

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

And Practical Housekeeper...

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

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

Her picture is before me as I write; upon the red cam-wood easel, behind the vase of pinks. It is not a beautiful face, not what we call a handsome girl. But if she herself were speaking of it—if it had been some other girl—she would say: "What a dear face!" The head, fine and full, bends, as if she were listening to the voice of some one whom she loved saying thoughtful things. Her hair, pushed back from her high forehead, waves a little, not too much, across the outline of the brow and temple. It is brown hair. She has a generous mouth, and earnest, modest eyes. One thick, soft braid shows behind the left shoulder. She wears a cashmere dress, with a yoke of dark velvet, and a plain white ruffle at the throat. There are few pictures of handsome girls so sweet and sensitive and strong.

We were at Mrs. Hearty's, on Point Perfection. Everybody who knows the Massachusetts coast knows Point Perfection; and everybody who has ever been at Point Perfection knows Mrs. Hearty's. It is a remarkable boarding-house. To go there once is to go there always. Mrs. Hearty keeps us year in and year out; some of the ladies have been there for twenty summers; it happened to be

the oldest, and, on the whole, I think the best, of all Mrs. Hearty's old maids. She really has a good many. We were eleven that summer; some of them were very good-looking, and a few quite young. I was sixty-three, and I had never been good-looking at my best. I was not very well, either; and I was alone. I have people who go with me to places sometimes—I would not have you think I am without friends—but there was nobody that summer; something ailed them all—hay-fever, Europe, or a baby—and I was quite by myself.

I was by myself, but not myself. I was homesick and uncomfortable. I did not find people whom I liked, or who liked me. Sometimes I thought the latter was the real trouble. At any rate, I got that notion. You know old people take notions as well as young ones; and one is no less sensitive about them, either, the older one grows. I took to sitting in my room and mending stockings; an excellent feminine occupation, but not wholly the thing one goes to the seashore and pays twenty dollars a week to do. I took to reading Pascal's "Thoughts" on the back piazza, in the corner opposite the hogshed, where nobody sat. I took to moping on a rock behind the potato-field, and knitting mittens for my sister's children; and to little, silly, invalid walks alone upon the beach, with blue glasses on my eyes.

We had all sorts of people at Mrs. Hearty's—even among the Eleven there was a good variety. There was Miss Stout, the thin one, who turned away her eyes when the bathers went in; and Miss Lean, the fat one with gray bangs, who said: Dear me! to everything; and Miss Twist, the æsthetic one, who embroidered gentlemen's slippers; and Miss Frobisher, the youngish one, who was quite handsome, and had those terrible good spirits which handsome people have. There was Miss Merle, the sad one, who wore mourning for a live lover—I mean a dead one; and there was Miss Chatter, the gossipy one, who told all the stories about how the dishes were washed; and so on. Then, besides the Eleven, there was the lady from Boston who read Tolstoi in the original—I forget her name—and there was little Mrs. Duckling and her six children, three nurses, two baby carriages, and one whooping cough. That cough had the room next to mine. Then there was Mrs. Holiday, with her dreadful boy; the boy who had once had the measles in the wrong way in very early life, and had been a terror to his acquaintances ever since, because his health was so poor; the boy who always had to stamp on the piazza all he wanted to, and cry all he cared to, and wake the boarders with a blue tin horn at six o'clock in the morning when he chose to, and make life miserable at Mrs. Hearty's whenever he felt like it, because his constitution was so delicate. I couldn't bear the boy. His name was Theodore. The ladies used to call him Thud, for short. Then we had one or two young people, boys and girls who monopolized the moonlight, and flirted under our windows till midnight; and the rest were the usual lot.

I did not care for any of them; and I don't think I am exactly sour; I do like many people, many times. But I don't think that year we combined at Mrs. Hearty's. We didn't any of us like each other much. It is with people

sometimes, you know, as it is with chemicals; they need the combining medium, or they will never come together. We were a set of units; as separate as the atoms of the Universe. I believe there were two subjects upon which we were united—Mrs. Hearty's peach short-cake; and the necessity of all having the shady corner of the piazza at the same time. There was no other—not even the climate of Point Perfection; some of us came because it was so warm, some because it was so cold; others selected it for its dry quality, and Miss Frobisher loved it

attitudes and steps, it was the love in her eyes, it was the care in her voice, it was the "dear" way of saying: "Are you comfortable, Mama?"—Bethesda's way.

The girl had taken off her dusty travelling-dress, and was in a pretty muslin, with a violet on it, and pale purple ribbons; she always dressed simply; but she was as dainty as a living flower; she had a violet ribbon, too, to tie her long braid. It was a warm night, and the sight of her cooled me. I laid down my fan, and offered her the fruit.



because it was so nice and foggy. I never saw twenty-five people who found it so hard to agree upon any human question.

When my dear girl came, my heart went out to her—flash! like that; it was a little like falling in love, it was so sudden; or I suppose it was. I never was in love. I do not know that I am qualified to give valuable opinions on the subject.

She came on a Saturday night. Those are always the worst nights at boarding-houses. New people all come Saturdays, and take the next room, and institute new sets of noises where you have just got used to old ones, and their trunks come banging up, and hit your door; and, if they are shy, they sit round the piazzas by themselves, and are a burden to your soul till you have introduced them to somebody; or, if they are the other kind, they ask about the drives, and gush over the view—which, on the whole, is worse.

Bethesda came, like other people, on a Saturday night. Bethesda was her beautiful name—but we called her Esda. She came with her mother, and they had seats at the tea-table opposite me. Her mother was an invalid. That first instant, when I saw the child, walking slowly down the length of the big, bare dining-room, with her mother's hand upon her arm, I said: "There comes a good daughter!" It was not what she did—any daughter would help a feeble mother, for decency's sake, if not for love's sake—but it was the way it was done; it was the sweet thoughtfulness of her adapted

"Oh, strawberries!" she said, merrily. "I didn't expect strawberries. The last place we boarded we had dried apples in July!" She looked at me, and I suppose I looked amused—for I like a little fun, but the Eleven were of a serious turn of mind—and she laughed outright, and I laughed, and I saw she was a human, hearty, happy girl in spite of the invalid mother, and I liked her. I liked her from that minute. Who could help it? Why, everybody liked her—just in that way—suddenly; and because they could not help it. In just eight days, for I counted, she was the delight—I might say she was the "dearness"—of Mrs. Hearty's house.

I let her alone at first, for she was but seventeen, and I was sixty-two. I could not make myself a bore to the child, though my heart went out to her so that I could have envied that invalid mother—sickness and all—for belonging to my dear girl. I don't know that I ever envied anybody's mother before. Certainly my sister is quite welcome to her girls; they are nice girls, too, and I like to knit them silk stockings; but I never wanted them—the girls, I mean; I often wished I could have afforded the stockings.

So I let her alone, only that I was pretty to her at the table, and told her about things, and introduced her to people, and made her feel at home, of course; but I kept out of her way, and read Pascal, and knit mittens, and darned stockings, and walked on the beach in blue glasses, and moped the same as ever, perhaps a

little more than ever, for it made me feel more lonely to like anybody, in that way; and I don't think, either, I had ever really felt girl-less before.

Now, the third night, as I was walking very hard upon the beach, and swinging my arms to get exercise, and thinking how ugly I must look, but not much minding, if I got the exercise, I swung one hand up so high that I hit the blue glasses, and off they came, snap! crack! crackle! to the ground.

Some one, unseen behind me, came up softly and picked them up. It was Esda, in her little blue flannel boating-dress—for she could row. She rowed very well; and she could swim; she could do all the hearty out-of-door things, and seemed to have no more fear than a boy; yet she never did anything like a boy; she always did it like a lovely girl.

"Oh, Miss Spruce!" said Esda, "they are broken! I'm not sorry, though."

"Why, my dear?" said I.

"I don't think them becoming," urged Esda, with a pretty mock frown between her modest eyes. "Do you wear them for your health?"

"Why, n—no," said I, "my eyes are very strong. But I have been told it was well to protect them at the seaside."

"You ought to know best," said Esda, respectfully, "but I like you better without them. There, now! There's such a dear twinkle in your eyes. I can't see it behind such very blue glass. Now, see how lovely you look without them! Dear Miss Spruce, would you mind if I went to walk with you a little way?"

"My dear," I protested, "don't you want to go on the sailing-party?—Nor the picnic? Hadn't you better be with the young people—somewhere? I am an old lady to be company for a girl like you."

"I don't want to trouble you," said Esda, hesitating.

"Then come, my child," I answered from my heart. She put her hand into mine—as if she put her heart with it.—Oh, I know the difference! People who are growing old can tell!—and we walked and talked, and talked and walked, like two girls together, for half that happy evening. It made me happy. Yes, though I suspected, though I half knew that the child had sought me out because I kept apart, and because I was old and ugly, and because I was lonesome and moped, and because the others did not invite me on the sailing-party, and because I wouldn't go upon the picnic—though it was her dear thought to hunt me out for these very reasons, and to make me feel remembered and beloved—though I knew all this, yet it made me happy.

Afterward, I think she really came to like to be with me for her own sake; but that first time, I let her do it for my sake, and never let her know that I knew it, for that would have spoiled it, but blessed her, and loved her, as only the old can bless and love the young. And she grew dear to me; she grew so dear that I wondered at it, but she was never the less dear for that.

I don't know how she did it; no one could say how Bethesda did such things; for she never seemed to try, or, as we say, to "set out" to make people like her; but everybody who came near the child began to feel in that way to her.

Some girls, you know, flirt with other girls, or with older ladies—there is no better word for it; there is the deliberate undertaking to win love, and the systematic bid for admiration; a kind of chronic desire to please, at any cost, in any way—Tom, Dick, or Harry—Jane, Susan and Maria. But Bethesda was as honest and as simple as a butter-cup. She only grew right on, in her place. She was charming because it was "her nature to." She thought of people because she really seemed to care. She thought of everybody. It seemed as if she could not help it.

She was so sorry for Miss Merle that I believe that woman of thirty-five did no less than tell this child of seventeen all about the dead lover, and Esda sat beside her and cried with her, one evening, till Miss Twist called her away to ask if she thought a gentleman likely to prefer sun-flowers or owls upon his slippers; and then Esda held the owl floss—I think they agreed upon owls—till it was wound off.

She wore such a modest little bathing-dress (and she swam like a mermaid) that Miss Stout turned round to watch her in the surf; and Esda begged her to come and try it, because "she was so light," in such an irresistible way that Miss Stout sneaked in with her once by moonlight (in corsets and very long pantaloons) and became thereafter the most abandoned bather at Mrs. Hearty's.

Esda was very good to Thud—the dreadful

boy. She said he was a dreadful boy in confidence to me, but, dear Miss Spruce, to have the measles the wrong way, you know! And his mother was so patient with him, didn't I think? And she thought it was possible, with time and talent, one might get the blue horn away from him, or, perhaps, for a consideration, he might be got not to blow till seven o'clock.

It is my conviction that Bethesda took that awful boy to walk with her three times a week, by way of a "consideration," for the matutinal blast ceased beneath our windows, and we slept the sleep of the tin-hornless forever after.

But I don't know that this was as wonderful as sitting with the little Duckling—the whooping-cough Duckling—three hours, to let the nurse have an afternoon and Mrs. Duckling a headache.

I don't know how she managed it; but she found some way to do a sweet, natural kindness to everybody—unless it was the Tolstoid lady, who seemed to have passed beyond the need of human sympathy; and perhaps I might except Miss Chatter, for Esda scorned gossip, like a little Princess.

Sometimes I found her down in the kitchen with Mrs. Hearty; but she slipped away again as soon as she was detected there.

I don't know what the child was doing—shelling peas, perhaps, or listening to the story about the party that dodged their board-bill; or amusing a grand-baby that had been left for the day, just at dinner-time, or asking: "Can't I do an errand for you, Mrs. Hearty? I'm going to town." Once I heard her reading "Mrs. Leechs and Mrs. Aleshine" to Mrs. Hearty; who laughed until she dropped the pudding-dish—she never had time to laugh in the summer, poor woman. She would have cooked her heart into a pudding for Esda, if it would have done her any good.

Then there was the wash-woman, Mrs. Sand, the fisherman's wife. When Esda's mother did not need her (for she never neglected that mother, you must understand) and the child went out to get her row, or swim, or walk, or ride, she fell into the way of slipping over to Mrs. Sand's gray house, and it became so regular a way at last that I began to wonder what it meant.

When I found out that she was giving little Josie Sand singing-lessons, I said: "We ought to be ashamed of ourselves!" For we all of us knew that Josie Sand had a voice, and that it was the wild ambition of her poor mother's life to have it trained; she always said: "Next year, if I have a good season," or: "Another summer, if I can manage it," or: "When I can afford to give Josie lessons,"—but she never had; she never could; she never would; and we knew it, as I say. But not one of us had ever thought to do anything about it. It took Esda to hire the piano (she got up a little subscription for that) and to give half an hour a day out of her young summer to bring all that delight into the washerwoman's home.

And then—But there is no end to it. It was always some sweet deed; or some merry word, for Esda was full of frolic; she was not like the girls in books, sober, saintly, proper girls. She bubbled over with life. I have seen the whole boarding-house sitting still to hear that girl of seventeen tell stories. I don't know which we cared for most, and came most to depend on in that house—Bethesda's "dearness" or her fun. I am writing on and on, trying to make you understand what my dear girl was, and when I have done that, I wish I could stop there. But there will be no story if I do not pluck up soul to get beyond what she was, to what befell her. It breaks my heart to think of it. It breaks my heart to hear it. Since I must do it, bear with me, for my words will give you beneath me. I cannot choose them, and I shall not try. They must say themselves, be it well or ill.

It came a day in the first week of our September. September is the best of the year at Point Perfection, and Mrs. Hearty's people all stay on. We have open wood fires, and wear thick white shawls, and live out of doors, like the gulls or the golden-rod, and pity all the world besides ourselves. Esda was out a great deal. Her mother was easier, and the child had more freedom; she rowed, she swam, she ran, she sang, (Esda had a sweet voice) she climbed, she laughed, she sailed—she was very happy. I like to think how happy she was. She was very sweet and loving to me—and that I like to think of, too. That morning she came and kissed me before she went to row. She said:

"Dear Miss Spruce! How soft your cheek is!"

I was sitting on the front piazza (I gave up the hogshead after Esda came) writing letters to my sister's girls. Some of the ladies were chattering about. On the headland, opposite the house, several little Ducklings were at play; and Thud, Thud was fishing at the edge of the cliff; he wore red stockings, and his crooked, sprawly little legs stood out sharply against the brilliant sky. Esda had rowed out of sight in her white dory. I was absorbed in my letters, and sprang as I had been hit a blow upon the ear, when that cry came. It was a terrible cry; such as only a woman gives, and only when the dearest thing she has is in a mortal trouble. Upon the wings of the cry a figure fled by me—it was Mrs. Holiday.

"Help, help, help!" she screamed, like one gone out of her senses.

"Why, what's the matter, Mrs. Holiday?" I asked impatiently. "What's happened? When? How? Who? What? Oh, why?"

"Thud has fallen off," cried Miss Merle, running too. "He has tumbled in. Help, help, help!"

"It is that dreadful boy!" shouted Miss Lean, quite in Mrs. Holiday's hearing. "Help, help!"

"But still, one wouldn't have him drowned," objected the Boston lady, mildly. "Cannot some one summon assistance?"

By this time I was far down the beach, close upon Mrs. Holiday; and then I fell to screaming, "Help, help!" just as wildly as the others; and to no better purpose. The headland was empty of the long-legged little figure. Thud had gone, indeed. It made me sick to see a little, thin hand tossed up from

the bright blue of the waters below, as I ran on.

The child was drowning. There was no doubt about that.

"Oh!" shrieked the mother, "He's gone down again!"

The ladies had all run down. There wasn't a man among us. Everybody cried together:

"Get a boat!"

"Get a rope!"

"Where's a man?"

"Get a fisherman!"

Mrs. Holiday dashed, screaming, to the water's edge. The boy sank before her eyes. We all looked at each other like mad people.

At this moment a white boat shot around the feet of the cliff. It was Esda's little dory. She was there in her blue boating dress. She was rowing as I never saw a girl row before or since. She came blowing over the shining water like a wind from Heaven.

"Keep up, Theo!" she called in a clear, strong voice. "I'll save you, Theo! Hold up! The way I told you when I tried to teach you to swim! Keep up, keep up!"

(To be continued.)

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

BY CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK.

AUGUST.

Hot Weather Exercise and Diet.

The heats of August are usually more trying than those of any other month. The thermometer may stand no higher than it has often done before during the same season, but the warm weather has lasted so long that the system finds recuperation therefrom less easy than it would have been earlier in the season.

Since this is the case, it behooves every one to make it his study to keep cool. This is not necessarily to be done by neglecting duties of any sort or by giving oneself up to the enjoyment of a *dolce far niente*. While this may be pleasant enough for those who can afford it, there are yet few people who are able to cast aside domestic and business cares and lie all day in a hammock swung in a shady nook, or lounge in an easy chair, lazily swaying a palm leaf fan.

Nor is such a course as this essential to comfort. The people who suffer most from the heat are often those who make the most elaborate effort to avoid it. Occupation takes the mind off one's physical sensations and often assists one to forget the heat and disease. Active employment about the house, such as making beds, sweeping, dusting, etc., or such out-door occupation as gardening, by promoting a free flow of perspiration really cools one perceptibly. Such work should, when possible, be followed by a sponge bath in hot water and a change of clothing. After this, one is ready to sit down to some quieter pursuits, refreshed and comfortable.

Steady out-door exercise should be kept up, even in the warmest weather. It is very hard always to do this. The sultry muggy days that come in mid-August rob one of all desire for walking. The American climate is peculiar in this respect. We read in English books of "glorious hot weather," and marvel over accounts of English girls who think nothing of walking six, eight or ten miles a day in mid-summer. But the weather in the British Isles is seldom of that debilitating description common in this country. Americans who have resided abroad and who thought nothing of long tramps in England and Scotland or in Switzerland and the northern part of the continent, fail utterly when they endeavor to keep up their trans-Atlantic customs of long constitutional in July or August afternoons. We must know enough to accommodate our habits to our surroundings and to make the best of both.

A charming time for Summer tramps is in the early morning. This does not mean from eight until ten o'clock, when the sun has gained a burning and sickening power, but from five until seven, in the first freshness of the day, while the dew lies on everything and the earth is still cool. It may for a while require a mighty effort to rise at such an hour, but the habit is soon acquired. People usually go to bed quite early in the country, during the Summer, and it is no harder to rise there at five, after having retired at nine or ten, than it is to get up in Winter at seven or eight when one has not been in bed until twelve or one the night before. Yet persons will pursue the latter plan for months at a time thinking it no hardship, who would consider themselves dreadfully imposed upon if in Summer they were routed out at five in the morning from the couch they had occupied since nine o'clock the preceding evening.

One should never start off on an early walk with an entirely empty stomach. A slice of bread or a couple of crackers and a glass of milk will be sufficient to prevent faintness, and yet will not interfere with the hearty breakfast that will be waiting at the end of the walk. For such a tramp as this, in the country, the dress should be cool, the skirts short, the shoes easy. The head should be protected by a broad hat and it is wise to carry a sun shade or light umbrella. The wearing of gloves is optional.

Rambling in the woods or fields is never more charming than at this hour, if one does not object to soaked feet and skirts. Those who are susceptible to cold would better confine themselves to the beaten ways. The novice in early walks should not select too long an expedition for the first time. Over fatigue neutralizes the benefit that should be derived from the exercise. A walk of a mile or two is enough for a beginner and the distance may be increased as one gains strength and the pedestrian habit.

On returning, the clothing must be changed; the damp shoes and stockings replaced by dry ones, the dusty or dragged skirts taken off and the ordinary house morning dress assumed. A hasty sponge bath is also refreshing. Then one may proceed to the seven or half after seven breakfast table with a good appetite and the pleasant consciousness that she has laid in a store of vitality that will do much to help her

through the coming heat and burden of the day.

Early morning walks are out of the question for many women. With some, their home duties are pressing at this hour, while others are physically incapable of taking such exercise at so early an hour without being prostrated for the rest of the day. For these, evening promenades are to be advocated. True, one does not then have good an opportunity to enjoy the natural beauties about one, but there are attractions in this hour of the day as well as in the freshness of the morning. It is infinitely better even to stumble along a country road in the semi-darkness than to imperil health and complexion by renouncing walking altogether.

In a country house once visited by the writer there was a broad drive way that surrounded the lawn, and by pacing it off it had been determined that twenty turns around this drive were equal to one mile. This was then chosen as the promenade for sultry evenings when the roads were too dusty for light gowns and many a mile was tramped over the smooth gravel.

All that has been said thus far applies to country walks. In the city, however, the early morning rambles are as beneficial if less agreeable and have the advantage of requiring less preparation than is necessary in the country. A summer in the city is sufficiently trying under any circumstances and all possible good should be derived from morning and evening walks.

Other means, should be practised, besides exercise, for keeping the body in order. Frequent bathing is a prime requisite. A plunge bath is actually more cooling when taken in tepid or even very hot water than in cold. When the convenience of a set bath tub is lacking, as is generally the case in country cottages and boarding houses, a sponging from head to foot may take its place.

This should be done at least once a day, while twice is better. Changing the under-clothing often is also advisable. By keeping two sets on hand and substituting that worn in the morning for the other, when one's afternoon toilet is made, both have a chance to become thoroughly aired. Of course, it would be more agreeable to don entirely fresh undergarments every day, but this would swell the weekly wash to unreasonable dimensions.

Light diet is also to be recommended for hot weather. Carbon producing meats, heavy soups, warm breads, rich pastry and puddings are better left alone. Plenty of fish, fruit and vegetables, eggs, salads and plain desserts are less heating than greasier foods. The stomach should not be over-loaded in the hottest weather. That organ feels the relaxing influence of the heat as much as any other part of the body. Attacks of summer complaint and cholera morbus frequently arise from putting an undue amount of work upon the digestive powers at the time when they are least able to bear it. A man who would spare his horse upon one of the "warm-water" days that make mere existence a task, does not hesitate to load his stomach with meats, vegetables and pie and wash all down with a profusion of iced drinks.

A word may be said here with regard to cold beverages. They are not usually harmful when taken in moderation by well people. Whether they are really cooling is another question and one on which there is room for doubt. Many persons claim that a cup of hot tea cools one more than a glass of iced water, because while the latter checks perspiration, the former increases it. Whether it is worth while to go through the process of being heated in order to enjoy more fully the reaction that follows is what each must decide for himself. It is a fact, however, that a small quantity of any liquid, sipped slowly, is more refreshing than when taken in copious draughts and very much less injurious.

Little children should never be allowed to drink iced liquids. Ordinarily cool water is better for them and subdues the thirst more readily than iced. Great care should always be observed in the summer diet of the younglings. The temptation should be resisted to try new articles of food for children of delicate stomachs, while the hot weather lasts. If a diet has been found that agrees with the little one's digestion, let it be adhered to and postpone experiments until the close of the heated term.

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

SECOND SERIES. NO. XI.

BY MRS. EMMA C. HEWITT.

Now Gustavus, you know I belong to the society for the prevention of cruelty to animals and that I'm with you in any movement that conduces to their comfort, or to the amelioration of their condition. You know all this, I say, so anything I may write here cannot be laid to prejudice on my part. Besides you know Gustavus, I never speak from prejudice anyway, it's always from principle. "Cast iron principles" as Samantha Allen says. It isn't nice, no it isn't, for Julia to wear bird's-wings and breasts and all that kind of thing in her bonnet. It does really seem, as you say, as if some women would sacrifice every living thing to their vanity. I think, though, you were a little too hard on Julia there, it was thoughtlessness, not cruelty, on her part. I believe she "didn't think" Gustavus. She didn't see the bird die, and the breast and wing was pretty and becoming, and as she had the money, she gratified her tastes and bought it. Perhaps the happy day will come, Gustavus, when women will see all this in its true light. It is all very dreadful. Why the other day in the cars I saw one young woman with a whole dove "mashed up" (nothing else will express it) against the front of her hat, its poor little, dead, yellow claws sticking out in front. I never in all my life saw such a pathetic attempt at self adornment. It only wanted one thing. The crowning touch would have been reached if one had learned that the dove had been a pet.

But I call to mind, Gustavus, a little conversation we had while I was with you. I asked you about those lovely antlers you have on the wall in the dining room. Cousin Scribbler you

said pointing to them, "aren't they beauties?" "Truly" said I, "They quite set off the dining room don't they? I'm proud of those antlers." "Why?" "They represent the greatest feat of my life. I have always wanted a pair of antlers there between the doors, and last Autumn when I was up in the mountains, I was fortunate enough to shoot that old fellow, or the fellow that owned the horns. Just think of it! I brought him down myself, and I'm not such a good shot either."

Well somehow or other, do you know Gustavus, I don't think that the two ends of your conversation agree. I've puzzled myself a good deal about it, and I can't for the life of me see that it is any worse for Julia to buy a wing because she wishes to ornament her bonnet, than it is for you to shoot a deer, because you wanted to adorn your dining-room. "But the deer meat was eaten" you say "and served a good purpose." O I dare say, I'm not finding fault with that,—perhaps the bird meat was eaten too, who knows? But the principle, the motive Gustavus. Had you been hungry and adopted this means of appeasing your appetite, I would not have a word to say, but I cannot feel that the vanity which adorns a dining-room at the expense of a life, is much more elevated than that which adorns a bonnet or a human head in the same manner. It is always well Gustavus to look on all sides of a question, and do be careful about making such hasty decisions.

There's another thing Gustavus I'd like to tell you about. It don't happen to have anything to do with animals however. It just arises from something you said the other night on the servant question. You seem to think, now that you have been successful in the world, and have money at your command that money will buy everything. Not that exactly but that it will buy any kind of service. Well perhaps it will buy what may be called any kind of service but it will not always buy good service. There are plenty of things that a woman cannot leave in the hands of any but well trained servants, and they, let me tell you, are not always available by any means. You come in in a hurry and say "Julia I'm going to Richmond to-morrow morning, come go along." All right, Julia would be delighted to go, but there are things to be attended to. She has just got in a quantity of strawberries or peaches to preserve or some particular fruit to pickle and what is to be done! "Get in some one to do it and leave it" say you, very good! but who? "Somebody ought to be found if you are willing to pay well for it." Perhaps she ought, but they are not always by any means. Or perhaps you yourself are pernickity about those very things and Julia reflects that the discomfort of your remarks next winter would be a dear price to pay for her week of fun.

Another very ugly thing you said was that women were not so generous as men. "Look at women when they go a shopping with each other," you remark pompously. "How do they lurch together? a little bit of this or that, each one paying for her own. When men go out on business together there is a hearty good fellowship between them. Mr. A takes Mr. B into a dining saloon and orders a good dinner and they have a good time generally."

Now do you know I think that that is about the most ridiculously thoughtless thing I've heard you say in years (and that's saying a great deal Gustavus) you certainly must know that it is hardly one woman in a thousand that has her own money to spend. You "give Julia an income?" Yes you do, but do you remember how I wrestled with you before you could bring your mind to it?

I'd like to know how many men would hear without a scowl that out of the twenty dollars grudgingly given to their wives in the morning for necessary shopping two had gone for dinner with Mrs. A. or B. to which the generous wife had stood treat? Few women, indeed, courageous as they may be in many things, could stand the scene which would be the consequence of any such little generosity (?) or can feel that they dare spend in reckless hospitality what they are sure to want next week for Baby's shoes or Bobby's stockings or Papa's pocket-handkerchiefs. In fact Gustavus I happen to know that you felt that Julia had done a decidedly extravagant thing when she took her sister to a Patti Matinee, while the week before you had taken some man friend to the theatre when the entertainment cost you half as much again. And so you know how you both managed it? Julia didn't buy the dress she wanted, and you didn't deposit in the bank the little monthly sum you generally put by to the children's account. I noticed you didn't cut down your supply of cigars, I may not be very observing but I noticed that, Gustavus.

