

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

And Practical Housekeeper...

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(For the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.) JOSIAH AND SAMANTHA ON THE STREET CAR.

BY JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE.

Josiah sold the yearlin' heifer at a good profit, and the 3-year-old colt, and he proposed to me that he and me should go up to New York village on a short tour.

I wuz agreeable, very agreeable to the idea, goin' on towers wuz always uplittin' to me, and my pardner is the man I love, so I sot store on havin' a first-rate time. Though there wuz one thing that worried me. Josiah talked such a sight about fashion, and high life, and said he wanted to enter into 'em.

I tried to hold him back and keep him from the idea. But no, he wuz bound out. He said he yearned to launch out into fashion, and he didn't know a better place to begin, than the village of New York, and says he:

"I do want to be genteel, Samantha, and show off some. I do want to be fashionable."

Says I, "Josiah give up the idea. Don't try to be fashionable at your age, and with your heft."

"Why," says he, "my heft is just right for it. I can get round easy. I feel light; I believe, Samantha," says he, "almost weightless! I believe the fearful words to me, 'I believe I could dance if I sot out to.'"

Says I in accents of horror, "What will you take it into your head to do next? Dance! where is your conscience, Josiah, Allen?"

"Right in the old place, Samantha; it hain't stirred a peg, nor hain't a goin' to. And I didn't say I wuz goin' to dance, only that I could dance if I wanted to—mehinks I could waltz."

I groaned, and rithed. He wuz touched by my sorrow, and says:

"I hain't a goin' to waltz, Samantha, most probable I hain't; I only mentioned the little fact merely to give you a idea of the state of my mind, and legs."

Says I without lookin' up from my work, (I wuz darnin' his heel) "They are small, all three on 'em."

"You never encourage me, Samantha, in any of my enterprizes, but this, I am determined to carry through. I am goin' to be genteel and fashionable, for a spell, anyway, and I don't know a better place for it than the village of New York. For what can you do in the way of fashion and high life in Jonesville? I tell you, Samantha, it is discouragin', a man can't spread himself here as he wants to, a man can't show off to any advantage."

Says I again, in solemn accents, "Josiah Allen, at your age and with your rheumatiz, I wouldn't try to show off."

Says I in a low and almost camp-meetin' tone, "It would be more becomin' in you and in me, to try to get ready for the other world that we are travelin' so fast towards, than to show off in this."

"Wall, one world at a time, is my motto, Samantha. When I get into the other world it will be time enough to look round and see what I can do."

Says I, "Josiah Allen, such talk is neerly if not quite, wicked, and you a professor."

"Wall, I calculate to have a good time while I am here, and I lay out to see fashion and high life."

Oh! how he kep a comin' back to that subject. It gauled me, but I thought as so very many female pardners do, that it wuz best to try and conceal the gaul.

Wall, when our 2 minds wuz fully made up about embarkin' on our tour, Josiah Allen begun to talk about puttin' up to his cousins, Susan Filkins. Says he, "She will be tickled to death to see us, and we owe her lots of visits."

But I hung back, and says I, "I guess Susan will live if we don't visit her, and Miss Asterses tavern is my choice. Though," says I dreamily, "I don't know but I ort to send her word we are comin', for she is gettin' considerable along in years, and can't get round so spry as she used to, and if she don't happen to be baked up, she may feel mortified, but," says I, "I'll run the chance, for if I let her know she might go beyond her strength, and do more than she ort to, for one of her years, and I don't want to make her trouble."

So we didn't send her no word, but sot sail entirely unexpected and unbeknown, on the next Tuesday mornin' after layin' on the plan 2 days and 3 nights.

Goin' entirely for pleasure, and not lukes, or trouble, I laid out to dress easy, and not destroy my comfort by my clothin', or too great quantities of baggage. Though Josiah Allen did insist on takin' various neckties of variegated and strange colors, more than there wuz any need of, and I told him so. But he said in a blind way that there wuz any too many, or too curious colors for the age he had in view.

And I groaned, and let him have his way, and went to packin' my own portmanteau. We only took two, each one of us a carryin' one in our own hands.

I looked well. Though I s'pose not what you might call gorgeous. I had on a new parmetty, in color a London brown, trimmed with lace knife platin' round the bottom. A good, honorable-lookin' bunnet, that stood out some over my forehead, and I hemmed over my long green veil, and when that is tied over my bunnet and hangs down in long graceful folds at one side, it gives a noble appearance to my mean that no other store clothes can. It makes my presence sort of imposin', yet graceful.

I had on a wadded mantilly with tabs. I like tabs. I had good black woostered gloves, new ones, that showed off to good advantage, as I grasped in one of 'em the portmanteau, and in the other my faithful umbrella.

We disembarked at the Grand Central depo, a good sizable buildin' about the size of Jonesville and Lontown. But there wuz too many folks in it for comfort that day. I presume to say, though I didn't ask no questions, but I presume to say that there wuz some funeral a goin' on, or some public doin's. Such a sight of men and women! And I dare presume to say, though I didn't ask no questions, and don't know positive—that they all on 'em got belated a doin' up their work in

"She that wuz Susan Allen!" he repeated, in amazement.

"Yes," says I, "Miss Filkins that now is."

"Wall," says he, "Miss Filkins is in."

"Loosey Jane!" says he.

"Yes," says I, "her girl."

"Named after her grandmother," says Josiah.

"Oh! Miss Jennie," says the man. "Yes, Miss Jennie is at home."

"Wall," says I, "will you tell 'em, that Josiah Allen and his wife from Jonesville are here, and want to see 'em."

The man went out, and Josiah says eger, "how overjoyed Susan will be. I hope he won't tell her too sudden that we have come. Joy sometimes kills," says he.

I told him I guessed there wuzn't any danger that way.

And then we sot kinder still, a waitin' for what seemed to be hours, and hours. And finally I spoke up and says, "I guess you wuz 'more skairt than hurt' about Susan, she don't seem to be in any perticular hurry to see us."

Says he, with a anxious look, "I believe she's overcome by her feelin's. I am afraid the man didn't break the good news to her cautious."

face me, I see plain how she wuz dressed, or ruther how she wuzn't dressed. I wuz dumb-founded. I stood stun still in front of her, with my head thrown a little back, and my hands clasped in front of me. And I'll bet I looked as distent to her, as she did to me. She wuz a lookin' on me then, about as distent I should say, as from our house to Lontown, and I wuz glad on't. I should be ashamed to be on close and intimate terms with anybody who wore a dress like that. Her face wuz pretty, pretty as a doll. But her dress wuz indecent—indecent.

And after givin, her that one long look, I turned slowly round on my heel (or heels) and went out of the room.

But she spoke to a girl who wuz a standin' by with a cap on. (I s'pose she had forgot to take her night-cap off, for she wuz too young to wear caps) and says she, in that far-away tone of hers: "Show this lady to mama's room."

So I followed the girl into another lofty, splendid room, and there stood Susan Filkins, the very picture of agony and distress. For an instant I thought "Mebby Josiah Allen wuz right, mebby she is overcome by her feelin's. But I gave up that idea at once, for she wuz just about as cordial as Loosey Jane had been, and shook my hand

about twice and a half back and forth, and says she:

"I would see you for a moment, anyway. We are just a goin' out, and I hope you'll excuse me if I keep on dressin'."

I says "Yes, keep right on a dressin', it is the best thing you can do," says I dryly. For if you'll believe it, her dress wuz as low as Loosey Jane's, and looked far worse—far more indecent—than wuz slim and slender, but Susan bein' so big boned, and her hips and shoulders wuz so broad, and her waist been drawn in so tight, she wuz a sight to behold, a sight

Yes, that waist wuz a curious and a solemn sight—it sot in so strange-like, from the exuberant fullness on each side on't.

And as I stood a lookin' on in deep amazement, she loosened the waist at the bottom, and went to pullin' the corset strings strings still tighter.

And as I looked on that hazardous sight, I forgot her cool actions towards me, I forgot her indecent dress, I forgot everything but, her perill, and my pity for her. And I says, in almost tremulous accents:

"Susan Filkins, I feel bad to see you draw yourself in so," says I. "Some day you will draw too far, and then you will be sorry. What do you do it for?" says I.

"I want to taper," says she in faint accents, and a holdin' up to her sides.

I says, "I have always noticed that them that taper so at the waist, their minds sort of taper too, kinder dwindle down, and taper off small."

I don't s'pose she hardly heard my words, she wuz that took up with her job. And I went down and joined my companion. And he says, the first thing:

"Wuz Susan perfectly overcome by her joy at seein' us again?"

And I told him in sort of a blind way, "that I guessed her enjoyment wouldn't kill her."

And I made him go, though he wuz unwilling to leave, I a tellin' him I would tell him all about our interview at another time. And says I, "We shan't more than get to Miss Asterses now, by supper time, and it will make her lots of trouble, if we hain't got in time."

"Oh!" says he, "most probable you are right, and I can come here another time."

So we sot out, walkin' afoot.

Wall, we down that street, and turned off on another, and we see everybody and ere too, and everything, and more, far more. Men and women and children, and horses, and buggies, and hand organs. And settin' in a doorway just as we turned round the corner, wuz a poor old woman a playin' on an accordeon, and singin'.

And Josiah stopped stun still, and says he: "Do you s'pose, Samantha, she knows the 'Cruel Mother-in-Law' I'd gin a cent quick to hear it?"

Says I, "Don't ask her, Josiah, she has got trouble enough without knowin' that tune."

And I bent down and looked at her in deep sympathy. Poor old creature, humbly and ragged, and with such a voice to carry round, and such a accordeon!

But Josiah says, "I must ask her, Samantha, if she knows the 'Cruel Mother-in-Law' it will kind of show sympathy for her."

And I says, "You had much better gin her a quarter. It will do her more good, and ere an immense and almost hazardous speed. And anon he lifted up his cane, a butnut stick that he had baked himself, and punted to a long gay-looking carriage and says:

"There goes a millionaire. They are enjoyin' life. If I wuz rich, I could own such a carriage



the mornin', they all seemed to be in such a hurry, and afraid they shouldn't get there in time, afraid the funeral would be over before they got there.

Wall, Josiah thought he could walk to Miss Asterses. This wuz his first visit to the village, and I knew he didn't know how fur it wuz. But he insisted, and we sot out.

Wall, Susan Filkins, Josiah's 3d cousin, lived right on our way to Miss Asterses, and so I consented to stop there for a little while, says Josiah. It would make her so happy. Why," says he, "her feelin's would be cut to the quick if we didn't stop. Don't you know, Samantha," says he, "how cordial she and Loosey Jane invited us to come when they wuz a visitin' Jonesville summer before last? And," says he, "burstin' anybody's feelin's, is what I hate to do, Samantha. Susan is tender-hearted, and she might not get over it for some time. She is troubled with heart disease," says he, "and the blow, if she should hear that we had been to the city and hadn't come to see her, might be too much for her; I wuz always her favorite cousin."

I says "I guess it wouldn't kill her." I had my own ideas, but I kep 'em to myself.

They live in a big stun house, and we went up the steps and rapped, but nobody come to the door, and Josiah says, wantin' to make excuses for her:

"Probable Susan is washin' up the dinner dishes."

But just then a boy went up the steps with a bundle in his hand, and went to foolin' a little with the door trimmin's, as boys will. And just then a man come to the door. He wuz a sort of a pompos-lookin' man. But used as well, but distent.

Josiah seemed sort of bashful and awed by him. But, good land! I wuzn't skairt by him; I asked him in a cool dignified tone "If she that wuz Susan Allen lived there, and if she wuz to hum."

Wall, in the fulness of time, (full as it could be) the man came back, and says he to me:

"Miss Filkins says, 'Seein' you are only goin' to stay a few minutes,' (we hadn't said a word to that effect)," she will ask you to come right up to her room; she is dressin' for a party."

I got up, and Josiah did to. But I motioned him back firmly. And the man looked at him horrified. But he says "Samantha, Susan will be cut to the heart if she don't see me. Why, she made me promise sacred to come."

She and her ma had spent weeks to our house in the summer, when they wuz a visitin' round amongst their relatives. And she had seemed to just worship Josiah and me, and the country, all three on us.

But she did not seem to recognize me in the least, and she said sumthin' to the man, and the boy with the bundle, and then wuz a goin' into her room, and I says:

"Loosey Jane, don't you know me?"

"Oh!" says she, "I didn't see you, I wuz in such a hurry." And then she put out her hand and took hold of mine, in a dretful loose way, and shook my hand about 2 or 3 times back and forth, I should say. (When she had parted with me in the country she had both her arms round my neck, and hugged me, and kissed me on both cheeks.)

But now she says, in a sort of a cool distent way, (about as distent as from our house to Flushing Haggidones) "How well you are a lookin' you want to see mama, don't you? You can come right through my room."

She led the way in, and then as she turned to

and take my wife and children out a ridin'." The man and woman who owned it wuz inside. We could see 'em through the winders. But if you'll believe it, just as Josiah said this the carriage stopped and the coachman out in front sort o' begoned to us to come and get in.

I wuz goin, to hang back, and says I: "We don't know the gentleman at all that owns the carriage, why should he take us out a ridin'?"

But Josiah whispered back: "It is always so. I always get attention wherever I go; don't hang back, Samantha, and mortify me, as long as I am your husband, you will have to appear more or less in fashionable life. Come on."

So rather than be left alone, I followed him. He felt neat.

The man that owned the carriage wuz settin' up straight and genteel inside, and so wuz his wife. But they sot on different sides of the carriage, and I says to Josiah, "For married folks, they seem to be dreftful sort o' cool and distant to each other, they don't act much as you and I do when we are out a ridin'."

I always want to set up kinder close to Josiah, and talk. But Josiah whispered back: "It is the ways of fashionable life, Samantha. It is fashionable to be sort o' cool to your pardners." And he lifted up his chin and looked down sort o' distent at me, and I see he wuz a beginnin' to practice. And says I: "Josiah, are you a goin' to begin to be distent and cold to your Samantha?"

"Wall," says he with a sort of a genteel axent that wuz a perfect stranger to him:

(To be continued.)

FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.
THE KINDERGARTEN.

BY ANNA W. BARNARD.

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The twenty "gifts and occupations" used in the kindergarten, may be divided into five groups. The first group comprises the first six gifts, in which variously shaped solids are the objects of study; and deals, therefore, with the forms of solids. The children first learn the forms of sphere, cylinder and cube, and recognize, name, and count their surfaces, edges, points, etc. Then, by division of the cube, they make combinations of its parts in building. Counting and measuring by the eye, and the elements of numbers are prominent in all the groups, but especially so in the first one. The gifts belonging to each group will be treated separately, beginning with the

SOLIDS,
THE FIRST GIFT,
THE BALL.

The simplest and most perfect form in nature, and the one in which all other forms are contained; viz.: the ball, or sphere, is the first form Froebel would have presented to children. His first gift consists of six small, rubber balls; each one covered with a net-work of zephyr having one of the rainbow colors; viz.: violet, blue, green, yellow, orange and red. To each ball is attached a cord of corresponding color. These balls are used in the nursery to amuse and entertain very young children, even babies, who cannot in any way be injured by them, and to whom they are a great delight, because they are bright, small, round, soft, light, and easy to grasp and hold.

By swinging the ball from its cord, babies may be taught the meaning of up and down, near and far, slowly and quickly; of resting, rolling, hopping, etc. But one ball should be given at a time, and first, the red one, its bright color being most likely to attract attention. It is to be called the red ball, that the impression of the word red on the ear, shall be simultaneous with the impression of the color on the eye. Another color is not to be shown till a clear impression of the first one is gained, and then a contrast is given in the blue ball; when these two colors can be readily distinguished, the yellow ball is given, and then all three balls together, and the baby learns to choose his colors. Afterward, give green, orange and purple, one at a time, observing the same care as before, and each time associating the color with the word that names it. Very little ones may be taught to pass the ball from one hand to another, keeping time to a little song which the mother sings.

When at the age of three years, the babies leave the nursery for the kindergarten, they hail with joy the familiar ball, the first and favorite plaything. It is difficult to realize that the attention of a class of three-year-olds can be held for half an hour each week, simply by the aid of the colored balls, and in proving the fact, we are always surprised to witness the ever-fresh delight which the gift brings in its weekly visit.

In examining the ball, and trying to find out its qualities, the children will make many errors in speech, giving opportunities for correction in pronunciation, enunciation, etc. Whatever is said to or by them, should be pronounced very distinctly and accurately, so as to develop the organs of speech and correct defects of utterance, whether inherited or the result of neglect. If children learn to speak well, they will learn to read well.

The ball represents many objects, its form being found everywhere in nature, from the drop of dew to the planets. From it the children learn properties of form, size, weight, color and motion. In examining its form, they find that it is a perfect round body, like a globe or sphere, without planes, lines or points; that in comparison with other objects its size is large, small or medium, and its weight light or heavy. A word of suggestion reveals the fact that the ball is hollow and filled with air, and that it has an invisible center.

The children learn to distinguish and name the six colors, and by experimenting with different combinations of these, some idea is gained of the harmony of color. To look through colored glasses gives them great delight. Soap-bubbles may also be used in connection with this gift. I once purchased a chemical preparation called "Persistent Soap-Bubbles," which it was said would produce bubbles a foot in diameter, and if protected from a draught of air would last for hours. The bubbles were blown, and threw the flock into an ecstasy of gladness. To watch the rapidly-growing sphere with its shining surface in which they could see the reflection of their own faces, trees, houses, clouds, etc., floating past, with such swift motion, and in such gorgeous colors, was almost too beautiful. To cause such unbounded delight with such small outlay was reward enough, even if the bubbles did not expand into a circumference of quite three feet, and did not last quite sixty minutes by the watch; but as the druggist who sold me the preparation presented me with a handsome tin pipe all "in

the cause of education," I forgave him and allowed him the usual privilege of the advertiser. And then the colors were exquisite! Such depth and brilliancy! Such royal purples and celestial blues! And if all the questions asked during the half hour's play were not answered, it must have been owing to the fact that all the kindergarten's efforts were concentrated on the blowing of the bubbles, and not at all to her inability to answer!

The old method of teaching the children that red, yellow and blue, are primary colors from which secondaries are formed must yield to a new one, for in the words of an authority on the subject, "Modern science has shown that white light is not resolvable into these three primaries. The theory of the three primary colors, red, yellow and blue, has therefore been abandoned, and with them the whole system of so-called secondary and tertiary colors has fallen to the ground. The three primary colors are red, green and violet."

The ball rests and moves, but from its tendency to constant motion, it has been called the "symbol of motion." Different kinds of motion may be illustrated by lifting the ball by its cord, up and down, swiveling it backward and forward, to right and left, in opposite slanting directions, and round and round; by these varied movements showing the direction of vertical, horizontal and oblique lines, and the circle, spiral and helix; also, the points of the compass—North, South, East and West. Motion is also shown by rolling the ball, by dropping it, and allowing it to rebound, by throwing it up and catching it, by drawing it along a plane surface, and by throwing it through the air from one child to another. The ball may also be shown in motion on an immovable body; in motion upon, in or near a movable body;—at rest on an immovable body, or at rest on a movable body, etc.

When the material of the ball is examined; the children very soon learn whether it is worsted or wooden, rubber or marble, or whether its texture is smooth or rough. Elasticity is shown by rebound. Numbers are taught by counting from one to six. Resemblance to fruits in shape, size, weight and color is pointed out. Despatch and precision are gained by the quickness of movement requisite in passing the balls from one to another in certain games. The sense of order is awakened and cultivated by the position of the balls in the box, and in regard to each other. Neatness, regularity and exactness are taught by the manner in which the balls are made and kept; and gentleness and care by the way in which they are handled and used. A sense of harmony is felt on observing the beauty of their shape and color, and by the blending of colors. Last, but by no means least, is the love for the beautiful which is cultivated by the use of this gift, which leads to such close observation of form and color in fruit and flower, and grass and tree, and sunset cloud; and now that we have witnessed the happy marriage of Tone and Color, what harmonies of Light and Sound may not one day be revealed!

When the ball is thrown to the child, he exerts great energy to catch it, and uses great strength to hold it when caught, thus exercising every muscle of his body, in doing which his mental and moral nature also have a share. A sympathy is awakened between him and the ball, as you play with him in a rhythmical way, keeping time to the music and singing. The time should be strongly marked. "Nothing is more harmonious and helpful in a kindergarten than to get hands and feet accustomed to rhythmical motions. Fine music may come later, but a musical, rhythmical atmosphere is a necessity."

It must not be supposed that all of the things enumerated are to be taught to very young children; only as they are able to receive are the benefits of the gift to be dispensed. During the child's first year in the kindergarten, we should be amply satisfied if he learn to distinguish and describe the material, color, form and size, of the balls, remembering in what countless other ways he has been daily and hourly developing. We have seen the eyes brighten as they steadily and regularly followed the movement of the ball swinging to and fro, in imitation of the pendulum; the observation has quickened so as to cause our unbounded wonder, and the little hands that at first could with difficulty hold the ball, have now grown expert and graceful in throwing and catching. If in recognizing and naming the colors, any little philosopher should chance to make a mistake, how many bright eyes are dancing, how many eager voices are calling upon him, pointing out his error, and setting him in the right path! And, does the little one, after the manner of his elders when criticised, look insulted or aggrieved? No, he accepts the help joyfully, thankfully and kindly as it was meant, and thus we all learn a beautiful lesson.

If it be true as has been stated, that one person in fifteen cannot distinguish all of the ordinary colors;—one in fifty-five confounds red with green;—one in sixty, brown with green;—and one in forty-six, blue with green; it will readily be acknowledged how great is the necessity of early training the eye to detect differences in color.

A tailor has been known to patch a black coat with scarlet, and many persons can see no difference in the color of strawberries and their leaves. It is written of Dr. Dalton, the chemist, that he was installed in a red gown, and thought it was blue. Bartholomew, the sculptor, could not distinguish a green curtain from a crimson one. Beginning as a portrait painter, he painted the cheeks of a lady bright green!

Red is said to be the most difficult of all colors to distinguish;—it appears black and green. Green is often mistaken for red and blue. Signal flags of danger and safety used on railroads are of these two colors, red and green, so often confounded with each other. How important then that railroad officials should be able instantly to detect the difference. B. Joy Jeffries, A. M., an authority on color, states, that "Four per cent of males are more or less color-blind, and in females not over one-fourth of one per cent, are thus affected. My own tests of 19,101 males, 801 were color-blind. I found but 11 females among 14,731 defective in their chromatic sense. I found color-blind children of railroad engineers in Boston schools whose one idea was to follow their fathers' employment. In a Savannah school I found two brothers color-blind whose father was a Savannah pilot. The present United States laws would prevent these boys taking up their fathers' professions."

From Miss Peabody's lecture on "The Nursery" I quote this passage: "I believe that color-blindness, (which our army examinations have proved to be as common as want of ear for music,) may be cured by intentional exercise of the organ of sight in a systematic way, just as ear for music may be developed in those who are not born with it."

Froebel has furnished, not only in the first gift, but in all those which succeed it, most charming

aids to this "intentional exercise" of the eye, by the proper use of which aids, may not "color-blindness," as well as many other kinds of blindness come to be of much less frequent occurrence than at present?

After children have spent a short time in the kindergarten, their powers of observation become so quickened that not a piece of zephyr an inch long can fall to the floor unnoticed by them; and contrasting colors to be woven together into mats are chosen, and shades of zephyr are readily matched at a distance. The dresses of the little companions, the carpet, the paper on the wall, each others' ribbons, hair and eyes,—leaves, grass, flowers, whatever has color, is noticed, commented upon and compared with other shades and colors.

"Sounds which address the ear are lost, and die in one short hour; but that which strikes the eye

Lives long upon the mind, the faithful sight Engraves the knowledge with a beam of light."

Perhaps some child has seen a brilliant sunset, whose glory must have left a lasting reflection in the happy face from its expression when telling of the lovely sight; and nearly every one has seen the "bow in the cloud," and wondered at its mystic meaning, as in the lonely Indian forest, the boy Hiawatha wondered, when he

"Saw the rainbow in the heaven, In the eastern sky the rainbow, Whispered, 'What is that, Nokomis? And the good Nokomis answered:

"Tis the heaven of flowers you see there, All the wild flowers of the forest, All the lilies of the prairie, When on earth they fade and perish Blossom in that heaven above us."

Another has seen the sun rise,—"In the East,"—and "he had on a red dress!" And if any stern advocate of the "Old Education," from her seat in the corner should chide me for encouraging the child in falsehood (!) I heed her not, but accept the image given, for if I rudely break it, how know I that I may not debar the world from listening to some future singer, who may rival if he cannot match this royal drapery of the King of Day?

"Forth from his curtatu of clouds, from the tent of purple and scarlet, Issued the Sun, the great High-Priest, in his garments resplendent, Holiness unto the Lord, in letters of light on his forehead, 'Round the hem of his robe, the golden bells and pomegranates,— Blessing the world he came, and the bars of vapor beneath him Gleamed like a grate of brass, and the sea at his feet was a laver!"

So, by a child's toy, the ball, we have been led into the presence of poets, the sunrise and the sunset, and the bow in the cloud. Thus, often, without words, with only an upward glance, if but the heart go with it, the child will follow, where you will, unless indeed, as will oftener happen, you follow him in his joyous journey upward to some ever-widening realm of beauty.

The plant forced to bloom in the stifling air of a hot-house, is not so dear to us as the simple violet, nurtured into beauty and fragrance, by the pure air, and sun, and rain of heaven. So the little seeds that are entrusted to our care, we are to drop gently into the waiting soil—we are to give them all natural, right, pure, true, sweet, gracious, tender influences,—let in the light and air of heaven, water them oft-times, perchance with tears, all the while, not forgetting to remember, that though "Paul may plant, and Apollus may water, yet 'tis God alone who giveth the increase."

