark, and tried to help her; but she knew so few people that she could not do much for her. One day, when they had left her and were going down stairs, Miss Mary said, "I wish I had ever so much money to give away."

"I'm sure you give me lots," said Lucy, with a tight squeeze on her hand.

Then they went to walk, and Lucy couldn't get by the shop windows that were so bright and gay with toys, for it was just two weeks

before Christmas day, and she fretted a little, saying, "Dear me! I wish I could have some of those things. I wish we could have a good time Christmas, like other people. Didn't we have a good time though that time ever so many years ago when we went to Aunt Betsy's? Haven't we got any more aunts or anybody now?"

"What a lot of questions," said Miss Mary. "Let me see; we do have a good deal better time than some people. I can think of two right away—George and his mother. Then Aunt Betsy was kind to us as long as she lived, and we have one very kind friend left, and that is a cousin that you don't remember and have never seen because she has always had a very old mother to take care of, and she couldn't have us there and she couldn't come to see us."

Then they were both quiet, and presently Lucy said, "Auntie, to-morrow will be Saturday, and I want to ask George to dinner and have my dinner up-stairs and get some big buns at the little baker's. Can I?"

Miss Mary said "Yes," and next day George and Lucy had a party. There wasn't much to eat, and there were not many people, but they had ever so good a time; and on Monday something happened.

The postman brought a letter, and it said: "FOUR CORNERS, DEC. 15th, 1888.

"DEAR MARY: I dare say you have nearly forgotten all about me; but I haven't forgotten you nor little Lucy, whom I last saw when she was a baby nine years ago. I am living here all alone on the farm; it is sometimes very lonely, but it is my home and I can't leave it; but I wish I could find just the right kind of a person to live with me. You and Lucy would be just the ones, if you didn't teach school, and so have to stay in that dreadful city. How can you bear the clutter? I was there once, and it nearly killed me. But what I'm going to say is—will you and Lucy come and spend Christmas and the holidays with me? I'm afraid it will be lonely, but I'll try to make you happy, and I want to see you again. Don't be offended with me, but if you can't afford to come so far let me know, and I'll be glad to give you a little something to help along. I have just been reading about a lady near New York who has fifty poor children come to spend the day with her once a year. If I could only slide the old farm down a little nearer to New York, how I should like to do so too. Write me very soon when to expect you, and I'll meet you at the station with the sleigh. We have a splendid lot of snow on the ground.

"Your affectionate cousin, EUNICE GRAY." If you could have seen Lucy dance about when her Aunt Mary read that letter it would have done your heart good.

"Will you go? Will you go, Aunt Mary? Can you afford it?"

"Yes indeed, we will go, and I can afford it by a little pinching here and there," and then she sat quite still with the letter in her hand, and looked straight ahead at nothing in particular, as if she was thinking very hard about something.

"What are you thinking about, Auntie?" asked Lucy.

"You wait and see," said Miss Wharton. That night when Lucy was fast asleep her Aunt wrote a long letter, ever so many pages long, and then the next morning on her way to school she dropped it into the box on the lamp post, and then for a few days nothing particular happened; only Lucy and George grew more fond of each other, and Lucy told all that she knew about the farm she was going to and the nice time she expected to have, and she said the only thing that was "too bad" about it was that George couldn't go too.

But one day Lucy came home from school, and on the table was a very thick letter for her aunt, and it did seem as if she never would come home that afternoon, for Lucy was in such a hurry to see what was inside that letter. Because she was sure it must be something very important, and it might be something dreadful; perhaps—Oh! dreadful thought!—perhaps Cousin Eunice was sick or didn't want them or something. It was something, for when Miss Mary did come at last and opened it out fell a five dollar bill, and then when she had read a little she said,

"Lucy, the very nicest thing in the world is going to happen, and you could never guess, so I shall tell you that Cousin Eunice has asked Mrs. Clark and George to go with us to 'Four Corners,' and she has sent some money to pay their fare, and perhaps—but I guess that is enough for once. Now let us go right round and tell them."

"But," said Lucy, "how did she know about everything?"

"Oh! a little bird told her. But come; hurry!"

[To be continued.]



any more work for her all winter, and she felt sad; for she had no money and no friends and no work. She didn't know what would become of them, for it was the first week in December.

When it was quite dark George lit the lamp, and said, "Now I'll get our supper. What is there, mother?" And there was only some bread. But George said, "I'll toast that; and there's lots of coal left in the closet, mother; that's lucky, anyhow."

Now I shall tell you about two more people. In a third story back room of a boarding house sat a little girl and a young lady. They didn't look rich, but they were neatly and comfortably dressed, and the room looked as rooms do in a great many boarding houses. The ceiling was cracked and stained and the paper was dingy and the carpet was threadbare, but after all there was a comfortable, homelike look about everything, and there was an open fire in a grate. To be sure it was very hard coal, and didn't blaze, but just kept a dull red glow, but even that is ever so much better than a hole in the wall.

The little girl was cuddled up before it on the rug, saying:

"Isn't it nice, Aunt Mary, that the old furnace wouldn't heat and she had to make fires, and didn't we have a mean dinner to-night? I didn't have half enough."

"We did have a pretty poor dinner, Lucy, but it isn't very kind of you to be glad because the furnace doesn't work, even if we do have a fire, for just think how much money poor Mrs. Stone will have to pay out to have it fixed."

"Well, I didn't think of that," said Lucy. "But she is so awful mean."

"She is poor, Lucy, very poor; but I wish we could find a better boarding house."

"I tell you what I wish," said Lucy, sitting up and rocking to and fro with her hands clasped over her knees. "I wish we could keep house in a nice, cunning little house, and then we'd have what we wanted to eat and a fire and—"

"And if wishes were horses beggars would ride," said her aunt, laughing. Lucy was quite still for a little while, and Miss Wharton lit a student lamp, and was just

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[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.] ABOUT THE BABY.

PART II.

It is very essential that the baby be comfortably (which usually means healthfully) dressed. Happily the time-honored custom of swathing the baby in band after band, drawn as tightly around him as though he was a roly-poly pudding, is being abandoned by many mothers; and the dear little ones are dressed in accordance with common sense, instead of tradition.

First the flannel band, then the fine woolen shirt; next a waist, high neck and long sleeves, or low neck and sleeveless, to conform to the needs of the season.

This waist is cut the same as ordinarily used for a child two or three years old. The bottom is finished with buttons set two inches above the edge, and the flannel and white skirt buttoned on. The old idea that baby might suffer a rupture, or at least be ill-shapen, unless his little body was wrapped up as tight as a brick, has been proved unfounded. My own experience in raising three large, healthy babies, of good form, has convinced some of my skeptical friends that baby was not endangered by wearing only one band, and that only six weeks. The "waists" referred to should be cut large enough for a child when a year old. Finish the waists except the neck, and then run four narrow tucks in front and two in the back down the entire length of the waist. Finish the neck with silk braid, leaving enough at one end to allow enlarging. For a few weeks, the waists may be pinned over in the back with safety pins.

The narrow skirt bands should be the same size as the waist before the tucks are put in, the button holes fitting the buttons. Then little pleats laid to correspond with the tucks in the waist. As baby grows, the outfit is thus easily enlarged by the ripping of tucks and pleats and occasionally a change of the neck binding.

In severe weather an extra flannel or cotton waist will be needed. It is a good plan to make the skirts just twice as long as baby's first short clothes. They can then be cut in two. One-half finished on the bottom, the other put on a band. Even if another little one soon comes into the family, it is better to have soft, new flannels to welcome it.

Many times, especially in summer, when the fires are out, babies' feet and stomach become cold, and colic ensues. Although when dressed as above indicated, they are not usually subject to prolonged attacks. A rubber bag, (made for the purpose) filled with warm water, put to the feet or across the stomach, will generally bring relief. The water can readily be heated over a gas jet with "heater attachment," or with an alcohol lamp. If the water bag is large, it should not be filled with water when laid across the stomach, as the pressure is too great. These bags are a great convenience upon many occasions, particularly when riding in the cold. Filled with hot water and laid across the stomach, they are of great assistance in keeping the entire body warm.

The second summer is often dangerous. Baby wants to creep, and is very uneasy when held. The exercise is beneficial, but special care must be taken to protect him from the consequent exposure, from cold floors and drafts. On this account flannel drawers, even in summer, are necessary for every creeping baby. I have seen two or three patterns, but know of nothing better than the ordinary method of making children's drawers, except that the side openings extend to the bottom. These are fastened over at the knee with two buttons. To change the diaper, unbutton the fronts (which should button over the backs onto the waist); then unbutton those at the knee. Of course this necessitates the unbuttoning and buttoning of seven buttons, but when accustomed to it does not take but a few moments. A lady inquired how I prevented my baby having diarrhoea, as hers suffered so much in that way. I told her by wearing flannel drawers. But when I mentioned the seven buttons, "Oh dear," she exclaimed, "I could never bother with all that fuss!" To my mind the extra work of buttoning was not as much "bother" as the washing for a baby with diarrhoea, to say nothing of the matter of health, which is of infinitely greater importance.

My maxim is, that time and money are much better spent in keeping well than curing. The next thing to provide for creeping is the creeping apron. The apron skirt is made twice as long as the dress skirt, and into the narrow hem at the bottom a tape elastic is drawn. Put the apron on, and slip the extra length up under all of the petticoats, next to the drawers, the elastic being just tight enough to hold the double skirt in place, but not to "draw" around the waist. To prevent coming down, fasten to the "waist" with two safety pins.

The apron should have long sleeves, but not be cut high neck, as baby is liable to take cold when they are removed. They are very neat when cut out square and finished with colored embroidery. The clean white dress showing at the neck gives a "dressed up" effect to the gingham apron. ANNA E. WATSON.

[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.] YOUNG AMERICA IN PINAFORE.

BY JULIA ANNA WOLCOTT.

Oh Sue! I'm glad to see you, for I've lots of things to tell; But I feel so much like crying, I can't say them very well. Well, you know Josey Lincoln, and you know he's been my beau. Sue, you do know it, don't you, if the girls should say 'taint so?

Now week ago last Monday noon a new girl came to school; She isn't one bit pretty, and she's really most a fool. But she thinks she's very stylish, and she puts on lots of airs, 'Cause her ma is a directress in some of those nursery fairs.

She says her pa owns lots of stocks in mines and some railway; And something 'bout some telephone that is such splendid pay. She talks, just think! of bulls and bears her pa in Wall Street meets; I b'lieve she fibs! Whoever saw such creatures in the streets?

Sometimes she gets on ceramics, says she shall study art,— Ma says she needn't study it; she's got it now by heart. She means to go abroad sometime,—I wish she'd go to-day; I think poor Joe'd be different if she were out the way.

But he, just like a boy, you know, has been quite taken in; And oh! there never was a girl so tried as I have been. He's written notes to Katie Bryce,—the new girl's name, you know,— And I am very positive he wants to be her beau;

For last night at the dancing school he waltzed with her three times; And then this morning, during prayers, he passed her pickled limes. To go back to the dancing, she was really over-dressed; I s'pose on Josey Lincoln's 'count she wore her very best.

And then I heard him tell her that he thought she looked real nice. I'm glad I don't look like her, and I'm glad my name ain't Bryce! And my ma says 'tis vulgar for young girls to dress so much, And her feet are awful ugly, and her form is reg'lar Dutch.

And she isn't one bit modest,—that any one can see; For the other night at Mary's—she invited us to tea— When Mary's mother asked her if she wouldn't play and sing, She got right up and did it! oh, the little forward thing!

I never could do that way, Sue, I couldn't be so bold; I say, "I 'fraid I cannot," or, "I've taken a slight cold." I always wait until I'm urged, as all the ladies do; Though my voice is clearer'n hers is, and I play much better, too.

Well, Josey Lincoln he was there, so he stood and turned the leaves Until at last, I don't know how, they caught against his alleaves. And oh! I was delighted, for it threw them on the floor. And Kate got so frustrated that she could do nothing more.

Then, next, it came my turn you know; I could have done first rate; But Josie stood behind me and kept whispering with Kate. I heard him say "You played the best," And then I almost cried; And then I said I wouldn't, and I wouldn't if I died.

Now Sue, you're only 'leven, and you're nothing but a child; You can't form a perception of the grief that drives me wild; But I hope, if ever you should live To be almost four teen, You won't have had the trials, dear, that I've already seen. SOUTH NATICK, MASS.

[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.] PRECOCIOUS CHILDREN.

BY JULIA W. GOODRIDGE.

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL is one of the periodicals contributed to our Magazine Club, and this morning the May number has just come to me. After reading "The Mothers' Corner," I feel like giving a word of warning to "Vera Nyce" and other parents who have precocious babies. My experience as the eldest of seven children, a teacher in public and private schools, and as mother, has, perhaps, fitted me to speak intelligently upon the subject.

I wholly sympathize with the pride "Vera Nyce" feels in her bright children; for there is nothing sweeter to a mother's ears than to hear the baby voices repeating, in delightful childish accents, the various verses and jingles found in "Mother Goose's Melodies" and other books for children. It is very gratifying to our pride to have children learn their letters before they can walk, able to recite innumerable "pieces" by the time they are two years old, and fluent readers at three years, but it is, nevertheless, very dangerous. The development of brain is altogether too rapid for that of the body, or else for the good of the brain itself. Many precocious children are hurried into untimely

graves by just such thoughtlessness on the part of parents, so that it often seems as if all the "smart" children die young. With proper care, however, such need not be the case.

When a child shows unusual aptness and fondness for books, it would be much better to put away the books and pictures and insist upon other kinds of amusement. Do not take a foolish pride, as I have sometimes seen parents do, in the fact that children take no interest in dolls and other toys, enjoying only books and reading, but teach them to care for other things as you value their well being. Let children be healthy, happy little animals for five or six years at least, resting assured that with a strong body as foundation the brain will stand all the better chance for healthful activity.

Many over-bright children seem to keep comparatively healthy through childhood, going to school, outstripping their mates in their studies, encouraged and "pushed" by their own ambition and that of fond parents and proud teachers; but when the change comes from childhood to manhood, or womanhood, there is no "reserve force" for this trying period; then, either life itself goes out, leaving parents to mourn and question the "dispensations of Providence," or years of invalidism—fortunately not always lifelong—ensue, and the promises for a brilliant future are unfulfilled.

Yet it is not always the case that death or illness results from this forcing system. It is not seldom that we hear and know of remarkably precocious children who give evidence through their early years of unusual mental powers, and we look for great things when they shall have grown to maturity. But how often are we doomed to disappointment! And we say in the homely phrase that they have "struck twelve and run down." Doubtless it is true sometimes that the quality of the brain is not of the right sort to cope with the deeper and more complex thought of adult life, but more often I think it is the case that the intellectual powers are overstrained in youth, and they fail to become more than common-place; like a promising colt, which is over-driven while young, and thus, instead of being, when grown, the notable "roadster" that its owner hoped, attains to only ordinary speed.

[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.] DEVELOPING A CHILD'S RESOURCES.

I think most young mothers make the mistake of taking too much care of their babies. If they have their own work to do, it becomes an almost impossible task to keep baby amused all the time, and they wear themselves out, spoil the child, and almost succeed in making the greatest blessing of life a real cross to the whole household.

There is so much written about a mother's duties that, upon the advent of a little one, the happy young wife feels that there has fallen upon her a burden almost too much for her.

Now don't understand that I under-rate the great and grave responsibility of directing the growth of a new being and preparing it fitly for the life before it. It is the physical care I allude to. Of course, every young infant must be tenderly guarded from all the little ills that beset it; but when the child is old enough to sit up, to hold things, to crawl, and finally to walk, there is no reason why a mother's whole time should be engrossed in providing amusement for the little thing. It will be much happier if left to itself more, Mamma only taking care that it remains not too long in one position (if unable yet to move itself) or that it has no real want unattended to. A new plaything once in a while, a few loving words, a little tossing in the arms, a kiss and a "cuddle" will keep a child that has not been spoiled contented for a long time. Nor need the plaything be an expensive toy. A string of bright buttons, a box with a few beans, securely fastened, a stick with a string on the end for a whip, or an egg-beater. These are all great delights to baby. And my three-year-old boy spends much time in a hammock, swung low enough for him to climb in and out at will—two long strings fastened to the wall opposite, by means of which he soon learned to pull himself. Then, with a home-made whip to drive his horses, he will ride to the depot and neighboring towns, resting in the meanwhile the busy little feet that do get so tired. Just here I would say that, when he gets cross and fretful, I have found that I can quiet him easily by bathing his face and hands, laying him full length in the hammock, and swinging him a few minutes, while I entertain him with a bright little song or short story. In a few minutes he is ready to get out, rested and eager for play again. A glass of milk will often help to this happy result, and if a hammock is not to be had, mother's arms will do quite as well. A child often gets cross because it has exhausted

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itself, and yet it is unable to tell what the trouble is.

But to the subject. If you will allow a child to discover his own capabilities just as fast as they develop you will be doing him a much greater kindness than you will by forestalling every effort at self-amusement. It will be a real injury to the child in after years if such habits of dependence and restlessness are fostered. Then let your children find out their resources. If you have spoiled them, it will have to be undone gradually, but you can do it if you persevere. I know.

BEULAH R. STEVENS.

PRaise THE BOY.

It often costs one quite a struggle to do his simple duty; and when one does his simple duty in spite of his temptations, to do differently, he deserves credit for his doing. One has no need to live long in this world, before finding out this truth. A bright little boy about two and a half years old, recently showed that he apprehended it. He was on the eve of doing something that was very tempting to him.

"No, my son; you musn't do that," said his father.

The little fellow looked as if he would like to do it in spite of his father's prohibition; but he triumphed over his inclination, and answered resolutely:

"All right, papa, I won't do it."

There was no issue there, and the father turned to something else. The boy waited a minute, and then said, in a tone of surprised inquiry:

"Papa, why don't you tell me, 'That's a good boy?'"

The father accepted the suggestion, and commended his son accordingly. A just recognition of a child's well-doing is a parent's duty; even though the child's well-doing ought not to hinge on such a recognition. And, as with little folks, so with larger ones. Just commendation is everyone's due. Even our Lord himself has promised to say, "Well done," to every loved one of his who does well.—S. S. Times.

THIS WOMAN



DYED TO LIVE.

Dyed the Feathers and Velvets on her bonnet; dyed that stylish Fall Dress with all its ribbons and trimmings; dyed her fast black Stockings and that pretty Wrap. Dyed them all with DIAMOND DYES, that she might live better than her neighbors, upon less money. Listen to her saying:

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MENT OF ARTISTIC NEEDLE WORK.

KNAPP, EDITOR,
No. 20 Linden St., S. Boston, Mass.

Terms Used in Knitting.
plain. P—Purl, or as it is sometimes called, or K 2 tog—Narrow, by knitting 2 together, row the thread over the needle before inserting next stitch. This makes a loop which is also considered a stitch, in the succeeding rows or Tw—Twist stitch. Insert the needle in the left hand to the right hand needle knitting it. Sl and B—Slip and bind—slip one on the next; pass the slipped one over it, then binding off a piece of work at the end. * In repetition, and is used merely to save words. l, p l, repeat from * 3 times * would be equivalent to sl 1, k 1, p 1, sl 1, k 1, p 1, ans together.

Terms in Crochet.
chain; a straight series of loops, each drawn through the preceding one. Sl st—Slip put hook through the work, thread over the raw it through the stitch on the hook. Sc—single; having a stitch on the needle (or hook) put edle through the work, draw the thread through the work, and the stitch on the needle. Dc—double t; having the stitch on the needle, put the needle through the work, and draw a stitch through, making the needle. Take up the thread again, and draw through both these stitches. Tc or Tr—Trebles Crochet; having a stitch on the needle, take up the thread for a stitch, put the needle through the work, and the thread through, making three on the needle. up the thread and draw through two, then take ne thread and draw it through the two remaining; Short Treble Crochet: like treble, except that n the three stitches are on the needle, instead of ring the thread through two stitches twice, it is n through all three at once. Lt c—Long Treble et: like treble, except that the thread is thrown e over the needle before inserting the latter in the k. The stitches are worked off two at a time, as in le. Extra Long Stitch—Twine the cotton three es round the needle, work as the treble stitch, bring- the cotton through two loops four times. P—or ot; made by working three chain, and one single cro- in first stitch of the chain.

"Subscriber":—Star stitch is given in Sep- mber number of JOURNAL, 1887.

"H. J. F." Newburgh, N. Y.:—Send your ddress, with stamp enclosed, to M. F. Knapp, . Boston, Mass. I will send you Dolly's ad- dress.

In May number "Cora J." would like direc- tions for knitting or crocheting an organ stool cover.

If for stool with square top, follow the direc- tions in November number, 1887, for "Crochet Square for Quilt," using No. 10 shoe thread. If it is not large enough, go around and around with ch 2, 1 d c in previous d c until it is large enough. I made one, finishing it with fringe. It is a thing of beauty, and I believe will last forever.

Mrs. T. J. CHENOWETH.
Will some one please give directions how to knit Leaf and Acorn edging, and oblige a sub- scriber?

I have seen a lady's undervest crocheted with soft wool. It fitted and clung to the form like a jersey. Will some one please send directions for the same?
CALIFORNIA.

"S. W. C." and "Subscriber":—Directions for making a barrel chair have been in the pa- per. I will send them to your address on re- ceipt of 10 cents.
MARY F. KNAPP,
20 Linden St., S. Boston, Mass.

Will some one send recipe for making Tube- rose cologne from the fresh natural flowers, that will keep a long while?
CLARA.

If "Mollie" will send me her address, I may be able to help her to what she wants, if she will describe her request more fully.
MISS REZNER.

Sewickley, Alleghany Co., Penn.

The 5th row of Mechlin lace, given in April number of JOURNAL, should read thus:
Knit 8, o, n, k 1, n, o, n 3 together, o, n, k 1, n, o, n, k 1, o, k 2.