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

Rose Terry Cooke. A Poet of the First Order and One of the Most Successful Delineators of New England Life and Character. A Visit to her in her New Home at Pittsfield Massachusetts.



ROSE TERRY COOKE.

Rose Terry was a Connecticut girl, born in a fine house which is still to be seen just out of Hartford, a residence which was presented by her grandfather to her father upon his marriage with Anne Wright Hurlburt, a descendant of one of the oldest Wethersfield families. Born of the best New England stock, having several generations of religious integrity, worldly wealth and gentle culture behind her Rose Terry's inheritance was a social, generous open heart, with a peculiar sensitiveness and æsthetic feeling.

Her education was a careful one and a discipline which stimulated her genius, and rounded and polished her thoughts and expressions. Her mother, a beautiful and gifted woman took charge of her studies and at three years of age Rose could read intelligibly. Before she was six, it was her daily task to learn a column in Walker's Dictionary, to spell the words, define them in the exact language of the lexicographer and write sentences incorporating each word of the list to demonstrate that she had a perfect understanding of its use and meaning.

This exercise, would be thought cruelly severe in this age which so fears abstractions for children and cushions the mind of the young one before any attempt is made to impress anything upon it, quite in the manner of the loving king and queen who padded the little prince's body before admitting "Dr. Spanxter," but it gave her a remarkable command of language and was the foundation for the terse expressions which carry conviction in their syllables, cut like knives when she wills, or grow musical and sweet about her sweeter thoughts with an original beauty which surprises and charms the reader or listener. At the same tender age Rose was also required to commit to memory a psalm and a hymn to be recited each Sunday to her father, and chapters of the Bible fell from her small lips with astonishing precision and intelligent emphasis. At the age of six, she commenced keeping a diary which was conscientiously continued for four years. This book is still in existence and a single sentence selected from its gradiloquent pages will show the lingual gifts of the tiny woman. In her record of one day's doing she wrote, "I imbued my fingers with the blood of cherries."

When Rose was ten years old her parents removed to Hartford, occupying a handsome house on Prospect street and her education was continued at the Hartford Female Seminary then under the charge of Mr. John P. Brace who is remembered as the ideal teacher of that period and who a score of years before had been widely influential in the teaching of Harriet Beecher in her childhood in Litchfield. Mr. Brace's personality had failed nothing in its animating force when Rose Terry came under his tuition and she tells how she used to strain her ears to hear his delightful talks to his class in literature and composition until, unable longer to repress her great desire, she made bold to ask that she might enter the class, which was made up of advanced scholars. He gently put her aside but she persisted so earnestly, trembling with anxiety and saying "she knew she could do it" that he permitted her to enter the class which became one of the most vivid enjoyments of her life and a rare school for her budding power.

The plan of good Mr. Brace in giving rein to individual selection was to Rose Terry invaluable in cultivating her passion and genius for letters. It however proved embarrassing when the condition of her father's financial affairs made it desirable that she should graduate and procure a diploma which would give her a situation as a teacher. For about this time the fortunes of her parents were lost in the ill fated "Morus Multicaulus" scheme which was to plant all New England with mulberry trees and raise silk worms for their product. A blight fell upon the industrious and innocent little spinners and upon the financial condition of many families at the same time, and Rose Terry realized the necessity of earning her own livelihood. In order to secure her diploma and pass the necessary examinations preliminary to receiving her certificate as a teacher, she "crammed" upon several neglected studies of such solidity as chemistry and philosophy in an incredibly short time, and a few weeks later began to teach. At sixteen she was a woman in stature, and maturity of thought and feeling, though she remained a child in obedience to her parents' slightest wish, and was modest almost prudish in her social appearance for many years after she had become famous and sought by the readers of her poems and stories. By the singularly stringent ideas of her father she was kept apart from young society and understood that young men were not to be tolerated about the house and that she might not think

of accepting any attentions from them. Thus restricted, her up-welling of youthful spirit and "the strong necessity of loving" found an outlet in verse, many of the best poems of her published works having appeared at an early age. She contributed very acceptably to Putnam's Magazine before she was twenty, several short stories also attracted favorable attention. When Mr. Frank H. Underwood started the Atlantic Monthly, young Rose Terry went in with the illustrious list of contributors whose names have since become landmarks in American literature. The "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" was then introduced to his army of admiring readers, Motley wrote of "The Battle of Lepanto," T. W. Higginson taught many people the delights of an out of door life, Emerson, Longfellow and Whittier gave of their best, Anne Whitney sent her soulful verse and the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" began her second great work "The Minister's Wooing." Rose Terry furnished the leading story, "Sally Parson's Duty" and followed with "Turkey Tracks," "Eben Jackson" and all the rest which opened the heart and conscience of New England to the best class of readers. From then until the present time Rose Terry Cooke has been one of the dominant minds of our literature. She has devoted herself to her art, never turning aside to embrace any of the cults, philosophies, reforms or philanthropies which, often worthy the attention of master minds, do undeniably detract from the artistic success of many a possible novel writer, essayist or poet. She has contributed for all the leading periodicals of the country, has published several books of short stories, sketches and collections of poems, and kept herself and her thought purely literary, unbiassed and lucid, uninfluenced by passing "fads," undimmed by hazy speculations and unprovable theories. The facts of existence, the unavoidable results of certain causations, the sweet certitudes of life and an enduring religious hope and faith, have kept her utterances strong and clear and direct towards the best things.

In the collection called "Somebody's Neighbors" may be found many of the stories which have appeared in *The Atlantic*, *The Galaxy*, and *Putnam's Magazine* with half a dozen which were published in *Harpers*. Perhaps "Mrs. Flint's Married Experience" is the best example of Mrs. Cooke's powers in the representation of a peculiar phase of New England character which to many readers has seemed overdrawn, even impossible to Puritanic New England, to a community where a lively interest in theological dogmas and technicalities of religious doctrine is universal. But, though "tis true tis pity," there is not ten square miles among all the sterile farms of the Eastern states which may not furnish a parallel. Mrs. Cooke's scalpel has laid bare one of the harsh and sordid possibilities of human nature as it existed, nay exists, in the bigotry and narrowness of church going men, "professors" who dream not of applying to their lives, the gentle precepts, the loving kindness of the teachings of Christ. It is of interest to note that this story which raised a breeze of indignant disclaimer from hundreds of New Englanders, was not an imaginative sketch, nor even made up as a type of several experiences, though it doubtless stands for such in the minds of those who are observing and frank enough to acknowledge the characteristic "stinginess" which makes many a well read and thriving farmer grind his family down to the smallest necessities and starve his cattle to death. "Mrs. Flint's married Experience" is on record in the church books of the town of Torrington, Connecticut. There Mrs. Cooke found it and brought it to light nowise embellished or exaggerated, simply clothed in her own terse and forcible language. For the prevention of discouragement of young writers let me record that "Freedom Wheeler's Controversy" which proved one of the greatest successes of all her effective stories, went the rounds of the best magazines being successively declined until it found an opening, to disprove the verdict of the editors who saw with no little chagrin how they had failed to gauge the public appetite for homely truth especially when so pointedly presented.

"The Deacon's week" may be mentioned as another sketch which proved very acceptable to American readers and has been repeatedly translated into the language of people who, though differing in moral and religious forms have the same human nature and disposition to preach rather than practice. It was published as a tract and more than three hundred thousand were sold. It has never ceased to be quoted and effectively used in awakening the sleeping consciences of well intentioned people. Our Rose, with all her beauty of literary form, wealth of artistic coloring and exquisite fragrance of sentiment, has not failed to present many a thorn to the sides of careless and self-righteous sinners. Rose Terry Cooke's poems, some two hundred in number with a few which have not before seen the light have recently been collected and published in an attractive volume by William S. Gottsberger of Murray Street, New York.

Within these neat covers are many of the purest gems of the language, many of the most touching of personal experiences, many of the fondest hopes and tenderest sentiments of human nature, for the author has indeed "looked into her heart, and written."

Mr. and Mrs. Cooke gave up their home in Winsted, nearly a year ago and have found a most congenial dwelling place among the picturesque Berkshire hills, in the lovely village of Pittsfield, Massachusetts. Here Mr. Rollin S. Cooke who is a man of considerable influence in state and municipal affairs, carries on a private banking business. The social atmosphere of this thriving town of some fourteen thousand inhabitants, is cultured and cordial, and the residents have not been slow to realize the acquisition of their advent among them and have met her with open hands and appreciative hearts. There seems to be an ideal interest in art and literature, and like so many other Massachusetts towns, Pittsfield has a handsome stone building which contains a free circulating library of twenty-thousand volumes, a reference library of great value and pictures, statuary and museum of natural history and curios, that might grace a metropolitan center.

Mrs. Cooke's house stands upon the broad and perfectly kept East Street, which shaded by double rows of stately elms, has velvet lawns spreading from houses to curbs diversified with flowers and shrubs. Upon this road stands, "Somewhat back from the village street" the stately Appleton mansion in which Longfellow located his "Old Clock on the Stairs." Farther east and upon the same side is the house where Rose Terry Cooke lives. It is bright and cherry and filled with many an old piece of ancient furniture. Her secretary is of mahogany mounted upon queer legs with brass trimmings with many curious nooks and corners of the most fascinating convenience. A wide fireplace in the library gleams with burning logs on a chilly day and a delicious flavor of piney woods comes from among the cushions which are piled luxuriously upon the great lounge in the corner. In the straw matted parlor are soft rugs and rare pictures and a corner cupboard a hundred and twenty years old in which is an ancestral dinner set of finest Old Lowestoft china, a massive Chinese punch bowl and a set of exquisite new Saxony ware presented to Rose Terry Cooke by her friend William C. Prime the author of "Pottery and Porcelain." It has deep blue bands and a flower design which is wrought out and overlaid with lines of gold, silver and copper.

Upon the walls are one of the few photographs of Beatrice Cenci, an untouched negative from Raphael's Madonna della Sedia, various choice old engravings and one or two bright water colors.

In the guest chamber is a "four poster" of carved oak of more than respectable age which may easily endure for a thousand years and be the resting place of the millennial American about whom we entertain such strange conceptions, and the dressing case and stand are quaint and charming, having belonged to the well-to-do people of a hundred years ago about whom Rose Terry Cooke has written so understandingly. The lady of the house is the soul of hospitality and kindness to her guests, she is a careful housekeeper and an admirable cook having a special predilection for the compounding of dainty dishes and an art in the arrangement and setting forth of her dinner and breakfast table. She is an indulgent mother to the daughters of her husband who are attractive young ladies, and devoted to a charming niece who makes one of her pleasant household. Rose Terry Cooke is tall and graceful in her carriage, with delicate hands, bright dark eyes and dark hair which begins to show silver threads about the temples. She wears upon her finger a strange gem which seems a drop of milky water with a gleam of gold showing at every turn. It has all the tints of the opal except the firelight, and is regarded with more than ordinary interest as it has long been in the possession of her family and is the only gem found in the soil of Connecticut, an iolite.

The laws of hospitality forbid a more personal sketch of the peculiar charms of Rose Terry Cooke's character and home life which is an exceptionally happy one, but it is perhaps admissible to gratify the natural longing of her thousands of admirers to know something of her literary habits. Many of her strongest stories and most beautiful poems have been written upon her knee, sitting by a pleasant window or beside the crackling fire in the chimney corner. She writes a neat, legible hand never rewriting or copying. But, my enthusiastic autograph hunters, know that for many years she has been obliged to refuse to give her signature, and though somewhat embarrassed to know how to dispose of the stamps which usually accompany such polite requests, she has to accept them as a tribute from the unknown friends who but for her inflexible rule would make her life a burden. Neither does Mrs. Cooke feel under obligations to read manuscript nor give her opinion of stories and poems which are constantly submitted to her by anxious and timid aspirants. Aside from draughts upon her time, which such services would entail, Mrs. Cooke feels that her opinion would be of no avail with the editors whom she would be contributors fear to approach. Rose Terry Cooke is always besieged for her work, but for some time has been sadly hindered in her engagements by rheumatism in her arm. She will however soon complete a story for THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, called "The Wisdom of the Ancients," a story of dress and redress, and will shortly send forth a full fledged novel to be published by Ticknor & Co. of Boston. It is called "Steadfast" and treats of New England Life in the Colonial times.

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VAIN GIRLS IN SOCIETY.

It is not difficult for a young lady to attract attention in society. The young men naturally and properly regard the girls with attentive eyes. As a general thing they have come to the party for the purpose of enjoying the society of young ladies, and they look around at once to see who is present, how they are dressed, and to whom they had better address themselves. Modest and desirable young men are a little timid in the society of ladies, and are easily caught by a familiar manner. It puts them at their ease, and that is just what they want most at the beginning of an evening.

Men of the wrong stamp, too, are sure to flock about a girl who looks, behaves and dresses in a vain style. They amuse themselves by experimenting upon her vanity, and seeing "how far they can go." She would not enjoy hearing their remarks about her when they are by themselves.

No girl gains anything by lowering the standard of decorum. Men may flirt with her, flatter her and fool her; but she does not win the esteem of the kind of men whose love follows respect, but never precedes it.

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time, leaving the wool or cotton unaffected, at least for a considerable period. Another method is to drop a little of the acid upon the sample, when, if pure silk, a hole will be made, or if impure, the threads left will indicate the nature and extent of the adulteration.

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[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.]

SARAH GILBERT'S INGRAIN CARPET.

"Then you say, Simon, I can't have the money this year?" "No, Sarah; can't spare it fur eny such nonsense. You are bein' ruled too much by them children," continued he. "What's good 'nough fur me is good 'nough fur them! This house es 'tis, an' a rag carpet 'll do fur me. I did think, Sarah, when the organ was got, you an' Mary 'd quit teasin' fur things; but the more you get, the more you seem to want," said he, petulantly.

"Yes, Simon, the more uplifting and refining things we get, the more we want. The cattle in the yard are satisfied when only food and drink is supplied them; but we surely have higher desires, the gratification of which elevates us above the brute creation. Are not these longings as commendable as a constant yearning for land?"

"Well, the land, my dear, which I have got from time to time will sometime get these luxuries—the t'hem somehow, you allus crave."

"Now, father, things that elevate us above the brutes are not luxuries, they are necessities!"

"Well, Sarah, we argyed this matter long 'nough when you would buy the organ, an' a sorry time you hed—an' I told you you would hev—a payin' fur it."

"Why, Simon, 'twas paid for before the time was up! You know I realized fifty dollars from cottage cheese shipped that season to Minneapolis; that helped us right out."

"Well, why don't you get your money agin by robbin' of the pigs?" said he, derisively.

"Because the market is glutted. Others, learning of my successful venture, have done the same."

"Well, Sarah, I've heerd someres that carpets wa'n't fash'nable 'ny more."

"Yes, Simon, many a fine mansion has beautiful inlaid polished floors—'twould be a shame to cover them; but you very well know the condition of our floors, and how old and decayed is the house!" Then, good wife that she was, she refrained from reminding him that her more than twenty years of service had been inadequately remunerated, else she could build and adorn a fine dwelling. She did say, however, with perhaps a shade of irony in her tones: "If I had only earned all these years, Simon, something besides my board and clothes, I might repair, and fix up a little."

"Humph! Repair an' fix up! Es 'f 'twould look a speck better 'ith another door cut out here, an' curtains a-hangin' 'pon poles! Them children, Sarah, are gettin' terrible extravagant notions, which, somehow, you seem to encourage."

"Well, Simon, you cannot deny that Mary and Will are more contented since we got the organ. Will was hanging round town every opportunity, and that hoity-toity Simes girl of the village was weaving a mesh around Mary, causing her to be as uneasy as a fish out of water. Now she's so interested in her music that she don't care to go to town only for her lessons. And I think Will with his violin and Mary with her organ make pretty good music considering the length of time they've had them. They're no longer children. Mary was eighteen last month, and Will isn't two years younger. If we don't render his home attractive, he'll find attractive places down town. I tell you, Simon Gilbert, the wily saloon keeper is wiser than you. See the money that he spends to make his place attractive."

"But Will can learn to stay at home. I'm thinkin' he'll hev 'nough to do ef I buy Perkins eighty—he's got to sell an' I've laid plans to buy, so there'll be no carpet money fur one while, nor no foolish fixin' up of the house," said he austerely.

Thus settling the matter, he went out to his work; for Simon Gilbert was no idler. His industry, together with the work and thrift of his wife, had made him one of the wealthiest farmers in Minnesota. Passers by, however, always contrasted the commodious barns and sheds which he provided for his stock and the tumble-down, low-eaved house wherein he stowed his family.

The foregoing conversation had been overheard by the daughter. Her aspirations for improving the old home were even greater than her mother's, she having more leisure to cultivate her taste for the beautiful. Many of her school friends in the village had homes, both the interior and exterior of which were pleasing to view. Could she beautify the interior of their plain dwelling, she would be content.

"There's something wrong somewhere," thinks she. "Mother has worked here just as hard as father, yet she can't have her say about adorning the home to the amount of a paltry fifty dollars. But father builds new barns, purchases expensive machines, or wagons, without ever consulting mother. I verily believe he values me less highly than he does one of his fine horses," thinks she bitterly.

"Why so 'down in the mouth,' Sarah?" asks Grandma Gilbert, whose home was with her son.

"Simon don't approve of altering the house, or getting the ingrain carpet. Guess I lotted

too much upon it," said she with quivering voice.

"Have you prayed over it, Sarah?" "Why no, mother. Wouldn't it be a sinful, selfish prayer?"

"That depends upon the motive, child. If you wanted 'em to outshine others, Sarah, it'd be wrong; but wantin' things fur the best good o' your children is surely a worthy object o' prayer. 'Spose Mary desires 'em fur thet lawyer chap that calls 'casionally—glad he's a worthy young man."

The rest of the day, when plying the churn-dasher, preparing the meals, or performing the countless tasks devolving upon unselfish mothers, Sarah Gilbert's heart thus communed with the Father:

"Thou knowest if it is best for the children. If, for their good, their environments are to be made prepossessing, Thou canst provide the means. Thou knowest Will's peculiar, restless temperament, caused, perchance, by my yearnings and denials. He's reached such trying age—Oh Father, help me keep him pure and undefiled! He must not seek employment in the wicked city."

And grandma, who daily "walked and talked with God," asked Him that the mother be blessed in her desires. Long had this aged mother lamented the avarice of her son. Although a professed Christian, his anxiety to increase his landed possessions had choked out all spiritual growth. Sometime since he discontinued their religious paper, claiming it too "costly." When such reading is relinquished a decline in spirituality is rapid.



Oh the folly of neglecting the soul's growth for a few paltry dollars! Better forego one meal a day than this spiritual food.

"Here, mother, got a specimen number of our old paper for you," said her son Simon, who had been to the post office. There was little need, however, of such visits; since few periodicals were found in their box. Forehanded as was Simon Gilbert, he deemed money and time spent in reading but a foolish waste. His wife, on the contrary, often relinquished a needed gown that the egg or butter money might purchase a choice book or periodical.

"Sarah," calls grandma, who'd been poring over the precious paper. "Here's prizes offered in this paper."

"What paper, mother?" said she, vigorously beating her eggs.

"Why, our dear old paper—they needn't send us a specimen copy to convince us of its worth. I rather read its upliftin' pages any day than eat my dinner. But these wonderful money prizes they offer give me an idee; why not try fur one on 'em, Sarah?"

"Why, mother, what could I write to edify? I'm but a homespun farmer's wife! It's true I once had literary aspirations, which the winning of prize essays developed, and when Mary was a baby I got so lonely out here that I wrote a little for pastime—getting only thanks, however, from the editors for my crude efforts. My pen is now eaten with rust."

"Polish it up, dear, an' try. 'Praps this is God's way o' anserin' your prayer; ef so He'll help."

"But, mother, the prizes will tempt old and experienced writers who have every convenience—cool and pretty studies full of books. They expect and receive inspiration. What inspiration can I expect from my surroundings?"

"Never you mind, dear, but try. Why not tell 'em something about that terrible winter I spent in Dakota? You know the train I went on was the last one through in all winter. Tom carried out to his place that day a load o' coal, an' it snowed an' snowed till it was impossible to get about. Then came on that terrible storm of ice—blizzards they're called—an' the coal was gone, an' nothin' to do but burn the chairs. An' when Mary's baby was a week old, Tom hed to burn up the big bureau thiet he set store by—fur it'd ben his mother's; but we hed to keep the chill off o' Mary if everything was burned. Then Tom got the Widow Laird an' her big boy on the next quarter to come in 'ith us, an' we burned her home."

Others doubled up, burnin' one house to keep from freezin'. The despised 'dug-outs' are just the thing out there unless you've got money to build blizzard proof walls. Bad off as we thought we was, the nearest neighbor to the north hed to keep his family all a-bed, an' all they hed to eat fur a fortnight was coarse meal got by grindin' corn in their coffee mill."

An' poor Mrs. Raymond, some three miles off, died when her baby was a week old—chills, you

know. Of course such sufferin' aint likely to happen again in Dakota, fur there's so many more railroads. Many a rich, complainin' city lady, Sarah, jest oughter know more o' the hardships o' life."

"Yes, mother, a bit of frontier experience might make them more content with their lot."

To shorten a long story, Sarah Gilbert made effort to secure one of the prizes which so opportunely came to her notice. Success crowned her efforts, for she worked not in her own strength. The money which she thus obtained enabled her to secure for her children the coveted home improvements. These, bringing a greater blessing than she had hoped, since they awakened in the heart of her husband a thirst for better things.

Simon Gilbert was not so obtuse that he could not see the wonders accomplished by taste and small expenditure in the way of home adorning. Therefore he concluded to see what a few hundred dollars would do in the same direction. Their son William talked no more of a "city clerkship"—which subject ever worried his mother, for more than one neighbor's son had been ruined thereby—and the daughter Mary became so contented and happy in the changed and attractive farm home that she half repented her promise made to the "rising young lawyer," who admired her more than he did the pretty ingrain carpet. FANNIE L. FANCHER.

THREE LUNCH PARTIES.

BY KATE UPSON CLARK.

[Conclusion.]

Mrs. Farley's little home was very neat, but she had not made any special cleaning for this party. Mrs. Farley had ultra views upon uselessly expending her strength, and everybody knew that her husband's salary was only a thousand dollars. Everybody knew, too, that Mr. Penwick's salary was just about that. It was quite enough to live on comfortably in Trimtown, where rents were low, and everybody had a garden. In fact, Mr. Farley's church supplied him with a good parsonage, and the Penwick's were trying to buy a house. It looked as though they might succeed in paying for it, too, if only Mrs. Penwick would give up having lunch-parties!

Mrs. Farley, like Mrs. Penwick, kept no servant. Becky Little did her washing, and Becky Little was with her for the day, to help about the luncheon, but Mrs. Farley knew better than to have Becky in her dining room among her guests. Even if she had not known better, there were two little Farley's, one of whom, though allowed at the table, was too small to be depended upon to sit through;

and the other of whom was a baby, asleep up stairs, but likely to wake up at any moment. Becky was therefore liable to be needed to attend to them. The table was beautifully decorated with flowers from Mrs. Farley's own garden. There was a pretty finger-bowl on a glass plate for each guest; a great dish of strawberries at one end, and one of salmon salad at the other, with a pitcher of golden mayonnaise beside it; platters of cold ham and tongue, garnished with parsley, and in front of Mrs. Farley a series of covered dishes, from which issued savory odors.

"Mrs. Penwick," said Mrs. Farley with dignity as they entered the dining-room. "I am going to ask you to wait on the tea and chocolate right here. We will have them with our luncheon. I think, instead of later."

There was a pile of plates in front of Mrs. Farley, and on each one of these in turn she deposited a beautifully browned and generous portion of broiled chicken.—Mrs. Farley raised chickens,—a spoonful of peas from her own garden,—the very first, and a nice potato croquette. There were dishes of crabapple jelly and pickles already on the table. There was no constraint,—no fear of anything going wrong. It was plain to see that Mrs. Farley understood herself. Everybody felt easy and happy.

The ladies drank their tea or chocolate while they ate their chicken; the cold meats were passed from hand to hand, and the salad was served by Mrs. Swan in saucers. Mrs. Farley had seen that there was plenty of room for all,—nobody was crowded and yet everything was on

at once. "Mrs. Laland, accustomed as she is to having everything served in courses, and so elegantly, surely can't enjoy this," thought poor Letty glancing furtively toward that stately lady. But, on the contrary, she never saw her seem to enjoy anything so much. She spoke of the dainty garnishing of the table, with especial delight.

"You must excuse me, my dear Mrs. Farley," she said warmly, "I must mention it,—it is worth more than all sorts of expensive delicacies to have this lovely air of refinement thrown over everything."

"One has to learn such arts, Mrs. Laland," laughed Mrs. Farley, "when one has little besides."

Her own obvious ease, made everybody else easy. It was simply delightful.

When their good appetites had fairly cleared the amply set table, Mrs. Farley rose quietly, removed the plates herself, without a particle of embarrassment, and placed on the table two large baskets of fresh, daintily-cut cake. Then she served the strawberries, sitting in her place, and ere long the luncheon was over. The whole arrangement was charming.

Mrs. Penwick lingered after the others went. Mrs. Laland offered her a seat in her carriage going back, but it had stopped raining, and as Mrs. Laland was obliged to go early in order to meet another engagement, Mrs. Penwick did not care to go with her.

"This has been lovely," said the great lady of the village, as she kissed Mrs. Farley good bye. "It seems to me as though I had never enjoyed a lunch-party more in my life,—and they are the very nicest kind of parties, too, I always think."

One after another dropped away, and still Mrs. Penwick lingered; somehow she felt like talking very freely with Mrs. Farley. They began to grow quite confidential.

"I don't see how you dared to have everything so plain—and all on at once," stammered Mrs. Penwick. Mrs. Farley understood her for poor Letty's eyes were shining with admiration, though some people might have taken offence at such very pointed language.

"Why, my dear," she explained, a little hesitatingly,—remembering the poor little bride's attempt to "splurge out," the winter before, "it would be very inappropriate for a woman in my circumstances to try to give an elaborate entertainment. Everybody knows that I cannot afford it, in the first place,—and in the second, not having servants and extra dishes, I could not carry through many courses,—not properly."

Letty groaned, she remembered how poor Becky had struggled to wash dishes and knives and forks between courses at the fatal lunch-party. "You see," went on Mrs. Farley, smoothing the little bride's pretty blonde head, which had dropped upon her shoulder, "I am older than you,—several years older, and have found out that nobody respects us any more for any absurd efforts on our part to show that, even if we don't have money enough, we can spend or get credit for a display equal to that made by the rich. For remember that dignity is fitness. Vulgarly is wiftness. I don't think of that."

"Oh, Mrs. Farley!" sobbed poor Letty, crying in her abandon into her very best lace handkerchief "We haven't got the bills for my lunch-party paid yet! I bought about fifteen dollars' worth of new dishes for it,—and then I broke Mrs. Swan's beautiful *epergne* that I borrowed, and the things to eat came to a great deal more than I thought they would,—and there was Becky to pay for two weeks' work, and the Doctor's bill, and medicine and all!—Oh,—I thought I never could entertain my friends again,—but," lifting a frank and tear-stained face, "You have taught me a lesson, my dear Mrs. Farley—I think I can have a party myself now, without running in debt, or half killing myself."