In this beautiful Child Garden, hand in hand with Faith and Hope and Love we are to walk and work day by day, with patience watching and waiting for bud and bloom on our precious plants. If it be never ours to look upon a perfect flower, in some sunny future, other eyes and hearts may be gladdened by its beauty. Its fragrance shall arise to Heaven's gates, which open wide, and dews of blessing fall on plant and faithful gardener.

But what does it require to be entirely faithful to this cause we have espoused? Ask, rather, what it does not require, and the question may be sooner answered! Do you grow weary in the conflict? Let me whisper, that in a garden I know, there blooms a little "Heart's-Ease," one look into whose "bright and happy" eyes, makes one gardener, at least, remember, that

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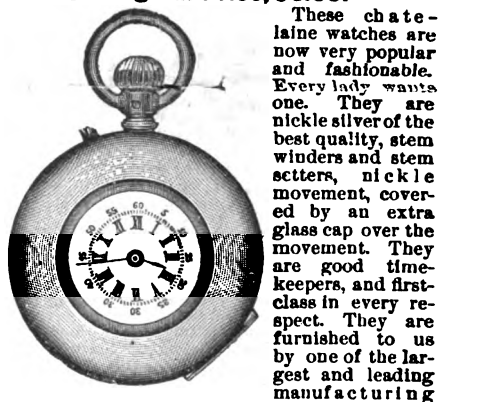
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MARION HARLAND AT HOME.

A Glimpse of Mrs. Mary Virginia Terhune in Her family Circle—Remarkable Success as Author and Editor—Her Knowledge of Home-Making and Housekeeping Not Confined to Books by any Means.



Every woman in the country who reads ever so cursorily the journals and serial publications of the day knows "Marion Harland," but comparatively few among the vast army of readers among the mothers and housewives who depend upon her friendly advice in home-making are acquainted with Mrs. Mary Virginia Terhune, who lives on South Ninth street, in Brooklyn, within easy reach of New York.

"Marion Harland" occupies a handsome four-story brown-stone front house by the side of which is a large garden laid out in picturesque walks among trees, shrubs, and, in their season, beautiful flowers. The spacious drawing-rooms are furnished in delicate tints, in frescoes, carpets and draperies, and back of them is the library, which is crimson. The decoration of the walls and ceiling, which is done in velvet paper laid in folds and framing at the four corners paintings of the "Neapolitan Boy," the "Odalisque," and other rich types, is very effective. In the large bow window looking out upon the pretty yard is a Wardian case filled with palms, ferns and mosses. A spinning-wheel with its bunch of flax stands near the fire-place and upon the wall are hung various engravings, among them those of Longfellow and Washington Irving and his friends, surmounting the book-cases. A writing-table and scrap-basket complete the literary appearance of this room. The atmosphere of the whole house is attractive and comfortable. "Marion Harland" is, indeed, a model housekeeper, for the home environment is made conducive to the enjoyment of the family, with none of the vainglorious insistence upon ways and means which is the discomfort of many a painfully precise management. She is the descendant of a cultivated Virginia family, of a mother gentle, refined and born-anchored with quiet domestic and literary tastes and inherits from her father the plith and earnestness for which her life is distinguished. Her early literary diet was made up of the British classics, with new and then a diversion in reading Rollin's Ancient History. The Spectator, Thompson's "Seasons," Cowper's "Task" and Plutarch's "Lives" furnished light reading until the advent of Graham's and Godey's magazines. Marion Harland's first novel, "Alone," appeared in 1854, of which more than one hundred thousand copies have been sold. Of her "Common Sense" series no reader need be told, as they are found in every home, and have sold more than one hundred and ten thousand in ten years, and the sale is unabated.

Her books, "Our Daughters, What Shall We Do with Them?" a helpful talk with mothers, and "Eve's Daughters," a series of discussions with the girls themselves, in a vein of infinite tact and purity on matters pertaining to the health and highest development of brain and body, have reached many editions.

"Marion Harland" is the wife of the Rev. Edward P. Terhune, the popular pastor of the Bedford Avenue First Reform Church, a genial, magnetic man of splendid physique, standing six feet in his stockings and broad-shouldered in proportion. He is a specimen of muscular Christianity good to see, and is the object, (he sometimes declares the victim,) of the enthusiastic affection and loving familiarity of his family. He once remarked in comic despair when particularly disheveled after a dital melee, "Oh, yes; I am not only hen-pencked, but I am chicken-pecked, as you see." His wife, "Marion Harland" of the cook-books, *Babyhood*, and editor of household departments which appear in various magazines, and are such a boon to women, is a medium sized woman, with a sweet, piquant face, dark hair and eyes sparkling with kindliness and a hopeful view of life.

As, according to Madame de Genlis a woman has nothing to do with dates, it is unnecessary to refer to Mrs. Terhune's age. Suffice to mention that she is the mother of three children. The eldest of them, Mrs. Christine Terhune Herrick, is a lady well known in literary circles not only as the able writer of articles upon the house and home, but as an accomplished linguist and one so thoroughly educated in English literature as to be qualified to grace the chair of that professorship in any college in the country.

Mrs. Herrick sent her first contribution to the press without consulting her parents or trading upon the family name and, as her mother proudly says, owes nothing of her success to the accident of her relationship with "Marion Harland." Mrs. Herrick's work is in such demand that her engagements for 1888 already fill her hands. She is engaged as a regular contributor to the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. The mother and daughter work together in literary matters, as in all things else, in delightful union.

Dr. and Mrs. Terhune believe that every young woman should have some practical means of livelihood and educate their children accordingly. Miss Belle Terhune is a pretty, blue-eyed girl who already finds constant employment for her pen, and the son, a lad of fourteen, is working hard at school, taking time meanwhile to have grown within an inch of his father's heroic stature.

The great sorrow of their lives was the loss of a beautiful girl—a delicate, gifted child—who died from the effects of a fright given her by an ignorant servant. The maid appeared to her young charge at night as a ghost, and so terrified

the imaginative little girl as to throw her into convulsions, from which she never rallied. Dr. Terhune's is a most methodical household. Each day after breakfast the members of the family separate, going to their desks for work or study, and when they meet at luncheon the business of the day is over, and social recreation begins. Dr. and Mrs. Terhune receive Monday evenings, and in their hospitable rooms may be often found many of the most distinguished people of the two cities spanned by the bridge. Mrs. Terhune is a faithful pastor's wife, taking charge of the social interests of the parish, working effectively in fairs and other benevolent schemes, and in her literary work is doubtless one of the busiest women in the country.

"Marion Harland's" work has always possessed a peculiar selling quality, and publishers fight hard to secure her engagements. Since the early days, when she made instant success as the author of "Alone," she has, with few digressions, turned her attention to work for home life. She says of herself that she is "good three-halves mother," and as she certainly compasses work enough for two women we may say that the fourth half of her nature is poetic and artistic. Her poems have touched the hearts of thousands and her hand, in so persevering a use of the pen, does not use its deftness with the brush. But the lady with such versatile gifts says she thinks, if she has any talent, it is in knowing in what line her best work is done. "Most people," says Mrs. Terhune, "want to do the things they are least fitted for. So many a stream which might be a beneficent one if turned into a channel where it could run full and strong, is spread out, thinly covering a large area and rises only in miasma from the marshes it has made. Therefore I keep to my line despite my frequent desires to branch into other channels, confining my efforts within limits where I am sure they do useful work."

"Marion Harland" is blessed with good health, but when the pressure of her busy life becomes too strong, taking all or one or two of her family with her, she flees the town with its excitement to constant endeavor, and goes for a few days rest to their country home named "Sunnyside," not far from Paterson, in the mountains of New Jersey. She was there during the first snow-storm of the season and speaks gratefully of the calm imposed upon her tired brain in looking at the meager fall of the flakes and the pure soft blanket that gently covered the serene world.—*Florine Thayer McCray, in N. Y. World.*

[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.]

THE HEATED TERM IN THE NURSERY.

BY CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK.

The mother who flatters herself that the warm weather heralds a relaxation of her cares, finds herself woefully mistaken. In winter, sudden and alarming as are draughts and changes of temperature, the risks are not half as great as in the summer months. From the former danger the babies can be guarded to a great extent by thorough wrapping and watchfulness, but against the latter more insidious perils even the mother's vigilance is not always proof.

Even putting to one side the dread of possible illness, the comfort of the little ones is difficult of attainment. Starch frocks and an abundance of undergarments are a burden to his tender flesh. The more lightly he can be dressed without exposing him to the chance of being insufficiently clothed, the better for him and for the nurse who has charge of his wardrobe.

The summer toilette of an infant in long dresses is very simple. The flannel or knit band comes first. Without entering here upon a discussion for and against the advisability of bandaging babies, it will at least be conceded that woolen over the bowels is an excellent protection against summer complaint. If the band is knit or crocheted it should be supported by shoulder straps made of wide twilled tape in preference to the worsted shoulder straps. These are apt to be heating to the tender skin and are besides, too liable to stretch. The gauze shirt that goes on next should be high-necked and have three-quarter sleeves reaching about to the elbows. The upper part of the arm, one of the spots most vulnerable to cold, is thus covered.

Over this must be the flannel petticoat and the plain unstarched cambric or mull slip. No linen shirt, no worsted jacket, no embroidery where it is likely to scratch the soft flesh, no heavy white skirt to make another wrapping about the perspiring little body and another dragging weight upon the delicate limbs. The feet must be clad in knit socks and these must be removed half-a-dozen times a day and the feet examined to see if they are warm and dry.

The babies' napkins require especial care in hot weather. While it is not essential that they should be ironed after each washing, they should be washed after each wearing, if they are to be put on again next to the skin. Those worn may, when perfectly dry be used outside, but only fresh ones must be worn inside. These must be of soft linen. For outer napkins some mothers use cotton diapering and even canton flannel. The latter are not at all to be recommended. They hold both warmth and moisture and are entirely too heating and heavy for such a use. Nor is a rubber neatful. It should only be used in traveling or when it will be worn for a short time. Its constant employment is apt to lead the nurse into habits of neglecting the frequent changing that is necessary in hot weather to prevent chafing. This trouble, by the way, is prevalent in summer, and should be watched for closely. Its first symptoms should be checked by the use of vaseline and by bathing with borax water. Tar or Cuticura soap and a generous application of carbolic talcum are admirable. When the tendency threatens to become chronic the inflamed parts should be bathed with borax water after each changing, then carefully dried and powdered.

With the baby in short clothes the same care of the diapers must be observed. Its undergarments should be the same as those of the younger child so far as shirt and band are concerned. Its short flannel and white skirts may be buttoned to the one little underwaist. Its slip or frock should be simply made and beautified with fine tucks or hemstitching. It is better to save money from lace and Hamburg trimming and expend it instead on enough plain frocks to allow frequent change without making the doing up of the wee dresses a burden on account of their elaborate adornment. Long stockings and shoes should cover the child's legs and feet, and these, like the socks, should be often removed to ascertain whether the feet are in the proper condition.

The night clothing should be yet simpler. A great mistake is made in overloading a child with a multiplicity of garments when he is going to sleep. Most children perspire in slumber and lose strength when too warmly clad. The best

night dress is of flannel, of mixed cotton and wool, made long and full and gathered at the bottom by a drawing string. Under this there should be nothing but the band and diaper for a child over four or five months old. Children below this age are better in pinning blanket and cambric night dress over the shirt and band. No socks are necessary.

The clothing should always be changed at night leaving on nothing that has been worn in the daytime, and the child's body should be sponged off with tepid water before the night garments are put on. Under no circumstances should a rubber be worn at night. Not only is it uncomfortable and unwholesome but it is also apt to become mal-odorous. A small pad of cotton covered with cheese cloth and furnished with tapes to tie around the waist may be fastened on outside of the napkins or laid under the baby. The bed clothes should be light. If the child is apt to throw his arms about and refuses to keep his shoulders covered, little jackets of thin canton flannel may be made, reaching to just below the waist. These may be slipped on over the night dress on cool nights. The bag style of the night dress protects the feet.

Feather beds are never desirable for either adults or children, even in cool weather. Especially are they to be deprecated for the latter during the summer heats. A good hair mattress with a padded cover of cotton batting tacked between a couple of thicknesses of unbleached cheese cloth, a small hair pillow with a linen pillow slip are better for the baby's health and induce sounder and more refreshing slumber than all the feathers ever plucked. When possible, baby should have a bed to himself. While the well-known theory that a child generally loses vigor by sleeping with a grown person may not be true in the case of a mother and her babe, it is still unquestionable that both rest more comfortably on hot nights in separate couches.

The mother who is so happy as to nurse her own child is spared endless trouble in preparing and preserving food. For the benefit of those unfortunate ones who are obliged to feed their babies from a bottle or cup, aids have been devised by which food can be kept sweet without the exertion of a journey to the cellar in the dead of night.

The baby refrigerator is the best of these. It consists of a square tin case about the dimensions of an ordinary bread box, and is divided into compartments. In the bottom one, lined and prepared for the purpose, the ice is kept. This is furnished with a faucet by which to draw off the water as the ice melts. The upper compartment holds the milk or food for the little one. This refrigerator is an inestimable comfort to the mother of a young infant, particularly when at a summer hotel or boarding house. As a rule, a child who has reached his second summer should require nothing in the night beyond a drink of water, but even at this age he needs a drink of milk at an early hour in the morning and the refrigerator will keep this sweet.

To those who are unable to procure such an ice box a substitute may be improvised by placing a large block or several smaller pieces of ice in a pail and covering this with a thick flannel or a scrap of an old blanket. On top of this may be set the vessel containing the milk or food and over all must be thrown another heavy flannel. If closely covered the ice melts very slowly. The best kind of pail is of tin or of wood pulp. The ordinary wooden pail is prone to warp and crack.

It seems hardly necessary to utter a warning against giving cold food to a young baby, but it is safe to offer a word of caution against feeding undiluted milk to a baby on first going into the country. Even the purest milk that can be purchased in the city is not as rich as that procured straight from the cow. Until a child becomes accustomed to it, there is danger of its causing indigestion. Let it be given at first in the proportion of equal parts of milk and boiling water to a delicate baby, next reduce the water to one-third and then gradually make the quantity of water smaller, should the child continue well, until it is able to take it unmixed. The mother should convince herself by personal observation that the milk is fresh and that it is kept in a clean and properly ventilated place.

Questions of diet fall more strictly under a physician's supervision, but it may not come amiss to enter a protest against feeding a teething child in summer with grease or gravy in any form, fresh raw fruit, candy or cake. Sweets are best left alone except for a small amount of sugar on the cereal porridges which should be the child's principal food. Bread and milk,—with a little lime water added if there is any tendency to sour stomach—a semi-occasional baked potato or baked apple, beef juice or mutton broth once or twice a week, a soft boiled egg rather oftener, and the aforesaid cereals furnish quite sufficient variety. Try no new viands, but give those that you know agree with baby's stomach.

The baby must not be sent out of doors too early in the morning, but kept in until the sun has driven away dampness. Noon heats are equally undesirable. Keep him in the shade and avoid violent exercise for him in the middle of the day. Let him take his nap in a shady corner of the veranda or in his carriage under a tree, shielded alike from glare and draughts. Do not follow every one's advice in the care of the little ones but think for them yourself. Watch them closely, study their physical idiosyncrasies, and then, in the words of a physician noted for his success in children's complaints "Use your judgment."

[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.]

THE DECAY OF DEFERENCE TOWARDS WOMEN.

BY MRS. M. P. HANDY.

Old-fashioned people who deplore the degeneracy of the present day, as compared with that of our grandfathers, find nothing in which it has so manifestly deteriorated as in the stately courtesy formerly paid to women.

Lord Chesterfield and Sir Charles Grandison are as much myths of a past age as is Don Quixote, and there are no visible heirs of their punctilious politeness.

To those who regret them the world answers, if it pauses long enough to answer at all, that life is too short and too busy for such formalities. The man who has to catch a train has no time to stand bowing and scraping, hat in hand; a hasty nod is all the recognition he can give to his dearest friend, lest he be just in time to see his train steaming out of the station.

Perhaps the world is right, and society may have caught the infection of the mad hurry which is one of the characteristics of the American people. For he who has one set of manners for everyday, and another for state occasions, can never be thoroughbred; the mask, however carefully worn, will slip aside now and then, and the

true individual beneath be revealed. But does this account for the whole? Are not the women themselves to blame in greater or less degree for any lack of courtesy shown them on the part of the men with whom they associate? In the first place, the boy being father of the man, it is in the nursery, where women reign supreme, that the first lessons in behaviour are given. The boy who is permitted to be disrespectful to his mother, and rude to his sisters can scarcely be expected to treat other women with courtesy in after life; if allowed to be overbearing in babyhood the habit will in all likelihood grow with his growth and strengthen with his strength.

It may seem hard that the boy should always give up, and doubtless care must be taken that the girl is not permitted to be exacting; but unless the rights of the weak, as such, are respected, we must go back to the motto of Rob Roy: "He may take who hath the power, while he may keep who can."

No one who takes note of the free-and-easy manners of the girls of the day, misses still in short dresses, or in their first long ones, "hail fellow well met," with all the boys of their acquaintance, can wonder that the boys thus treated return the treatment in kind, and that it never occurs to them that the first attributes of a man in his dealings with women should be gentleness and courtesy. "Good manners," saith Emerson, "requires time," and it may be questioned whether in these days of steam and electricity, it were advisable to go back to the buckram time of "Sir" and "Madam." Still, it would improve matters greatly if our young people were taught to treat each other with more reserve and formality; if "Hello, Lou!" and "Hello, Charley!" were not so often heard as greetings in public places. They say they mean no harm, and only old fogies think they do; but courtesy is the oil of life's machinery, which after awhile grows harsh and rusty for lack of it.

Those who clamor unceasingly for woman suffrage as a panacea for all the wrongs and woes of women, are also not without blame in the matter. It is not within the scope of the present article even to touch on this mixed question, nor yet on the more important one of physical education; whether that rare creature, a perfectly healthy woman is, or is not, the equal of man in physical endurance. As the case stands he is bodily the stronger, and given "a fair field and no favor" the weaker must go to the wall. Human nature is selfish, and though most men, worthy the name, are willing to lend a protecting arm to weakness which turns to them for aid, they do not care to be always giving up when they get no thanks for so doing. In other words, when the sacrifice which he gallantly makes as a favor, is coolly accepted as a right, he is apt to neglect to make it next time.

If, for example, a woman fails to thank the man who gives her his seat in a horse car, he is likely to make such omission the excuse for keeping his place thereafter, and the rudeness may thus recoil on some one to whom the rest would be a charity, and by whom it would be gratefully appreciated. Yet a man may be tired or feeble in spite of his boasted strength, and it is not always easy to tell which women are able to stand, and which are not.

Self-respect always commands respect from others, and it may be laid down as an almost infallible rule that she who thoroughly respects herself will receive respectful treatment from others, whatever her station in life. Such self-respect is like the invisible and invulnerable armor of the fairy tale, which while it opposed no perceptible barrier, was always and everywhere an efficient protection to its wearers. The girl of the period is apt to undervalue this shield of quiet dignity, to be loud and using if not fast, thinking that the more notice she attracts the more admiration she excites. A girl may pass through such experience safely, as many like her have done, settle down into a sober, staid matron who shall do her duty as well as though she had never been hoydenish. Women who must make their own way in the world often lose much of the help and comfort which they might have from men, by reason of the aggressive self-assertion; the half-defiant manner in which they claim to be able to stand alone, and yet lean heavily all the time,—assuming the rights of a man, while holding fast to the privileges of a woman. Strange it is that so many women fail to perceive that merely from a business point of view it pays to be womanly. The women whom the world honors, who have attained not only notoriety but distinction, have always remembered their womanhood. Unfortunately, brass passes current in some circles in place of better coin, and so women with more or less ability, who must earn a living or starve, strive to push themselves into success where otherwise they fear certain failure.

The civil war, also, must be reckoned among the causes of the decay of fine manners. After four years of service the soldiers came home "rude of speech and little versed in the soft phrase of peace." Their women welcomed them gladly and proudly, and, with the hero-worship inherent in the feminine heart, bowed before them, careless what traditions of the parlor were set aside, that trowsers were tucked into boots, and cigars and pipes smoked at all hours, in any and all company. The men whom the nation delighted to honor were not to be fettered by merely conventional rules. Example is all-powerful, and its effect is plainly to be seen upon the present generation. As already indicated, the remedy lies in the hands of the women themselves, and the reform must begin in the nursery.

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WHAT SHE TOLD ME.

BY KATHERINE FAXON.

"I can only think it done to annoy me! It is indifference, not forgetfulness! It grows worse and worse! and every day it is more abridged, and so peculiar, that I almost hate him! Now you think Dave very selfish?" I asked, turning to my companion, Mrs. Thornhill, who was spending a few weeks with us in our lovely country home, "Clifton," situated just beyond the Georgetown heights.

It was a perfect day: the atmosphere laden with all the sweets of Spring—sweets exhaled from the throats of apple and cherry blossoms with which the trees were freighted, and from the delicious notes of the blue-bird and oriole, and twitter of the swallows as they flitted hither and thither with the joy of Spring.

Not receiving answer, I turned from the basket of freshly-cut flowers Mike had just brought in from the conservatory, and repeated my question. "Don't you think him awfully mean, Mrs. Thornhill?"

"No, Kate, I can't say that Mr. Faxon strikes me as being either selfish or mean. He is evidently much engrossed by business cares, and I must say that it has surprised me that, loving him as you do, you annoy him with so many trite commissions."

"What a champion he has in you! Shall I congratulate him on his retort? It will encourage him to know one of us sympathize with him!" I answered in a fretted tone.

My sarcastic retort brought no response and turning to place a top to the cabinet, a bunch of roses, I glanced toward Mrs. Thornhill.

Her work had fallen from her hands and they were folded over the dainty embroidery; her eyes were fixed on the peaceful scene without, but were looking far beyond what met their gaze; in its repose her face was very sad and here and there one could trace lines made by some terrible experience in suffering, which must have been violent to leave such an imprint.

She was scarcely ten years my senior, but great dignity and gravity gave impression that she was much older. We were friends of five years standing, and every spring exacted from her a long visit which in autumn we returned at their elegant home in New York, or their beautiful cottage at Garretts-on-the-Hudson.

I was always better for association with her, and recognizing her influence, she had never been slow to exert it. Always gentle, always patient with her children, tender in every way with Mr. Thornhill, kind to the old nurse, who had taken care of her in her girlhood days, I longed to be like her! And as I watched her, day by day, I grew more and more convinced that something held in check the impulses, springing from a heart I felt had not always been as docile, and a will that was once intractable.

How did I know it? By her eyes which I had seen flash; by the mouth I had seen firmly set; by the lips I had seen curl; by the color I had seen come and go. All these are as lightning telling the storm is near though it may never break.

There was a history, I felt certain; if I could only hear it.

Chafing under her silence, I called her name intending to again put the question, but she said: "Pardon me, Kate, I heard you, dear. I've been wondering are you nearing the crisis?"

"Crisis! Of what?" I asked.

"Your married happiness."

"What do you mean, Mrs. Thornhill?"

"What I say—the crisis of your wedded happiness. A period inevitable in the life of every married woman. A time during which unless tended by skilled hands, and watched by experienced eyes, and ministered to by a brave heart, the happiness must die; but with such aid, and after bitter suffering recover, and never—never—never know relapse."

"I can't understand you. I'm stupid. Don't talk in figures; give me plain speech. What is it?"

"I will, dear; but let us first understand each other. When a doctor is sent for to a sick patient, he asks all the symptoms; they are frankly told; then he prescribes intelligently. Now you must tell me just the cause of the trouble. What has Mr. Faxon done to so irritate you? Hearing all this I will give you a sage forecast of your life's history. I never thought to show it, but it may help two I love to better understanding, and thus avert a consequence that otherwise will as surely result from all these differences as the night follows the day."

"Done! Good gracious! If you were not the dearest woman in all the world, I'd be raving at you. Done? Why, he is always doing now-a-days, and when he isn't doing he is leaving undone all I ask him to attend to. Last Monday I gave him letters to mail in time for Wednesday's steamer; a birthday card for mama; I wanted it to get to Nice on her birthday, and a note to Carvier the florist there, to send her a basket of flowers that morning with my card, and here, Friday, he pulls them out and says: 'By George! Kate, I'm awfully sorry; here are your letters.'"

"I want him to go to-morrow with us to the Little Falls; tis our wedding anniversary, and he says: 'No, dear, you go; I can't; but I will come at noon.'"

"Of course he won't, for he says, though I don't believe him, that he has an important patent case—everything is important but me. I asked him to leave the order at Joyce's about the lining of my landau; they've been a week waiting for orders, and he says I mustn't give 'em and he won't, and the victoria's shabby, and the phaeton's out of style, and here all this perfect weather, and—but it's no use; it is dreadful; then he comes home and won't talk, (even you must notice that) he reads those horrid railing old papers, and tells off on his fingers something about carbon and telephone, and pumps; and I declare I am on the verge of idiocy! I believe he does it all to aggravate me! I don't believe he cares a penny for me! I believe he is tired of me, and don't like to tell me; and really when you are not here, and only Mabel and John, I think some days I can't stand it, and almost make up my mind to go away from him!"

"Is that all, Kate?"

"All! All! I think it is quite enough, Mrs. Thornhill! What do you do in respect to her, she dragged me by my hair! beat me! tried to kill me!"

"No dearie, not that. I only wished to know if you had told me all."

"Yes; that is all I can remember; and it is very wearing."

"It is enough, my dear Kate, to try your patience, and tax your affection, but not enough to

have exhausted one or the other or both; not enough to blind you to your husband's generous love for you and your children; not enough to make you even think of forgetting what you owe him as wife, then as mother. Have you told me all, Kate, you think I ought to know? If you have I will tell you my story."

