

# The Ladies' Home Journal.

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## IF OUR OLD CLOCK COULD SPEAK.

BY WILL CARLETON

Them Solemn key-hole eyes;  
It's umpired many a lively game  
O' social hide-an'-seek;  
'Twould score a number o' the same,  
Providin' it could speak !

IV.

How our folks drove to town one day,  
An' lef' us chil'run free  
With self-protectin' things to play,  
"But let the ol' clock be;"  
An' though we young 'uns (never still)  
Hadn't thought o' that before  
We now couldn't let it 'lone, until  
It crashed down on the floor !  
We tremblin' set it up again,  
Half-runnin', with a squeak;  
'Twas lucky for our jackets, then,  
The critter couldn't speak !

V.

How ol' folks went to church, one night,  
An' lef' us all—sly elves—  
If we'd conduct there—good an' right—  
A meetin' by ourselves;  
But neighbor gals an' boys in teens  
Walked in—an' first we knew,  
We fell to playin' "Oats peas beans,"  
"Snap up and catch 'em," too;  
We scattered, when, by good car-luck  
She heard the big gate creak:  
The ol' clock frowned an' ticked an'  
struck  
But couldn't make out to speak !

VI.

Ah me ! the facts 'twould just let fly,  
Suppose it had the power !  
Of courtin' chaps, when on the sly,  
They turned it back an hour;  
Of weddin's—holdin' tender yet,  
The bride's last virgin grace;  
Of fun'rals—where it peeped to get  
A good look at The Face;  
It knows the inside-out o' folks—  
An' Nature's every freak;  
I'd write a book, if I could coax  
That wise ol' clock to speak !

VII.

Still straight as any gun it stan's  
Ag'in the kitchen wall;  
An' slowly waves its solemn han's  
Outlivin' of us all !  
I venerate some clocks I've seen,  
As e'en a most sublime:  
They form revolvin' links between  
Eternity an' time.  
An' when you come to take the pains  
To strike a dreamy streak,  
The figurative fact remains,  
That all the clocks can speak.

II.

In rain or shine, through peace an' war,  
It's still been, as appears,  
A member of our family, for  
Some five an' fifty years;  
It's stood right there, through thick an' thin,  
An' kep' track of the sun,  
An' raked its own opinions in  
'Bout what we mortals done;  
It's hed good watch o' young an' old  
(An' looked so mild an' meek !)  
Some anecdotes ther' would be told,  
If our old clock could speak !

III.

It's stood aroun' at every meal,  
Mid clash o' plate an' cup,  
An' heard us our ide's reveal,  
An' size the neighbors up;  
It's traced our little bickerin's, too,  
An seemed to sympathize,  
A squintin' softly at us through

I  
It isn't a scrumptious thing to see—  
It's rather short o' paint—  
It's brow will al'ays wrinkled be—  
It's tick is growin' faint;  
The circulation's noways good—  
The j'int's too stiffly play—  
It some'at of ner than it should,  
Forgits the time o' day;  
'Twill stop an' try to recollect  
Fur somethin' like a week;  
But there'd be music, I suspect,  
If our ol' clock could speak !

THE MISTAKES OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

Of American snobbery, (the bowing down to a Lord, etc.,) who has not seen that the farther we get from George Washington and Thomas Jefferson, the more we are getting to respect mere title? The recent marriages of American beauties with titled Englishmen, have excited more interest in our own country than ever before. It is a mistake of our republicanism which we would gladly ignore.

But few diseases are cured without a heroic remedy, and after thorough diagnosis. We may as well be the first to accuse ourselves of our national sins and take the bitter pill at once. If Americans do behave in either a savage or ignorant way in Europe, it is well that they should confess it to themselves, or else they should bear the sarcasms patiently, which are showered on them by English authors.

They can escape all these by a slight attention to a recognized etiquette. It seems almost impossible, that an American woman, with her drowsy of quick intelligence and the imitative faculty, which makes her so clever an artist, so skillful a musician, so honorable in her desire for education, so well dressed and so well mannered as she becomes almost immediately after contact with the world, should remain so oblivious of the proprieties, which she shocks, and which no well intentioned woman wishes to shock.

Yet here is where she fails. That very absence of reverence for her mother, of which she is not herself aware, which dates back to her nursery, makes her impatient of advice and angry at the implied disbelief in her own knowledge. An American girl in Europe does not like to be told of her faults. She would rather appear badly than to be told of it.

The great moral purity of American girls, the honor in which American women are held by men, the utter absence of any morbidity in their relations, is not understood in Europe. Its rareness and the impossibility to a foreign mind, has done much to cause mistakes. A girl is angry at being suspected of impropriety, she disdains therefore, common prudence.

And it is absurd to deny the fact that in the latter half of the nineteenth century, that what is called flirtation, and fastness has helped some women to succeed. Fastness of manners, is certainly rapidly on the increase and it has been the cause of elevating several women to the Peerage of England, and to other places of power, and fashion.

It is very well known that several women have risen in New York society by their flirtations with fashionable men, they would not have been heard of else. But if two or three women, blessed with a serene indifference to decency have succeeded, what shall console those who fail?

Innocent young women, pretty and naturally desirous of admiration, look at these women, wonder and admire. Unfortunately, too, they then copy them, sometimes with success and talent, sometimes alas, awkwardly, and she who copies a bad model badly, becomes a laughing stock.

The tendency of short-sighted people to gain advantages somehow, honestly if they can, but to get the thing desired is the oldest mistake in the world. It is the mistake of the gambler who gains in an hour the fortune which a hard working man may pant after for years in vain.

It is the mistake of the superficial in every profession. Flirtation thus being one of the high roads to fashionable notoriety, and falling in as it does with the elderly vanity and egotism of silly women, we must not be surprised to see the women of fifty assuming the graces of sixteen, and occupying the corridors and piazzas of watering place hotels with feeble attendant swains.

It is a melancholy spectacle, particularly to her sons and daughters. But her end is gained if she hears some one has said, "Mrs. Feathercap is such a fascinating woman to gentlemen." She dresses, poses and lives painfully to reach this goal, and becomes the worse model for her young country women in Europe.

Flirtation amongst the young is forgiven because it is very like the best and noblest event of human life, a true and honest love affair. It is a good artificial rose, very like the real thing. Youth and high spirits being good things to have, we forgive their excesses and pardon their follies. There is no doubt that a coquetish and flirtatious girl, however, although she may become very fashionable, the reigning belle and toast, is dangerously periling her chances for a good marriage by her habits of free bootery. No man in his senses cares to marry a free lance. Let her catch her fish, land him safely, and then as a young married woman, let her go and succeed as a married flirt. She will gain a fashionable position and a detestable reputation.

It is a mistake to suppose it desirable. Some old-fashioned people notice a lamentable break in the refinement of manners, and the correctness of morals, since the days of Lady Washington.

It is even urged that both American and English women outrage etiquette, and are applauded for doing so. Such of course, is the criticism upon that small segment of society known as the ultra fashionable. "Do not," said an English lady of the best society, "do not consider the professional beauties and the fast women who compose the Prince of Wales set are types of English society. They are the fungi which grow on the oak. When the Prince becomes King, he will back the whole fabric of fashionable vice out of doors."

try, any city where it is not known? Can she find a happy solitude? Anonymous letters follow her. Her eyes glance furtively about the Casino, the Kuursaal, the Concert Room, the Hotel to see if those who knew her when innocent are seeing her now. Even the man who has married her is watching her furtively, for who can trust such a woman? Her glory is nothing but ashes.

Remember, too, looking at the subject from even the low point of self interest, that perhaps you might not even reach her false elevation. She may have had an extraordinary beauty, a wit, a cleverness.

These gifts were to be sure but the "ignis fatuus" which swamped her, yet they were brilliant, delusive, and led men on. Although you might follow her in being false and flirtatious, yet you may make a conspicuous failure where she made what is called a success.

No success which is not honestly gained is worth a pin. If it is money, it stings, if it is place and position, it becomes the shirt of Nessus.

But for the well mannered and well behaved American woman, what success follows her at home and abroad! She is the present and future of America's nobility. All men bow down to her. She is the Queen to the man who loves her, he treats her with every respect. She is the proud mother of sons and daughters, who say, "Let me be a gentleman, let me be a lady, for my mother taught me to be either."

"It was she who taught me honor, loyalty, duty, respect, politeness, kindness, let me aspire to be what my mother was."

The manners of a nation, express its morals. No country can have any pretensions to good manners unless its women are modest and most dignified. They carry in their gentle hands the rod of empire.

The most serious blunder which a young man can fall into is to have a flirtation with a married woman. A thousand of these affairs may begin innocently enough, but a vain woman may secure first a young man's attentions, then his affections, then she may prevent any such thing as an honest love affair.

Marriage is a very different thing, to the European mind from the definite and respectable choice of a beloved partner for one's joys and sorrows, such as marriage is in America.

It is in Europe, an arrangement, it includes no necessity of constancy. The wife must be respected, but the husband loses no social esteem if he is openly inconstant. His wife pays with her money for his title, and she is, if an American, supposed to be very lucky, if he introduces her into good society and then neglects her.

To a woman who is frivolous, and made up of vulgar vanity, there may be gratification in seeing other Americans stare at her name and title are called out, at the door of an Opera or a Queen's drawing room. That may repay her for hours of abandonment, insult and a position where she is only on sufferance, but to those who with fresh hearts, and with the honest inexperienced hope, and trust of young womanhood, have entered into marriage, expecting happiness, how many realize their dreams? How rarely does the young American wife in Europe look happy. There are notable exceptions to this rule. There are American wives who are very happy in foreign homes, and to the honor of the American name these wives have almost always behaved well. If they have become Princesses, or Duchesses, or Countesses they have done honor to the coronet. If they have not been well treated they have borne their neglect with patience.

There are two or three classes of foreigners who make good husbands. Men who have a definite place in diplomacy, something to do, a place to fill, the firm anchorage of work. The idle possessors of mere title, who marry an American fortune, to gild a decaying coronet, do not generally make good husbands. Even if they are disposed to treat a wife well, ten to one the family does not. The wife has no ancestral importance, she does not date back to the conquest. She is very handsome and well dressed, but does she not wish that she were with her own family? Those who cared for her in health and sickness? She is not in a land where she had no superiors. She is patronized, she must go in last at table, she is an American!

The etiquette of marriage should be as formal and as studied as that of any other institution. If a man marries a woman for her money he should never let her suspect it. He should treat her with more than the usual respect and kindness.

The most calculating people in the world, the French, who marry their children to each other without speaking of love, demand that each pay the same into the common stock. Indeed if the money question comes in, that would seem to be the best and most honest arrangement. It is, however, delightful to all unsophisticated humans to see a young couple really in love, and to find the question of interest ignored.

It is not strange that parents who have felt the evils of poverty should wish their children to marry money. There is no want so perceptible to maturity as a want of money. It is in its way everything, but the mistake of the 19th Century is to suppose, that it always brings even consideration.

The man who marries for money, may have ease and social pre-eminence for awhile, but there is a class which he always looks up to, and before whom he must feel rather ashamed.

These are the hard working successful men who have made their own way.

There is much that is very disadvantageous and humiliating in the contrast of the fat, sleek and lazy horse, with the full-blooded, high-mettled racer. There is no such admiration felt for the man who has been fortunate, as is felt for him who deserves fortune. As for the life of the young man who makes a show for a few years that he may finally marry an heiress, nothing is so contemptible. He lives a purely selfish existence. He is a mere cumbrer of the ground. He may become an accomplished man of society, he may be a convenient man to ask to dinner, he may be a

club favorite, but he becomes a colorless, civil useless nonentity, but he finds out after a few tiresome years that he has been one of the mistakes.

"Lord Angelo is precise, Stands at a guard with envy, scarce confesses That his blood flows, or that his appetite, Is more to breed than stone."

It is strange where fashion got this mistake! The errors of youthful blood have ever been forgiven and the wildest boy often makes the noblest gentleman. But a man who has no warmth, no strength, only selfishness, he is a false growth of the miasmatic slums of an old civilization, we do not need him in the New World. It is a mistake to copy the vices of the old world. The law of primogeniture has made the whole English world selfish, we have no privileged class; therefore we can afford to escape some of the mistakes which years of civilization have created.

We might have the manners but not the morals of a Chesterfield.

M. E. W. SHERWOOD.

MODERN DIVORCES—SOME ADVICE TO WIVES.

"There's another one of them!" said an old bachelor friend. "Haven't I had an escape?" he added.

"Another one of what?" I asked. "Oh, another fashionable woman seeking a divorce," said he.

"Yes, it is very appalling," said I. "What do you suppose is the cause?"