Will some one please tell me where I can get materials for making Point Lace, the probable cost, and where to get a book of instructions, also patterns?
L. E. B.

Crochet Skirt.

Use Germantown yarn, bone crochet hook. Make a chain of 513 stitches, and join.
1st row—* 1 d c in each of 8 sts, 3 d c in the 9th or middle st, 8 d c in next 8 sts, skip 2; repeat from * 26 times. You will have 27 points.
2d row—Ch 2, skip 1, 1 d c in top of each of 7 sts, 3 d c in next st, 8 d c in next 8, * skip 2, 8 d c in each of next 8, 3 d c in next, 8 d c in each of next 8; repeat from * through the row. Repeat 2d row until you have 8 rows from foundation chain.
9th row—Ch 2, skip 2 d c, 1 d c in each of next 7, 3 d c in next or middle st, 7 d c in next 7 sts, * skip 4, 7 d c, 3 d c in middle st, 7 d c; repeat from * through the row.
10th row—Ch 2, skip 1 d c, 1 d c in each of next 7, 2 d c in middle st, 7 d c, * skip 2, 7 d c, 2 in middle st, 7 d c; repeat from *.
11th row—Ch 2, skip 1, 7 d c, 2 d c in middle st, 6 d c, * skip 2, 7 d c, 2 d c in middle st, 6 d c; repeat from *.
12th row—Ch 2, skip 1, 6 d c, 2 d c in middle st, 6 d c, * skip 2, 6 d c, 2 in middle st, 6 d c; repeat from *.
13th row—Ch 2, skip 1, 6 d c, 2 in middle st, 5 d c, * skip 2, 6 d c, 2 in middle st, 5 d c; repeat from *.
14th row—Ch 2, skip 1, 11 d e, * ch 2, 11 d c; repeat from *.
15th row—Ch 2, skip 1, 9 d c, * skip 2, 9 d c; repeat from *.
This finishes the flounce.
Work 28 rows 1 d c in each st.

29th row—Ch 2, work back or wrong side, narrow 6 times in the row. 1 narrow by put- ting the hook through two stitches of the work instead of one.
30th row—Ch 2, work back plain (without narrowing). You are forming the placket by working back and forth. Commence each row with ch 2.
31st row—Narrow four times in the row.
32d row—Plain.
33d row—Narrow three times in the row.
34th row—Plain.
35th row, 37th row, and 43d row—Narrow five times.
36th, 38th rows—Plain.
39th row—Narrow eight times.
40th, 41st, 42d and 44th rows—Plain.
45th row—Narrow four times.
Then three rows plain.
Work a row of holes, * 1 d c, ch 2, skip 2; re- peat across. Run in a cord with tassels, or rib- bon. This skirt measures twenty-eight and one-half inches in length. If you wish it smaller, have a less number of points in the flounce, and work less plain rows.

Child's Knitted Jacket.

Cast up 60 stitches for the back, knit 42 ribs, (twice across is a rib) length of back to sleeves, knit across. Cast 40 stitches on the end, for sleeve, knit back and cast 40 for the other



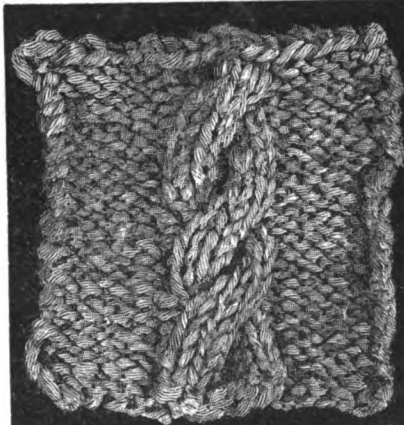
[Engraved expressly for THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.]
CHILD'S KNITTED JACKET.

sleeve. Knit 19 ribs, then 56 stitches, bind off for neck, leaving 56 on the other end. Knit 6 ribs for top of sleeve, then cast on 16 for front of neck; knit 19 ribs, then bind off, leaving 32 stitches for front. Knit the other half the same; knit border of wrist, 11 ribs. Sew up the seams. Knit border for front, 7 ribs. Take up the stitches for the neck, knit across once, then make a row of holes by narrowing and putting yarn over 3 times, for the ribbon to go through. Knit across 11 ribs from the holes. That makes the collar. Take up the stitches on the bottom, and knit 7 ribs. Take 1 large skein of white, and 1 small of blue Saxony. Very fine whalebone needles.

Cable Pattern.

(By Request.)

Cast up eighteen stitches for a stripe, thus for six plain stitches on each side of the cable. For two patterns thirty stitches will be required, and so on.
1st row—Purl 6, knit 6, purl 6.
2d row—Knit 6, purl 6, knit 6.
3d row—Like first row.
4th row—Like second row.
5th row—Like third row.
6th row—Knit 6, take a third needle and purl 3; with the first right-hand needle purl



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the next three stitches, and knit 6.
7th row—Purl 6, knit the three stitches on the third or additional needle, knit the three stitches on the left-hand needle, purl 6.
8th row—Like second row. Repeat from first row.

Knitted Silk Mitts.

Materials required—One ounce of knitting silk, No. 300, and a set of No. 19 needles.
For a medium-sized hand, cast on 84 stitches on three needles, knit once around plain.
2d row—On first needle seam one and knit one plain; second needle, knit 2 stitches plain, throw thread over and narrow, knit 2 stitches plain, throw thread over and narrow; repeat this across the needle; third needle same as first.
3d row—First and third needles same as second row, second needle plain.
4th row—Same as second.

5th row—Like third; repeat these two rows until the wrist is as long as you wish it.
Next the thumb is to be set. Knit 17 stitches plain on the first needle, seam the eighteenth one, make 1, knit 1, make 1, seam again, knit the other stitches plain, knit the second needle as you have done from the beginning, but the first and third needles are hereafter knit plain, except at the thumb; there you must seam at each side of it, and in every fourth round in- crease two stitches next to the seam, until you have 46 rounds of plain knitting. You should now have 27 stitches in the thumb, not count- ing the two seamed ones which belong to the hand. String these stitches on a piece of thread and tie securely.
Cast on 3 stitches to take the place of those taken off for the thumb, knit plain on the first and third needles, and the second as before, un- til it reaches as far down on the hand as you want the mitt to go, then bind off rather loose- ly. Now pick up the stitches for the thumb, on the first needle 14 stitches, on the second 13, on the third pick up 8 stitches in the space where 3 were cast on, narrow once each round at each end of the third needle, until you have but 3 stitches left, now even the stitches and have 10 on each needle, knit plain until the thumb is long enough, then bind off.

AUGUST FLOWER.

and work 3 trebles under the chain between the edge stitches and the first group of 3 trebles, make 1 ch, 3 trebles under the next chain, and repeat in this way till the middle of the shawl is reached, then work 3 treble, 2 chain, 3 treble under the middle 1 ch, make 1 ch, 3 treble un- der the next ch, and so on to the end, remem- bering, after making 3 treble under the chain before the edge stitches, to make 1 ch and then work 2 plain trebles. Break off and begin at the other end.
Every row is worked like the second. In the middle of the shawl work 3 treble, 2 ch, 3 treble under the 2 ch of the previous row. When large enough make a row of plain tre- bles all around, then a row of d c. Add fringe. This should be about four inches deep, and each piece should therefore be eight inches long. Turn the shawl on the wrong side, put the hook under the first d c, catch the double end of the fringe and draw it through. Catch the two strands, pull through again, and draw very tightly with the fingers. Put an- other piece into the same stitch. Do this all the way across. Next, on the straight or neck side of the shawl work a row of scallops, and the shawl is finished.
A shawl of this kind is pretty worked with five rows alternately of blue and wab.

W. O. V.

Geneva Lace Insertion.

Cast up 25 stitches, knit across plain.
1st row—Slip 1, k 2, o, n, o, n, k 12, o, n, o, n, k 2.
2d row—Slip 1, k 2, o, n, o, n, p 12, o, n, o, n, k 2.
3d, 5th, and 6th rows—Like the 1st.
4th and 7th rows—Like the 2d.
8th row—Slip 1, k 2, o, n, o, n, k 1, over and narrow five times, k 1, o, n, o, n, k 2.
9th row—Like 2d.
10th row—Slip 1, k 2, o, n, o, n, k 1, o, n, k 6, o, n, k 1, o, n, o, n, k 2.
11th and 13th rows—Like 2d.
12th row—Like eighth.
14th row—Like 1st.
Repeat from 1st row.

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INTERIOR DECORATION.

BY A. R. RAMSEY.

The "blue parlor" of last month's article is not more possible for some of us than would be the decorations of a Hindoo Temple, and the matter is not much simplified by changing the blue to yellow or pink, since in none of these color schemes is any allowance made for the use of the furniture and draperies we already have, and must keep. In this perplexity it may help some one to be told that either pink or yellow will succeed better than blue with the worn or shabby curtains and furniture, for blue always seems to exact the daintiest surroundings, while yellow and terra cotta make a rich, warm background for old-fashioned fabrics and hangings, and either is a most excellent color against which to hang pictures, for there are few frames which are not im-



[Engraved expressly for the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.]

proved by a warm background. Shrimp pink is a soft, lovely tint, harmonizing well with the grey tone which old wood-work and upholstery are apt to acquire—especially when the stuff used in coverings and draperies is of sage green.

As to the style and design of paper to be used, I might write a chapter under the title of "Don't's." "Don't" get big figures in the main wall; "don't" fail to have a freeze whenever possible. "Don't" have green walls in a parlor; "don't" have walls covered with blossoms; "don't" use gold lavishly; and "don't"—most emphatically don't—use those hideous mixtures of dark reddish browns and purplish reds, in small figures over a gilt background—these papers are dear to the heart of every man who has them for sale, and they are brought forward and recommended on each and every occasion. But be wary and firm—don't buy them, even though they be the only ones to be had. A good honest white-washed wall is less ugly and far less depressing. "Don't" let your paper hanger choose any of your papers, unless he knows your house and your tastes. You have to live in your house and he does not, so why should you furnish it to suit his ideas? Consider his suggestions—if you know him to be skillful and honest—but in the end do your own thinking and choosing.

In the cheaper papers there is one at 25 cents a roll, which I always recommend, and which, while not new, is always artistic and pretty. Coming in all shades it is a standard pattern, and can, therefore be readily matched—which is an advantage and an economy which every householder will appreciate. The pattern is called, I believe, Chrysanthemum paper, and is a design of chrysanthemum heads (or daisy heads) thickly strewn and overlapping each other, on a background of the same color as the flowers. The accompanying illustration gives a good idea of it, though I am sure you must have seen it often, for, as I have said, it is an old pattern.

This paper, or a solid tint, of a pale shade, of Boston Felting, will always prove a good investment. The Felting wears better than almost anything else at the same price; it is generally 50 cents a roll, but is very much wider than ordinary paper, and therefore much cheaper. It has a soft, artistic texture, much better than the smooth, shiny surface of other papers at this price, and it has one great advantage in the fact that it shows stains less. In plain papers stains are very glaring, and even pictures hanging against the walls are sure to mark their outlines, which prevents any change however necessary, from being made; in the Felting, this is not so much to be feared.

For the freeze of these simpler papers I know nothing prettier than a well-chosen cretonne design—which is the name given to a certain style of designs, imitating, as they do, very successfully, the flowers and patterns of French cretonne. As a rule, the designs are loose bunches of flowers, or single, large blossoms on a pale background—very near the tint of the colors most used in plain papers, so that it is difficult to find a freeze which will blend perfectly with any shade you may select.

The paper and heavier draperies for your parlor being decided on, what shall we do for your windows?

I should like to insist upon three sets of curtains—one against the panes, and then white flimsy curtains under heavy ones—woolen or silk—hanging from the top to the bottom of the window—thus dispensing with the ugly, vexatious blind (or shade) and the inside shutter. But I can hardly hope to do this, and therefore I only insist upon the pane-curtain at every window of the house—without them any house looks bare and unfurnished, such as a woman does who appears without collar and cuffs. There are so many cheap materials for these

curtains now, that they are within the reach of the most modest purse, and if chosen with judgment and carefully treated they last a long time. The best among the cheaper kinds is dotted muslin, or scrim, or crazy cloth edged with soft lace, or with ball fringe—and even cheese cloth may be prettily utilized, but none of these are rich enough for a handsome parlor, though quite nice enough for any bedroom, or for a plain, unpretentious parlor.

For the more expensive curtains, there is imitation lace, especially the imitation valenciennes, which is beautiful at a window, and there is the good madras; but beware of cheap madras—it is dear in the long run, since it washes abominably; but if you are going to admit color into these short curtains, I prefer the various thin silks, which are now used so extensively in Philadelphia. These clean beautifully, the only drawback being that if solid colors, they fade in the sun. To overcome this, I advise a white ground with sparsely

scattered figures of color—then if they fade it is not noticeable. All these curtains should have some sort of finish to the bottom and sides, ball fringe, tassels, lace or frills, to break the stiff line of the edge.

Many upholsterers fasten the pane-curtains to the lower sash by means of slender rods, run through the top and bottom of the curtains, but this has a very stiff look, and the arrangement makes it hard to raise the window; besides, it entirely cuts off the sight of the outer world, so that if Eve's daughter is determined to peep outside, she must look over the top of the curtain, and in order to obviate this, the poor tortured curtain is split up in the middle and each half is drawn back in the centre by a band of ribbon, the result being that in the middle of the lower sash is a diamond-shaped space, bound by folds of draperies as stiff as if they had been moulded from iron,—a result as far removed from the graceful, flowing nature of silk or lace as it is possible to imagine.

To remedy this, I put my curtains on one rod, which is fastened to the frame of the window and not to the sash, and the curtain is attached to the rod by brass rings, sewed at close and regular distances to its upper edge, the rings being just large enough to slip over the rod easily; thus the curtain can be pushed aside, and the sash raised, or more light admitted without any difficulty.

If possible the upper sash should be of colored glass. This is not nearly so expensive as it used to be, and it certainly adds greatly to the light and color of a parlor, as well as to the outside appearance of a house. But, if jewel-glass is not possible, there are windows made of thin panes, diamond shape, or square, or round, which are almost as pretty, and not at all expensive, and, finally, you may utilize the sash you already have by employing a good carpenter to divide the panes by small strips of wood, or, for a few dollars you can get bamboo lattice-work at Vantine's, or any good Japanese store, and have the carpenter frame it in such a way that it fits exactly into the space of the upper sash. This should be put in front of the sashes, and the curtain attached to the lower edge of the frame, thus making the sashes independent of both frame and curtain, an important item, when it comes to fresh air for the parlor, or to window-cleaning days.

This lattice-work in wood (not bamboo) is for sale in various styles and patterns at the first-class paper-hanger's. Carlisle & Joy have it at reasonable prices, and will give you all information needed.

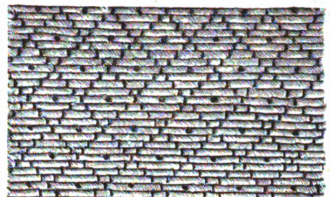
This covering of the upper sash is only practicable in rooms where light is either very abundant, or not much needed, and would never do for a bed-room or sitting-room, and even in a parlor the blind may be preferred by some who cling to old ideas. There are several varieties of blinds which are not too bad—one is a deep cream white, (not yellow) with a design stamped on it so strongly that it looks like heavy lace. It is only a half blind, moreover, and its lower edge, reaching to the division between the sashes, is cut into the scallop and points of lace patterns, thus carrying out the idea of heavy lace.

Let me urge you never to get blinds of glaring colors. Not long since every one wanted bright red blinds, and although they wore badly, many people could not afford to replace them, and they hung in their faded glory as striped and streaked as Jacob's flock—perfect eyesores to all beholders. A later craze has been for yellow blinds, and I leave you to imagine the effect of rows of red brick houses spotted with square-looking patches of bright yellow! There are certain tones of yellow—brownish and pale—which harmonize with the red brick, but, as a rule, a quiet sage green,

very grey in tone, is decidedly the most successful blind in a red house.

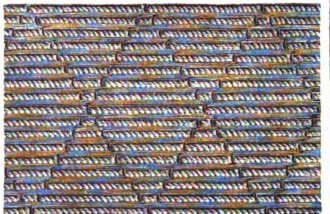
Over the pane curtains two other sorts are needed, but I must leave my special pleading for them until next month, since the embroiderer's stitches I wish to give you in this number will exhaust the space allotted to these articles.

The "laid-work" taught last month may be used to great advantage in repairing and renovating old pieces of embroidery where the background has given way. Instead of "applying" the old design to new material, the whole fabric may be backed by strong linen, and the background entirely covered with laid-work, either so closely worked as to appear a solid new material, or so sparsely laid as to show glimpses of the old background, thus allowing it to form part of the color scheme. I have said before, but I wish to repeat with



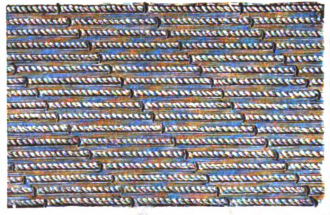
[Engraved expressly for the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.] emphasis, that this laid work is done always with silk, while the couching may be either of silk or gold.

In this last work, with gold, a new style of background—making may fitly be introduced, i. e., gold diapering. It is always done by couching gold lines, with stitches of bright and contrasting silks, but these stitches are so arranged as to make a regular pattern, or design, over the closely crowded threads of gold. As these designs were formerly on the style of the diamonds and dots of what we moderns call "bird's eye" linen, this is the best example I can give you of what the pattern is intended to represent, though the name of both linen and design is said to be derived from the



[Engraved expressly for the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.] town Ypres, where diapered cloths were extensively made.

In the illustration the horizontal lines are gold threads, or cords, and the black dots represent stitches of bright floss. Before beginning the work it is far better to have the diaper design stamped on the material by some reliable, painstaking fancy-work establishment; but if none is accessible you can, with a little patience and pains, draw the lines forming the diamonds, then with equal pains the stitches must be taken over the gold thread, just where it crosses the pencil line, and afterwards the dots inside each diamond of pattern No. 1 should be made.



[Engraved expressly for the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.]

To work by rules, the couching lines should always begin at the right hand, but this is so largely a matter of individual convenience, that I do not insist upon it. But I hope I have made it clear that each line is couched in great lengths (the stitches being taken wherever it crosses the diagonal pencil mark) before another line is begun.

E. TITUS, POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.: It would be better to start with wholly fresh stock for your rose jar. The old may have kept a delightful perfume, but it will inevitably decay before the fresh, and thus spoil the whole. Salt all flowers before adding.

A. R. R.

HINTS FOR GIRLS.

BY JEANIE DEANS.

There are various small points of nicety that test manners and good breeding in girls, so by girls, school-girls, mother's girls, old-fashioned girls—all girls. A girl may be dressed in the very tip of style, pink and mince daintily, but if she has left her fine-tooth comb at home, and has no better manners than ask of the family she is visiting, where is her good breeding?

I call to mind a certain lady imported for this article. She loathed, but immediately consented it to the flames upon its return.

A gay, young dress-maker, visiting a maiden aunt, suddenly found her "bangs" becoming "dusty." A fine comb was needed. Her toilette provided none, and the maiden aunt was called upon. She gave her an out and out new one, at the same time administering wholesome advice.

The dress-maker—a girl of rare good sense

—wined and blushed, but acknowledged she was remiss, and needed just the reprimand given. She failed in little points, and good Aunt Katherine had shown them up in strong light. It is safe to venture she remembered.

"Own folks" is no excuse. I have heard girls exclaim, "Oh, I shall not feel pains to fix up there; they are own folks!" Does the fact lessen your duty to make yourself neat and attractive? Strangers will probably care no more for your appearance.

A girl whose linen and laces are shining white, whose handkerchiefs are faultless, gloves bearing no approach to shabbiness, neatly buttoned or laced, whose toilette-bag holds necessary appointments, cheap or otherwise, who avoids slang and uses good grammar, is generally called "a lady." She may be one of a large family, poor and struggling, doing battle bravely for herself and others; she is nevertheless a lady. She will say "thank you" quietly in well-modulated tones if offered a seat in a horse-car, and the man that gave it will not regret his deed.

Her voice is low and not easily raised by passion, and the home virtues she practises are never by her sought abroad. Girls, why not be "ladies"?

PROVIDENCE, R. I., July 9, 1888.

MR. CYRUS H. K. CURTIS: DEAR SIR:—I am very much pleased with the tea set, and consider it one of your finest premiums for clubs. When I unpacked the box I found the set had arrived in a perfect condition. Very respectfully yours,

MRS. L. J. HOWE.

ATLANTIC ST., (ELMWOOD.)

The above is but a sample of many letters received from well pleased and satisfied club-risers. We offer in our premium list a great variety of most useful as well as beautiful articles, jewelry, watches, tea sets, books, solid and plated ware of best makes, all to be secured by JOURNAL readers without a cent of money.

Advertisement for French Bangs, \$3.00, featuring an illustration of a woman's hair and text describing the product and manufacturer S. C. BECK.

Advertisement for BROWN'S FRENCH DRESSING, featuring an illustration of a bottle and text describing its uses for ladies and children's boots and shoes.

Advertisement for 100 ORIGINAL STORIES, 100 AMERICAN AUTHORS, featuring text about the collection and its availability.

Advertisement for Madame Valon's Ladies Safety Belt, featuring an illustration of the belt and text describing its benefits.

Advertisement for LADIES' CURL OR FRIZZ IMPROVED Hair Curler, featuring an illustration of the curler and text describing its use.

Advertisement for LADIES' Send and get prices and samples of bonnets, featuring text about the service.

Advertisement for OLD COINS and Stamps wanted, featuring text about the collection.

Advertisement for PATENTS F. H. HOUGH, featuring text about patent services.