"No, no, not all! You see when Dave comes in, I ask him right away for the books, or worsted, or silk, or canvas, or whatever else I've commissioned him to get; he confesses having forgotten, I get angry, then he gets provoked, then I say ugly things, and he makes a hateful speech, and then we won't speak for a day, maybe two; then we make up and everything is smooth until the next time; and oh, Mrs. Thornhill, it makes me so wretched! I love Dave, with all my heart, and were anything to happen to him I'd die! but then he is so trying, and if things go so! it will end in separation."

"Never, Kate; let come what will, but that never. Wait here a moment," and she stepped through the low French window on to the verandah, ostensibly to ask Margaret to take her children with mine to the old apple-tree by the brook, but in reality to gain time for the steadying of nerve, and strengthening of purpose, needed to carry her through the strain of the ordeal she had imposed on mind and heart.

Returning and seating herself in the low Turkish chair, busying herself with the embroidery growing to such tropical beauty under her needle, she commenced:

When I was nineteen and Philip Thornhill

pointments he considered needful to stamp him as a successful broker.

"What could I do? Of myself I had nothing but my wedding gifts. My mother only had a life estate in her property, but Philip never allowed me to feel the want of money; indeed, he gave me everything but his confidence. Our expenses were frightful; he asked no questions, made no remonstrance, paid all bills without question, but became more and more silent, gloomy, irregular in his hours, distrust when with me, and when I asked for reason, would force a smile and answer: 'Nothing Edyth, Money's tight,' or 'I lost in the gold room yesterday,' or 'My speculation in oil turned out badly.'"

That was all I ever knew. I felt things were going wrong. He gave me little money; bills were pressed for payment; he grew more fretful with me; nothing pleased him; his manner was almost brutal. O, Kate, if thence some skillful loving heart had intervened; if some tender willful hands had taken our case and shown our love how to get well, we might have been saved weary heart-breaking hours. But we were not so favored, and so our happiness got lost by the way, and our love came near to perish.

A dreary afternoon I was sitting by my bright fire nursing my three-weeks-old daughter; my thoughts were sad and kept mournful rhythm with the snow and sleet clicking on my window panes.

The hall door closed heavily, and in a few moments Philip entered; he did not kiss me, as was his habit, continued even during the past dreary months, but stood near the mantle, and threw

Days came and went; Philip spoke rarely, and then to tell what he had heard of my being the cause of his failure; my extravagance, my mismanagement; always as if I were in my own grave silent, and my heart more bitter. Only baby saved my life.

Our old friends for whom we most cared, contrary to the world's ways gathered around us; but I had grown suspicious; I was chafing under injustice, and my silence repelled their sympathy.

Three weeks after Mr. Thornhill's failure there came a letter; I opened it; the words few and to the point, I have never forgotten; and even now with sunny happiness over all my life, when I recall them there is a shadow of the old pain.

"If you will accept an allowance and go away with your children, I will put your husband on his feet, not otherwise." JOHN THORNHILL.

Did I read right? Was I in my senses, or were the words the creation of a disordered brain? I gave no over and over again I saw them; until they revolved without volition on my part; they were the only sounds I heard; all other were noises outside of them. Baby's cry: children's voices: everything accessory.

On my husband's return I eagerly watched to see how far he was party to the offer: he gave no sign, and evidently intended to leave me to myself in the decision.

The next night he came to my room, and after touching on the well-worn chord of my extravagance—his speculations, management, habits or associates—said:

"Had I only myself I could soon be on my feet."

"So, thought I, you fear from my silence your father's hint has been lost; you fear I will not go."

Foolish heart, could it have been seen he dreaded the struggle for me! For me hated poverty to come? Why did I not convince myself, that, crazed by misfortune, he had said words himself could not have imagined, still less spoken?

Why not tell him; I was stronger than he; beg him to trust me; I was wanted in time; he would come out all right and better for the purifying fire of suffering. But I did not. We both erred; he in not giving, I in not seeking his confidence.

His words fixed my resolve. I would go.

As soon as possible, that morning, forgetting I had been housed for weeks, I went to Hartley & Graham's, and sold them off my wedding gifts; a necklace of pearls and diamonds, bought of them, with two rings; they gave five thousand dollars; not their worth Mr. Graham frankly said but all they could afford.

For two days I busied myself in the trunk room packing, as we were "going for good." I took what of clothes belonged to both seasons; of my own I selected my plainest garments; for the children had claim on theirs, I none.

On the afternoon of the second day I told Margaret what I could; she begged; she entreated: "Oh, Miss Edith, in God's name don't be after running away, leaving the master like a thief in the night. Go tell him, and tell him what you are a doin' of, and walk out, quite bold, like an honest woman."

Finding I would not listen, she desisted, and in earnest set to work to help me. I knew I could trust her; and my faith was not misplaced. The following day was intensely cold, but clear; breakfast over, I walked to the parlor with Philip, where he stood a moment to fasten his coat and light a cigar; as he turned to go, I put my hands on his shoulders and kissed him; it had been ever my custom, but omitted since the trouble.

"Why Edyth, you are generous this morning; what's up?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing. Always nothing. Couldn't you vary that expression just a little? I don't care if the change is in your voice, or your words, but for heaven's sake change it."

"You are more talkative than usual."

"Yes; there's a break in the clouds. I'll try and tell you to-night if I'm home in time. By Jove! I believe I'll come out of this infernal tangle, and be better off than ever. I sold my Eric; paid several notes; for of all people on earth the face of the earth to be in debt to, God keep me from relations. I've been pretty cross, darling, but I've been half crazy. Good-bye, here's the bus."

"Save me, Philip! Save me!"

"The mail brought me another note from his father, with only this:

"When do you give up that house?"

"JOHN THORNHILL."

Again my resolve, weakened by Philip's kindly manner, strengthened, and I wrote him, enclosing one of the \$1000 bills I had received from the sale of my jewels, and his father's two letters. As nearly as I can remember, my words were these:

"When you receive this I shall be far away. I take with me nothing I have not a right to claim. I hope you will be successful; and I have no doubt you will be, for since, the terms compiled with, your father will set on you on your feet." Do not search for my name; you will not find me; or finding me, it would not be the wife you have loved. We will not starve; I have \$4000, which with the note I leave you, I received from Hartley & Graham, as the price of my necklace and rings; two wedding gifts, and therefore my very own; can work, for my hands are willing, and my head shall direct them."

"EDYTH THORNHILL."

To his father I wrote: "Your terms are complied with; therefore set your son on his feet. The allowance is not needed; so you will not be called on to pay the price for breaking my heart."

"EDYTH THORNHILL."

(To be continued.)



twenty-four, we were married at Grace church—the wedding of the season. Our wedding journey ran through six months, and was spent on the Continent, with the exception of a few weeks at lovely Grassmere. Our return was hastened by my mother's death. I tenderly loved her and she deserved far more than I gave, for day and night I was her one thought, as after my father's death I had been her only comfort. Long and deeply I mourned her, and even now I miss her.

After our return we lived with Philip's father for a year, and then bought and furnished the home on West 23d street, where as you know, we still live. Everything an ample purse, refined taste and generous heart could reach was put in the house, and then after six months came the stray sunbeam from God's glory, Harry, the big fellow you now know. Except for dear faithful Margaret and the baby, I was, in those first sweet months of motherhood, alone. The war grew in magnitude. My husband rushed into the wildest speculations. Gold, stocks, flour, pork, army supplies and God knows what; I saw less and less of him. Our social circle grew with his business. Our house became the centre for the reckless and the gay of those extravagant days. We dined men whom I felt were dangerous, and saw were inferior to him; but he ever calmed my fears by saying:

"Business acquaintances, Edyth; treat them well, darling, for my sake."

My receptions were the most popular; my dinners the most elegant; my balls the most successful; my toilets the most faultless; my jewels the most brilliant; my carriages the most superb; my horses the bandomest; and my purse never empty; ought I not to have been the happiest as I was the most envied woman in all New York? Gladly, Kate, would I have given all for the simple quiet enjoyment my heart longed for, and could only find in having my husband's time and his attention. I did not care for society; such as I was drawn into I did not want; the fine ap-

at me these words:

"The struggle is over. I can swim no longer. My notes went to protest this morning, and to-morrow Wall street will halt for a moment to hear of my ruin."

I was paralyzed by fear; and the shock made my brain reel. I gasped.

"Your father, Philip; surely he will not let you sink; never allow your name to be dishonored."

"You are mistaken, Edyth; of all my creditors my father is the hardest, and his firm the most unrelenting; this morning they refused to extend my note for three thousand dollars; that's how they help me. He says we disregarded his counsel; we lived extravagantly, spent recklessly, and must take the consequences."

Nothing you could imagine, my dear Kate, would approach in horror the night following this news. Baby lay in my arms; in the nursery my two other little ones scarcely more than babies. Philip remained in the library.

Early in the morning he brought me the draft of a letter he wished me to write to his father.

"Perhaps," he said, "it will make him relent."

"No, no," I urged; "don't ask me, Philip; he has given you nothing; what you have lost, you made, why then write begging him for help and promising in exchange for such to live by rules of his framing! No, no; tis not just to you, not generous to me."

"For the first time, he cursed me, and muttered: 'Beggars; homeless;—and you—damn you.'"

"Oh, my God! how I suffered! I went to my desk, and as well as my trembling fingers would allow, I copied the letter."

I tucked myself to go about my room as usual, and after breakfast, which I forced myself to take, I took counsel with my faithful Margaret so far as to tell her Mr. Thornhill had met with heavy loss and I wished her to dismiss the butler and two of the servants.

The dear old creature saw there was more, but without question set herself diligently to economizing.

ROMAN HEADS.



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APRIL 23, 1887.

ED. L. H. J.:—I was sorry to see in the May number, "Sleepless Mother" sent back to the physicians without any advice, and feel much interest in her case—having endured the same trouble she speaks of. Let her try giving up tea, coffee and medicines, and be out of doors as much as possible, riding, walking, or sitting, if well wrapped. If she does not soon improve, leave all the children at home, and go away for a week, not worrying about them. They will do well enough, and she will return refreshed.

COLORADO MOTHER.

ED. L. H. J.:—I will undertake to write a few lines for your "Mother's Column." Having had experience in cases of croup, I have found it gave great relief to the afflicted child, when suffering for breath, to tightly hug the child under its arms, meanwhile rubbing the back and shoulders quite hard. I could always feel the rattle in the chest move downward, and the child immediately breathed easier. I think this treatment should be known, as it might save the life of some, but I also gave croup medicine; a little alum water is good, not more than a teaspoonful once every half hour.

AN OLD NURSE.

ED. L. H. J.:—Please tell "Mrs. M. P. C." of the "Mothers' Corner" for March, that I dressed my "wee baby" only in thin flannel band, diaper and thin cambric slip, except at night when it became damp. I moved his crib into the sitting-room, through which there was a constant current of air, taking care to keep him out of the draught. He never took cold, and is as healthy a baby to-day, at nine months, as I ever saw. I also desire to thank "Mrs. F. W. J." for her timely and sensible letter. It was just what I needed exactly.

Yours very truly,

MRS. WM. E. ROGERS.

TROPIC, INDIAN RIVER, FLORIDA.

(FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.)
MY BABY'S NURSES.

BY CHRISTINE TERRIUNE HERRICK,

[Conclusion.]

Maria was between thirty and forty years old, quiet and demure looking and showed at once, by the manner in which she handled the baby that she knew what she was about. She undoubtedly took excellent care of the child, keeping it clean with so few dresses that to me, fresh from Arethusa's reign of dirt, it seemed nothing short of marvelous. Baby's meals were given regularly and her sleeping habits improved. But Maria had one trait which I often thought would force me to part with her. She was of a confirmed gloomy turn of mind. Nothing ever pleased her, and many things displeased her. The least approach to a rebuke cast her into a deeper depth of gloominess. The bright spots in her daily experience were few and far between and served only to make the intervening darkness blacker. If the baby were a little indisposed, Maria instantly predicted serious, if not fatal illness. A cold in the head meant congestion of the lungs and a colic gastric fever or peritonitis. All baby's frocks were either too large or too small, too plain or too fussy. The weather was always too hot or too cold, too wet or too dry. In the recapitulation this may sound ludicrous, but it was nothing of the sort in the experience. It is not pleasant to have an animated thunder cloud a resident of one's home in any capacity, least of all in that of a nurse with whom one is forced into constant contact. My own spirits were sensibly affected by Maria's constant depression and I could perceive that the baby, too, felt the influence. Maria never talked to her or frolicked with her and the poor little one, whose delicate health had retarded seriously her mental as well as her physical development, received little aid in brightness from the person with whom she spent most of her waking moments. Still, something would have to be condoned in any one, and Maria was so excellent in other respects that had it not been that the physicians declared baby's health required an alteration of diet, and thus obliged us to secure a nurse who could furnish this, we would probably have made no change.

We were back in the city by this and the new nurse was procured with little difficulty. She was a trim, brisk young woman of unattractive face, having an expression that was at once bold and servile. I was not at all prepossessed by her countenance, but as time wore on and she proved good-natured, neat, and quick about her work, I learned to like her, even although she did not seem very fond of the baby. She was kind to her, but performed all her duties in a perfunctory way and never petted her, as even the glum Maria had done. We had only one serious difference and that was when she took out in the carriage one morning at half past ten and failed to put in an appearance again until three o'clock that afternoon. I dispatched Matthew and the maid in different directions in search and paced the floor in a state bordering on distraction, tortured by recollections of all the stories I had ever read of kidnapped children and unfaithful nurses. When at last, the sound of baby's carriage-wheels was heard, I rushed to the door, snatched out the child before Anne could touch her and carried my darling off to my own room where I could cry over her undisturbed. Anne made out such a glib story, in excuse, of the long walk she had taken and of how she had lost her way, that convinced as I was that the whole narrative was a falsehood, there seemed nothing to do but to charge her never to go out of sight of the house again. I gradually regained confidence in her,

and when Christmas time came made her a handsome present in addition to her wages.

Matthew took me to the theatre that night and it was twelve o'clock before we returned. The cook opened the door for us with the baby on her arm. "Why, where is Anne?" I said.

"Gone, mem!" was the startling answer. "Shure, it's three hours since she walked herself out of the house wid her husband an' her bundle o' clothea."

I do not care to dwell upon that night, or upon the days that followed. As we afterwards learned, that wretched woman had been giving the child brandy, and, deprived of the stimulant and of her accustomed nourishment, the little one felled rapidly. Fever and delirium set in, and for a while we had no hope of her recovery. It seemed almost a miracle to us when the fever abated and the child smiled up into our faces once more—a languid gleam that was more to us than her merriest laugh had been in health.

The woman whom we secured in Anne's place was a stupid, well-meaning creature. Martha, by name, who was kind to the baby, but had hardly wit enough to keep her own face clean. Her stay was a short one. She came to me in great distress one day, saying that she must go to New York at once. After close examination, I ascertained that she differed from her predecessor in so much that whereas Anne had run away with her husband, Martha was running after hers. He had deserted her and decamped some time before. She had just heard of his return and was about to have him arrested and institute proceedings for a divorce. Of course I could not keep as my child's nurse a woman who might bring small-pox and scarlet fever from a justice's court in the city, so I dismissed her, with despair in my heart, and set about the quest again.

This last time I was more fortunate. The woman who came to take care of my tempest-tossed baby was a childless widow, who attached herself at once to my little one and to whom baby soon became devoted. The poor child, not yet ten months old, had been through changes that would have converted to cynicism the sweetest-tempered person of mature years. For myself, although the puny, sickly child is transformed into a plump, laughing baby, I even yet rejoice with trembling. In the words of the old hymn—

"I still suspect some danger near
When I possess delight."

The only atom of consolation furnished by my bitter experience lies in the reflection, dear to a mother's heart, that my baby, who is, it goes without saying, the most remarkable child that ever lived, would never have survived her early trials, were she not destined for a brilliant future that will more than compensate for all our tribulations.

(FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.)
BASHFUL CHILDREN.

BY MARY E. CARDWILL.

Probably since the beginning of time, the bashful have been the recipients of much sage counsel, as well as the victims of much careless mirth. Time and again they have been told by writers on etiquette, how they can best overcome their weakness and meet their peculiar trials. Time and again their awkward acts and dilemmas have furnished material which humorists have seized upon with the greatest avidity. Yet in spite of the universal and varied interest which has been so often manifested in it, in spite even of its commonness, there is perhaps no trait of human character so little understood as bashfulness. Among well-bred people there is, not without reason, a tendency to regard it as underbred, or it may be as an evidence of hopelessly plebeian instincts. Among the ruder classes, and in practical life, especially in America, there seems to be something very like contempt felt for any and every exhibition of self-distrust or timidity. It is perhaps the effect of our American sovereignty, that an assertive self-possession should be mistaken for a proof of the high spirit, courage and general superiority supposed to characterize men born to rule. When such ideas and feelings prevail, it is not strange that bashful children are often treated with unfairness and sometimes with unintentional unkindness by their elders, and through a mistaken idea of their weakness are frequently trained in a way hurtful to their characters.

Inherent bashfulness does not imply servility, nor meanness of spirit; it is rather a direct result of inherent over-refinement, super-sensitiveness, morbid self-consciousness and pride. Self-distrust is sometimes a form of self-conceit, a fear in its possessor that he cannot do justice to himself.

And it is because of the peculiar elements in their nature, which though common are best considered as abnormal, that bashful children require the most watchful care, as well as especial training, if their characters are to be developed to any degree of perfection. It is the greatest honor of the present, practical age, that the interests of children are for the first time positively pre-eminent; never before were such great and wise efforts made for improvement in educational affairs; never before was so much good advice given in regard to the health and home training of children; never before was the subject of inherited tendencies as well understood, nor so wisely and practically considered, and it therefore seems specially appropriate to direct attention to the hitherto neglected claims of the bashful.

Perhaps the most important point in the training of bashful children is touched by the following negation—they should not be overlooked. It is the common practice of parents, teacher and older people in general, in their relations to children, at home, at school, in church and social entertainments, etc., to give prominence to bold, aggressive children, and to ignore the timid. Yet while a forward child would be the better for a little repression and obscurity, a bashful child will probably be hurt by them. It will be argued with some truth that shy children resent efforts to make them conspicuous and are happier if left to themselves. This is simply one of those half truths which do so much harm yet are so difficult to controvert. Shy children do not like to be made conspicuous, and that is one of the reasons why they should not be overlooked. And they do like to feel that they are as important as other children, in the work and pleasure of the world. They simply need to be treated by their elders with kindly tact, to be drawn out unconsciously, or in a matter-of-course way be led to take part in the different things with which children are concerned. They must in short be made to feel that they are appreciated; that their abilities and good qualities are recognized. And this recognition must come from their equals or superiors

if they are to be saved from one of their special dangers—that of drifting into association with inferior. Their inferiors are usually ready to yield them at least a tacit acknowledgment of their superiority, and in so doing to feed their vanity and self-esteem often to the detriment of their higher aspirations, and nobler characteristics. A self-confident, daring and ambitious child will, as a rule, find in his own nature, the greatest impetus for his ambition. But one who is timid by nature needs for his highest development, constant approval and encouragement. Moreover, a craving for approbation is one of the strongest instincts of mankind. It is not strange then, if shy and sensitive children, overlooked by their equals, seek consolation in the friendliness of inferiors. This social point of view in connection with the treatment needed by the bashful demands special attention, because it is essential, and also because the tendencies of the times, in republican America at least, seem to be either to leave to children themselves the choice of their friends, or, if the choice is made by parents or elders, to base it upon superficial distinctions alike repugnant to true refinement and Christian principles. And many a child is handicapped in the race for life by the formation of unsuitable, or harmful social connections in early youth.

The stern school of experience is believed by many to be of the utmost value in the proper development of character. And it is probably the tenacity with which this belief clings to the minds of men, which makes older people blind to the absolute cruelty of certain things in connection with bashful children. Ridicule is supposed to be a most potent weapon for the correction of faults in manners and morals. But its application to the weaknesses of bashful children is, if not always in vain, a cruelty which would be deemed barbarous if properly understood. Bashful children are awkward in speech and action, often in the presence of friends only, because they are painfully self-conscious, a feeling naturally increased by ridicule. They cannot be wholly protected in this respect from the thoughtlessness of other children, but never for a moment should she be the subject of older people's mirth. And this is not a matter of little moment, as a tendency to constant and morbid thoughts of self, leads, almost inevitably, to some degree of moral cowardice, and it is a defect in character much more easy to foster than to uproot. To overcome this and kindred faults, the bashful need to be helped by sympathy and encouragement. Sympathetic treatment, so helpful to all children, is indeed absolutely essential not only to the proper training of the diffident, but also to the comfort and happiness of their daily lives. Usually sensitive to a fault, their sensibilities are apt to be easily and frequently wounded. At such times their stricken hearts pant for the healing touch of loving sympathy. And parents can make no greater mistake than to close their ears to even the most trivial confidences of their children, or to make light of the lightest of their troubles. This is insisted upon here because parents are no doubt often actuated by a deliberate purpose, and by conscientious motives, when they meet the petty trials of their children with rebuke instead of sympathy. Over-sensitiveness like too great self-consciousness, is a vexatious and hurtful characteristic in a child, and one which should be eradicated as quickly as possible. But reproof merely makes the complaining, and really suffering child, feel that he is somehow in the wrong, though he cannot tell in what way, while at the same time his grievance seems as great as before. The result is apt to be a certain unconscious loss of self-esteem accompanied by a sense of injustice, and a fierce resentment towards the person who has wounded him. It is the beginning of the process, which if unimpeded, will turn the gentle, sensitive child into a hard, bitter and suspicious man. In nine cases out of ten or perhaps more truly in all cases, a few wise words, a kindly sympathy, will dispel a child's trouble and no hurtful impression remain. The greatest danger which lies in the pathway of bashful children, and one which is a direct result of their mistaken treatment in one or all of the directions mentioned, is that of being transformed into bombastic, self-assertive and unpleasantly aggressive grown people. Overlooked, ridiculed, unduly censured, in childhood, feeling more and more as they grow older the painful burden of their bashfulness, they become in a manner desperate and force themselves to a worse extreme. They seek in a boldness and conspicuousness of action for a seemingly necessary means to prevent the utter annihilation of their individuality. And such a transformation, bringing with it only a spurious or unworthy importance and preeminence, must lead also to moral degradation.

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This watch is a heavy, solid gold case, made by one of the largest and best manufacturers in the country—a concern who make only the very best grade of goods—and is warranted by them for 20 years. The movement is of the celebrated Elgin National Watch Co., is a stem-winder, beautifully engraved, and is as good a time-keeper as is possible to have. The regular price of this watch is \$35. It is warranted by us, strictly first-class in every respect, and can be returned if not entirely satisfactory. We would not offer the JOURNAL sisters a watch that we could not warrant in every particular. This is a watch worth having, and worth working for. It can be sent by mail for 25 cts., and registered for 10 cts. extra, or can be sent by express to any part of the country at a small cost. Ladies de-

siring to earn a good gold watch, now have an opportunity of getting a good one at a very low price; or, it can be secured free of cost by obtaining subscribers for us as per special terms in our premium supplement.

THIS MONTH ONLY, we offer this watch for \$25. It would pay you to buy now, to sell at a profit; or, it would pay you to buy now, for a holiday present. Send \$25 by Money Order, Registered Letter or Bank Draft, and the watch will be sent you, safely packed.

(FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.)
GRANDMA'S QUEER QUESTION.

"Dickie's sick," the baby murmured
As in Papa's arms he lay,
Hot and restless from the fever
That had troubled him all day.

"Where is Dickie sick?" asked Grandma,
Coming with his cup of "mick,"
Warm and sweetened for his supper,
"Darling, where is Baby sick?"

Baby turned, and opening wide his
Brown eyes drowsy from his nap,
Looked at her half smiling as he
Faintly said, "In Papa's lap."

—ELSIE LOCKE.

TRAIN UP A CHILD
To wear the perfect-fitting
GOOD SENSE
CORDED
CORSET WAIST
and when she becomes
A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN
enjoying good health, she will then be
sure to wear them.
FITS ALL AGES—Infants to Adults.
Every one recommends them.
SOLD BY LEADING RETAILERS
Everywhere. Be sure your corset is
stamped "GOOD SENSE." Take
no other. Send for descriptive circular.
FERRIS BROS., Manufacturers
341 Broadway, NEW YORK.
MARSHALL FIELD & CO. CHICAGO,
WHOLESALE WESTERN AGENTS.

We are children who cheerfully join in the chorus
When PAKER'S TAR SOAP is the subject before,
Mama tried all the rest,
So she knows it's the best.
And we laugh with delight when she lathers it on us.
"The Ladies' Favorite." Pure, Purifying, Emollient
Sample and Pamphlet, 4 cents. Men for the Paper
TILE PACK CO. MFG. CO., 100 Fulton Street, New York.

Nestle's Food
Is Especially Suitable for Infants in Hot Weather
Requires no Milk in its Preparation,
and is very Effective in the
Prevention of Cholera-Infantum.
Ziemssen's Cyclopaedia of the Practice of Medicine, Vol. VII., the standard authority, says: "IN CASES OF CHOLERA-INFANTUM, NESTLE'S MILK FOOD IS ALONE TO BE RECOMMENDED." Because the gastrointestinal disorders to which infants are so subject, are provided for by presenting only the nourishing properties of cow's milk in a digestible form. "Cow's milk produces a coagulated mass of curd or cheese, which the immature gastric juice is UTTERLY UNABLE TO DISPOSE OF."
This is one of several reasons why infant's foods requiring the ADDITION of cow's milk fail as a diet in hot weather. Consult your physician about Nestle's Food and send for sample and pamphlet by Prof. Lebert, to THOS. LEEMING & CO., New York, Sole Agents.