"You see," explained Mrs. Farley, "I have my parties usually at this season, because I can supply so much for the table from my own garden. Just think, my potatoes—of course they would be the same at any season,—peas, lettuce, strawberries,—all come from my garden. The chickens, we raised, too. Then I have put up the jelly and the pickles and made the rolls."

"I see," said the little bride, "It was all managed beautifully. I feel as Mrs. Laland did, that it is about the nicest party I ever went to."

"The Bible tells us to be hospitable, you know," went on Mrs. Farley, "but it nowhere intimates that we should overstep our means. It is the spirit which shows our hospitality. Mrs. Laland can have a dozen or more courses and

welcome us to a home such as very few even in our great cities, can boast. But she does not feel any more hospitable than you and I do. You remember that the great poet says, 'Small cheer and a great welcome make a merry feast,' and, again, 'I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your welcome dear.'"

"But your party was not only an economical party and a suitable party,—it was so pretty, and so—well,—really elegant."

"That's very sweet in you,—to speak so," cried Mrs. Farley, kissing the earnest, pretty face of the little bride, "my flowers, and the having everything thought out and in order,—and everything nicely cooked, too!—those are what gave whatever little elegance my plain white dishes and simple fare possessed; and don't feel badly about your party; it was plain to see that you had tried to do a great deal for us,—and it wasn't half so bad as you thought it was. We all loved you better for it, I am sure."

"It was dreadful!" moaned the little bride. "Well!" laughed bright Mrs. Farley kissing her again. "It taught you a lesson that perhaps you never would have learned otherwise, and next time when you give a party, you dear generous soul, let heaven-eyed Prudence battle with Desire."



[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.]
A BUNCH OF ROSES.

BY KATHARINE B. FOOT.

That afternoon as Ned Eliot rode towards New York he sat in his chair in the drawing room car with his arms folded and gazed out of the window, but only half seeing the country that he passed through. "If she were the most absolute coquette she couldn't have found me more closely than she did by her simple frankness," he thought to himself. "It was just what a coquette who was mistress of the art would have done. I see now what coquetry in its artistic fashion is. It's just the artistic assuming by a woman who knows men and the world, of the same manner and ways of action and speech that women use who are absolutely true to themselves and to others, and who don't know men and the world." So he sat and thought of her. When he reached New York it was late and he went to his club to sleep. Before he was up a card was brought to him—it was his aunt's and had a few words on it.

"I am at the Brevoort House, come to me as soon as you are up."
He was soon with her. "I thought you were in Hightown," he said.

"I was but when I had your letter saying you couldn't get there before you sailed, I felt I must come to say goodbye."

"That was awfully good of you."
"How has the summer campaign progressed?" she asked merrily, "where is my daughter?"

"—Where, oh where?" said Ned. But his aunt watching him narrowly fancied she saw a little flush rise to his forehead.

He caught her eyes and laughed. "Don't build castles, dear old lady."

"No," said Mrs. Latimer, "I don't I've finished mine for you long ago."

"I'm afraid it's not strong and the walls will fall in!"

"Aha!" said Mrs. Latimer, triumphantly. "You begin to be doubtful—that means you have seen her!"

"Aunt Margie," said Ned, "your always vivid imagination runs away with you."

"Indeed," she said with a twinkle and then they spoke of his going.

"I shall be back in December—must be. I am to be Jack Morison's best man—the day isn't set but somewhere about the holidays I think."

"It will be very lonely without you, Ned. I wish you could put off going until after Harry is married."

"I can't possibly—I must be in London and in court there to give my testimony for Brace on that day."

That day he sailed and Mrs. Latimer went back to Hightown. She stayed late among the bills as she had a nice place to board but most of the people had gone away and she was very glad when in the last week in September a gentle old lady and a nice girl came to the same house to board.

"Whom are they?" she said to the good Mrs. Allen who kept the house.

"They are two Miss Harts, an aunt and niece from Valmore in Massachusetts."

"Valmore," thought Mrs. Latimer, "why, that is where Harry Cox lives."

"They have been here before," said Mrs. Allen, "the doctor's daughter Annie Norris and Nelly Hart used to be at school together. But they never visit there, they'd rather come here and board and be independent."

"You see," continued the talkative old soul, "they can't afford to pay much—they're poor now—they used to be rich and they had a change and I like 'em and I take 'em low. Then they shut up to home, 'cause the old bachelor, he's Nelly's uncle—and Miss Hart's brother—goes every fall, down to Rhode Island to visit an old crony o' his there an' it's the only chance they have to get off, and don't cost 'em any more than to stay at home. You'll have 'em. I should think you and the doctor bein' kinder cousins you'd have known about them."

"No, I didn't," said Mrs. Latimer. But she soon did. When they first met, that day at dinner, Mrs. Latimer said, more to make a little talk than for any other reason: "You live in Valmore, I am told. It is a lovely place, my nephew tells me. He visited there this summer—an old friend, Dr. Cox."

Nelly looked at her with wide open eyes. "Are you Mr. Eliot's Mrs. Latimer—his aunt?"

"Why, yes, of course." It was Mrs. Latimer's turn to be surprised.

"Oh!" said Elinor; but she blushed, and then turned pale.

"You know Ned—my nephew?"

"Oh yes!" said Elinor, and "Very well" said Aunt Mary. "How delightful that you are his aunt, and how queer we should meet."

"Yes; it's queer, and yet it isn't," said Mrs. Latimer. "I never go away from home without thinking what a very small world we live in. I am always meeting people I know of or who know of me. So you know my Ned. Isn't he a dear fellow?" She looked at Elinor.

"I like him very much," she said simply, but again she colored, and because she felt the color, she tried to control it, and so blushed the more, as people always do. Mrs. Latimer drew her own conclusions. "She is in love with Ned, or he with her, or both of them are equally gone. If she's in love with him and has seen a good deal of him, he's in love with her; that's plain—for he never pays marked attention to any girl. I thought he was even more reticent than usual about this summer." All these reflections passed in a minute through her brain, and then and there she planned to see a good deal of Elinor.

"So! I've caught you well, young man!" she thought.

Does the story of that month need to be told in more than a few sentences?
Mrs. Latimer truly wanted Ned to marry and to bring her a daughter to their home—she would not lose him, but gain more—but she was anxious that he might choose well. She

was a lady, so she did not seek to pry into their affairs, but unconsciously people who talk at all tell much of their lives to others. Aunt Mary, when once started on the subject of Elinor's virtues, never could stop. Elinor at first thought to give a gentle hint to her aunt, and then she thought, what shall I say? What shall I tell her not to tell? She could think of nothing. After all, she thought, "No one knows."

But they suspected, and suspicion became certainty with Mrs. Latimer when Elinor absolutely refused to speak of Ned—to give an opinion of him one way or the other. She always changed the subject.

If she talked a great deal, it would mean the passing fancy of a fickle nature, thought Mrs. Latimer; or, if moderately, that would mean friendship; not to speak of him at all, is a dangerous symptom. And Ned flushed; he was certainly did.

Her great interest so made in Elinor soon became a real love for her. Mrs. Latimer was a keen woman. She saw the girl's selfishness in everything—her sweet, tender ways with her aunt, her delicate reserve about herself, and before the month was out, she heartily hoped that Ned might be fortunate enough to marry her—if he wanted to—and something told her he did want to.

For Elinor it was a struggle. She felt herself under inspection. She, too, on her side grew fond of Mrs. Latimer. Was she not his aunt? "And yet—and yet," she said to herself, "I can't leave them."

But ways sometimes open for us, and they did for Nelly.

Dr. Norris was a distant cousin of Mrs. Latimer's, but until the past year or so they had never met. Annie Norris did not know Ned Eliot—had only heard of him, and did not know Elinor knew him at all until Mrs. Allen



told her soon after they came. Then she said: "So you know Mr. Eliot, the nephew Mrs. Latimer is always talking about. What kind of a fellow is he?"

"Have you never met him?" said Elinor.

"Never; never heard of him until Mrs. Latimer came here two years ago. You see I don't know about New York, nor about anybody in it—I've always been to Boston as all mother's and father's friends are there."

"Oh, he's well enough!" said Elinor. "Dear me! I didn't know that such beautiful cardinal flowers grew here. Do stop, and let me get out and pick some."

"Look out! It's swampy!" said Annie, and Mr. Eliot dropped out of their conversation forever.

Elinor took a solid delight in Mrs. Latimer's belongings of every kind. Her silk umbrella, so plain and so good, with its pretty silver handle, and her clothes, so simple and so elegant, and such a fit; and she showed it with a simple, eager, girlish longing and delight that at once touched and pleased Mrs. Latimer, and made her heart ache too.

"It means so much to her," she thought, "all these things—they once would have made the world heaven to me. Now they are just necessities. I wouldn't be comfortable without them, but they don't mean to me what they would if I had had them when I was her age. How I wish I could give them to her now."

Elinor's clothes were shabby and "made over." They had that look that women know so well—the "home-made" look.

"Handsome clothes would suit her so well; and she has a figure like mine. I know," thought Mrs. Latimer, "that my clothes would fit her."

When they parted, Mrs. Latimer took from her collar a pretty pin Elinor had one day admired. It was a butterfly in dull gold with a few tiny gems inserted for color and brilliancy.

"Wear it," she said, "for my sake."

Elinor said: "How kind you are! But it is too nice for me."

"Too nice for you?" repeated Mrs. Latimer. "That would be impossible!" And she kissed her warmly.

"We shall meet again, I hope," said Aunt Mary.

"Yes, indeed," she answered. "Many times, I hope."

They parted at the next town; Mrs. Latimer to take a branch road later and make a visit at

a town near by, and Elinor and Aunt Mary to go home.

Elinor felt a heavy heart as she opened their gate that night. "Shall I ever see him again?" she thought. "If it all seems far away."

And Ned Eliot worked and hoped that when January came he might have a different answer.

And Mrs. Latimer put her house in order, and waited for Ned. But she wrote him only in general terms of her stay in Hightown, and never once mentioned Elinor's name, or hinted at any companions.

"If it is as I think and hope, I won't 'rub off the bloom,'" she thought.

Ned was to sail in December, and had put off coming until the last steamer, which would surely bring him to New York in time to get to Lenox to be Jack Morison's best man on New Year's night—so he wrote. One day, after she supposed he was on the water, and as he was, in truth, Mrs. Latimer had a letter. It was from Annie Norris. "I am visiting Elinor Hart," she wrote, "and to-day I was so sorry for her. She has a friend who is to be married on New Year's night to a Mr. Jack Morison."

"How odd that is!" said Mrs. Latimer to herself. "Ned's friend!" They live in Lenox, and her name is Helen Johnston. Nelly has known her always, and I believe they are very rich, fashionable people. Miss Johnston wanted Nelly to be one of her bridesmaids, but she said she couldn't. The truth was she couldn't afford to have the dress that Miss Johnston wanted her bridesmaids to have—they were to be alike. She never seems to have dreamed of giving her dress, as some brides do. Nelly said she would wear the wedding dress leave home the day of the wedding, and stay till the next day. Well, she set to work to fix over a white dress she has had ever since the year one, and it didn't look very well after she did all that she could do to it, and then she went into the kitchen to press it out. I went up stairs, and after a while Nelly came up, and she came to my door, with the dress on her arm. I was reading, and didn't look up, until she said:

"Look at that!"

And then she just threw the dress in a heap on the bed, and burst out crying. I was so astonished I just sat and looked at her.

"I know I'm a fool, but I can't help it," she said at last. "I've torn the worst tear in the dress that I ever saw there where there isn't a smitch of drapery, and where I can't make anything cover it. Oh! what shall I do? It looked bad enough before."

"Then she got up and went away and I looked at the tear; and it was just about as bad as it could be. Nelly came back after a while and sat down to try and mend it. This is the time," she said, "when girls in novels always find a quantity of lace, or some superb old brocade, that they put on, and look like their grandmothers at sixteen, but I tell you it's different when you come down to hard work."

"And only have a needle and thread and your own fingers to make a barn door tear look as if you hadn't torn it." So she mended it and is going to wear it. She said at first she wouldn't go, and then afterwards she said she would go, if her dress was shabby. But I know it must be awfully hard for her, for Nelly is proud as can be, and they're very dressy people, her Aunt Mary says. Elinor says it's going to be a swell wedding—six bridesmaids and a best man—some friend of the groom's of course, but Nelly don't know anything about Mr. Morison or his friends. Nelly says she loves Helen Johnston and wants to see her married, and so she's going in spite of her clothes. I can see it's an awful trial to her, but I do believe one reason she is going to pocket her pride and go is because her Aunt Mary is so anxious to have her do so. I forgot to say that a widowed cousin, of whom they are all very fond and who has a little income of her own, is coming to live with them. Then Nelly will be quite free again. I am going to stay while Elinor goes to Lenox."

"Kind, good girls," thought Mrs. Latimer, folding the letter, and she sat thinking, and she sat still a long time. Presently she jumped out of her chair. "The very thing!" she said. Then she put on her over-door garments and went to her dressmaker's.

One day, soon after, she carefully unpacked a beautiful dress, shook it out, and laid it on her bed to examine it at her leisure.

It is perfect," she said at last. "So it was—a very deep rose color, with a little white lace, a beautiful white foam it looked like. There were no ribbons, no fluttering ends, just the full drapery and soft ripples on the neck, a little open at the throat, and the same lace on the sleeves, and a great soft knot of it fastened across the bust."

The dressmaker's girl stood by. "I shall tell Madame, then, that all is right?"

"Yes, I am entirely satisfied."

"Madame said she was afraid it was too severe—that only a duchess could carry it off."

"Yes, it needs a woman who knows how to wear it, and the young lady it is for is the only woman I know who could wear it."

The woman went away, and Mrs. Latimer sat down in front of her fire. "Surely he will be here in time," she thought. "To have it all fall through would be too bad." At that moment a telegram came to her. It said: "Cephalonia below—up in about four hours." AL-

most immediately came another, "I shall be with you by one o'clock."

"One o'clock? It is almost one now." She looked up at the clock. In another moment she heard a ring—ran to the head of the stairs, and rushed to meet Ned. They met in the middle of the staircase, and talking, laughing, and half crying, got themselves into Mrs. Latimer's room. After a very few minutes there seemed to be nothing to say just because there was so much.

Ned's eyes lighted on the dress on the bed. "Your new gown?" he asked.

"My new gown! Ned, the very idea of me in rose color—a woman of my age."

He laughed derisively. "Of your age—oh, antediluvian! But if not yours, whose? My curiosity is greatly roused. Have you at last found a girl to dress?"

"Wee's me—no. I've only found a girl I'm going to give a present to. Oh, such a girl, Ned—I'm in love with her."

"At last she's found," said Ned, and he stretched himself out on the sofa and clasped his hands under his head. "Now tell me who she is, where she is, and all about her."

"I shall do nothing of the kind," said Mrs. Latimer, decidedly. "This girl is a young friend of mine, and she isn't very well off, and to-morrow two of her friends are going to give her a surprise, and so I send this gift for my part of the surprise,—to-morrow is her birthday."

It was Elinor's twenty-fourth birthday.

"Couldn't I see this paragon?"

"I suppose so," said his aunt, shaking out the dress, before folding it. "A cat may look at a king, you know."

"It's a lovely dress," said Ned, and beyond that he thought little,—nothing, in truth, about the matter—except to look at his aunt with loving eyes, as he said, "You're a kind woman, Aunt Margie."

"I'm glad you think so, Ned; but really it's a selfish kind of pleasure, after all. I love these pretty things I'm too old to wear, and it is such a real delight to give the right kind of a surprise to such a dear girl as this dress is going to. But her affections are engaged, Ned."

"Indeed!" he said.

"Yes, I'm afraid so—I mean, that is, I think so."

"Aha! So you had her in your mind's eye, did you?"

"Oh, vain man," laughed Mrs. Latimer, but with a little quake lest she might say too much. She took a fan out of a box and held it up as she opened it.

"Isn't that a beauty, so odd and such a match?"

The sticks were pink coral, and the fan of white feathers.

"Very pretty and very odd," said Ned. "If I ever see a girl with that fan I shall know her."

But lunch was ready and they went down stairs. Afterwards Ned opened his trunks and displayed the new treasures he had brought; but presently Mrs. Latimer started up.

"Oh! I forgot. I must pack my box. It's dreadfully late. The expressman was to be here for it at four. I declare it's three now. Ned, do a favor for me; just go down to Gow-er's, the florist on the avenue, you know, and down one block, on the left hand side, I for- get when I spoke he'd moved there since you left. I do want to put a few flowers in for her birthday. Just go and get me a few. If I send Mason he'll never get the right thing, or get back."

"Of course I will," said Ned. "What shall I get?"

"Oh, anything pretty, not very expensive. I'm nearly ruined now."

She ran up stairs to pack her box, and Ned went out. Soon he came back. "I had them packed," he said. "They're Baroness Rothschilds,—beauties."

"Ned!" exclaimed his aunt. "Why they're an awful price! How much are they?"

"Don't know," said Ned. "There was only a boy there. I took seven for luck, and there they are. I'll look in and pay for them to-morrow. They're charged to you."

Mrs. Latimer peeped into the box.

"Oh, what beauties!"

"Don't disturb them, or they won't keep. I had them put in cotton."

"So I see. Thank you."

Mrs. Latimer took the box, and soon had it carefully wrapped in several protecting sheets of paper, and packed inside the outer covering of the box which held the dress.

"How shall I direct it so he can't see the direction?" It was a quandary. Happily, just then a friend of Ned's came to see him. Mrs. Latimer addressed her tag, tied it on, and saw the expressman carry it out, and Ned never saw it.

She clasped her hands, all by herself. "It's such a joke! So far so good. Now, how will it turn out?"

Ned started the next morning for Lenox. "I could have gone last night," he said, as he took an early breakfast with his aunt, "but I didn't care to get there until the last minute. Even one's best friend is a bore when he's a bridegroom!" he said, meditatively.

"Good bye and good luck," said his aunt as he went out. He didn't think much of what she said then, but he did afterwards.

(Jack Morison met him at the station in the late afternoon. "I was getting worried about you," he said.)

"You needn't have been. I promised you I'd be here. You never were worried before, Jack."

"Miss Johnston was worried," he replied.

"Ah! I see!" said Ned, and he smiled.

"She believes so entirely in you that she has no belief left for your friends' odd,—when I'm really much more to be depended on than you are, Jack." So they laughed and chaffed one another.

"There are a lot of girls here—but they're all shut up—up stairs, I believe," said Jack as they got out of the carriage. "I just brought you up here a minute to see Helen," he explained.

He glanced up at the windows as he spoke. "Not a soul to be seen," he said.

(Concluded on page 15.)



[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.]
THE FAIRY EXPERIENCE.

BY KATHARINE B. FOOT.

It was a beautiful afternoon in June, and two little girls stood by a gate, talking.

"It's no use, Grace," said one, as she made long scratches with a hairpin in the soft wood of the post beside her, "I never can do those sums in the world, and I shall miss, and then I shan't be promoted, and Mother'll be awfully sorry; but I don't see how I'm going to help it."

"It's real bad, Anna, I know; but can't you try real hard all next week and to-morrow? It's Saturday, you know."

"What's the use? Nobody at home can help me. Mother says she never did understand arithmetic, and Father says he can't show me because they do everything in such a round-about way at school, and not on business principles at all, and Bob says he's forgotten all that part of the book."

"Then ask Miss Jones."

"There's no use asking her, either. She says she's explained it often enough in the class, and if I can't understand it I'll have to go back, and I do think it's too bad, because I might skip two classes in everything else, if it wasn't for this horrid old arithmetic."

"Well, I wish I could help you; but I just do the sums. I never know how I do anything, and I never could explain why, as they're always bothering about."

"Well," said Anna, opening the gate, "come over to-morrow afternoon, will you?"

"I guess so," and Grace walked away while Anna went into the house.

All night she dreamed of her lessons, and in the morning she got up feeling tired and languid. After breakfast, she made her bed and dusted her room, like the orderly little girl she was, and put some fresh roses, pink and dewy, in the great bowl on the hall table, and then, taking her slate and arithmetic, she went out into the orchard to try to study a little. On the way there, she saw two great butterflies hovering over a flower-bed, and she dropped her slate for a moment, and ran back for her net and bottle of camphor, for Anna liked to catch butterflies and study them just as much as she hated to study arithmetic. She found a comfortable place under her favorite tree, and then tried to settle herself to a battle with fractions; but, somehow, she couldn't study; all out doors was too pleasant; and presently she slipped down on her back, and with hands clasped under her head she stared into the green tree above her, and wondered idly why blue and green didn't "go together" when the green branches looked so pretty against the blue sky, and thought how ugly it would be if the sky were red all over the heavens, or yellow, or white, or black, or anything that "went" with green in dresses or bonnets, instead of just the blue it was.

Then a queer thought flitted through her head that it was a kind of arithmetic that things were so, and couldn't be any other way and be right, and, recalled to her work, she sat up with a sigh, and took up her slate, saying aloud, "Hateful old thing! Oh, dear me! Why can't somebody invent a slate that'll do all the sums you put on it?"

Just then a glorious great butterfly flew near her, and settled on a clover near by. Quick as thought Anna's hand fell upon the handle of her net, and the next instant he was a prisoner.

"Oh, you beauty!" she said, as she held him carefully between her fingers, "Oh, you beautiful fellow! I must have you!" and reaching for her bottle of camphor, she uncorked it with her teeth, and poised it ready to pour a drop on his head, when she stopped and looked thoughtfully at it for a moment, then, opening her fingers, she said: "Fly away, poor thing! You're too pretty to kill." But as it flew, she thought regretfully, "I shall never get another half as good." The butterfly alighted on the same clover bloom as before, and as Anna watched if she saw it slowly disappear; it seemed to melt into the air while it apparently sat still.

She rubbed her eyes. "Well, that's funny." "No, it isn't—it isn't funny at all," said a sharp little voice. "It's the way I always do. You need experience. That's the reason I came."

She surely wasn't dreaming; no, for she saw the sunshine and the trees and the grass—all that she had seen before—but on the clover bloom sat a delicate little figure, and not a butterfly at all. It might have been six inches tall, it certainly wasn't more, and it wore a gauzy dress of green and blue, so beautifully combined that the colors blended and harmonized everywhere.

"Well, well," said the sharp little voice, "How do you like my looks? Can't wear blue and green together? Nonsense—all nonsense. There's nothing like experience."

"Who are you?" Anna said at last. She had been too astonished to speak before.

"Who am I?" the fairy began in the same sharp voice as before, but she presently changed her tone to a softer one, saying, "Well, how should you know, to be sure. You haven't had much, that's true. Why, I'm the

Fairy Experience, and none of the fairies are as well known as I am; sometimes I'm very pleasant, but I'm often very disagreeable. But I can't help it. You see there are some people who have to see the very worst side of me before I can knock any sense into their heads. But that's their fault, not mine."

"But what do you want with me?" asked Anna.

"Well, I happened to be about here this morning, for I had the clover blossom to attend to, and I heard all you thought, and when you let me go—I was the butterfly, you know—I thought I'd do you a good turn."

"My gracious! Were you the butterfly?" and she drew a breath of dismay. "It's lucky I didn't put camphor on you—I mean his head, or I should have killed you dead."

"No," said Experience, "you couldn't have killed me, only the butterfly part of me; but I should have had a dreadful headache after that camphor. I'm glad you didn't!"—and she nodded her head pleasantly. "Sometimes I do get into scrapes, changing my shape as I do—for even Experience gets into trouble; but I shall look out for the girls with nets, after this. But come, tell me all about this arithmetic trouble."

So Anna told how a week from Monday was examination day, and how she couldn't understand her sums, and how anxious she was to be promoted. The fairy listened attentively with one finger on her lip.

"So—so," she said, as Anna paused. "I see; and you want me to help you. Let me see—you don't understand, and you want to."

Well, my sister Brains and my brother Application could do more for you; but I can give you experience. That may help you to like Application some day. He's apt to be a very tedious fellow, they tell me. Let me see. Oh! I have it!"

and spreading two bright wings that Anna had not noticed before, she flew down and alighted on the frame of her slate, and tapped it three times with a wand that she held in her hand.

"There! Now put down an example."

Anna opened her arithmetic and put one down, and the fairy sat perched on the rim of her slate, watching her.

The example was no sooner down than a wonderful thing happened. The sum did itself. The answer appeared instantly, figure by figure, and in less than a minute the answer stood all right.

Anna, in her astonishment, dropped her slate, and the fairy perched upon her knee, smiling.

"Will you keep it so, or shall I turn it back again?" she said.

"Oh, no!" said Anna, clutching her slate in a hurry. "Let me have it. Oh, thank you, thank you! Will it always stay so?"

"Just as long as you want it so."

"Then I shall want it so always;" and Anna's tone was very decided.

"Humph! I don't know," said the fairy, doubtfully. "But I can't always tell. I only know it's my business to give everybody, old and young, little and big, experience, and this is some of yours. There's ever so much more for you. And now I have just one thing to say to you—you must promise not to speak of this wonderful power that I have given to your slate to any one."

"Not even to Mother?" said Anna.

"No, not even to her; if you speak of it, the slate will be just like a common one again."

"Then I suppose I'll have to promise," said Anna, "but I wish I could tell Mother."

"Well, is that a promise or not? Come, I'm going. I've a good deal to attend to!" and the fairy stood up and shook her wings, and her voice grew sharp and hard.

"Oh, yes, I promise. I couldn't spare the slate now. But wait a minute, please. Tell me what you were doing on the clover blossom and why you were a butterfly."

"I was a butterfly just as I take a million other shapes, for I appear to different people in different shapes, and I was on the clover blossom because I've noticed that lately on this farm the clover doesn't grow as stocky as it should, and I had a word of experience to whisper to the roots by way of the blossoms. Now, good bye!" and whether she flew away or vanished Anna couldn't tell, but she was gone the next instant.

At first Anna felt that she had been dreaming, and to satisfy herself that she surely had been, she took up her slate and put down some sums, scarcely hoping to see anything strange. But as before, figure by figure the answer appeared, and Anna felt in a fever of excitement

as she began to realize that there was no more study for her as far as arithmetic was concerned. She put down examples from the very back of the book, and they did themselves just as the others had done.

"I shall never need to study any more," cried Anna. "I'll go right in and tell Mother."

But then she remembered her promise and stopped short—for she was by that time running home. "Oh, it doesn't make any difference whether they know it or not," she said to herself; but she knew it did make a great deal. She sat down again, and put down neatly and carefully all the examples for Monday's lesson, and the answers appeared one by one, and each sum was perfectly and clearly worked out. They made quite a fine appearance when both sides were covered with the neat figures, and, strange to say, the figures that did themselves were exactly like her own, even to the little quirk that she always put on the end of her figure two.

She put her slate away carefully, and went to dinner with a light heart: but alas, she soon began to find out that the fairy Experience is sometimes disagreeable; for her Mother said:

"Have you been studying this morning, Anna? I saw you take your book and slate out to the orchard."

"Yes'm," said Anna.

"And did you get any of the sums done?"

"Yes'm, I did," she said; and at the same time she realized she had told a lie, for she hadn't done a single sum. She blushed and choked over her dinner while she was trying to say to herself, "It isn't a lie, either. I did get them done. They were done by the slate."

Poor little Anna! She was doing the hardest kind of lying then—lying to herself.

"Oh!" said her Mother, "I'm glad to hear it. You were an industrious little girl to work so hard all Saturday morning. I think you deserve a



reward this afternoon to pay you. How would you like to ride this afternoon and to ask Sally to go with us?"

"I should like it ever so much!" and Anna jumped up. "Shall I ask her now?"

"Yes, and ask her if she has been studying all the morning as hard as you have."