And so we fell to discussing this great question that each year seems to render more likely to be discussed—a subject that once was little talked of because divorces were so rare. My bachelor friend had some sound opinions on the subject, and one of them exactly coincided with my own. It is this, no marriage can be happy where the husband is not the principal bread-winner or the one who supplies the bulk of the income. That is why these marriages with titled foreigners invariably are unhappy; because the wife possesses the fortune. Sooner or later, generally very soon, a wife ceases to care for a man who is willing to be supported by her income. It is a perversion of nature, and nature always reacts. No matter how large a fortune a wife has, the husband should be independent of her. If he has not a fortune of his own, he should engage in some business whereby he could earn enough for his individual wants if not for the rest of the family. Besides, unless he has a pursuit in life which he must attend to whether he will or no, he is sure to get into mischief. We read of one New York girl whose father was obliged to spend a fortune to settle her husband's gambling debts. Foolish father and foolish wife! Could they not see that such a course only dragged them all deeper in the mire? A man of that kind is usually past redemption; or, if it were possible, the only way would be to make him earn the money to extricate himself. In the toil necessary for such extrication would the taste for gambling probably be obliterated, but, without compulsory labor, never.

That the divorces among people of prominence in other countries is affecting our own men and women is plainly seen. A few years ago a respectable woman would be ashamed to be divorced. Of course there are exceptional cases where the husband's cruelty, or wife's infidelity makes divorce necessary. But most of the fashionable women here seek divorce, simply, as I heard one say, because her husband was so different from what she expected. She thought he was richer, etc.

"I wonder if any marriage on earth turns out just as one supposes!" said a young wife, the other day.

I know of hundreds of very happy marriages where the husband and wife are all the world to each other, where the husband tells his business annoyances, and the wife listens attentively, where the wife tells the troubles of the household and is sympathized with, and where after that they throw care to the winds, and say, "Who cares? We have each other?"

Happy husband, happy wife! Nothing is serious to them but their love. Strifes may come and go, people may speak ill of them if they choose, but all the ills this world can bring are turned to gentle zephyrs as they blow over the loving couple. If the servants leave suddenly, they only laugh, and think the going out to dine an opportunity for a sort of picnic; if business troubles come, they console themselves with the thought that so long as they have each other it doesn't so much matter what else happens. They laugh at the idea of wearing the same clothes two or three seasons and think to drink beer at night with their dinner, instead of expensive wines, a great joke. I've known ever so many such cases, but of them all, every husband was in business, no matter how much money his wife could earn or had inherited. How they do laugh with mingled contempt and pity at the poor rich girl married to a distinguished (?) foreigner, who in all probability goes down to her grave, never knowing the greatest possession this world can give, something that all her father's money can't buy—the true oneness of a happy marriage, the love of an honorable man, the love that makes them prize an evening passed together in each other's society far more delightful than all the fine dinner parties or Patriarch's balls that ever were given.

Another reason for divorces seems to be the growing distrust in each other. A wife should never be afraid to tell the whole truth to her husband. What if she has been extravagant? Don't add the extra cost of a gown on the grocer's bill, but tell your husband the truth. He'll scold a little perhaps, but will kiss away the first glistening of a tear. Believe in your husband, if all the world tell you he is not honorable, until you discover it for yourself. I am reminded of this by a young wife, who mistrusted her husband simply because in running for some political office, the opposing side so maligned him. It was a terrible awakening, she said, who had imagined she was married "To just the best man in the

world." But, God bless most of the wives, they have the gift of believing their Johns, Freds and Harrys are all that is noble, whether they are so or not. So it is only the few women who belong to that uncomfortable class that are always looking for flaws, and frequently have their diligence in this direction rewarded, who are at all disturbed by what they may hear of their husbands.

This reminds me of a story which I know to be true. A certain young wife went to a sensible old uncle and complained that her husband was growing less attentive.

"He seems absorbed," she said, "and I just believe he is flirting, or doing something he doesn't wish me to know about, for he won't confide in me."

"Well," said the uncle, "perhaps his business worries him."

"Oh no," said the wife, "for he don't look over my expenditures, as once he did; he lets me be ever so extravagant; so it can't be money you know. I hunt every night in his clothes for *billets doux*, but haven't found any, and I think of all the dreadful things men are liable to do, but I haven't quite hit upon the right thing yet."

The uncle suggested that if she was looking for faults she would undoubtedly find them before long, as they were sure to grow in a man who had such a suspicious wife.

"Why don't you," said he, "instead of hunting for the bad he is doing, or rather you think he is doing, try and hunt up some of his good qualities? If he isn't good, the fact that you think he is will make him better, just as the other process will make him fall into bad habits."

The sequel is that she began her hunt, and discovered that he was passing through fearful financial difficulties, with threatened law suits and that he had permitted her to be even a little more extravagant than usual, knowing it couldn't affect his business much either way, all to save his young wife from fret or worry. He was, it is true, less jovial; but he didn't know it. He tried to be the same at home, but it was so hard. Well, the wife found him out, and I don't know of a more loving couple to-day.

"It beats the world," said the uncle, who told me the story, "how much good we can unearth if we try hard enough."

I would recommend this to all suspicious wives: Hunt for the good in your husbands. The bad—if there is any—will come to the front soon enough, but you will ward it off, and perhaps scatter it forever in not looking for it.

Still another cause which leads to divorce is the fact that husband and wife unconsciously grow apart, simply because they have a different set of friends. I know at a reception I attended last winter not three of the guests knew their host, they were acquaintances of the wife. It was not her fault. She was proud of him, and would have gladly had him meet her friends, but whenever they called he would be tired, or annoyed, or for some slight disinclination would say, "You make my excuses to them, my dear." The husbands have their club friends, who never meet the wife. If the husband would entertain his friends at his home, and the wife insist he should know her friends, one great element of distrust and discord would be removed. A husband should be his wife's guardian. Is he not wanting in this great trust, when he allows her to have friends with whom he has no acquaintance? Have your friends in common. It leads to delightful evenings and much happiness.

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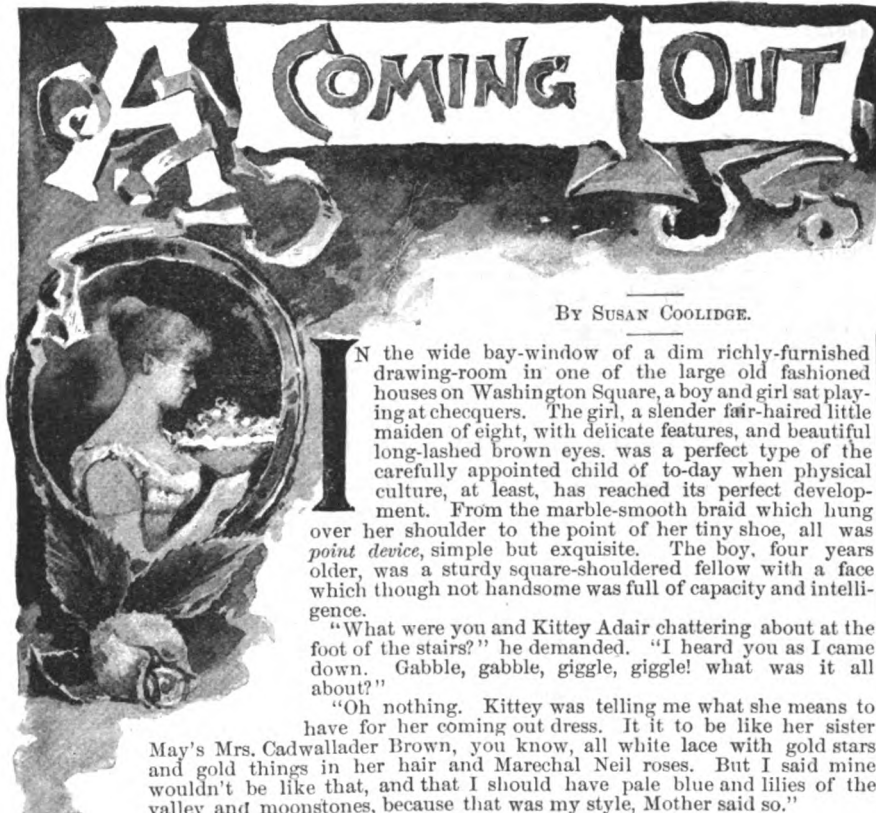
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BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

**I**N the wide bay-window of a dim richly-furnished drawing-room in one of the large old fashioned houses on Washington Square, a boy and girl sat playing at chequers. The girl, a slender fair-haired little maiden of eight, with delicate features, and beautiful long-lashed brown eyes, was a perfect type of the carefully appointed child of to-day when physical culture, at least, has reached its perfect development. From the marble-smooth braid which hung over her shoulder to the point of her tiny shoe, all was *point device*, simple but exquisite. The boy, four years older, was a sturdy square-shouldered fellow with a face which though not handsome was full of capacity and intelligence.

"What were you and Kittey Adair chattering about at the foot of the stairs?" he demanded. "I heard you as I came down. Gabble, gabble, giggle, giggle! what was it all about?"

"Oh nothing. Kittey was telling me what she means to have for her coming out dress. It is to be like her sister May's Mrs. Cadwallader Brown, you know, all white lace with gold stars and gold things in her hair and Marechal Neil roses. But I said mine wouldn't be like that, and that I should have pale blue and lilies of the valley and moonstones, because that was my style, Mother said so."

"Your style! Oh Angel, don't be such a little parrot."

"Mamma did say so," in an aggrieved tone.

"I can't help it if she did. That's the way women talk, silly things. 'Style' indeed, for a baby like you!"

"I'm not a baby. I wish you wouldn't say such things to me, Brrey Gray. Boys don't know anything about sc—sc—society of course. Its a very important thing. Everybody knows that."

"It isn't important! Its just stuff and nonsense. People who talk that way don't know what important things are."

"Well, what are they?"

"Oh, politics, and Mr. Gladstone and the telephone and whether Stanley's dead or not. You couldn't understand if I were to tell you, because you are a girl. Men don't care for such foolishness. They read the papers and have lots to think about. They don't know what kind of clothes girls wear."

"Yes they do. I heard Mamma say that at the Patriarches it was always the girls with dresses from Paris who got the best partners. They care a great deal Berry, you can't tell because you're only a boy."

"And you're only a baby. It makes me sick to hear you talk like that. Now move. It's your turn."

"I don't care," retorted Angela as she made her move. "When I come out I shall have lots and lots of things from Paris, and go to balls and Germans, and have partners just like real young ladies, and they will send me bouquets, and all, you'll be glad enough to come with me here, I guess."

"No I shant. Do you think I'm going to hang round always, and dance? I shall be away somewhere at work. Perhaps if I am an engineer, I'll be laying telegraph lines way up in Siberia, or finding a gold mine at the North Pole. Its a shame you're a girl Angel. If you were a boy you'd come with me and we'd do everything together and be real chummy."

"I don't want to be a boy. Boys don't understand, or keep themselves nice or— or anything. But we are chummy if I am not a boy aren't we Berry?" with a note of anxiety in her voice.

"Well, so so. It can't be the same you know. Now don't feel bad about it," for Angela looked ready to cry. "Nature has set bounds between the sexes." I saw that in a book the other day, you're a good little thing though you are a girl. There, now, I've got a king, go on."

Berrington Grey was an orphan ward of Mr. Carstairs', Angela's father, who had been his father's college friend. Left early an orphan, he had been received into his guardians family when Angela was about four years old, and had ever since been her constant and favorite playfellow. A considerable inheritance was to fall to him on his majority. And it cannot be said that Mrs. Carstairs' dreams of the future were altogether unaffected by this fact. She now remarked, looking past the portiere over the library door to where the children, their squabble ended, sat silent at the game:—

"How fond they have always been of each other. It would be droll, wouldn't it, if after Angela grows up and comes out, anything serious were to come of it?"

"My dear" said her husband, laying down his paper, "Don't you think we can let two children of eight and twelve play in peace without looking on so far as that?"

"Oh certainly, I was only thinking how droll it would be."

"Berry doesn't seem to have any drollery of the sort in his head at present. Didn't I hear them quarrelling just now?"

"Yes, they do quarrel sometimes, but it never amounts to anything. They are really devoted to each other."

When Angela Carstairs was born, there arrived from a rich old Aunt in Paris for the use of the baby, six cambric dresses with skirts of inordinate length, in which countless yards of exquisitely fine Valenciennes were inserted. The edges of the skirts were finished with lace of the same quality seven inches wide, the little bodies were trimmed to correspond; altogether the gift was as extravagant, costly and useless as gifts from

rich Aunts at a distance are apt to be when a first and only child is in question.

One of these superb dresses figured at the christening of the little Angela. The others were laid aside and one of Mrs. Carstairs' first employments after her recovery, was to rip the Valenciennes carefully from the cambric and roll it away in blue paper to prevent it from yellowing. "It's a shame to waste such lace on a baby" thought the provident young mother. "And it will make a lovely trimming for something when she grows up and comes out."

In this remark lay embodied the keynote of the little girl's future life. Already the thought of the distant "coming out" occupied her mother's mind, and from that time forward the training bestowed upon her was dominated and influenced by this leading idea. The little laughing, dimpled, leaping creature, was not merely the sweet plaything of the moment she was also the future *debutante*, the possible belle; and scarcely was she short coated when her education for this role commenced.