Advertisement for IT PAYS to sell your Rubber Printing Stamps, featuring text about the service.

Advertisement for WANTED a few persons in each place to do light writing, featuring text about the opportunity.

Advertisement for DRESSMAKING! Send for Descriptive Circular, featuring text about dress-making services.

Advertisement for PLAYS Dialogues, Tableaux, Speakers, featuring text about play scripts.

Advertisement for FREE 100 Popular Songs, featuring text about the offer of song sheets.

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
AND
PRACTICAL HOUSEKEEPER.
A NATIONAL ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL.
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Mrs. J. H. LAMBERT, }
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Subscriptions must begin with the number current when subscription was received. We do not date back, even upon the most urgent request.

Renewals can be sent now, no matter when the subscription expires, and the time will be added to that to which the subscription is already entitled.

Notice is always sent of expiration of subscription. If not renewed it is immediately discontinued. No notice is required to stop the paper, and no bill will be sent for extra numbers.

Receipts.—The fact that you receive the paper is a proof that we have received your remittance correctly. If you do not receive the paper promptly, write us, that we may see that your address is correct.

Errors.—We make them: so does every one, and we will cheerfully correct them if you will write to us. Try to write us good-naturedly, but if you cannot, then write to us any way. Do not complain to any one else, or let it pass. We want an early opportunity to make right any injustice that we may do.

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W. S. NILES, MANAGER.

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RICHARD S. THAIN, MANAGER.

Our Chicago Office is for the convenience of Chicago advertisers. Subscribers should not address the Chicago office.

Philadelphia, September, 1888.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

We have not preached any "little sermon" for some time in regard to the wretched postal service, not because we had no reason, but because we became weary of going over and over the old ground. But things have so arranged themselves lately that we feel compelled to enter another protest.

It is rather amusing, or it would be amusing if it did not cause us so much trouble and annoyance, to receive a letter wherein the writer complains of loss of papers, and concludes by declaring confidently, "I know you cannot have sent them, for our Post Master says no papers have come for me."

But the fallacy of this argument we shall shortly prove by two little instances we will cite from the many coming to our notice daily.

Succeeding a complaint not long ago came an apology. Within the apology was enclosed one of our own wrappers with various pink and white sticky spots on it. The writer explained that after various and repeated efforts to obtain her paper, which the P. M. said had "never come," she bought some candy at the P. O. (it being a combination arrangement). What was her amazement on opening her parcel to find that the postmaster had wrapped her candy up in her own wrapper. Query.—Where was the paper?

To-day, lying before us, from Beverly, Mass., is the second text. "No papers since April," was the cry.

But the letter to-day says that the matter has been thoroughly investigated upon our declaration that the papers were sent regularly. "They have hunted," (the idea of being obliged to hunt for the mail in a post office) "since I spoke to them, and have found June and July."

These are only two of the many, but we could give scores of instances. In Chicago lately one mail-carrier undertook to change the address on our wrapper and hand it over to another, "who couldn't find the party addressed." Naturally, for the address was correct as we put it. For once justice was meted out and the mail-carrier was suspended for the length of time required in such cases. If we could have many more suspended and proper ones put in their places, the business portion of the community would be a hundred per cent. better off.

Were you too tired last night to wish the members of your family a good night, and was it too much trouble this morning to say "good morning"?

NOTICE TO CANADIAN SUBSCRIBERS.

PREMIUMS SENT TO CANADA ARE SUBJECT TO DUTY. We cannot undertake to forward ANYTHING to Canada or other foreign countries, except at the risk of the subscriber.

NOTICE TO PHILADELPHIA SUBSCRIBERS.

A discrimination in the rates of postage to city subscribers, is made between weekly and monthly periodicals, to the great disadvantage of the latter, for, while the weeklies can be mailed to city subscribers for one cent per pound, monthlies cannot be mailed to city subscribers for less than one cent for each two ounces, except where the subscribers go to the post office for their mail. This regulation REFERS ONLY to subscribers in the particular city in which the periodicals are published. AS THE JOURNAL, in its present form weighs over two ounces, we, being located in PHILADELPHIA are, therefore, obliged to ask our Philadelphia subscribers twenty-four cents extra, for postage, unless the paper is addressed at the post-office to be called for, or to any post-office box. REMEMBER, this refers to Philadelphia subscribers ALONE, and to those in no OTHER city.

NEIGHBORLY CONFIDENCES.

Neighborly confidences seem almost as intuitive to woman as does the belief in a future state to the race.

It is so natural, when overcome with grief, or exalted with joy to breathe the sad or happy secret into the ear of a friendly neighbor; and the trivial everyday occurrences, too, are quite as apt to be freely confided.

Possibly no harm may ever follow this: but let there come the slightest rupture in your friendship, and all the secrets that you believed to be deeply buried (in a friend's heart) will spring up like grass after an early rain. Soon everyone knows that your handsome wardrobe is but the cast-off garments of a wealthy aunt—that your husband is so close as to your pin money that you do fancy work for a house down town—that potatoes cooked, save in a certain way, immediately produce a "jar," etc., etc.

With some, one such mortifying experience will prove a sufficient warning. Others will learn nothing. They simply solace themselves by expatiating to neighbor B. on the perfidy of neighbor A. Later to neighbor C. on neighbor B., and so on down through the alphabet. In the meantime their disaffection with neighbor A. has healed and friendly relations are resumed. Then follows another amusing waltz and a tilt through the alphabet of neighbors.

Such ridiculous happenings naturally induce pessimistic views regarding neighborly confidences; and they should be indulged in with caution.

Menuret has said, "Friends are like melons; to find one good you must a hundred try"; and the Chinese maxim, "There are plenty of acquaintances, but few real friends," seems to confirm this thought.

But these facts should not produce a wholesale cynicism and reserve regarding neighbors; for in them are often found as true and tried friends as one could wish; but they should teach us to study and analyze character—to know if back of the pleasing, friendly manner there exists integrity of heart and a fair measure of common sense.

This latter element of itself should be sufficient to keep us from repeating the little confidences that a neighbor has—perhaps in an unwary moment—confided to us, even though she did not label each "a secret."

If a neighbor shows her false heart by revealing to you things confided to her—no matter if she does say, "I know you won't tell"—don't trust her. You may be sure a "dog that will bring a bone will take a bone."

Persons living together, or in close proximity, need to be especially careful lest an undue intimacy result disastrously. Be chary of those whom you admit through your "back door,"—think how this or that would sound if repeated, before giving it wings.

A Spanish proverb says, "Measure your cloth twice, for you can cut it but once"; so it would be wise for all, and especially the naturally impulsive and communicative, to reflect twice before bestowing their confidences, for, once breathed, they are beyond recall.

But, thank God, there are friends in whom we may trust! Life would be a blank if all the inner and deeper emotions of our hearts, together with the lighter and more trifling experiences of our everyday life, must be hermetically sealed in our own bosoms; but none are doomed to such a fate. Only let us choose with care, and then confide with caution.

GIRLS, DON'T FLIRT.

There is never any telling what will come of a chance acquaintanceship. In rare instances they have turned out well, but as a rule they have been exceedingly unfortunate, bringing misery and shame where pleasure and happiness might have reigned continually. Young ladies and girls of tender age are in the habit of picking up acquaintances on the streets, at parties and picnics. These often prove quite agreeable; so much so indeed that they are kept up on the quiet. They must be kept quiet because they dare not take a stranger to their homes unless they can give some account of him and of his character. Clandestine meetings are the result. These are bad, very bad in their very nature, because they tend to destroy respect for home discipline, as well as to develop a disregard for parents. The young lady who indulges in meetings of this kind cannot help telling downright falsehoods. Besides, she must be continually striving to deceive her parents and mislead her friends. She must also deceive herself, because her conscience will accuse her of disobedience and unfaithfulness. To quiet this persistent accuser she must invent excuses of various kinds and accept them as satisfactory to herself, when she knows they are not. The vicinity of a hotel is a favorite place for flirting and picking up acquaintances. The festive drummer is there in all his glory, and always waiting to be picked up. He is easy to pick up, but not so easy to shake. Almost any young lady knows just what sort of a fellow the average drummer is, yet they are ever willing to make up with him. They are aware that he has a girl at every one of his stopping-places and probably a wife at home. Yet they flirt with him, talk with him and walk with him. This is great fun for him and very pleasant for her, at least for the time. But what are the results? Young gentlemen of respectability and worth note her conduct and let her severely alone. They do not care to attach themselves to one who is not above flirting and associating with strangers of whom she knows nothing only what she sees. Every young lady may mark it down as a fact that if she flirts and associates with "pick-ups," she will soon have no others for associates. No matter how unjust it may be, there will always be the suspicion that those who are not above making acquaintances in this way are not as pure in heart and mind as they ought to be. It would be unjust to say that no pure-minded girls flirt. They do, and many of them lose their purity by so doing. Others, although not so unfortunate, subject themselves to suspicions which every pure woman should be above. Do not flirt. It is not essential to your happiness or to your health. You will do better, morally and socially, by not doing it.

(FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.)
ADVICE TO THE GIRLS.

Never mind, my dear girls, what the pussy cats say
Against washing your faces the old-fashioned way;
Recommending this, that, but crying, "No water!"
I'm sure Mother Eve had never a daughter
Whose roses and lilies, like those of the field,
Had not their hues brightened, instead of concealed,
By a bath in the liquid that Heaven distills,
That flashes in fountains and leaps in the rills;
And while Nature her blossoms still washes in dew,
I think, my dear girl-flowers, 'tis quite good for you.
JULIA ANNA WOLCOTT.
SOUTH NATICK, MASS.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CAN any of the readers tell how to prevent hands from perspiring and soiling kid gloves?
QUESTIONER.

Mrs. T. J. SHAFER, FRANKLIN, LA., would like to correspond with some of the ladies interested in poultry raising.

GEORGIE AND OTHERS:—Inquirers will find nothing better for the extermination of roaches, and water-bugs, than the scattering of powdered borax on the shelves.

MARGERY YOUNG:—To advise you in regard to your screen would be a difficult matter without knowing of what kind of work you are capable, or the general tone of your parlor.

If E. R. will take half a bucket of hot water, a tablespoon of Household Ammonia, soap and a clean scrub brush, and give her carpet a thorough scrubbing, it will remove the soot stains from either ingrain or Brussels carpet. A carpet that has grown dirty and dingy if treated in this way will be much improved.
MAGDE.

EDITORS LADIES' HOME JOURNAL:—I very lately received a letter from a lady who was a very dear friend of mine before either of us was married. She is now living on a cattle range, seven miles from a very small town in Northern California. Her friends are most of them many miles away from her, and aside from her husband and baby daughter, her greatest pleasure comes through the mail in letters from her dear ones, and in her magazines and papers. She wrote: "I find great comfort and help from a little paper that comes to me once a month. I think you would like it very much, and send you by this mail a sample copy."

When I tore off the wrapper out fell a copy of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. I did not need to read it again, for this is the third year mother has taken it. I laid it down with a queer feeling of having neglected a duty. "Why," I thought, "have I never taken pains to speak of this dear little paper when I am writing to my friends?" It is surely my duty to help my friends to as good a thing as I can myself enjoy for the nominal sum of fifty cents a year. The biographies of noted men and women are alone worth three times that sum to me. Of course it would be impossible to give so much good reading matter for so trifling a sum if the circulation was not very large; since even the necessary expenses of printing the paper must be great, besides the large amount of money paid the different writers for their work. So, as I hope always to have the paper, I must in self defence help the publishers to keep the paper up to its present state of excellence by trying to extend its circulation beyond its present far-reaching bounds. I know of no paper I would more gladly put into the hands of all my friends, both young and old. It is exceptional in its moral tone, and no one paper has ever come to our house that has not been a help in one way or another. I do not wish to be thought gushing in my praise of the paper, but "out of the fullness of the heart" the pen writeth, I showed the paper to a neighbor to-day, and she at once gave me the money for a year's subscription. With best wishes for its present and future prosperity, I subscribe myself your truly grateful reader.
MAUDE S. PEASLEE.

ALDEN, ILL., Feb. 14, 1888.

DEAR EDITOR:—This is my first attempt in writing to the JOURNAL, and if this "attempt" goes into the waste basket I shall never have the courage to write again. I have been a reader of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL for nearly three years. It has become a very welcome visitor in our home—looked for with pleasure and delight each month. But I think a whole month such a long while to wait for the paper, and am sure many of the sisters of the JOURNAL will join me in the plea for a semi-monthly. Isn't it just what we want? The JOURNAL is a jewel in any household, with its wise counsel and practical information, so useful to ladies of every class or position. I have been an invalid from childhood, unable to do anything in the line of housework, but do a great deal of fancy work of every kind, therefore the department for artistic needlework and interior decoration is a special pleasure to me. The letters from the sisters are so interesting. I wish more of them would come forward and tell us what they are doing. Let us become better acquainted and learn of each other the many useful and beautiful arts which add so much to our homes. Florence B., in the December number, mentioned something about a "Girls' Corner." Now I think the girls should have a "corner" for their special retreat. I am one of the "girls" who will volunteer to help sustain a department of our own. I am a regular contributor for one paper already, but I believe I can collect together a few stray ideas for the benefit of my young sisters. I hope to hear what they think of my suggestion, and that our kind editor will give us a wee corner where we can have "our

say" alone. I must now close. Wishing a grand successful future for the JOURNAL,
I am very truly yours,
FLORA STEARNS.

EDITOR LADIES' HOME JOURNAL:—In the May issue of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL I noticed an article on the putting away of woollens, by Mrs. Herrick, and as I consider some of the statements therein to be of a rather misleading nature, I will explain to the ladies of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL our way of putting up woollens, which I consider preferable to the methods recommended in the above-mentioned article; for it possesses the advantages of being much safer and less expensive. For years we have used gum camphor as a protection against moth, with unvarying success, and therefore I know that it is a good protector. "those who are alleged to be experts" to the contrary notwithstanding. We have found that newspaper coverings alone for woollens and furs are absolutely useless, the moth making as great ravages as though the woollens were not covered. As to using unbleached muslin, even if it really keeps the moth in check, it certainly is a rather expensive means of prevention, especially if one has a large family, with a necessarily large amount of woollen clothing.

Before packing away winter goods, place the garments upon the line to sun and air, after which give each piece a thorough shaking and brushing, giving especial attention to seams, hems, etc., where larvae are apt to lurk. Fold each garment carefully, and pack in a trunk or box. Over each single layer of clothing sprinkle in different places four or five small lumps of gum camphor wrapped in paper. Proceed with each layer of clothing in the same manner until everything to be put away is packed. Over the top sprinkle rather more camphor than in the other places, close the trunk or box, and there is no danger as far as the moth is concerned.

Furs, such as muffs and boas, should be placed in their boxes, and several small lumps of camphor wrapped in paper put inside the muff, and several more pieces sprinkled on and around it and the boa. If possible place the box containing the furs in the trunk with the woollens. Furs packed in this manner are perfectly safe. We have employed this method of putting away woollens and furs in some of the worst moth sections of the west, and have never had any trouble whatever.
S. F.

EDITOR LADIES' HOME JOURNAL:—If the sister who wishes to take the grease out of her carpet will sprinkle a generous supply of magnesia over the grease spot and let it remain for an hour or two, we think the grease will disappear when the magnesia is removed, which is done by the use of a knife. Magnesia will remove almost any kind of grease except kerosene, which we think is the one immovable kind, and defies all efforts in that direction.

To Mrs. G. in April number I would like to say: It is well to have a system about your housework, but don't allow yourself to feel that no matter what stands in the way, certain work must be done on the day chosen for it. I would like to have some of the sisters tell me how their work is divided, and in exchange will tell them how I divide mine. The summer will soon be upon us, and every woman who has her work to do knows what an effort housework is in hot weather. Monday is the first of the week I know; but suppose we begin with Saturday. I get up never later than five o'clock in the morning, and before noon I have enough baking done to last until the following Wednesday and the Saturday cleaning done, so that after the dinner work is out of the way I have a nice long afternoon before me, and the first thing I do with it is to find the coolest, most comfortable place in the house, and with the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL in my hand, I lie down and find rest in its columns, and before I know it I am fast asleep, and awake so refreshed that I never would know I had risen that morning with the sun. Sunday we will pass over, as it is a day of rest. Monday I arise again even earlier than on Saturday, and with my washing machine and wringer and Pearline, I have my wash on the line very often by eight o'clock, and seldom later than nine. Having so much time before noon gives me an opportunity to get my work in such shape that by afternoon I have time for the nap which so refreshes and strengthens one. Having the clothes all folded and ready for ironing, Tuesday morning finds me at the ironing-board just as soon as the breakfast work is out of the way, and I iron just as long as I find it comfortable; but when the heat becomes almost unbearable I just take the irons off the stove, which, by the way, is a gasoline stove, and placing the basket with the unironed clothes in the coolest place I can find for them, I wait for the cool hours of another day to finish, and devote the rest of that one to sewing, reading and—yes, sometimes even a little music if I feel so inclined, for although I have been married more than twelve years, I am still acquainted with my piano. Wednesday morning another early rise, and the ironing to finish, and by this time the baking which was done on Saturday is gone, and a fresh supply is made to-day; but I still find time for the nap in the afternoon. Friday is usually considered sweeping-day, but if the house is large one need not let it all go until that day, but divide it up, and Thursday morning finds me sweeping the chambers, and all done before noon, which again leaves me the afternoon for sewing and a little walk or ride, visit, or any other enjoyment. Friday morning what a relief it is to know that the sweeping is all done above, and all that remains is on the lower floor, which is easily done before the dinner hour, and you have another afternoon to devote to whatever you choose. I know the hour seems early for rising, and in the winter time would be ridiculously early. But in the Summer, when the heat through the middle of the day is intense, one will find after they have tried early rising for one week, that they can accomplish so much more, and in so much easier manner, that we think they will agree with us in thinking it by far the more pleasant way. I would like to hear from some of the sisters in regard to the subject.
DORA.



[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL]
INFORMAL DINNERS.

BY ELIZA B. PARKER.

Small informal dinners, given with simplicity, are very enjoyable, and much better suited to the circumstances of the generality of housekeepers than the elaborate affairs which are given at a large outlay, and are consequently within the reach only of wealthy people.

It is pleasant to gather our friends about us, and to entertain them with the utmost courtesy, but it should always be within our means. If the simplest meal is well cooked and daintily served it will be acceptable, and the hospitality that offers it will be appreciated.

In an informal dinner it is best to try no difficult dishes, which require the services of a professional cook, or the continued presence of the hostess in the kitchen. Such dishes as can be easily prepared, and are sure to be a success, are most satisfactory, and it is really more elegant to have small dinners appear to the guests as quiet, unceremonious affairs than to impress them by the ostentatious variety, that cannot fail to show the effort it costs.

A well-known writer on the subject says: "For reasonable and sensible people there is no dinner more satisfactory than one consisting first of a soup, then a fish, garnished with boiled potatoes, followed by a roast, also garnished with one vegetable, perhaps an entree, always a salad, some cheese and a desert. This, well cooked and neatly and quietly served, is a good enough dinner for any one, and is certainly within the power of any lady and gentleman of moderate means to give."

The arrangements of the table, and rules observed by host, hostess and guests, are the same for small as for formal dinners, but of course may be modified to suit the occasion and circumstances.

Flowers and seasonable fruits are used to decorate the table, and are alike appropriate for grand or simple entertainments.

The following bills of fare for two seasons, spring and summer, will assist inexperienced housekeepers in preparing small dinners:—

- Dinner (Spring)
- Jullienne Soup.
- Oysters a La Creme.
- Roast Lamb, Mint Sauce, Peas, Mashed Potatoes, Spinach, Egg Sauce, Celery Salad.
- Wafers, Cheese.
- Strawberry Bavarian Cream.
- Coffee.
- Dinner (Summer)
- Consomme.
- Fried Cuts of Fish, Tomato Sauce, Fricadeau of Veal, Brown Sauce, Broiled Tomatoes, String Beans, Potatoes a la Bechamel.
- Corn.
- Cucumber salad, Cheese.
- Wafers, Paris pudding.
- Coffee.

Jullienne soup. Take three small carrots, a turnip, one stalk of celery, and one onion. Cut them in pieces an inch long. Fry the onion in butter, about half done; add the other vegetables, let fry for a few minutes, season with a teaspoonful of powdered sugar and a pinch of salt, moisten with a gill of broth, and cook until reduced to a glaze, then add two quarts of good rich stock, and set on the back of the stove to simmer slowly. In half an hour a few raw sorrel leaves. When ready to serve, poach some eggs, one for each person, and drop in the bottom of the soup tureen, and pour the soup over.

Oysters a La Creme. Put three dozen oysters on to boil in their own liquor, let come to a boil and drain. Put a pint of cream to boil. Rub a teaspoonful each of butter and flour together, and add to the cream, with one blade of mace, stir until thick, then pour over the oysters, season with salt and pepper, let come nearly to the boiling point, and dish.

Roast Lamb—Mint Sauce. Wipe with a wet cloth, and then dry, put in a baking pan, dredge with pepper. Put one teaspoon of salt in a teacup of boiling water, pour over. Set in a very hot oven, baste every ten minutes, let bake fifteen minutes to every pound, if wanted well done, and ten minutes if desired rare. Take up when done, lay on a hot platter, and serve with mint sauce and green peas.

Mint Sauce. Chop a bunch of mint very fine, mix it with a teaspoonful of white sugar; add half a teaspoon of salt, and a pinch of black pepper; rub well together, and pour six tablespoonfuls of vinegar over, a little at a time, until thoroughly mixed.

Mashed Potatoes. Pare eight or ten good sized potatoes, and soak in cold water half an hour. Put in boiling water, and cook slowly until tender. Then pour off the water and shake until dry. Mash quickly, until smooth and free from lumps, heat four tablespoonfuls of cream and a tablespoonful of butter, and pour in the potatoes, season with salt and pepper, and beat with a fork until very light. Serve in a hot dish.