WARD ROBE Complete.
The most stylish perfect fitting garments to be had. Infant outfit 12 patterns, 50c. short c'oses, 12 pat. 50c. directions, am't mat'ryl required with each. New England Pattern Co., 8 Rut and, Vt.
THOMPSON'S PATENT KNEE SUPPORTERS.
PREVENTS the Pulling off of BUTTONS from SHIRT WAISTS. No Rubber. By mail, 35 cts. Postal Note. (No stamps).
Edwin Thompson, Box 1270, Providence, R. I.

TO THE LADIES.
A good wife, daughter, or sister is always on the outlook for any article that will save the money and temper of her gentlemen relatives, and by so doing she is very apt to increase her own supply of pin-money. Collars and cuffs are among the greatest sources of annoyance and expense to men. They wear out quickly, cheap linen won't last, every washing brings even the best piece nearer to its end. Collars and cuffs made of LINENE, while neat and stylish, save this trouble and expense. If you can't purchase them at your dealers, send six cents for a sample set of collars and cuffs, with illustrated catalogue free. Show them to your husband, father, or brother, and they will quickly see their advantages. The address is:
THE REVERSIBLE COLLAR CO.,
27 Kilby Street, Boston, Mass.
COBB'S COMPLEXION SOAP. Choicest of all Toilet Soaps. SAMPLE FREE at Druggists. By mail for 6 cts. Postage. A. B. COBB, MFR., BOSTON, MASS.
FREE By return mail. Full Description Moody's New Tailor System of Dress Cutting. MOODY & CO., Cincinnati, O.



DEPARTMENT OF ARTISTIC NEEDLEWORK.

MARY F. KNAPP, EDITOR. No. 20 Linden St., Boston, Mass.

Terms Used in Knitting.

K—Knit plain. P—Purl, or as it is sometimes called, Seam. N or K 2 tog—Narrow, by knitting 2 together. Over—Throw the thread over the needle before inserting in the next stitch. This makes a loop which is always to be considered a stitch. In the succeeding row or round, P—Twist stitch. Insert the needle in the back of the stitch to be knitted, and knit as usual. Sl—Slip a stitch from the left hand to the right hand needle without knitting it. Sl 1—Slip and bind. Slip one stitch, knit the next; pass the slipped one over it, exactly as in binding off a piece of work at the end. * indicates a repetition, and is used merely to save words. *Sl 1, k 1, p 1, repeat from * 3 times—would be equivalent to saying, k 1, p 1, k 1, p 1, k 1, p 1, k 1, p 1. To means together.

Terms in Crochet.

Ch—Chain; a straight series of loops, each drawn with the hook through the preceding one. Sl—Slip stitch; put hook through the work, thread over the hook, draw it through the stitch on the hook. Sc—Single Crochet; having a stitch on the needle (or hook) put the needle through the work, draw the thread through the work, and the stitch on the needle. Dc—Double Crochet; having a stitch on the needle, put the needle through the work, draw through all three threads, making two on the needle. Take up the thread again, and draw it through both these stitches. Tc or Tr—Tribble Crochet; having a stitch on the needle, take up the thread as if for a stitch, put the needle through the work, and draw the thread through, making three on the needle. Take up the thread and draw through two, then take up the thread and draw it through the two remaining. St c—Short Treble Crochet; like treble, except that when the three stitches are on the needle, instead of drawing the thread through two stitches twice, draw it through all three at once. Lt c—Long Treble Crochet; like treble, except that the thread is thrown twice over the needle before inserting the latter in the work. The stitches are worked off two at a time, as in treble. Extra Loop Stitch—Twine the cotton three times round the needle, work as the last stitch, bringing the cotton through two loops four times. P or picot; made by working three chain, and one single crochet in first stitch of the chain.

Can any of our readers send directions for knitted lace called Princess Feather?

Ans. D. B. G.

I have seen a very pretty hood, the crown and a narrow strip across the back, and the hood crocheted in cups. Will some one please explain how they are crocheted and oblige ANNA.

For the benefit of those who cannot work from the directions for Ring Lace, I will send a sample of three rings on receipt of 4 two-cent stamps. Any one sending, address Box 133, New Wilmington, Lawrence Co., Pa.

Corrections of Broad Lace in May number.—The 7th row should read thus: Slip 1, knit 1, over, seam 2 tog, over, seam 2 tog, knit 3, over, narrow, knit 9, narrow, over, knit 3, over, narrow, knit 6, over, narrow, over twice, slip by 4, knit 4, over, narrow, knit 11. 8th row—Slip 1, knit 11, over, narrow, knit 4, over, seam 1, knit 1, seam 1 in the loop, knit 4, over, narrow, knit 4, over, seam 1, knit 1, seam 1, in loop, knit 1, over, narrow, knit 4, narrow, over, knit 5, over, narrow, knit 7, narrow, over, knit 4, over, seam 2 tog, over, seam 2 tog, knit 2. 11th row—Slip 1, knit 1, over, narrow, knit 1, narrow, seam 2 tog, knit 7, over, narrow, knit 1, narrow, over, knit 11, over, narrow, knit 2, over, narrow, knit 4, over, seam 1, knit 1, seam 1, in loop, knit 1, over, narrow, knit 4, over, seam 1, knit 1, seam 1, in loop, knit 1, over, narrow, knit 13.

Oak Leaf Pattern.

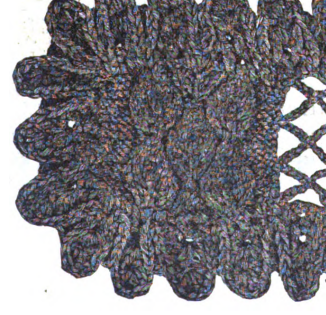
(for Sofa Pillow.)

Use large steel knitting needles, and German-town yarn. Knit 5 stripes, each 15 oak leaves long. Run a ribbon between the stripes. Cast on 27 stitches.

1st row—Knit 4, purl 2, thread over, knit 1, thread over twice, purl 2, slip and bind, knit 5, knit 2 together, purl 2, thread over, knit 1, thread over twice, purl 2, knit 4.

2d row—Knit 6, purl 3, knit 2, purl 7, knit 2, purl 3, knit 6.

3d row—Knit 4, purl 2, knit 1, thread over, knit 1, thread over, knit 1, purl 2, slip and bind, knit 3, knit 2 together, purl 2, knit 1, thread over,



(Engraved expressly for The Ladies' Home Journal.)

OAK LEAF PATTERN.

knit 1, thread over, knit 1, purl 2, knit 4. 4th row—Knit 6, purl 3, knit 2, purl 5, knit 2, purl 5, knit 6. 5th row—Knit 4, purl 2, knit 2, thread over, knit 1, thread over, knit 2, purl 2, slip and bind, knit 1, knit 2 together, purl 2, knit 2, thread over, knit 1, thread over, knit 2, purl 2, knit 4. 6th row—Knit 6, purl 3, knit 2, purl 3, knit 2, purl 3, knit 6. 7th row—Knit 4, purl 2, knit 3, thread over, knit 1, thread over, knit 3, purl 2, slip and bind, knit 1, purl 2, knit 3, thread over, knit 1, thread over, knit 3, purl 2, knit 4. 8th row—Knit 6, purl 3, knit 2, purl 2 together, knit 3, purl 9, knit 6.

9th row—Knit 4, purl 2, slip and bind, knit 5, knit 2 together, purl 2, thread over, knit 1, thread over twice, purl 2, slip and bind, knit 5, knit 2 together, purl 2, knit 4.

10th row—Knit 6, purl 3, knit 2, purl 3, knit 2, purl 7, knit 6.

11th row—Knit 4, purl 2, slip and bind, knit 3, knit 2 together, purl 2, knit 1, thread over, knit 1, thread over, knit 1, purl 2, slip and bind, knit 3, knit 2 together, purl 2, knit 4.

12th row—Knit 6, purl 3, knit 2, purl 5, knit 2, purl 5, knit 6.

13th row—Knit 4, purl 2, slip and bind, knit 1, knit 2 together, purl 2, knit 2, thread over, knit 1, thread over, knit 2, purl 2, slip and bind, knit 1, knit 2 together, purl 2, knit 4.

14th row—Knit 6, purl 3, knit 2, purl 7, knit 2, purl 3, knit 6.

15th row—Knit 4, purl 2, slip and bind, knit 1, purl 2, knit 3, thread over, knit 1, thread over, knit 3, purl 2, slip and bind, knit 1, purl 2, knit 4.

16th row—Knit 6, purl 3 together, knit 2, purl 9, knit 2, purl 2 together, knit 6. Repeat from beginning.

To join the stripes together, begin at end of 16th row, knit 3, thread over, knit 1, thread over, knit 3, purl 2, slip and bind, knit 1, purl 2, knit 4. 16th row—Knit 6, purl 2 together, knit 2, purl 9, knit 2, purl 2 together, knit 6. Repeat from beginning.

To join the stripes together, begin at end of 16th row, knit 3, thread over, knit 1, thread over, knit 3, purl 2, slip and bind, knit 1, purl 2, knit 4. 16th row—Knit 6, purl 2 together, knit 2, purl 9, knit 2, purl 2 together, knit 6. Repeat from beginning.

Border: 1st row—1 d c and 1 ch, all round the edge. 2d row—1 d c under ch 1, ch 1, 1 d c under ch 1, so on all round; widen at corners with 1 d c, ch 1, and 1 d c.

3d row—2 d c, ch 1 and 2 d c all in one hole, that makes a shell, skip 2 holes, make a shell in next, so on; have a shell come in the corner, skip 1 hole each side of corner.

4th row—1 s c, 4 d c, 1 s c, all in shell, ch 6, catch with s c in the edge of stripe, that it may come in a line between the shells, ch 6, make the scallop in next shell, so on.

Mrs. C. M. O.

Crochet Pin Wheel Lace.

Make a foundation chain of 15 equal spaces. 1st row—3 d c in 4th st of chain, ch 1, 3 d c in same, (this makes a shell) ch 6, 3 d c in last st of chain, ch 1, 3 d c in same; turn.

2d row—Shell in shell, ch 3, fasten with slip st in middle of the 2 rows of chain, ch 3, shell in shell; turn.

3d row—Ch 3, shell in shell, ch 6, shell in shell; turn.

4th row—Shell in shell, ch 6, shell in shell; turn. 5th row—Ch 3, shell in shell, ch 3, fasten in middle of 2 rows of chain, ch 3, shell in shell, take the hook out of the work, put it through the last st of shell in 4th row, through the st that you took your hook from, and draw it through them, ch 10, turn and put 1 s c in 6th st of ch 10; this makes a loop, ch 8, fasten in top of the last st of shell in first row; turn, 16 d c in the chain, 1 s c in loop, turn, *ch 8, make 1 d c in 11th d c of the 16 in last row, ch 2, 1 d c in 13th, ch 2, 1 d c in 15th, ch 2, 1 d c in last; turn, ch 5, 1 d c in d c of last row, ch 2, 1 d c in next d c of last row, ch 2, 1 d c in next d c, 16 d c in ch 8, 1 s c in loop; repeat from the star until there are 8 spokes in the wheel, then put 7 d c in ch 4.

6th row—Shell in shell, chain 6, shell in shell; turn.

7th row—Ch 3, shell in shell, ch 6, shell in shell, take the hook out, put it through the 12th d c in last spoke, through the st you took the hook from, and draw through them; turn.

8th row—Shell in shell, ch 3, fasten in middle of 2 rows of ch, ch 3, shell in shell; turn.

9th row—Ch 3, shell in shell, ch 6, shell in shell, fasten the same as before, in the last d c of there are 16 spokes. Proceed with the shells until there are 14 rows, then repeat from the 5th row, which commences the second wheel. Fasten the wheels together with a single crochet at the points of the

shell; turn. 3d row—Ch 3, shell in shell, ch 6, shell in shell; turn.

4th row—Shell in shell, ch 6, shell in shell; turn. 5th row—Ch 3, shell in shell, ch 3, fasten in middle of 2 rows of chain, ch 3, shell in shell, take the hook out of the work, put it through the last st of shell in 4th row, through the st that you took your hook from, and draw it through them, ch 10, turn and put 1 s c in 6th st of ch 10; this makes a loop, ch 8, fasten in top of the last st of shell in first row; turn, 16 d c in the chain, 1 s c in loop, turn, *ch 8, make 1 d c in 11th d c of the 16 in last row, ch 2, 1 d c in 13th, ch 2, 1 d c in 15th, ch 2, 1 d c in last; turn, ch 5, 1 d c in d c of last row, ch 2, 1 d c in next d c of last row, ch 2, 1 d c in next d c, 16 d c in ch 8, 1 s c in loop; repeat from the star until there are 8 spokes in the wheel, then put 7 d c in ch 4.

6th row—Shell in shell, chain 6, shell in shell; turn.

7th row—Ch 3, shell in shell, ch 6, shell in shell, take the hook out, put it through the 12th d c in last spoke, through the st you took the hook from, and draw through them; turn.

8th row—Shell in shell, ch 3, fasten in middle of 2 rows of ch, ch 3, shell in shell; turn.

9th row—Ch 3, shell in shell, ch 6, shell in shell, fasten the same as before, in the last d c of there are 16 spokes. Proceed with the shells until there are 14 rows, then repeat from the 5th row, which commences the second wheel. Fasten the wheels together with a single crochet at the points of the

shell; turn. 3d row—Ch 3, shell in shell, ch 6, shell in shell; turn.

4th row—Shell in shell, ch 6, shell in shell; turn. 5th row—Ch 3, shell in shell, ch 3, fasten in middle of 2 rows of chain, ch 3, shell in shell, take the hook out of the work, put it through the last st of shell in 4th row, through the st that you took your hook from, and draw it through them, ch 10, turn and put 1 s c in 6th st of ch 10; this makes a loop, ch 8, fasten in top of the last st of shell in first row; turn, 16 d c in the chain, 1 s c in loop, turn, *ch 8, make 1 d c in 11th d c of the 16 in last row, ch 2, 1 d c in 13th, ch 2, 1 d c in 15th, ch 2, 1 d c in last; turn, ch 5, 1 d c in d c of last row, ch 2, 1 d c in next d c of last row, ch 2, 1 d c in next d c, 16 d c in ch 8, 1 s c in loop; repeat from the star until there are 8 spokes in the wheel, then put 7 d c in ch 4.

6th row—Shell in shell, chain 6, shell in shell; turn.

7th row—Ch 3, shell in shell, ch 6, shell in shell, take the hook out, put it through the 12th d c in last spoke, through the st you took the hook from, and draw through them; turn.

8th row—Shell in shell, ch 3, fasten in middle of 2 rows of ch, ch 3, shell in shell; turn.

9th row—Ch 3, shell in shell, ch 6, shell in shell, fasten the same as before, in the last d c of there are 16 spokes. Proceed with the shells until there are 14 rows, then repeat from the 5th row, which commences the second wheel. Fasten the wheels together with a single crochet at the points of the

shell; turn. 3d row—Ch 3, shell in shell, ch 6, shell in shell; turn.

4th row—Shell in shell, ch 6, shell in shell; turn. 5th row—Ch 3, shell in shell, ch 3, fasten in middle of 2 rows of chain, ch 3, shell in shell, take the hook out of the work, put it through the last st of shell in 4th row, through the st that you took your hook from, and draw it through them, ch 10, turn and put 1 s c in 6th st of ch 10; this makes a loop, ch 8, fasten in top of the last st of shell in first row; turn, 16 d c in the chain, 1 s c in loop, turn, *ch 8, make 1 d c in 11th d c of the 16 in last row, ch 2, 1 d c in 13th, ch 2, 1 d c in 15th, ch 2, 1 d c in last; turn, ch 5, 1 d c in d c of last row, ch 2, 1 d c in next d c of last row, ch 2, 1 d c in next d c, 16 d c in ch 8, 1 s c in loop; repeat from the star until there are 8 spokes in the wheel, then put 7 d c in ch 4.

6th row—Shell in shell, chain 6, shell in shell; turn.

7th row—Ch 3, shell in shell, ch 6, shell in shell, take the hook out, put it through the 12th d c in last spoke, through the st you took the hook from, and draw through them; turn.

8th row—Shell in shell, ch 3, fasten in middle of 2 rows of ch, ch 3, shell in shell; turn.

9th row—Ch 3, shell in shell, ch 6, shell in shell, fasten the same as before, in the last d c of there are 16 spokes. Proceed with the shells until there are 14 rows, then repeat from the 5th row, which commences the second wheel. Fasten the wheels together with a single crochet at the points of the

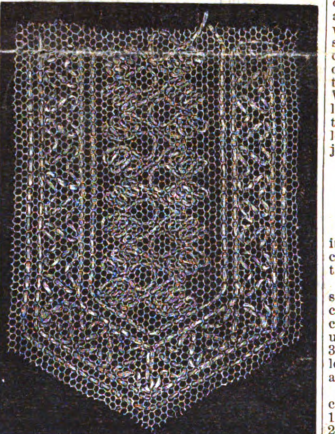
Infant's Jersey.

4 laps white single sephyr, 2 laps of colored. This is for a baby just born. Set up 80 stitches, knit 32 purls; (64 rows) this is the lower half of the back of sacque. Then add 27 stitches at both ends of needle for the sleeves, which make on the needle 114 stitches; now knit 18 purls, (36 rows.) When this is accomplished, the last half of the back of sacque is complete, and also the back half of both sleeves. Then from these 114 stitches, knit 47 stitches, which for the present, put on a thread, to be attended to afterwards. Now bind off 20 stitches, which you will find forms the back of the neck of sacque, then there remains the other 47 stitches, making 114 stitches with the 20 stitches which you have bound off. Now with the last 47 stitches (as your thread or worsted is on the side of them) knit 4 purls; (8 rows) this forms the shoulders; then cast on 5 stitches for front or



neck; now knit 18 purls (36 rows) as you did in knitting the back of the sleeve, on the last half of the back of sacque; now as you originally cast on, on both ends of needle, 27 stitches for the sleeves, you must now bind off 27 stitches for sleeve, leaving 20 stitches for the lower front of sacque, and you will find sleeve complete, and also the upper half of front of sacque; now for the lower front of sacque, knit 32 purls, (64 rows) same as you did for the lower half of back of sacque. Sew up the sleeve and under arm. Take up the other 47 stitches and proceed as above. Pick up all the stitches on both fronts, and knit 9 purls, (18 rows) making 1 stitch at commencement of every row, at bottom of sacque only. Then pick up all the stitches at bottom of sacque, and knit 9 purls, (18 rows) making at commencement of each row, a stitch; when complete, sew up the mitred corners, catching the lower stitch only, thus making two rows of holes. Pick up stitches around neck, knit 3 purls, (6 rows) bind off 8 stitches at each end, for band of collar. Knit a row of holes for the tulle, by knitting 2 stitches, worsted over, narrow, worsted over and narrow, so on, knit the 2 end stitches. Knit 9 purls, (18 rows) bind off, your sacque is finished. Use medium sized wooden or bone needles. Mrs. H. L. B.

Darned Lace Tidy.



(Engraved expressly for The Ladies' Home Journal.) Three stripes, 18 inches long, from point to point. Trim with Valenciennes lace about 1 inch wide. You can make the tidy all on one piece of lace, allowing a space between the work, wide enough for the lace. M. F.

DEAR EDITOR:—A lady requested directions for crocheting an infant's sacque. The following directions are very simple, and the sacque very pretty.

Infant's Sacque.

Terms: Single shell—1 shell in one shell of previous row. Double shell—2 shells in one shell of previous row.

Chain 76. 1st row—Crochet 19 crazy shells. 2d row—4 shells, 1 double shell, 9 shells, 1 double shell, 4 shells. 3d row—10 shells, 1 double shell, 10 shells. 4th row—4 shells, 1 double shell, 1 shell, 1 double shell, 8 shells, 1 double shell, 1 shell, 1 double shell, 4 shells.

5th row—12 shells, 1 double shell, 13 shells. 6th row—3 shells, 1 double shell, 4 shells, 1 double shell, 9 shells, 1 double shell, 4 shells, 1 double shell, 3 shells.

7th row—15 shells, 1 double shell, 15 shells. 8th row—4 shells, 1 double shell, 5 shells, 1 double shell, 10 shells, 1 double shell, 5 shells, 1 double shell, 4 shells.

9th row—4 shells, 1 double shell, 18 shells. 10th row—5 shells, 1 double shell, 6 shells, 1 double shell, 11 shells, 1 double shell, 6 shells, 1 double shell, 5 shells.

11th row—20 shells, 1 double shell, 20 shells. 12th row—3 shells, skip 7 of previous row, and connect 8th with 1 single crochet, 14 shells, skip next 7 as before, and connect 8th with 1 single crochet, 7 shells.

13th and 14th rows—1 shell in each of previous row. 15th row—13 shells, 1 double shell, 14 shells. 16th and 17th rows—1 shell in each of previous row.

18th row—6 shells, 1 double shell, 7 shells, 1 double shell, 7 shells, 1 double shell, 6 shells.

19th and 20th rows—1 shell shell in each of previous row.

21st row—7 shells, 1 double shell, 7 shells, 1 double shell, 8 shells, 1 double shell, 7 shells. 22d, 23d, 24th, 25th and 26th rows—1 single shell in each of previous row.

Sleeve—9 shells in each row, and 9 rows. Last stitch of each row, fastened in first stitch, with slip stitch. Turn at the beginning of each row instead of knitting around.

Border—Either large plain shells, or large crazy shells. S. B.

Handkerchief Case.

Take 2 pieces of pasteboard (not too stiff) 5 inches square, cover with satin, with a layer of cotton sprinkled with sachet powder. Sew them neatly together. This is for the bottom of case. Take one-half ounce ball of knitting silk, and crochet a chain long enough to sew round the four sides with a little fullness at the corners.

1st row—1 d c in 4th of ch, ch 2, skip 3 stitches, 2 d c in 7th of ch, *ch 2, skip 3, 2 d c in next st; repeat from star, and join at end of row.

2d row—Ch 2, 2 d c under ch 2, *ch 2, 2 d c under ch 2; repeat from star, and join at end of row. 3d row—*1 s c between the 2 d c, 7 d c between the 2 d c, 7 d c between the 2 d c, 2 d c; repeat from star, join at end of row.

4th row—*1 s c in top of 4th d c in group of 7 d c, ch 6; repeat from star, and join at end of row.

5th row—*Ch 2, 1 d c in 3d and 4th st of ch 6, ch 2, 2 d c in these; repeat from star, join at end of row. Repeat the 3d, 4th and 5th rows twice; this gives you 3 rows of shells, or groups of 7 d c; each shell must be in a line, over each other.

The next 11 rows same as the 2d. Next row same as 3d. Last row—1 s c, ch 3, and 1 single crochet in top of each st.

Run a narrow ribbon in the row below the scallops, to draw the bag up with. JENNIE VOSE.

Rose Lamp Mat.

Materials: One oz. of rose colored Dorcas Saxony for the roses, and two shades of green for leaves; one oz. of olive for the centre of mat. With the olive mat, cover 12 inches and fasten in a circle; in olive mat 10 long crochet st. Continue to make long crochet st round and round, taking care to widen sufficiently to make the mat lie perfectly flat, until it is the required dimension. Fasten. Cut a circle out of cardboard, the size of mat, cover it with silk, and sew the mat securely to the cardboard. The roses and leaves for border are made as follows: Fold a slip of writing paper three-quarters of an inch wide. Take the rose colored wool and crochet one ch; wind the Saxony 3 times around the paper, and hook and draw through with short crochet st. Continue until you have a mat 10 or 12 inches long. Fasten. Slip it off the paper and wind it round in shape of rose, sewing it with needle and thread. Now take the darkest shade of green and crochet 12 chains, and in each chain make a treble post-crochet. At the point of each treble post-crochet 12 treble crochets in the same set to make the point lie flat. Make 3 of these leaves. Work 1 row of Afghan at round the edge with light green, and work stem stitch down the centre, and vein with same. Attach the ends of leaves together and put rose where leaves are joined, and fasten to edge of the mat. ANNA.

Crochet Edge with Novelty Braid.

(By request.) No 24 spool cotton, fine steel hook. 1st row—*2 d c in first loop of braid, ch 2, 3 d c in 3d loop of braid, ch 2, 3 d c in 4th loop of braid, ch 2, 3 d c in 6th loop of braid; repeat from star the length of braid.

2d row—*3 d c under ch of 2, ch 6, catch with s c in top of 3d d c, 3 d c under next ch of 2, ch 6, catch with s c in top of 3d d c, 3 d c under same ch of 2, ch 6, catch with s c in top of 3d d c, 3 d c under next ch of 2; repeat from star the length of braid. Take the other edge of braid, and repeat the first row.

3d row of upper edge—*1 d c under ch of 2 d c, ch 1, 1 d c in top of 2d d c, 1 d c in group of 3, ch 2, 1 d c under ch of 2 d c, ch 2, 1 d c in group of 3, ch 2; repeat from star, length of braid.

4d row—*2 d c under chain of 2, ch 1, 2 d c under chain of 2, ch 1; repeat from star, length of braid. SALEM, O. A. A. M.

1784. BARBOUR'S 1887. IRISH FLAX THREADS.

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DEAR EDITOR:—I think Crazy lace in June number matches Horn of Plenty tudy; you can make it wider by making a foundation chain of 28 stitches. M. B.

If "A. F. M." will send me her address with a 2 cent stamp enclosed, I will advise with her about netting. M. F. KNAPP. 20 LINDEN ST., BOSTON, MASS.

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[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.] INTERIOR DECORATION.

II.

BY A. R. RAMSEY.

Summer Work.

The hot summer weather of America has given birth to a style of decoration distinctively national, and while the most patriotic of our householders cannot claim any beauty for our denuded walls, our pictures and chandeliers in shrouds of white, our curtainless windows, and our linden-covered floors and furniture, no one can deny to this state of decorative blankness one of the first qualities of artistic excellence—a conformity to the useful and appropriate. For quite independent of the ravages of fly and moth, what we wish and seek to express by our summer decorations, is coolness and grateful shade in comparison with the glare and heat of the July street or road. And, the more fully we succeed in this, the greater is the beauty and satisfaction. To produce the best results, however, we must not only fold away the heavy woollen curtains, draperies and portieres, whose dark rich colors delighted us in December, but we must replace them by loose lace fabrics, or those whose delicate colors and cool tones charm us by their hint of coolness and cleanliness.