"You must not get so hot, dear; your skin will be permanently ruined before you come into society," Mrs. Carstairs would say when Angela at six rushed in glowing with excitement to tell of the race she had run or the ride on the pony. "Berry, you shouldn't make her do such things. Look at her hands! I declare she has been riding without gloves. My darling, you really must not be so careless."

"I hate gloves" Angela would declare, but all the same she wore them next time she went out. Persistent pressure, however gentle leaves its impress on plastic youth. Growing

with her growth, the conviction formed itself in Angela's mind, that, to a girl, good looks are of the first importance; that no pleasure was an excuse for and no fault so unpardonable as allowing her face to freckle, her hands to brown or her nose to grow red; that no pains were too great to expend on the care of her hair, the shape of her nails, the fit of her walking boots, the carriage of her head; and that all this was but the due and fitting preparation for a time of permanent importance, which was to occur when she was eighteen, and on which all life till then hinged.

"When I come out." "After I come out." "Till I come out," were phrases so frequent on her lips that Berry, who represented the other pole of opinion, and was of all the household the sole malcontent as to its dominant idea, grew irritated and scornful at the iteration, he was unwearied in his attempt to "make her see sense" as he would have expressed it. But his efforts in that direction were not very successful. The sense of twelve has little chance against the trained worldly acumen of forty, and though Berry often made Angela uncomfortable and disturbed her mind with doubts and uncertainties, the effect lasted only so long as he was at hand to remind her of them.

He was a particularly manly boy with a sturdy fund of purpose in him, which came by right of inheritance as directly as the thousands under careful cultivation in the hands of Mr. Carstairs. All the softness and luxuries of the city mansion, all Mrs. Carstairs' gentle and caressing efforts to instil polish and etiquette into his mind, were in operation to change him. A man he was bound to be and to do a man's work in the world, nothing should hold him back from this manifest destiny. He was really fond of Angela. She made him an excellent playmate at times when boys could not be had, being good humored, affectionate, quick witted, gentle and—pretty—yes, really pretty, and though Berry professed to despise looks he was insensibly affected by them. Several of his school-fellows professed to be "mashed"



on her, but he wasn't in that line himself. His affection often took the boyish form of rough teasing which made Angela cry, and though she missed him greatly, she found some reasons for consolation, and Mrs. Carstairs found a great many, when at seventeen, he was despatched at his own urgent request to Heidelberg to fit for the University and the school of mines.—Angela was then just thirteen.

After the departure of this dear but disturbing element, her life became more strictly educational than ever. Veils grew thicker, her walks were more closely chaperoned. Dentists and manicures and shampooing women were devoted to the care and development of her teeth and hair and hands. To the perfect balance of her diet and the exactitude of her early hours, the brightest of eyes and the clear pink of her round girlish

cheeks bore some testimony, as did the outlines of her slight figure, rounded to symmetry, to the fresh air and exercise which she regularly took. Every study and accomplishment was used as means to a well understood end. She practised with Indian clubs to develop her arms, she was drilled by a walking master to ensure an erect carriage. She learned to swim because so many of the favorite summer places were on the seashore, practiced with foils that she might be graceful, learned to ride because a good horsewoman was always popular, and whilst because whilst was the fashion. She had lessons on the banjo, because the banjo was such a pretty instrument to take on to a yacht, and gave her a chance to show her voice. Dancing, of course, was essential, and French, but Mrs. Carstairs frowned on Latin and Greek and did not smile on German.

"I can't see any use of those languages for girls," she would remark. "All the people who used to talk them are dead. If one ever met any ancient Greeks and Romans in society one would naturally—but one doesn't so there's an end of that. And German too, it is a harsh language at best, and I never seem to hear of anybody's making a good German match now-a-days. I'd a great deal rather Angel that you should take your spare time this winter to study up Debreit's Peerage. If we were to go abroad after you come out, and you were presented, it would be worth everything to you to know who is who, and understand how to act. I should be mortified if you were as awkward and blundering as Minna Amsterdam who didn't know the difference between an Earl and a Viscount and called the Princess of Wales "Your Ladyship!"

Angela must not teach in a sewing school because she might catch some infectious disease and spoil her looks. She was not allowed to join various girl clubs and societies to which she was invited because "one gets such a mixture of sets at such places, and I don't want you to begin wrong." In a very choice little circle she was privileged to mix, but even there under restrictions. "Oh my dear, I can't let you go to anything so large as that. People will never believe you're not out, and you'll have the reputation of having been in society for two years when you're not eighteen."

So, screened and sheltered and guarded like some rare flower in act of bloom or precious stone in process of crystallization, Angela went through her sixteenth and seventeenth years. Her education seems artificial as in one sense it was; but Angela herself, was not artificial. The very strictness of her bringing up had fostered a certain simplicity of soul. She longs intensely for the moment to arrive when she should be enfranchised and "have a good time" as she expressed it, but her aspirations were girlish and vague, and her heart was as pure from all soil and stain as the petals of a white rose. Ambition in her was a graft not a growth. Left to herself she would have been content with such successes and pleasures as are the natural outgrowth of her age but poor little Angela never was left to herself.

Her eighteenth birthday fell conveniently enough in October, but for many weeks before that time Mrs. Carstairs was busy with preparation. Even so far back as May consultations were held with dressmakers, measures sent out to Paris, and toilettes planned, with one reference to such changes of fashion as might come in with the early frosts. Lists of guests were made, entertainment after entertainment planned in orderly sequence, a whole winter of gaiety arranged for. It was like the slow processes of drills and charges and fires, which are the necessary prelude to a "blast," and go on slowly and carefully for weeks before hand, till at last the match is applied and a great explosion astonishes the world.

It was early in December when Mrs. Carstairs' long preparation culminated in the explosion which was to land her daughter in the lap of society. On that momentous day, all things being brought to a state of high perfection and the public only warned of the impending event, Angela, a vision of refined bloom, in an artistically "simple" costume of white crape, with a table full of bouquets behind her, stood by her mother's side to "receive" four or five hundred of the elite of New York. The newspapers chronicled the fact that on the 13th Mrs. Elberne Carstairs held a reception for the purpose of introducing her daughter Miss Angela May Carstairs into society, which was attended by a long list of fashionable names. And the deed was accomplished! Angela was "out."

"It all went off beautifully" pronounced Mrs. Carstairs as the door closed behind the last retreating guest—"just the nicest people were here, and I heard so many compliments about Angel. Old Peter Matthews said she was the most charming debutante he had seen for ten years, not since Christine Schuyler came out in fact—I can't tell you half he said! And Mr. McDonald whispered to me that not one of the new girls this winter could compare with her."

"Did he?" remarked Mr. Carstairs dryly. "It seems to be a stock remark with him. I heard him say pretty much the same thing to Mrs. Peters about Elsie."

To be continued.

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[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL]  
HOMELY HOMILIES.

## The Handy Man.

BY ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

"Send me now therefore a man cunning to work in gold, and in silver, and in brass, and in iron, and in purple, and crimson and blue, and that can skill to grave with the cunning men that are with me." II Chronicles, 11, 7.

I don't know how much trouble King Hiram had in finding such a man, but I judge it wasn't very much of a task, for he seems to have put his finger right on him, as he answered Solomon's letter "in writing" sending him the very man he wanted, a man who could "grave any manner of graving," and who could "find out every device which shall be put to him."

I am a little surprised at this, because I had supposed the universally "handy man" to be of modern origin and of Connecticut creation. However, something happens almost every day to surprise me out of some belief that I have rested in for years. I can't say that I like this very well, or even a little bit. I know so little, especially when my knowledge is compared with that of men who know so much that it makes their backs ache to carry it around, that it is a painful thing for me to part with any of it; giving up a cherished belief with me is like pulling a tooth. It might hurt me worse to retain it, but then the pain would be spread out thin, over a long space of period, and I wouldn't notice it so much. But to have it rudely and forceably, as it were, wrenched—not to say monkey wrenched—out of me at one fell jerk, this hurts. This is torture. This is molarity. And then, when the old tooth, which is a natural and a rational part of me, bone of my bone and nerve of my nerviest nerves, is taken away from me, the man who takes it away insists upon putting in its place a hand-made substitute, a porcelain mockery, a sort of Robert Elmsere tooth, which, it is true, cannot ache, but alas, neither can it bite, nor yet smile. It can pull itself loose on something tough, every time I try to bite with it, it compels me to a diet of soft food and spoon victuals, and if it cannot ache in good old-fashioned jumping throbs and rasping twinges, yet it can entice the seeds of the toothsome raspberry under the plate, and make the pie which sustains our broadest and best American life, a torture to me. Give me back the tooth that only ached to make me know how precious it was, and to remind me to take better care of it.

So the handy man is an "antique," and the Jack of all trades wrote himself the "son of which was the son of which was the son of," until his name looked like the registry list, long before there was any registry list for it to look like, for the father of all handy men, whom Hiram sent to Solomon more than filled the requisition. He was "skillful to work in gold, and in silver, in brass, in iron, in stone, and in timber, in purple, in blue, and in fine linen and in crimson, also to grave any manner of graving, and to find out every device which shall be put to him." There's a handy man for you. "Is there anything whereof it may be said, See, this is new? It hath been already of old time, which was before us."

I wonder, sometimes, if the modern article is any improvement on the original? I have known several handy men. I came very near being one myself. Nothing but poverty, which made it so much cheaper for me to send to Tyre for a carpenter, than to buy the tools and material and make the thing myself, together with a suicidal mania that impelled me to make way with myself, a joint or a finger at a time, every time I picked up a cutting instrument, saved my family from the sorrow of having a man who could make all the things about the house. One time, when I was a mere child—and had been nearly 25 years—I made an extension table. I invented it, also; I had to invent it, because no one had ever seen one anything like it. It worked—when it did work, for it was imbued with modern ideas and human intelligence to the extent that it was on strike most of the time and arbitrating the rest of the time,—on principle of the "lazy tongues" such as you see in the gates of the ferry boats. It closed with a strong spring, and was worked open with a crank; usually by the one who invented it. I say usually; I might say always, as it was only opened once, for active service. The company sat down to dinner, and some bunch-kneed son of Belial knocked out the toggle-pin which held the spring. The table shut itself together like the rushing of many waters; the leaves bulged out of place until the sound as of crockery was heard on the next block, and when the table closed in on itself, it caught the baby's fingers on one side, and on the other, it shut up on the nose of the minister, who, with bowed head was returning thanks, and said "Amen" through his nose, with a twang that would have warmed the heart of "that sweet youth, Richard Rumbleberry." It was very discouraging, as we sat around the room and ate our dinner from chairs and other articles of furniture, to listen to the remarks—mostly derogatory—that were made about my mechanical ingenuity and skill. The conversation flowed very freely on this topic, interrupted only by occasional sounds which resembled sobs, but were not sobs, neither did they sound so much like them as the makers of them believed we thought they did. They intruded themselves into the conversation every time any body looked at the minister. I had wrought at that table for more than six weeks, and it cost more than any two pieces of furniture in the house, and there it was. Or rather, there it wasn't.

After that, being forbidden to make anything in the house, I designed a gate. You know the great trouble with a gate, when there are boys about the house, is that you can't keep it fastened. And when there are girls in the house, you can't make it stay on its hinges. Well, we had a house full of boys and girls. I invented an ornamental gate with a spring that worked automatically, and would hold it shut as tight as a jail door, all the time,

save when great physical force, such as a dog could not apply, and a cow wouldn't know how to, was exercised. It was all right, only I put the spring on the wrong way, and it held the gate open day and night. Then I changed the spring—after being cruelly laughed at by thoughtless persons who knew nothing about the mechanism of gates—and after that it stood wide open the other way, out across the sidewalk, and all sorts of people barked themselves against it, and tried to tear it off the hinges. At last I got the spring fixed so that it held the gate shut. Most of the men who had occasion to call at the house after that, men of somewhat more than average strength, tramps, book agents, hucksters, workmen and farmers, opened the gate and came in. But children, women, and ministers, made it a rule to climb over the fence. After about four days quarantine my father sent for a blacksmith who opened the gate, wrenched off the spring and I think, sold it to a street car company. Then I quit inventing. I could have invented more things, but what I did invent didn't seem to be appreciated, and nothing chills the enthusiasm and numbs the energies of an inventor, like ingratitude.