Spinach—with Egg Sauce. Wash and pick a peck of spinach. Drain and put in a kettle without water; sprinkle with salt, and set over the fire; cook about twenty-five minutes.

Take up, pour through a colander. Put into a saucepan with half a pint of cream and a tablespoonful of butter. Season with pepper and salt. Cut eight hard boiled eggs in halves, take out the yolks, slice the whites, and lay over the spinach; set in a warm place, and make the sauce. Melt two ounces of butter, add a little corn starch a thicken, mix smooth, and pour in a pint of boiling water, stir until smooth, take from the fire, season with salt, pepper, and a little lemon juice. Add the yolks of the eggs, smoothly mixed. Let come to a boil, and pour over the spinach.

Celery Salad. Cut the white stalks of three bunches of celery into pieces half an inch long. To every pint allow a half pint of mayonnaise dressing. Dust the celery lightly with salt and pepper. Mix it with the dressing, heap it on a cold plate, garnish with celery leaves, and serve immediately.

Strawberry Bavarian Cream. Pick a gallon of strawberries, squeeze them through a colander, and sweeten the juice. Cover a box of gelatine with water, and soak half an hour; stand over boiling water and melt, add the strawberry juice, and strain in a tin pan. Set on ice, and stir until it thickens, then add a pint and a half of whipped cream, mix thoroughly. Pour in a mould and set in a cool place to harden. Serve with whipped cream.

Consomme. Take a pound of beef and a pound of veal. Cut in small pieces. Put two ounces of butter in a soup kettle and melt, put in the meat and stir over the fire until brown. Cover the kettle, remove to the back of the stove, and let simmer gently twenty-five minutes, pour over two quarts of cold water, and let simmer three hours. Now add one onion chopped, a sprig of parsley, a stalk of celery, a small-sized carrot, and one potato, all chopped, let boil slowly one hour longer, and strain; put in a cool place. When ready to serve take off the fat, heat the soup, season with salt, pepper, and a very little lemon juice. If desired, color with caramel.

Fried Cuts of Fish—Tomato Sauce. Cut a large fish in fillets, being careful to have all the same size and shape. Sprinkle with pepper and salt, dredge with flour, brush with beaten egg, and roll in cracker crumbs. Fry in boiling lard. Arrange on a dish in a circle, garnish with sliced lemon.

Tomato Sauce. Stew half a dozen large tomatoes with three cloves, a sprig of parsley, pepper and salt, strain, put an ounce of butter in a small saucepan over the fire; when it bubbles add a tablespoonful of flour, stir, mix and cook done, add the tomato pulp, stir smooth and thin with four tablespoonfuls of soup stock. Serve hot with the fish cutlets.

Fricadeau of Veal. Take a four-pound fillet of veal, trim into a nice shape, and lard on top. Put thin slices of pork into a braising kettle or saucepan, lay over sliced carrot, a stalk of celery, some parsley, and an onion with cloves stuck in it. Put the meat on top of the vegetables, sprinkle over pepper and salt, and cover with a well buttered paper. Fill the kettle with boiling stock to cover the meat. Cover with a tight lid and bake in a moderate oven two hours and a half. Baste two or three times.

Brown Sauce. Melt a tablespoonful of butter, stir until brown, thicken with a little flour, add half a pint of soup stock, and let boil. Season with salt, pepper, half a teaspoonful of onion juice, a tablespoonful of Worcestershire sauce, and the juice of one lemon. Pour over the fricadeau, and serve. Garnish with currant jelly.

Broiled Tomatoes. Choose large firm tomatoes, cut in halves. Lay on a broiler, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and set over charcoals, skin side down, until tender. When done lift to a heated dish, put a lump of butter on each slice, and serve very hot.

String Beans. String and break tender beans in two or three pieces. Put in boiling water with a piece of salt fat pork. When tender drain and dress with cream and butter. Season with salt and pepper.

Potatoes a la Bechamel. Steam a dozen potatoes, peel and cut in slices, place in a heated dish, and pour over sauce, to make which melt a tablespoonful of butter, thicken with flour, mix well, add a teacup each of cream and soup stock. Let boil. Take from the fire: season with salt and pepper, and stir in the yolk of an egg well beaten.

Corn. Remove the green outside husk, leaving the inner. Put in salt, boiling water, and boil rapidly. When done, take out, drain, pull the silk from the end of the cob, and serve in the husks.

Cucumber Salad. Pare and slice three cucumbers very thin, soak in cold salt water one hour, drain. Put in a salad bowl, sprinkle with salt and cayenne pepper, pour over vinegar. Set on ice until cold, and serve.

Paris Pudding. Boil one pint of sweet thick cream. Beat the yolks of six eggs with one cup of sugar, until light. Stir them into the boiling cream and let thicken. Take from the fire, pour in one pint of cold cream. Flavor with two teaspoonfuls of vanilla, let stand until cool, and freeze. When frozen pack into a round mould, leaving a hole in the centre. Fill with orange ice, cover with the pudding. Place in salt and ice, and let stand two hours. Serve with sauce made with whipped cream, flavored with vanilla.

[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.]

PASTRY AND PICKLE BOTH INCOMPARABLE.

To insure elegant pastry you must use the best materials, and take the trouble required to make it properly. "Puff Paste" fills all of the requirements if made according to the following recipe:

Take one pound of butter, and with the hand clap out every particle of water; then divide it in two parts. Sift carefully one pound of flour, and divide that in two parts also. Add one part of the butter to one part of the flour, and wet it with cold water sufficient to make it into dough. Roll out thin, and lard all over with one-fourth of the remaining butter, sprinkle over the butter one-fourth of the flour, fold the pastry over and roll lightly. Do this until the flour and butter are expended, then

roll up and cover with a towel for two hours, when it will be ready for use.

This quantity is sufficient for six puddings, as it must be rolled thin. Bear hard on the rolling pin when rolling it for the last time. Cook a pale brown. Such delicate pastry should be used with an equally delicate and delicious pudding, the recipe of which I give.

To one pound of grated cocoanut—an ordinary sized cocoanut will make one pound—allow one pound of white sugar, the whites of ten eggs, a quarter of a pound of butter, one teacupful of sweet cream. Melt the butter and add it to the sugar, and pour in the cream; beat it until light, and then add the cocoanut. Lastly, just before you are ready to bake the puddings, add the egg white, which must have been beaten until perfectly light. Fill the pans that have been lined with pastry. Put across the puddings delicate strips of pastry and bake at once. This is far more delicate and delicious than when the egg yolks are used.

The cocoanut is so rich that the quarter of a pound of butter is sufficient. This makes lovely looking puddings, pleasing to the eye as well as the taste.

As the JOURNAL should have recipes in advance of the season for their use, I give one for Mango Pickles—the most elegant pickle that is made—and one that improves with age.

Pick green cantelope melons when they are about half grown (about the size of a pint bowl). Cut out one lobe nicely, and carefully scrape out all of the seed; return the lobe to its place and tie a string around the melon. Put fifteen of these melons into brine strong enough to bear up an egg; keep them well under the brine, and let them remain in it six weeks. Take them out and let them soak in fresh water for twenty-four hours. Remove them from this water, wipe dry and fill with the following stuffing.

Half a pound of scraped horse radish, half a pound of race ginger scalded and scraped and chopped up in tiny bits, one pound of white mustard seed, two nutmegs, half an ounce of mace, one small box of good mustard, half an ounce of whole black pepper, one ounce of turmeric, twelve large onions minced very fine. Pound the mace, nutmegs, and a quarter of an ounce of black pepper together. Mix all of the ingredients together with salad oil sufficient to make it into a paste. Stuff each melon perfectly full, return the lobe to its place and wrap and tie white thread around the melon to keep it from coming apart. As you stuff the mangoes lay them in a jar large enough to hold them all.

Put into a preserving kettle enough vinegar to fill the jar, crack up half an ounce each of of mace, allspice, cloves and gr. ginger, put into the vinegar and let it boil for a few moments, then pour it boiling hot over the mangoes and cover the jar very closely. Made in the fall they will be fit to eat at Christmas, but the following Christmas they will be incomparable, and will grow in perfection as they grow in age. This is certainly the most elegant pickle that is made—a fit accompaniment for the most perfect dinner.

ANNA ALEXANDER CAMERON.

FRISCO.—If you wish soft boiled eggs, let your water come to a hard boil, before dropping in the eggs, then put them in, and in exactly three minutes and a half by the clock they will be done to perfection. If you wish them hard, boil them five minutes or longer. For a custard pie plate, holding a pint of milk, use three eggs: sweeten, and season with salt and nutmeg to taste. Bake in a quick though not burning oven, and your pie cannot fail to be delicious. If yours have been watery, you may have let them remain in the oven after the custard was cooked.

To make biscuit light, thoroughly mix two teaspoonfuls of Royal Baking Powder with one quart of sifted flour, add a pinch of salt, then rub one table-spoonful of lard well into the mixture. By the use of a knife, stir in as much cold milk as is needed to make dough of right constituency. Roll to one half inch thickness, and cut out for immediate baking in a quick oven.



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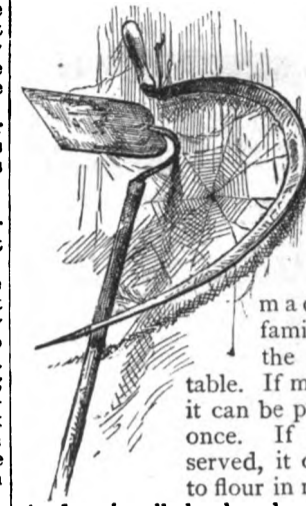
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[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL] SEPTEMBER STYLES.

Sensible and Dressy Bodices. The Convenient Waist and the Quaint Matinee. Odd and Becoming Sleeves. Serviceable Suits for School Girls. Fashion's Latest Fancies.

BY MRS. JAS. H. LAMBERT.

It is certainly true that some of the most practical and really elegant fashions are the outgrowth of the study and show the genius of the artistic designer of modes.

A present acceptable fancy, which has had such gradual, healthful growth that the style bids fair to become standard, is to have the upper-portion of a costume or gown in an entirely different material, in color and kind, from that used in the formation of the skirt and draperies.

First, in making selections of goods for a dress or part of a dress, the home artist must remember that the colors in all the new fabrics are toned; hence, to make a pleasing toilette, the hues of the various constructive materials may be in contrasts, if desirable, but they must be assimilative; that is, the two or more colors used in the suit must be shaded or toned to blend with the leading hue.

A street costume of this character, fashioned in New York, has skirt of plaided cashmere, very fine, and with defining lines of green and gold, on a soft golden brown. The draperies are looped in large tucks, irregularly placed, over a plain foundation, all of the plaided stuff.

Every mother knows how young girls outgrow their dresses, and while skirts can be lengthened, it is a difficult matter to make a small waist fit a large miss, even if a vest or plastron can be adopted.

All kinds of fabrics are fashioned into these bodices, according to occasion upon which the dress is to be worn. Nuns and Albatross, Henrietta and Bengaline, Satin, Surah and India Silk, even the fancy striped and figured materials, make lovely little house jackets to be worn with black or colored skirts.

CHARMING MATINEES.

Some of the corsages or matinees, to be worn with all kinds of skirts, for afternoon teas and evenings at home, are exceedingly lovely. Very dressy affairs are made like a tight jacket of some rich brocade, and are open in front over a full blouse of lace, or striped moire and lace, or of embroidery or beaded gauze, gold net or dainty crape.

An exquisite matinee is of soft cream-colored silk-warp Henrietta, and is made in one piece, like a long Greek robe, while its fullness is secured at the waist line by a band of gold braid. A band of gold also edges the neck, sleeves and the hem of the skirt.

Two entirely novel bodices merit full descriptions, as they are odd, becoming and very stylish. The one of soft surah or Henrietta is made very full, and that fullness is shirred at the top into a pointed yoke, while at the waist line it assumes the shape of a Swiss belt; the full sleeves are shirred in points on shoulder and at wrist.

The other novelty should be seen to be appreciated. It is of some soft material in back and one side of front, the other side being made of graduating or shaped ruffles of lace; the full half front is carried over a part of this lace arrangement, and secured to a half sash of the material, the two ends falling over the lace frill

finish of the fanciful bodice. The sleeves are slightly full at the shoulder and cut up to the elbow at the lower part, the space being filled in with a double frill of the lace.

Just here a hint must be given in regard to the new arrangement of skirt draperies. They are not cut very differently from those of last year, but they are looped, not in masses, but in folds or tucks, leaving straight edges at the sides, and loops of material similar to loops of ribbon.

When made of light weight goods, either in silk, wool or cotton, the new sleeves show decided fullness at the top and often at the wrist, anyhow just below the elbow, where the sleeve is usually joined to the cuff, for with a full sleeve the cuff becomes a necessity. One new sleeve of fancy fabric has a shoulder finish of loops of plain goods, while another model consists of a long puff, extending from shoulder to elbow, where it is finished by a silken band and edged with a frill of lace, which falls to meet the top of the silken glove.

NEW FABRICS AND COSTUMES.

While domestic manufacturers of silks and choice woolen goods were first to introduce materials with artistic designs, as in the hand some black silks, the Parisian designers were not long in following suit, and we are now told that a great many woolen fabrics are made with carefully woven selvedges, generally in the same color, but sometimes varied by the addition of very narrow stripes or hair lines.

Two costumes of the Royal Family black silk have already been presented, the one for late summer day, and fall and winter evening wear, shows a skirt of black silk, finished at the lower edge with a double ruffle of silk, shirred at its center. Over this skirt are draperies of black Chantilly lace, so arranged that the silk of the skirt is exposed between the wings, folds and tunics. The plain waist and sleeves of silk are covered with full bodice and sleeves of lace, and finish is given to the whole by bows of black satin ribbon, or if desirable these bows may be in any becoming color.

The other dress is entirely of silk in the highest grade. The skirt is very odd, showing one side with back in plaits, while the other side, at the right, is gathered. Then two widths of the silk cut double the length of the skirt are sewed together, and laid in folds at the center, and carried over the hip, school-bag fashion, creating a decidedly quaint and yet graceful result. The plain waist is cut in vandyke shape in front, and the neck is filled in with crossed folds of the silk, the V being outlined by a band of cut jet embroidery. A border of jet trimming edges the silken underskirt, and the sleeves are finished to match.

Novelties in serges show narrow figured stripes running up and down the cloth. Navy blue, gold and red are favorite colors in these serges, which are used to form skirts for misses, so made that the stripes run round the skirt instead of up and down. Such skirts are mounted in side or box plaits. The draperies and full bodice may be formed of plain serge, while the cuffs, collar and plastron should be of the striped serge.

A new way of making sailor blouses is to finish them off with a double puff at the waist, but this style is only suitable for girls with slender figures. Corded ginghams, Braided, moss stripes and other cotton wash materials form suits for misses, which are made with full blouse bodice or full fronted polonaise. The blouse is splendid for play or exercise, while the polonaise is rather more dressy.

BATHING SUITS.

At ultra-fashionable seaside resorts some exceedingly fancy bathing toilettes are seen daily on the beach, such as the fish scale costume, tights with tunic, the bodice, from waist-line up, covered with luminous scales, and other gay looking dresses trimmed with real metal braid; however, such garments are exceptions, for the generally useful bathing suit is of soft serge or flannel, in combinations of red and blue, blue, copper color or red, and black or white, such hues being really the only ones which will endure the frequent exposure to salt water and hot sunshine.

The bodice with yoke and full waist is still popular, so is the regular blouse; but young ladies with shapely figures now wear fitted corsages, trimmed after fancied models. One new suit in navy flannel serge, has drawers and tunic cut out in tabs at lower edge, and bound with gold braid, plain waist, with collar, belt, vest and sleeves finished to match. The waist is closed in front with buttons and buttonholes, and the collar points, below vest, are tied together with ribbons.

A garnet suit, which also has a tight waist, is adorned with black braid, put on in odd pattern, while a light blue flannel dress for a little girl has trimmings of white flannel, spotted all over with a dark blue polka dot. Two suits for small boys are pretty and simple; one has short pants and waist garnished in odd design with white braid; the other suit, of striped red and blue flannel, has belt, collar and bands on short sleeves of dark blue flannel.

SHARPLESS BROTHERS Summer Bargains.

Suitable for Late Summer, Fall and Winter Wear, Choice Woolen Goods, in plain cloths, stripes, checks, plaids and mixtures, at 50c. 75c. and \$1.00 a yard, were in July \$1.00, \$1.25 and \$1.50 a yard.

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DRESS FINISHINGS.

The semi-transparent, light colored parasols are very pretty. One is of cream silk, mounted on gilt, with a natural wood handle, and a charming novelty is of ivory white Bengaline, with little sprays of flowers scattered all over it and a carved ivory handle.

A parasol, with Japanese handle curiously carved, has cover of white silk, beneath finely gathered spotted net, while a regular Pompadour parasol has a pekin effect produced by stripes of black velvet and black lace on a colored foundation. It is finished with a lace flounce and is trimmed with bows of lace and velvet.

For outside coverings, mantles and redingotes of shot silks are very fashionable, and are made with the skirts open at all the seams; as they are generally worn over dresses of muslin or challis or other light fabrics, elaborately trimmed, the effect is very pretty.

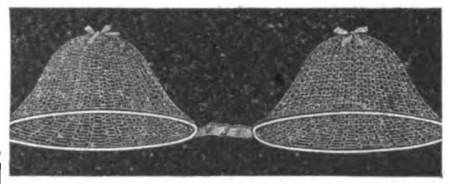
The late summer and early fall jackets are of plain cloth, not even stitched at the edge, but open over very richly embroidered plastrons. These jackets are fastened at the throat and waist by tabs cut out of the cloth and bound, the tabs at the waist covering the point of the plastron. The sleeves are ornamented with embroidery to match that of the plastron, which may be made of any one of the elegant materials introduced for such purpose.

Plain and fancy crinoline hats were not introduced until quite late in the season; they are wonderfully pretty and becoming, and very light, and for those reasons crinoline hats will be worn as long as warm weather lasts.

One of fancy crinoline, in white and gold, is trimmed with oats and green ribbon, while another is adorned with tulle and flowers. Still other stylish and original shapes are found in Leghorn hats, trimmed elegantly with black velvet, white ribbon and feathers.

Pretty and useful bonnets are in black, with trimming either to match or in colors. A neat bonnet, in lace and jet, has a wreath of pale yellow velvet roses round the crown, and a small wreath of buds and foliage edging the brim.

Thanks for information concerning present fashions and coming styles, are due Wechsler & Abraham, Brooklyn, New York, and Sharpless Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa.



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[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.] HINTS ON HOME DRESSMAKING.

BY EMMA M. HOOPER.

SIXTH NUMBER.

Polonaises, Etc.

The polonaise has been rather in the background for a year or so, until with one wave of her tiny hand Mme. La Mode has brought it forth again, to remain or disappear as the fickle public decides.

If cut in one piece the necessary fullness for the back is supplied by extensions cut on the back and side forms of the basque part below the waist line, which are laid in hollow or inside box-pleats after the pieces are joined.

Many polonaises are made in surplice fashion, having shirrings along the shoulder seams, one dart on each side, and the extra fullness held at the waist by a tiny girdle, or it is shirred to the draperies, where it ends under the edge.

The redingote is almost an ulster in form, and is only suitable for heavy goods. A regular tailor finish in the way of silk-worked crows' feet on the pocket corners, back seams and cuffs is handsome, with machine-stitched hems, etc.

The latest addition to this class of garments is the Directoire polonaise, which bids fair to win public favor, for the fall and winter season at least. This can be worn by slender figures, as the front is trimmed to give an idea of breadth, and the severe simplicity of the redingote is lost.

Another design differs only in the arrangement of the front, which is also square-cut but very short and double-breasted to the short revers, with six large buttons on each side for the only trimming.

fitting and handsome materials. All of the edges are blind-stitched and left unpressed, while stitching shows on the redingote and its edges are pressed flat; one being a serviceable garment suitable for shopping or traveling, and the other a decidedly dressy affair, becoming to younger women and having a picturesque quaintness of its own that brings us back to the old days of the Directoire.

The seams of the skirt part of redingotes and Directoire polonaises must be pressed open and bound; other designs only need overcasting, as they are draped. If heavy goods are used dampen the seams before pressing, and remember to keep a piece of crinoline between the seam and iron.

Some of these directions may seem superfluous, but I am writing for the home sewer, not for the professional modiste, "to whom all things seem plain," and I feel sure that my ambitious, economical woman, struggling over her first dress, will thankfully receive help along the first steps of that, to her, herculean task.

[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.] SCRIBBLER'S LETTERS TO GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS AND JULIA, HIS WIFE.

SECOND SERIES. NO. XII.

BY MRS. EMMA C. HEWITT.

I have just received a letter from Bessie, my dear Julia, and that letter is going to be the text of this little sermon, for I won't deny that I am going to preach a sermon.

What did she say? Well, it was hardly so much what she said as the way she said it.

Now I love to hear from the dear child, and I would be sorry to have her know that I had said anything; and really, Julia, there is no need for her to know it. She is not to blame. As I was saying, I am always glad to hear from her, but that letter, Julia, was a disgrace to her mother. Do you hear me? A disgrace to her mother, I say. Any letter as ill-spelled and ill-worded as that was, coming from a girl of fifteen, is always a disgrace to a girl's mother.

You didn't know she wrote such miserable letters? Very well. There's just the trouble. Why don't you know? Whose business is it to know, if not yours? Leaving aside the spelling and writing now, I am going to take up the contents, and, as one of the good old rules of grammar says, "the latter will include the former."