In the modern country house the decorator is helped, immensely, by the fact that so much deference is now paid by architects to this peculiar phrase of American life, and so much has been done by them to develop the artistic possibilities of our native woods, which, left in their natural colors and treated skillfully with oils and varnishes, suggest in themselves a cool and dainty interior. But in the old-fashioned farm house, the old homestead with small windows and low ceilings; in the narrow, contracted city house, the matter is more difficult; however, much may be done under these most unpromising conditions.

In choosing linen for furniture covers, the best authorities decree that the parlor shall be in silvery greys, (light and dark shades) and a touch of olive green, or two pale shades of buff with a hint of brown. Red and blue mixtures are to be avoided, the colors recommended having been found to wear well, and are free from any imputation of gaudiness. For bedrooms, white dimity is the faintest material imaginable, and has the great advantage of being pretty in curtains and for a bed-spread, but it is so soon soiled that the chintzes and cretonnes, with their bright flowers, make a more useful material for the purpose, and in these, too, the curtains may be made to correspond to the furniture coverings.

Cheese cloth—the friend of the needy—comes strongly to the front in our summer homes; it drapes so prettily, comes in such lovely, delicate colors, and is so lace-like, yet so substantial, that it can be used for almost every sort of drapery; it does not however do well as unlined curtains, being soft and clinging it is apt to become "stringy." But curtains made of cheese cloth, lined with a bright silesia, are very pretty indeed, and a light, summer bed-spread made in the same way, adds to the beauty of the plainest room.

An admirable material for this curtains is known as canvas. Wakamaker's, and such stores, furnish it by the yard, and also in curtains ready-made, at very reasonable price. It is shown in plain white, grey, and ecru, and also in these colors with stripes and borders of bright colors.

The crinkled goods called seersucker makes very pretty bed-room curtains, and as it comes in almost any and every combination of color, one can find something to carry out the chosen scheme of color, however odd it may be. These curtains are of course meant to be inside curtains, looped back and not intended to hang straight. For curtains against the glass or Nottingham lace being one of the best. It never looks fine, but is often woven into lovely and artistic designs, and curtains made of it are exceedingly lace-like and airy; moreover, as they may sometimes be found, as bargains, at a lower price than that of the plain Swiss curtain, there is the further recommendation of cheapness.

All windows certainly look prettier with double curtains, (in fact it is only necessity which makes the single curtain acceptable—artistic it can never be) and with so many cheap stuffs in the market, there is really little excuse for the lack of the inside curtain—especially in summer, where all cotton fabrics, from the chintz at ten cents to the French cretonne at \$3.00 a yard, are allowable. If, however, double curtains are unobtainable, then, at least, a lambrequin can be devised to finish the top of the single curtain, for nothing can be urged in favor of the thin, single curtain hanging straight from the rod; it always gives the room a particularly bare, bald look. The lambrequin may be of some contrasting color and material, either plain or embroidered, but should in all cases, be finished at the lower edge with some sort of appropriate trimming; or, they may be of the same material as the curtain itself.

A very dainty, fresh style for a bed-room, or small parlor, is to make the curtains of plain or figured Swiss muslin, trimmed with a goffer'd ruffle of the same. Concealing the top of the curtain is a lambrequin, made of the muslin, consisting of a rather full ruffle half a yard deep, with a narrow goffer'd ruffle on its lower edge, and a broad hem at the top. Through the hem a bright ribbon some three inches wide is run, and when this ribbon is measured to the exact width of the window frame, it is cut off and fastened at each end by a bow, or rosette. The lambrequin is lined to the depth of this hem with stiff, white buckram, and then secured to the curtain rod so as to entirely conceal it while the curtain hangs from beneath. This arrangement is so simple and so pretty and can be made so easily that if once used will never be given up. Swiss muslin curtains may be trimmed with a fringe of cotton balls, or with heavy lace, and the lambrequin, trimmed to match, may be further improved by being lined throughout with a bright silesia or cambric.

For colored inside curtains the French cretonnes stand at the head of the list in point of artistic value. Cheaper than these are the lovely French sateens, the English cretonnes and chintzes, and after these come the plain stuffs. All inside curtains are improved by being lined, they hang better, and fade less; and for this purpose cream colored cheese cloth is, again, a good material. Where the curtains are of figured stuff a pale background with flowers in bunches or running vines will look "more like summer" than any other sort of design. Where the curtain is of plain stuff a border, either of figured material, or, of an applied pattern in some contrasting color is a great improvement, for few colors can be safely used in such unbroken masses as the plain curtains would produce.

Thin materials may replace the worsted table cover, and the heavy mantel lambrequin. Scrim is a favorite summer substitute for either of these, and may be trimmed with the heavy guipure d'art or with the Russian laces with their pretty mixtures of red and blue. These scrim covers and draperies are often stamped with patterns of vines and flowers and then outlined with silk, crewel, or French working cotton. Some new materials for outlining have just been shown: one is linen floss, in all shades and colors; it is as fine as silk, and with careful washing wears well; it is more glossy than cotton and therefore richer looking. Another new material is cotton tinsel, which has one objection—it will not wash, but it is very bright and showy.

Very dainty lambrequins are made of fine "butcher's linen," or fine crash, on which morning glories are outlined; the flowers in pale pink and blue, the leaves in green. Below this border, the linen is fringed out to the depth of three inches, as a finish, and the lambrequin is held in place by small brass headed nails driven through a narrow band of pale green ribbon.

Another summer lambrequin, less stiff than the above, can be made from light material of any sort, taking one made by Wanamaker as a guide. The one seen, was of pongee in its natural buff shade, on which had been printed sprays of flowers, in flat tints of pale blue and pink with leaves of olive, and stems of brown. The mantel is first fitted with a board, covered to match the lambrequin, and to this is sewed the selvedge edge of a breadth of silk, extending the entire length of the board and round one end, in rather a full ruffle, the sewing being done in such a manner that when the lambrequin is in place, this curtain falls over the seam and thus conceals it. The lower edge is trimmed by a fringe of silk balls, of the shade of the flower stems, and at the bare end of the board the silk is gathered up in a bunch under a bow of pale blue, pink and olive ribbons; at this same end of the board, a separate breadth of the silk is sewed on in full plaits, and falls in straight folds; on its front and lower edges is the same ball fringe. Of course any drapery that is graceful, and appropriate to the material used, is allowable, but the mistake often is to have too many bows and too much draping. This same lambrequin is pretty in almost any lace material and especially in the so-called "crazy cloth," and may be ornamented with cotton, silk or tinsel balls.

A pretty summer scarf for a chair back is made from bolting cloth and ribbon. The threads of the bolting cloth are drawn for the depth of half an inch across the end, and some distance above the edge; through the threads then left, a bright ribbon is woven. Leaving a space of half an inch, the threads are drawn as before, and a ribbon of some contrasting color used. This is repeated eight or nine times, the ribbons being fastened in place by a bow at each end or else allowed to extend several inches at each end and lightly tacked in place by a stitch on the under side. The scarf is finished by a frill of fine, delicate lace on its lower edge.

The heavy draperies of a room, its portieres, etc., may be replaced by linen curtains, hand-embroidered, or by many of the same materials already suggested for window curtains. The latest craze in the New York studios is to make a wall drapery or portiere of a fisherman's net; not an imitation but a bona fide seine net, grey with age, and with its floats, sinkers and corks attached. It certainly makes an original portiere to say the least.

[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.] WISE TALK ON EVERYDAY SUBJECTS.

BY MARTHA BARTHOLOI FULLER.

"There is always a best way of doing everything if it be to boil an egg."

I like that terse sentence of Emersons. So it is our duty to search after and embody the best. I believe there is always demand for the best in every work-shop and salesroom of the world. Most of us must do a great many commonplace things ere we find that best method. I say method, because I believe that every harmonious production, if it be but a good beef broth, is so by reason of method in its making.

Well is it said that "necessity is the mother of invention," but never is it the mother till it has brought the forces to well-ordered regularity. Great works or good books are not made by spasmodic effort. Neither are happy homes or well-behaved children. Tennyson breathes the tired mother's evening prayer: "O, yet we trust that somehow good will be the final goal of ill."

Tired mother, through the wonderful strengthening of prayer, the weakness and despair are taken away and new strength is given with the new day. Dear mothers, you feel the sacredness of your work, that with each day, you shall not only mould good bread for your table, but you shall mould for the tables of the world—of eternity,—in the fresh young lives that "live in your light."

Yes, in the life of your husband, for I believe, "that no man ever lived a right life who has not been chastened by a woman's love, strengthened by her courage, and guided by her discretion." That it is impossible for a man to rightly love any one "whose gentle counsel he cannot trust, or whose prayerful command he can hesitate to obey."

The buckling on the knight's armor by his lady was not merely a romantic custom. "It is the type of an eternal truth that the soul's armor is never well set to the heart unless a woman's hand has traced it, and it is only when she braces it loosely that the honor of manhood fails."

You have well thumbed the maxim that "you must do your part," trusting that your back will be fitted to the burden.

And did it never occur to you that it is as much your part to economically reserve your strength, as to impetuously pour it out, nay, squeeze it all out, on the altars you have built up to sacrifice yourselves upon—good dinners, early morn wash-day, sprig cleaning, pretty dresses and decorations, or babies' troublesome habits.

The ancients only offered sacrifice to their high gods, but do we not, less wisely, offer up our lives at whatever altar custom or fancy may have raised.

An exalted god gives holiness to the thing sacrificed, but an ignominious seems blasphemous to noble things.

If you have been given strength, is it not your duty to treasure it till the Giver calls for it, instead of burning your candle to the socket at noon-day?

I once heard an old father remarking the difference in the way his sons and daughters worked. The sons did each day the same amount of work, neither beginning earlier or hurrying unduly, but working calmly till time to stop.

They neither set a stint of a certain amount that must be done this week, or worked to exhaustion in the forenoon that they might finish one kind of work, to put on a better suit and begin some other kind in the afternoon. In fact, they never worked as hurriedly or nervously.

In this wise the good old father accounted for the difference in endurance and quietness of nerve of his once equally healthy and rosey little boys and girls.

Doubtless he had lost sight of the unequalness in vigor of outdoor and indoor work; of the fetters of womanhood and of woman's circumstances.

But is there not a good deal of reason in the old farmer's philosophy, after all?

Do you not every week make out a mental program of work which you keep constantly before your mind's eye—washing, Monday; ironing, baking and cleaning done up early, and then you must sew—you must complete a long list of articles, mending in the intervals, company to tea, etc. All this, regardless of being awake every night with the baby.

And do you not sit up late Saturday night, after all the household are fast asleep, to sew on the last button on the last garment of the list, or, if one is crowded out, go to bed, but not to sleep, with that farment resting heavily on your mind?

Now, I realize that "the work has to be done," and that you, many of you, must do it alone, or with little help.

But I beg of you to set no stints, to carry no undone work about on your mind, to work without hurry or worry, not to crowd the heavy work into one day or one half day, spending the rest of the week in suffering, getting over the overwork. Simplify your work and your sewing, know and methodically follow the best, and therefore the easiest, way of doing everything. Go to bed regularly and arise regularly, and these not at unusual hours.

Scrupulously reserve some part of each day, if it be but five minutes, for recreation, it matters not so much of what kind, if it be relaxation and forgetfulness of care. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," and it is just as true of his sister Jill.

When work is over throw off the thought of tucks to stitch and buttons to sew as completely as does your husband lay aside pencil and figures when office hours are over and he comes home to babies and you.

I know that your office hours are never over, but you may build up a door betwixt care and you, that you may sometimes close, and lock with your will.

I beseech you to think of these things.

Can the making of yourself too careworn and exhausted, to enter with zest into any enjoyment, to read the happenings of the day, to talk with your husband and friends interestingly, to help your children think the fresh young thoughts, which coming to them are as new and wonderful as though new to the world, can this, I say, be the best way to live? The best way to make "a happy home and well-behaved children?"

If we would enter with sympathy into their eager young lives we must not allow the warmth of ours to be chilled by the long cold drizzle of life.

It is only when there is vitality in us, and sap at the roots, that we can enter with understanding sympathy into the lives of our children.

They will not unfold their budding spring to us if we have not spring in our hearts.

It is only when we can see and feel as our children do that we can help them to see and feel aright. Then looking through our calmer eyes and feeling with our cooler feeling, we may help them to cleave the smoky mists and feel that years will bring surer guide than the reckless impatience of the heart untried.

If we do not enter into their pleasures they will not understand us.

Lady, the fields of earth are wide, And tempt an infant's foot to stray. Oh! lead thy loved one's steps aside, Where the white altar lights his way. Around his path shall glance and glide A thousand shadows false and wild; Oh! lead him to that surer Guide, Than sire, serene, or mother mild, So when thy breast of love untold, That warmed his sleep of infancy, Shall only make the marble cold, Beneath his aged knee; From its steep throne of Heavenly gold, Thy soul shall stoop to see His grief that cannot be controlled, Turning to God from thee— Clearing with prayer the cloudy fold, That veils the sanctuary.

"That perfect loveliness of a woman's countenance can only consist in that majestic peace, which is founded in the memory of happy and useful years,—full of sweet records; and from the joining of this with that yet more majestic childishness, which is still full of change and promise;—opening always—modest at once, and bright, with hope of better things to be won or to be bestowed. There is no old age where there is still that promise—it is eternal youth."

There is nothing in the world which will so tend to ruin the disposition, temper, and indirectly, the character of either child or adult, as that of being subjected to unjust accusation. Once having been wrongly accused, even in a little thing, it ruffles and rankles, till to a sullen or morbid disposition, the offence of the accuser, no matter how strong the circumstantial evidence is against the accused, assumes enormous proportions, proportions as widely far of justice as was the accusation in the first place.

An unjust accusation, if in connection with grave matters will often cause a recklessness, a desperation, that fills the ungoverned mind with but one desire—revenge for the smart inflicted, combined with a settled determination to have the "game as well as the name"—a combination leading surely to ruin.

It behooves parents and employers to think twice before they accuse either their children or their servants of some act which they themselves have not witnessed, lest by so doing they do an irreparable injury or make a life-long enemy.

It was Chesterfield who said: "I am more upon my guard as to my behavior to my servants and to others who are called my inferiors, than I am towards my equals, for fear of being suspected of that mean and ungenerous sentiment of desiring to make others feel that difference which fortune has, perhaps too undeservedly, made between us."

When giving the final polish to stoves before putting them away for the summer, mix the blacking with a little oil, (sperm or kerosene) instead of water. This will prevent the summer rust, so discouraging to the careful housekeeper.

"Stitch, stitch, stitch. Band and gusset and seam." sang Hood. He forgot to mention "buttonholes;" however, perhaps it did not rhyme conveniently. But whether Hood mentioned buttonholes or not, they have remained a fixed fact and have heretofore formed a rather disagreeable part of the problem of spring sewing. Many women who are fairly neat sewers in other respects, the sewing machine doing all the "nice" parts of the work, have been very much exercised when it came to "buttonhole time."

This is all done away with now, by the "Family Buttonhole Attachment" which has been put on the market by The Smith & Egge Mfg. Co. It can be applied to any ordinary two-thread sewing machine; and the buttonholes worked by it are strong, durable and beautiful, with a good cord edge, far surpassing in neatness and regularity, anything that could be done by the most expert hand. Write direct to Smith & Egge Manufacturing Co., 16 E. 14th St., N. Y., for sample and particulars.

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THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

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A NATIONAL ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL.

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MRS. EMMA C. HEWITT, ASSOCIATE EDITORS.

Mrs. J. H. LEMBERT.

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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 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.

NEW YORK OFFICE: Potter Building, 28 Park Row, Room No. 1. W. S. NILES, MANAGER.

Our New York Office is for the transaction of business with New York advertisers. Subscribers should not address any letters to that office.

Philadelphia, August, 1887.

Subscriptions must begin with the number current when subscription was received. We do not date back, even upon the most urgent request.

A portrait and sketch of Christine Terhune Herrick will appear in the September number.

Did you send us a club of three months trial subscribers? Why not get them all to renew now for a year, and thus secure another premium?

Miss Louisa M. Alcott has written for the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL a paper on "Early Marriages." It will appear in the September number.

A photograph of Miss Marietta Holley—"Joseph Allen's Wife"—is now in the hands of our engravers. The portrait, with a biographical sketch of this famous writer, will appear in one of the autumn issues.

When frauds in journalism are subject to the same penalty as other frauds, it will be a wholesome thing for newspapers and society both. The editor who does not edit advertising as well as reading columns and protect subscribers from the numerous frauds and swindlers who more than half fill most of the best known newspapers in the country, is, in our opinion, an accessory before the fact and should be subject to the same penalty.

We present this month, as promised, a second "Talk With Mothers," by Dr. Edward W. Watson—a talk which no mother can afford to lose.

Following this, in our September issue, will be a "Talk" by Frank Fisher, M. D., in regard to the ears of children, and the care necessary on the mother's part—setting forth the gravity of troubles with the ear (many of which arise from the most trifling causes or negligences) with the means of prevention and the simplest remedies.

If your subscription expires with this number you can at least secure one new name which will entitle you to one of the numerous premiums given for only two subscribers, such as our special Stamping Outfit, Sugar Spoon, Linen Splasher, Silver-plated Butter Knife, "How to Knit and What to Knit," "Cookery for Beginners," by Marion Harland, several varieties of Lace Pins, Tidies stamped ready to be worked, Bracket Lambrequins, Child's Bib, Tissue Paper Outfit, etc.

It is considered a bad thing to be a square post in a round hole. Well, it is a bad thing; to feel conscious of capabilities far outreaching our surroundings; to be filled with constant desire to enlarge our world; to be constantly hitting something or somebody with our far-reaching corners;—all this is pretty bad, to be sure. But how immeasurably worse to be a round post in a square hole! In the first case, if we work away with sufficient persistence, the hole is sure to give way, and by degrees, we find our circle enlarged, ourselves better understood, rough contact and sudden jars much less frequent, and circumstances and surroundings finally settle themselves until we find ourselves much more congenially situated.

But imagine the round post in the square hole! The awful sense of unfitness; the feeling of lack and inability to fill properly the position in which one is placed; the surety that in oneself there is nothing which will make it possible for one ever to fill out and fit the position squarely,—this surely is worse.

POSTAGE TO CITY 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 can not 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. And, as the JOURNAL in its present form weighs over two ounces, we are, therefore, obliged to ask Philadelphia subscribers twenty-four cents extra or postage, unless the paper is addressed at the post-office to be called for, or to any P. O. box.

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We furnish "The Handy Binder," to JOURNAL subscribers at 75 cents each, postpaid. Made specially for the JOURNAL; very neat and handy. Makes a strong book. The operation of binding is exceedingly simple and readily understood.

POOR RELATIONS.

In whatever else it may disagree, the world unanimously considers it a settled fact, that woman must eat and be clothed, though as to her legitimate path in the pursuit of food and raiment, there be various opinions.

Without desiring to discuss the desirability or legitimacy, of the devious paths now open to women; without at all wishing to open up the subject of "woman's rights," we would urge upon parents a closer thought in regard to the future of their daughters, which, indeed, in these days of fluctuating fortune, is no light matter.

Let them be educated for good housekeepers, by all means, if they have any taste for it, (and led to it, if possible, if they have not); let them be taught to sew, to knit, to weave, to bake, to brew, to scrub; anything and everything, in short, calculated to make their own home or that of the "coming man," pleasanter and more comfortable. Let them further be educated so as to be able to fill with ease any position in society; let them become brilliant women, if they have the ability for that. But there is something yet beyond this—let them be educated to be self-supporting, if necessity should offer.

Each girl should have a trade or a profession. When a man of fortune falls, who is to take care of his five daughters, or what use has the world for five "good housekeepers" who have no houses to keep?

Since it is a melancholy fact that "ladies" are at times unexpectedly obliged to support themselves, (and even those around them) every woman should have at her command, some trade or profession, in order that when necessity occurs, if ever it does, she may have wares to offer for which the public is likely to be a ready purchaser; for, believe it, the world has but little to say to the woman who can urge only her "good housekeeping" as a plea for a position whereby she may earn her daily bread.

Let each daughter be taught some trade or profession outside of her own home: one, millinery; another, dressmaking; and so on; if only the so-called womanly employments are preferred. If, however, popular prejudice, or private opinion, does not interfere, the branches in which a woman may perfect herself with a view to future self-support, are legion: book-keeping, short-hand, type-writing, any of the thousand-and-one new avenues opening for women, or the time-honored old ones. But, parents, do not, as you love your daughters, do not allow them, in case of reverse, to find themselves stranded on a barren shore, incapable of anything but "eating the bitter bread of charity" as "poor relations."

IS NOT THE AMERICAN MODE OF LIVING RUINING THE AMERICAN BRAIN?

We, as a nation, are reproached by others, principally the English, for our typical want of constitution. They who cast these reproaches are wont to lay the foundation of this evil to pie. Now, when one can hardly pick up an English fiction where the family of the heroine don't produce a cold pigeon—or rabbit—pie on the slightest occasion, and as "beef and mutton pies" are a time-honored institution in the mother country, it is hardly fair to America to cast pie in her teeth as a subject of reproach.

Plenty of people do, without doubt, eat too much of everything, pie included; but the main trouble, if one will reflect soberly, lies neither in the quantity nor the quality, but in the method and time. It has been customary for an American city man to go to dinner in the middle of the day, spare as little time for that process as is consistent with bolting it at all, and rush back to the office, to finish a hard day's work—eating a light supper, if they have time, and perhaps finishing the day altogether in the office.

There is an axiom in the beginning of all philosophy books, that no two objects can occupy the same space at the same time, the reverse of that proposition being equally true. As no one thing can be in two places at once, it stands to reason that, while the blood is needed to supply the head for its mental work, it cannot be in the stomach helping the food digest. The stomach needs blood for its work just as surely as the heart, and unless we can supply each part of the frame with the thing required for its best work, that part becomes weakened by the strain. To expect one supply of blood to do the work of two, is to enfeeble both the brain and the stomach. To eat, or rather swallow (for it can hardly be called eating) a hearty dinner in the middle of the day and let it lie in the stomach, an undigested mass, till night when you can afford to take the blood from the brain, is to lay up misery for one's self and nursing for one's friends; the poor digestion impoverishes the over-taxed blood, the over-taxed blood makes poor digestion, and thus one operates on the other to an unlimited extent.

It is an English custom for adults to eat dinner after the work of the day is over, giving plenty of time to it. This is, doubtless, one great secret of English health and English constitution, and when we, too, more universally adopt the habit that is now coming in vogue; when we can learn that even Americans, with all their push and brain, will give out if overwrought as any other piece of mechanism; when we can learn to take as a maxim the Italian proverb *Festina lente* (make haste slowly); when we can learn that "there is a time to eat" as well as "a time to work," we will be a healthier and happier nation.

AN EXPLANATION BY JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE.

In order to avoid any misunderstanding I wish to state that I wrote a few sketches growing out of my sojourn at Saratoga and published them in the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, when finding them so cordially received, and the subject growing so greatly in interest, I concluded to go on and write a book, which I have done, and have sold the copyright to Messrs. Hubbard Bros., who are the exclusive owners of the entire work, and are bringing it out in elegant style by subscription. The brief sketches I published in the HOME JOURNAL were but a fraction of the full book, and it is but justice to the public and Messrs. Hubbard Bros. that I make this explanation.

MARIETTA HOLLEY. NEW YORK, June 23d, 1887.

Miss Holley is engaged as a regular contributor to the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, and will continue to furnish original matter written expressly for the JOURNAL, and used exclusively in these columns. Her sketches in the JOURNAL, hereafter, will not be found in any other publication. CYRUS H. K. CURTIS, Pub. and Proprietor, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

A SPECIAL OCCASION.

THIS MONTH ONLY we offer such premiums as we have large stocks of, at prices so low, as to insure their sale quick enough to make room for our new autumn premiums. This is a special bargain month. You can buy such goods as we offer this month cheaper than you ever bought them before, and cheaper than you ever can buy them again. Less than one-half the prices in any large store in the country. We do not generally sell merchandise, our object being to gain new subscribers by giving premiums to club-raisers. We sell now simply to make room for new premiums, and will not again offer such inducements as are to be found in these columns this month. What you can buy "dirt cheap" usually is dirt—but not in this case. Advertised "great bargains" are usually "great sells," but not always. This is a genuine mark down; a special occasion. The goods are perfect, no fault in them,—we simply want the room they occupy for our new fall premiums which are expected every day, and we have no place to stow them away, unless we get rid of those now on hand. The quickest way to do that, is to offer them so cheap that our subscribers will be glad of such an opportunity and take them at once.

CORRESPONDENCE.

O. A., CHEYENNE, WYOMING T.—March 5, 1885, fell on Monday.

MYRAH:—Address Sisters of St. John the Baptist, 17th St. and Rutherford Place, N. Y. City.

"One of Your Subscribers":—You can obtain a book on draw work at this office. Price 25c. postpaid.

If "A Subscriber," New York, desiring information in regard to spinning-wheel, will kindly send name and address with two-cent postage stamps, we will forward a number of letters.

We would like to make this occasion the subject of a few remarks. Hereafter, we will consider no communication unless accompanied by full name and address, in addition to the nom de plume the writer may have chosen to assume.

To search our files (as we did in the case mentioned) for the original letter, only to find that there is no clue to the writer, is a useless expenditure of valuable time. If at any future time, a subscriber should send us a communication, unaccompanied by full name and address, she or he need not inquire later "why" the question has not been answered. The reply to the "why" is obvious.