A neighbor of mine is a "handy man." I love to see him when he is incubating. He gets an idea into his head and straightway becomes the busiest man, outside of business hours, in all Montgomery county. Last summer, he made an easy chair for his old grandmother. Made it out of a common flour barrel. Just sawed the upper half down in graceful curves, for arms; nailed a couple of cleats across the head for a seat, set it in place in the middle of the barrel, upholstered it himself, and there you were; only five weeks work—after hours,—and about \$22 worth of upholstery stuff, and you had a nice chair, made from a flour barrel that cost only 18 cents. "Eighteen cents," he said proudly, "for a chair that would cost you \$20 at any store in this town." Then they led the old lady into the parlor, and made her sit in it. "There you are, grandma," said he, but grandma wasn't there. The bottom of the chair tilted up on edge, and let the old lady through, doubled up like a letter V, and feebly squeaking for help with what little voice old age, fright, and her constrained position left her; and between them they didn't leave her very much. However, the rest of the family were gifted, vocally, and when the full strength of the entire ballet came out on the chorus grandma's little quaver didn't amount to a penny whistle in a whirlwind. They couldn't get her out the way she went in, no how, so they rolled the barrel over on its side, and pulled her through with the ice-tongs. That was the man's idea; most ingenious fellow I ever knew; regular Edison, in a non-professional way. Poor old lady's been in bed ever since. The man invented an invalid lounge—that was his own name for it, and a good one, too; only some of the neighbors thought "incurable" would be better than invalid—with a folding foot and an adjustable head, so that she might lie more comfortably. But grandma heard of it, and she sent out secretly for a lawyer, and got an injunction against the man, so he wasn't able to get her on it. He slept on it himself one night, and about fifteen minutes after he fell asleep a robber came in through the window, and hit him twice with a bed-slat full of nails. He showed us the marks of the bed-slat across his head, and the nail holes up and down his back—there were a dozen of them—the next morning, to prove it; and that same afternoon he got me out behind his cow barn and offered to trade me the new invalid lounge for two Plymouth Rock hens and an oil stove. I declined, simply on the ground that I wasn't an invalid, and consequently had no earthly use for such a lounge.

"But you would have," he said earnestly, "if you got the lounge. After you tried it once you couldn't do without it."

I said that was what I was afraid of; and it seemed to annoy him; he said I had no sense, anyhow, and for two dollars he would knock the whole head off me if I gave him any of my slack. I went into the house to get him the two dollars, but when I came out he was gone. I suppose he thought it would hardly pay him to wait a whole week for two dollars.

It wasn't long before he was a busy man again. He was at something big, we could tell. He rushed around the neighborhood, borrowing tools: I loaned him a grindstone myself; he made flying visits to the blacksmith's shop; and was seen in consultation with carpenters. We could hear him hammering and planing away long after dark, and whenever you met him, he was happy and oh, so mysterious. One day he came over to my house, carrying something that looked like an overgrown camp chair, folded. "What have you hatched now?" I asked, "pocket clothes horse?"

"Hold your breath till I open your eyes," he said, fairly nervous with excitement, "catch hold of this small end and stand still."

I caught on, and he took the other end of the mystery and ran backward; out she came as he backed off; the neatest thing in the shape of a folding ladder you ever stared at. I said: "This beats the Dutch."

"So does the English grammar," he shouted joyously, "you haven't seen anything yet; let's up-end it against the house."

So we did, and up the ladder he skipped like a Harlem fawn, and looked in at the second story window.

"Light as cork," he shouted from his airy perch, "and strong as steel."

"What holds it in place?" I asked.

"Ratchets in every joint," he said, "all set by that big brass button."

"This button?" I asked, taking hold of it to be sure that it was the one.

I had never seen but one ladder slide down the side of a house, and I didn't think it was a very amusing spectacle, because it was a common, straight ladder made all in one piece, and I was on it at the time, so I didn't have a very good view. But this was different; when that ladder began to run into itself like a telescope, it gave me a clearer idea of its construction, and the rattling noise of the upper end, as it rasped down along the siding somewhat drowned my ill-timed levity. There wasn't a

second of time for conversation, but I caught the sound of the man's voice, and got ready to give him all the room he wanted when he came down. However, the ladder shut up on both his feet and all his fingers, so that he couldn't run very well, and by the time he got himself worked loose, I had caught the train and was safe, for the time at least.

He hasn't made anything since, but he told one of the neighbors that as soon as his hands got well he was going to make a mummy of me. That's just the way with that kind of a man. He could get a good mummy, for one half the cost in time, labor and money, that he can make one for, but I suppose as soon as his hands are out of the sling, he'll be at it. And if I see any signs of it, I'm going to South America. I have no patience with these men who are experimenting on things of no use, all the time.

[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.]

## TALKS WITH THE DOCTOR.

BY LAURY MAC HENRY.

Sweet Oil, Etc.

I never quite understood why the woman in the Bible mixed "a little oil" with her meal to make a cake for herself and son, unless perhaps it was for "shortening," and if I am right in this conjecture it is a very old custom that is coming up again.

There is an immense cake and pastry baking concern in New York City who are using Cotton Seed Oil, and Ground nut (Peanut) Oil for shortening altogether, and I am assured that many private housekeepers are doing the same. Should any of my readers care to try it, they can get Cotton seed Oil, probably under the name of Union Salad Oil of any good druggist, and it ought not to cost more than seventy cents per gallon, as at wholesale an excellent quality is worth about forty-five cents. The quantity used is less in bulk than lard. Thus where your recipe calls for "half a cup of lard" use a tablespoonful of the oil. The result is a perfect marvel of flakiness—at least in the samples which I have had the pleasure of interviewing.

This may seem a rather far-fetched use for oil, but it sets one thinking of the many, many ways that oils of different kinds enter into the every day life of a household. Of course we all use table oil, but how many housekeepers know whether it is Olive oil or some imitation that they get? By far the greater part of "Huile d'Olive," "Pure Olive Oil," etc., that we see in the fine grocery stores put up in odd, long-necked thin bottles, with unspeakable foreign looking labels, and packed in straw covers and cases which plainly show evidences of the skill of a French or Italian mechanic, is grown, expressed, bottled, labeled, packed and cased in this country. Unless you are a connoisseur, you cannot tell the difference between the genuine Olive Oil, and that which is bottled from oils known in the trade as Cotton Seed Oil, Peanut Oil, Union Salad Oil, Oil of Benne, Sesame Oil, Mustard Seed Oil, etc., etc., but that need not trouble you, for all of these oils are sweet, wholesome and in no way injurious. Of course they lack the nutty flavor of true Olive Oil, but unless you are an epicure of very educated taste in this direction, you won't miss that. Neither should you have any concern that your guest may detect anything amiss with your table oil (unless it be old and strong) for the number of judges competent to distinguish the genuine oil by taste or smell is very small—probably all in this country could be numbered on your ten fingers!

In selecting your table oil then, never mind the label or brand. See that it is clear, limpid, a bright straw color, with the faintest tinge of green, and perfectly free from the least rancidity. Keep the bottle or "bottle" in a cool dark place when not in use, as nothing causes it to become rancid so quickly as bright light. By the way, this reminds me. Do you ever have trouble with your "canned fruits" spoiling? Especially canned tomatoes? I mean the good home-made kind put up in glass jars. Just try this,—when you put them away wrap each jar in dark blue paper (you can get it from the drug-store—they use it for Seidlitz powders). Then put the jars away in a dark place.

This is a good thing to remember and put in practice when you want to keep anything from spoiling from action of the light.

Did you ever notice the strong smell and taste that Essence of Lemon (and especially Oil of Lemon) gets with age? Blue paper will stop it. Now to return to our oil,—of course you know all about the uses of table oil in the cuisine, but here is another use for it very little known in this country but wonderfully popular abroad.

I refer to "Lime Juice and Glycerine,"—that deliciously clean and cool hair dressing which one finds for sale in every "chemist's shop" in England, but which can only be obtained here from some "upper ten" pharmacist, and then only as an imported article and at a very fancy price. What has all this to do with table oil? Only this,—that Lime Juice and Glycerine in all its elegance and purity consists of one half pint of good sweet oil and say six fluid ounces of Lime-water well shaken together in a pint bottle, and does not contain either Glycerine or Lime Juice!

However, the name is suggestive,—the preparation is a white cream and just the perfection of hair dressing, making the hair soft and glossy, and not greasy, and cleaning the scalp like a soap.

Another use for table oil is in making the old-fashioned but invaluable Hartshorn liniment—two parts sweet oil and one part water of ammonia (Spirit of Hartshorn).

Shake it up and you have a thick white mixture which for sprains, bruises, sore throat, etc., is unsurpassed.

If you want to use it for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, etc., add to a half pint of the liniment one half ounce Tincture of Iodine and one ounce spirit of Camphor. This makes a liniment that no family should be without—use it

wherever and whenever a liniment is called for. Another excellent old liniment for stiff neck, sore throat, strains, sprains, etc., and especially for children is "Camphorated Oil."

Take a pint of sweet oil and put it into a vessel large enough to hold a quart at least, heat it hot, being careful that it does not get afire, then break in very small pieces one half pound Camphor Gum and add. Stir for a long time, so that as much as possible of the camphor shall be dissolved. Set it off to cool and then pour the clear oil into a bottle for use.

By the way, Do you ever use hair oil? I trust not—it's not a good thing for head or hair, but almost any quantity is used, and the most of it is made of sweet oil. Now don't use a hair oil made of any vegetable oil. Why? You know as well as I do if I only remind you—because the oil if vegetable does not absorb—does not dry in, but it keeps greasy—sticky and catches dust and dirt—promotes the formation of dandruff—increases the heat of the head—makes the hair come out—dirties your comb and brush—soils your pillow—softens the hair upon application, but has the after effect of rendering it coarse—matted and harsh. I know there are many whose hair is so stiff, or unruly, that it won't stay in place without oil or pomade—and to such—in fact to all I say if you want beautiful, soft, glossy, clean hair, BRUSH IT! Use a good, heavy, well-made, but not harsh brush, and once a day give it one hundred strokes. Try it—it don't take long—it is a habit easily acquired. Do it say the last thing before retiring—you will find it a capital remedy for insomnia, and you will notice its effect on your hair in a week. Still if you think you must have grease of some kind use a pomade of lard. Bear's Grease is highly recommended, but the most of so called "Bear's Grease" is tried out of the sort of bears that they pack in Cincinnati, O. Take good, sweet lard and benzoate it thus:

Melt a pound of Lard, and while hot add one ounce of powdered Gum Benzoin, stir it well for five minutes or so, then (keeping it hot) let it settle so that the undissolved gum sinks to the bottom, then pour off the clear and add a little perfume (only a very little please), say a few drops Oil Neroli or Ylang Ylang, or Bergamot, or anything you choose and pour it into jars or glasses to cool. Lard thus prepared will keep sweet for years, and when well rubbed into the hair has none of the objections which we raise against Oils. Never-the-less I repeat—the brushing is better than any grease! and the Lime Juice and Glycerine described in this talk is the best dressing—it being in fact a nearly neutral soap.

## KNOW YOUR BUSINESS.

Mr. Vanderbilt pays his cook ten thousand dollars a year, my boy, which is a great deal more than you and I earn—or at least it is a great deal more than we get—because he can cook. That is all. Presumably because he can cook better than any other man in America. That is all. If Monsieur Saucegravi could cook tolerably well, and shoot a little, and speak three languages tolerably well, and keep books fairly, and sing some, and understood gardening pretty well, and could preach a fair sort of sermon, and knew something about horses, and could telegraph a little, and could do light porter's work, and could read proof tolerably well, and could do plain house and sign painting, and could help on a threshing machine, and knew enough law to practice in justice's courts of Kickapoo township, and had once run for the legislature, and knew how to weigh hay, he wouldn't get ten thousand dollars a year for it. He gets that just because he knows how to cook; it wouldn't make a cent's difference in his salary if he thought the world was flat and that it went around its orbit on wheels. There's nothing like knowing your business clear through, my boy, from withers to hock, whether you know anything else or not. What's the good of knowing everything? Only the sophomores are omniscient.—*Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.*

Eben E. Rexford, the Shiocton poet, who is known by reputation, if not personally, to a great many people in this part of the country, is a quiet old bachelor, and lives in a quaint bachelor's hall in the little village of Shiocton. Mr. Rexford, besides his literary pursuits, is a floriculturist of national reputation, and is under contract to write a column per month upon floriculture for a Philadelphia publication, for which he receives the moderate salary of \$1,500 a year. A large conservatory opens off his study, which is being enlarged to double its present size. It is filled with rare tropical plants and flowers. Mr. Rexford is about forty-two years of age, while his beard is beginning to show the title of the song which first made him famous, "Silver Threads Among the Gold." He is a gentleman of affable manner and pleasing address.

We find the above in *Yenowines News*, of Milwaukee. It is needless to say that the Philadelphia publication referred to is the *LADIES' HOME JOURNAL*.

## Cause and Effect.

"What's the matter?" the schoolmistress asked.

"Back's sore, ma'am."

"What made it sore?"

"Pop pounded his thumb with a hatchet this morning, and I laughed."

Impatient Husband—Where in the world have you been? I want my dinner!

Wife—Excuse me, John, but I ran down to the sewing society at five, and to my surprise it didn't wind up until eight.

Husband—You mean it was wound up at five and didn't run down till eight.