"I take French lessons twice a week, Cousin Scribbler," writes the poor child, "and attend" (only she spelled it with one "t") "a class in German Conversation once a week. Then Wednesday afternoons I take my music lessons, and on Saturday afternoons I go to dancing school." Poor child! no wonder she hasn't any time to learn to spell English.

There! I shan't quote any more of that part. But you'd better be careful that they don't "finish" her up instead of "off."

I can only judge from the general tenor of her letter that she is attending one of those schools where, as a friend of mine remarked, on reading on a diploma that the pupil had "pursued" all the English branches, "Yes, I guess she pursued them all, but she didn't catch them."

"I am learning useful household things, too," she says, in another place. "Mamma thinks I ought to know how to sew, so I go to a sewing school in the neighborhood. She wanted to teach me herself, she said, but she really has not the time. She is going out into society quite a good deal this winter, and then she belongs to quite a number of charitable associations, so that really she has very little time."

There it is, Julia, the same old story, the same old story that was so true in Dickens' time that he held Mrs. Jellyby up to the derision of her sex.

You have duties that you owe to society and the public?

True. So have we all; but the minute these so-called "duties" interfere with the proper management of our homes and children, they are no longer duties, but "a delusion and a snare." To prove that you are off the proper track, it is enough to know that you have not paused long enough in your round of pleasures and self-imposed duties to know that your daughter at fifteen writes a letter unbecoming in a child of ten, and while your daughter is at a sewing-school learning to sew, I'll be bound you are working button-holes for the heathen.

Do I object to charity? Julia, you are growing flippant.

No, I don't object to charity, and you know it. But why, if you wanted to be really charitable, and do your duty at the same

time, why not do that sewing at home and teach Bessie to help you? Sewing-schools aren't meant for girls with mothers who can and should but won't teach them themselves. They are not meant for girls in such circumstances that they don't need the garments after they are made. And as to that letter, if she can't learn to write a decent one at the "finishing" school she is going to, I'd advise you to consider her finished, and take her away, and devote your time to her daily, until she has acquired that much-to-be-desired accomplishment.

What does it profit a girl if she can speak German, if she can't write her mother tongue decently?

Have you any idea how very rare a really

good letter is now-a-days? No? Well I have then.

And you are not only neglecting their education, or the oversight of their education rather, but you are neglecting their manners and morals; and it's not always for the sake of "charity, sweet charity," either, for George wanted some help on his lessons one night. I remember you told him you hadn't time to give it to him. You were too busy. So you wrote him an "excuse" to take to his teacher. I found out afterwards, by a little observation, (I did not ask any questions) that you had to study the rules of etiquette so as to be ready for the card party that evening. I didn't say anything, Julia, but I made my own comments, Julia, I can assure you I made my own mental comments.



SHE.—"Now don't scold. You will have to stand while I drape my dresses over you until you provide me with Hall's Adjustable Form, which every lady should have." HE.—"All right! I can't stand this any more. You say they were advertised in Ladies' Home Journal?"

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N. B.—The publishers of this paper have examined these Boots and found them exactly as represented.



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[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.]

Small Greenhouses and Conservatories.

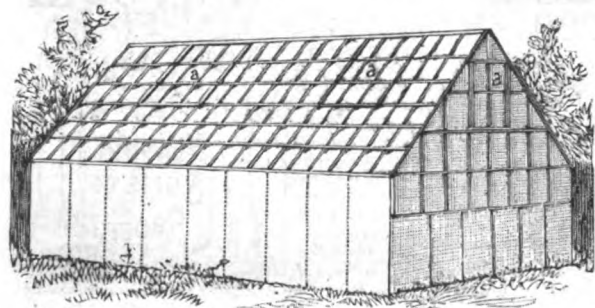
BY EBEN E. REXFORD.



The interest in floriculture seems to be increasing, and as those who love flowers and grow them in the windows of the living room become able to afford better conveniences for them, they begin to make inquiries about the cost of a small greenhouse or conservatory. Their experience with flowers convinces them that they must have a room by themselves if one would grow them well, and so fascinating is the work of caring for a few flowers that they would like to "branch out" and make a larger collection than it is possible to have when the only place for them is in the windows of the sitting-room or the parlor. This is as it should be, for I know of nothing that will afford a person more innocent and healthful pleasure than caring for flowers. It is a recreation and a means of education.

A great many persons would be glad to have a greenhouse, but are kept from building one because they have an idea that they are so expensive as to be entirely out of the reach of a man of ordinary means. Which is not the case. Many such persons expend more each year on unnecessary pleasures than a building of moderate size would cost. If such persons would only stop and think it over, they would see, with a little calculation and consultation with a carpenter, that the cost of the structure cannot be very great, if a plain one is built. Of course, it is possible and quite easy to make a conservatory cost a great deal, but it will be found on examining such buildings, and talking with practical florists, that the most of the money expended in the construction of an ornamental structure went into the ornamental features. A cheap building would answer all practical purposes quite as well as the more expensive one.

Last year I said something about the advantages of a house made expressly for plants in the columns of this paper, and since it appeared I have received a great many letters from per-



NO. 1.—OUTSIDE VIEW OF SPAN-ROOF GREENHOUSE.

Dotted lines two-by-fours, 20 feet long, 16 feet wide. End wall 2 feet lower than side walls. a. a. a.—Hinged sashes.

sons who would like to erect something of the kind. I have answered all these inquiries briefly, because the frequency of them made it impossible to reply in detail to each one. In this article I propose to give a few instructions about building a convenient and not too expensive house for plants, and shall endeavor to make it explicit enough to convey all information that will be required by any carpenter in building one.

While it is true that at the south a good greenhouse, large enough to contain a large collection of plants, can be built for a small amount of money, it is equally true that a building which affords ample protection against our severe winters cannot be built for a trifling outlay. At the south a slight protection against frost is all that is required. With us at the north we must provide for a temperature that often falls many degrees below zero, and a building that will keep out such cold and keep in a requisite amount of heat must be well made. We must take as much pains with them as we do with our dwellings, and all this costs money. But not so much as might be expected, and it is money well invested. I am often asked to give estimates of probable cost of a building ten, fifteen, or twenty feet long and of proportionate width. This I might do at home, for I know just what lumber, glass, sash and labor will cost here, but my estimate might fall short or overrun in other localities, where all these things differ in cost. The best way for the person who thinks of building a greenhouse is to give a diagram of the building he wants to put up to a good carpenter, explain it thoroughly to him, and let him figure on the cost. This he will be able to do very accurately,

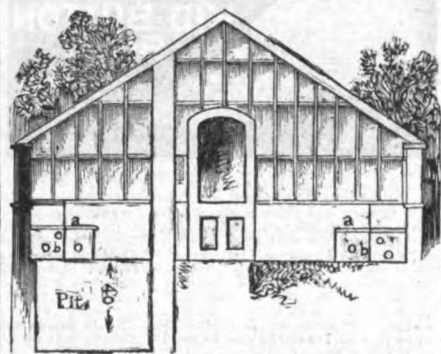
ly, if he is familiar with ruling prices, as it is an easy matter to get at precisely the amount of lumber, glass, etc., required in a building of any size that may be determined on.

I would say right here that I would not advise any one to invest money in the erection of a greenhouse if he has but a few dollars at his disposal, for an attempt at making those few dollars cover the cost of a satisfactory building will be money thrown away in the end. A good house, of a size warrant calling it a greenhouse, will cost two or three hundred dollars at least. This amount of money will finish a house that will be large enough to hold as many plants as most amateurs will care to cultivate.

Perhaps I can make this article clearer and more satisfactory by telling how my greenhouse is built than by generalizing.

The foundation is stone, laid in a wall deep enough to go beyond the frost line. I would not advise any one to make the walls of a greenhouse after the plan we frequently see recommended, by setting posts in the ground and boarding on them, because these posts will rot in spite of all you can do to prevent it, and in most soils the frost will heave them. This may be a cheaper way, but it is questionable economy. A foundation-wall, like that on which mine is built, is good for a lifetime.

On top of this wall are sills. On these two-by-fours—a carpenter will understand this term if the amateur florist does not—are set up sixteen inches apart. On both inside and outside of these two-by-fours is a tier of matched boarding. Over this I had heavy tarred building paper tacked. On the outside the wall is finished with clapboards, precisely as the walls of a dwelling are. Inside it is finished with ceiling, matched. In this way I have a wall with two thicknesses of boards, two thicknesses of tarred paper, clapboards outside and ceiling inside, making an effectual barrier against the entrance of cold. Especial care was taken to make every joint tight. Not a crack or crevice was left for drafts to enter. The space between the outer and inner walls acts as a non-conductor of cold, which would come in if there was



NO. 2.—SECTIONAL VIEW OF SOUTH END.

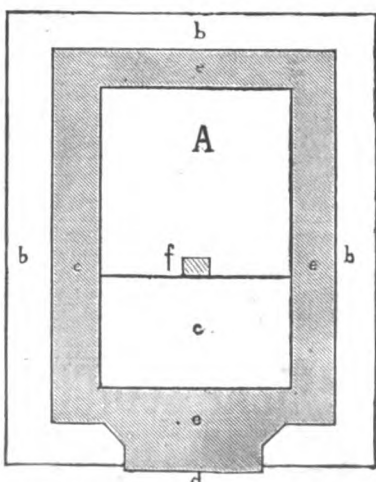
a. a.—Benches. b. b.—Hot water pipes.

but one wall. Such a wall may cost more than one of single thickness at first, but it pays for itself in a saving of fuel.

My house is about twenty feet long and sixteen wide. The inside walls are five feet high and contain no glass, as the roof, and the south end, which is glass to within three feet of the bottom, admit all the light required. Diagram No. 1 shows the outside appearance of the building. The dotted lines show where the two-by-fours are set. As will be seen from this diagram, the south, or end wall, is two feet lower than the side wall. Above this, the entire end is glazed with double glass, or, in other words, there are two thicknesses of glass, panes being let into the sash from both sides. This may not be necessary, but it enables one to leave plants close to the glass without their getting frosted, as they would be sure to when they touch glass of

single thickness. The space between the two lights of glass keeps frost from accumulating there, and plants can be left against the panes all through the coldest weather without receiving the least injury.

The sections marked "a" indicate sash, which is hung on hinges, and is used for ventilation.



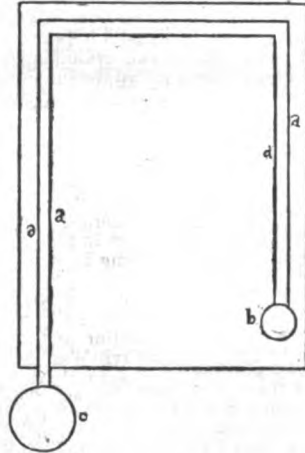
NO. 3.—DIAGRAM OF GREENHOUSE—INSIDE ARRANGEMENT. 16x20 ft.

A.—Bed. b. b. b.—Benches. c.—Space for large plants. d.—Entrance from living-room. e. e. e.—Walk. f.—Pillar in center to support roof.

They swing upward and outward, and are op-

erated by a ventilating apparatus, which puts them under easy control. The roof is what is called a span roof, and has a slope on each side, to east and west.

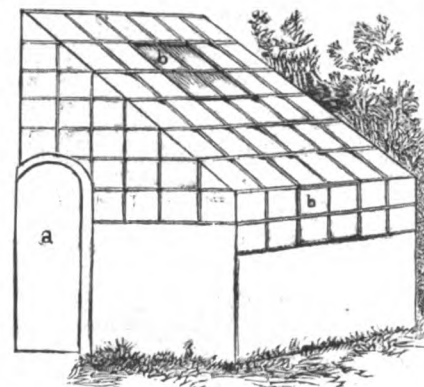
Diagram No. 2 gives a sectional view of the south end. The door may be omitted, if thought best, but it will be found extremely useful in summer. In this diagram "a, a," indicate where the benches are placed along the side walls; "b, b," shows where the hot water pipes run under the benches. These pipes en-



NO. 4.—DIAGRAM OF PIPING.

a. a.—Hot water pipes. b.—Expansion tank. c.—Heater.

ter at the east side, run across the end and along the west side. There are three of them. One—the upper one—conducts the water from the heater to a tank in the northwest corner. It enters this tank, and from it it returns by the two lower pipes to the heater, which is in a room by itself, outside the greenhouse. This heater is constructed on the same principle as a self-feeding, hard-coal stove, and has a hollow shell of iron entirely surrounding the magazine and fire-pot. This hollow shell is filled with water, which becomes heated by the fire. When it reaches a certain temperature the water rises, and is forced along the upper pipe to the expansion tank, from which, as it becomes cooled, it returns by the lower pipes to the heater, as has been said, where it is reheated and forced upward again, and in this way a steady flow of heated water is kept up all through the circuit of pipes. The tank, which is an iron one, allows for all expansion of the water, when heated. Being tall, it occupies but small space. The heat given off from these pipes is mild and even, and gives a summer-like temperature in coldest weather. The amount of heat is regulated by the draft which is under full control in the heater. At first, I was undecided as to what sort of heating apparatus to select. But a somewhat extensive correspondence with prominent florists convinced me that most of them considered hot-



NO. 5.

a.—Single from inside. b. b.—Sections of sash hung on hinges and swinging outward for ventilation.

water heating the best method for a small house, and I bought a heater and all necessary attachments from a firm in New York, who makes a specialty of furnishing greenhouse requirements. If any reader contemplates building a greenhouse, and would like the address of this firm, I will furnish it on application. I have found no difficulty in keeping the temperature at 60 and 70 degrees in the coldest weather we have had, on cloudy days. On sunny days, no matter how low the mercury was out of doors, it is necessary to open the ventilators a little after nine o'clock. It is also necessary on such days to close the drafts in the heater, and almost shut off the fire. If this is not done, the heat inside will be too great. The glass in the roof is set at such an angle as to catch and concentrate so much of the sun's heat that other heat is not required in sunshiny weather during six or seven hours of the day.

Diagram No. 3 shows the inside arrangement. "b, b, b," represents the benches running along the two sides and across the end. "A" is a bed filled with soil, in which such plants as do better planted in open ground are set. This bed, which has no bottom, allows the roots of such plants as are placed in it to reach down as far as they see fit to go, and gives vines a chance to make great development. "c" represents a space without benches, where large plants in pots can be effectively displayed. Here tall plants make a fine display, but on the side benches there would not be room enough for them on account of their height. "d" shows a wide glazed door, or rather two of them which open into the greenhouse from the sit-

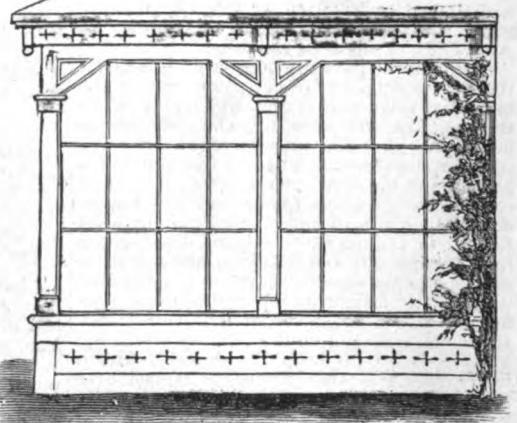
ting-room. They allow a full view of the plants in the greenhouse, and are a very desirable feature. My greenhouse, which I am describing, is built against the south end of the dwelling house, and I would always advise such a connection where practicable, as a glimpse of greenery and flowers through the glass doors renders it possible to enjoy the beauty at all times without having to enter the greenhouse.

Diagram No. 4 shows where the pipes run from the heater, "a, a," representing the pipes, "b" the expansion tank, and "c" the heater. This heater requires to be set below the level of the pipes, and must have a pit constructed for it, if a cellar is not convenient. If there is a cellar, it can be located there and the pipes fitted to any height. The setting and connection of heater with pipes can be ascertained by correspondence with the firm referred to, which is always glad to furnish diagrams to those contemplating building a greenhouse.

A house sixteen by twenty feet in size will give room enough for several hundred plants.

If one does not feel able to afford the cost of a span-roof house, and wants something moderate in size, a lean-to can be built much cheaper. Diagram No. 5 shows the outlines of such a building. The roof should slope to the south. Part of the sides and ends should be filled in with sash. There should be a door opening outside, if possible, as there will be a great deal of work to be done which requires easier and more convenient means of entrance than would be afforded through the sitting-room or parlor with which it should be connected.

Diagram No. 6 shows a still cheaper method of constructing a room for plants. It is made by enclosing a veranda, and very often such a room affords as much space as will be required for all the plants a person can find time to take care of. If the walls at the bottom are made snug and tight, and double sash is used in winter, it is not difficult to warm such a room sufficiently from the sitting-room if it is



NO. 6.

connected with it by wide doors which can be opened at night. If the house is heated with a furnace, this room, as well as the lean-to shown by diagram No. 5, can be heated satisfactorily by running a flue underneath them. For some years I kept plants in such a room, heating it from a base-burner standing in the adjoining room, and not one was ever lost from frost.

In diagram No. 3, "f" shows where a pillar is set in center of greenhouse to support the roof. This should be placed on a foundation of bricks to prevent its rotting, as it will be sure to do, at the bottom, if set in soil. This will be found extremely useful in training vines up from the bed which stands at one side of it. From this pillar, supports of wood or wire can be run in different directions, over which vines can be allowed to grow.

The rafters which support the sash of the roof are made of two-by-fours, planed. The sash is fastened to them by screws. The hinges to which the sections of sash are fastened, which raise for ventilating the house, are screwed on to the ridge of the roof. In my house, these sections are raised and lowered by means of a rod, running along the roof, which has arms that are fastened to the lower part of the sash. At the end of these rods are cranks, in convenient reach, and by simply turning them the rods revolve and the arms attached open or close the sash. This ventilating apparatus is simply perfection, for the rods remain just where you leave them, and the sash attached to the arms is immovable by wind.

Any one who contemplates the erection of a greenhouse on the plan described in this article is at liberty to apply to the writer for information on any point not made clear in it. I will afford all assistance possible, if a stamped and addressed envelope is sent with the inquiries. The envelope should, of course, bear the address of the party to whom it is to be returned.

I have forgotten to say that the height of my greenhouse, in the center, is about eleven feet. Vines can be trained up the rafters, along the ventilating shaft or rod, and made to cover the wall at the north end, which is the wall of the house against which the greenhouse is built.

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PHILADELPHIA.

BY ISAAC R. PENNYPACKER.

At mid-day Stern Fact, in the garb of a Philadelphia Quaker, overtook a feeble Plesantry, which, like a well-worn garment, had been made over and turned inside out until it had neither brains nor bowels, nor anything except a voice and the smile of the weak-minded.

"Friend"—thus spoke Stern Fact—"thy Knickerbocker garments, which betray thy birthplace, were cut for a Hollander whose love of liberty was greater than thy love of self. There has outdone Iago, the Indian, at boasting, and the little lamb at running away in time of public need. I will give thee a tale worth repeating, if thy noddle can hold it."

"Philadelphia covers more territory, contains more houses, and has a lower death-rate than any American city. At a cost of \$15,000,000 it has erected in marble the largest City Hall in the country, whose floors cover fourteen acres, and which an English poet, Mr. Gosse, has said vies in beauty with the grandest buildings in Southern Europe. Its Ridgeway Library, the graceful 'Record' building, the immense structure like the Bullitt building, the beautiful ten-story banking-house of



the Drexels, and the numerous new designs in granite, brick and marble on the main streets, most of them erected within ten years, with the many more projected, and the plaza to be opened about the City Hall, will soon make Philadelphia one of the most impressive of American cities in its architecture. Its rich and poor alike find health and pleasure in the largest and fairest of city parks, and pass to and fro by means of a system of horse-car lines which is so far the best in the world that Messrs. Widener and Elkins, who guided its last stage of development, find it no difficult matter to improve the street-railway systems of Boston, Chicago and New York.

"In the house of Drexel, Philadelphia has the largest banking-house in the country, whose private deposits are \$14,000,000, and the private wealth of whose principal partner is greater than the whole capital of the famous London house of Baring, and is equal to the private wealth of the wealthiest Rothschild. Ives, of New York, is not the only one who has learned that no railroad operation of the magnitude of the recent change in control of the Baltimore and Ohio can be crowned with success without the assistance of Anthony Drexel. Nor is there any doubt among the informed as to who is the Wellington of American finance, even if the identity of the real Napoleon rests in uncertainty among several sufficiently rash claimants. Mr. Drexel maintains the supremacy in American finance which one Philadelphia or another has always held.

During the civil war Jay Cooke placed three thousand millions of dollars' worth of government securities, and without direct profit to himself. During the Mexican war E. W. Clarke & Co. placed one-third of the war loan. Stephen Girard supplied the money which enabled the United States to resist the encroachments of England in 1812, and in the Revolution, Robert Morris sacrificed his private fortune and personal liberty in order that the cause of American independence might not fail. The Bank of North America is the oldest bank in the United States. And when President Andrew Jackson finally succeeded in destroying the United States Bank and its guiding genius, Nicholas Biddle, their fall involved the whole country in financial ruin.

"The greatest railroad, in its construction, equipment, and management, is the Pennsylvania, with its 7521 miles of road, 392 miles of canal, 5 miles of ferry, 12,000 of miles track, and a total capitalization of six hundred and fifty millions of dollars so distributed among the people as to make this great corporation another illustration of popular government.

"In manufactures it still leads all American cities; and its position has been verified by an honest official census, which excluded women

shirt-makers, so freely used to swell the count in the Hollanders' nest where thee and thy sort warm thyself. It is the centre of the carpet trade. Of the 2150 locomotives built in the United States in 1887, the 3106 employees of the Baldwin Works, the largest in the world, made 653, one-third, at the rate of more than two a day. In Wanamaker's it has the largest of stores, which, with its 4000 employes and fourteen acres of floor-space, exceeds the huge Bon Marche of Paris. In other respects he is rivalled by the great stores of Strawbridge & Clothier, Sharpless, and others who have pushed the facilities for retail trade in Philadelphia in advance of the alignment maintained by other American cities.