DEAR SISTERS OF THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL:—How I wish I knew you all personally, and that we, just we ourselves, could have a picnic, and talk over all the helpful hints and suggestions we receive and put into practical use each month!

And what funny surprises there would be! Do you think "Clarissa Potter," "Thorny Poppy" or "Prudence Parsons," and scores of others, look at all as we have them pictured in our minds?

Another surprise might be, to find embodied in one person, two or three nom de plumes; or possibly, we discover that wise remarks and sage advice have emanated from a John or Peter, while we thought herself was speaking; and then we'd clap him out, for sailing under false colors, wouldn't we?

But as the picnic idea cannot be successfully carried out, the old way of giving and receiving, through the printed page, thoughts, helps and suggestions, is the next best.

Late one evening, distressed by wind pressing against the wind-pipe, I wanted some very hot water. There was none in the teakettle, and the hot water boiler having been emptied, cleaned and refilled, contained only luke-warm water. Whatever should I do? hot water I must have, yet did not wish to disturb the family with whom I board, so set my wits to work to contrive a way. I cut a six-inch square of brown paper,—a nice smooth kind such as a new garment had been sent home in,—planned a tiny plat in each of the four sides, making it cup-shape; filled it with cold water, about two tablespoonfuls; then held it over the bright blaze of a kerosene lamp, an inch above the chimney. The paper did not burn, nor the water soak through, and in a minute or minute and half, was bubbling hot. I drank from the improvised cup, removed the difficulty, and sat down to tell you the story.

RIVERSIDE.

DEAR EDITOR:—I, too, feel called on to say a few words in regard to "cards."

The subject of gambling is one of deepest interest to the whole human race, regardless of sex. But to the women who inveigh against "cards" as an invention of the devil, calculated to destroy the soul of all who handle; to the men who think that a game of whist is the gate to perdition, a word might be said that would perhaps give some food for reflection.

"I think cards are dreadful," says some anxious mother, "but do you think there is any harm in checkers?"

There is the whole situation in a nut-shell. Any harm in checkers! Quite as much harm in "checkers" as in "whist" or "euchre," or any other one of the much-abused games of cards.

Mothers, what is gambling? It does not consist, as many of the unenlightened suppose, in card playing—it consists in playing any game for money.

Two boys may be playing the most innocent game in the world,—battledore and shuttlecock, say—and having an honestly good time, but just the moment Tom agrees to give Joe his knife in case his victory, and Joe agrees to hand over his ship under like circumstances, just at that moment, Tom and Joe begin to gamble, and never a card near them. Should battledore and shuttlecock, therefore, be denounced as wicked?

Bad boys match pennies and the winner takes the pie. Must we have no pennies? Gamblers bet on racing horses. Must we keep no horses in consequence? What are commonly denounced as "cards" are those bearing upon their face the king, queen, jack, spots of hearts, diamonds, clubs and spades. With these cards, however, the most innocent games can be played, and with

other cards of like number, precisely the same games can be played.

I remember an incident which occurred under my own eye, which showed me most clearly the fallacy of the ground taken by those who inveigh against playing with ordinary "cards."

Once upon a time, in a family where "cards" were regarded with horror, the parents had given the children a game called "The Game of the Nations." Europe, Asia, Africa and America were represented. The king, the queen, the prince, etc. I forgot in what way America was represented, but at any rate, the full fifty-two cards were there, and with the father and mother looking on, the children played the very interesting and innocent game of "The Nations;" at least, that is what it was called, but to the initiated, it was "whist."

Had these parents been told that their children were playing "whist" or "euchre," they would have been chilled with horror, although they themselves sat by and saw how entirely innocent, in itself, was the game. So much is there in a name!

Gambling is the spirit which actuates the playing of games with a view to winning money, be the amount large or small; therefore, chess, checkers, a teetotum, or even a race between two boys, may be as sinful as "poker;" and "cards" may be as innocent as "battledore-and-shuttlecock," or even "tag."

PRUDENCE PARSONS.

EDITOR LADIES' HOME JOURNAL:—An article in the editorial department of the Springfield Republican on "The Army of Independent Women," in which are given Mayor Hewitt's views on the subject says, that more of these women should go into domestic service, and states the chief difficulty as the question of caste, and urges the making attractive our homes for the employment of such women; urges it as a Christian duty, and says our reward shall be an improved quality of service. All of which I heartily endorse, and what is written below is my actual experience in doing this, hoping that some may be benefitted thereby, and may come to realize the blessedness of the proverb that "A contented mind is a continual feast." In my sixteen years of housekeeping experience, some of the time with one servant, at other times with two, or worse still, to wish I was alone, I have thoughtfully arrived at this conclusion, viz.: that housework is an art, and to be done in its highest and best conception, must be given over to brains as well as muscles; in fact, brains will counter-balance a very small amount of muscle. How much encouragement and help I have received from Mrs. Whitney's books in the careful study and summing up of this matter; it suffices to say that some of the happiest moments of my life from girlhood have been spent in the society of "Sin Saxon," "We Girls," etc., and it always seemed to me even then that the vexed problem would at last be solved if one could find such help as Sin found in her housekeeping. I mean women, noble-minded sensible women, who look up the work they could do and do well without fear or hesitation of that work pulling them down, but secure in their own strength and purpose, glorified their position, bringing comfort and happiness to the home through their having lived in it. So much for what I had believed in, and wanted to do myself; and now to what we have done: The long-looked-for opportunity came at last to me early in the spring. Having been without a servant for a month, and being so contented and happy alone, I resolved not to seek one but, like Mcawber, to wait for "something to turn up." For once fortune smiled upon me and brought to me a friend just then wanting a home. Here was my chance, and I confess it was tremblingly I ventured upon this new departure.

My husband (manlike) foretold the pitiful story of long doctor's bills for my overtaxing my strength; of aching back, and limbs too tired to enjoy anything after my work was done; and all in good faith the blessed man believed it, and I think has always thought that one of the promises he made at the marriage altar was to keep me supplied with a servant, whether good, bad, or indifferent, but a servant, as he fondly hoped to lift the burden from me. I argued on my part, a mind at rest, because I should know exactly how everything was, less cost to live, better cooking, a neater kitchen, and happiness on all sides. Drawn up against me in battle array stood also my mother and sister, both of whom declared I could not fulfill my part of the contract; "I never had been able to," "I was not strong enough," etc., etc. But "when a woman will she will," and in spite of all argument I ventured forth, and now, after a six months trial, I can say from my heart it has been a perfect success. In the first place, all washing and ironing was taken from the house. Then when there was a day of heavy work, like sweeping and cleaning, a woman was hired by the hour. Our plan has been to work together until the work was done. Our afternoons have never been spent in housework, nor was it necessary, even when our family consisted of twelve, as it has a good part of the summer. Our usual family numbers nine. Time has been plentiful for all outside demands, and strength with which to enjoy all that offered. Not one day of sickness since this new departure, (a thing unknown for years) and instead of doctor's bills, a physician is unknown except as a family friend. No more sleepless nervous nights such as had been my lot in the past, when only in the early morning could I woo the gentle goddess, but now long restful nights, to wake in the morning refreshed and ready for a new day's duties. And so our summer has passed, and now, as we are settling down to a winter of work and play intermingled, we can but look back over the past months conscious of a work well done, and with stronger bodies and clearer minds we can but be thankful that we ventured the experiment. And then to think, sister workers; of being able to look into your husband's eyes after going over the summer campaign, and to exclaim triumphantly, "I told you so!" and to watch the love-light steal into them as his hand closes over yours in the pressure that has grown so dear to you in all these years of love and labor together, and to hear him jokingly say, (when he finds himself at last fairly cornered) "My dear, you would never have been able to have done it unless I had first told you that you couldn't." Well, never mind, you know he has in his mind all the time the good dinners he has eaten, and the pleasure he himself has taken in your co-operative housekeeping. Six months of harmony in all parts of the house. No fault-finding, no trouble of any kind. Would that each vexed and tried housekeeper would try my remedy and find such a friend and helper as has fallen to my lot. And as a sure and safe remedy for nervousness I can heartily recommend to my sister sufferers more housework and less Kensington embroidery, painting, etc., and the world will seem brighter and life better worth the living. HARRIET TREMAIN TRENT.



THE PRACTICAL HOUSEKEEPER.

[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.] COTTAGE DINNERS.

AUGUST.

BY CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK.

"Keep cool," is an excellent motto in theory and practice for August weather. The most fervid and trying heats of the summer may be expected during this month, and the endeavor should be to make them as tolerable as possible.

Great watchfulness is also demanded with uncooked meats, not only to protect them from flies, but also to prevent their spoiling. If they are put upon the ice at all, they must be kept there altogether and only taken from the refrigerator or ice-house to be put into the oven.

All diligence should be used to keep the dining-room cool and pleasant. Blinds, windows and doors should be opened as soon as possible after daybreak to admit whatever dewy freshness there may be about the morning.

Breakfast over, all the dishes that have had food upon them should be carried out immediately, the crumbs brushed up, the table set for dinner, a light cloth or mosquito net thrown over it and the room kept dark and cool.

Cooling effects should also be sought in eatables. Meat should not be eaten in large quantities. Poultry is generally abundant and cheap at this time of year, and it and fish should be, when possible, substitutes for beef, mutton and veal.

SUNDAY.

- Stewed Ducks. Boiled Corn. Baked Potatoes. Fried Egg Plants. Whole Peach Pie.

STEWED DUCKS:—Stuff a pair of ducks as for roasting. Make a gravy of the giblets, by cutting them in pieces, covering them with two cupfuls of water and stewing a couple of hours. Lay the ducks, stuffed and trussed, in a dripping pan, dilute the gravy from the giblets until there is enough to half immerse the ducks when it is poured over them, cover them with a pan of the same size as the other, and let them simmer in this for from two to three hours.

BAKED POTATOES:—See previous directions.

WHOLE PEACH PIE:—Fill pie dishes lined with pastry with whole peaches, peeled, but not stoned. Sprinkle them thickly with sugar and lay a good crust over them. Bake in a steady oven. Sprinkle the crust with powdered sugar before the pie is served, and pass sugar and cream with each piece.

MONDAY.

- Salmi of Duck with Green Peas. Corn Fritters. Boiled New Potatoes. Tomato Salad. Croutons.

SALMI OF DUCK WITH GREEN PEAS:—Cut the meat from the bones of yesterday's ducks, and break the carcass into pieces. Put the bones and stuffing over the fire with about three cups of cold water and boil this down to a little over a cupful. Skim and strain this and put into a saucepan with the pieces of duck. Let them get very hot together, but do not bring them to a boil. Cook about a quart of shelled green peas, as directed in June "Cottage Dinners." Take

the duck from the gravy and pile it on squares of fried bread laid on a hot platter and arrange the peas in a border about it. Thicken the gravy left in the saucepan with a little browned flour and pour this over the meat.

CORN FRITTERS:—Grate two cupfuls of corn from the cob. The ears that are a little too old for eating in the ordinary method will serve admirably for this. Mix with the corn one egg, beaten light, a cup of sweet milk into which has been stirred a bit of soda the size of a pea, two teaspoonfuls of melted butter, a pinch of salt and enough flour to make a thin batter. Beat well together and fry on a griddle as you would cakes for breakfast.

BOILED NEW POTATOES:—See directions for "Cottage Dinners" for July.

TOMATO SALAD:—Peel tomatoes carefully and cut them in half, laying each piece upon a leaf of lettuce. Pour over them a mayonnaise dressing made by beating the yolks of four eggs smooth and thick with four tablespoonfuls of salad oil, putting the oil in a drop at a time for five minutes and then adding it more rapidly. Thin with vinegar from time to time. When ready it should be quite as smooth as cream and much thicker. Add salt and pepper to taste. Put only a little on the tomatoes and pass the remainder to the guests that they may help themselves. The dressing must be mixed in a bowl set in a pan of cracked ice, and kept on the ice after it is made until it is served.

CROUTONS:—See "Cottage Dinners" for April.

TUESDAY.

- Baked Halibut. Succotash. Browned Potatoes. Peaches and Cream.

BAKED HALIBUT:—Order a piece of halibut weighing about four pounds. Lay it in salt and water for an hour before cooking. Wipe dry, score it across the top with a sharp knife and lay it in a dripping pan. Bake about an hour in a steady oven and baste several times with hot water and melted butter. When it is done, lay it on a hot dish, strain the gravy left in the pan and boil up after adding two teaspoonfuls of butter rubbed smooth with two tablespoonfuls of browned flour. Just before taking from the fire add a tablespoonful of Harvey's or Worcestershire sauce and the juice of a lemon. Pour part of the gravy over the fish and pass the rest in a gravy boat.

SUCCOTASH:—Cut the corn from about a dozen cobs, and put it in a saucepan with half the quantity of shelled lima beans. Simmer in enough water to cover them for an hour, or until tender. Drain off the water and pour over them a cup of hot milk into which has been stirred a lump of butter rolled in flour. Let the beans and corn boil gently in this about fifteen minutes, add pepper and salt to taste and serve in a hot dish.

BROWNED POTATOES:—Boil and mash potatoes as usual, stir in a beaten egg in addition to the regular butter, milk and seasoning, mound on a pie plate or in a pudding dish and brown in the oven. Send to table in the dish in which they were browned.

PEACHES AND CREAM:—Peel and slice peaches as late as possible before serving them as exposure to the air discolors them. Never sweeten in the dish, but pass sugar and cream with each saucerful.

WEDNESDAY.

- Larded Shoulder of Mutton. Chopped Potatoes. String Beans, saute. Sliced Cucumbers. Blackberry Pudding.

LARDED SHOULDER OF MUTTON:—Make deep, narrow cuts in the shoulder of mutton with a sharp knife and in these incisions insert narrow strips of fat salt pork. They should be long enough to project a little way on each side. Lay the mutton in a dripping pan, dash two cupfuls of boiling water over, cover with another pan and bake two hours, basting from time to time with its own gravy. When it is tender, uncover and brown, basting twice with butter and currant jelly. Keep the meat hot, while straining and thickening the gravy left in the pan, as before directed. Send to table separately.

STRING BEANS, SAUTE:—String tender beans and cut them into inch lengths. Cook in slightly salted boiling water for half an hour, drain them and put them in a deep frying pan with a large tablespoonful of butter, a teaspoonful of vinegar and salt and pepper. Toss and shake five minutes over a hot fire, and serve.

CHOPPED POTATOES:—Chop cold boiled potatoes into dice. Put them into a saucepan with a tablespoonful of nice dripping. Pepper and salt, stirring them constantly until they are hot through, but not browned.

SLICED CUCUMBERS:—See "Cottage Dinners" for July.

BLACKBERRY PUDDING:—Two cups milk, four quarts flour, two eggs, one gill yeast, one teaspoonful soda, saltspoonful salt, four quarts blackberries. Beat the eggs, add the milk, yeast, soda dissolved in hot water and the salted flour. Set it to rise in a warm place for between three and four hours. When it is light, stir in quickly the berries, well dredged with flour, and bake in a buttered pudding dish. It will take an hour to bake. If the top crust forms too quickly lay paper over it. Eat with hard sauce.

THURSDAY.

- Summer Soup. Mutton Pudding. Baked Tomatoes and Corn. Water Melon.

SUMMER SOUP:—Two quarts soup stock, made by boiling your mutton bone, from which you have cut all the meat, with a pound of lean beef, chopped, in four quarts of water. Reduce the liquid by boiling to one-half the original quantity. Four cups shelled green peas, two cups shelled Lima beans, one onion chopped fine, six large tomatoes, two tablespoonfuls butter rolled in flour. Lay the peas and beans in cold water for an hour. Strain and heat your soup, put in all the vegetables and season to taste. Simmer a full hour covered, add the butter and flour and cook half an hour longer.

MUTTON PUDDING:—Chop your cold mutton into small bits, season it well, put it into a buttered pudding dish and pour over it what remains of the gravy. Prepare two cupfuls of mashed potato, beat into it an egg, a cupful of milk, a tablespoonful of prepared flour, pepper and salt. Spread on top of the mutton. Bake an hour in a steady oven.

BAKED TOMATOES AND CORN:—Cut the top of fine large tomatoes and scoop out the seeds. Set the hollowed tomatoes in a buttered baking dish and fill them with corn grated from the cob, and seasoned with pepper, salt and butter. Put on the tops, pour a little gravy or some of your soup stock over and around them, and bake, covered, an hour. Brown, and send to table in the pudding dish in which they were cooked.

WATERMELON:—Lay the melon on ice for several hours before it is to be eaten.

FRIDAY.

- Salmon Scallops. Beet Salad. Fried Cucumbers. Glazed Potatoes. Green Apple Pie.

SALMON SCALLOPS:—One can salmon, one egg, beaten light, one cup bread crumbs, half cup good drawn butter, minced parsley, pepper and salt. Open the can some hours before the salmon is to be used. Pick the fish fine, removing all bits of bone or skin. Stir in the egg and seasoning, and beat the fish into the hot drawn butter. Remove from the fire and fill buttered scallop shells or small pans with the salmon, sprinkle thickly with crumbs, dot with bits of butter and brown lightly in the oven. Eat from the shells.

BEET SALAD:—Boil young beets as directed in "Cottage Dinners" for June, and after they are sliced and cold, pour over them a dressing of vinegar, salt, sugar, pepper and salad oil. Let them stand in this, on the ice for an hour before they are to be eaten.

FRIED CUCUMBERS:—Peel, slice lengthwise and lay in cold water, a little salt, for an hour. Take out, wipe dry, sprinkle with pepper and salt, and flour well. Fry in nice dripping to a light brown and drain well in a hot colander.

GLAZED POTATOES:—See "Cottage Dinners" for May.

GREEN APPLE PIE:—Peel and slice juicy, tart apples and fill a shell of paste with them. Strew thickly with sugar and scatter thin slices of lemon here and there. Cover with a top crust. Eat warm, with sweet cream and plenty of sugar.

SATURDAY.

- Chicken Pot-Pie. Boiled Cauliflower. Pea Pancakes. Mashed Potatoes. Blackberries and Cream.

CHICKEN POT-PIE:—Joint a chicken as for a fricassee, and put it into a wide saucepan with a quarter of a pound of salt pork, cut into narrow strips and a minced onion. Pepper to taste. The pork will salt it sufficiently. Pour in enough cold water to cover the contents of the pot well. Make a good biscuit dough or plain pie paste, cut a round crust to fit the size of the pot and lay it over the chicken, etc. Stew two hours. Heat a stove shovel red hot and brown the crust by holding the shovel over it. Take off the crust carefully, that you may not break it, and put it aside where it will keep hot. Remove the chicken to a warm dish, bring the gravy left in the saucepan to a hard boil and drop into it squares of your pie paste. Let them cook ten minutes, take them out and arrange about the chicken. Thicken the gravy with a tablespoonful of butter rolled in flour, pour over the chicken and lay the baked crust on top of all.

BOILED CAULIFLOWER:—Tie the cauliflower up in a piece of cheese cloth or mosquito net, plunge it into a pot of boiling water and cook fast for from twenty minutes to half an hour. Remove the netting, lay in a deep dish with the stems down and pour over it a good drawn butter into which has been squeezed the juice of a lemon.

PEA PANCAKES:—Boil the peas soft and mash them with a potato beetle. Whip into them a teaspoonful of butter, pepper and salt to taste, one egg, whipped light, a cupful of milk and half a cup of flour into which has been thoroughly mixed a teaspoonful of baking powder. Bake on a griddle and eat very hot.

MASHED POTATOES:—See previous directions. BLACKBERRIES AND CREAM:—Pick the blackberries over carefully, and let them get very cold before serving them. Light cakes of any sort make an agreeable accompaniment to berries and cream.

QUERIES FOR RECIPES.

21. "Which is the best for pickling cucumbers, Whisky, Brandy or Alcohol?" M. E. B.

Cucumbers are never pickled in spirits. They may be branded, however, and converted into sweetmeats, by the following recipe:—Gather young cucumbers, not more than three inches long, and proceed with them as though they were to be pickled. After they have been salted, greened and laid in ice water for several hours, weigh them and prepare a syrup by allowing a pound of sugar to every pound of fruit, adding to each pound a pint of water. Bring the syrup to a boil, skim it and put in the cucumbers. Cook half an hour, take out the cucumbers with a skimmer and put them in airtight glass jars. Boil the syrup down thick, add a pint of brandy for every four pounds of fruit, pour, boiling hot, over the cucumbers in the jars and seal.

HOME COOKING.

ORIGINAL RECIPES CONTRIBUTED BY THE JOURNAL SISTERS.

EDITOR LADIES' HOME JOURNAL:—You will find the following a good recipe for "Potato Salad" as the Germans make it:—

Boil one or one and half dozen, small size white potatoes until they are soft enough to stick a fork in, (that is not quite soft enough to put on the table.) Pour off the water, uncover so they will not steam, stand aside for fifteen minutes to cool. Cut an onion in very fine slices, a small piece of bacon, smoked fitch, as we call it, cut it in small dice and fry a crisp brown. When your potatoes are cool, peel and cut in thin slices, pepper and salt to taste; mix in your onion, add your fried bacon and the fat that is left in the pan; then finally add about two tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Garnish with green salad.

N. B.—Salad Oil may be used instead of bacon. If some of the ladies of L. H. J. try this, I should like to hear of their success. If satisfactory, will give recipes for some more German dishes. Very truly, "MISS LINCOLN."

CHILI SAUCE (and good):—6 dozen ripe tomatoes, 2 dozen green peppers, 2 dozen white onions, 2 cups vinegar (small cups), 2 cups water, 24 tablepoons brown sugar, 12 tablepoons salt, 12 tablepoons ginger, 16 tablepoons cloves, 12 tablepoons cinnamon.

Chop tomatoes, peppers and onions fine, mix all together, and boil two hours. May be canned in glass, but will keep just as well in stone jars. I have kept it in jars for two years. Once try and you will repeat.

CHOCOLATE CAKE:—1 cup butter, 2 cups sugar, 1 cup milk, 3 1/2 cups flour, 5 eggs, 1 1/2 scant teaspoons baking powder. Bake in layers.

Chocolate Part:—1/4 pound Baker's Chocolate, 1/2 cup cream or milk, 2 cups sugar, butter size of egg. Boil 10 to 15 minutes. Put between layers and then cover outside entire. Fill with jelly, if preferred.

VANILLA CARAMELS:—2 cups granulated sugar, 1/2 cup sweet milk, filled up with butter— not melted. 1 teaspoonful vanilla. Stir till begins to boil and not again. Cook about 25 minutes, or until it turns a light brown. Pour out on buttered tins, and when partly cooled mark off in squares with sharp knife. These are equal to confectioners' caramels.

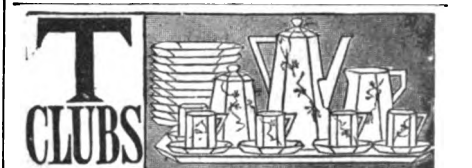
Can any one tell how to make "Boston Coconut Cakes"? They can be bought in all Eastern cities, but we cannot get them here. L. P. M.



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[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.] THE NEWEST FASHIONS.

Lovely Toilettes for Evening Entertainments. Gowns for Garden Fetes and Fruit Festivals. Costumes and Habits for Hunting, Boating, and Lawn Tennis. Gaudy Bathing Suits for Ladies and Misses. Choice Gowns in Millinery. The Novelties in Materials.

BY MRS. JAS. H. LAMBERT.

The toilettes specially created for mid-summer service, are wonderfully beautiful and stylish. Many are of fabrics delicate enough to pass through a ring, while others in silk, in wool, or in mixtures are light, pretty and comfortable, while still other goods, now suitable for cool days, can be most conveniently applied for early fall wear.

For evening purposes, plushes, velvets, brocades and silks, are co-mingled with crepes, tulle and laces, in the loveliest gowns imaginable, and stylish costumes in light-weight woolen goods, silk and wool fabrics, and soft Surah, China and India silks are finished with plain, striped and checked velvets, with plushes, or with the more practical, and durable velveteens, when the dresses are intended to be serviceable as well as attractive.

Dainty dancing dresses are made of crepes, tulle and other transparent tissues; some beauties have skirts over skirts; the upper one usually being of flowered, embroidered, or jetted beaded and spangled tulle. Now and then may be seen a peculiar fringe of colored ribbon arranged over such dresses, which at first appears like an extra skirt made of some striped material, but when the wearer dances, this ornamentation flies about in all directions, and surrounds the figure like a cloud of rainbows. Ribbons to match hang from one shoulder.

Exceedingly lovely is a dress of white lace, with narrow flounces. The draped bodice is formed of Pompadour crepe, and the jabots, waistcoat and sleeves represent quantities of lace.

For a fair young lady a most becoming evening gown is of heliotrope velvet, and plain and embroidered crepe lisse. The underskirt is in a rich shade of velvet, as is also the pointed Spanish waist. Plain lisse in shirred clusters covers the entire front, while the draperies and full upper parts of corsage, are of the embroidered crepe lisse. Sprays of pink flowers, with buds and green leaves, trim skirt and corsage.

An entirely new evening dress, shows skirt front of pale blue, fancy gauze ribbon, and cream blonde lace, put on in alternating rows; this arrangement is gracefully drawn back over blue faille Francaise, and trimmed across the front with full bows of the gauze ribbon. The perfect fitting bodice is beautifully trimmed with lace and ribbon; cream and pink roses may be added if they can be procured.

GARDEN PARTY COSTUMES.

While certain attractive toilettes are created specially for coming festivals, they are just as suitable for afternoon wear at fashionable seaside resorts.

Some of these costumes are simple and inexpensive, others are handsome and costly; for example, there is a dress of white China crepe, embroidered in white silk, with waistcoat and collar in old gold; it is accompanied by a large straw hat trimmed with feathers in white and old gold.

For a young girl a fruit fete dress is in China silk, with red berries on cream ground. Straw hat trimmed with berries, blossoms, leaves, and loops of plain China silk the color of the berries.