As Anna passed out of sight her Mother said: "It's really hard work for me to get off this afternoon; but I shall do it, no matter what I leave, for I want Anna to see that I appreciate her trying so hard to conquer her hatred for arithmetic, for I know how to sympathize with her."

Her Mother praised her, and her Father, too; even Bob when he hunted up her slate, because he said "Anna acted so funny he thought she was fibbing it," said, "Well done. I declare you are smart, if you are a girl. Some of those sums are just whoppers for fractions." And everybody looked at the slate and praised her till she was ready to sink with shame. Sally couldn't understand how Anna ever did them when she had been so despairing the day before.

"Did you dream of them, Anna?" she asked.

"Yes, I did; all night long." Anna was thankful to tell the honest truth.

"That's it," said Sally, triumphantly. "They came to you in your sleep. I've read of people who couldn't do things before they went to bed, but got right up in the morning and did them just as nice as could be." And poor, miserable Anna couldn't say a word. But if Saturday was dreadful, Monday was worse; for Anna had to show her sums all done and all right, and how Miss Jones praised her, and scolded too.

"There," she said, "I've always said you were bright enough, and you only needed application. Now you see it for yourself."

Before the end of the week came, Anna was just about the most miserable little girl that ever was born. Even if the fairy had not made her promise not to tell of the wonderful power

of her slate, she would not have spoken of it, for how could she endure to have every one know that she had taken all the praise, knowing that she didn't deserve it. She was so wretched that she couldn't study; and Miss Jones scolded a little, for she said, "It is so strange that you do all your sums this week, and don't know any of your other lessons. It used to be just the other way; but still I can't say much to you, for I know you must have given almost all your time to your arithmetic for the last few days, and you deserve praise for that at any rate."

"Oh!" thought Anna, "I believe I'll tell Mother, and then I can't cheat any more!" But examination day was coming, and she couldn't bear to fail before all the strangers that would be there, so she decided to keep the secret until the day was over. "And after that I will never cheat again just as long as I live," she thought.

When examination day came Anna was nearly sick, for she couldn't sleep at night, and her conscience gave her no rest by day, and she looked pale and worn as she took her seat in the morning.

One haunting fear possessed her. "Just suppose she calls me up to the board! What shall I do?" She sat trembling in her seat, but comforted herself with the hope that she had so much to do in other ways that Miss Jones wouldn't think of asking her to do any more. But alas, the dreadful moment came when Miss Jones said, "Anna Hill may come to the board."

How Anna got out of her seat and in front of the board she never knew, but she stood there, knowing that all eyes in the school-room were fixed upon her.

Then her teacher said, "You may take example twenty-two. Do it as quickly as possible."

She opened her book. It was a sum that her slate had done a day or two before. She had no excuse, and yet she hadn't the faintest idea how to begin her work even. She put the sum on the board, made one or two feeble and uncertain figures, and then, to the great astonishment of every one, she burst out crying, and ran straight out the school-room door, which was directly opposite the black-board. She ran on to some woods behind the school-house, and then threw herself under a tree and cried till she was dizzy.

After a while she sat up and peeped out, and saw all of the people and the children going away, and soon after Sally appeared, calling softly, "Anna, Anna, where are you?"

"Here!" said Anna, getting up. "Is Miss Jones awfully angry?"

"No, she isn't. She sent me to look for you, and she told all the people after you ran out that they must excuse you, but that you were one of her best scholars, and that you were completely tired out from studying so hard, and that she knew you perfectly understood the sum she gave you. Wasn't she real good? Why, I was just as surprised to hear her! But what did you do so for, Anna?"

"Oh, dear! I don't know," bursting out crying again, and thinking, "Oh! I've told so many lies, it don't matter how many more I tell."

Then Miss Jones met her as she reached the school-house door, and spoke a few comforting words, saying she knew she wasn't well, and that she had been studying too hard, and kissed her, and told her to go home and enjoy her vacation. But as Anna walked home she felt as if she should never enjoy anything any more. She tried to make up her mind to tell her mother all about the matter, but she couldn't bear to let her know how she had deceived them all, so she went to bed more wretched than ever. She tossed and tossed and couldn't sleep, and by and by a long ray of moonlight came into her room and fell across her bed, and then she was broad awake, and thought she would get up and shut it out. Just as she sat up, she noticed a little figure floating down on the long shaft of light. She knew it was the fairy Experience.

"Here I am," she said. "I'm sorry that this experience hasn't been a pleasant one; but you know I told you that I can hardly tell how things are going to turn out. But, after all, my lesson hasn't done you any harm, but ever so much good, for I'm sure you've found out now that good, honest, faithful work in whatever we have to do is just the one thing that will keep us good and happy. For no one can do good, honest, faithful work without being honest and true in everything, and no one can cheat and lie about one thing without having to lie about a great many things. Now tell your Mother all about it in the morning, and the next time I come to you—for I shall come often—I'll try to bring you a pleasanter experience. Don't be scared by my brother Application; he is tedious until you can catch hold of him with a tremendous grip, and then you'll learn to be fond of him. Good bye. I know you hate me now, but you won't when you come to think it all over. Good bye!" and she floated away on the moonbeam. Anna fell asleep—for her heart felt more easy as soon as she decided to tell her Mother all in the morning. She was up bright and early, and just as soon as she found her Mother alone she told her all her trouble. Mrs. Hill listened and wondered, just as Anna had herself done, and when she had finished, she said, "Well, my little girl, this has been a strange experience, indeed; but I am sure the fairy is right, and all this trouble has taught you that nothing is worth having unless we gain it by honest work."

And Anna found this out—for she studied so hard during her vacation that she did almost as well as if the slate had still possessed its magic power, instead of becoming just as uninteresting as all other slates just as soon as the secret was told. No praise was ever so welcome as that Miss Jones gave her at the next examination—for she had honestly earned it; and she blesses the fairy Experience for having taught her such a lesson, for it is one that she will never forget, even though she should live a hundred years.



[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.]

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS,—HOW TO MAKE THEM HELPFUL, HEALTHY AND HAPPY.

BY ANNIE CURD.

In many of the newspapers of the day we find a page devoted to woman and home. One can hardly pick up one of these papers without seeing a suggestion to mothers to instruct their daughters in the affairs of the household.

Not being a "Woman's Rights" woman I feel that boys should have an equal chance with the girls and share in the instruction.

Our boys, as a rule, feel it their prerogative to come into the house, throw their hats and rubbers on the floor, scatter their books around promiscuously, bring in mud and snow and expect "mamma" to go after them with broom and dust-pan picking up hats and books and putting them in their proper places.

If possible never let the duties of children conflict, for the immediate result is discord and wrangling, and this, to most mothers, is harder to bear than the labor attendant upon house hold work. It is wearing work constantly reminding children of duties unperformed, but should we neglect so important a thing because of its unpleasantness?

Our girls oftener receive this training than do our boys, yet there is no good reason for it, except as custom has made it so.

Is there sense or reason in allowing a boy to rise from his bed in the morning, leaving it for his mother to air? Why not teach him while young, to throw back the covers and open his windows, letting in God's own sunlight and fresh air?

Mothers are often heard to say, "There is so little a boy can do." Now I think there are a great many ways in which a boy can "lend a helping hand," that is, if he has had good training from the start.

He can have a stated time for filling the wood box, getting ready his basket of kindlings, filling pails, taking up the ashes, making fires, and keeping the reservoir filled. I have an intimate acquaintance with a boy of fifteen, who, when his mother has no servant, grinds the coffee for her in the morning, chops the cold meat for a dish of hash, chatting merrily about school, and play, with never a thought that he is doing an undignified or unmanly thing.

When there are but two children in the family, a boy and a girl, the duties usually assigned to them are so different they are not easily confounded, but where there is a large family it is necessary for the mother to systematize the work carefully, giving each his, or her little duties to perform, then see that they are carried out by the right child. We all know "what is everybody's business is nobody's" and in nothing is this truer, than with children in matters pertaining to house-work, for as a rule they do not do what has not been assigned to them, nor is it to be wondered at.

A great deal depends on the natural disposition of the child but more upon the ability and tact of the mother in bringing about good results. When servants are kept it is much more difficult to instruct children than when the mother is the "motive power" that runs the machinery of the home.

In the first place, servants do not usually care to have the children in the kitchen in their way, and in the second, mothers do not care to have their children too much with the servants, but there are other duties outside of the kitchen quite as important as dish washing and cooking.

One of the most important things to teach a young girl is, the care of her own room. With the exception of the weekly sweeping, usually done by the servant she can be taught to take the entire care of her own apartment. First instruct her in the art of bed making, (and I in-

sist that good bed making is an art, in many homes a lost art.)

Teach her that "cleanliness is next to Godliness" and that her own room, like herself, must be pure and sweet.

After dressing herself in the morning, she should open her windows, throw back the covers from the bed, or better still take them off entirely—turn over the mattress, and place the pillows in the window.

After breakfast when her room has been sufficiently aired let her begin to make her bed by placing her mattress in position; next let her put on her sheets, being careful to have the wide hems at the top; then the blankets or comforts, as the case may be; then the counterpane which she must stretch tightly. Now if you are a southern mother you will have her put on the bolster next with its daintily trimmed case; lastly the large pillows with cases to correspond with the bolster case; or if you are a northern mother you will probably use no bolster at all but instead large square pillows with trimmed cases or pillow shams, that can be lowered or raised by means of the sham-holder. If these rules are observed, the bed when made will look plump, white and dainty, like the dear little girl herself.

Make a pretty neat bag for her to hold her dusting cloth, from some of the pretty devices now so popular, and in her towel drawer place other dusters, made of cheese cloth, or flour sacks, hemmed are very nice, and last longer than the cheese cloth. When she has donned her work apron and sweeping cap she will look quite like a little matron. Impress upon her the importance of washing and wiping every day, her bowl and pitcher, soap dish, sloop jar etc.

Many children use combs and brushes regardless of the fact that they are leaving them in an untidy condition for some one else to take care of. Too much importance cannot be attached to these apparently trivial details.

Another important adjunct to the towel drawer, is a supply of wash clothes. Three or four is enough for each room. Cut off turkish toweling, a quarter of a yard square and button hole around with tidy cotton. Every week the soiled wash cloths and dusters should be put into the regular wash and receive the same treatment that any other soiled articles would.

Children are exceedingly imitative, and if the defects are pointed out, and the right methods shown them, they soon fall into the way of doing their work well. Mothers often say, "I don't care to have my daughter learn to work. I have worked hard all my life, and I want her to have an easier time than I have ever had."

Though she may have, when she marries, servants at her command, yet would it not be well for her to learn, herself, so that she may be able to command others?

It requires as much brain work, on the part of a woman to manage her home successfully in all its details as for a lawyer to untangle all the knotty points that arise in his profession, or a merchant to keep the run of his profits and losses. Yes, the housekeeper is the pilot of a great ship, and she must understand so thoroughly its workings, that while at the helm, she may guide it successfully into the harbor of peace and contentment.

[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.]

MY BOY'S ROOM.

A TRUE STORY.

"It is high time that boy was turned off," every one in the house, and numerous friends outside of it, said, who knew that the trundle-bed in his mamma's room still nightly held a big nine-year old boy.

"But where shall I turn him?" was the query that sorely perplexed me: Where shall I find sleeping quarters for our one little boy, in this roomy old farm-house with four big square rooms above four big square rooms, opening into a long, wide hall up stairs and down, but no cosy little bedroom, or nook anywhere, that I could take for our boy's room.

"It's a pity if there isn't room enough in this old ark for one small boy to sleep, when years ago, a dozen boys and girls used to be stowed away in it!" John said when I broached the subject to him.

"Yes, but your mother and grandmother had two or four or six boys to turn off at once, and could fill up that big bleak north chamber that we had to take for Mary's room when our household commenced living in two families," Aunt Angie answered coming to my rescue. "Harry ought to have a little room opening from yours, but this house affords no such quarters, having twenty-two down stairs windows but not a closet or bedroom and every chamber is occupied."

"All but the ell-chambers," and then the thought flashed into mind that carried out has given my little boy a cozy, pretty room that he delights in showing to every boy of his acquaintance.

The ell-chambers were two bare, cheerless rooms with dingy plastering dropping in places from the laths, streaked with candle smoke and marks of oily heads and rough yellow paint that tobacco stains and a leaky roof, years before, had defaced.

Why not renovate these rooms that have not been occupied since the hired men moved out for good, years ago: white wash, paint, paper, and give Mary our trusty girl, the larger room and Harry the little-chamber opening from it?

I could not have thought of putting our little boy so far from us at night, to put out of hearing the soft, little breath that for nine blessed years I had nightly listened for and never missed from our room, if Mary had not readily consented to this change of apartments and promised to promptly rouse me should croup threaten, or toothache, or any ache make the little fellow restless.

The loosened plastering I picked from the laths and filled all such gaps in the ceiling and walls of the two chambers with mortar.

When these patches had hardened, I gave the dingy plastering three coats of white wash which transformed dirty, smoke-stained walls to those of glistening whiteness.

I always spread white-wash with a large paint brush, doing better work and finding it much

less tiresome than a long-handled white-wash brush that will throw splatters in spite of care exercised. I mix lime washes of the thickness of milk, for thin coats do not blister and peel as thicker coats are apt to disfigure walls.

A two quart pail of white lead paint mixed just right by a skillful carriage painter, and a little vial of Prussian blue, that John brought from the village one day, were jubilantly received by Harry and me.

A few drops of the blueing tinted the paint a delicate color—a shade darker than the ground work of the wall hangings I had bought for the rooms, and two coats smoothly covered the unsightly yellow paint that for quarter of a century had been gathering to itself scars and stains.

The worn sash of the little seven-by-nine window lights, I also painted to hold the rattling panes firm in the crumbling putty, using a diminutive brush.

By holding a strip of glass close to the sash, between her brush and the panes one can paint the sash without spattering or smooching the window lights.

Harry proudly helped me select the paper; old-fashioned but dainty, tiny sprays of blue-petaled flowers and buds scattered among russet, brown vines and leaflets.

Plain white cotton curtains for the four windows, a white spread and bed valance I had intended for Mary's room and a dark patch-work quilt that would not show dirt for Harry's bed, but when I ran across in a shop at the village, a web of blue scrim dotted with pretty flower clusters and leaves, I decided that white drapery was not fine enough for my two blue chambers and carried home in triumph twenty yards of the dainty blue-sprigged scrim.

The curtains I gathered very full, finishing with a deep hem at the bottom and a wide full flounce at the top, and when they were up and the valances on, bright rugs laid on the floors and all the odd and pretty bric-a-brac that Mary and Harry held in their possession, arranged on the walls of their chambers, we doubted if Grandpa, who had lived in this home for ninety-one years, would have recognized the ell-chambers of his house, had he climbed the stairs to see them.

"Mamma, why can't I have a white spread like Mary's. I don't want that old black quilt on my bed," a pleading little voice said at my elbow as I patted two fat pillows into their cases.

"A white spread on your bed! Oh, Harry, when you will be sure to sit on it with muddy clothes and boots, and wipe on it, pitch and smut and wheel-grease and red chalk, or whatever your busy fingers have been into last, and—"

"No, mamma, I'll be very, very careful and remember to keep my boots and paint brushes and glue kettle off the bed, and besides, if I should get any dirt on the spread, Mary could wash it, and the quilt she couldn't and it would be a dirty, old thing, blacker than ever!"

Wise logic that, I heeded and draped the bed in the little blue chamber with a dainty, white spread that Harry guarded so carefully it required washing but twice from May to December.

"Now don't spoil it all by hammering away at the little fellow, day in and day out, to keep his room picked up and neat as a band-box. Give him a chest for his best clothes, a row of hooks for his every day waists and panties, and a lot of drawers and shelves for his tools and the trumphy he will whittle and the rubbish he will gather;" an old auntie said, whose grown up boys had settled as near as possible to their mother's home, when I showed her Harry's room. I listened to her advice and shut my eyes to the heterogeneous collection—"skulch," Mary calls it, that crowd his table and shelves.

A S. S. lesson quarterly, a pitchy pine cone, a drawing slate, a mat of burdock burs, a paint box, perhaps, in one pile: A scalloped fritter of dried blue clay, a tangle of strings, a fish hook between the leaves of the last "Pansy," a medley of jack straws and school cards, the whittled spokes of a brave water-wheel nearing wobbling completion, a litter of chippings left of the last kite attempted, a paper of tacks holding the leaves of his open testament in another, and on the walls, hung high and low, are treasures he has gathered from fields and woods: Hornet's nests and bird's nests empaled on branching twigs that some day's wind sent whizzing from their limbs; toad-stool brackets and nodding bunches of wild grasses with brown rattling seed pods, cat tails and ripe milkweed shuttles with a gleam of silver between their clam shell lids; and I, who had thought to insist on a neatly kept room, let all these prolific harvests that a boy's pocket can gather and a boy's jackknife invent, remain undisturbed, till Harry, for lack of interest, or possible space, cleared away his rubbishy treasures, sort-

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ing and packing and destroying—making room for more.

"And you allow all this gathering and hoarding of skulch because it makes the boy happy?" Mary said, cautiously lifting up a suspicious looking combination on Harry's stand, rigged with rubber straps and a spring-pole contrivance, while she brushed a litter of whittlings from about it.

"Yes, Mary; I want Harry's boyhood to be just as full of bright, unselfish happiness as I can make it, and this room will help. If I were continually nagging him to keep his chamber in nicest order and forbid him making of it a play house and curiosity shop, he would lose half the comfort he now takes with and in his room. I want our boy's memory of this little chamber to be so full of cheeriness through all the long years that may lie before him, that it will help keep in tender, loving remembrance his childhood's home and the Truths we here have taught him." CLARISSA POTTER.

PARENTAL CORRECTIONS.

The man commits a crime, and so does the woman who will send a child to bed with a wounded spirit, or shall allow any vindictiveness of feeling to exist in consequence of any thing the child may have done. Sharp pointed memories have often driven men mad. Multitudes are there who are more dead than alive, from the ailings of the mind, which is wasting itself away in vain remorse for the irrevocable past. The fault of most parents is over-harsh reproofs of their children; reproofs that are hasty, unproportioned to the offence, and hence as to one's own child, helpless and unresisting, are a cruelty as well as an injustice. Thrice happy is that parent who has no child in the grave who can be wished back, only if for a brief space, so as to afford some opportunity for repairing some unmerited unkindness toward the dead darling. Parents have been many times urged in these pages to make persistent efforts to arrange two things in domestic intercourse, and to spare no pains and no amount of moral courage and determination, in order that they should be brought about. It may require a thousand efforts and there may be a thousand failures as discouraging as they are sad; still let the high resolve go out; "it shall be done!" and the pricking of many a thorn will be spared in after years and in old age. The two points to be daily aimed at are:

First. Let the family table be always a meeting place of pleasantness and affection and peace, and for the exhibition of the sweeter feelings of domestic life.

Second. Let every child be sent to bed with kisses of affection, especially those under ten years of age.

"Oh! how careful should we all be that in our daily conduct toward those little beings sent us by a kind Providence, we are not laying up for ourselves the sources of many a bitter tear! How cautious that, neither by inconsiderate nor cruel word or look, we unjustly grieve their generous feeling! And how guardedly ought we to weigh every action against its motive, lest, in a moment of excitement, we be led to mete out to the venial errors of the heart the punishment due only to wilful crime!"

"Alas! perhaps few parents suspect how often the fierce rebuke, the sudden blow, is answered in their children by the tears, not of passion, not of physical or mental pain, but a loving yet grieved or outraged nature." —Hall's Journal of Health.

Hot Weather.

NESTLE'S FOOD is Especially Suitable for Infants in Hot Weather.

Requires no Milk in its Preparation, and is Effective in the Prevention of Cholera-Infantum.

Ziemssen's Cyclopedia of the Practice of Medicine, Vol. VII., the standard work, says: "IN CASES OF CHOLERA-INFANTUM, NESTLE'S MILK FOOD IS ALONE TO BE RECOMMENDED."

PROF. SIDNEY RINGER, (The highest English Authority,) says in his "Hand Book of Therapeutics," 11th edition: I find it useful

in all forms of Children's Diarrhoea to abstain from milk, and to give instead, NESTLE'S FOOD, WHICH I FIND THE BEST OF ALL FOOD, FOR CHILDREN WITH GREAT DELICACY OF STOMACH AND INTESTINES."

[Eng. Ed. pp. 619, Dietary Article No. 83. Am. Ed. pp. 679.]

Sample and pamphlet sent on application.

THOS. LEEING & Co., Sole Agents, 18 College Place, New York.

Advertisement for Sensible Women Good Sense Corset Waists. Includes illustration of a woman in a corset and text describing the product's benefits and availability.

Advertisement for Wardrobe Complete. Includes text describing a new pattern for perfect fitting garments and contact information for agents.

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

BY A. R. RAMSEY.

ARTICLE XIV.

The Parlor.

Before we begin to decorate and furnish the parlor let us ask ourselves what a parlor should be for. I am afraid to ask "What is it for?" lest some one, even in this day, should hint that it is a room to be kept clean, and shut up dark and tight when no company is present, or, that it is a chill and stately apartment, only used on high days and holidays—the family living at other times in the upper or back regions of the house. This is not what the parlor ought to be, and if you so treat it you may be sure that the room will resent its abandonment, and in spite of the upholsterer's art, and all the money you can spend on it will be but a barnlike place, crying out to the most casual visitor that it is a fraud, not a genuine, cozy "living room."

What every parlor needs is to be used—carefully, and somewhat formally if you will—but still used, each and every day. Those who have many parlors in their houses may have some for rooms of state, if they so desire, but for us of the one or two parlors, we must make our rooms attractive, cozy and not too grand to live in.

With some of us it is impossible to furnish a parlor handsomely, and then subject the furniture, carpets and decoration to the wear and tear of frequent use. Very well. Furnish it plainly then, with taste always, but with such articles as, inexpensive in themselves, are easily replaced. I have known some prudent young married couples to wait a year or two before furnishing their parlor because they could not afford the ponderous "suits" and heavy draperies they left in their olden homes! What a mistake, when all the time they might by the exercise of economy, judgment and taste have dared a departure from the old ideas of the conventional and made themselves a cozy, homelike room—a thousand times more attractive and expressive of themselves and their tastes than anything they finally did buy with all their savings.

For rich, or poor, color—as I have said so often before—is the best friend a woman may have in this work, and, thanks to the makers of cheap wall papers, no parlor need be colorless.

Suppose we begin at our wall paper, since it is to be the background of all our future efforts—and this being so, it behooves us to be doubly careful in what we select if some or all of our interior decoration is already provided for us, for we shall want our paper to accord with this, whatever it may be.

If, however, the whole plan is "in the air," we may then begin with the paper and carpets, and have a fair field for our taste.

A paper is needed first to give the general tone to our room, and secondly to serve as a background for our pictures—for nowadays every one has pictures—only I hope yours are not chromos.

If the pictures are to be simply framed, then a "blue" parlor—light, delicate blue—is lovely, and the only difficulties lie in the fact that so few carpets are in themselves good blues or are made in colors which harmonize with blue. (I do not know why this is, but you will find it so when you come to look for such a carpet) and in the fact that many wall papers which look exquisite in the shops are heavy and dull on the walls. Perhaps in this last matter it is better to choose the paper with a light blue background with a small design in some warmer tint, or with a glimmer of gold through it; but if you are afraid to trust your experience, and cannot rely on the taste of the paper hanger, perhaps the blue paper should be abandoned, and a faint terra cotta or pale yellow substituted; indeed many people prefer these tints as a background for the pictures and bric-a-brac of the day.

After the wall paper is chosen it still remains to decide whether or not a dado is needed. I rather like dados in all rooms, since they make the ceiling seem lower, and thus add to the cozy look of the room, but, of course, if the ceiling is already too low, the dado and frieze must be dispensed with. But there is always this advantage in a dado, that all the wear and tear on paper generally comes below the dado line, and this part may be renewed and changed at less expense than is incurred by repapering the whole wall.

The dado then, (being decided upon) should be of a shade nearly like the main wall, but covered with a wreathing twisted design several shades darker.

The figure in a very large, high room may be large and showy, but in a moderate room, or still more in a small room, the design should be small; but in no case are detached figures desirable, since they make the dado very spotty and striking looking.

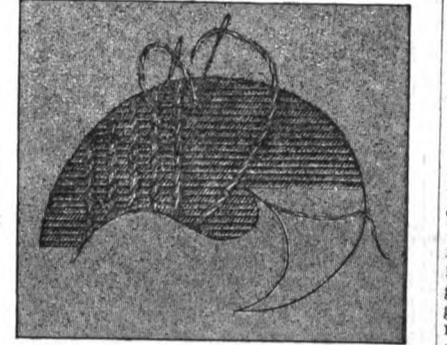
I know a very pretty blue parlor, and I cannot do better than to describe it, since its practical success in being pretty and not expensive may be just what you are looking for. The main wall is pale greenish blue, with a design of delicate grasses in darker blue—the design being touched here and there with gold, as if the grasses were frosted with it. The dado is of Boston Felting, about the shade of the grasses, and where it joins the main body of the wall the line is concealed by a very narrow strip of black and gilt. The frieze begins just a foot below the cornice moulding, and is of the same felting, joined to the cornice by a strip of cherry wood moulding, and to the paper below by a similar moulding of ebonized wood, so se-

curely put up that it served as a picture rod. These walls are charming, and the cost very moderate, since Boston Felting at 50 cents a roll is really cheap on account of its great width. It is full yard wide, and may thus, if necessary, be put on lengthwise around the room, instead of having it cut into strips in the usual way. The ceiling is papered a very pale blue, with sparsely scattered gold stars—but I never have admired that, as it looks heavy, and I should like to replace it by a very warm cream color, or perhaps a pale pinkish buff, either with gilt stars or a design of a deeper shade of the ground color.

The wood is tinted in lightest shades of buff and blue, and the cornice moulding is buff, with a line of almost pure yellow in one of its deepest recesses.

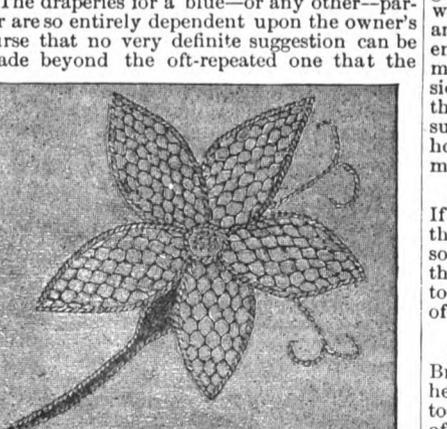
A much richer looking wall is made on this model, but with considerable more expense, by using a dado of gold Japanese paper. This is not difficult to find in a suitable pattern of curious hieroglyphic like designs on a dead gold ground. The main wall may be the same as before, and the frieze a heavy design of gold on a pale blue background—some geometrical figure with interlacing lines being best—and never make the mistake of getting for the parlor a flowered paper for frieze, body or dado. Save these decorations for the bed-room.