"The only American author who has written a drama is the living George H. Boker, and the dead Forrest was the greatest of our actors. The best of living American story writers, according to Professor Gosse, is Rebecca Harding Davis. Charles Godfrey Leland has added another character to our literature. Bayard Taylor scored his highest mark in his 'Pennsylvania Ballads,' which will long keep alive with the life of his own home-folk. The popular 'History of the United States' is written by Professor McMaster of the University of Pennsylvania. The American edition of the Comte de Paris's 'History of the Civil War' is edited in Philadelphia, by Colonel John P. Nicholson, and published by Porter & Coates. The Historical Society of Pennsylvania is the most active of all like societies in the country. The largest 'old book' store is Leary's, and to-day no publication in the world, unless it be La Petite Journal of Paris, has so many readers as THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL of Philadelphia, with its circulation of 500,000 copies."

"None?" feebly questioned the Plesantry. "Not one," replied Stern Fact. "And the highest salary paid to any woman in America is paid to its editor, Mrs. Louisa Knapp. She and the leading writers of the day—like Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Harriet Prescott Spofford, and the late Louisa M. Alcott, who was born in Philadelphia, and Will M. Carleton—have been drawn to the publication of Cyrus H. K. Curtis as, at an earlier period, in Graham's Magazine Longfellow, Lowell and Poe found a market for their wares.

"Moreover," he continued, "the publishing-house which has the largest general trade in the world is that of the J. B. Lippincott Co. The oldest American publishing house is that of Sower, Potts & Co. Lea Brothers & Co. and Henry Carey Baird are both descendants in direct family and business lines of the house of Matthew Carey, established in 1785. Today Lea Brothers & Co. are the leading publishers of Medical books, as Henry Carey Baird is of scientific works. The American school of political economy was founded by Henry C. Carey of this parent house of such lusty twins, and his works have been translated into nearly all civilized tongues. With the work of Isaac Lea, and with Henry Charles Lea, both of this house, the latter the author of the 'History of the Inquisition of the Middle Ages,' the scientific and literary world is familiar. The house were the American publishers of Walter Scott, and sent by stage his works to the New York booksellers. It republished, by special arrangement with the author, the works of Charles Dickens, and issued to their first readers the novels of Fennimore Cooper, and the writings of Washington Irving, besides publishing the works of Poe, Gillmore, Sims, Montgomery Bird, and John P. Kennedy.

"At the present time the Shakespearean library of Horace Howard Furness, the specially illustrated collection of Clarence H. Clark, with Motley's works extended to twenty-four volumes by extra illustrations costing \$16,000, the horse library of Henry T. Coates, the manuscripts and autographs of George W. Childs and Ferdinand J. Dreer, the German and Franklin colonial imprints of Samuel W. Pennypacker, and Colonel John P. Nicholson's five thousand titles relating exclusively to the military history of the Civil War, and containing every known book on the subject—each in its special line, is the most complete among American collections. Philadelphia took the lead in ingrafting technical education upon its common-school system. Its School of Design for Women is not only older than any of its kind; it occupies a more spacious building and has a larger force of instructors than any other, and it is the only one where industrial art and fine art are given equal attention. The directions in which the Academy of the Fine Arts leads are



in the appointments of its quarters and in the extent of its collection of casts and facilities for students.

"The largest Sunday-school in the country is that of Bethany Church, with its 2400 scholars, 108 teachers, and average yearly attendance of 1800. Not in size alone, but in life and spirit, it leads all others. The recognized organ master is Wood of the same city, and the works of no American composer rank higher than those of Gilchrist, who won the Cincinnati prize from Dudley Buck.

"The reputation of no American physician has extended so far as that of Benjamin Rush of the last century, and Samuel D. Gross of this. When Professor Agnew was called to the care of President Garfield, he was turned

to as statesmen and presidents had before turned to Dewees and Jackson, and other famous Philadelphia professors of its great medical schools. 'The Philadelphia Lawyer' has long been a phrase whose very currency is a voluntary tribute to the superiority of the Philadelphia bar. Horace Binney was the great American lawyer; George Harding, a worthy opponent in legal trials of Abraham Lincoln, is known to one wide circle as the leading patent lawyer of the country, and to fashionable summer tourists as the builder of the best of the Adirondack hotels, and John G. Johnson elaborated the early and honest car trust with a skill that still compels universal acknowledgement of the ability of the local profession. To one political party Philadelphia contributes Samuel J. Randall, and to another the protective tariff, the American idea. Its pre-eminence in sports is maintained by the strongest cricket club; by Reichelin, the American chess-player; by Page, whose recent jump of 6 feet 4 inches beats the world's record.

"Philadelphia has supplied the principle for which the nation's greatest war was fought, as well as force and genius for the battle-field and finances to support them. So it is with the grim materials of war. The Phoenix Iron Company made the Griffin cannon; the Duponts made the powder; the Horstmanns made the military equipments, and each establishment still remains the most extensive of its kind.

"And as to Philadelphia society, I do not know whether it was the gathering at the house of Mr. Childs in 1876, or the banquet at the Philadelphia Academy of Music in 1887, which was made by the number of famous men present the most conspicuous social event in America. This I know: in George W. Childs Philadelphia has the greatest of living American philanthropists—another Abou Ben Ad-

hem—another lover of his fellow-men—whose name in other places than among those by the angel, written in the book of gold, may yet lead all the rest.

"Philadelphia's suburban homes are advancing up the Chester Valley, the most highly developed agricultural country in the Union. Philadelphia butter finds its way regularly to the White House, and the staliest homes of New York and Boston, and crosses the Atlantic Ocean. Its great river contributes Delaware shad, oysters, and the gourmand's delight—the terrapin. And on the land the peach is the emblem of beauty. Delaware is the Philadelphia's fruit orchard; New Jersey his vegetable garden; her coast his bathing-grounds. The late Bronson Alcott, of whom Carlyle long ago said he would produce nothing substantial, was a logical type of the uttermost product so far come from New England worthies who began by putting witches to death and whipping Quakers. New York was a Tory city in 1776. Her mayor proposed that she secede and set up a separate government in 1861, and she resisted Abraham Lincoln's draft with riot. At the outset, to Philadelphia came the Swede and Hollander, the English, the German, the Welsh, the Scotchman and French Huguenot. The process of race amalgamation, now fairly under way throughout the Union at large, was accomplished in Philadelphia nearly two hundred years ago. Bigotry was lost, and the combined strength of many peoples has contributed to the glorious performance and the present active endeavor, which are a foundation of splendid promise for this—the American City."

Stern Fact paused: the Plesantry had shrunk out of sight, and was never heard of more.—From Harper's Magazine for May.

SEDGWICK WOVEN STEEL WIRE FENCE AND GATES.

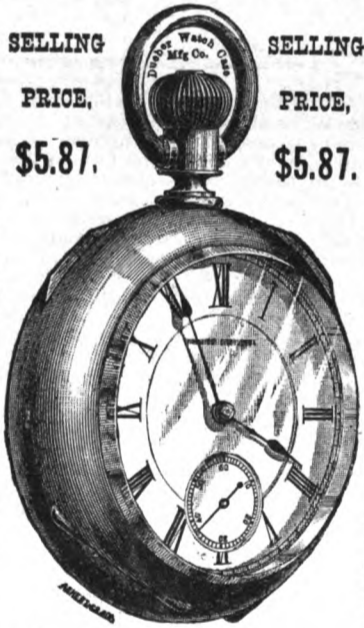


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The above cut represents an Elgin, seven jeweled, cut expansion balance, patent pinion, quick train, (18,000 beats per hour) movement warranted an accurate time keeper for 6 years, complete with a 4 ounce Duerber Silverine open face case. This is a watch that ought to sell for \$15.00, and one that we do not make any money on directly, but where we sell one of these watches we gain the explicit confidence of our customer and almost invariably sell him some goods from our large catalogue.

Put this out and send to us within 30 days with 50 cts. in postage stamps to guarantee us from loss of express charges and we will deduct the 50 cts. from bill and send the watch by express, C. O. D., subject to examination, and arrange so you can carry it 10 days free, or deposit \$5.87 with your bank, send bank receipt to us and we will send the watch to you. You can carry it 10 days and if not satisfied, return the watch to your bank and get your money. If \$5.87 is sent to us with order we will send watch by mail, post-paid and refund your money in 10 days if not satisfied. To anyone buying a watch for \$5.87 within 30 days and selling or causing the sale of three more within 60 days we will return the \$5.87 paid for first watch. And as a positive guarantee to all that the watch is the best ever offered for the money, we will take back any one of these \$5.87 watches any time within one year for \$5.00 cash. As to our reliability we refer you to any Express Co. or old reliable business house in Chicago. Or you can if you so desire, send your money or order to the Fort Dearborn National Bank, with instructions to turn same over to us if they know us to be perfectly reliable.

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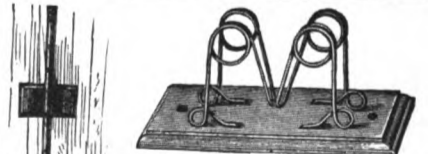
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SPECIAL SIXTY-DAY OFFER. On receipt of this notice and \$4.75 within 60 days, we will ship the ORGANETTA same as we sell for \$8.00. Avail yourself of this great offer AT ONCE. No such offer was ever made before or will be again. Take advantage of it while the opportunity is yours. We believe when one is sold in a town or village it will sell a dozen at regular price. We make each purchaser our agent. Enclose \$4.75 with this notice, and we will ship the Organetta in handsome Solid Black-Walnut Piano-Polished Case, with elegant carved sides, at once. Address, BATES ORGAN CO., 125 MILK ST., BOSTON, MASS.



LADIES, SEE HERE! Best in the World! Nothing like it! Nearly Fifty Thousand Sold. Smith's Common-Sense Broom Holder. Holds a Broom either end up; is never out of order. After scrubbing hang your broom with brush down, and it will dry out immediately and not mold or rot, and always keep its shape. Sample mailed and perfect satisfaction guaranteed on receipt of 15c. Agents wanted. Boys and girls can more than double their money selling them. Send 2c. stamp for terms, as this will appear only in this issue. SMITH BROTHERS, Camptown, Bradford Co., Pa.

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BABY CARRIAGES SENT C. O. D. Also BICYCLES, TRICYCLES, VELOCIPEDS, direct from L. O. SPENCER'S Factory, 221 W. Madison St., CHICAGO, ILL. One or more at wholesale price, send 2c. stamp for new Spring Catalogue, 100 styles to select from, all express charges paid. The cheapest and best goods in the world.—Answer quick, as this advertisement will appear in this issue only. Mention this paper.

Advertisement for 'The Problem Solved by the Triumph Self-Wringer' mop. Includes text: 'Mopping Made Easy', 'The Problem Solved by the Triumph Self-Wringer', 'Agents Wanted', and 'Mop Co., 171 Public Sq., Cleveland, O.' with an illustration of a woman mopping.

[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.]
THE KINDERGARTEN.

XIII.

BY ANNA W. BARNARD.

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The gifts are all founded on the natural tastes of children. A liking for thread and cord is manifested at an early age, young children finding amusement in simply winding a thread about their fingers. Later, they delight in learning how to tie knots of various kinds, including the "weaver's" and "sailor's" knots, etc., and to knit with a spool and pins. How gleefully they join in making the "cat's cradle," "the cheese-board," "the water," "the tailor's long scissors," etc. What fun awaits the two who are linked together with cords in the game of "The Two Prisoners!" Who can enumerate the uses to which the boy's hoard of twine is destined—or guess the secret of the girl's unceasing additions to her treasures of zephyr and silk? Why is the grown woman charmed by the sight and touch of the bright, soft wools used in crocheting, and what is the talisman hidden in the old-fashioned knitting work, with which the white-haired grandmother beguiles her long days?

THE TWELFTH GIFT.
THE PLIABLE LINE.
THE THREAD.

The stick embodies the straight line or edge; the rings and half-rings embody the curve; the thread, assuming with equal readiness the form of stick and ring, embodies both straight line and curve.

The thread, made of cotton or worsted, contrasts with the ring made of metal, and in constantly changing its form, while the form of the ring never changes. With its ends joined, the thread, like the ring, has no beginning nor end, and is made to take the form of the circle, from which all other forms are developed—one growing out of another, and all having the same circumference. Heretofore the child has represented objects by means of tablets, slats, sticks and rings,—he now begins to draw with the thread, or pliable line.

Appropriate conversation precedes and accompanies the work. If the thread be of cotton, a specimen of the cotton plant, with its snowy bolls, presented for examination will afford great delight. If zephyr be used, the talk is upon sheep-washing and shearing, spinning, weaving, dyeing, etc. Other topics are the slate, its frame, the pencil, the sponge and the water. One or two facts given about any or all of these being as germinating seeds to grow into future morning conversations.

The slates are covered with a network of quarter-inch squares. The thread, of cotton or worsted, may be of any color. Red zephyr contrasts well with the slate, is not easily discolored, and the dye harmless. Each child is given a slate, a pencil and a piece of zephyr, eighteen inches long, having its ends securely and neatly fastened together. The slates are first made wet with the sponge, the zephyr is then thoroughly saturated with water, and placed upon the slates. The zephyr, when wet, is so perfectly pliable that it is moved by the lightest touch of the pencil, and readily shaped to required forms, while the damp slate assists it in retaining its position. With the aid of the pointed pencils, and the grooved lines on the slates, the children move, by direction, the zephyr into circular, triangular, square, oblong, oval and polygonal forms, which are easily changed from one to another. From these forms of knowledge, which are to be made with great exactness, are developed all forms of life and beauty. Suppose the child to have made by direction a pentagon, as shown by the dotted lines in Fig. 1. After counting its five sides and corners, he finds the center of the figure, and indicates it with a pencil mark. He is then directed to push in with his pencil toward the center all the corners of the pentagon or form of knowledge, thus transforming it to the form of symmetry enclosed within the dotted lines of Fig. 1. By indenting slightly the outer curves of this figure, he produces Fig. 2, also a form of symmetry, which by a few dexterous movements of the pencil is made to take the semblance of a "pear," or form of life, Fig. 3, which is easily changed into a "glove," Fig. 4, and this into many other figures. Some of these are very amusing, especially if a few strokes of the pencil be added to complete them. When the slate is dry, the zephyr no longer adheres, and the form is easily destroyed, but if the zephyr, while it is yet damp, be carefully removed, its outline may be traced on the slate.

It is possible for the children to make with the thread, figures which they would be unable to draw with the pencil alone. In this work they learn to measure distances with the eye, close observation being required to form a correct outline. Adults confess to being fascinated

with the thread game, children hail it with delight, and are trained by it to lightness and delicacy of touch.

THE THIRTEENTH GIFT.
THE POINT.

By analysis of the solid we obtain the plane or surface; by analysis of the surface, the edge or line. We have now reached that part of the solid where three edges and surfaces meet, i. e., the point or corner. The point has neither length, breadth, nor thickness. Even the center of a dot made to indicate it cannot be taken as the actual point. It is desirable to represent this imaginary quantity with something concrete, that the child can handle and work with. The planes and lines cannot really be separated from the solid, but as the former are embodied in the tablets, and the latter in the sticks, rings, and thread, so the point or corner is embodied in seeds, shells, pebbles, etc. In the preceding gifts the point is visible, but inseparable,—in the thirteenth gift it has an independent existence.

In logical sequence, the point is the last gift, in reality it is one of the first presented. By its use it is learned that the line is made up of, and may again be resolved into many points. It is not possible nor desirable to demonstrate to young children the mathematical idea of the point,—position, without length, breadth or thickness, but it is learned practically that the shortest distance between two points is a straight line—that the direction of a line is determined by two points—and that a curve is a line whose direction changes at every point; all these facts being clearly illustrated and proved by the children themselves in their play with the concrete points.

Whatever is used to embody the point, whether pea, bean, pebble, shell or seed, the children are first led to observe its form and resemblance to other objects. Then several points are joined on the netted table to form straight lines and curves, followed by circle, square, etc. Attention is first directed to the squares and crosses formed on the table by the intersection of vertical and horizontal lines. The child is then told to place a seed on one of these crosses, another seed on the cross one square in front of the first one, and so on, until

in like manner, he has placed five seeds, thus fairly indicating a vertical line. Using another seed half way between each two already placed, the line becomes more clearly defined, while if an additional

seed be placed in each one of the eight remaining spaces, the whole number of seeds, seventeen in all, touch and form a line five inches in length. One square to the right or left of this a similar line is made, giving in a novel way an illustration of parallel lines. The exercise is varied and made rather more difficult by directing the seeds to be placed, instead of on the crosses, exactly in the middle of the squares. Horizontal and vertical lines are then joined in squares, which, with extra seeds, are divided into halves, fourths and sixteenths. The slanting line is made by placing a seed at two diagonally opposite corners of a square, one half-way between the two, and one between the middle seed and each of the two at the corners. Thus with five seeds has been made the diagonal of a one-inch square, which may be extended through as many squares as directed.

Again, a seed is placed at the upper right corner of a square, another at the lower left, and a third half-way between; the child is now shown that in order to make a curve, the middle seed must be moved outward from the straight line toward one of the unused corners of the square—in this case, the upper left—then he places a seed between the middle one and each of the two at the corners, taking care to make the proper curve, and with five seeds has represented a quarter-circle. To the right of this he joins its opposite, to make the half-circle, to which he joins in front the two remaining opposites, and completes the circle (Fig. 5). By joining half-circles as he joined the half-rings of the eleventh gift, he makes the serpentine line. Horizontal, vertical, and slanting lines and curves are now combined in forms of knowledge. Leaves and flowers are represented by large and small seeds, Figs. 6, 7, and 8—an ear of corn by grains of corn, animals by split peas or beans, and a "butterfly," Fig. 9, by shells, seeds, etc.

Several kinds of seeds are mixed together and given as an exercise in grouping and sorting, work of this character leading to the formation of orderly habits of body and mind, at which all the gifts and occupations aim.

The work with the thirteenth gift is a good preparation for the occupation of pricking. In the gift, the embodied corner or concrete point is given to the child—in the occupation, using a needle and bristol board, he makes by his own effort what we are tempted to name the abstract point.

In the study of its planes and lines, the solid has by degrees receded from view. With the last gift, the point, we have reached the limit

of analysis. The occupations follow, with which, by a different path we journey backward toward the reconstruction of solid forms.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"L. P. L.," Millersburg, Holmes Co., O.:—The most explicit instructions that could possibly be given through correspondence would be inadequate as a preparation to teach kindergartens.

"F. H. B.," Milwaukee, Wisconsin:—Thank you for the report sent of the Milwaukee Kindergartens. To satisfactorily answer the questions in your second letter, hours and pages would be required, neither of which are at command. Briefly, 1st. The children should not be forbidden to swing the balls of the First Gift by their cords, nor should the cords be detached from the balls.

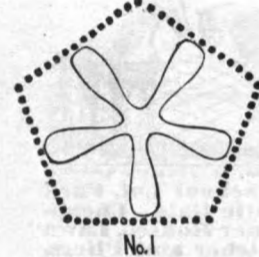
2d. No arbitrary rules were given for replacing the gifts in the boxes. A distinct statement to this effect is contained in the paragraph to which you refer, in connection with the formula used, which was intended merely to illustrate the exactness with which directions are to be given and followed.

Slavish obedience to rules wherein no principle is at stake would transform the "Paradise of Childhood" into its nameless opposite.

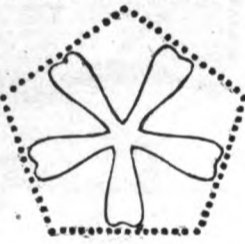
3d. The amount of work to be given is of "vital" importance, the very nature of the case rendering it impossible to formulate set rules for determining this. The principle always to be followed, is that of adapting the amount and kind of work to the individual capacity of the worker.

4th. All the gifts are wholes. The whole is presented before the part, but as you do not hesitate to analyze the third and following gifts by dividing them, and examining their parts separately, why should you hesitate to present separately, for purposes of examination, the balls of the first, or the sphere, cube and cylinder of the second gift? You do not thus violate any principle, and you do follow the imperative "Law of contrasts and their recon-

ciliation." Leaving out of the question the terms "primary" and "secondary," no law is violated in familiarizing the child first with the red, second with its contrast, the blue, and third with the yellow ball—yellow holding a place midway between red and blue in the scale of color; or when these three colors are known and easily recognized, in presenting any two of them, as red and blue, and connecting them with the intermediate purple—or red and yellow, with orange, or blue and yellow, with green. In every case the connecting color is formed by the blending of two opposites. Just as in the second gift, the sphere is first shown, then its direct contrast, the cube, and the two reconciled by their intermediate form or connecting link, the cylinder. The same principle has been applied and successfully carried out in connection with singing, viz., in the "Tonic Sol-Fa" method, in which the children are first induced to listen to the tone doh, (do). As soon as they receive a clear mental impression of it, they reproduce the tone, which is then symbolized by the red ball. The next tone learned is soh (sol) represented by the blue ball; this is followed by me (mi) represented by the yellow ball. The children sing doh, soh, me, as the red, blue and yellow balls are respectively held up before them, the order in which the balls are presented being constantly varied. No other tones are given, until these three foundation tones are perfectly known and can be given at will. The three balls being held up together, and the attention of different children attracted to different colors, each child sings the tone connected in his mind with the color before his eyes, and the chord of Doh is thus easily correctly and sweetly sung by very little children at the first lesson. The other tones are learned later in a manner analogous to that of learning the colors, ray (re) for instance, being represented by the orange ball, and blending beautifully downward into doh, red, and upward into me, yellow. This simple, natural and true method is in perfect harmony with Froebelian principles, and its effects are marvelous as enchanting.