In soft albatross is a charming costume in high art blue, with full draperies on plain corsage, full sleeves, tunics of looped folds, with great fulness at the back, overskirt in alternating stripes in cream or ecru velveteen, and blue moire. Velvet collar and armlets in ecru, and full bow of blue ribbon on right side tunic, falling over the skirt. The hat has brim faced with blue velvet, is upturned on right side, and trimmed with blue and cream feathers. Ecru gants de Suede, and gold bracelets complete this toilette.

Another example is in cream feather cloth, front of skirt flounced at lower edge and in rounding, graduated puffs, in front, with full back drapery. Full waist and sleeves. Yoke, belt, cuffs and sash of ruby velvet. Hat of the feather cloth, with curved band on brim of velvet, same color as on dress. Parasol in pink and gold.

A dark-eyed miss, will, later on, be attired most becomingly in a dress of biscuit canvas, beautifully embroidered in red chenille. Yoke, cuffs, sash and ends of red velvet. The fancy straw hat, with low crown, and flat round brim, is trimmed with loops of red velvet, made to stand above the crown.

Her fair friend will wear a charming toilette of lace and Surah—skirt, drapery, full waist and puffed sleeves of lace, with collar and folds of Surah, with sash to match. The hat has its irregular brim lined with a fulness of Surah, and is trimmed with feathers and a lace butterfly bow.

A number of very pretty Pompadour costumes are made in the new flowered fabrics, and dressy little Watteau gowns are in the China and India silks, which come with grounds in all colors and shades, enriched with blossoms in their natural hues. Such dresses are fancifully finished with plain silks, velvets, ribbons and laces, the hats to wear with them generally being of fancy straw trimmed to match the gown.

While the more expensive silk laces are in great demand for summer dresses, ladies who can have a number of suits, or want something for "accidental" wear, form most serviceable costumes of the lovely cream or white woolen laces, over cream or colored cashmere, or Henrietta, or the lighter weight veiling or albatross. A most

effective dress of this description has cardinal cashmere foundation, with overdress of cream all-wool lace, finished with velvet in the bright red of the cashmere.

SPORTING SUITS.

It is true that any one of the more simple costumes intended for out-of-doors wear, can be appropriately adopted for the entire list of athletic diversions, still, there are toilettes which are rendered distinctive, by the decorations and finishings, and such suits should only be worn upon the occasions for which they were specially designed.

One such toilette, for yachting, in cream serge, is embroidered with anchors, and ships, or small boats, with oars, in blue and gold, while another in grass green cloth has emblems of tennis battledores and balls embroidered on various portions of corsage, or tucked blouse, while over the skirt falls a drapery of netting, in blue and gold, gracefully looped under bamboo battledores with centre of blue and gold cords, to match the embroidery on corsage. The straw hat is formed in battledore braiding, is lined with red, and trimmed with daisies, cowslips, dandelions, and clover leaves, and blossoms in white, pink and purple.

Most elegantly appointed summer recreation costumes are shown by Redfern. A hunting habit of tweed, has comfortable, shapely trousers, to wear under the rather short skirt, which is supplemented with the fish-wife over-drapery, secured by leather straps, which correspond with the binding of lower skirt and draperies. The habit basque and covert coat for outside wear in cool days during mountain excursions, are leather bound on edges, the pockets, collars, and sleeve finishings being en suite. The hunting hat is of the tweed finely silk stitched on crown and brim.

One of Redfern's boating dresses, very pretty and delicate, is in cream and blue woolen canvas. The skirt is arranged in alternating box-plaited stripes of cream with cluster side plaits of blue. Corsage of cream with full trimming of blue. Hat, small sailor shaped frame, covered with flat folds of canvas in cream, corded with blue.

The latest fancy in forming suits for seaside and mountain wear, is to combine plaided and checked stuffs, in place of using plain goods with striped, checked or plaided materials.

Rather a noticeable toilette carrying out this idea, has plain underskirt of an all-wool cloth in which are plaids, checks and blocks, in three shades of goblin and white, while the overskirt draperies are of cloth simply checked, in two blue shades with lines of white. The waist has upper portion, collar, and a kind of yoke of the plaided cloth, and the plain lower part of corsage, and folds over bust from shoulders, with sleeves are of the checked cloth. English walking hat of the plaided and checked cloth, finely stitched.

For a miss a neat and most becoming suit is in Ardenne, with white and bois checks like a tennis net, combined with plain bois fabric. The plaided underskirt of plain goods is bordered with checked Ardenne, the over-drapery is also of checked material with open jacket to match, showing vest of plain bois, closed with ornamental buttons. Straw hat trimmed with loops of checked ribbon in white and bois combined with plain bois.

NEAT BATHING SUITS.

To the list of materials long used in forming bathing suits, jersey cloth has this season been added. The jersey suits cling more closely to the form than do those in serge or flannel, hence it is that they are largely patronized by ladies of fine form, or those who can be well made up, for there are dress improvers which can be worn without dresses, and will stand water if not fire.

Corsets are now generally worn with bathing suits, not only to improve the figure, but also by ladies with good form as supports. The best corset for such use is Dr. Warner's health corset, which is boned with coralline, and has high, flat-lying bust edge, the outlines of which will not show through the wet dress. When ordinary straight corsets are worn, the top edge over bust always makes a line in the waist.

About the most attractive bathing suit made this season, is one of terra-cotta serge, with black trimmings. The full trousers, the full short skirt, are edged with shell finish formed of black serge, and the full short sleeves have band trimming to match. The terra-cotta waist is laid in plaits, the collar and corselet are of black serge, while the feet are to be encased in a pair of Wanamaker's novelties in black jersey bathing stockings with canvas covered cork soles, which sell at \$1.25 a pair. Red and black bound cap of oil silk completes this pretty suit.

For misses and young girls the jersey suits are exceedingly popular, for they appear neat and pretty on the perfect youthful forms. They are often completed with sash in the same material, and jersey cap lined with oil silk.

In red and blue striped flannel is a suit with box-plaited skirt, trimmed like trousers with rows of braid in same colors. Sash with braid trimmed ends. V shaped yoke outlined with braid above full, belted waist. Still another suit has plain waist in blue, with tunic and trousers

SUMMER SOLSTICE SALES.

Sharpless Brothers

During the months of July and August will continue their DAILY OFFERING OF BARGAINS. The surplus stock from every section of the store, and SEASONABLE NOVELTIES Purchased at a sacrifice and marked at low figures. MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED. GOODS SENT FREE OF COST FOR TRANSPORTATION.

SUMMER SUITINGS.

Figured Crinkled Crepes, 10c a yard. Ascot Suitings, Cotton Novelties for Lawn Tennis and Outing Wear, 15c a yard. Cleghorn Novelties, 25c a yard. All-wool Eccentric Suitings in Checks, Plaids and Stripes, in Mixed Colors. Splendid for Summer Costumes, 40c, 50c, 65c and 75c a yard. Marked Down from \$1.00 and \$1.25. Lovely Cream Wool Laces, for Dresses, 50c a yard. All-wool Lace Dress Goods, 40 inches wide, in blue, brown and tan, 60c a yard. Cream and Ivory Foulie Serge, 75c a yard. Canvas Suitings in colors, 42 inches wide, 50c. 50-inch wide Sponged Cloth, in all colors, for Traveling Suits and useful Costumes, 65c a yard. Black Wool Lace Dress Fabrics, in two designs, 50 and 65c a yard. All-wool Black Canvas, 50c a yard. Black Veilings and Suitings, 50c a yard. Summer Silks, 40 and 50c a yard. B. Priestley's Varnished Board Novelties, in Black, and in White. Black and Colored Surahs, \$1.00 a yard. For samples write to

SHARPLESS BROTHERS, Chestnut & 5th Sts., Philadelphia, Pa

In letter of advice to Sharpless Brothers please mention LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

to match, all being trimmed with vandykes of revere braid. A *Neu* of white cashmere, is edged with woolen lace, and knotted at the throat.

In white serge with blue braid trimmings is a bathing suit with full skirt, full waist and yoke, short sleeves, collar, sash, skirt and trousers all being finished with double rows of pale blue braid.

NEW MILLINERY NOTIONS.

There are some decided novelties in hats and bonnets for full dress and special occasions. One of Redfern's creations is a cap made of the bark of an Australian tree; it is beautifully shaded in bois brown, and is as soft and elegant as fine fur. Such a cap is most useful and becoming for sporting wear.

Lately introduced is a hat trimming like that used on the cap worn by the inmates of the military school of Saint Cyr. It is a tuft of cocks feathers in bluish-green tints, bright and shining, which combines beautifully with ribbon and lace, forming stylish decoration for odd shaped hats.

The old Neapolitan bonnets are brought to mind by those made of fine horse hair, or of horse hair, mixed with gold, and very stylish hats and bonnets are formed of round, flat mats of rice or other straw. In one instance the mat is folded into a *capote*, and the trimming is carried from the crown to end between the plaits which form the border.

One of the new transparent bonnets, has folded plaits of rice straw carried from the brim right over the crown, while a bouquet of moss roses is inserted in the centre. A bonnet of wood colored straw, with lining of moss velvet, is trimmed with lime blossoms and roses, and an empire style bonnet of black straw has its brim lined with shot velvet, while the trimming consists of rich white lace, fastened down with a Rhine stone buckle, from which springs a tuft of black cocks feathers.

In silver grey rice straw is a most stylish hat, with brim folded over from the back with ostrich plumes that fall over the front. Pretty after the gipsy style is a hat with crown of gathered black lace, with brim of ruby crepe edged with black lace. Such hats are very light and can be made in any color to suit costume or personal taste, and trimmed with either white or black lace.

LOVELY MATERIALS.

For bordering trims which are lined with rose-colored silk, for stomachers, and for the draping of bodices, is a curious and beautiful creation with surface of white lace insertion and narrow gauze ribbon, on which are thrown shaded crepe roses and rose-buds in high relief, and showing white beaded centres.

A new fabric for elegant toilettes, a mixture of silk and wool, light and soft, something between poplin and Surah, but more delicate than the one and stronger than the other, is called "Eolienne" and comes in pale Havana, *cafe au lait*, copper, flesh pink and pearl gray.

[Continued on Opposite Page.]

Wanamaker's

In all the world no store so big as WANAMAKER'S; in all America no Dry Goods business so great. Having the best thing at the least price is what has done it.

SCOTCH GINGHAMS.

Wicks, in Stripes and Plaids, were 40 now 30c. Corde, a quieter pretty, 25c. Twilled Zephyr, looks like worsted, 40 inch, 40c. Lace Zephyrs, genuine Whytlaws, were 50, now 31c. Cheviots, for Dresses or for Shirting, 32 inch, 30c.

ALL-WOOLS.

Sangler, (Four Canvas) cream and black, 38 inch, 25c. Sateen Berber, in dark colors only, 50c. Pongee Mohair, for traveling dresses, 50c. Cloth for Riding Habits, 54 inch, 85c to 88.00. Camel's Hair, 42 inch, with side bands of contrasting colors, was 75, 65, then 50, now 37 1/2c.

Check Canvas Tennis Shoes, high cut, \$1.25; low cut, \$1. Straw Slippers, cool, dainty, \$1.30. Black Jersey Bathing Stockings, canvas covered cork soles, \$1.35. Bathing Hats and Caps, 20 to 85c.

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JOHN WANAMAKER, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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Chintz Unlaundered, that were 45c, are now 25c. Percalé, Laundered, that were \$1.00 are now 75c. French Percalé, Laundered, that were 1.35, are now 1.10. Plain French Laced, that were 2.00, are now 1.75. Striped and Plaid French Flannel, that were 2.50, are now 2.00.

All the above are the justly celebrated "STAR" Shirt Waists. Come and see us, for this is bargain time with us. If you cannot come, write us. Mail orders have our prompt attention.

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S. T. Taylor's Illustrated Monthly Fashion Report appears about the twentieth of every month, in advance. It contains a large number of wood-cuts representing the leading styles in Ladies' Toilettes, Hats, Bonnets, etc., that are to be worn in Paris during the following months; besides this, an article on Fashions prepared for us with the greatest care by our agents in Paris; and many hints and information invaluable to the professional dress-maker, as well as to the private lady who appreciates elegance and correct style of dress.

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THE NEWEST FASHIONS.

[Continued from opposite page.]

Among other novelties for mid-summer are a few specimens of India silk beautifully embroidered in floral, or Oriental designs in natural colors and Moorish tints.

The Madras materials are so-called because they come in large handkerchief plaids; they have the advantage over other stuffs by being simple or dressy according to their hues, and the size of the designs; for some come in neutral tints, blending one into the other, with mixed stripes in brown, blue and russet, while others are in bright gay colors, in defined plaid patterns.

Ascot suitings are new and odd; they are in cotton, and show a prominent diagonal twill over surface. The ground is in rich cream, or the unbleached tone, with blocks, checks or plaids in red, blue, brown and other colors. These Ascot cloths make very stylish tennis costumes, and cost only 15c. a yard. They laundry beautifully.

One of this seasons creations is a plaided baste, with open-work patterns over it, and still more delicate is a lace-work tissue in grey, blue, havannah, buff, and also in black; skirts and corages of these fabrics are made over silk.

For valuable information thanks are due John Wanamaker and Sharpless Brothers, Philadelphia, and Redfern and Le Boutillier Brothers, New York.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

One of the most notable events of last month was the grand exhibition at John Wanamaker's, of all goods and articles designed and suitable for warm weather wear, and general service. Tents with modern conveniences, hammocks, folding and rustic chairs, all out-of-door games, with appropriate costumes, dress fabrics, household and labor-saving articles, and best of all, hundreds of old and new books, splendid for summer reading.

It is hoped and expected that Wanamaker's hotel for working women, will be ready by fall.

In lieu of the concerts and other entertainments given through the winter, a number of excursions and picnics are now under consideration by the members of the firm of Strawbridge & Clothier, who make it a point of conscience to provide reasonable pleasures and recreations for their numerous employes.

The growth of the house of E. Ridley & Sons, borders on the magical. The mammoth store has recently been supplemented by a large church across the way, which building is devoted to the daily bargain sales of summer goods. When these sales are over the building will be remodeled and used for other purposes.

The high-class ladies tailor, Redfern, has already announced his intention of favoring Philadelphia with a visit in the very early fall. He will bring extreme novelties from abroad, with elegant specimen garments, in coats, costumes and habits from the New York establishments.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are always glad to serve our readers. To do a favor for any one of our good friends, we would gladly devote hours, but sometimes we are sorely perplexed when a letter comes, which must pass through at least half-a-dozen departments, before all the questions asked can be answered.

Kindly think how many letters come to us every day; sometimes thousands must be opened, sorted and answered. Now, our object in writing this is, to ask our correspondents to divide their queries. For instance, if they order papers, do so on a slip of paper by itself; if they ask a question to be answered in the fashion column, let it be distinct; if facts about flowers are wanted, use another slip.

In a letter before me, in which the writer orders articles which can only be procured in New York, a club for JOURNAL'S is included, and questions are asked, which appertain to subjects treated on almost every page of the L. H. J.

"E. S.":—You can get double width cloth, tricot, and beige suitings for excursion suit at 50c. a yard. Trim your dress like sample sent with gray or black surah. If you get hat of white straw trim it with black; if gray, use gray ribbon with black lace. The LADIES' HOME JOURNAL sent to Vineland, New Jersey, will cost you 50c. a year. Strawbridge and Clothier's Quarterly, sent to your home, will also cost 50c. a year. Heliotrope shades are all fashionable, but two shades of gray will be better for service.

"Nurse":—No doubt you can make satisfactory arrangements whereby you can procure the nurses' packages of Sanitary Towels, in quantities, by writing direct to Canfield Rubber Co., No. 7 Mercer Street, New York; wish all our friends would send there for single package; it will save time and double trouble. You will find full information in the May number LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

"Youthful Bride":—You can make a pretty and becoming dress of white Clairette and embroidered gauze. For a young bride make the waist full, with belt of the Clairette, have skirt drapery of the embroidered gauze. The veil should be of tulle.

"Miss Dora I.":—A stylish stringless bonnet has soft crown in chocolate-brown gauze, striped with tan chenille and bordered with a fulling of gold tissue net; a fullness of ecru Segoria lace is arranged over the Olive point. Aigrette in pink, and gold Ospray.

"Anxious Mother":—There are numbers of pretty bonnets for young girls, but hats are more generally selected for children of from six to twelve years of age; however we give you descriptions of both. A hat of rough vandyked straw in tapestry tints, is trimmed with striped crape and a bunch of roses. One of white chip has turned up brim faced with deep blue velvet; it is ornamented with cluster of loops and ends in mastic and blue velvet and corded silk. A soft crown bonnet in lace, is bordered with flutings of lisse and finished with bows and strings gold-tasselled corded ribbon.

"Goldie Blue":—You can wear cream, blue, pale pink, brown and green.

"Great Reader":—The list would fill one of our pages. You can gain the desired information by subscribing for John Wanamaker's "Book News," published monthly, at 50c. a year, or 5c. a copy.

"Mrs. Fannie Hoffman, No. San Juan, Cal.":—You can get the chain dish-cloth from E. Ridley & Sons, Grand and Allen streets, New York. The glove chain dish cloth for scouring burnt pots and pans, will cost 90c. by mail; the plain chain cloth will also be sent by mail for 90c.

"Mrs. J. L. L. R.":—Two years is quite long enough to wear mourning for a parent. Black Clairette or white convent cloth will make handsome second mourning dresses for day and evening wear.

"Isolta":—Ball's corsets have the elastic sections of coiled spring wire. Those you want in ecru sateen cost \$1.35 by mail. Yes, we can get them for you, but much prefer that you should send order and money direct to Chicago Corset Co., 204 Broadway, New York.

"Mrs. L. C. T.":—For your little girl aged one year, you can get very pretty white dresses, neatly made, from Lewis S. Cox, which will cost you \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75 or \$2.00 each. These dresses are of splendid material, neatly made, and really cost, ready-made, just about as much as you would have to pay for the material in a retail store.

"Mother":—Suits consisting of pants and cunting jackets for boys of six, cost \$5.00, \$6.00 and \$7.00. Yes, at five a boy is plenty old to wear knee pants, with tucked shirt waists, and blouse jackets.

"J. K., N. 10th St.":—Go to Sharpless Brothers, and ask to see the remnants of reduced uphoistering goods. You will find just what you want to cover your handsome sofa and chairs, at about \$2.50 a yard.

"Mrs. Van Ex-Howard, Eustis, Florida":—You will be pleased with a dress of Louise silk, with collar and cuffs of velvet. The silk will cost you at Wanamaker's 75c. a yard, the velvet \$1.00. Cream Gypsy cloth will make a lovely suit for a miss of eleven.

"Prospective Mother":—Please don't put baby in long dresses. Let the darling wear the little plain slips through the warm season, and in September, before it grows cool, put on short clothes. Yes, make the bands of gauze flannel; do not hem them. Make the petticoats of the lightest cotton-and-wool flannel you can get, and let baby wear the one flannel skirt with little over slip, gauze shirt and band.

"Weary Wife":—Make your husband a birthday present of a pair of adjustable, durable suspenders. The cost only 75c. a set, and have no sewing or riveting to give out, so you can save yourself a good deal of trouble.

"Gem":—Your dress is evidently stained. It will not dye well, if the material is part cotton.

"Mrs. J. Campbell, Pa.":—Two or three manufacturers of silver-plated ware, are entitled to the name of Rogers. You can procure an illustrated price-list of reliable plated goods, by writing to E. Ridley & Sons, Grand and Allen streets, New York. I use Electro-Silicon to clean jewelry and silverware. A good quality black silk will cost you about \$1.50 a yard; very often the more reasonable black silks wear longer than the heavier grades. Experience teaches that American silks wear better than imported goods.

"Adah May":—Your silk is already too dark to be dyed in a light shade. You can make it a splendid rich green, navy blue or garnet.

"Josie Barnes":—Girls of 15 wear their hair simply arranged in one braid hanging down the back.

"A New Subscriber":—Curled bangs are still fashionable; they are cut pointed over the forehead.

"Mrs. J. E. H.":—No, we do not furnish patterns. Our designs are taken from original costumes.

"Daphne":—A white blouse, under a black low-cut waist, worn with red cashmere skirt, will make you a neat Irish costume.

"Boston Graduate":—White embroidered muslin is used for such dresses, but really more useful and fashionable are the white silk-warp materials, the gypsey and feather cloths, or the lustrous Clairettes. Wear black stockings and black shoes or slippers, with your white dress.

"Mrs. A. E. S.":—You can get very neat and pretty chenille curtains for \$7, \$8, and \$10 a pair. Lace curtains are also very handsome, and will cost you anywhere from \$10 to \$15 a pair, for good quality laces, or from \$5 to \$8 for cheaper grades. Unless you have cake or fruit, the finger bowls are not necessary.

"M. O.":—"Mrs. D. Butler, Pa.":—Yes, we can procure them for you. The nurses' package of sanitary towels and sheets will cost you 80 cents. Smaller size napkins for ordinary purposes are now 40c. a dozen. Send stamps or postal note to Editor Dress and Material Department, L. H. J., office 441 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.

"Mrs. J. E. B.":—Mt. Vernon, Indiana:—White dresses for little girls of one, two and three years of age, are made with tucked or embroidered yokes, full skirts finished with tucking or ruffle of embroidery. If you like better, you can have yoke, full waist with belt, and full gathered skirt, for the older children. Simple lace or muslin caps, or large straw hats, are suitable for small children.

"B. K.":—Florence, Ala.:—Why not use your old black silk as foundation, and cover it over with draperies and folds of black Chantilly lace? The best bustle for a short lady is the misses lace covered Lady Washington, price 50c. by mail.

"Miss Grace Headen, Ala.":—After your bath rub a little dry powdered borax under your arms, it will remove all unpleasant odors. Do not favor strong perfumery except in very small quantities. A particularly agreeable and refined toilette water, is the Multiflora Lavender, and another equally refreshing is Colgate's Cashmere Bouquet. The Rinse-Bouche, or mouth wash will answer your purpose, as it is composed of tonic, astringent and aromatic extracts from plants. Use a few drops in a wine glass of water daily, with soft brush, or in rinsing the mouth.

"Lottie Beach":—If your form is anyway good, you need not wear a corset under your bathing suit, for unless you have a corset with high made bust, with the bust edge or top resting on the form of the wearer, as in Dr. Warner's health corsets, they will show through a wet bathing suit, that is the straight outstanding edges of bust portion will cause a line to appear across waist above bust.

"Bob's Mother":—Little boys of four and five years of age wear straw hats in the summer time.

EARLY EDUCATION.

America opens to her people on all sides, avenues of learning such as are enjoyed by few other countries. Her colleges, schools, (public and private) seminaries and academies are unnumbered, and that thing which makes the man or woman, more surely than anything else, save natural disposition, is to be had almost for the asking, if he has but time to ask.

Among us, however, there be many who, by reason of necessity, have lacked the time in early years, to obtain the "early education" so desirable. Later in life, when "easy circumstances" have made education possible, the work has been taken up, with perhaps fair results. But unfortunately, so constituted is the human mind, that with all the "book learning" one may acquire, the habits of early training or want of training will display itself in one's speech, unless one's particular faults are pointed out, and one strives specially against them. And nothing so immediately classifies the speaker as the manner in

which he expresses what he has to say. A man is none the less a good man, a woman none the less a lovable, pleasant woman, because the grammar of each is faulty; because the sentences are ill-expressed. But why not add one more element of attractiveness?

Many of the bad habits of conversation, are merely bad habits—the result of a carelessness of speech more than anything else. There are many people, however, who really do not know how half-like is the line between correct and incorrect speech. Nor is either class aware how the little faults affect the hearer; nor how the really refined, intelligent hearer at once classifies those around by their methods of speech.

Last winter, a gentleman was quite attracted by the appearance of a lady in a railway station. A bright, pretty-looking, pleasant-faced woman; an uncommonly attractive woman, bearing that in her manner and surroundings which betrayed wealth and refinement. Nothing flashy in the elegant sealskin coat; nothing gaudy in the expensive bonnet. Nothing about her but what a refined and intelligent gentleman should be glad to have. But alas!

A friend came up, and her first replies betrayed her, hopelessly:

"Did he, what did he do it for? 'O my! Ain't that terrible! Naow ain't that awful!" she answered to some remark, in that nasal tone that makes the hearer shudder.

It was enough! The gentleman left; for there is nothing that will dispel an enchantment as some such thing as this.

It was with a view to correcting just such errors as these, and many others equally unsuspected by the speaker, that "Mildred's Conversation Class" was written; and it was to meet the demand for the back numbers of these very popular papers, that they were reprinted in book form. In their present shape they form a manual that should be in the hands of every woman who desires "Ease in Conversation," or "Hints on Grammar."

SEE HERE, GIRLS.

Girls, don't marry a man for money, position, or anything but love. Don't do it, if you want to live to a good old age and be happy. You may think that money can bring you all you desire, but it can't. That is where you are mistaken. It can buy a good many things, but it can never purchase contentment for your heart or happiness for your soul. It may bring temporary smiles to your face, but it will leave great shadows in your heart. Don't think that I would advise you to marry a worthless fellow, just because you imagine you love him. A refined, good, intelligent woman should never marry a vulgar, ill-bred man. No, no, never unite yourself to any one who is not a man in the truest meaning of the word. Neither could I advise a woman to marry a man who had no visible means of supporting her, but for heaven's sake don't marry a millionaire or a king, if you don't love him. It will not do. People have tried it time and again, only to find it a miserable failure. It may do for a while. You may revel in gilded halls, and be lost in the giddy rounds of pleasure, but a time will come when these things will be a hollow mockery to you. There will be "aching void" the world can never fill. Sometimes mothers are to blame for the unhappiness of their daughters. They teach them that respect for their husband and lots of "boodle" are infinitely to be preferred to that foolishness called love. That would do very well if life had no waves of trouble, but it takes something more than simple respect to make two hearts cling together in the hour of adversity. A woman that turns her back upon wealth, and takes the man of her choice may miss some of the luxuries of life, but she will be happy. Don't marry a dude. Better get you a monkey. It is cheaper and a great deal nicer. Don't fool with that class of animals. They generally wear a \$10 hat on a ten cent brain, and the woman who takes one of these chaps will get left about as bad as the southern confederacy did at Appomattox.