As for carpets, of course Persian rugs over



[Engraved expressly for the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.] stained floors are the very best choice one can make, and can be found in any variety to harmonize with the blue walls; but Eastern rugs cost a great deal, and not every one can afford them in spite of the fact that they last a life time and are cheap in the end. If, however, they must be given up, stain the floor a reddish or yellowish brown, and put over it a rug as good as you can afford. Let the mat be as square as possible if the shape of the room will at all admit a square rug. I hardly need to repeat the many advantages of using rugs rather than "all over" carpets—chief among them being the ease with which they are turned end for end or side for side when worn spots are growing visible; then too, a rug is carried from room to room, or from house to house, and may be used equally well anywhere, since it does not need to fit into corners and recesses. Stained floors may seem troublesome at first, but I am sure you will never give them up willingly, if you once try them—especially since directions have been given in this column which will greatly simplify the care of them. If, however, you feel that they do add much extra work in a household where the needs are many and the hands all too few, it is only common-sense to make your work as light as possible; but even so you can lay the rug carpet over matting or over a dark "filling" carpet, even without any design upon it. To get a good blue rug will be, I am sure, difficult, and will need time and much hunting; but, failing to get one which suits you in every particular, don't get a carpet which you only half like simply because it is blue. A pale gray with design of darker gray comes in both English and domestic Brussels, and is found in cheaper grades as well; for nowadays ingrains are frequently made with Brussels designs, and I, for my part, prefer a cheap but pretty carpet to a dear and ugly one. Kensington art squares can be found in light blue and buff, and these (at \$1 a square yard) make cheap and pretty carpets for a modest little parlor. Of course every one has his favorite carpet store, and in Philadelphia, the city of carpet making, they are nearly all good, and about equally well patronized. Still I think McCallum & Sloan have better art squares in light colors than any store I know. One lovely one there, blue, with yellowish daisies over it, I think would do well in any blue parlor.

The draperies for a blue—or any other—parlor are so entirely dependent upon the owner's purse that no very definite suggestion can be made beyond the oft-repeated one that the



[Engraved expressly for THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.] pretty cretonnes and lovely "crazy cloths" do admirable work even in city parlors. Where the means will admit, the richness of the curtains and draperies may rise from these humble fabrics through lace, silk, and fine wool to the royal draperies of silk plush. But having decided on the material, let the colors in your blue parlor be somewhat as follows: White curtains—or silk ones with a blue design—against the window pane, and over them a material in which there is much yellowish pink, or terra cotta; sofas covered with a color in which pale blue and white predominate may have cushions of rich golden brown, while a

wicker chair or two should have cushions of pale olive green—the shade which harmonizes with pale blue—And the mantel lambrequin, chair backs, lamp shades, table covers and stray cushions must be called into service to give enough warm, bright color to keep the parlor from seeming cold. These things are all folded away in summer, and without them and with the furniture shrouded in linen, the place will look cool enough to satisfy any one.

In regard to furniture I have only one or two hard-and-fast rules. The first is, Never buy one of those cheap suits made with elaborate but coarse and ugly woodwork, and covered with every sort of ugly material, from the abominable hair cloth to staring red and blue plush.

A second dictum is, Avoid all those *tours de force* of the upholsterer's art known as "fancy" tables, "fancy" chairs and sofas, where expense is not spared but taste is too often absent. It is far better to put your money into one or two good, substantial and pretty pieces of furniture, supplying the others in wicker work or in seats made of boxes covered with material, and gradually substituting for these better and more costly articles.

The blue parlor has taken up so much space this month that most of the fancy work I had intended to tell you about has been crowded out; and there will be only room to explain a stitch or two, and carry our frame embroidery a little further. The first stitch belongs to the family of couching stitches still, but is especially useful where gold or silver thread is used, and perhaps was first introduced to prevent any waste of these precious materials. And here it may be said that the metal threads sold in the shops are very often quite worthless, and for this laid embroidery the best and cheapest are the Chinese and Japanese gold threads. These, I believe, are found in most cities in the Japanese stores. Vantine in New York has them, and the Society for Decorative Art in New York, make a specialty of their materials for such work. The Chinese is a red gold and the Japanese a yellow and greenish gold. They both may be relied on not to tarnish, but being thin strips of gold wound round a cotton or silk thread, they are apt to untwist unless the ends are securely fastened.

Of course the stitches of this thread should never pass through the material, except in the first stitch, where the work is started by thrusting one end of the thread through with the stiletto, and fastening it firmly on the under side with needle and silk. In laying the gold use gold colored silk if you wish to make the gold look as if it were woven into the fabric; where, however, you want more variety sew the gold down with bright silk of other colors.

The first step in laid work is to put on the first "couche" or layer successfully. This is always of silk as the thread must be drawn back and forth. Figure 1 gives the first process. After the lines are laid across the design side by side, entering the stuff precisely at the outline of the figure, a second couche is laid over them at right angles with them. These second lines are much farther apart, but must be kept very parallel one to the other, and very smooth and even. The third step is to fasten these lines at intervals (where they cross the under lines) by ordinary couching stitches which pass through the background and over each of the threads. In laying the long stitches it is advisable to lay the threads alternately; that is, at the end of the row, the needle, having been passed to the back, is brought up on the outline close to where it passed down, but far enough away to admit of another stitch being laid between this point and the first stitch. The needle is then inserted at a point on the outline directly opposite to where it was brought up—carrying the thread across the design, the next stitch is worked between the two already laid, and the fourth treated as before. Some workers prefer to work their stitches all across, and then, returning, place all the alternate ones correctly. But this takes much skill.

One of the prettiest of decorations is done on fine white linen with white silk floss and gold or silver thread. The design should be a very conventional one of flowers and leaves. The leaves are outlined in deep and heavy button-hole stitch, but the petals of the flowers are covered with a network of some filling stitch—"hexagon," for instance, or some of the Turkish stitches. The stems are worked solid, in parallel rows of outline stitch, and around them all is the outline of a couched thread of gold or silver. Nothing should be ornamented with this work which will receive much wear and tear, since the linen soils easily, and the embroidery does not wash very well without much care and discretion, so that the professional scourer is apt to profit largely through the soiling of the object, which must then be subjected to his methods of cleansing, which, however, I am bound to say are in the end the most satisfactory.

Mrs. B. Coombe, Kincardine, Co. Bruce:—If you wish to *darn* in the flower, you cover the whole flower as nearly as possible, unless some portion is left to represent shading. If the background is to be darned in you do not touch the petals of the flowers, but allow all of them to remain in the original material.

In a recent sermon by Dr. Talmage, of the Brooklyn Tabernacle, on the vice of gambling, he uses the following vigorous language—none too strong in view of the many insidious forms of this evil:

"Gift stores" are abundant throughout the country. With a book, or knife, or sewing-machine, or coat, or carriage, goes a ring. At these stores people get something thrown in with their purchase. It may be a gold watch or a set of silver, a ring or a farm. Sharp way to get off unsalable goods. It has filled the land with fictitious articles, and covered our population with brass finger-rings, and despoiled the moral sense of the community, and is fast making us a nation of gamblers.

Mrs. Grant has received \$411,000 as her share in the profits of Gen. Grant's memoirs, of which 310,000 sets have been sold.

Advertisement for S. C. Beck, Manufacturer of Hair Goods. Features a large illustration of a woman's head with a 'French Bang' hairstyle. Text includes 'S. C. BECK, Manufacturer of Hair Goods, 36 N. 8th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.' and 'Why wear inferior quality of Bangs which never keep in curl, when we sell genuine natural curly Bangs from \$2.00 up? Our Bangs keep in shape simply by combing. New Illustrated Catalogue free. Goods sent by mail everywhere.'

Advertisement for H. W. Hartman, Patent Steel Wire Door Mat. Text includes 'Disgusted with the old door mat that don't half clean the feet? Try the Hartman Patent Steel Wire Door Mat. It's neat, strong and DOES what it's made for. Their Steel Picket Fence don't cost much and would improve your place. H. W. HARTMAN, Beaver Falls, Pa. 118 Chambers Street, NEW YORK; 107 Dearborn St., CHICAGO.'

Advertisement for University Pianos. Text includes 'UNIVERSITY PIANOS FROM \$180 TO \$1500. FINEST PIANOS IN THE WORLD. SOLD DIRECT TO FAMILIES, saving the enormous expenses of agents. Sent with beautiful cover, stool and book, for trial in your own home before you buy. Guaranteed six years. Send for catalogue to Marchal & Smith Piano Co., 225 E. 21st St., N. Y.'

Advertisement for Dr. Scott's Electric Summer Corset. Text includes 'HAVE YOU TRIED DR. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC SUMMER CORSET? If not, "THE PAUL MALL ELECTRIC ASSOCIATION, OF LONDON," urge you to do so, for besides being the best ventilating and most durable Summer Corset made, they possess miraculous healing and invigorating elements, restoring normal action of the Digestive Organs, impaired Circulation, and acting immediately on the Liver and Kidneys, and stimulating the nerves. They prevent as well as Cure Rheumatism, those distressing Headaches, Constipation, Backaches, and kindred diseases. They can never harm, always doing good. Their wonderful merit is evidenced by the thousands of testimonials we are constantly receiving. Send for Book of Valuable Information, mailed free.'



The above remarks refer equally to our regular Electric Corsets, which retail at \$1, \$1.50, \$2 and \$3. Nursing, \$1.50. Abdominal \$3. The \$1 and \$1.50 goods are made of extra fine and durable fabric, and the \$2 and \$3 and Abdominal Corsets of Superfine English Satene. All except Summer Corsets come in white and dove, from 18 to 30 inches; we make the Abdominal up to 38 inches. The postage on each is 15c. Every one is sent out in a handsome box accompanied by a silver-plated compass, with which the electro-magnetic power is tested.

Dr. Scott's Genuine Electric Belt for men and women, \$3. Professional men assert that there is hardly a disease which Electricity or Magnetism may not benefit or cure, and they daily practice the same, as your own physician will inform you.

If you cannot obtain them in your own town, remit us the price, with 15c. added for postage, and we will deliver them into your hands free. Always mention this paper, and remit by P. O. Money Order, Draft, or Currency in Registered Letter payable to GEO. A. SCOTT, 842 Broadway, N. Y. Agents wanted. Quick sales, large profits and satisfaction guaranteed. No risk. TRY IT.

Advertisement for The Leading "English Sparrow" Gun. Text includes 'THE LEADING "ENGLISH SPARROW" GUN. THE ENGLE. SPRING GUN. SEND 2c. STAMP FOR DESCRIPTIVE CIRCULARS. BY EXPRESS, IN A WOODEN BOX PREPAID ANYWHERE IN U. S. WITH 125 PROJECTILES. \$2.00. ENGLE SPRING GUN CO., HAZLETON, PA.'

Advertisement for White Mountain Hammock Chair. Text includes 'White Mountain Hammock Chair. For the House, Lawn, Porch and Camp. Is Chock Full of Comfort and Blessed Rest. PRICE, \$3.00. The Alford & Berkele Co., 77 Chambers Street, New York, P. O. Box 2002.'

Advertisement for Terrors of Artificial Teeth. Text includes 'TERRORS OF ARTIFICIAL TEETH. Largely removed by use of Florence Denta Plate Brush. Gives comfort and cleanliness, will outwear three ordinary brushes. Circulars: FLORENCE MFG. CO., Florence, Mass. Kept by all dealers. Endorsed by all Dentists'

Advertisement for Facial Blemishes. Text includes 'FACIAL BLEMISHES. the Largest Establishment in the World for their Treatment. Facial Development, Hair and Scalp, Superfluous Hair, Birth Marks, Moles, Warts, Moth, Freckles, Wrinkles, Red Nose, Acne, Pimples, Blk Heads, Scars, Pitting, etc., and their treatment. Send 10c. for book of 50 pages, 4th edition. Dr. JOHN H. WOODBURY, 87 North Pearl St., Albany, N. Y. Established 1870. Inventor of Facial Appliances, Springs, etc. Six Parlors.'

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
AND
PRACTICAL HOUSEKEEPER.
A NATIONAL ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL.
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MRS. E. C. HEWITT, } ASSOCIATE EDITORS.
MRS. J. H. LAMBERT, }
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Renewals can be sent now, no matter when the subscription expires, and the time will be added to that to which the subscription is already entitled.

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

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

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

New York Office: 38 Park Row, Potter Building.
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.

Chicago Office: No. 541 Rookery Building.
RICHARD S. THAIN, MANAGER.

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

Philadelphia, August, 1888.

It is an unpleasant comment on such things, that in reports of meetings, or other public occasions, we are always told what the men said, but what the women wore.

NOTICE TO CANADIAN SUBSCRIBERS.

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

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

We have heretofore cheerfully made changes of address no matter how often desired, and have duplicated the papers lost in this way. But, under the new system of mailing, such changes will be impossible. Should a subscriber make change of residence, he should notify his own post-master, who will forward the papers, if postage for the same is left with him.
We cannot make change of address until full term of subscription has expired.

EDUCATION.

As to the exact definition of the word education, there are almost as many opinions as there are people.

"Tis education forms the common mind," says the wise man, but does education form the common mind—that is the education of the present day?

It seems a pity that, as in converting the heathen, so much money should be spent, so much time and effort consumed, and so little apparent result.

Is not the fault, let us ask, rather that of the educators than that of those to be educated?

Have they not striven to deal more with theory and result, than with aim?

Then the question arises, What is true education? Does it consist in the study of many books, the recitation of many lessons, the ability to scan Latin poetry or detect a Greek accent? Let parents and guardians put these questions to themselves.

True education is that which best renders a man or woman, or even a child, able to take his or her allotted place in the world, in such a way as to be of the most use to the human race. And is this to be found in the study of books or in figuring on slates?

Emphatically—No! The education which truly educates, and without which all other is almost as naught, is home education.

To well conducted home education may the most satisfactory results in "book-learning" be traced. Ask any teacher, let her period of experience be ever so limited, ask her, we say, some questions relative to the subject, and her reply will invariably be, that those among her scholars who have the best home training, even though their parents are ignorant, are her aptest scholars; or at least, if not as brilliant as some others, they make up in the application and general conduct all that they lack in natural aptitude.

Home-training, home education, is the keynote to good American citizenship, and we house-holders, men and women, upon each of whom falls the mantle of responsibility for a greater or less number of the men and women of the future, should look to our methods of home-training with utmost care, that those men and women may be, in the truest sense of the word, good citizens and of the most use to their fellows.

A MILLION SUBSCRIBERS.

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

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

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

\$200.00 in cash.
For the second largest list, \$150 in cash.
" " 3 " " 100 " "
" " 4 " " 75 " "
" " 5 " " 50 " "
" " 6 " " 25 " "

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

CYRUS H. K. CURTIS.

A cash commission, instead of a premium, will be given for trial subscribers if desired. An easy way to make a little extra money is to secure trial subscribers for the JOURNAL. The small amount of money required for a four months' trial makes it an easy matter to secure hundreds for the mere asking. Boys and girls can make considerable money during vacation by working for us. Particulars by mail, on request.

Now is the time to look after the older children. Anxious mothers guard with care the babies through the summer time, thinking that the older ones can take care of themselves.

But they don't, and that is where the trouble lies. With much more liberty and range than the babies, they have but little more discretion. Hence the necessity for "line upon line and precept upon precept," and constant watching on top of that.

PRIZE CONTEST.

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

HALF MOON, N. Y., June 4th, 1888.
CYRUS H. K. CURTIS, Esq.:
DEAR SIR:—I hereby acknowledge the receipt of your check for \$300 for 5th prize LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. Thanks.
Very truly yours,
I. H. CLARK.

LA CROSSE, WIS., June 11th, 1888.
MR. CYRUS H. K. CURTIS:
DEAR SIR:—I acknowledge with many thanks the receipt of one hundred and seventy-five dollars as premium to LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.
Yours truly,
MRS. ANNA W. DANIELS.

DETROIT, MICH., June 15th, 1888.
CYRUS H. K. CURTIS, Esq.:
DEAR SIR:—Yours of May 21st with enclosure of \$450.00 in payment for the second largest list as per your advertised offer in last December's number of HOME JOURNAL is received. Please accept our thanks for the prompt and accurate manner in which you have filled all our orders both for paper and premiums. With best wishes for future success,
I am truly yours,
A. G. SHAFER.

VILLAGE GREEN, PA., May 24th, 1888.
MR. C. H. K. CURTIS:
DEAR SIR:—Your check for \$20 in settlement of my share in the cash prizes was received this morning, for which I wish to return you my sincere thanks.
Yours respectfully,
MRS. MILLER JONES.

NEWTONVILLE, MASS., June 15th, 1888.
LADIES' HOME JOURNAL:—The check for the \$225.00 has been received. Many thanks to you, and I hope my subscribers will continue their paper after this year's subscription expires. The paper is very much liked here, and many tell me they shall renew.
Yours etc.,
L. E. THOMPSON.

WEST MEDWAY, MASS.
MR. CURTIS:
DEAR SIR:—I hereby acknowledge that I have received a check for two hundred dollars. Accept my thanks for the same.
Yours truly,
W. L. Ripley.

So. EDMESTON, OTSEGO Co, N. Y., June 16, 1888.
CURTIS PUBLISHING Co., PHILADELPHIA, PA.:
GENTLEMEN:—The check of \$350 is received, for which I am very happy to say, thank you.
Yours Truly,
W. A. WALLING.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., June 9, 1888.
LADIES' HOME JOURNAL:—Yours with check for two hundred and fifty dollars (\$250.00) for my cash prize, received. Many thanks for the same and your kindness.
Very truly yours,
JENNIE C. GRAHAM.

TERRE HAUTE, IND., May 22d, 1888.
EDITOR LADIES' HOME JOURNAL:—Received payment by check for \$100.00 on Independence National Bank, Philadelphia, Pa.
MRS. E. A. KEITH.

GLENWOOD SPRINGS, COL., June 12, 1888.
CYRUS H. K. CURTIS, PHILADELPHIA, PENN.:
DEAR SIR:—Your check for \$150.00, in payment for the eleventh largest list of subscribers, as per offer in December number, received yesterday. With many thanks to you for the check, and to the ladies of Crested Butte, Gunnison, Salida, Buena Vista, Leadville and Aspen, who showed their confidence in me and their taste for good literature by subscribing for the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, and to Postmaster Goodell and others of Leadville, for their influence, also the depy P. M. of this place, I remain
Yours respectfully,
E. T. PAYTON.

WEST MACEDON, N. Y., June 9, 1888.
Received the above-mentioned check. Thanks.
J. W. BRIGGS.

LANDAFF, N. H., June 23, 1888.
This certifies that I have received from Cyrus H. K. Curtis a check for \$275.00 as payment of the sixth cash prize, won by me in the late contest, my list of subscribers numbering 853.
HARRY E. MERRILL.

BROCKTON, MASS., June 20, 1888.
MR. CYRUS H. K. CURTIS, PHILADELPHIA, PA.:
DEAR SIR:—I received the four hundred dollar-check you sent me all right, for which I thank you very kindly.
Yours truly,
W. P. LANDERS.

FOR MRS. E. N. LANDERS.
27 Highland St.

CHESTER, PA., June 21, 1888.
CYRUS H. K. CURTIS, Esq.:
DEAR SIR:—Yours of the 19th is received. Please excuse my neglect in not acknowledging receipt of your check for \$75 sooner. Thanking you for the same, and hoping I may do better next time, I am
Yours respectfully,
EVA B. LANE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SELLA DEFOREST.—It would be impossible to say "what it would cost for a journey from New York through the Holy-Land." It would depend entirely upon the manner in which it was undertaken.

SUBSCRIBER AND SEVERAL OTHERS:—You cannot do better than use Nestle's Milk Food for the bottle-fed baby under your care. It is recommended by many eminent physicians and is an excellent article for the purpose.

"SUBSCRIBER" (M. A. L.):—We cannot answer your queries in regard to training as a nurse "fully and freely" in the JOURNAL. But if you will enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope, we will discuss the matter with you.

EDITOR LADIES' HOME JOURNAL:—In the June number of the JOURNAL my recipes for puff muffins and roasted partridges were published. In the latter a very important ingredient has been omitted. Without it the dish ceases to possess any merit; for whoever heard of partridges cooked without butter, and a plenty of it? Let me correct the error by giving the recipe again in brief, though I hope that all who read it; mentally, supplied the butter, and did not suppose that one who professed to know so much about the art of bird cooking could have been guilty of such an omission.
One dozen partridges. Half a pound of nice butter. One pint of cold water. One tablespoonful of flour sprinkled over the birds. Salt and pepper to taste. Roast for half an hour.
ANNA ALEXANDER CAMERON.

EDITOR LADIES' HOME JOURNAL:—"So 'Celia's Idea' took root and grew, and it not only made happy many poor and helpless and lonely people, but it also abolished a great waste, and it taught young and happy girls in the shelter of homes, to think of and remember and work for the poor, and the old, and the sick, and the homeless who are always with us."
Did the author of "Celia's Idea" realize that her words, given above, were prophetic, and will it please her to know that fruit has already been gathered from the seed she so faithfully scattered?
The soil was a Guild in a Southern Church, and I will take up and continue the story of 'Celia's Idea,' and possibly the seed from this fruit may be wafted to some other fertile soil, be nourished and tended by loving and willing hands, and who can estimate the good that may be done, the happiness that may be imparted in this simple way. It was a lovely November morning,—not a bleak Northern morning, but one of the South's sunniest days.
The November JOURNAL had just arrived, and as usual I was in haste to read it from beginning to end, advertisements and all.
On the second page my eyes rested upon this title—"Celia's Idea" I read the article and I will confess it—the tears were overflowing their bounds before I was through.
Immediately it flashed through my mind that this idea could be utilized in preparing the Christmas box which our Guild was intending to send to a Church Home for orphan girls in our own state.
I took the JOURNAL in my hand and went a short distance to consult with a lady who was interested in this Christmas work, and after having heard the article read, she pronounced it just the thing we wanted.
Her daughter promised to assist me in carrying out the idea suggested, so we entered into a partnership which did not cease until after Christmas.

Our first step was to write to the Sister in charge of the Home, and ascertain the names and ages of the girls in her care.
Very soon the answer came, and we two held a meeting and went to work.

We found the list contained the names of twenty-four girls, whose ages ranged from six to eighteen years.
We then made up a list of twenty-four of our girls, members of our Sunday School, whose ages corresponded with the ages upon the other list.
Then we cut twenty-four slips of letter paper, and on each wrote a name and age from the first list, on the next line the word "from," and below, the name of one of the girls whose age was nearly the same as that of the girl whose name was on the slip. In this way we went through the whole list.
Then we arranged to notify our girls to meet us on the afternoon of a certain day.
At the appointed time nearly all were present with bright expectant faces, and after reading "Celia's Idea" to them we gave to each one the piece of paper upon which her name was written, and explained our plan to them.
We told them each to find a pretty box, about the size of those in which stationery comes. In each box to be sure to put at least one Christmas Card, and to fill the box with any other articles they thought would please a girl of the age on their paper, on the top of a box place the slip of paper we gave them, and then we charged them all to bring the boxes to us early in December.
All seemed pleased and willing, and we dismissed them and for several weeks waited results.
When nearly time for the boxes to be brought in, we had a notice read in the Sunday School for fear some might forget.
There was one peculiarity all the way through, and that was, that all the time every one seemed intuitively to call the whole plan an "idea."
Thus, at a meeting of the Guild one lady says, "Whose 'idea' was it to get up these little boxes?" and another answered, "It was Mrs. —'s; she got the 'idea' from reading an article in THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL."
"It is such a good 'idea'" says the first lady, "and takes so well among the children, and is a very good way to interest them in our Christmas work."
Well Christmas week came at last, and all the boxes were brought in except one,—one girl being absent from town,—but the deficiency was quickly made up by another.
It was astonishing how many nice, pretty things could be put into so small a space, and how nearly equal in beauty and value the boxes were.
We found in them besides the cards, handkerchiefs, collars, cuffs, needles, thread, thimbles, worsteds, crochet needles, bottles of perfumery, buttons, button hooks, pencils, pens, paper, envelopes, aprons, paper dolls, china dolls, doll's dresses, sachet bags, in fact every thing to be thought of that girls like.
And packed all among these little articles, unconsciously, invisible to mortal eyes, were faith, hope, charity and self denial; faith that God would bless their efforts to make homeless children happy; hope that the Christ Child would receive the gifts given to His "little ones;" Charity, in that the gifts were made in love, and self denial; as many of the articles were evidently given from their own treasures.
"And because they thought of and worked for others, they were more considerate and loving of one another, and of every one in their homes, and empty boxes, instead of being a pest and care in every household, were suddenly turned into blessings and happiness."
We hope this prophecy also was filled in the case of our girls.
For the three Sisters in charge of the Home we bought boxes of nice stationery, so they also were remembered.
We tied each box securely, placing upon the outside the slip of paper having upon it the name of the recipient also that of the donor and a few days before Christmas we placed them all in a large box, on the top put a beautiful quilt made by the ladies, and sent them on their mission of love.
An account of their reception we now give in Sister M's own words.
"The girls had many pleasures at Christmas, but nothing pleased them so much as the little boxes. Sister K. and myself opened the Christmas box Christmas night. I took out the beautiful quilt the Guild so kindly and lovingly made for me, and then we saw that the box contained a box for each child.
We left them in the box, replaced the quilt, replaced the top of the large box, and waited till Christmas day.
"Then the children were called in. Everyone was present before the box was opened.
"I cannot tell you all that was said, nor describe the joy of the girls, but they were so absorbed in their gifts that they could think of very little besides.
"I took out the quilt first, and laid it aside, and distributed the boxes, handing each girl hers as I came to it.
"I had some books to distribute, but I could hardly get their attention, they were so absorbed in their boxes.
"I heard a great many exclamations—as, 'O! I've got just what I wanted!' 'O! how pretty!' 'I have a collar and cuffs!' 'Look at this worsted and crochet needle!' and so they continued to the end. Surely those boxes gave great pleasure."
So now I send my true story out on its mission, hoping that, like "Celia's Idea," it will take root and grow.

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NOTICE TO PHILADELPHIA SUBSCRIBERS.

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



[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.]
SUMMER ENTERTAINMENTS.

Garden and Lawn Parties.

BY ELIZA B. PARKER.

One of the most agreeable forms of Summer entertainments in the country, or at suburban residences, where the charm of nature spreads over the whole scene, is the garden or lawn party.

A writer on the subject has said, "A green lawn, a few trees, a fine day, and something to eat are really all the absolute requirements of a garden party."

If true, this places the pleasant mode of entertaining our friends in the power of many people of moderate means.

In remote country localities these parties are very delightful, particularly if city friends are guests for the Summer, as the perfume of roses, the odor of clover blossoms, and the rustic surroundings are charming and diverting to the denizens of the busy world, who are tired of the artificial life of society.

When properly conducted a garden party may be given with very little trouble, and made very simple and informal, but if desired may be quite elaborate and ceremonious.

When only neighbors are to be entertained, a hasty invitation, so as to be sure of fine weather, may be sent two or three days in advance, but when guests are expected from any distance it is customary to send invitations eight or ten days in advance.

These invitations are usually engraved on handsome, plain note paper, and may be in this form:

MR. and MRS. CHARLES LEIGH
request the pleasure of
Mrs. MORTON'S
Company on Thursday, the Fifth of August,
at Three o'clock.

Garden Party. Maple Grove.

When guests are to come by rail it is well to send a card stating the hours at which trains arrive and leave the station.

At a garden party the hostess receives her guests on the lawn, or in the garden, wearing her hat and gloves. But guests should always be invited to the house to take off their wraps, or arrange their toilet if desired. Of course, a maid servant should be in the dressing room to attend their wants.

The thoughtful hostess will take care to have everything in readiness for the comfort and entertainment of the company. Rugs should be laid in the grass for the accommodation of those not accustomed to standing on the ground, and easy chairs provided for delicate or aged ladies who may be present, so all may enjoy the party without fear of the consequence.

Much tact is required to properly entertain guests at a garden party, and prevent them from wandering aimlessly about the grounds. Ample amusements must, therefore, be provided.

The lawn tennis ground must be in perfect order, croquet sets in readiness, archery tools supplied, as well as arrangements for all kinds of suitable games made. Music is a very delightful addition to the pleasure of such an occasion, and should always be had, when practical.