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No. 3



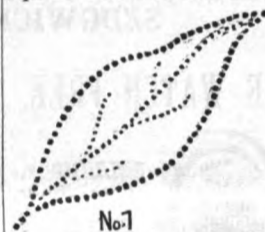
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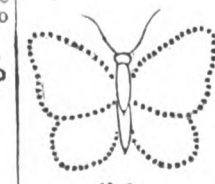
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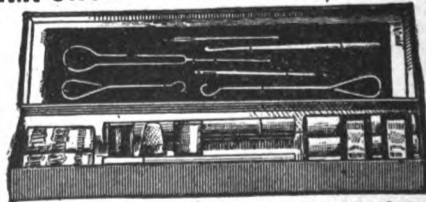
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LADIES Send 4 cents in stamps for Sample Copy of large 16-page paper and 80-page Book mailed free. The Housekeeper, Minneapolis, Minn.

[FOR THE LADIES HOME JOURNAL.] HINTS UPON ETIQUETTE AND GOOD MANNERS.

BY MRS. S. O. JOHNSON.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

"A Subscriber:"—If a schoolmate asks a young lady to correspond with him when he leaves school, it is his place to write the first letter, not hers.

"L. S.:"—1st. When meeting a friend on the street, while you are walking rapidly, you should bow and say "Good morning, Mr. Smith."

2d. When going from one room to another the hostess should precede a gentleman, but give a lady precedence.

3d. When a gentleman escorts a lady home she should enter her house first, and should not ask him to come in if the hour is late.

4th. The proper hour for a gentleman to leave when paying visits of an evening is before 11 o'clock, or as much earlier as he likes.

5th. You should never ask to take a gentleman's hat any more than to take a lady's fan. And never help a young man to put on his top coat, but always assist an elderly man.

6th. Ladies in cultivated society do dance round dances.

7th. It is more correct to say "beg pardon" than "excuse me," but either is proper.

8th. Yes, it is correct to tell the gentlemen at a dinner party which lady they should escort to the table, but at an evening party it is better to leave them to their choice.

9th. If the hour is not late when you return from church with a gentleman escort, you could invite him to come in with propriety.

10th. It is not essential to offer refreshments to evening visitors who have come in uninvited, yet they will often add to the pleasure of the evening, and young persons rarely object to receive such attentions at the hands of their hostess.

11th. When introducing your clergyman to friends always give him the prefix of "Rev.," but you need not say "the Rev."

12th. No young lady would take a gentleman's arm without his offering it, but he should know that it is his place to offer his arm, in the evening, to the lady he escorts.

13th. We do not know of any new parlor games. "Progressive Angling," like the other progressive games, is still in vogue, but we should style them aggressive as well as progressive.

14th. There is no impropriety in friends of different sexes exchanging photographs.

15th. If a young man attends church with two young women he should sit at the end of the pew, giving them precedence in entering it. Address questions to THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Etiquette Department.

We cannot answer questions in next issue of THE JOURNAL, as it goes to press early on account of the large number of its subscribers.

"Mrs. F. E. Forbes:"—If you desire to call upon a stranger in your neighborhood, when you ring the bell give your card to the servant. But if the lady comes to the door you should say, "I am Mrs. Forbes, Mrs. _____," giving the lady's name, and that ends all formalities.

"Leap Year Subscriber:"—1st. Wedding presents are usually sent to the bride's home rather than to the home of her prospective husband.

2d. If a young gentleman is engaged to your cousin it would not be au fait for him to ask to correspond with you, and to send you his picture; and you would not be loyal to your cousin if you should correspond with him, although it might be better to keep the photograph, but do not send him yours. There is no marked attention in the sending of one's picture, for young men are vain enough to think that every young woman of their acquaintance would value their picture.

3d. Always thank a gentleman who has taken you to a concert or any place of public entertainment. Say, "I thank you for giving me a pleasant evening." It would be very ill-bred not to thank any one for any attention, no matter how trifling it may be.

"Mrs. W. J. B.:"—Invitations to a wedding should always be accepted if possible, and no reply is needed to the cards that are sent out unless you are forced to decline. Then, if the invitation is from an old friend, write her a friendly letter, expressing your deep regrets at your inability to attend her wedding. If, however, the acquaintance is a formal one, enclose your card to the mother, or the person from whom the invitation came, with "Mrs. _____ deeply regrets to decline Mrs. _____'s kind invitation to her daughter's wedding." Or write "Regrets" upon your visiting card, at the right hand corner.

"A Curious Girl:"—Young ladies cannot be too circumspect in their behavior with young men. But if one is so many years your junior, and you have known him so intimately from the cradle, it would not be a decided breach of etiquette for you to kiss him after a long absence, or if he were going away for some time. "Circumstances always alter cases."

"J. A. B.:"—1st. We never heard of any special inducement given for the anniversary of a thirty years' wedding. The silver wedding is celebrated at twenty-five years and the golden at fifty years. The 30th is a "pearl wedding" you say, and we never heard of it before.

2d. It is not etiquette for a young gentleman to kiss a young lady at night or any other time at parting, unless they are engaged to be married. And no lady will ever permit such a familiarity from any man, and no gentleman would ever attempt to kiss a lady whom he respected and to whom he was not engaged to be married.

"Lou.:"—When introduced to a young man at a mutual friend's of an evening, and he offers to escort you home, accept his escort, and when he leaves you at your door you can invite him to call upon you; but if the hour is late, you should not ask him to come in.

2d. When writing to a young man terminate your letter thus: "Yours truly," or "Sincerely yours," or "Cordially your friend."

"H. M. F.:"—1st. If gentlemen visit your husband during an illness who are strangers to

you but are introduced by a mutual friend, you should shake hands with them.

2d. You should enter the parlor first and say to your husband as his friends follow you. "These gentlemen have called to see you."

"J. W. M.:"—It is proper for you to send the lady an engagement ring, and she would desire to wear it, in company and at all times. It is always a better arrangement to have an engagement announced, even if the marriage may not take place for a year, or several years, as it defines the lady's position and prevents other young men from becoming enamored of her. Every right-minded young woman should desire her engagement to be known to her friends, unless there are family reasons for keeping it a secret.

"Mrs. S. C.:"—It is very ill-bred for the inmates of a house where a lady is calling to place a newspaper upon the floor and ask the visitor to put her feet upon it, so as not to soil the carpet. No lady or gentleman could do so; and to tell a caller to take off her rubbers is also a breach of etiquette. If it is a very muddy season a lady will cleanse her feet from mud upon the outer door-mat.

2d. It is also very ill-mannered for the lady upon whom the call is made to say "good-evening" to the caller until she has said "good evening" or "good-bye" to her, and to say it at the close of her own speech, leaving her visitor no chance to reply, is entirely contrary to etiquette and good manners.

"Lucy:"—1st. The lady takes the gentleman's arm.

2d. Yes.

3d. No young gentleman (?) will ever offer to kiss a young lady good-night unless he is engaged to marry her.

4th. Yes.

5th. It is proper to invite two young men to call upon you at the same time.

6th. It is proper but not advisable for a school-girl to correspond with a school-boy.

7th. Congratulate a newly-married couple by saying, "I wish you every joy that life can give you."

"Olive:"—1st. Bouillon is eaten with a spoon from the cups. It is pronounced as it is spelt, with no accent on either syllable.

2d. Lincrusta Walton can be obtained at any store where a full variety of all papers are kept.

"S. G.:"—After an engagement has been broken, it would not be just the thing to send the young man a birthday gift. By so doing you would put yourself in a position to receive unpleasant criticisms.

"O.:"—A married lady should be addressed by her husband's name—"Mrs. James Brown," and not "Mrs. Eliza Brown." The former is her title—the latter her legal name.

"Interested Reader:"—It is never customary or proper for the gentleman to furnish postage in a correspondence with a lady, whether he is engaged to marry her or not.

"An Old Subscriber:"—It would not be proper for a friend to sign himself "Your sincere friend and admirer;" and to write that he hoped it was not necessary to have an excuse to write to a person whom he had admired for years, if the gentleman knew that you were engaged to another. But not knowing that, and being an old schoolmate and friend, also a near neighbor, it was not a breach of etiquette in him. The proper course for you to pursue is to tell him of your engagement, as he evidently does "mean something."

A MILLION SUBSCRIBERS.

To introduce the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL into one million families, it is offered on trial for the balance of this year, beginning with the September number, for the small sum of ten cents,—the mere cost of paper, press work, and postage.

Handsome presents are offered on other pages for clubs of trial subscribers.

Furthermore, I offer to the person who will send me the largest number of trial subscribers up to November 1st.

Table with 4 columns: Rank, Number of subscribers, Cash value, and Name.

Names should be sent in as fast as received, and an account will be kept with each club raiser until they have finished canvassing. The names and addresses of the winners of these special prizes will be published in these columns.

CYRUS H. K. CURTIS.

PRIZE CONTEST.

The following letters were received from participants in our December prize contest acknowledging receipt of money as awarded in June number:

HALF MOON, N. Y., June 4th, 1888. CYRUS H. K. CURTIS, Esq.:

DEAR SIR:—I hereby acknowledge the receipt of your check for \$300 for 5th prize LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. Thanks.

Very truly yours, I. H. CLARK.

LA CROSSE, WIS., June 11th, 1888. MR. CYRUS H. K. CURTIS:

DEAR SIR:—I acknowledge with many thanks the receipt of one hundred and seventy-five

dollars as premium to LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. Yours truly,

MRS. ANNA W. DANIELS.

DETROIT, MICH., June 15th, 1888.

CYRUS H. K. CURTIS, Esq.:

DEAR SIR:—Yours of May 21st with enclosure of \$450.00 in payment for the second largest list as per your advertised offer in last December's number of HOME JOURNAL is received. Please accept our thanks for the prompt and accurate manner in which you have filled all our orders both for paper and premiums. With best wishes for future success,

I am truly yours, A. G. SHAFER.

VILLAGE GREEN, PA., May 24th, 1888.

MR. C. H. K. CURTIS:

DEAR SIR:—Your check for \$20 in settlement of my share in the cash prizes was received this morning, for which I wish to return you my sincere thanks.

Yours respectfully, MRS. MILLER JONES.

NEWTONVILLE, MASS., June 15th, 1888.

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL:—The check for the \$225.00 has been received. Many thanks to you, and I hope my subscribers will continue their paper after this year's subscription expires. The paper is very much liked here, and many tell me they shall renew.

Yours etc., L. E. THOMPSON.

WEST MEDWAY, MASS.

MR. CURTIS:

DEAR SIR:—I hereby acknowledge that I have received a check for two hundred dollars. Accept my thanks for the same.

Yours truly, W. L. RIPLEY.

So. EDMESTON, OTSEGO CO, N. Y.,

June 16, 1888.

CURTIS PUBLISHING CO., PHILADELPHIA, PA.:

GENTLEMEN:—The check of \$350 is received, for which I am very happy to say, thank you.

Yours Truly, W. A. WALLING.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., June 9, 1888.

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL:—Yours with check for two hundred and fifty dollars (\$250.00) for my cash prize, received. Many thanks for the same and your kindness.

Very truly yours, JENNIE C. GRAHAM.

TERRE HAUTE, IND., May 22d, 1888.

EDITOR LADIES' HOME JOURNAL:—Received payment by check for \$100.00 on Independence National Bank, Philadelphia, Pa.

MRS. E. A. KEITH.

GLENWOOD SPRINGS, COL., June 12, 1888.

CYRUS H. K. CURTIS, PHILADELPHIA, PENN.:

DEAR SIR:—Your check for \$150.00, in payment for the eleventh largest list of subscribers, as per offer in December number, received yesterday. With many thanks to you for the check, and to the ladies of Crested Butte, Gunnison, Salida, Buena Vista, Leadville and Aspen, who showed their confidence in me and their taste for good literature by subscribing for the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, and to Postmaster Goodell and others of Leadville, for their influence, also the dep'y P. M. of this place, I remain

Yours respectfully, E. T. PAYTON.

WEST MACEDON, N. Y., June 9, 1888.

\$125.00. Received the above-mentioned check. Thanks. J. W. BRIGGS.

LANDAFF, N. H., June 23, 1888.

This certifies that I have received from Cyrus H. K. Curtis a check for \$275.00 as payment of the sixth cash prize, won by me in the late contest, my list of subscribers numbering 853.

HARRY E. MERRILL.

BROCKTON, MASS., June 20, 1888.

MR. CYRUS H. K. CURTIS, PHILADELPHIA, PA.:

DEAR SIR:—I received the four hundred dollar-check you sent me all right, for which I thank you very kindly.

Yours truly, W. P. LANDERS.

For MRS. E. N. LANDERS, 27 Highland St.

CHESTER, PA., June 21, 1888.

CYRUS H. K. CURTIS, Esq.:

DEAR SIR:—Yours of the 19th is received. Please excuse my neglect in not acknowledging receipt of your check for \$75 sooner. Thanking you for the same, and hoping I may do better next time, I am

Yours respectfully, EVA B. LANE.

Address wanted of Marie A. Billings. A letter addressed to Winsted, Conn., last February, was returned to us

In the August number you will find a most desirable list of premiums offered for clubs of trial subscribers. They are as follows:

Webster's Practical Dictionary, given for 12 trial subscribers; Bay State Hammock, for 20 trial subscribers; Autograph Album, for 4 trial subscribers; Magic Lantern, for 20 trial subscribers; a Printing Press, for 30 trial subscribers; Child's Decorated China Tea Set, for 20 trial subscribers; a Waterbury Watch, for 50 trial subscribers; a real Steamboat, for 20 trial subscribers; a Silk Plush Album, for 50 trial subscribers; any one of Miss Louisa Alcott's famous books, for 16 trial subscribers; a Weed-En Steam Engine, for 20 trial subscribers, Children's Britannia Tea Set, for 10 trial subscribers; Lady's Shopping Bag, for 20 trial subscribers; Pearl Rug Maker, for 12 trial subscribers; Bible Talks about Bible Pictures, for 12 trial subscribers; Table Scarf, for 10 trial subscribers; Ladies' Queen Chains: No. 1, given for 30 trial subscribers; No. 2, given for 36 trial subscribers; and No. 3 given for 30 trial subscribers. Some good books for boys and a series of manuals on fancy work are also offered. Club raisers should examine that number carefully.



"For Playing Accompaniments" Just out 165 chords arranged so anyone can play at once every accompaniment on Piano or Organ. Mailed for 25c, silver. ST. JOHN & CO., All Kinds Specialties, 339 Wash. St., Boston.

Ladies Superb Paper Mache Forms to order. Warranted ones exact size and figure. Headquarters for Forms, 43 West St., Boston, Ufford & Son, Cir. free.

CORN HUSKS for hats and floor mats dyed a Turkey Red Dye for Cotton. On Cotton stands washing and boiling. 10c. per package by mail; 80c. per doz. Agents wanted. W. Cushing & Co., Foxcroft, Me.

YOU are requested to send your address to THE BOOK ANTIQUARY, Easton, Pa.

FREE! For only 5 subscribers at 10 cents each. A Book heretofore sold for ONE DOLLAR.

The greatest inducement ever offered! Cookery FOR Beginners.



R. Marion Harland, author of "Common Sense in the Household, Etc.

The book, "Cookery for Beginners," has always been catalogued and sold in cloth binding at the low price of \$1.00. But we have made a new edition in oiled, waterproof covers, containing the same number of pages as the previous editions. It consists of plain, practical lessons for girls and young housekeepers of small means. Its directions are to be relied upon, and its results are invariably delicate, wholesome and delicious. It possesses the advantage of being perfectly adapted to the needs of beginners. Mothers cannot give their daughters a more sensible and useful present than this volume. It is a most valuable addition to the home library.

We offer the above for sale for only 30 cents.

Given for 5 trial subscribers at 10 cents each.

Friendly Chats With Girls.

A Series of Talks on Manners, Duty, Behavior, and Social Customs. Containing sensible advice and counsel on a great variety of important matters which girls should know. By Mrs. M. A. Kidder.

A few of the chapters in this interesting volume are devoted to the following subjects: School Girls, Eccentric Girls, Invalid Girls, Bashful Girls, Engaged Girls, Elderly Girls, City Girls, Country Girls, Motherless Girls, Shop Girls, Orphan Girls, Fatherless Girls, Servant Girls, Industrious Girls, Only Daughters, Jealous Girls, Wealthy Girls, Sociable Girls, Courageous Girls, Unhappy Girls, Inquisitive Girls, Careless Girls, Romantic Girls, Proud Girls, Handsome Girls, Envious Girls, Friend Girls.

Much important knowledge of great value to girls in all conditions of social life will be found in this book. Cloth Binding.

Box of Waste Embroidery Silk.

Given for only 5 trial subscribers at 10 cents each.

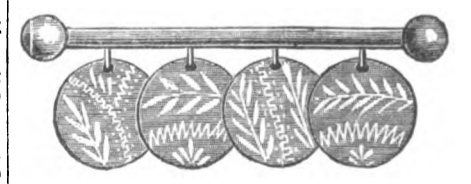


This box contains a lot of odds and ends of silks which are left from the winding machines at the factories. It is worth just as much as any silk bought, and there is as much of it as you could probably buy for \$1.00. The colors are all good and well assorted. We will send this box of silk for only 5 trial subscribers.

For sale at only 25 cents per box.

LADIES SILVER BAR PIN

Given for only 5 trial subscribers at 10 cents each.



A Silver Bangle Lace Bar Pin, with four bangles handsomely engraved. One of our best premiums for ladies. They are very fashionable, and cannot be bought in any store for double the money we ask for 5 trial subscribers at 10 cents each.

THE BEST

Paper Flower Outfit contains over 60 samples of paper, Book of Instructions, Made Flowers, Patterns, also Material for making 12 flowers. Mailed on receipt of 25c. 25 Sheets best Imparted Paper assorted colors for 50c. MADISON ART CO., Madison, Conn.

Rubber Stamp OF YOUR NAME, to carry in the pocket, for marking cards, linen, stationery, books, &c., with ink pad and box only 10c. 6 different names, 50c. LUDINGTON & WOODWARD, New Haven, Conn.

ENTIRELY NEW, ORIGINAL AND PRACTICAL—OUR OWN SPECIAL AND EXCLUSIVE

Embroidery Stamping Outfit

Free to any subscriber who will send us only 5 trial subscribers at 10 cents each.

Given to Philadelphia Ladies' Home Journal Subscribers Only!

Designed under the supervision of MRS. LOUISA KNAPP, Editor of the Philadelphia LADIES' HOME JOURNAL AND PRACTICAL HOUSEKEEPER, expressly for the subscribers of this paper.

The designs are all new, and include the latest ideas in embroidery. All large patterns.

You can make money with it by doing stamping for others, and save money by doing your own stamping.



The Outfit comprises patterns for every branch of needle work and flower painting, and EVERY PATTERN IS THE FULL WORKING SIZE. The several Flannel Skirt patterns are each a full length strip, instead of a short section of the pattern, and EACH BORDER HAS THE CORNER TURNED. Among the designs are two very beautiful sprays for the end of a Table Scarf, one of Roses, and one of Daisies and Ferns, each 15 inches long; six exquisite fruit designs for Napkins and Doilies; Cup and Saucer, Sugar and Bowl, etc., for Tray Cloths. Design for Slumber Pillow, full set of outline designs for Tidies, and complete set of Initials, large enough for Towels, Napkins, Handkerchiefs, etc. Besides these the outfit contains bouquets (not little sprigs) of Poppies, Bachelor's Buttons, Pond Lilies, Roses, Daisies, and many others, and a beautiful new design for Finesse work. ALL THESE DESIGNS ARE ENTIRELY NEW, and as Mrs. Knapp has designed the Outfit expressly for the readers of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, it can be procured from no other source. Each Outfit is accompanied by directions for Stamping by PARKER'S NEW PATENT METHOD, without Paint or Powder, and with no daub.

Description of a Few of the Patterns Contained in the Outfit.



ALPHABET—A complete set of Initials, suitable for Table Linen, Towels, Handkerchiefs, etc., etc., 1 1/4 inches high, and very pretty designs.

FLANNEL SKIRT & BLANKET PATTERNS—Each of these designs is twenty inches long, with separate corner, all turned, for each. No. 1.—Wide 3-part scallop, with spray of Lilies of the Valley above each scallop, 3 inches wide. No. 2.—Running design for braid, with scallops for needlework, over 3 in. wide.



Samples of Doiley Designs. Sample of Flannel Skirt Design. No. 3.—Plain narrow scallop for edges of blankets, etc. No. 4.—Plain wide scallop, for borders. No. 5.—Narrow vine with scallop, for laid work, etc. No. 6.—Strip of plain scallops, with lot of little sprigs, to use over the scallops.

The Patterns in this Outfit are all New Designs.



SCARF AND TABLE COVER DESIGNS.

The sizes here given ARE THE SIZES OF THE PATTERNS, not the sizes of the sheets of paper on which they are perforated. Each design has plenty of margin. One elegant curved branch of Roses, leaves and buds, 18 inches long by 6 or 7 wide suitable for Kensington, Ribbon work, Outline embroidery or Painting. This pattern alone worth 30 cents. One curved spray of Daisies and Ferns, 18x6 inches, to match Rose spray; the price of this pattern alone is 25 cents. Bouquets for corners, 6 to 10 inches wide, Bachelor's Buttons, Poppies, Roses and Pond Lilies. **TINSEL DESIGNS**—One wide running pattern for single thread 5/8x16 inches. One wide Braiding design, 15x5. One Braiding design, 16x2 1/4 inches. One strip of wide scallops with tassel pendants for borders. **TIDY DESIGNS**—One set of outline designs all new. Girl Jumping Rope, Child Reading large Book, Pretty Little Girl with Kitten. One set of flower designs, 6 to 10 in. wide: Roses, Daisies, large Poppy, Lilies, etc. **MISCELLANEOUS DESIGNS**—One design for fir slumber pillow, "Dreams of the Forest." Six designs for Doilies: Cherries, Plums, Peaches, Pears, etc. Cup and Saucer, Sugar Bowl, etc., for Tray Cloths, etc. Lots of other designs for various uses, in Embroidery and Painting, consisting of flowers, sprigs, ferns, birds, etc.