D you want to improve your grammar, to avoid hundreds of common expressions, that unconsciously tell the tale of your lack of breeding or education? Do you want to know how to talk well and sensibly in society, how to acquire ease in conversation, what to say and how to say it? Then send us fifty cents for a copy of Mrs. Hewitt's new book—"Ease in Conversation, or Hints to the Ungrammatical." It will teach you what you want to know. It is a most invaluable work, and should be in the hands of every woman who has any desire for self-improvement.

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Wechsler & Abraham's place is in Brooklyn in size their store is a colossus. 51 distinct depts. 200,000 square feet of shopping space. By far the biggest Retail Dry Goods Store in the entire State of New York. Their number of employees is upwards of 1,400. Their uniform standard of a high grade of goods and low prices have won for them the title of "the Mecca of Brooklyn." Folks far away—South, North, West, East, intrust their mail orders to them, because of their accuracy and despatch. Postage free all over the United States, except for bulky packages, such as Furniture, Muslins and Kitchen Utensils. Direct, "Mail Order Dept.," WECHSLER & ABRAHAM, Brooklyn, New York.

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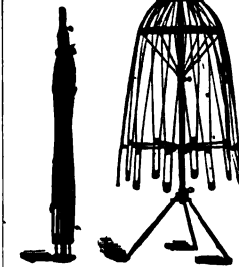
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Remember! the special prices at which we offer to sell some of our premiums, do not hold good after this month.



TALKS ABOUT FLOWERS.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

The Amaryllis.

TO CORRESPONDENTS:—All inquiries about flowers and their culture will be cheerfully answered...

The Amaryllis is one of the most admired plants we have, but there seems to be a general misunderstanding about how to grow it successfully...



AMARYLLIS.

and growth. Given these, and you will have but little trouble with it. When growth begins, give more water than the plant has been having while standing still.

There are a great many fine varieties, all well worth growing. A Johnsonii, an old variety, with large crimson flowers striped with white, is a good kind.

of summer and along till the middle of fall, they can be brought into bloom in mid-winter when their magnificent flowers will be most enjoyed.

ABOUT GREENHOUSES.

I have received a score or more of letters asking for some information about greenhouse building, the expense, method of heating, etc. In reply to these questions, I will tell what I know about greenhouses from my own experience.

The expense of building such a house will vary in different localities, as the cost of material is not alike in all sections of the country, and on this account it is impossible to say what it could be built for, at the different places from which persons have written...

Such a house can be constructed very cheaply, and the amount of pleasure to be obtained from it is incalculable to any one loves plants.

pleasure, and the place will become a sort of winter garden in which the lover of flowers will be inclined to spend a great many pleasant hours. By all means, if you build, have the greenhouse connected with the dwelling, and, if possible, have it connected in such a way as to have the two open into each other by large glass doors...

It will be understood from the above description that there is no glass on the sides. The roof furnishes all the light that is required. If the appearance from outside is objected to, the walls can be covered by American Ivy, Bittersweet, or any other hardy vine, and the effect will be pleasing.

ABOUT CACTI.

I receive a great many inquiries about growing the various kinds of Cacti, but I am not able to give any information from my own experience, as I have never liked these strange plants well enough to grow them.

made up of clay and sand; they should be kept quite dry while not growing; when growth begins increase the supply of water, and when flower-buds appear, give manure-water every other day until the flowers are developed.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Josie:"—Repot your Chrysanthemums as the roots fill the old pot, until you have them in eight inch pots. Then let them alone.

I think the trouble with your Calla is that you give too much water, and have not provided for drainage. This plant is very fond of water, but its roots often rot because of stagnant water in the bottom of the pot.

"E. M. T.:"—Keep your young Geraniums from blooming. Cut the tops off to make them bushy, and cut back every side shoot when it has made a few inches of growth.

A correspondent sends this "Plea for the Primrose:" "Lovers of this beautiful flower, do not throw them away when through their first year's blossoming, but repot them in good rich soil, and keep them through the summer in the shade.

"Mrs. Mendenhall:"—Start cuttings of Clematis when the branches are at that intermediate stage between softness and hardness.

"Miss Pickens:"—For the white earth-worm use lime-water, as advised in former numbers of this paper. It is best of anything I have ever tried.

"Mrs. L. N. P.:"—It is customary to shade greenhouse roofs with some preparation of lime or lead, putting it on with a sprinkler until the glass is obscured enough to temper the fierce sunshine, but I have used cotton cloth of late with much satisfaction.

"S. S. E.:"—The Anthurium is a very peculiar plant, having a spathe something like that of the Calla, but reflexed, and of a brilliant scarlet. It is grown in a mixture of moss, peat and broken crockery or brick, and must be kept wet and warm while making growth.

"Mrs. F. E. C.:"—This correspondent asks what kind of free-blooming Roses to get for her city yard, also what to get as a fertilizer. I am unable to tell her anything about such fertilizers as she can buy at the agricultural stores, as applied to Roses, for I have never tried any of them.

As to kinds to select, she can get nothing better than those in the following list:

- Hermosa, bright pink, very profuse, double and sweet. Always in bloom.
Perle des Jardins, rich yellow, quite as fine in color as the popular Marchal Neil, but not so large. A great bloomer.
Sairano, flesh color tinged with yellow. Very sweet. Fine for its buds.
Letty Coles, soft, satiny pink, deepening to crimson in center of flower.
Queen of bedders, rich scarlet; a great bloomer, one of the very best of dark Roses.
Niphetos, white with beautiful buds.
Souvenir d'un Ami, deep, vivid rose, very large, full, profuse and fragrant.
Rubend, white with pink shadings of the petals. A charming flower in bud and full bloom.
Agrippina, rich crimson. A sort always in bloom, and very desirable though not as fine as some of the above because of its loose habit when fully open.

Catherine Mermet, one of the most popular of all Roses during the winter season. Creamy pink, perfect in shape, and a great bloomer.

Marie Guillot, pure white shaded with lemon yellow in the center. Very free-flowering, and deliciously tea-scented.

Sunset, intense apricot yellow, of a most peculiar coppery shade. A fine Rose, and a free bloomer.

This gives you a dozen of the most desirable varieties for summer blooming, and with a plant of each you can be reasonable sure of flowers for every day during the season.

"Miss L. D. M.:"—The Othonna is for sale by most florists. Would prefer to buy a plant of it to attempting to grow it from seed. It will not cost you more than ten or fifteen cents, and can be sent by mail.

"Beginner:"—The plant of which you send a sketch is not a Cactus, but belongs to the Aloe family, and is the variety usually called "partridge-breasted."

If the Oxalis is growing well it will probably blossom by-and-by. It is most likely killing the soil with roots; when this is done it will flower.

"Mrs. I. M. S.:"—Take away the small offsets from your large Calla, and put them in small pots. They will not be likely to bloom much before they get to be two years old.

they give good crops of flowers if planted in a good, well-drained soil and covered with leaves or litter in the fall.

"Mrs. Reddie:"—The Balsam impatiens begins to bloom when a very little plant, and blooms continually if given a rich soil, plenty of water, and not too much strong sunshine. It is easily propagated by cuttings inserted in clear sand, which should be kept moist all the time, and in a warm place.

"G. L. P.:"—Write to James Vick, Rochester, N. Y., and I think he can tell you where you can obtain the desired work on Ferns.

I cannot understand what you mean by your question: "Would a fernery be profitable at a distance of six miles from a railway station, and an hour's ride on the cars from said station to a small city?" Do you mean to grow plants for sale, or fronds for cutting? I do not think either would be profitable if you depended simply on local trade, as I infer you do.

"Estella Chancellor:"—Smilax, to do well in winter, must have rest during summer. Dry of the tubers until the vines turn yellow and die. Give but little water until September or October. Then repot, and start into growth by giving more water and warmth.

The Calla should be kept very dry during summer. I prefer to tip the pots on their side and give no water during the entire season. In September I repot, and the roots soon send up new leaves. Always provide for drainage by putting broken crockery or brick in the bottom of the pot.

Lilium auratum should be treated precisely as other varieties of Japan Lilies are.

Our Illustrated Price List

CELERY AND STRAWBERRY PLANTS

For July and August Planting, is now ready, and will be mailed free on application.

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[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.]
SOME HINTS ON MONEY MAKING.

BY ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.
VII.

When it is remembered that women who live in the country in a sort of genteel poverty find it extremely difficult to make money in any way that will not compromise them, and that these unpretending papers do not profess to show any royal road to wealth, an interest may be created in various small industries that might otherwise appear too insignificant to notice.

Even an inferior village house without its plot of ground is unusual; but this plot is too often so forlorn and neglected, for lack of labor, that the house would look better without it. Two sisters, a mother and daughter, frequently inhabit such a house, and content themselves with a fruit tree or two and some currant bushes, with a few old-fashioned plants, as all that can be expected of such a *demeure* in the absence of "men-folks." But a great deal more can be expected of it; and the first thing to do is to get out of the old groove in ways of thinking.

When that half-yearly interest money comes in—and there is so small a pittance on which to keep up the house and dress decently!—does it not seem as if a very little more would make a vast difference in the year's comfort? What if fifty dollars were added every six months? This sum alone would represent a pleasure trip and a new dress apiece, and is certainly worth the making, even at some sacrifice; but there is no reason why it should not be made in the pleasantest of ways, among the flowers.

Here again summer boarders are valuable visitors; for many sweet, old-fashioned flowers are great favorites with city people, and a large plot in Sweet Peas alone would be found profitable. The pure white Garden Lily, with its long, slender buds, is also very popular; and the White Rose of June is always in demand. The Cypress vine and Maurandia, and other delicate creepers, are very graceful in bouquets; and almost any desirable flowers if tastefully arranged, would find a ready sale in country hotels and boarding-houses.

Especially is this the case in Southern sojourning places, where the visitors are usually half, or whole invalids, to whom the sight of flowers a month or six weeks earlier than the customary time is a perfect delight; and as they usually bring money enough for luxuries of this kind, bouquets of various sizes sent around daily would meet with a warm welcome. The young daughter of a southern judge, desirous of raising money to aid the struggling little church in her native village, happened to cast a speculative eye, one morning, on the pretty flower-garden that was the admiration of the place,—and having obtained permission of the authorities at home and abroad, with the use of a likely colored boy, she lost no time in arranging such charming combinations of flowers and foliage on a huge water, which found its way to the one hotel and always came back empty, that by autumn, the shabby church was painted without and within.

Others, who really need most of the money thus earned for their own support, or comfort, will find it profitable to send cut flowers, if not too far distant, to the nearest city to be disposed of by the florists, who cannot always raise enough of certain kinds to supply their customers. And here the writer would speak of a letter received a few weeks since from an unknown correspondent in Virginia who asked if cut flowers of choice varieties would be saleable in the large cities—and whose touching communication would have been answered, had it not come at a time of sickness and general confusion, and been mislaid and apparently lost. Should it ever come to light it will receive prompt attention; and if the writer of it happens to see this article, she is requested to try again.

Those who wish to send flowers to a city florist, will do well to write directly to him, if they can get his name and address,—asking what particular kinds of flowers he would find saleable, and what he could afford to pay for them. A small specimen box, to show in what condition they would arrive, had best accompany the letter. The proposal might prove a welcome one, in which case every flower would be clothed with fresh beauty and interest in the eyes of the cultivator.

For a few general directions, Callas, Violets and Roses, are always in demand. The latter, however, require constant care, and are apt, in spite of the utmost vigilance, to become infested with insects; but, when they do well, no flower gives greater satisfaction,—for a rose is a rose, and has no rival. It will pay to buy the best varieties, and especially those which yield an abundance of bloom. This latter quality is greatly increased when the blossoms are constantly cut before they reach full maturity. Sweet-scented southern Violets, blooming in the open air in March, would be worth packing for transportation to the wintry North; and I have received them, in a paper box, by mail, as fresh and dewy as if just gathered.

But the greatest stand-by for the raiser of flowers for cutting is the old-time Calla, or Ethiopian Lily. This African river-plant is a fair, stately aristocrat of the most democratic proclivities; and while seeming in its pure creamy whiteness, to harmonize only with the most luxuriant surroundings, it will bear, if generously watered at the blooming season, a considerable amount of rough treatment. Wholesome neglect during the summer—even to the extent of turning the pot over on its side and seldom looking at it—agrees best with its constitution; and this careless policy is rewarded in winter with the more abundant bloom.

The Calla, although a tropical plant, does not require a high temperature,—it stipulates only for as much sunshine as can be obtained from northern skies and a constant supply of water. It is a steady-going, business-like plant indulging in no caprices, and yielding on the whole the best returns of any flower that blooms in-doors. A small greenhouse devoted to Callas alone would prove a profitable investment; the building could be put up very cheaply by an ordinary carpenter, and the expense of heating need not be great. With a full southern exposure, a small oil stove at each end would probably be sufficient; and if there were a door opening into the dining, or sitting-room, there would be the advantage of more heat when needed, besides the cheerful view of glossy foliage and creamy blossoms.

As an article of merchandise, the Calla is particularly desirable. It has staying qualities that are equalled by very few other flowers, as it will keep for a full week in water, and it reaches the end of a long journey in admirable condition. Its lack of fragrance makes it inferior to other lilies; but it will bloom and flourish where its

more delicate sisters can scarcely drag out a wretched existence, and it is in demand for so many occasions, that the supply is not likely to become excessive. The Calla is pre-eminently a church flower—there is something ecclesiastical in its very bearing; and whether filling the font, where it is so beautifully suggestive, or banked behind the altar, or growing in pots around the lectern and pulpit, it is in full harmony with its surroundings. It suggests, too, the bridal and the grave; and while especially suited to some seasons, it can scarcely be unwelcome wherever flowers are admitted.

In view of these facts, a small greenhouse devoted entirely to Callas would prove far more profitable than if stocked, as is usually the case, with a variety of plants requiring different climates and conditions. Violets and Bouvardias will thrive in the same temperature, and as they are very desirable flowers for cutting, it might be well to admit a fair proportion of them. Callas, however, are less trouble than anything else, and more to be depended on for bloom.

A country town would be an excellent location for an enterprise of this sort; and once known that Mrs. — or Miss —, can supply Callas, or other flowers, in such quantity as occasion demands, a steady stream of custom would flow to the little greenhouse, and a steady income to the purse of the florist. Or, if more agreeable to the feelings of the cultivator to find a market at a distance, a visit to the city will furnish opportunities to make arrangements for the sale of such flowers as can be sent.

The floriculturist herself may live in the city; for there is nothing to prevent her from building her greenhouse in the back yard, except the lack of a southern exposure, and this would prevent it from being built anywhere. These city yards are not half utilized as they might be; most of them are at least twenty feet wide by fifty feet deep, and sometimes more,—yet how rarely is any attempt made at cultivation, beyond a grape-vine and a few flowers! Who ever sees a modest greenhouse, a strawberry patch, or a vegetable bed, in an ordinary yard?

Yet any of these unwonted luxuries may be had with a very small plot of ground; and the experiment of vegetables and small fruits has been successfully tried. Tomato vines cover the three sides of the fence, and flourish and bear luxuriantly; cucumbers would make themselves supremely comfortable, and ornamental at the same time, in an odd barrel or two; and lettuce, spinach and celery, could be raised to perfection. A city strawberry bed of very moderate dimensions, but cared for on the little-farm-well-tilled principle, yielded many quarts of delicious fruit, which had a very different flavor from that supplied by the corner grocery or the wagon of the huckster.

One square foot of ground will nourish an exquisite rose-bush, or a beautiful vine; and the most neglected and unpromising yards can be brought by cultivation into a state of profitable beauty. Dwellers in cities need not leave all the money-making of this nature to their country sisters; for if they have little ground to work with, they have the less expense, and can also make more of what they do have. For the mere matter of looks alone, a neatly kept vegetable-garden is a much more agreeable and cooler sight than a yard full of weeds and rubbish; and beans and peas, when nicely trained, are really ornamental.

A southern ne'er-do-well, of whom nothing in the way of success was ever expected, had, once, a happy inspiration which made him plant two or three acres in "gubers," or peanuts, much to the merriment of his neighbors. But the crop was prolific, and gubers, that year, were in demand; so, our peanut-farmer cleared a large sum by his investment. As these nuts are always in demand, both for the refreshment of small boys on public occasions, and for the manufacture of confectionery, their culture would be found profitable in many localities to which they are comparative strangers. A sheltered piece of ground, with plenty of sunshine and some sand in the soil, easily put there if not indigenous, warrant the experiment; and with a reasonable amount of back yard, it need not interfere with a small greenhouse.

For the cost of the greenhouse, \$25 or \$30 would build a very respectable lean-to, with second-hand sashes; and in many cases, half of the money could be paid out of the returns. As success warranted it, the flower accommodations might be increased,—until a flourishing business became established on the site of a very modest foundation.

Another and more original style of flower business would be to raise nothing at all,—but instead of this, to buy the fruits of others' industry; giving them a fair price for their labor, and then arranging their wares in so attractive a style as to insure a handsome profit. This could be done with far less trouble and expense than building and caring for a greenhouse; and there are women all over the country who would be glad to find a steady market for what they already have on hand at very moderate prices. The raising of commodities is only half the battle; and many can do this who have not the faintest idea how to dispose of them after they are raised. Let some woman, who can arrange things tastefully, try this flower-dealing and see if it does not prove successful. As a general thing, she can live where she likes in order to carry it on, if she sends her flowers away for sale; but it is always an advantage to live near a good market.

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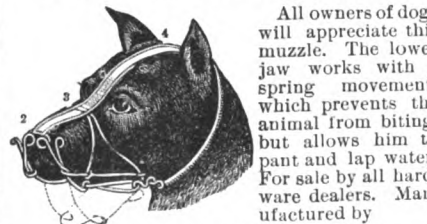
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(Written for the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.) HINTS UPON ETIQUETTE AND GOOD MANNERS.

NO. XVII.

BY MRS. S. O. JOHNSON.

Etiquette After Marriage. How to Avoid Matrimonial Misery.

The word "honeymoon" comes to us from honah, the Teutonic term for the first month after marriage, and it is said to be derived from a beverage made of honey, which was the special drink used at marriage festivities in ancient times.

"Some grief shows much of love, But much of grief shows still some want of wit." And sensible people will take the last line of the couplet to their hearts, and bear it in mind, in all matrimonial disputes, that a want of good sense makes the trouble.

Before marriage, there is a restraint upon young people, and they do not exhibit to each other the rough points of their character, but are always studious to conceal them, and to preserve a kindly disposition towards each other.

If you are able to keep your temper for a few months, why not do so all your life? Cupid is represented as blind, because Love can never discern the faults of the loved one.

Would it not be better if one party would state to the other, wherein troubles may arise, and calmly discuss their chances of happiness in marriage? If the man is of a jealous temperament, why not disclose the fault when not under its influence, and allow his fiancée to understand the seamy side of his character?

Is this an Utopian idea, my young friends, which could not be carried out? Try it for yourselves, and prove its trustworthiness.

"Ven you're a married man, Samivel," said Mr. Weller, "you'll understand a good many things as you don't understand now; but vether its worth while going through so much to learn so little, as the charity boy said ven he got to the end of the alphabet, is a matter o' taste. I rath'er think it isn't."

But Mr. Weller had passed through the needed experience which taught him that the discipline of marriage was not to his inclination, before he could give this advice to his son, Samivel.

The surest way to retain a wife's love is to be always her lover, for there are few women who are not ready to return measure for measure, and often they are willing to give a little more than they receive of kindly attentions.

Do not allow yourself to fall in showing respect to her, and she will always award it to you. This is a rarely abused precept, and as long as a man is worthy of respect, he will receive it.

If she possesses a violent temper, and talks in an insane, passionate style, let your silence, by its contrast to her violence, prove an unfailing remedy.

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All this is wrong, and worse than useless. To the wife belongs the keeping of the house, and upon her devolves its burdens and its cares. If the husband can lighten them by his kindly advice and foresight, he will be of decided assistance to her.

Mutual affection, and mutual suggestions upon all things connected with married life are highly conducive to happiness; and if men would consult their wives more frequently concerning their business operations, they would be surprised to find how quickly their intuitions will dissolve knotty questions which their reasoning powers could not comprehend.

In marriage there should be the closest tie of heart and soul, and mutual interests should never be separated. The man who will think of his wife as he thinks of himself, and make her comfort, her pleasure, her interests one with his own, will be an apt scholar in the good breeding of marriage.

From the moment of his marriage, a man has begun a double life. He cannot stand alone any longer, but his conduct at home, his attentions to his wife, his training of his children, are the tests by which his character will be estimated.

So the etiquette of marriage is of the greatest importance to every man, and if he builds up a stately edifice of private worth upon its foundations, he will find it of everlasting benefit to him and to his posterity.

"O! we do all offend— There's not a day of wedded life, if we Count at its close the little bitter sum Of thoughts, and words, and looks unkind, and froward,

Silence that chides and woundings of the eye— But prostrate at each other's feet, we should Each night forgiveness ask."

And relying upon God's tender mercy we can strive to live together in peace, and harmony and love, while on earth, and to fit ourselves to enter the Eternal City, whose builder and maker is God.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS. "L. C. S.":—1st. When a gentleman is introduced to a lady, he should not offer to shake hands, unless the lady offers her hand, and this is not usual in ceremonious introductions.

"L. C. S.":—2d. When a gentleman meets several ladies of his acquaintance, he should say, raising his hat at the same time: "Good-morning," or "Good-evening, ladies," and then address some remark to each lady, calling her by name.

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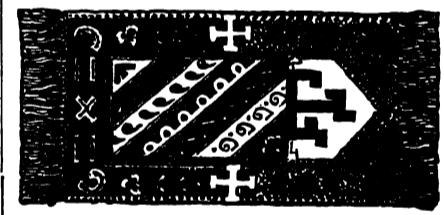
"L. C. S.":—17th. When a gentleman meets several ladies of his acquaintance, he should say, raising his hat at the same time: "Good-morning," or "Good-evening, ladies," and then address some remark to each lady, calling her by name.

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[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL] "INASMUCH."

BY CLYDE WAYNE.

Mrs. Gray sat about the annoyingly delightful task of making out the yearly memoranda of winter supplies...

If there was one article of dress which she especially longed for at this time it was a bonnet. The old alpaca dress might be remodeled...

Having so emphatically decided the vexed question, she headed her list with that longed-for bonnet. And then scarce believing she was really and truly going to have "a new bonnet," she gave a satisfactory glance at the unmistakable and unobtrusive-looking line on which she had written in very plain letters "Bonnet for self \$3.00..."

"I would not live away, I ask not to stay, Where storm after storm, rises dark o'er the way."

Perhaps it was the knowledge that "Aunt Mary" was singing it, that gave to the words a new pathos. "Aunt Mary," aged and bent with a long life of care and trials...

So absorbed had Mrs. Gray become in the matter in hand that she reproached herself for neglecting the old soul so long, and rising, hastily, to see if she still had a comfortable fire in her room...

The sharp November winds were whistling outside, and Mrs. Gray noticed that "Aunt Mary" quickly drew together the bundle of red flannel over which she was stooping...

With a sudden thought she turned to the old lady, and taking the patched garment from her hands, held it up. It was an undervest, worn thin and threadbare...

"Oh Aunt Mary! these are not all you have to wear this cold weather?" she asked incredulously, while a strange huskiness stirred her voice.

"Yes, child," was the meek reply, while in spite of all she could do, a few tears would force through themselves down the sunken cheeks, as "Aunt Mary" thought of those other days when she too was surrounded with the comforts of a happy home...

Mrs. Gray did not reply, she simply handed the garment back to "Aunt Mary" and returned to her room. She found the sample, put it with the memorandum, and that evening it was speeding on its way to the city.

It was a sharp, blustering morning a week later, when the expected box arrived, and Mrs. Gray had just finished remodeling her three winters bonnet to her entire satisfaction and to "Aunt Mary's" unbounded surprise and admiration...

As she laid it aside and prepared to open the aforesaid box "Aunt Mary" drew her chair closer to the cheerful open fire, for spite of the thin patched flannel her old frame was keenly alive to the biting morning air...

Directly, from the very bottom of the box was brought forth two heavy all-wool vests, the very sight of which made the dim old eyes grow bright.

"These are yours, Aunt Mary," began the little woman, but she stooped short, for the poor old soul reached out a trembling hand and feeling of the soft warm garment, asked in incredulous surprise and pleasure, "For me, child?"

"Yes, for you, Aunt Mary," is the smiling reply, but in a moment Mrs. Gray turns aside to hastily brush a tear from her eye. Almost reverently "Aunt Mary" takes the unexpected gift in her hands, and with eyes full of grateful tears says very gently and softly, "God bless you, my child! These will keep my old bones from many and many an ache, and He who feedeth the sparrows will not forget you."

What made the wrinkled face grow suddenly hallowed, and lent to the once shabby bonnet lying on the bed a new beauty and grace? Only this: the consciousness of a single good deed; the still whisper "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these ye have done it unto Me."



JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

John Anderson, my jo John, When first I was your wife, On every washing day, John, I wearied of my life. It made you cross to see, John, Your shirts not white as snow, I washed them with our home-made soap, John Anderson, my jo.

Ah! many a quarrel then, John, Had you and I together, But now all that is changed, John, We'll never have anither; For washed with IVORY SOAP, John, Your shirts ARE white as snow, And now I smile on washing day, John Anderson, my jo.

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