Ladies wear hats or bonnets at a garden party, and should dress otherwise appropriately. If a plain, informal affair, the dress should be simple and becoming, and if games like lawn tennis or archery are among the amusements, light flannel dresses are suitable. But if invited to a ceremonious lawn party, where style will prevail, handsome though simple toilets are required. Picturesque costumes may be made very effective on the grass and under the trees, and ladies of taste have a fine field for displaying it upon such occasions.

Many very fashionable people conduct the garden party in the style of an afternoon tea, receiving and entertaining their guests in the open air until ready to serve refreshments, when all are invited to the dining-room to partake of them. This mode is very convenient, and quite pleasant, though it divests the occasion of much of the novelty and charm belonging to it.

When the refreshments are to be served in the garden or lawn, of course the dishes must all be cold, and may consist of salads, *pates*, pressed meats, Charlottes, jellies, ices, cakes, lemonade and iced tea. A cup of hot tea should always be in readiness in the kitchen for those ladies desiring it.

Servants should be well trained when in attendance to prevent confusion. Dishes, knives, forks and spoons should be removed when used, and put in baskets or trays in readiness for them, and a fresh supply brought to replace them.

Numbers of small tables, with pretty, fancy covers, and colored napkins, should be set around under trees, near fountains and other suitable places, with camp-stools for the accommodation of guests when partaking of refreshments.

It is a pretty affectation to have maidservants or waiters for a garden party, dressed in quaint English style. They should, of course, be in-

structed to be very careful in going from place to place with dishes to be served never to spill or drop the contents on ladies' dresses.

Gentlemen may help the ladies, if they prefer, and wait on themselves, requiring the servants only to remove the dishes, and replenish the pitchers with lemonade, milk, or water.

Fruits, pine-apples, strawberries, raspberries, peaches and grapes, are served at garden parties, and should be of the finest quality.

Ices are a very acceptable addition to an outdoor entertainment, being light and refreshing for warm weather; they are served in fancy paper cups, laid on ice plates.

For ladies desiring to give garden parties, the following bill of fare will be found sufficient:

BILL OF FARE FOR GARDEN PARTIES.

- Cold Rolls. Mixed Sandwiches.
- Brown Bread. Pickled Tongue.
- Pate de foies gras.
- Jellied Chicken.
- Cold Birds. Lobster Salad.
- Charlotte Russe.
- Biscuits Glaces. Fancy Cakes.
- Fruits.
- Lemonade. Ice Tea. Strawberry Acid.

Mixed Sandwiches. Chop fine equal quantities of cold ham, tongue, and chicken; mix with the meat half a cup of melted butter, one tablespoonful of salad oil, one of mustard, the powdered yolks of two hard-boiled eggs, and a little white pepper; spread on thin buttered bread.

Pressed Tongue. Cover a large beef tongue with cold water, put on the stove and let simmer four hours, take up and stand away to cool. Boil the liquor until reduced to a pint. Chop the tongue in small pieces; add to it a fourth of a teaspoonful of ground cloves, fourth of a teaspoonful of ground mace, half a teaspoonful each of ground cinnamon, allspice, and white pepper, one teaspoonful of salt and a small pinch of cayenne pepper. Mix well and press in a square pan or mold. Add to the boiling liquor three tablespoonfuls of vinegar, pour over the meat, press down and set in a cool place ten hours. Then loosen the sides, turn it out carefully, and slice thin when ready to serve.

Pate de Foies Gras. Take half a pound of calf's liver, one slice of bacon, half a pound of veal, one *Terrine de Foies Gras aux Truffes du Perigord*, and half a pint of mushrooms. Remove the fat from the top of the foies gras, take them from the pot and mash, adding about a tablespoonful of the fat taken off. Chop the veal very fine. Cut the bacon in dice. Line an ordinary tin quart pan about two inches deep with a sheet of plain pie crust. In the bottom put a layer of veal, next a layer of foies gras, next a layer of mushrooms, chopped, then a layer of liver, then a sprinkle of bacon, salt and pepper, and so on until all the materials are used. Roll out another piece of paste for the top cover, make an opening in the centre, place it over the top, and press the edges of the upper and the under crust firmly together. With a sharp knife cut a few leaves from the trimmings of paste, arrange them tastefully in the centre of the top crust. Place it in a quick oven and bake one hour; as soon as the top crust is brown, cover with a sheet of white paper to prevent its burning. When done, carefully lift from the pan. When ready to serve place on a folded napkin. (Mrs. Rorer's receipt.)

Jellied Chicken. Cut up a large, fat, full-grown chicken. Put it on to cook with one bay leaf, one blade of mace, one small white onion, half a dozen cloves, a little pepper and salt. Cook slowly until the chicken is done. Take up, skin, and cut the meat from the bones. Put the skin, scraps, and bones back in the kettle, and simmer an hour longer. Add half a box of gelatine to the liquor, stir over the fire until dissolved. Put the chicken aside. Let the jelly cool. Then skim off all the fat, and set the jelly on the fire to melt, pour in a mould and set on ice. When hard, put a layer of chicken on top of the jelly, then slices of hard-boiled eggs, sprinkled with salt and pepper, then more chicken, and so on till all is used. Pour over the remainder of the jelly, which should be cold, but thin enough to cover the chicken. Stand on ice. When ready to serve, turn from the mould, and garnish with parsley.

Lobster Salad. Boil two lobsters. Let cool. Take out the meat, cut in dice. Make a mayonnaise. Wash the leaves from two heads of lettuce, put them in the salad dish; mix the mayonnaise and lobster together, and put on the lettuce. Garnish with hard-boiled eggs.

Charlotte Russe. Make sponge cake batter. Bake in a large square pan. When done, cut an oval piece to fit the bottom of the Charlotte pan, then line the sides nicely with slices of the cake, and fill the pan with a filling made of one pint of whipped cream, flavored with vanilla, and mixed with the beaten whites of ten eggs, and a pound of sugar, poured in the mould, when it should be set on ice two hours, then turned out of the pan, handsomely iced, and served with strawberries.

Biscuits Glaces. Put a pound of sugar and a pint of water on to boil until syrup. Beat the yolks of six eggs, and add to the boiling syrup, and beat over the fire until thick, then strain, and beat until cold, flavor with a tablespoonful of vanilla. Whip a pint of thick cream, and stir in carefully. Fill little paper cases with the mixture, stand them in the bottom of the freezer, put sheets of paper between each layer, pack the freezer in salt and ice, and stand away for four hours.

Strawberry Acid. Dissolve four ounces of citric acid in half a gallon of water and pour it over two gallons of ripe strawberries. Let stand twenty-four hours, and drain; to every pint of juice add a pound of sugar. Boil, let stand three days, and bottle. Add two tablespoonfuls to a glass of ice water, when ready to serve.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES.

"PRACTICAL HOUSEKEEPER OF LADIES' HOME JOURNAL."—Can you furnish a recipe for ginger snaps or crackers that will be tough, not hard and brittle, also tell me how to use cerealine in pastry and cakes. Must it be cooked first?
"NEW YORK CITY. M. L. B."

Ginger Snaps. Rub half a pound of butter or lard into two pounds of flour, then add half a pound of brown sugar, a tablespoonful of ginger and a pinch of cayenne pepper, mix well, and pour in a pint of molasses. Knead well, roll very thin, cut in small cakes and bake in a moderate oven until a light brown. If properly made, these snaps are soft and delicious and will improve with age.

Cerealine Paste. Add two cups of cerealine to three of sifted flour, one cup of butter or lard, a teaspoonful each of sugar, salt and baking powder. Mix with a teacup of ice water. For cakes, put about a fourth as much cerealine as flour. Use the cerealine without cooking. When cerealine is used less shortening is required, and both pastry and cakes are better and more wholesome. ELIZA B. PARKER.

[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.]
TWO Dainty and DELICATE DISHES—
ESPECIALLY SUITABLE FOR INVALIDS.

I was nursing a physician once who had been so desperately ill that he came back to life slowly and reluctantly. To find something to tempt his appetite, or rather to induce one, seemed impossible. The whole gamut of delicacies had been run and I was at my wit's end—where, by the way, we often find just the thing we need and had looked every where else for,—when there came to me like an inspiration the following recipe for "frizzled beef" as some one aptly called it. Eureka! my invalid could eat it, not only without effort of will or teeth but he *relished* it, and best of all began to improve on it.

It is delicious, exceedingly nutritious and very easily digested.

He became so intimately acquainted with its virtues that when he resumed his practice he often prescribed it in cases of poor appetite and feeble digestion.

I thought then, as I do now, that one dish invented for an invalid is worth a hundred for people who need no stimulus to appetite.

PREPARED BEEF.—Take one pound of lean tender beef, remove every particle of fat from it, and scrape it up with a very sharp knife into a perfect pulp, then with a knife and fork—a sharp knife always—mince the pulp still finer, put it in a saucpan with salt and pepper to taste, one tablespoonful of cold water, two tablespoonfuls of rich sweet cream, a piece of fresh butter the size of a hen's egg, and set it on the stove to cook stirring it constantly.

When it has been cooking a minute or two, but still looks rare, stir in one tablespoonful of cracker dust and one teaspoonful of mixed mustard. If you have no cracker dust cream a teaspoonful of flour with butter and stir that in. Stir well and let it cook a minute or two but not too long or it will be inevitably spoiled. Take it up while it is still slightly rare, or at most only just done. Use the same proportions in preparing a larger quantity for the table. It makes a charming breakfast dish.

The following recipe makes jelly exquisite to the taste and eye.

To one packet of "Chalmer's Gelatin" put one pint of cold water and let it soak half an hour, then pour on it two pints of boiling water and stir until thoroughly dissolved. Add to it one pound of white sugar (a little more if you do not think it quite sweet enough, tastes vary in this respect) one three inch long stick of cinnamon, the thinly pared rind of two lemons, and the juice of three.

Let this cool until just milk warm. Beat three eggs draining off the whites carefully into a bowl. Dip out a teacupful of jelly and mix it well with egg-white then stir all into the jelly. Mix it in *thoroughly*, pour the jelly into a porcelain lined kettle and set it on a slow fire. Stir it constantly until it begins to boil and rise up towards the top of the kettle, then lift it off and let it stand a minute or two.

There will be a foam on the top which must be skimmed off. Dip out the stick of cinnamon and the pieces of lemon rind and then pour the jelly through a flannel bag. It will take very little time to run through and will be beautifully clear and sparkling and perfectly delicious. Do not beat the egg-whites as in our grandmother's recipes, stir them in unbeaten, fewer eggs are required and the jelly runs through the bag without waste or loss of time and could not be clearer or more beautiful.

No invalid would refuse to eat prepared beef, and a dish of this jelly unless past the possibility of eating anything at all.

ANNA ALEXANDER CAMERON.

[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.]
BITS OF SOAP.

BY AUGUSTA S. PRESCOTT.

In spite of the thrifty housewife's efforts to prevent waste by utilizing all the odds and ends of materials that are not wholly worthless, there will accumulate from time to time, scraps and left-overs that are so inconvenient because they take up extra time in the using, that it seems almost a saving to throw them away.

Among this class may be mentioned the bits of soap that one finds in the bottom of the soap-dish, a thin slab of castile, perhaps, that is so frail it breaks when rubbed on the cloth and thus falls in the basin and is washed into the drain; fine toilet soaps used down until the little lump slips through the fingers and more, much more than all, the pieces of hard yellow soap, some bleached white with water and others so dirty that they, themselves, need washing that we find in the kitchen, under the sinks and outside the back door fast glued to the bricks. There are simple and easy ways of disposing of these pieces that will recommend themselves to every woman for the soap scraps when treated according to directions will not only be as good as new cakes but, like many made-over articles, often really more useful.

Gather together all the pieces of white soap that you may have, castile, ivory and any others that are known to be good. Cut them into small pieces and dissolve in boiling water in the proportion of a tea cup of water to half a cup of scraps. As soon as the scraps has melted and while the water is still hot, stir in ground oatmeal to make a stiff batter. Grease some old cups and pour enough of this mixture in each for a small cake and set it aside to harden

and dry. You have now a very nice soap that is excellent for daily use in the nursery; or the mixture may be made just a little thinner and kept in a tin cup to be brought out as soft, white soap at the children's baths. For the boys' and girls' tri-daily hand scrubbing, stir the batter very stiff with oatmeal bran or wheat middlings and mould into flat cakes. These have a roughness that is necessary to remove ink stains, pitch and the many defiling substances with which every healthy boy and girl seems to come in contact.

For fancy hand soap, melt all together the pieces of any colored toilet soaps, provided, of course, that they are good and do not contain injurious materials, stir in a few drops of perfume and a very little Indian meal. Pour this into shallow dishes, fancy shaped if you wish and, when partly cold, stamp on a pattern and mould the corners of the cakes round, or cut into shapes with a cake cutter.

The scraps of yellow soap may be put into the soap-shaker, a wire receptacle for holding soap that is to be shaken in the dish water; but for those who have no such implement, this is a way of disposing of them. Dissolve the pieces as before, using less hot water, and, when the mixture has partly cooled, stir in a quantity—as much as it will take nicely—of scouring sand, or bath brick scraped fine. Pour into a wooden box and stir often until cold. This is excellent for scouring tins and cleaning unpainted shelves and floors, but will, of course, remove the paint from wood-work. Yellow soap may, like the white, be simply dissolved and left to stiffen a little to be used as soft soap.

There is to some women a certain satisfaction in thus reclaiming from almost worthlessness, anything so necessary to the family well being that it can not be omitted from the list of "must have's." Such women are those whom Solomon describes as looking well to the ways of the household.

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[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL] MIDSUMMER MODES

Head Coverings for Here, There and Everywhere. Comfortable and Stylish Suits for Warm Weather Wear. Dainty Afternoon and Evening Dresses for City, Country and Seashore. Outing Costumes for Special Occasions.

BY MRS. JAS. H. LAMBERT.

Singular as it may seem, the exceedingly light and airy flower-trimmed capote of dainty tulle, delicate blonde, and exquisite Crepe de Chine that was promised popularity at Easter-tide, is not the favored bonnet for very warm weather wear. Like chocolate cream, it proves entirely too sweet to withstand the melting mood of midsummer, particularly when that atmospheric condition is supplemented by sea-side mist, which doubtless invigorates the constitution of the bonnet-wearer, but unfurls feathers, collapses soft tissues and crimps, exposes gum in loaded silks, and generally demoralizes unwisely chosen dress.

The newest seaside chapeau has scuttle front, with short side brim and very little, if any, back. It is in coarse or fancy straw, and is trimmed in dozens of ways. One specimen shows velvet lined brim, with wide band of velvet about crown, this band being belted at center, with bullion braid. Remember the real metal braid must be used, for that will not rust or tarnish, and such braid comes in copper, steel, silver, gold, and, newer still, in iron. Buckles and fancy pins of iron are made to match the braid, and similar fancy fastenings are found in the other metals.

In one stylish hat the oval brim is lined with black, and about an inch from the edge a border of silver braid is placed. About the crown a full band of black velvet is secured by a large silver buckle. The hat is elegant and stylish, and can be worn anywhere, upon any occasion.

The fashionable Paris hat just now is the Derby, the shape of which recalls in exaggerated proportions the jockey cap; the crown is very low, and quite round; the brim is not continued at the back, is flat at the sides and protrudes in front. A creation after this fancy is of black straw outside, and yellow leghorn inside, and is trimmed with flowers, ribbon, and a copper clasp.

For young girls inexpensive sailor hats are covered with net or tulle, put on in puffs, plaits, or irregularly, in fan folds and diamond smocking figures—the smocking stitches being hidden under a small flower. A wreath of larger flowers is placed about the crown, ending under a cluster of leaves or buds in front or at the side. A pretty novelty is covered with green crepe, and is trimmed with a wreath of apple blossoms.

Two styles in bonnets are particularly noticeable. The Empire, which has a low, flat crown, with high raised brim beginning from each ear, and rising into a high diadem over the forehead, or rather over the head—for this shape bonnet is not worn over the forehead, but at the back of the head. The inside of the brim is trimmed with a bow of ribbon or velvet which rests on the hair in front. The outside decoration consists of velvet, ribbon and flowers put on after many novel and artistic methods.

Directoire bonnets, with open, advancing brim, made in Tuscan and in fancy straw are very pretty for visiting and concert wear. The brim may be lined with surah or any thin silk, or it is lined with plaited or puffed gauze in the natural color of the straw, and the bonnet may be ornamented on the outside with gold or silver embroidery. An exceedingly stylish bonnet in this shape is trimmed with straw colored gauze embroidered with gold, and arranged as a full drapery round the crown and in front, where a bow of brocaded ribbon and a bouquet and aigrette of small shaded iris are added. The strings, which come from the back, are of velvet ribbon, in the richest red-purple shade of the handsome blossoms.

In millinery shot ribbon is largely used this summer in place of two ribbons in different colors or shades. A great many pleasing combinations appear in the new shot ribbons, which are to be arranged in large bows and loops.

POINTS OF STYLE.

Although it is generally conceded that perfectly plain corsages are not as extensively favored as they were last year, investigation shows that many tailor-made dresses for very fashionable ladies have waists in jacket form, untrimmed, the noticeable simplicity, perfection in fit, and beauty of workmanship giving such high degree of merit as to place the garments among the really artistic creations of the season. If a suit with jacket bodice be made of thin woolen cloth in narrow stripes, checks, or small, irregular plaids, the skirt is usually plain, with draperies consisting of a long apron caught up on one side, and a back drapery showing large plaits and folds.

Dressy French toilettes for outdoor wear are in two distinct styles. When combinations are used, such as plain and figured materials, silk and lace, or surah and embroidery, graceful draperies are employed. The fabrics in self color are made up into less elaborate garments. Straight line folds form fashionable draperies of dresses which are garnished with silk and

bead embroideries, braid, passementerie ornaments and rich laces.

Faille Francaise, Sicilienne, Irish poplin, bengaline, Henrietta, gloria, and the heaviest quality of surah are fashioned into elegant untrimmed dresses. In such gowns the plain, flat skirt is mounted with a few plaits on each side, sufficient to prevent a strained appearance in front, and the back is mounted with gathers. The short waisted bodice is plaited at the shoulders, and crossed in front, Directoire style, a wide folded sash completing the dress.

A good figure is required to show off a Recamier dress to advantage. Such a dress in silver gray Clairette is lovely. The skirt is plain in front and full at the back. The plaited bodice is crossed over a folded chemisette of silver gray gauze, and the sleeves, much puffed at the shoulder, are mounted on wristbands. A sash of silver gray ribbon falls on each side of the skirt in long loops and ends.

Oriental silks are stylish, useful and very odd. They are very light and soft, and hence are delightful for midsummer wear. Many of them are fluorescent, and show their changes of coloring most effectively in sunlight, or artificial, gas or electric lights. Such fabrics are used to form afternoon and evening gowns. Toukinoise has light buff, bluish gray or cream ground, sprinkled over with lovely flowers in natural colors.

Chinese pongees with stripes, dots, or fantastic designs, are odd in figuring and coloring, but look charmingly combined with soft plain or glace surah. Then there are brocaded glace silks, and striped or checked taffetas for young ladies' dresses, which may be made into combination gowns with plain silks or light woollens, or the fancy fabric can of itself form a very stylish walking costume. Victoria is a new style of light silk which is very thickly ribbed, and nameless materials are those of woolen, soft, transparent, and prettily striped with silk, or streaked across with threads or lines of colored silk.

The first fabrics presented for fall costumes and gowns are the Royal black silks, which show very fine cord, and have the Faille Francaise finish, and hence drape exquisitely. They are made of pure silk, carefully prepared and dyed, and show high art edges in what are termed designating grade colors. There are ten qualities of these handsome and durable black silks.

It is hinted that toilettes of aesthetic edge silks will be so fashioned that the side finishings of the materials will show now and again among the silken draperies of black, and that oriental embroidery may adorn some of the most artistic toilettes; however, such fabrics can be fashioned into handsome untrimmed dresses, or robes of it may be elaborately trimmed with passementerie and ornaments of cut jet, silver beads, iron, steel or copper. A promise is also given by domestic and foreign manufacturers to produce a black lace novelty resembling embroidery, which is to be used to decorate toilettes of black silk.

FESTIVAL GOWNS.

An exquisite garden party costume. The fabric of this dress is striped and plain mastic silk; the skirt, of the striped material, is made plain, straight, and very full at the back, that portion being outlined down the sides with revers of mastic silk lace. The front panel, of self-colored mastic faille, is richly embroidered in floral designs in natural colors, or really in Persian tones, with here and there a dash of gold, bronze and copper. Loops and ends of ribbon embroidered in similar designs and colors, are arranged to fall at the side. The mantelette is of mastic faille, with braces of embroidered ribbon. The full front is of mastic merveilleux, while the sleeves are formed by three rows of mastic lace. The hat, which is of very fine soft or pliable straw, is bound with rose pink velvet about the edges of the upturned brim, and is trimmed with a cluster of ostrich tips in the same color.

Green is one of the most fashionable tones, and the new greens come in such peculiar shadings that certain tones of green can be worn with happy result by each and every complexion. The only trouble is that very often young ladies select a shade that positively kills any charm their complexion may boast of having. A happy result is attained in a gown of green India silk by over-drapery of white lace, with pink trimmings in ribbons and apple blossoms, and another dress, of similar character, is rendered most becoming by a judicious admixture of a pretty but faded looking red.

One of the most attractive toilettes shown this season is a dress of shot silk in two odd shadings, the one material being in a rich ecru shading to golden brown, while the other silk is in golden brown, with shot effect in cream or ecru. The underskirt is of the dark silk, finished around its lower edge with pinked out ruching of the two silks attractively united, so as to appear like large golden brown poppies with shaded leaves or petals. Almost reaching this ruche are draperies of the lighter silk, with a fall in front of the dark shot silk arranged in fancy loops with irregular ends. These loops seem to hold together a half corsage of dark silk, which opens to show full smocked and crossed front of the ecru golden shot silk. The section sleeves consist of two puffs and two plaited parts of the lighter shot silk, and graduated ruffles of rich lace finish neck, and frills

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of similar lace trim sleeves at wrist. Such a dress can be reproduced in red and blue shot silk with splendid effect.

Very pretty and becoming is a dress with underskirt of China silk in light oak color spotted with red, the corsage and over-draperies being in red silk with oak leaf in regular oak color—not the outside brown of the oak tree bark, but the shade of the inside bark, next to the body of hard wood. The skirt is flounced off ruffled about its lower edge and up to the waist line at the left side. The over drapery is full, and is most gracefully mounted at the waist line, the fullness being at back, right side and front, leaving a space at left side around which the overskirt sides or edges of back and front are carried, and secured by loop bow of red velvet. The corsage of red has full side fronts, and center front of the red spotted oak silk laid in folds and crossed between the full front sides of the red corsage. Loose vandyked sleeves, velvet collar and belt.

Some most charming toilettes consist of slip or foundation in delicate or bright colored silk, with over-draperies, or indeed complete over-dress of lace—Chantilly, Spanish, Guipure, French lace or Oriental, arranged in dozens of different methods, with, perhaps, overparts of silk, satin or velvet, and trimming of ribbon, flowers, and bead or metal ornaments.

Quite an odd but most attractive combination is realized in a dress of flowered silk, a stripe of flowers or vine running down center of each box plait, the skirt being mounted in plaits. The upper and over garment consisting of steel or silvery steel surah, with V vest or waistcoat of rich brocade, the velvet flowers being the same kind, but richer in coloring than those in the skirt. The collar of plain surah is secured by a silver bow pin, and the cuffs and waistcoat are ornamented with buttons in antique silver.

TRIMMINGS AND ACCESSORIES.

Really Oriental in effect are the decorations for the dresses of rich materials presented this season. Costly embroideries are in silks of beautiful colors, with gold, silver, steel, copper, iron or bronze threads judiciously mingled.

Passementeries, plain and embroidered galloons, are in all the new shades, and often show exquisite designs wrought in beads, cut jet, steel, pearl, crystal, and illuminated beads all being presented.

Not quite new, but most effective, is the thick guipure lace in coarse unbleached thread, with the open spaces filled in with bright colored silk, satin, or velvet in contrasting hues.

Among the floral novelties are large clusters of half-opened Guelder roses, green tinted at the top, also bunches of white rosebuds, with some green petals and tender green leaves. The white buds are usually placed in loops of pale pink ribbon, unless they are used to trim a colored dress. They are particularly effective on rose pink or red tissue.

With dresses cut V or heart shape, exposing throat and chest, something must be worn about the neck, and about the most becoming ornament is a band of ribbon velvet, black, in which diamonds or Rhine stones are set. With such a band the ornament for the hair consists of small black velvet rosette with diamond or Rhine stone center, and an aigrette of feathers, which may be in any desired color.

The most elegant parasols are made entirely of lace, three thicknesses of lace being sometimes used to cover one parasol. With costumes of Braidette and Satinetta, and other fancy novelties in cotton, parasols are made en suite of the plain chambray or gingham, which serves as combination with the decorative Cleghorns. For country and seaside service these parasols are very large.

The fashion abroad now is to have the corset made to order in silk or satin in the same color as the dress material, but if ladies cannot afford to have a different corset for every dress, a white silk corset can be used with light colored dresses, and black with dark or black costumes.

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

BY EMMA M. HOOPER.

FIFTH NUMBER.

Skirts and Draperies.

The plain, full skirts so much worn for cotton and picturesque woolen dresses are, in the latter case, usually finished with a five-inch hem, and three or five rows of velvet ribbon, moire or tinsel galloon bands. All are gathered in two rows, half an inch apart, at the belt, and may open on the side or in the centre of the back, with the usual placket hole or opening. The width of these skirts varies from three and a half to four and a half yards. Of course, if tucked, trimmed with ribbon bands, or made of all over embroidery, they may be narrower than if plain. The height and size of the wearer must also be considered, as a reed-like figure certainly requires more fullness in the skirt than a short, stout person.

The gathers are arranged very full at the back of the skirt, and scattering across the front and sides; carefully avoiding a skimpy appearance, which will ruin any skirt or drapery. The 42-inch Hamburg flouncing does not require any trimming, and will have but one seam up the middle of the back. In buying a dress of all-over embroidery it is best to buy five and a half or six yards of this flouncing, and after cutting off the skirt use the remainder for the waist and sleeves, cutting the waist with the scalloped edge down the centre front. If one does not wish a ribbon sash, buy two and one quarter yards of plain lawn, cut it in half lengthwise, hem all around, and wear it passed around the waist in Empire style and bowed at the back.

White nainsook skirts are daintily fashioned with a deep hem and two-inch tucks nearly to the waist, which are hemstitched instead of being run. The threads are drawn to show a space one-eighth of an inch wide, and then caught down like a hemstitched handkerchief, with the sash finished in the same manner. Other white lawn skirts are finished with a deep hem, and one or three rows of Valenciennes insertion let in above; the material sash must always be finished to correspond. All sashes are very long and wide this season. Above all do not allow any machine stitching to show on fine white dresses; the daintiest handiwork is now appreciated and eagerly sought for. Leave two inches of extra length at the top of wash skirts, as the universal rule is to shrink when washed, and when this is done have them only slightly starched so as to closely resemble the new material.

It is said that a draper is born, not made. Be it as it is, one can do many an act not supposed to be within their ken until circumstances call it forth. Nowadays woolen goods are frequently draped crosswise of the goods, leaving the selvedge as a finish, or a row of No. 9 moire or velvet ribbon may be run around the edge to imitate the bordered silk and woolen goods now worn. In the fourth paper of this series I explained how to shape, put together and prepare the foundation skirt for the draperies, which we will now begin on. In the first place it will require from one to three hours to fully drape a skirt, which you cannot do on yourself and it is an imposition to ask anyone to remain standing for so long a time; therefore I recommend buying a folding dress skirt, which is a necessity to one dressmaking, and a boon to all accommodating friends that are asked to "stand up just this once."