Mrs. Thomas A. Scott, of Philadelphia, Pa., has a necklace of diamonds and pearls that is valued at \$150,000. Her collection of emeralds is one of the finest in America, and the total value of the gems is at least \$500,000.

[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.]

AN ADVERTISEMENT AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

On rare occasions Mrs. Lindley or her daughter would visit the library during reading hours. After one such visit Lillian Lindley went to her mother and said anxiously, "Mamma, I wish that girl had never entered the house! Do you know, I feel positive that foolish boy will fall in love with her? Wouldn't it be horrid?"

Mrs. Lindley shrugged her plump shoulders and replied, "For pity's sake do not mention your forebodings to your brother, Lillian. You might put the idea in his head, and, once there, I defy any one to do anything with him."

"She is certainly educated and refined and—yes, I suppose some people would consider her rather pretty," said the young lady thoughtfully. "One comfort is that he can't see her face; do you not think so, *chere mere*?"

"Yes," sighed the mother. "And, Lillian, perhaps we could persuade him that really it is not quite the thing for her to be there with him every day."

That very evening Mrs. Lindley hinted as much to her son; but more than that mild hint she never ventured upon.

"It is preposterous, mother, to think of any impropriety, and I should say rather late in the day to bring it up now." So no more was said, and the readings went on as usual.

As the days went by John Lindley felt more and more that, without sweet Bessie Radnor, his life would be a blank. Not that he thought himself in love; but he realized her ministrations of word and voice were daily growing more indispensable!

After that Sunday afternoon it became quite a matter of course that a song should preface the reading. One day, after a pathetic little ballad, Lindley exclaimed suddenly, "I would give something to have seen your expression as you sang, Miss Radnor. Can't you—won't you, tell me what you look like?"

A merry laugh was the only response.

"Please do," he continued.

"But it would be impossible for one to correctly describe one's self; I am positive I have read that 'straightway one goes from the glass he forgets what manner of man he is,' or something to that effect," she said.

"Well, if so, there is a mirror in close proximity to the piano," he persisted.

"Oh, Mr. Lindley, I—I could not stand before the glass and deliberately describe myself; indeed, *indeed* I could not."

"Very well," he replied, in a hurt tone. "I was in sober earnest; but I did not think it anything so terrible: simply a blind man's whim, which, somehow, I thought you would respect."

"If—if you really care, I suppose it is foolish in me to make a fuss over it," she said quietly, in fact so quietly that Lindley barely caught all the words; but he heard her walk a step or two, then pause.

"I am to tell you just what I see, am I?" she inquired.

"Exactly, if you will be so good," he replied.

"Well, I see a tall, rather thin figure, a pale, in fact I may say rather sallow, face, with just now considerable color in both cheeks—please put that down to excitement," and she gave a little laugh, "big gray, sad looking eyes, and—long lashes; that is all except short, what mamma calls 'ripply brownie-gold' hair! There! I never felt so foolish in my life!"

"I shall never forget your kindness. I wish more than ever I could see for myself," he said wistfully. "But, tell me, why should your eyes look sad, and why are you pale? Miss Radnor, you have never told me about yourself in the least. You surely know I am your true friend."

Before she had time to reply a knock came at the door, and to Lindley's chagrin a visitor from a distance was announced; so the reading for that afternoon was put aside.

"Will you not shake hands with me before you go?" he asked.

Bessie quietly did as he requested. "Good bye," he said. "Remember, I am your friend."

All day and way into the night Lindley thought of the "tall, slim girl with sad gray eyes" and "ripply brownie-gold" hair, and before they met again he knew he loved her from the depth of his heart. It was hard for him to keep down his desire to tell her of his love, but he knew if once he let her suspect his feelings, he would frighten her away.

"I can afford to wait and—here a sharp pang went through him—if I am blind how could I ask her to marry me!"

So the days passed in just the same old way, with perhaps a subtle difference, which Bessie Radnor felt, but could not explain. Besides, poor child, her thoughts were oftener with her sick mother at this time than upon the books she read. Lindley noticed a difference in her reading, but said nothing. She had excused herself from singing the past few days.

"She is not well, or is in some trouble," thought Lindley, sadly, and I am powerless to help her."

It was an afternoon in the end of March. Bessie was in her usual place, awaiting Mr. Lindley's arrival, for, strange to relate, he was not there when she came in. With a sad, far-off look she sat gazing into the glowing fire. To-day she realized that only a few more days, and she would be motherless—alone. Half an hour passed, and still she sat regardless of everything but that terrible thought.

Only that morning the Doctor had said, "It is almost over now. I can do nothing more for her. Keep her up with wine and beef tea."

And Bessie knew that to procure these luxuries, she must leave her mother to a stranger's care while she made the money to procure

them, and oh, the terrible thought that she might not be allowed to spend every precious moment by her darling's side.

The door opened softly, a tall, handsome man stood within, gazing eagerly into the fire-lit room. The girl neither heard nor heeded. She was sobbing softly. A look of intense surprise, followed by one of alarm, swept over the watcher's face. In an instant he was by her side. A touch on her shoulder startled the girl. She raised her brimming, half-blinded eyes, and for the first time met John Lindley's gaze. There he stood, with the bandages removed, his eager brown eyes looking tenderly down upon her.

"Mr. Lindley," she almost screamed. "You—you—can see. You will not be blind. I am—so—glad!"

"No, thank God!" he exclaimed fervently. "But tell me, Miss Radnor, child, what is the trouble? Don't cry so: don't. You hurt me. Let me help you. Do tell me what is the matter," he pleaded, as she sobbed aloud.

"My mother, oh, my mother!" she wailed.

In alarm Lindley bent over her. "I have kept you from her? She is worse? I will call the carriage, and take you to her at once."

A short time later, and they were be-

ing driven at a quick rate toward B— street. Only once did Lindley break the silence. Stooping, he wrapped the carriage robe close about her. As he did so, "Child," he said tenderly, "why did you not tell me how sick your mother really was?"

"I was afraid you would not understand how I could have the heart to leave her," she answered brokenly, "but we are so very poor I had to. And, Mr. Lindley, if motherly dies, I hope I may, too."

"God forbid!" he said earnestly, and his heart ached with longing to fold her in his arms and try to comfort her. And so occupied was he with the heart-broken girl that he forgot to look about him with his newly restored sight.

As he helped her from the carriage, he said, "I cannot forgive myself for having selfishly kept you from your sick mother, Miss Radnor."

Just then he raised his eyes and saw the miserable house they were about to enter; a look of utter surprise—almost of horror—crossed his face. And Bessie Radnor knew that never before had he realized how desperately poor they were.

"Mr. Lindley," she faltered, "if it had not been for you, my mother and I would have starved! No, I did not mean that," she corrected herself, "for God would have sent some other helper; but I never can tell you the good you did by—by being laid aside with bandaged eyes."

"Then I tell you truly, if that be so, I am not regretful of one long dark, *even most hopeless* hour, my darling, for I love you!" and his deep voice shook with emotion.

No reply came, nor, just then, did he demand any; for even then they were ascending the narrow, creaking stairs which led to Mrs. Radnor's room.

Leaving Mr. Lindley outside, Bessie entered. She found her mother alone.

"You've come at last, dear," she murmured. "Yes, darling little mother, at last; and I have brought our kind friend, Mr. Lindley, to see you. You won't mind, dear, will you? He is so determined to see you." For Bessie remembered the decided way in which he said, "In any case, I am sure you will permit me to see your mother."

"I will see him," said Mrs. Radnor, faintly.

Half reluctantly the girl opened the door, and without a word Lindley entered the room. A thrill of horror went through him, as one glance took in the bare, miserable room and the two fair occupants thereof. At once he knew the end was very near. He said a few kind words to Mrs. Radnor, then turned to her daughter.

"Will you give me a sheet of paper and a pencil, please." He wrote a few hasty lines. "I don't like to trouble you, but will you find some one who will carry that to its destination?" he said. "I would do it myself," he thought, "but speak with Mrs. Radnor alone I

must." But his heart smote him as he thought of the weary looking girl going up and down the many steep stairs.

The door had scarcely closed behind her when he drew a chair beside the dying woman.

"Mrs. Radnor," he said, "I feel sure that you are fully aware of your condition, and I have something of great importance to tell you—something that may make you feel happier. I know the thought of leaving your daughter is your only regret in leaving this world."

The saint-like face before him looked its assent, before the faintly uttered words, "It is," came from the trembling lips.

"Mrs. Radnor, I love your daughter. I love her from the depth of my heart. Could you, would you urge her to marry me before you leave her?"

A faint flush suffused the sufferer's face. "My darling will have some one to care for her. Oh! My Father, I thank Thee!"

Lindley pressed her hand. "Mrs. Radnor," he said, "look at me. Do you think you can trust your daughter in my keeping?"

The brilliant eyes gazed searchingly into the man's earnest face for a moment. "I can, I can," she cried.

Here the door opened, and to her utter astonishment Bessie saw Mr. Lindley bend over

Heyward," he said. "I am thankful." Half an hour later the two men left the room to gether.

"How long will it be till the end?" asked Lindley.

"A short time—a very short time," answered his friend.

"Then, Lindley," he said, "who are these refined people? What are these two lovely women doing in this hole of a tenement? Man, what does it mean?"

"I will tell you," was the reply. In a few hurried words the story was told.

"But this girl, so soon to be motherless," said Dr. Heyward. "Has she no one to look to?"

"Yes," replied Lindley with fervor. "I will take care of her as long as God lends me breath. My beautiful darling! To think she has been living here so many months, and I have never known it," and the strong man shook with emotion.

"Lindley, what will your mother, your sister, say to this?" asked his friend.

"You well know that my truest friends have always been uncongenial to them," was the quiet reply.

"True," said the Doctor. "And now I must go. I will be back some time to-night. Send for me any time you want me, Lindley."

For two hours or more after he returned to the room the sick mother slept. Then suddenly she opened her eyes, and in a voice of rapture exclaimed, "Soon—I'm coming."

Bessie tightened her hold on the dear thin hand.

"I am not afraid, darling. Why, I am almost there. Oh! the glory of the vision!" And the cold death waves swept over her feet, crept slowly higher and higher, but ere they reached her heart the face grew radiant with some ray of light divine, and stretching forth her arms, without a struggle, without a fear, she entered her "desired Haven."

Lindley closed the eyelids gently—gently drew the girl's hand from the hand now cold in death. Putting his strong arms about her, he drew her close to his heart.

"My darling, my poor, stricken darling, what can I say to comfort thee?"

"I feel so strange. I think perhaps I am going" she said faintly, and she swooned in his arms. Agonized he bore her to the window, flung it open wide, and let the cold night wind blow on the still white face.

By the light of the flickering candle it seemed to him as deathlike as the still face against the pillow. In his agony he cried aloud.

The girl's eyes opened. Looking wonderingly at him, she said, "Where am I? I thought I died."

"No, no, beloved, it breaks my heart to hear you talk so," he said, brokenly.

She leaned heavily against his shoulder and was silent. Footsteps sounded in the hall, the door opened quietly, and Dr. Heyward entered followed by his sweet-faced little mother and

by a kindly countenanced mulatto girl. A feeling of utter relief came to Lindley when he saw Mrs. Heyward. "She can persuade Bessie to rest," he thought. But no persuasion seemed of any use. The heart stricken girl seemed determined not to leave her mother's side.

"Lindley," whispered the Doctor, "I'll not answer for the consequences if that girl is allowed to have her own way."

"What can I do?" he asked, sadly perplexed.

"Oh, if I had only known a little sooner she would have been my very own! Heyward, I cannot certainly command her to leave her dead mother; tell me, man, can I?"

"If there is any commanding to be done, of a surety you are the responsible one," was the sturdy reply. "And see here, Lindley, if I had half your authority, she should most certainly not remain here another half hour."

Mrs. Heyward had been trying in every way to coax the motherless girl to go home with her. At length she gave it up in despair. "I can do nothing with her," she whispered.

John Lindley looked thoughtfully at the bowed figure a moment, then knelt beside her. "My darling," he said softly, "once when I was in distress you sang a beautiful hymn to me. I can do nothing for you, it seems to me. Let me remind you of the words you sang."

"The clouds hang heavy round my way, I cannot see; But through the darkness I believe God leadeth me."

A burst of tears relieved the tense grief, and Lindley knew the comfort had begun. He let her cry as long as she would, then, lifting her to her feet, said, "Mrs. Heyward, will you kindly give me a wrap for this child?" Closely he folded the warm shawl about her, he led her from the room, Mrs. Heyward following. A moment or two later they were being driven to Mrs. Heyward's hospitable home. There, after a little, Lindley left Bessie to that lady's kindly care. Three days later her

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[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.]  
EIGHT LITTLE HOUSEKEEPERS.  
Or, The Doings of the Forget-me-not Club.

BY RACHEL TRUE.