Tissue Paper Flower Outfit.



Given for only 5 trial subscribers at 10 cents each.

The latest craze, and a very pleasant occupation. Our outfit consists of Book of Instructions for making paper flowers, our 60 samples of imported tissue and flower papers, samples of flowers made up patterns and materials. Everything complete. Book of instructions gives every possible and minute detail, so clearly that any person can, with a little practice become an expert in this fascinating and beautiful art.



Secure 5 trial subscribers and we will send this outfit postpaid. The regular price of this outfit has always been 50 cents. We now offer it for sale for only 35c. We are using many of them for premiums; at 35 cents each we ought to sell thousands of them during the next three months.

DICKEN'S WORKS!

Any one volume given for only 10 trial subscribers at 10 cents each.



The books are all handsomely bound, good print and good paper, and are sold in all book stores for \$1.50 and \$1.75 per volume.

- PICKWICK PAPERS.
- MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT.
- OLIVER TWIST, PICTURES FROM ITALY, AND AMERICAN NOTES.
- NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.
- DAVID COPPERFIELD.
- CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.
- OLD CURIOSITY SHOP AND REPRINTED PIECES.
- BARNABY RUDGE AND HARD TIMES.
- BLEAK HOUSE.
- LITTLE DORRIT.
- DOMBEY & SON.
- CHRISTMAS BOOKS, UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER, AND ADDITIONAL CHRISTMAS STORIES.
- TALE OF TWO CITIES, AND GREAT EXPECTATIONS.
- OUR MUTUAL FRIEND.
- EDWIN DROOD, SKETCHES, MASTER HUMPHRIES CLOCK, ETC.

These books were considered cheap when reduced to \$1.00. Now we offer to sell them for only 35c. postage 10 cents, mailed to any address in the United States for only 45 cents. A splendid holiday present for very little money.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

Given for a club of only 12 trial subscribers at 10 cents each.



The demand for this book seems unabated, although it has been read by the whole civilized world during the last 35 years.

The Uncle Tom's Cabin which we offer contains an introduction which gives a vivid idea of the way in which this wonderful novel was written, and of the way in which it was received by famous men and women.

Full of striking incident, strongly drawn characters and thrilling scenes, it cannot but appeal to the mind and heart of every reader. In some parts the tragedy is so strong and fierce that every word burns itself upon our brain. Yet sometimes in the midst of sorrow Mrs. Stowe brings in a grotesquely humorous incident, as when, in pursuit of Eliza, one of the slaves by his sharp wit so manœuvres that he succeeds in getting the slave-owner on the wrong track.

We offer it for sale for only \$1.00, and will send it postpaid to any address.

HANDSOME SCHOOL BAG.

Given for only 24 trial subscribers, at 10 cents each; or, given for only 12 trial subscribers and 60 cents extra.

Makes a Splendid Present

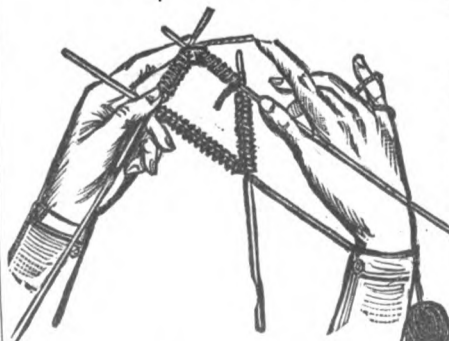
PRICE, \$1.50 when sold separately.



Double School Bag made of cloth with a bunch of daisies on one end and initial on the other. They come in either dark green or blue, and are very handsome and popular just now with all the boys and girls. Postage and packing always 15 cents extra.

HOW TO KNIT AND WHAT TO KNIT.

Given for only 5 trial subscribers at 10 cents each.



This is the best book yet published on Fancy Knitting. It teaches how to knit, giving descriptions clear, concise, and easily understood. Everything illustrated. Shows cuts and gives Five Different Ways of casting on stitches. Tells how to knit plain knitting, and to purl or seam, how to pick up a stitch, and how to repair a half-knitted stitch; gives two ways to increase, tells how to slip a stitch, how to narrow, how to cast off and how to join ends; gives careful directions for knitting stockings, gives different ways of forming the heels and toes. Tells how to insert a new heel and sole in an old worn stocking; gives directions for common and artistic darning that will imitate the knitted stitch. Gives directions for numerous styles for fancy borders for stockings, mittens, etc., etc.; squares for quilts, afghans, and many other things.

Sent postpaid, to any address for only 20 cents when purchased. Never before sold for less than 25 cents, usual price has been 25 cents; our price is but 20 cents.

[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.] "DROPPING IN TO TEA."

BY FRANCES N. BUTLER.

"My dear," said my wife, entering the room where I sat enjoying an arm-chair and a newspaper, "suppose we spend this evening in a social way with our friends—the Browns."

I felt inclined to demur. My business had fatigued me, and I was very comfortable where I was.

"Do they expect us?" I asked. "No, not particularly; but you know how often they beg us to come, and only last week they spent the evening with us, and urged us to return the visit very soon."

While Mrs. Smith was speaking I observed that she had donned extra attire, and particularly that she had on a new and very becoming cap. Unwilling to disappoint her, after perceiving that her plans were matured, I expressed my willingness to accompany her, not, however, I must confess, without some regret at leaving our own comfortable fireside and the oysters I had provided for supper.

Five minutes more, and we were on our way. Somehow—by sympathy, I suppose—by this time I was quite infected with my wife's desire to go visiting. As we passed along we reflected on the pleasure we were about to confer and receive, nor was it possible altogether to omit a thought of the entertainment of which we would presently partake, for surely, on such an occasion, when our coming had long been despaired of, the fatted calf would be served.

Occupied with reflections of this nature, we were fully within the house of Mr. Brown before we inquired of the servant whether Mr. and Mrs. Brown were at home. The girl hesitated, seemingly taken aback by the confidence of our entree, but said they were and ushered us into a chill sitting-room, which seemed never to have been warmed by the blaze of hospitality. My first impulse had been to lay aside my hat, and unbutton my great-coat, but the chilly atmosphere of the room stayed my hand. I observed, also, that my wife—like the man in the fable, when the Northwind strove with the Sun—drew her wrappings more closely around her.

But ere a whisper of our incipient disappointment could pass between us, Mrs. Brown entered with a surprised and flurried air, which she in vain endeavored to conceal in greeting us. But, alas! poor Mr. Brown! he was quite ill—taken suddenly a few hours ago, and was now endeavoring to repose, by the advice of the Doctor, who had just left the house.

"It will be such a disappointment to him when he hears you have been here. He would have been so glad to see you. I hope you will certainly come again very soon."

Although the predominant idea in our minds was the hopelessness of supper in this quarter, of course we betrayed no feeling but sympathy with the sudden illness of our friend and regret at having called at so inopportune a time. Our only desire was now to relieve Mrs. Brown of our presence, and ourselves of the icy coldness of the room, which was piercing to our very bones. We, therefore, retired amid a shower of regrets and condolences on both sides, only ending when the hall door shut behind us with a sound which seemed to say "How glad I am to be rid of you!"

Once more in the street, we walked along quite soberly for a few minutes. By this time we had expected to be snugly seated with friends delighted to welcome us. The reverse was bitter, and could hardly be realized. A vision of oysters and home flashed through my mind, but being now fairly embarked on a visiting tour, return in defeat was not to be thought of. This evening we must spend in some other house than our own, come what might.

"Well," presently said my wife, "as we are out, let's go to see the Jacksons." I met Mrs. Jackson, the other day, and she said she was almost tired of asking us to come to see them—we might come when we would."

Off we went to try the Jacksons. On ringing the bell at this hospitable mansion the door flew open as if by enchantment. On inquiring if the family was at home we received a surprised affirmative. We now perceived by the quantity of coats and hats in the hall, and the murmur of conversation clearly audible, that the Jacksons were entertaining a party, and that the servant thought us invited guests. Our only object now was to effect a speedy and honorable retreat, but just then Mrs. Jackson crossed the hall and saw us. She came forward with great cordiality to greet us.

pointments, now again reviving. Our knock at the door produced a strange sort of rushing sound, which caused us to look apprehensively at each other, and when after some delay the door was finally opened, I caught a glimpse of a figure in dishabille hastily ascending the stairs, while a low, anxious whispering was faintly heard. We were ushered into a room which seemed to have been the scene of recent turmoil of some kind, as everything showed a sort of disorder, and the sofa was heaped with travelling bags, umbrellas and wraps. Before we were seated we heard our advent announced in the next room to the ladies of the house, one of whom began at once to scold the servant for admitting any one at that late hour, when she knew, or ought to have known, that they were to start on their journey early the next morning, and were not yet done packing.

"And a pretty room they have been shown into!" said another, in a voice which, meant to be low, was yet shrill and penetrating. "And who are they, anyway? But of course you did not ask their names," she continued, in a tone of bitter irony. Then followed some rapid questions as to our appearance, from the replies to which one young lady presently inferred, "It must be those Smiths! Mary, you are dressed; do go in and see them. What in the world can have brought them out to-night?"

Miss Mary came in with great show of cordiality. We had, however, had quite enough of the Jones's. "Those Smiths!" The phrase was gall and wormwood. My wife hastily made up a story (a pious fraud) that we only called on our way home from the house of another friend, to inquire about a servant, etc. It was with some difficulty that we withdrew from the importunate hospitality of Miss Mary who, the more earnestly we refused to remain, more eagerly desired us to do so. That was impossible. We made our exit, and the best of our way home, where, comfortably seated by our own cheerful fireside, my wife and I agreed that "General invitations mean nothing in particular."

ESTABLISHED 1801. BARRY'S TRICOPHEROUS

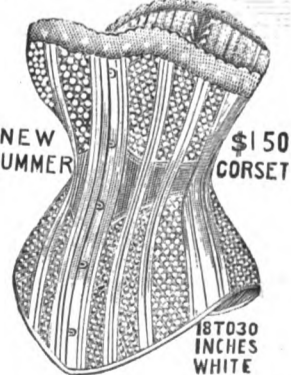


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Advertisement for F. M. Lupton's New York Publishing House. Text: 'ALL SENT FREE F. M. Lupton's New York Publishing House was established nearly fifteen years ago, and during all the intervening time it has maintained such a high reputation for integrity and fair dealing that it is now endorsed by nearly all the leading newspapers of America, and this fact should be sufficient to convince the most incredulous that no matter how many fraudulent and deceptive offers are made by unscrupulous and dishonest advertisers, any announcement of this old-established and well-known house is worthy of all confidence and credit. We publish books and periodicals of a high order of merit, and just now, wishing to introduce our popular publications into thousands of homes where they are not already known, we have decided to make the following colossal offer: We will send our mammoth 16-page, 64-column Illustrated Literary and Family per, 'The People's Home Journal'—without exception the very best and most interesting literary paper published, each number being filled with Serial and Short Stories, Sketches and Poems, by the best writers both of America and Europe, Useful and Instructive Articles upon many Subjects, Beautiful Illustrations, Ladies' Fancy Work, Puzzles, Games, Reading for the Young, Cooking and other Recipes, Wit and Humor—we will send this charming paper to any address Six Months for only Twenty-five Cents in postage stamps or silver, and to every subscriber we will also send, Free and post-paid, all the following: One copy of Longfellow's Poems; one copy of Whittier's Poems; one copy of the Life of Gen. Ulysses S. Grant; a book entitled 'The Road to Wealth,' which tells how all may make money; a book of irresistibly funny sketches, by 'Joshua Allen's Wits,' entitled 'A Pleasure Exertion'; one complete 'Manual of Etiquette for Ladies and Gentlemen'; one new and valuable Cook Book; a complete novel by Marlen Harland, entitled 'A Bartered Life'; a complete novel by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, entitled 'An Old Man's Sacrifice'; a complete novel by Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., entitled 'The Old Oaken Chest'; a complete novel by Mrs. Henry Wood, entitled 'Moat Grantee'; a complete novel by Wilkie Collins, entitled 'The Guilty River'; 6 Beautiful Engravings, 60 Portraits of Famous Men, 25 Portraits of Famous Women, 41 Fancy Work Designs, 300 Puzzles, Riddles and Conundrums, 100 selections for Autograph Albums, 100 Popular Songs, 100 Money-making Secrets, 69 Parlor Games, 83 Tricks in Magic, 58 Amusing Experiments, 26 Popular Recitations, The Language of Flowers, Golden Wheel Fortune-Teller, Dictionary of Dreams, Guide to Harriet's Firsition, Love's Telegraph, Magic Age Table, Morse Telegraph Alphabet, Magic Square, Seven Wonders of the World, Map of the United States, Dead and Dumb Alphabet, and a Calendar for the Current Year. Remember, 25 cents pays for all the above and THE PEOPLE'S HOME JOURNAL for six months. We guarantee four times the value of money sent, and if you are not satisfied, write us and we will return your money. Five subscriptions, with all the premiums to each, sent for one dollar. Address, F. M. LUPTON, Publisher, No. 65 Murray St., New York.

Advertisement for The New Home Sewing Machine Co. Text: 'DO YOU WISH TO BUY A SEWING MACHINE THAT EXCELS ALL OTHERS? ADDRESS The New Home Sewing Machine Co 28 Union Square, N. Y.' Includes illustration of a sewing machine.

Advertisement for Facial Blemishes. Text: 'FACIAL BLEMISHES. the Largest Establishment in the World for their Treatment. Facial Development, Hair and Scalp, Superfluous Hair, Birth Marks, Moles, Warts, Moth, Freckles, Wrinkles, Red Nose, Acne, Pimples, Bl'k Heads, Scars, Pitting, etc., and their treatment. Send 10c. for book of 50 pages, 4th edition. Dr. JOHN H. WOODRUFF, 27 North Pearl St., Albany, N. Y. Established 1870. Inventor of Facial Appliances, Springs, etc. Six Parlors.

Advertisement for Complexion Viola-Cream. Text: 'COMPLEXION DR. HEBRA'S VIOLA-CREAM Without injury positively removes Freckles, Livermoles, Pimples and blemishes of the skin. Is not a wash or powder to cover defects, but a remedy to cure. At druggists or securely mailed, for 50c. G. C. BITTNER & Co., Toledo, O.' Includes illustration of a woman's face.

Advertisement for Conklin's Manual of Useful Information. Text: 'A \$10 BOOK FOR 25c. Conklin's Manual of Useful Information and World's Atlas contains the cream of a whole library. Everybody delighted with this vast storehouse of practical knowledge on practical subjects. It has a million facts of great value to everyone. 50 Full-Page Colored Maps and description of every country in the world. It is a handsome volume of 440 pages bound in silk cloth, and contains everything that you need to know. Nearly half a million sold in 8 months. We guarantee no such book has ever before been published, and will refund the money to anyone dissatisfied. PAGES AGENTS wanted everywhere. One agent sold 2800 copies in Washington. Another 700 in Springfield. Send 25c. for agents terms and a copy bound in limp cloth, or 50c. for a copy in library style. J. A. & F. R. Conklin, Publishers, Philadelphia, Pa.' Includes illustration of the book.

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[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.] TWO BEDROOMS.

BY ELLA BODMAN CHURCH.

The first one was known as the Double Barrel-ed Room; but a person who makes numerous suggestions which I do not think of following, said that instead of "double barrel-ed" it should be called an indefinitely barrel-ed room.

We wanted a summer cottage, where we could board with ourselves and have the freedom of the house; but the person who makes suggestions made here the unpleasant one that the need of furniture was a lion in the way that would effectually bar us out of this summer Paradise.

As a general thing, it is wise to ignore lions, and I walked directly over this one. "Given the cottage," said I, "a reasonable amount of straw matting, and an unreasonable amount of barrels, with \$50 in money, and I will engage to get up a home that shall far exceed our former summer quarters in comfort and fall below them in expense."

A gem of a habitation was found, as picturesque as if it had walked out of a story, in a region of country unknown to fame, and somewhat difficult of access. But this made it all the better for our plan, and the rent was almost nothing a year. Eggs, butter, and milk were ridiculously cheap, and life there was fully worth the living, if only to see upon how little it could be done.

I developed a morbid appetite for barrels, which the suggestive person sawed to the improvement of his muscle, and put into shape for my artistic efforts. It appeared to him that he had all the work and I had all the glory; and between us we certainly produced some very creditable furniture.

This table was made by standing two barrels on their heads at a proper distance apart, and nailing on them the bottom and one side of a packing-box. The side was against the wall, and the bottom formed the table part. Both were smoothly covered with some very cheap cretonne, in green pink and red on a soft gray ground.

A single barrel, also standing on its head, had a board nailed on which served for a table; and this had a cover of pink canton flannel, with a border and center-piece of the cretonne, and cut fringe of the same. No one, without seeing it, would believe how pretty it was.

The plain matting was supplemented with a small square Kensington rug that I had surreptitiously brought, with other things too numerous to mention, in the multitudinous boxes that accompanied me; and with a prettily-draped bed, that started in life as a spring-cot, and a constant succession of the season's wild flowers in quaint pitchers, my double-barreled room was a most attractive-looking place.

Such a room, with a few additions and improvements, or even without them, would be quite appropriate in a small city house, or any where, indeed, where economy is necessary; and, often, too, it will look in better taste than another room on which many times its cost had been expended.

Blue is a favorite color in the furnishing of pretty bedrooms; and there is a certain harmony in a Morning Glory bedroom—a reminder, as it were, of the early rising habit of this early-to-bed flower, that makes the conceit quaint and poetical.

The idea is not at all a difficult one to carry out for those who paint and embroider,—and who, in these days, does not? Nowhere can a deft handling of brush or needle be brought in to more telling use than in the decoration of such a room, as it is almost impossible to find what is needed already made and provided. There is an exceeding grace and delicacy about the blossom that demands corresponding treatment for a room so named; and as an initiatory step, pink-flushed walls and white-enameled woodwork, "picked out" with dull gold, would make a good background.

For door panels a pale pink ground, with sprays of blue and white Morning Glories—and pale blue, with the various shades of pink blossoms, from palest peach to magenta—would be very effective. The flowers might be painted, embroidered, or cut out of cretonne—if such

cretonne, more rare than a four-leaved clover, can be found. Anything like a vine lends itself very gracefully to panel decoration, and these Morning Glory doors would aid largely in beautifying the room.

A draped dressing table might be the next point of attack; and lace over blue silk would be quite in harmony with the dainty character of the room. The mirror frame should be of white enamel, painted with blue and pink Morning Glories. Charming window curtains could be made of cream colored satine, having horizontal bands of pale blue decorated with pink blossoms; and if the mantel is not too pretty to hide, a cover with valance showing the same decoration, would carry out the general design.

The ceiling of the room should properly be painted in cream color, with sprays of the graceful blossoms in corners and center; but where expense must be avoided, pale blue, with pink and magenta and dull gold in cornice mouldings, would have a very good effect. Morning Glory panels, in place of a dado, would be quite in character,—the same rules to be followed as in the door-paneling.

Furniture of cherry in its natural light color, upholstered with pale blue, would make a handsome and harmonious combination, while a lounge pillow, embroidered with Morning Glories, a footstool ditto, and various other dainty touches could be introduced to good advantage. Among these finishing touches is a handsome bed-cover made in alternate stripes of blue and cream colored satine—the cream-colored ones being embroidered with pink Morning Glories, and finished with a trimming of wide lace.

For floor covering a large rug in cream-color, olive, pink and blue—the quality to correspond with the style of furnishing—would look particularly well, as would also a carpet of Moccotte ravelings in the various shades of pink.

"All very well for those who can afford it," exclaims the owner of an exceedingly slender purse, "but Morning Glory rooms are not for me." Not with just these materials; but Morning Glory rooms can be had on a very modest scale.

Let the enameled and dull gold woodwork go, and paint in pale olive or light golden-brown. Get a low-priced paper with a tinge of pink in it, and let a narrow frieze do duty for a variegated cornice. If one can paint, the cost of the door-panels need not count—if not, the flowers can be outlined on inexpensive satine. The dressing-table can be prettily draped with blue silesia, with an overdress of thin muslin, or cheap lace, and a judicious disposition of blue ribbons; while the window curtains may be of fine unbleached muslin, with bands of blue satine, painted or embroidered with Morning Glories. Mantel cover and bedspread to match.

Cottage furniture can be ordered from a factory, having a cream-colored, or pale blue ground, and decorated with Morning Glories; but if the purchaser is able to do this herself, the effect will be more satisfactory. A suitable Brussels, or even ingrain carpet of choice pattern and coloring can be made into a nice rug, and straw matting, with two or three small rugs laid on it, would look very well. A lounge covered with light blue felt in alternate stripes with Morning Glory cretonne, will be found very effective; and altogether, such a room would have an air at once cool, dainty, and attractive, breathing of peaceful repose.

Advertisement for HOYT'S GERMAN COLOGNE. Includes an illustration of a woman's face and a bottle of cologne. Text: 'THESE BOOK MARKS WILL KEEP YOUR PLACE WHEN READING AND HOYT'S GERMAN COLOGNE SEND 2¢ STAMP FOR 4'.

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Advertisement for Every Woman. Text: 'Every Woman will welcome the Hartman Patent Steel Wire Door Mat. It scrapes snow or mud instantly from the feet. Doesn't require shaking or sweeping. Made of steel wire; neat, strong, and will last. This is the original Steel Mat, and the BEST. For more about it write to H. W. HARTMAN, Beaver Falls Pa. 118 Chambers Street, NEW YORK; 107 Dearborn St., CHICAGO.'

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