At present the newest back drapery is not draped, if such an anomaly may be allowed, but consists of two straight widths of 40-inch goods, or four of 20-inch fabrics, sloped at the top, like the back of the foundation skirt, hemmed, opened on the side, and falls to the edge of the braid or protective pleating. Provided the gathering is even, there is no difficulty about this style. Another style has the back rounding low in the centre and the straight top laid in four Arab folds at the belt. The easiest way to explain an Arab fold is to take a tape measure, and mark off say 42 inches. Then connect Nos. 5 and 21, 21 and 37, and you will have two long loops hanging, which on the skirt are to be faced, unless the selvedge shows as a finish. From No. 1 to 5 inches, and from 37 to 42 inches, is to be gathered or laid in a broad pleat in the belt, leaving the two Arab folds or loops to hang free in the centre.

Another design has a point in the centre back and Arab folds at the top. Give as unstudied an effect as possible, and when catching draperies to the skirt do it firmly but loosely with silk twist. Some new French gowns have the back of the skirt gathered around the edge of the pointed basque, following the outline exactly, and the joining hidden by a fold of velvet or a band of galloon, while the front of the basque passes over the apron. If the drapery is taken lengthwise and hemmed, the hems should be blind-stitched and measure one and one-quarter inches when done. With the aid of a skirt form one can experiment with draperies, pinning them in place until satisfied. After arranging them correctly on the form, put the skirt on in order to be sure of the fit and then fasten permanently. Draperies are sewed to the same belt as the skirt, sewing the latter on first, with the right side of the belt placed to the wrong side of the foundation skirt. Stitch, then baste on the drapery, turn the belt over on the right side of the draperies, and stitch for the second time.

The tablier, or front and sides of a skirt should be arranged according to the figure, as in these days of originality everything becoming is fashionable—for the wearer. If slender, or unusually tall, drape the apron high over the hips, or have an apron covering the front and one side and a round panier on the other side. If stout, a flat tablier is more becoming, and a pretty design in this style has three kit pleats alternating with tapering revers of velvet or moire. Aprons may point in the middle, to one side, be cut square, and hang almost straight in Grecian fashion, with a few folds at the top only, form a short round scarf, or be every long, rounding and very narrow, pleating into a small space at the belt in order to show

the underskirt on both sides from the belt to the edge.

Many aprons are slightly gathered or pleated in the belt, so as to avoid a flat look at the top. A favorite design shows one side long and the other side draped high on the hip. Irregularity is fancied in draperies as in basque trimmings, but there must be "method in this madness," and the effect prove becoming to the wearer and appropriate to the material. Contrasting fabrics are still much worn, but the contrast is formed more by the materials than colors. Silk underskirts are rich with woolen draperies, striped skirts also look well with the drapery of plain goods. Aprons are frequently trimmed down one side, the longer one, and not on the other. Any of the above styles of aprons may be worn with the straight gathered back widths described. Five yards of double width material is the allowance for a full drapery, and four yards if the undraped back is wished. As a rule, long, plain effects are aimed at, which brings us to the Directoire coat likely to be a "rage" here this fall, which is like a princess back, with cutaway fronts, square-cut vest and skirt tablier. Although in advance, let me warn tall, slight persons to pass this novelty by.

In conclusion, allow me to hope that some more women in the great army of sewers may feel encouraged in attempting their own drapery. Do not cut the material until sure of the effect; try first, if necessary, with common cheese cloth or unbleached muslin. Copy from fashion plates, selecting something simple to commence with. If you have a paper pattern, follow the directions carefully, though sometimes they are not very clearly written; but these are not necessary, as after a little practice an energetic, tasteful woman will copy from a picture or some dress seen on the street. All is possible in time, and if you become nervous over it put the work away until to-morrow. For that matter, no draping or basque trimming should be attempted by a tired, nervous woman, feeling "ready to fly." Wait until rested and the nerves are calmed.

A BUNCH OF ROSES.

(Concluded from page 5.)

No, not to be seen, certainly, but they saw from behind the curtains. "There he is!" "There's the best man!" "There they are!" "What's his name?" Exclamations and questions flew like the wind.

Elinor had arrived an hour before. Mrs. Latimer had written her of the box she was to receive, and she had taken it from the express office that morning on her way to the train. It was still unopened. She really felt more interest in cutting that cord than in seeing any "best man." But she, too, ran to the window. "Why, it's Ned Eliot!" she exclaimed in her utter surprise.

"Do you know him?" "Isn't he nice looking?" "Why, how funny!" Poor Elinor felt a confusion of emotions. She wished first and most heartily that she hadn't spoken aloud, and then she wondered, and she hoped and yet dreaded the meeting that must come. Mr. Morison and Mr. Eliot soon left,—they were staying at the hotel,—and Helen came up. She, too, for a moment exclaimed and wondered when she was told, "Nelly knows Mr. Eliot," but soon no more was said, for bridegroom and best man are matters of entirely secondary consideration at a wedding. Quite necessary, but still kept in a measure properly in the background.

Elinor unpacked her dress before an admiring audience. Her own feelings may be imagined as the beautiful dress, fan, gloves, all were taken out. Last of all the outside box was opened.

"I never saw such lovely flowers in my life," each one said, or else an equivalent remark. Elinor lifted them up. A little note in Mrs. Latimer's hand lay over the top of the cotton.

"Carry these to-night, to please me, all of them, there are just enough for a bunch. Don't give away one of them."

It was lucky she wrote that, or it is quite possible Elinor would have given away some of them. They were superb flowers—a beautiful rose color, with each petal curved back as if anxious to show its full beauty. Each flower had its own green leaves.

"Leave them in the box, Elinor," said Helen, "till you want them. They'll keep better so."

Elinor liked her dress and all the accessories, and rejoiced in the flowers, but she thought more of the meeting which must come, and felt grateful that she was a trifle prepared; for, she thought, "if I had seen him first in the church, I know I—well I don't know what I might have done."

"You look lovely, Elinor," said the girls when they met in Helen's room dressed to go to the church. Helen was as calm as the clock face, as one of the girls said.

"I wish," she said, "I had known before Jack and Mr. Eliot went that you knew him; I'd have told him."

"What difference would that have made?" said Nelly, looking out of the window. "My! isn't it pitch dark?"

"Well, I don't know," said Helen, who was growing flustered, and she thought, "Well, I thought she seemed a good deal interested, but I guess not," and then forgot all about it.

The wedding was to be "exactly right," as the girls said, and Mr. Morison and Mr. Eliot were really not to meet the bride and her train until they met at the chancel rail. It was to be a veritable affair.

All went well. The wedding went off as they planned. Elinor walked in with Helen's widowed mother first, and then after a little came Helen alone, and her bridesmaids after. And while all eyes were at the church door the groom and his best man quietly slipped in by the vestry door, and before Elinor realized, Ned Eliot stood in front of her. When the ceremony was over, Mr. Eliot turned and gave his arm to Mrs. Johnston, and Elinor turned quickly around to speak to an acquaintance

behind her,—for she dreaded, and yet longed to speak to him.

But when they reached the house Elinor was first after the bridal party, and as she turned from kissing the bride and shaking hands with the groom, she was face to face with Ned Eliot.

They both colored, and Ned Eliot exclaimed, "Why! I had no idea—what a pleasure—" stammered, grew confused, looked at her dress, the fan hanging on her arm, her roses in her hand, and became dumb. As he grew confused Elinor became composed.

"You are surprised," she said. "I was, too, when I saw you from my window as you got out of the carriage."

"Ah! You have the advantage of me always," and he bowed low over her hand, which he certainly held for a second very closely. And he was thinking, "What does this mean? How does she know Aunt Margie? Yet that's the gown—the fan—my flowers. I know I'm not mistaken."

But Elinor had passed on, and he was obliged for a while to keep at his friend's side. Then he couldn't find her, and then it was supper time, and then the bride and groom went away, not into the great unknown where all the silly people go, but to their own future home in the village. Then he looked for her, and presently he found her talking with a young man under the stairs in the hall where they made a curve up and left a place just large enough for a little sofa and shaded by some tall plants used for decoration. The young man soon went off, as he too was looking for the girl of his heart, and Ned seized his opportunity.

"May I sit here?" he said. She bent her head, and kept it bent over her flowers.

"So," he said, after he sat down, "you carry my flowers as well as my heart."

"Your flowers!" she looked at him with perfect surprise. "Yours! Did you send them? I thought it was Mrs. Latimer."

"So it was and wasn't. But never mind that—what's your answer now?" and he took the hand that pulled nervously at a rose.

"Don't spoil my flowers," he whispered. "Tell me, have you found out if you can do without me?" He leaned over her—she looked up at him. "Tell me," he said.

"No," she said softly.

"No!" His face lighted. "No! Then you mean you'll marry me, Nelly?"

"Yes," she said.

It was a very near thing, indeed,—as he said afterwards—that nobody saw him,—for a second after, half a dozen people were round them and talking to them—but he kissed her then and there.

He only had further opportunity that night to say, "I've seen your gown before. I thought it lovely before you wore it; now I think it's perfect—fit for you or Aurora herself—nobody else could wear it."

A lover's rhapsody, but it sent her to her room happy.

The next day he went home with her to Valere. He said to Mrs. Johnston, "I am going there to see some old friends, and I will see her safely home." They couldn't talk much until they changed cars at Pittsfield. Then they were left alone.

First Ned said, "Now tell me when you found out you couldn't do without me?"

She looked at him and laughed. "When I found cousin Sarah was coming to live with us and knew they could do without me."

Then Ned laughed. "I should have made you say 'Yes' anyway."

"Perhaps," said Elinor, but I think not." Then came a long explanation how Elinor had met and known Mrs. Latimer and how strange the present of the dress came at such a lucky moment. And Ned only said, "She knew it was your birthday."

"I must have told her, or Aunt Mary must have—you couldn't have, for you didn't know she knew me,—if you had known yourself."

Then Ned told her what he surmised, that Mrs. Latimer purposely kept from him the fact that she knew Nelly, and that she had planned the surprise.

It was a very short ride, they felt, that day; but it had seemed long to Elinor the day before.

When they reached the house Aunt Mary was not long in spying out the real state of affairs, and when Uncle John was told he seemed highly delighted in his own odd way. The "cousin Sarah" was a jolly woman of about fifty, who had a lively remembrance of the time when she had been in love with her late husband. She got over it long before he died, and was very much more comfortable afterwards than she had ever been before—but that is nothing here nor there—except to prove that she was a very remarkable woman about the way in which she always had a sudden attack of choking in the front entry, which sounded dreadfully, but never amounted to anything.

Mr. Eliot sent a letter at once to his aunt, telling her the news, and sent an invitation from Aunt Mary to come to them at once. He added, "Come, and bring us your blessing, dear Aunt Margie." The next day he received this most unexpected answer by telegraph:

"I am coming to-day with my blessing and the florist's bill."

"What on earth does she mean?" said Ned to himself; and he was so puzzled that he didn't show Elinor the telegram.

When Mrs. Latimer came he met her at the station, and as soon as they had given each other a kiss with tears in their eyes despite Ned's real happiness, and his aunt's real rejoicing for him, he asked her what her telegram meant.

"Dear me! Have you forgotten?" she said. "Didn't I tell you when you said I'd throw a bunch of roses to the girl I picked out for you, that when I did it you'd pay for them?"

Ned sat with a far off look in his eyes for a minute, then an amused smile came into them. "I remember now," he said. "It was one evening last summer. Yes—well I'll pay the bill with pleasure."

"How silly you were about it all, little aunt," he said.

"I had to be, Ned. You know, if I had written about Nelly and how much I liked her, I might have upset all my hopes. True love mustn't run too smoothly, you know, for then it loses all its snap."

"Aunt Margie," said Ned proudly, "I believe you have gone through life giving to other people what you wanted and didn't have yourself."

"I've tried to, Ned," she said, and then they were at the door.

There was a wedding in the old Hart house the next June, and the bride carried in her hand a bunch of pink roses—but they were not perfect hothouse flowers without any perfume but a bunch from the old rose tree by the house door.

And there are many such roses in bloom if one looks for them in quiet places.

The manufacturers of cosmetics have a new friend in the shape of a New Yorker, who calls himself a complexionist and prescribes a mixture of sulphur and glycerine to be rubbed on the face every night and washed off in the morning with ammonia. An elephant might not suffer from this treatment, but a human being who attempts it may reckon on about a year of repentance for every week of rubbing. The regular physicians might do a worse thing than expose the shameful ignorance of this "complexionist."

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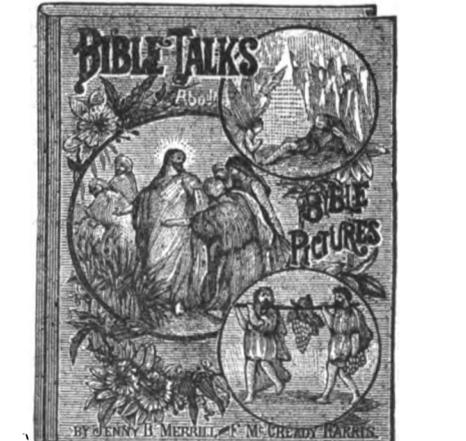
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[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.] TALKS ABOUT FLOWERS.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

TO CORRESPONDENTS:—All inquiries about flowers and their culture will be cheerfully answered to the best of my ability in the columns of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, when they are of general interest.

Send all letters direct to the address given below, and not to the office of publication.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

Our Bulb Number.

So many inquiries come in from readers of the JOURNAL about the cultivation of bulbs in the garden, and for winter flowering in the house and greenhouse, that the editor has decided to make this strictly a "bulb"-number.

PREPARING BEDS FOR BULBS.

The best soil for bulbs is one that is naturally well drained; rich, somewhat sandy. The location of the beds must be left to the inclination of the owner.



TULIP.

There is but little else attractive in the garden, and having been without flowers so long, we naturally want the first ones near at hand where we can enjoy them to the utmost.

If you have not a well-drained place in which to plant your bulbs, I would suggest that you dig out the soil to the depth of a foot,—better a foot and a half,—and put in old brick, crockery, broken pots, tin cans, stone,—anything that will afford a chance for the water that comes from melting snows and early rains to filter off readily through the earth, and run away from the level in which the bulbs are.

After having excavated your bed, mix in at least a quarter of old and well rotted manure—preferably that from a cow-yard. It is important that it should be rotted well, for bulbs do not take kindly to fresh manure.

The larger bulbs, such as the Tulip, Hyacinth and Narcissus, should be planted about five inches deep, and about six inches apart.

of these flowers, as each person will be inclined to follow out his or her individual taste in this matter. I will simply say that I think more satisfaction is secured by planting each kind by itself as a general thing, than in massing them in a miscellaneous fashion.

TULIPS.

This favorite flower of spring comes in such variety that it is an easy matter to suit all tastes in the selection of colors. You can have them in white, in yellow, of many shades, ranging from canary to richest gold and orange, in rose and scarlet and velvety crimson, and wine and purple tints.

The double Tulips are larger than the single ones, and are more durable, often lasting eight or ten days in perfection. Some of them are almost like Roses, when seen from a little distance. They produce a magnificent show of color. These flowers are very fine for cutting.

If you can afford to buy separate colors,—that is, collections in which each color is put up by itself—you can arrange your beds in such a manner as to produce a much more satisfactory effect than you can with the mixed sorts.

THE HYACINTH.

The Tulip may be more brilliant in color than the Hyacinth, but the latter flower has a quality that the other does not possess to any considerable extent, and that is the quality of fragrance.

I much prefer this flower to the Tulip. This is, however, a matter of taste, and others might see more beauty in the Tulip. It is certain that



THE HYACINTH.

a bed of Tulips will give much more striking effects in color than any other bulb we have. But you ought to have some of both.

must not be inferred, however, that they are dingy colors, for such is not the case. I have yet to see a Hyacinth of objectionable color.

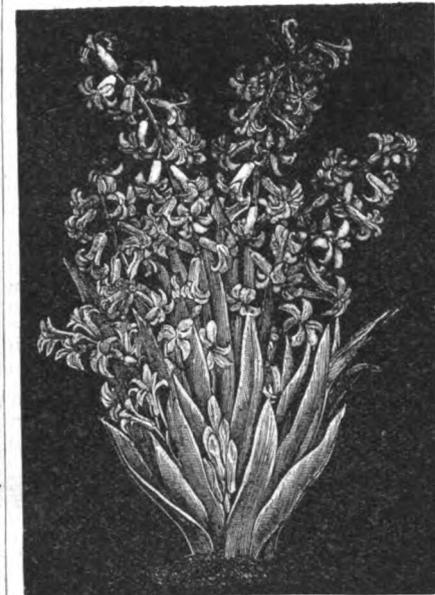
Personally I prefer the single varieties. They have longer spikes, and the flowers are not so crowded together.

What has been said about the arrangement of the various colors of the Tulip will apply to this flower.

Mixed collections, which include good strong bulbs, can be bought for a small sum of all reliable dealers.

THE ROMAN HYACINTH.

This variety is not so well known as the ordinary Hyacinth is, but with those who love flowers for real beauty it will become a favorite as soon as known. It has smaller flowers than the older varieties, and they are not so closely



THE ROMAN HYACINTH.

set along the stem. They are pure white and quite as fragrant as any. They have the characteristic of sending up from one to half a dozen flower-stalks from the same bulb, while the ordinary Hyacinth seldom has more than one.

THE NARCISSUS.

The Narcissus is emphatically a poet's flower. The old legend runs to the effect that Narcissus was one of the sons of the Grecian river-god, Cephissus.

The only varieties that are hardy with us at the north are the ordinary single and double sorts. Those belonging to the Polyanthus branch of the family should be kept for forcing, as they are far too tender to stand a winter out of doors.

THE CROCUS.

This is a most delightful, spring-blooming plant, coming into flower much earlier than any of the other bulbs. It forms handsome borders for walks, and gives a charming effect when planted in clumps.

THE SCILLA.

This is a comparatively little known plant. It has flowers of a rich blue. It blooms very early in the season. If you want a delightful combination of color, plant this with the Roman Hyacinth.

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

This beautiful and fragrant flower is a universal favorite, with its curving spike of dainty bells of purest white. It is a very hardy plant. It likes a rather cool place to grow in during the summer, and if you have a shady location, give it to this plant.

speak of it here, because it does best when planted in the fall, and is an early bloomer.

GENERAL CARE OF BULBS.

I have given directions about preparing beds for bulbs. It may be well to add a few suggestions about caring for them after they have become established.

Some persons make a practice of taking up Tulips and Hyacinths after they have completed their annual growth, and keeping them in a dry place during the summer, planting them out again in fall. I do not advocate this practice.

In fall the beds should always be covered with leaves or litter from the barnyard to the depth of six or eight inches. Leaves make the best of all coverings, as they afford all the protection required, are clean, and scatter no seed.

Covering for winter need not be put on before November. It should be removed quite early in spring, as, if left too long, some of the plants will start under it, and become weak, and when it is removed they will be greatly injured by too sudden and great an exposure.

Do not disturb them after blooming. They will make their annual growth at that time. When this growth is completed you can tell by the turning yellow of the foliage, after which it will soon die and disappear.

The best time to set bulbs is in fall. September is a better month than October, because those planted out early have a chance to make strong roots before the coming of cold weather, and when spring comes they have become thoroughly established, and are ready to give a good crop of flowers.

If bulbs are taken up and kept out of the ground during summer they should be stored in a cool, dry, dark place.

Do not think it unnecessary to go to the extent advised in providing a well drained bed for your bulbs. Some persons do not like to put themselves to much trouble in such matters, and put out their bulbs in whichever place comes most convenient, thinking that they will "do well enough."

BULBS FOR WINTER BLOOMING.

Many persons seem to think that all that it is necessary to do to bring bulbs into bloom in the house in winter, is to pot the bulb, put it in the window, and set it to growing at once.

It is useless to expect good flowers from any bulb potted and started into growth in a warm, light room. The action of light and warmth starts the top into growth at the same time that roots are forming in the soil.

When you pot your bulbs, whether in September or later, be sure to put them away at once, after planting them, in a cool and dark place. It does not very much matter whether it is a cellar, or on the side of some building out of doors, where they can be covered up and light excluded.

When you attempt to force a growth of roots and top at the same time, you exhaust the plant at an early stage of its unnatural growth, and as a natural consequence you get no flowers.

If very early flowers are wanted, you can pot your bulbs as soon as received from the florist in fall. If a succession is desired, pot at intervals thereafter, and bring up about a month or six weeks before you want them to come into

(Concluded on opposite page.)



TALKS ABOUT FLOWERS.

(Concluded from opposite page.)

bloom. But be sure to give them at least six weeks in the cellar, or wherever you put them after potting, to form their roots in.

When they are brought up, be careful to not give too high a temperature at first. Accustom them to the air of the room they are to grow in by degrees. They will do much better in a room kept at 60 degrees than in one in which the temperature reaches 75 or 80.

Hyacinths grown in pots often have a tendency to develop short stems. To remedy this defect, it is best to put a pot over the top when the flowerstalk appears, for a few days. The inverted pot keeps out most of the light, and the stalk grows more rapidly, and lengthens out sufficiently to allow the flowers that come later to display themselves effectively.

I am often asked what to do with bulbs that have borne blossoms in the house, after blooming. I would plant out the Tulips and Hyacinths. They will often recover after a season or two in the open ground, and give tolerably good crops of flowers there. But I would never use them a second time for house culture. Bulbs of Narcissus and Bermuda Lily I would throw away. Freesia, Allium Neapolitan Tritea can be taken from their pots after completing their growth—this can be told by the dying of the leaves,—and wrapped in paper and kept dry through the summer, and repotted again in fall. But it is always safer to buy fresh bulbs in all cases.

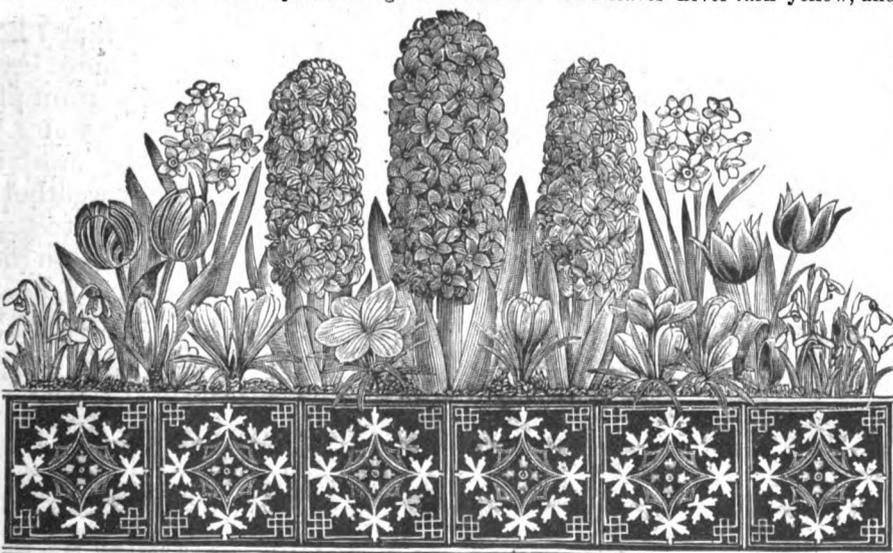
THE BERMUDA OR EASTER LILY.

This flower is always greatly admired, and it is one that every one who wants something beautiful to brighten up the window in winter should procure. The impression prevails that it is a difficult plant to succeed with, but I have found it one of the most tractable of all bulbs for house-culture in winter. If it is given a chance to form roots before being brought to the window, and you have fresh bulbs, you may be reasonably sure of success with it. I have never failed of obtaining large, perfect flowers from every plant. And generally every plant will have from three to half a dozen, and more, flowers. One good flower of this lily is worth a score of Tulips. It is of the purest white, with a delightful fragrance. In shape it resembles *Lilium longiflorum*. If it is required for Easter, it should not be brought up before the middle of February. Care should be taken to keep the aphid from damaging it. This can easily be done by washing stalks and leaves with a decoction of Tobacco. But do not use this after the flowers begin to grow, for it will stain the petals.

Keep in a shady place after the flowers expand. The sunshine makes them short-lived. Flowers remain fresh for two weeks in a room that is not too warm.

JARDINIERS.

If you have a window-box, or a jardiniere, which fits the window, and prefer to have your bulbs in one receptacle, rather than in single pots, you can fill them with a collection of bulbs, and get a great deal of satisfaction from this miniature garden. Plant the Tulips in the back row. Then Hyacinths, and edge it with Crocus or Scilla. Plant Tulips about an inch below the surface. Hyacinths should have about a third of the bulb above the soil. Crocus and Scilla should be covered to the depth of an inch. Such an arrangement is desirable where space is limited. But potting is preferable, as then you have each plant under your control. If small pots are used, and you wish to use your jardiniere for decorative purposes, you can fill it with your plants in small pots, cover the top of them with moss, and have as pleasing an effect as if they were growing all together. Such an arrangement will enable you to remove all plants as soon as they pass their prime, and substitute others just coming into



JARDINIERS.

flower, and in this way your jardiniere is kept bright for a long time. The accompanying illustration shows how

effective such an arrangement can be made for use in the window.

THE FREESIA.

The Freesia is a bulb of quite recent introduction. It is one of the best of all for winter use. It is so small that half a dozen bulbs can be planted together in a five-inch pot. It has small foliage quite like that of the Gladiolus. It sends up a flower stalk to the height of a



THE FREESIA.

foot or eighteen inches, and bears small, Lily-like flowers, of a pure white, sometimes blotched with lemon yellow on one side of the throat. Each stalk will bear a cluster of from six to a dozen flowers, which last for several days. They are exquisitely fragrant. They are fine for cut-work or small bouquets. By all means have four or five pots of them. Nothing will afford more pleasure. They are very easily grown.

MISCELLANEOUS HINTS.

For potting bulbs use a compost made up of loam, rich, well-rotted manure from a cow-yard, and a good deal of sharp sand. Water when you plant them, and as required thereafter until they are brought up. Examine them occasionally; and if the surface of the soil looks dry, give more water, but only enough to keep the soil moist all through.

Good results are secured, when a cellar is not at hand, by placing the pots on the north side of a building, and covering with straw. The light must be excluded, but plenty of air must be given. A warm place is not good for them.

The stalks of Freesias and Bermuda Lilies to stakes of bamboo, or reed. They require some support. If not given them, they are easily broken.

TALKS WITH CORRESPONDENTS.

Mrs. J. R. Hartman asks about the culture required by the Amaryllis. It should be given plenty of water when making a growth of foliage. When growth ceases, and the leaves begin to turn yellow, withhold water, and allow it to become quite dry. A starting leaf or perhaps a flower-bud, will tell you when it is ready to begin growing again. Give weak manure water only when it is growing.

"Meel" writes that she has a Calla which bloomed two years ago, but since then she cannot get it to blossom, and it does not look thrifty. She tips the plant over on its side in summer, and allows it to rest. This is right. But from the fact that it does not grow thriftily after repotting, I should say that the roots were diseased. Examine them, and see if they look fresh and sound. If they are not, cut away all diseased portions, and repot in clear sand.