Of the weeks that followed with their busy lessons in cooking and housekeeping, I cannot stop now to tell my little friends, but must hasten on to the picnic, the jolly time at the end of the three months which had been so gayly anticipated. The picnic was to be on the first Saturday in June, so, the day before, all hurried home from school, meeting at our house, and we prepared ourselves for the making of the picnic goodies. Various sweetmeats had been bespoken by the different members, of which I had selected a few, as we would hardly have the time for all. Moreover, as it was a children's picnic, and we wished to devote the day mostly to learning the games we had accumulated, and hunting for the sweet spring flowers, I had petitioned that our baskets should have a great abundance, but nothing elaborate, nor too great a variety. Our bill of fare, therefore, was to consist of sandwiches, chocolate butter, jumbles, Venetian cakes, orangeade and lemonade, with some coffee for the old folks. The girls had made some nice loaves of bread, as they had by this time become quite expert in the art of bread making, and were to bring them over early Saturday morning, when I intended to give them some lessons in sandwich making. While they were at school I had boiled a ham and a good-sized chicken, so now I set some of the girls to work rolling and squeezing lemons and oranges, while the rest of us prepared the cakes and butter.

"Now girlies," I said, "while Elsie and Helen roll and squeeze the lemons and oranges, Alice and Edna can make the jumbles; Carrie and Sadie the Venetian cakes, and Mattie, Jennie and I will make the chocolate butter."

"Oh, Mrs. True," Sadie exclaimed, "do tell us what kind of butter that is. Any improvement upon our 'old reliable' kind?"

"An addition, anyhow," I laughed, "and sometimes an improvement. But you will all vote it delicious, I am sure, and the friends at the picnic will ask to know how you make it, at once, or petition that you make some for them."

"But now, before the cake making begins, all take your books and write down the recipes, then you can each take your own special recipe for to-day and go to work, while I keep on eye over you all. But indeed, little housekeepers, you have really been such faithful scholars, and have become so proficient, that I hardly feel as if I needed to do more than just give you the recipes. First, I will tell you how I prepare lemonade for a picnic. It is too much trouble to prepare it after we get there, as every one wants to play, and not work then. It would also be too bulky to carry ready for drinking; so, after rolling the lemons until very soft, that the juice may be more easily extracted, I have them cut in halves or quarters, and squeezed as dry as possible with a lemon squeezer, putting the juice all in a large bowl; then, to this juice add the sugar, about one pint to every six lemons, stir it up well till dissolved. You can pour a cup of hot water on the sugar first, before adding it to the juice, and that will help it to dissolve more readily. Keep in the ice chest, or in some cold place for the night, and in the morning put into large glass jars, screw up tight, and your lemonade is all ready for the water to be added at the picnic. As there is a nice spring of water at the woods where we are going we will just carry a good supply of ice in that large milk can, which I keep for that purpose, and at the grounds we will mix the lemonade in the can with the ice, first taking out a portion of ice into a pail for other purposes. The cover of the can keeps out all dirt and dust, making a milk can the handiest and best arrangement I know of for picnic lemonade.

#### ORANGEADE.

"For the orangeade, of which we will have a glass jar for variety, to the juice of six oranges, add that of two lemons, as the orange juice alone tastes rather insipid. Add sugar in the proportion of half a pint to every six oranges and two lemons. That will be sufficient, I think, but we will take some sugar with us in a paper bag, so that more can be added, if desired, at the grounds.

#### JUMBLES.

We will have two kinds of jumbles, chocolate and orange. To be sure, we will have chocolate butter too, but we all like chocolate, I believe, and these chocolate jumbles are so delicious that they seem to melt in one's mouth like a fresh macaroon.

"Beat up one cup of butter to a cream, then beat in two cups of sugar. Beat four eggs thoroughly and add to the butter and sugar. Sift two heaping teaspoons of baking powder and one-half one of salt with three scant cups of flour, and add it to the batter. Beat it in carefully. It should be just stiff enough to roll out. Divide the dough into two parts. To one part add one cup of grated chocolate. Should you wish, at any other time, to make the whole amount into chocolate jumbles, add

two cups of grated chocolate. Into the other half of the cake dough, to-day, add the juice of one orange; and grate the yellow rind into it, also being very careful not to grate down into the white of the rind, as that is very bitter, something, I believe, I have told you before, but I do not want you to forget it. Into the orange jumbles you may have to add a little more flour. You can tell by trying. Roll both kinds of jumbles out thin, and cut out into plain or fancy shapes. Watch carefully while baking that they may not burn on the bottom. After they have been in the oven about five minutes, it is well to move the pans to the grate on top, to finish the baking. They ought to be done in ten minutes in a quick oven. You can get along very rapidly with them.

#### VENETIAN CAKES.

"Weigh out one quarter of a pound of butter, and wash it free from salt. Wipe it dry in a clean towel or napkin, then beat it to a cream; then add one quarter of a pound of powdered sugar, and beat together, thoroughly, to a light cream, then beat in the yolks of three eggs, which have been well beaten until all are creamy. Beat together thoroughly, then add four ounces of sliced almonds; last of all, stir in, carefully, six ounces of very dry flour that has been sifted, but do not beat. This paste should be like very soft biscuit dough; if too sticky to handle, dredge in more flour, very carefully, as the softer you can handle the paste the better the cakes. Have a plate of powdered sugar by you, and dip the palms of your hands into that instead of into flour; break off pieces of the dough about the size of hickory nuts, and roll into a ball lightly and quickly, in the palms of your hands. Drop onto a buttered pan, being careful not to put them too near, so that they will run together in

up quite early to-morrow morning, and each make a pan of fresh biscuits to carry for this butter. What do you say girls?"

"Of course, we will be only too glad to do so!" they both exclaimed.

We now had a busy time of it, until all of our various parts were completed, and jars of delicious looking orange and lemon syrups, and bowls of chocolate butter were put away in the ice chest, while heaps of tempting looking cakes lay cooling on the moulding boards. We then went to work to prepare the meats for the morning's sandwiches. The chicken was carefully freed from all bone, skin and gristle, then chopped fine, well seasoned with pepper and salt, and thoroughly moistened with the gravy, which had been also seasoned, and boiled down to about a cupful of rich chicken jelly. It was then pressed into small bowls and set away in the ice chest for morning. The boiled ham was also chopped very fine, then some mustard pickles added to it and chopped fine; a goodly portion of the mustard dressing from the pickles was mixed through it all, then that, too, was set away in the ice chest, which finished our afternoon's preparations.

Saturday morning dawned bright and clear, a perfect day for picnics, and good and early the eight little housekeepers came rushing over, with their baskets of sweet light loaves of bread and biscuit. Busily we set to work, to cut nice thin slices of bread, spread them thinly with butter, and then a layer of the mustard ham, or else of the chicken. The chicken now turned out of the mould in solid form, which could be cut down in thin slices.

"Now, girlies," I said, as we worked, "never make the fatal mistake in preparing sandwiches, of cutting thick slices of bread, or of smearing thickly with butter. Always have



baking, as that spoils the shape. Bake in a quick oven, like the jumbles. While they are baking, stir the whites of the eggs thick with powdered sugar, add the juice of half a lemon, and when the cakes are done, let them lie a minute on the clean towel, then spread the bottoms of half the cakes with the frosting, sticking the bottom of another cake to each one. When you eat them tomorrow you will think they are put together with French cream candy. These are delicious little cakes.

"First, before commencing these cakes, you must blanch the almonds, which I have here, already shelled, by pouring boiling water on them. Let them stand a minute, and then rub the skins off, which you will find all loose.

"After blanching, take a sharp penknife and cut into strips, say three or four strips to every nut, or halfnut, if they should divide.

#### CHOCOLATE BUTTER.

"Stir one quarter of a pound of butter over the fire until quite soft and creamy, but not melted; have ready two cakes, or one quarter of a pound of vanilla flavored chocolate, on a saucer which you have placed on the top of an open teakettle of boiling water, sprinkle the chocolate gradually with milk to soften it a little, and when it has dissolved sufficiently, so that you can mix it well into the butter. Stir them well together, then put into little bowls or cups, to shape. You will find it very nice spread on bread or biscuit. We must carry some of each, not made into sandwiches, on purpose for this butter.

"I shall ask Sadie and Alice, I think, to be

to taste some of those "goodies" they had heard so much about.

"Indeed, Mrs. True," said one of the mothers, as we sat resting, while the young folks scampered hither and thither through the woods in search of wild flowers and ferns, "you do not know how good it is of you to bother to teach all those little girls to cook. They are perfectly wild over their club, and we are so proud of them. And as to the fathers, I have heard them all say they would do anything for you, while they cannot do enough for their little daughters, they are so proud of the little housekeepers and cooks."

I laughed at such extravagant praise, although pleased to see my efforts had been appreciated.

The little folks now came trooping back with arms full of flowers. As they looked somewhat heated from their wild scamper, I had them sit down in a circle, close together.

"Now children," I said, holding a list of our accumulated games, "of course we cannot begin to play all the games to-day; so I have selected a few that are particularly suited for outdoors, with lots of room, as we have to-day, in the country. First, however, while you are resting you can try one quiet game, that of 'Quaker's Meeting'."

"The main point in this game is not to laugh but to keep absolute silence, and a perfectly grave face. Sadie, who sits here at the head, must give her right-hand neighbor a little tap on one knee; she does the same to the next one, and so on around the circle. The leader then taps the next on both knees, and so on around. The third time, tap on both knees and on one cheek; the fourth time add taps on both cheeks; the fifth round, after tapping both knees and cheeks, take hold of the next one's ear, gently, mind, no pinching in my domain, and keep hold of it. You can keep on as long as you wish by adding any gestures you can think of, but you will find by this time that you will laugh in spite of yourselves, at the comical sight you will present."

Some fifteen minutes was now spent at this game, which they found more laughable than they imagined. By this time we were all hungry, so many hands made quick work setting out the luncheon, while the boys brought water from the spring, and mixed a can of lemonade and of orangeade. A tablecloth was spread on the grass, upon which were set plates heaped up with sandwiches, biscuits and cakes, while the bowls of chocolate butter, with knives for spreading were set near the plates of biscuit. Cups and tumblers were piled up at the corners. The oil stove had been lighted, and our coffee was now boiling, so that all was ready. As the girls had made the eatables, the boys insisted that they should now sit down and let them do the waiting. It was quite gallant in the little fellows, and a merry time we all had of it. They now passed napkins around, first to the mothers and older ones, and so on; then came the coffee, sandwiches, biscuit, and chocolate butter and lemonade. We then voted that the boys should help themselves, too, so as to join us in eating, and we would all wait upon ourselves after that. A busy, gay time now passed. All were "hungry as bears," and everything was declared to be extra good. More than one lady bespoke some of the chocolate butter for their lunch parties, and the boys went wild over the orangeade.

When every one's hunger had been thoroughly satisfied, and but few remnants were left to tell the tale, a few moments were passed in gathering up and packing back into the baskets, giving "the luncheon a little time to settle," as I told them, before they began their grand romp.

When all were ready they gathered around while I read to them the games I had selected for the afternoon. First came the game

#### THE FAGGOTS.

The players—leaving out one couple—arrange themselves in pairs, one standing in front of the other, so as to form a double circle; each pair so arranged being called a "faggot." These faggots stand some little distance apart, to give room for the other couple, called the Hare and Hound, to pass between them. Then the Hare starts, running around, and in and out between the Faggots, while the Hound runs after and tries to catch the Hare. When the Hare finds herself in danger of being caught, or is tired, she takes refuge with one of the Faggots, placing herself inside of the circle in front of the Faggot. This, of course, makes three in the Faggot, which is against the rules of the game, so that the one standing outside must immediately leave her place, and take her stand in front of another Faggot, when the outside one of that must change her position, and so on. Should one be caught by the Hound while making the change in position, she pays a forfeit, and becomes Hound.

#### FOLLOW MY LEADER.

One is chosen as first leader, and is placed at the head of a single-file procession. Another, chosen as second leader, is placed at the foot. Off they start, all following the first leader, at first in a walk, but gradually increasing to a trot, and taking care not to break the procession. The more he winds in and out among the trees and bushes, or doubles around, with the long line of followers close upon his heels, the greater the fun, and the prettier the effect to those looking on. Suddenly, after allowing the procession to get well under way, the second leader at the foot calls "Right about face!" in a loud voice, turning around as he does so. Instantly the others must wheel around and follow him, as they have the first leader. The chances are that leader number one, and some others, will keep running on without noticing the change. If so, they pay forfeits, as do any who do not turn instantly at the word of command. It is great fun.

"And now," I said, "after playing two such games, I am sure you will like a game that will let you rest a little, so, for our next I have selected

#### THE APPRENTICE.

"The leader of the game begins it by saying she apprenticed her son to a tailor, shoemaker,

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ENGLISH HOME LIFE.

BY MARY BARRETT BROWN.



It was my great pleasure a short time ago to entertain for a few weeks, some relatives of ours who came over from America on a visit.

As their own, and now they are out and out Americans. In doing this, they pursued, I think, a very wise course of action, for I never hold with people doing things in a half-hearted sort of fashion.

During the many interesting talks we had together the conversation often turned on domestic matters, and I was always glad when it did so, as housekeeping, in all its branches, is to me a topic of never failing interest.

Domestic life, as lived in America is in many points, very similar to that led by us over here, although there are a few details in which I noted difference. For instance, the number of meals served daily in a well-to-do, middle class English household is four, breakfast, dinner, tea and supper; while in America the general rule seems to be three, supper there taking the place of our tea.

An ordinary dinner consists of three courses, fish, or soup comprising the first; meat of some kind, and vegetables, the second; puddings and sweets the third. The fruit is placed on the table from the first and allowed to remain until the last.

We vary our bill of fare as much as possible to avoid any sense of monotony, and also to suit the weather, and the various seasons as they come round. For instance, in winter we have thick strong soups, the heavier kinds of meat, and solid substantial puddings.

Tea with us is a particularly nice and sociable meal. Our tea table is generally well supplied with an abundance of home-made cakes, jams, etc.; for English housewives, as a rule are very industrious and very much prefer making these dainties to purchasing them.

About nine, or half past nine, supper is served. This is a sort of nondescript meal, and varies more than any other, according to the tastes of the family.

The above brief sketch which I have given is, as I said before, of a well-to-do, middle class household; those which we term "high class" houses are of course, conducted on an altogether different scale.

The children in a household like this, live a life quite apart from the "grown ups," only mixing with them on very special occasions. This fact, I suppose, adds materially to the happiness and comfort of some mothers, but I know such a practice would detract from, rather than add to mine, for what I reckon as the brightest and best hours of my life are those spent in the midst of my little ones, whom I look upon as my most precious household treasures.

A WOMAN'S HANDS.

BY EMMA J. GRAY.

Perhaps nothing more positively shows the gentlewoman, than her hand.

"I'm willing to wager a thousand dollars, that there is common blood in her veins," said one club man to another, as they were discussing the reigning belle of the season, over their cigars one August evening, on the piazza of the United States Hotel, Saratoga.

"Why are you so positive Tom?" "Just look at her hands, they will tell the story. I tell you what Fred, a girl cannot fool me on the blue blood question. She may be as beautiful as the Goddess Venus, her manners and gowns may partially intoxicate and bewilder, but I wait for a good view of her hand to know the real woman."

"Then you would rather see a beautiful hand, than a beautiful face?" "Every time. Though I must say I like a pretty face too what's the harm of having both?" "Oh Tom, I suppose when I see your wife, I will see a paragon."

"Well, you will see a refined woman or, you will never see my wife."

With this little hint on what men think, the conversation changed, and I was left to meditation free. I know they are right. The truly refined woman looks as carefully after the smallest detail connected with her hand, as she does after what some would denominate the more important matters of the toilette.

A manicure once said to me, "I have to resort to all sorts of polite contrivances, in order to reduce the grime and dirt from the skin, before I attack the nails. It is absolutely repulsive to treat nine-tenths of the hands presented, until they are thoroughly soaked in warm soapy water."

Those whose pocket books and inclinations lead them to frequent visits to manicures, can with but little personal care, always keep their nails in proper condition. But almost every woman can afford the expenditure of a few shillings and invest in a nail brush, a cake of castile soap, a small pair of curved scissors, a small piece of chamois skin, and a little pink nail powder.

For those who do their own manicure work, it will be found best to soak the tip ends of the fingers as far down as beneath the nails, in warm water for a few minutes. Then press down, and cut off all the skin, that has grown over the base of the finger nails. After this, carefully clean all dirt from under, or at the sides of the nails. Use your small scissors for the removal of rag nails, loose bits of skin and for the shaping of the finger nails, which should be allowed to grow a trifle long, but cut fairly close at the sides, so coming to a point in the centre.

If you are troubled with rough or chapped hands, make a wash of equal parts of glycerine and bay rum. Put a few drops in the palm, rub both hands together as if wringing them, until the entire skin is thoroughly moistened. If a few drops will not produce the desired effect, try a little more. This is a very simple and inexpensive remedy, and can be applied as well during the day as at night, for it dries so rapidly, that in a few moments, your hands may be employed without injury to the daintiest of fabrics.

Even when a lady has not by nature been endowed with a shapely hand, she can render it much more beautiful, by following the few hints, we have suggested.

I once heard a husband say, "I shall never buy you a sewing machine my dear, for then I should lose the most beautiful picture our home presents. For nothing to me is so attractive, as watching your hand, when drawing in and out, the thread and needle."

We might add, by way of parenthesis, that this man was selfish, but nevertheless his picture is beautiful.

I wish all the women, who need something beyond their natural instinct, to place them in the inner circle of refinement, might comprehend the benefit of trying the result, of careful attention to their hands. Presto, what a change would often be effected! I doubt not they would frequently find them, the beautiful passport to go beyond the now barred gates, and into companionship with those, born to the purple. Every lady knows she should not appear on the street without gloves. If she cannot afford kid gloves, she can buy cotton ones, some kind she must wear. Always be sure there are no breaks or loose buttons, or worse yet, a button or two gone altogether. Every lady ought to be sure, that her gloves are neat and presentable. It is wisest not to purchase cheap kid, the more costly gloves, are generally the least expensive in the end.

"Just look at those gloves," a lady friend said to me lately.—I looked and saw a nicely stitched, well shaped and altogether a handsome appearing pair of black kid gloves.

She then added, "You will be surprised to learn, these have been in constant wear for two years."

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria, When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria, When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria, When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

"How have you managed," I exclaimed, "even the black gloss has not rubbed off."

Laughingly came the answer, "Necessity is the mother of invention." From the first I was careful in removing them from the hand, generally withdrawing them wrong side out. Then after turning I would always lay them in precisely the same manner, as they are kept in the stores. I particularly watched for looseness, or breaking of the stitching, and would at once apply my sewing silk, and glove needle as skillfully as an amateur could. As for the black gloss you spoke about, that I constantly touch up with a little of the self same polish, I use for my shoes. However the prime reason of my success lays in a secret, which the world says a woman cannot keep, and I must not break the record. I invested two dollars and a half in these gloves when I bought them."

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Edison, the inventor, says that he seldom sleeps more than four hours. He has slept ten, but it made him feel badly. All he eats in a day wouldn't weigh more than a pound, and consists of toast, a little potato, or something of that kind. When he has anything special on hand he works night and day. To keep up the spirits of his men who have to work with him, he sometimes hires a man to play the organ in his laboratory all night long.

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Last August, Mr. Edward L. Gifford, with W. W. Montague & Co., 309 to 319 Market St., San Francisco, wrote: "When born, my baby weighed just four and one-half pounds. Upon his mother's milk he grew thinner than when born. We changed to Lactated Food; he began to improve at once. Since then he has not had a sick day or hour. I recommend Lactated Food in preference to mother's milk, for it gives the mother greater freedom and the child better health."

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Terms Used in Knitting.

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

Terms in Crochet.

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

Will some one please send directions for making hair switches.

E. M. B.

Will some one please tell me how to mottle the body of a Serraline Vase, that the Roses are dark crimson.

M. P.

Will some one send directions for Infant's sack in shell stitch.

Tunisian Lace.

Cast up 31 stitches. 1st row—K 3, o, n, k 3, n, o, k 1, o, n, k 3, n, o, k 1, o, n, k 3, n, o, k 1, o, k 6. 2d row—K 6, o, k 3, o, n, k 1, n, o, k 3, o, n, k 1, n, o, k 3, o, n, k 3, o, k 1. 3d row—K 3, o, n, n, o, k 5, o, slip 1, n, pass sl st over, o, k 5, o, slip 1, n, pass sl st over, o, k 5, o, k 6. 4th row—Bind off 4, k 1, o, n, k 3, n, o, k 1, o, n, k 3, n, o, k 1, o, n, k 3, n, o, n, k 1, o, n, k 1. 5th row—K 3, o, n, k 1, o, n, k 1, n, o, k 3, o, n, k 1, n, o, k 3, o, n, k 1, n, o, k 3. 6th row—K 3, o, k 1, o, slip 1, n, pass sl st over, o, k 5, o, slip 1, n, pass sl st over, o, k 5, o, slip 1, n, pass sl st over, o, k 4, o, n, k 1. Repeat from 1st row.

A. M.

Crazy Afghan.

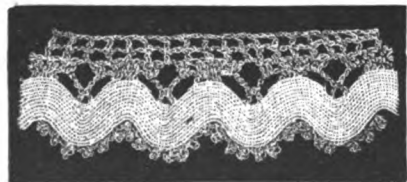
Collect odds and ends of Zephyr and Germantown—all colors and shades—mostly bright ones, break and tie together of various lengths—none longer than a yard, and wind in balls. Crochet in strips 12 inches wide and the length of afghan in star stitch, keeping the knots on the wrong side. Alternate the crazy strips with plain black in crazy stitch or star stitch. Crochet the strips together with yellow. Tie fringe in ends, or crochet a black border edged with yellow. I have 3 strips of crazy work 12 inches wide and 4 strips of black 6 inches wide. It is very handsome, and much easier than tricot stitch embroidered; beside using up bits of worsted one don't know what to do with.

The same idea can be carried out in a chair scarf, or sofa pillow, using velvet or wool canvas for the black strips.

TROT.

Braid Trimming.

Cut the braid the length required. Use a fine steel hook and No. 30 cotton. Make 4 d c in first point of braid, ch 3, 2 d c in under part of next point, 3 ch and 4 d c in next point and so on to the end of the braid. Turn, make 4 d c on the last 4 d c and 2 d c on the first 2 ch of ch 3, ch 2, 2 d c on last 2 ch of next ch 3, 4 d c on 4 d c of last row. 2 d c on next 2 ch of ch 3, and so on to the end of the row. Turn and make 1 d c on every 3d st of



last row, with 2 ch between. Turn and repeat the last row.

Make picots of 5 ch each for edge of scallop, catching in the braid between each one. This edging laundries beautifully.

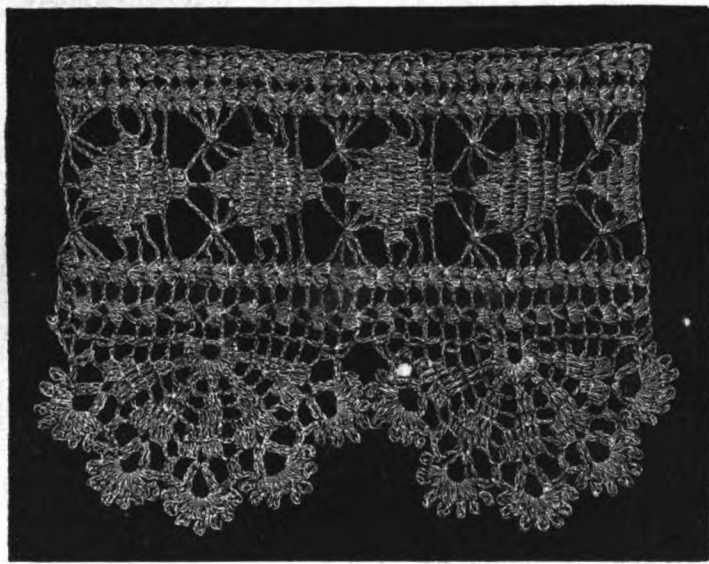
T. R. B.

Medallion Lace.