E. T. C. asks if roses of different shades of color will blend if planted in the same bed. No.

"Constant Reader" writes:—"I will give the lady who complained of leaves turning yellow on houseplants my way of potting all kinds of plants for winter, and if she will follow it I think she will have no reason to complain about sickly foliage on her plants. I take about half a bushel of leaf-mold, or woods ground, two pailsfull of fine manure, two pailsfull of good garden soil, and about two quarts of soot from a chimney where wood has been used in the stove with which it connects. Mix well, and run through a coal sieve. This amount will fill about forty pots. I have followed this plan about three years, and my plants are as green and healthy in winter as in summer. The leaves never turn yellow, and



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Mrs. J. W. Gary writes about her north window of Fuchsias: "I put them all down cellar awhile last fall, and left them there till all the leaves dropped off. When I brought them up I put them in a north window, and they have done splendidly. I keep them quite wet. I use a good deal of manure on them, for they are great eaters. Some of the blossoms on Speciosa measure five inches in length, and there are too many on them to count. I keep my Calla, Begonias, Petunias, Heliotropes and Geraniums in an east window. I tried my Fuchsias there, but they did not do as well, and the red spider would attack them, and they would drop their leaves. I wish some one would tell me how to start Gloxinias from seed. Have tried four times this spring, and failed each time."

Gloxinia seed is so fine that it must be sifted over the soil. Then cover with glass to keep in moisture. If the seed is good, the soil very light, and it is kept moist, you ought to start it readily.

Emma C. Hamlin, Lexington, Mass., writes—"I have been very successful in growing the Calla after this plan: I put rich mold in an earthen jar. I put in five or six inches of it, then put in the Calla. On top of this I put a layer of clean sand, to depth of two inches. Cover with pebbles. Then fill jar with water, and refill as it evaporates, so as to have the water always cover the pebbles. Place in a warm and sunny window, and the plants will throw up large luxuriant leaves, to be followed by magnificent bloom. What is still better, the flowers will be produced in succession, so as to afford a nearly continuous series of them. I use an eight inch jar. I train Geraniums in this way: I take a cutting from an old plant. Have it as straight and long as possible. When the buds begin to start,—the leaf buds,—I rub off all but the top one. I let the plant grow about a foot. Then I allow some side branches to form at the top. Pinch off all blossom buds that appear, and shorten in the side branches after they have made a few inches of growth. Continue this for a whole season. Then I cut back the main stem to about eighteen inches, and remove most of the side branches. New shoots will start along the stalk, but be sure to remove all but those at the top. When enough are formed there allow them to grow, and you will have a well-balanced little tree. Then allow it to bloom. Rest the next summer. Cut back, the latter part of the season. Each year a little more of the old wood may be left, and in five or six years you will have a plant as many feet high, and it will require a fifteen inch pot. I have trained a Fuchsia in this way that was given me under the name of Beacon. It has red corolla and lighter red sepals."

The Fuchsia is Earl of Beaconfield. She also adds: "Some friend has sent me the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL for a year. I hope that friend will see this. I thank that friend exceedingly for such a treat. Who are you?"

C. C. Miller writes:—"Many of the readers of the JOURNAL no doubt desire to cultivate the two incompatibles, flowers and poultry. Fowls do better to roam, so last year, instead of fencing them in a yard, I fenced in the flower-beds by making a fence eighteen inches high, of fine wire, stretched about two inches apart. It was almost invisible, so presented no obstruction to the sight, and as the fowls saw nothing to light upon at top, not one ever attempted to cross it. It was, however, so frail that a dog could break it down. This year I am using a fence two feet high of poultry netting, and think it will be equally effectual and much more substantial."

Mrs. P. W. Cadman writes:—"I will give my way of treating Tuberoses. I plant them in any good garden soil, after giving a good dressing of manure. It is always best to prepare the beds in fall. Do not put out till weather becomes settled, as they will not bear frost. If flowers are wanted early, they should be started in the house in boxes or pots in March or April. If you want very large flowers water plentifully, after planting out. You can hardly give too much. They never blight with me except in very dry seasons when water is scarce. After the first frosts in fall take up the bulbs, shake off the dirt, and leave them to dry for a day or two, taking them in at night. Cut off the tops about an inch from the bulbs. Plant them the next year, and in the fall you will find a nice set of young bulbs growing about them. They will become blooming bulbs in two years. Keep in a warm dry place over winter. I kept mine in the dining-room where a fire is burning constantly."

Mrs. F. C. W. writes:—"In the April number I saw a question about Pope's Head Cactus. I had one that lived to be nine years old. It blossomed every year but one after it was three years old. A "lump" grew out on it for every year. It bloomed at night. The flower was white, very beautiful, but short lived. The care I give mine is this: Soil, sandy loam; once in awhile, I water with Peruvian guano. I do not water often, but let it dry till it looks wrinkled, then water freely till the water runs out at the bottom of the pot."

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND READERS.

It is the desire of the editor of this department to make it as original and useful as possible, and he would be glad to have suggestions from those interested in flowers. If there is something you want to see in it that you have not seen there, write me about it: Tell me what you think would improve it.

EBEN E. REXFORD, SHIOCTON, WIS.

FREE! A 24 page pamphlet on how to become and remain beautiful. No humbug as thousands can testify. By mail on receipt of a 2c. stamp. Miner's Almond Meal prevents wrinkles and makes the skin as soft as velvet, by mail 30c. H. A. & F. L. MINER, Reg. Ph., Malden, Mass.

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LADY CANVASSERS Make \$5 to \$8 per Day selling our "PEARLESS" Hygienic Corsets, Health Waists, Skirt and Stocking Supporters Bustles, etc. Send green stamp for illustrated pamphlet "Dress and Its Relation to the Health and Diseases of Women." We also manufacture Ladies' and Children's Artistic Dress Reform Underwear. H. SALISBURY & CO., Battle Creek, Mich.

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GEO. A. DENHAM, 125 Federal Street, Boston, Mass.

Ladies' Queen Chains.

The very latest style watch chain for ladies, made of the best gold plate. No. 1. Given for only 30 trial subscribers at 10 cents each. It makes a very handsome present, rolled gold plate, Roman or Etruscan finish ball charm. Sold by all jewelers for \$2.50. Our price is but \$1.75. No. 2. Given for only 30 trial subscribers at 10 cents each. An elegant rope pattern chain, Roman or Etruscan gold trimmed charm. Sold by jewelers for \$3.00. Our price is but \$2.20. No. 3. Given for only 30 trial subscribers at 10 cents each. A cable pattern chain, Roman or Etruscan gold finished charm in the shape of a very unique smelling bottle. Regular price at jewelry stores \$2.50. Our price is but \$1.80.

CURTIS PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

Club raisers can take their choice of any of the premiums offered in back numbers of the JOURNAL; two trial subscribers counting as one yearly. For instance: An article that is offered for ten yearlies, will be given for twenty trial subscribers.

THE KINDERGARTEN.

XII.

BY ANNA W. BARNARD.

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In connection with the eleventh gift, a piece of iron may be shown, which upon examination is found to be rough, hard, dark, cold and heavy. When placed in water with a stick of the tenth gift, the iron sinks—the wood swims; if allowed to remain in the water, the iron rusts; if put into the fire its dark color is seen to change rapidly as it passes through the stages of red and white heat. These and other experiments arouse the interest of the children, who are thus prepared to receive much valuable knowledge to be conveyed in short and familiar talks about iron and other metals. They love to hear that iron is found in almost all parts of the world, that it is first dug out of the earth, that from it is made the bright, elastic steel, and that on account of its great strength it is even more precious than the costlier gold.

A description of the shafts down and up which the miners go in their baskets, to collect and bring up the rough ore,—the huge furnaces,—the great fires,—the intense heat,—the roasting, melting, moulding processes necessary in its refinement, will cause young eyes to open wide with wonder and delight, and the knowledge thus gained of the changes through which the ore has to pass before it can be made into wire, and the wire into rings and half-rings, will invest the gift with an added value—its use will always be connected with a thought of miners and their hard and dangerous life, and the children will learn to value more highly common things, which so many are prone to undervalue, because they are common, wasting and wantonly destroying what has required so much time and labor and suffering to prepare for use.

THE ELEVENTH GIFT. THE CURVE. RINGS AND HALF-RINGS.

The connected and the disconnected slats form the transition from the surface to the line or edge, which they rudely represent; the sticks and rings follow in order, the former embodying the straight line or edge, and the latter, the curve. Thus, through the combined use of slats, sticks and rings, the children learn to conceive of the edge as the boundary of the surface, just as they before conceived of the surface as the boundary of the solid. The sticks correspond to cube and square—the rings to sphere, and cylinder; the ring, or embodied circle, representing the circumference of the sphere, and the edge of the cylinder. The sticks and rings are all used to teach the elements of form, preparatory to instruction in drawing.

When the children have become familiar with the properties of the embodied straight line or edge, the embodied curve is introduced by means of wire rings and half-rings of three sizes—viz.: one, one and a half and two inches respectively in diameter, which come in boxes containing twenty-four whole, and forty-eight half-rings of each size.

A whole ring is first examined and found to be made of wire, round, smooth, bright, hard and cold. It has neither end, corner nor edge—it looks and will roll like a hoop, etc. It is compared with the ball and the penny—the ball, having neither edge nor corner, rounds off in every direction,—the penny is flat, with an edge like a circle—while the ring is itself only a round edge. One whole ring placed inside of a larger one, shows a circle within a circle, conveying at the same time the ideas of within and without, and of circular parallel lines.

The half-ring has two ends, and two half-rings joined by ends form one whole ring. The opposite of the whole ring is made by placing two half-rings, as the children say, "back to back," or touching each other at the central points of their convex curves. Mediator forms result when one end of one half-ring touches one end of another half-ring, the ends pointing in opposite directions, and both half-rings remaining open.

The whole ring, if soldered, as it should be, has no beginning nor end; the half-ring has two ends. No space can be enclosed by two cubes, tablets, slats or sticks, but one whole ring, or two half-rings (the latter when touching by ends and forming a whole ring) will enclose a space. No cube, tablet, slat or stick can contain within it another cube, tablet, slat or stick, but a whole ring can contain another whole ring.

The tenth and eleventh gifts contrast strongly in material—the wooden sticks being light and fragile, the iron rings heavy and strong. Another contrast is shown in the curve as opposed to the straight line. The sticks are best adapted to forms of Life and Knowledge—the rings to forms of Beauty. The quantity of material is gradually increased as the children gain a knowledge of the different positions the rings and half-rings may be made to take in relation

to each other, and exercises are given in the laying of forms by direction, and in transposing and reversing these.

The child chosen to distribute the rings and half-rings is careful to place the allotted number in order on the tables opposite each one of his companions, whole rings and half-rings in separate piles, and each on the exact spot designated,—the ends of the half-rings pointing according to the direction given. A preliminary exercise is to hold the half-ring so that its ends shall point in all directions, front, back, right, left, etc. The laying of one of the simple figures made with eight half-rings may be directed thus.

"Place one half-ring on the table in front of you, with its ends pointing front, or toward you." When it is seen that all have done this, it is said, "Put your finger on the line that is five squares away from the front edge of the table, and move the half-ring till its ends touch that line." "Place another half-ring two squares in front of the first one, with ends pointing back or toward it." "Another at the right, with ends pointing to the left, and touching the ends of the other half-rings."

"Another at the left, with ends pointing to the right, and touching the ends of the other half-rings." The directions should be given in the most exact terms, using the fewest words possible to convey the meaning. If the child hears and understands the directions, he knows exactly what he is going to do before he does it. Let an adult try to follow, for the first time, the above simple directions, given quickly, and he will be made unmistakably aware of a very active mental process going on. So the directions are to be given slowly, and a pause made after each one, to see that all have followed it correctly. The four half-rings placed, give the symmetrical form as seen within Fig. 1. In the pause this is examined, admired and compared with all imaginable objects. If children are easily fatigued, they are also easily rested, so after a little breathing space, the directions are continued. "Look at the 'upper right' of your figure where the ends of the two half-rings meet—do you see that little corner?" "Oh, yes!" "Put a half-ring outside of that little corner, letting it touch the figure by ends." "Another at the 'lower left,' touching in the same way." "One at the 'lower right' and one at the 'upper left.'" The figure being completed, again comes the pause for rest, the admiration, the talk, the joy and laughter. When the relaxation is complete, the question is asked, "Should you like to change this figure to another without breaking it up?" "Oh, yes!" "How many half-rings have you used altogether?" "Eight." "How many are inside?" "Four." "How many are outside?" "Four." "The four that are inside are to be left where they now are—the four that are outside you may take away."

"Touch the ones at 'upper right' and 'lower left.'" "Take them away from the figure." "Touch the ones at 'lower right' and 'upper left.'" "Take them away." "The four half-rings that you have taken away, you may place again outside of the other four—wherever you choose, so that you make all the sides of the figure look alike." Should a child place the first half-ring at the right, he is taught to place the second at the left. He makes no mistake in placing the third at front or back, as in either case, he follows the law. Figs. 2, 3 and 4 show transformations of Fig. 1, resulting from change of position of the outside half-rings. Sometimes the figures thus made are duplicates, but oftener show great variety. By the increased number of rings and half-rings used in large figures, these changes can be multiplied indefinitely, and it is not unusual to see the original figure transformed into as many new ones as there are children. For these little tots, as well as grown people, like to be original, and delight in making as many new figures as possible. One who looks for the first time on a directed exercise in ring-laying, on hearing the direction given to take away a designated number of rings and half-rings, and make new figures, is surprised to see a different figure suddenly appear before each child, as if by magic, the magic consisting in nothing, however, but in following the simple rule, "Keep your opposites alike." For instance, let Fig. 5 be laid by direction, with liberty given to take away and change the position of all the pieces except the four whole rings in the center, and Figs. 6, 7, 8, 9 and numberless others would result—four additional half-rings being used in Fig. 9.) Often, when the directions have lasted long enough, and the time has come to invent, the children say, "Mayn't we go on changing this figure, instead of making what we please?"—and of course are

allowed to do so, sublimely unconscious, unless reminded of it, that they are doing exactly "what they please!" If they proceed methodically in their inventions, and with an evident purpose, they are furnished with more material with which to work out their ideas.

In these exercises eye and hand are trained to accuracy, and a taste is formed for symmetry. Owing to the curve, the combinations of whole and half-rings give a sense of satisfaction and pleasure not afforded by the use of previous gifts. The curve is the "line of beauty,"—it is found everywhere in nature, and gives in a higher degree than the straight line, ideas of the beautiful.

"There is nothing absolutely perfect in nature. Take the circle, a figure having every point of the circumference equi-distant from the center, but if any point of this circumference lies farther than another from the center only by an infinitesimal distance, it ceases to be a circle. There is not a perfect line, triangle, square, circle, cone, cube or sphere in the universe. That is, the true idea of each is not realized. We only get glimpses of it through their material embodiment. The perfect circle exists only in the world of ideas." W. F. Evans.

The figures made by the whole and half rings are of course simple, but in this very simplicity lies the foundation of all beauty. In a "Plea for Kindergarten," 1869, Miss Peabody says, "Intellect is developed by the appreciation of individual forms and those relations to each other which are agreeable to the eye. There are forms that never tire. In the work of Hay," (on Symmetrical Beauty) "to which allusion has been made, it is shown that every ancient vase is a complex of curves that belong to one form or to three forms or to five forms; but all vases whose curves belong to one form are the most beautiful. These ground forms are of petals of flowers; and the mathematical appreciation of them is very interesting, showing that the forces of nature act to produce a certain symmetry, as has lately been demonstrated in snowflakes and crystals, that have been respectively called 'the lilies of the sky' and 'the lilies of the rocks,' (for the lily is the most symmetrical of flowers.)"

Every impression made upon the outer eye and ear, is made also upon the inner eye and ear—that is—upon the real being. The ennobling and refining effects upon young and old of beautiful sights and sounds is unquestioned.

The younger children are, the more strongly

are they influenced—very young children being perfectly passive and receptive to all influences, good and evil, because, as the Baroness Bulow has so beautifully expressed in the book on "The Child," "They have no power of resistance, no judgment; they must appropriate external things to their growth, and the external is yet mightier than themselves." Is it then of no importance, that their surroundings shall be such as to elevate rather than degrade? Should not every means be employed to give a right direction to their tastes, to cultivate an early development of the sense of beauty, and an inclination toward "the Ideal, which is the Real?"

KINDERGARTEN SONG.

SONG OF THE BEE.*

"Buzz! This is the song of the bee; His legs are of yellow, A jolly good fellow, And yet a great worker is he! In days that are sunny, He's getting his honey, In days that are cloudy He's making his wax; On pinks and on lilies, And gay daffodilies, And columbine blossoms, He levies a tax. Buzz! This is the song of the bee, etc.

"The sweet smelling clover He, humming, hangs over, The scent of the roses Makes fragrant his wings; He never gets lazy; From thistle and daisy And weeds of the meadow Some treasure he brings.

"From morning's first gray light, Till fading of daylight, He's singing and toiling, The summer day through; Oh, we may get weary, And think work is dreary; 'Tis harder by far To have nothing to do."

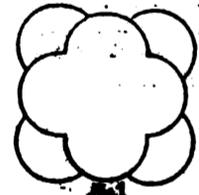
*Author of "Song of the Bee" unknown.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Mrs. D.," Elyria, Ohio, "F. H. B.," Milwaukee, and "S. M. S.," St. Louis, your letters have been answered by mail.

"Mrs. M. M. J.," Battle Creek, Mich.:—Your first letter answered by mail. The tuition for the course of Kindergarten training in Philadelphia is \$100. Boarding may be had from \$5.00 a week upward. The minimum salary paid to teachers in public kindergartens is \$300—maximum, \$375. In Boston \$800. Write directly to Chicago, in regard to course of training. To the remaining questions in your second letter no other answers are possible than the ones already given.

"Mrs. J. A. E.," Newport, R. I.:—In the genuine kindergarten children are never required, nor even encouraged to commit verses to memory. By listening to and singing with the kindergarten many songs are learned by them quickly and correctly. Whatever they enjoy they are sure to remember. They love the songs and learn them without effort and with delight. That which is often made a torture to the memory, i. e., committing a certain number of lines, at stated periods, and within certain limits of time, cannot fail to be harmful to so young children. It would be doing you and them no kindness to recommend for that purpose, verses, which however good in themselves, might yet prove injurious if used in this way with children of the kindergarten age.



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No. 4

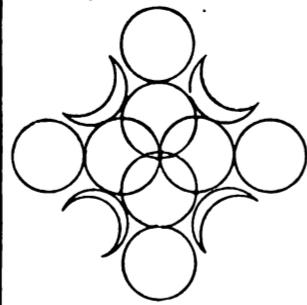
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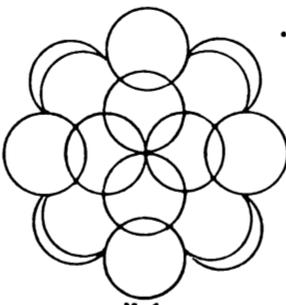
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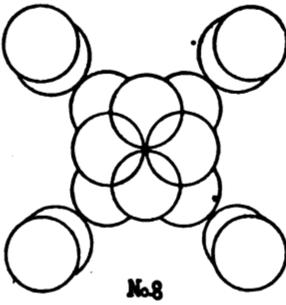
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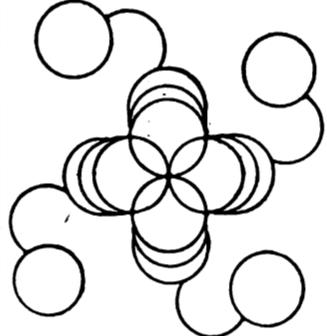
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No. 6



No. 8



No. 9

The younger children are, the more strongly

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As the weather grows warm, the sale of James Pyle's Pearline Washing Compound rapidly increases. This proves that many women recognize the fact that PEARLINE makes washing and cleaning very much easier than when done with the ordinary means. Proves also that summer clothing, being of delicate texture and color, will not stand the rough usage necessary when washed with soap, and establishes the fact that PEARLINE, in doing away with the rubbing, lessens the wear and tear and fills a very important place. Delightful for bathing in fresh or salt water. Its ingredients render it harmless to the most delicate skin. Especially during the hot weather it is to your advantage to use PEARLINE, and only humane to supply your servants with it, and thus lighten their labors; besides you insure much better results. Beware of imitations. JAMES PYLE, New York.

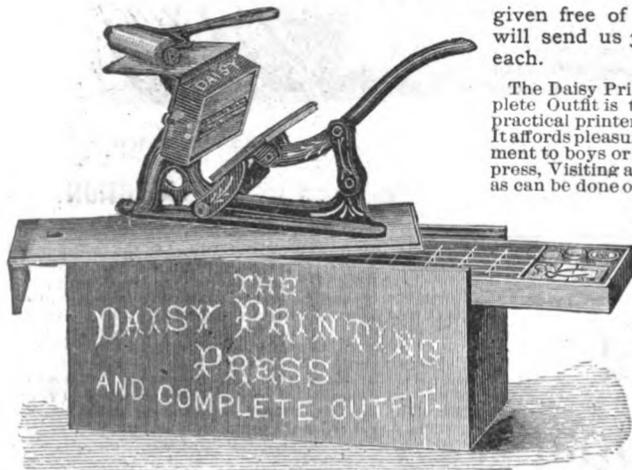
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The Daisy Printing Press, Type and Complete Outfit is the newest and only really practical printers' equipment for beginners. It affords pleasure and remunerative employment to boys or girls, who can print with this press, Visiting and Business Cards as perfect as can be done on presses costing many times the extremely low price of the Daisy. The very first order you get for printing may amount to two or three times the cost of this valuable outfit, so that in reality you will only have executed a little pleasant labor and have the source of considerable profit in the end.

learns to "set up" and "distribute" type, besides being a wonderful improvement over any other method for adjusting the form for Visiting Cards. It also includes the Composition Ink Roller, Can of the best Card Ink, and a full, regular font of Fancy Card Type, with Spaces and Quads. The whole put up in a neat sliding-cover wooden box, with full directions to amateurs, How to Print, How to set Type.

This Printing Press, 1 Composition Ink Roller, 1 Can best Card Ink, 1 Composing Pallet, and a full, regular font of Fancy Card Type, including Quads and Spaces.

The whole put up in a neat wooden box, with full directions to amateurs—How to Print, How to Set Type, etc.

Furthermore we will give free a Package of Cards to begin with. Must be sent by express, the receiver to pay charges which will be light as it weighs but a trifle over 4 pounds—just too much to send by mail.

The regular price of this outfit is \$2.50. We have always sold it for that amount until now. Now we reduce the price to \$1.80.

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Child's Decorated China Tea Set.

Given for only 20 trial subscribers at 10 cents each; or, for only 10 trial subscriptions and 50 cents extra in cash.



The handsomest toy set we have ever given, consists of 23 pieces handsomely decorated in gold, Tea Pot, Sugar Bowl, Cream Pitcher, 6 Plates and Cups and Saucers. Plates are 2 3/4 inches in diameter, other pieces in proportion. Size of set can be judged accordingly. The shape is new and unique, made in Germany for us and imported expressly for the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. By having them made in large quantities we can afford to sell them at a low price, only \$1.00, carefully packed in a strong wooden box and can be sent to any address with safety.

Should be sent by express, which will be but a trifle to any point east of the Rocky Mountains, can be sent by mail to distant points for 50 cents extra.

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The only Hair Curler made which avoids bringing the heated iron in direct contact with the hair. Always bright and clean. No soiling or burning the hair or hands. Highest recommendations from ladies who have used it.

Enameled handles. Handsomely nickel-plated shell and spring.

DIRECTIONS.

Insert the heated rod, leaving it until the curling shell attains the desired temperature. Catch the ends of the hair beneath the clasp and wind around the shell which will retain sufficient heat to curl it. While using the shell, the rod can be reheated and will be ready for instant use to heat the shell for the next curl. A light pressure on the spring will loosen the hair and it can be easily removed, leaving the curl in its natural position.

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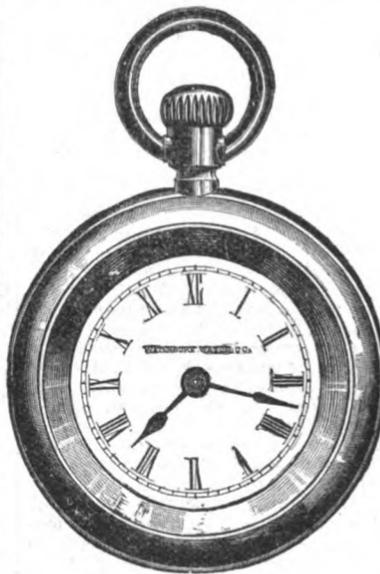
Who will send us only 50 Trial Subscribers at 10 cents each, THIS MONTH.

Any bright boy can find 50 women in an hours time, among his neighbors and mother's friends who will cheerfully pay him 10 cents for a four months trial subscription. Send for sample copies and distribute them all over the neighborhood, and you will find no trouble in getting a ten-cent subscription from every woman you call upon. They all want a good domestic journal, and ten cents is so small a sum of money that even the poorest can afford it, and all will be glad of the chance to get it four whole months for so little money. Why, boys! you can pick up a hundred just as easy as fifty, and earn quite a number of premiums.

A Good Watch for the Boys!

A GOOD, RELIABLE TIME-KEEPER WARRANTED BY US THOROUGHLY FIRST-CLASS IN EVERY RESPECT.

This watch given as a free present to any boy sending us 50 ten-cent trial subscribers.



[FACE.]



[ELEGANT NEW BACK.]

THE WATERBURY WATCH is a stem-winder, and will run 28 hours. The case is Nickel-Silver, and will always remain as bright as a new silver dollar. The watch has a heavy beveled edge, and crystal face. The works of the Watch are made with the finest automatic machinery. Every Watch is Tested in varying positions and is perfect before leaving the factory. Each watch is put up in a handsome new improved *Satin-lined* case, for safe transportation through the mails.

So well-known have these watches become, thousands are buying them in preference to higher-priced watches. The Company are now making 1,000 watches each day, an average of 1 1/2 watches per minute.

This watch is thoroughly reliable, and will keep just as good time as any watch costing \$40 or \$50. If parents could only understand how this watch is made, and that it is really just as good a time-keeper as any costly watch, the company would not be able to supply the demand. Boys, you will find this a valuable premium, well worth working for.

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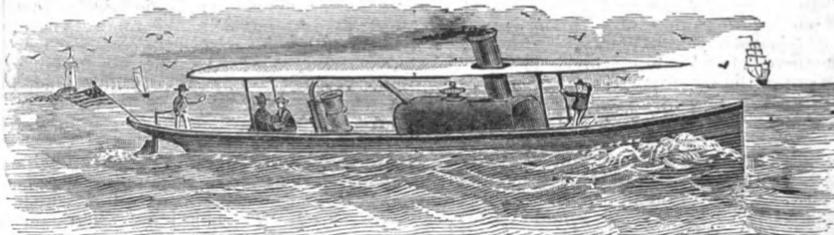
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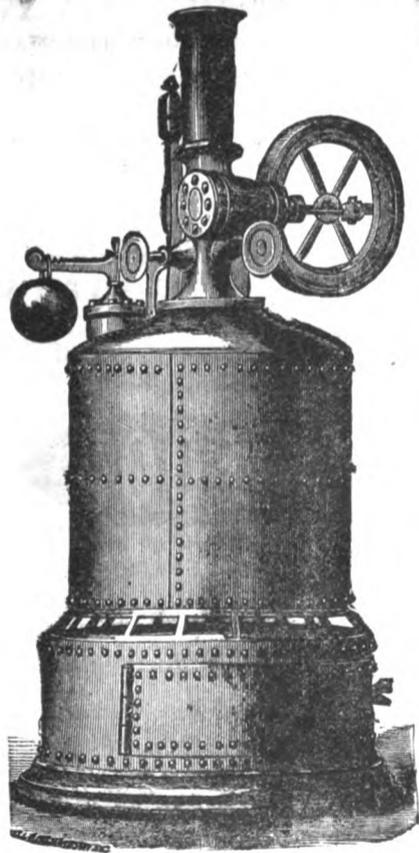
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