Make a chain of 50 stitches. 1st row—3 d c in 7th st of ch, ch 1, 3 d c in same, miss 3 sts, 3 d c in next st, ch 1, 3 d c in same, ch 12, miss 12 sts, 1 d c in next st, ch 12, miss 12 sts, 3 d c in next st, ch 1, 3 d c in same st, ch 2, miss 2 sts, 1 d c in next st, ch 3, 1 d c in same, ch 3, miss 3 sts, 1 d c in next, turn. 2d row—Ch 6, 5 d c under ch 3, ch 2, make a shell in shell, ch 10, miss 8 sts, 1 d c in each of next 2 sts, d c in d c, 1 d c in each of next 2 sts, ch 10, shell in shell, shell in shell, d c at end of row, turn. 3d row—Ch 4, shell in shell, shell in shell, ch 5, catch 3 chains together with 2 s c, ch 5, 1 d c in 9th and 10th sts of ch, 1 d c in each of next 5 d c, 1 d c in next 2 sts of ch, ch 5, catch 3 chains together with 2 s c, ch 5, shell in shell, ch 2, 1 d c in top of 3d d c, ch 3, 1 d c in same, ch 2, 1 d c in 3d st of ch 6, turn. 4th row—Ch 6, 5 d c under ch 3, ch 2, shell in shell, ch 5, 1 d c in last 2 sts of ch 5, 1 d c in each of next 9 d c, 1 d c in each of next 2 sts, ch 5, shell in shell, shell in shell, 1 d c under ch 4 of last row, turn. 5th row—Ch 4, shell in shell, shell in shell, ch 5, 1 d c in last 2 sts of ch 5, 1 d c in each of next 13 d c, 1 d c in each of next 2 sts of ch 5, ch 5, shell in shell, ch 2, 1 d c in top of 3d d c, ch 3, 1 d c in same, ch 2, 1 d c in 3d st of ch 6, turn. 6th row—Ch 6, 5 d c under ch 3, ch 2, shell in shell, ch 5, 1 d c in top of 3d d c, and in each of next 12 d c, ch 5, shell in shell, shell in shell, 1 d c at end of row, turn. 7th row—Ch 4, shell in shell, shell in shell, ch 5, make 9 d c, ch 5, shell in shell, ch 2, 1 d c in top of 3d d c, ch 3, 1 d c in same, ch 2, 1 d c in 3d st of ch 6, turn. 8th row—Ch 6, 5 d c under 3 ch, ch 2, shell in shell, ch 10, 1 d c in 3d d c, and in each of next 4 d c, ch 10, shell in shell, shell in shell, 1 d c at end of row, turn. 9th row—Ch 4, shell in shell, shell in shell, ch 12, 1 d c in 3d d c, ch 12, shell in shell, ch 2, 1 d c in top of 3d d c, ch 3, 1 d c in same, ch 2, 1 d c in 3d st of ch 6, turn. 10th row—Ch 6, 1 d c in top of last d c in last row, ch 2, 5 d c under ch 3, ch 2, shell in shell, ch 10, 1 d c in last 2 sts of ch, d c in d c, 1 d c in each of next 2 sts of ch, ch 10, shell in shell, shell in shell, 1 d c at end of row, turn. 11th row—Ch 4, shell in shell, shell in shell,

Crochet Lace.

Make a chain of 20 stitches. 1st row—3 d c in 5th st of ch, 1 ch, 3 d c in same (this makes a shell) 10 ch, 3 d c in 10th st of ch, 1 ch, 3 d c in same, ch 2, 1 d c in last st of ch, turn. 2d row—Ch 5, 1 d c in top of 1st d c of shell 2 ch, shell in shell, ch 10, shell in shell, 1 d c in last d c of shell, turn. 3d row—3 ch, shell in shell, 10 ch, shell in shell, 2 ch, 1 d c in last d c of shell, 2 ch, 1 d c in next d c, 2 ch, 1 d c in 3d st of ch 5, turn. 4th row—Ch 5, d c in d c, 2 d c under ch 2, 1 d c in d c, 2 d c under ch 2, d c in d c, ch 2, shell in shell, ch 8, catch 4 chains of 10 together with single crochet, turn, make a ch of 3, 1 d c in each st of ch 8 just made, turn, ch 3, 1 d c in each d c, work across once more with ch 3 and 8 d c, turn, and put 1 s c in each d c, shell in shell, 1 d c under ch 3 at end of row, turn. 5th row—Ch 3, shell in shell, ch 10, shell in shell, ch 2, 1 d c in last stitch of shell, ch 2, 1 d c in each of next 7 d c, ch 2, 1 d c in 3d st of ch 5, turn. 6th row—Ch 5, 1 d c in 1st d c, ch 2, 1 d c in 4th d c, ch 2, 1 d c in 7th d c, 2 d c under ch 2, 1 d c in d c, 2 d c under ch 2, 1 d c in 1st d c of shell, ch 2, shell in shell, ch 10, shell in shell, 1 d c in ch 3, turn. 7th row—Ch 3, make a shell, ch 10, make a shell, ch 2, 1 d c in last d c of shell, ch 2, 1 d c in each of 7 d c, ch 2 d c in d c, ch 2, d c in d c, ch 2, d c in 3d st of ch 5, turn. 8th row—Ch 5, d c in d c, 2 d c under ch 2, d c in d c, 2 d c under ch 2, 1 d c in 1st d c, ch 2, 1 d c in 4th d c, ch 2, 1 d c in 7th d c, 2 d c under ch 2, d c in d c, 2 d c under ch 2, 1 d c in 1st d c of shell, ch 2, make a shell, ch 10, make a shell, 1 d c under ch 3, turn. 9th row—Ch 3, make a shell, ch 8, catch 4 chains of 10 together, the same as in 4th row, (catching the corner of the square made in that row with the chains) proceed the same as the 4th row till you have made the square, then make a shell, ch 2, 1 d c in last st of shell, ch 2, 1 d c in each of next 7 d c, ch 2, 1 d c in d c, ch 2, 1 d c in each of next 7 d c, ch 2, 1 d c in 3d st of ch 5, turn. 10th row—Ch 5, 1 d c in 1st d c, ch 2, 1 d c in 4th d c, ch 2, 1 d c in 7th d c, ch 2, 1 d c in next d c, ch 2, 1 d c in 1st d c, ch 2, 1 d c in 4th d c, ch 2, 1 d c in 7th d c, ch 2, d c in d c, ch 2, 1 d c in 1st d c of shell, ch 2, make a shell, ch 10



MEDALLION LACE.

ch 5, catch 3 chains together with 2 s c, ch 5, 1 d c in last 2 sts of ch, 1 d c in each of 5 d c, 1 d c in next 2 sts of ch, ch 5, catch 3 chains together with 2 s c, ch 5, shell in shell, ch 2, 1 d c in top of 3d d c, ch 3, 1 d c in same, ch 2, miss 2, 1 d c in d c, 18 d c in loop, fasten with s c in d c of last row, ch 3, fasten with s c in d c of the row before that, turn. 12th row—Ch 3, 1 d c in 3d and 4th d c, \*ch 3, miss 1, 2 d c in each of next 2 d c, repeat from \* 3 times, ch 3, 1 d c in d c, you will have five groups of 2 d c, ch 3, 5 d c under ch 3, finish like 4th row, turn. 13th row—Commence like the 5th row, for the scallop \* ch 3, 1 d c in 1st d c, 1 d c in next 2 sts, repeat from \* 4 times, ch 3, fasten with s c in d c of 6th row, ch 3 s c in d c of 5th row, turn. 14th row—\*Ch 3, 1 d c in last st of ch, and in each of next 3 d c; repeat from \* 4 times, ch 3, d c in d c, finish the same as 6th row, turn. 15th row—Commence like 7th row, for scallop, ch 3, 6 d c, \* ch 3, miss 1 st, 6 d c, repeat from \* 3 times, ch 3, fasten in 4th row with s c, ch 3, fasten in 3d row with s c, turn. 16th row—\*Ch 3, miss 2 sts, 4 d c, ch 3, 1 d c in same d c with 4th d c, 1 d c in each of next 3 d c, repeat from \* 4 times, ch 3, d c in d c, finish as in 8th row, turn. 17th row—Commence like 9th row, for scallop make 1 d c under ch 3, ch 3, 2 t c, (putting the thread over the needle twice) under ch 3, ch 3, 2 t c in same loop, ch 2, 2 d c under next ch 3, \* ch 2, 2 t c under next ch 3, ch 3, 2 t c in same, ch 2, 2 d c under the next ch 3, repeat from \* 3 times, ch 3, fasten in 2d row with s c, ch 3, fasten in d c of 1st row with s c, turn. 18th row—Ch 3, s c between 2 d c, ch 2, 1 s c between 1st and 2d t c, ch 5, s c in s c, (this makes a picot) \* 2 d c under ch 3, make a picot, repeat from \* 5 times (you will have 7 picots) 1 d c in same loop, ch 1, s c between 2 d c, ch 1, s c between 1st and 2d t c of next loop, continue in this way around the scallop, ch 1, s c in d c, ch 2, 1 d c in next d c, ch 3, 5 d c under ch 3, finish like the 10th row, turn. Crochet 9 rows of the insertion before beginning the scallop. Join the scallops together by the fourth picot.

MURIEL.

"Gipsy"—will find Infant's crocheted shirt—long sleeves—in Book No. 1 Reliable Patterns in Knitting and Crochet.

4th row—Ch 3, 3 d c in 1st st, \*4 d c in 4th st, repeat from \* through the row; you will have 19 groups of 4 d c, join. 5th row—Ch 3, \*4 d c in top of 3d d c, repeat from \* through the row. 6th row—1 s c in each stitch. You will have 71 stitches. 7th row—1 d c in each stitch. 8th row—1 s c in each d c through the row, missing a st occasionally, so that you have 57 stitches. 9th row—Ch 5, 1 l t c in each of next 2 sts, miss 2 sts, 1 l t c in each of next 2 sts, \* ch 2, miss 2 sts, 1 l t c in each of next 2 sts, repeat from \* through the row, ch 2, join. You will have 14 groups of 1 t c. 10th row—1 s c in each st through the row. 11th row—1 d c through the row in each s c. 12th row—1 s c in each d c. You will have 63 sts.



13th row—Ch 3, 3 d c in 1st st, miss 2 sts, 4 d c in next st, so continue through the row. You will have 21 groups of 4 d c. 14th row—Like 5th row. 15th row—Like 6th row. 16th row—1 d c in 1st 6 sts, miss 1 st, 1 d c in each of next 5 sts, miss 1, 4 d c, miss 1, 4 d c, miss 1, 5 d c, miss 1, 5 d c, miss 1, 12 d c, miss 1, 5 d c, miss 1, 6 d c, miss 1, 9 d c, miss 1. You will have 61 stitches. 17th row—Like 9th row (15 groups of 1 t c). 18th row—1 s c in each st through the row. 19th row—1 d c in each st. You will have 61 stitches. 20th row—Like the 18th row. 21st row—Ch 3, 3 d c in 1st st, \* miss 2 sts, 4 d c in 4th st, repeat from \* through the row. You will have 21 groups of 4 d c. 22d row—\*4 d c in 3d st, 1 s c between group of d c, repeat from \* through the row. Break thread and fasten. This finishes the top. Join the twine on the bottom in any st, ch 3, 3 d c, in same st, \* miss 2, 4 d c in next st, repeat from \* through the row. You will have 14 groups of 4 d c. Next row—Like the 21st row. Break the thread and fasten. For a form to shape it over, have a piece of board, eight and one half inches long, three-quarters of an inch thick, six inches wide at the top, taper it down to three inches and three-quarters at the bottom. To stiffen the case make a flour starch almost as thick as paste, and rub it in well, and put over the form, being careful to have your points at top and bottom even on both sides. When dry, take off the form and shellac. The oftener you shellac it the more glossy it will look—say two or three times. L T C—Means putting the thread over the needle three times.

URSULA.

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[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.]  
WHAT OUR GIRLS EAT.

Careful inquiry among the scholars of one of our best schools for girls, developed this fact that only about one in twenty came to her daily studies prepared physically for the work. Several had left home without any breakfast. Many confessed to one or more cups of strong coffee and a roll, while a very few had eaten beefsteak and oat meal. In most cases three hours' brain work was done on an empty stomach, or at best under the false stimulus of coffee.

There were several reasons assigned for this state of affairs. One pallid, nervous looking girl said "she never was hungry in the morning, and simply had to force herself to eat even a roll." Others admitted sharing her experience. A few frankly confessed that an extra nap after the rising bell had made them so late that breakfast was an impossibility.

During the noon intermission the girls flocked to the store of a neighboring confectioner. There they feasted on chocolate eclairs and fancy cakes. The more adventurous spirits made their way to Huyler's and shivered blissfully over ice cream soda. A package of candy was passed from hand to hand, and nibbling on bonbons, our students returned to the school room to do their afternoon work.

Curiosity led to the putting of the question, "Why don't you bring your luncheon from home?"

The general verdict was that the edibles were too apt to be crushed and "disgusting" in appearance; and one little brunette declared that there never was anything in the house fit to bring.

Of course she did not mean this exactly; but there is much truth underlying the general statement. Many excellent housekeepers are criminally careless about preparing suitable luncheons for their daughters. They fail to realize the importance of the subject. Yet a little observation will convince the most skeptical that one half the misery of a woman's life is caused by ill health. Nervousness has been at the root of many a divorce, and incompatibility of temper is often only another name for dyspepsia. What kind of a woman will the girl make who breakfasts on strong coffee, lunches on a chocolate éclair and ice cream soda, and overloads her stomach at a late and too hearty dinner?

The foundation of disease is too often laid in the school room from simple lack of thoughtfulness on the part of parents and teachers.

I claim that one important duty of the mother is attention to the quality and quantity of the food eaten by her daughter during the latter's school life. There is no economy in serving an unpalatable breakfast from the left overs of the day before. Oat meal alone, properly cooked, will furnish more nutriment at less cost.

For the girls the breakfast should be the heartiest meal of the day, so that they can go to school prepared in body for the demands of the brain. Beefsteak, prunes, apple sauce, potatoes, brown bread, milk and eggs, with less coffee and no hot cakes, will give us brighter minds in stronger bodies.

The luncheon basket should never be left in the care of servants. The thick wedge of bread with a dab of butter in the middle has no attraction for the dainty school girl, and Bridget, however well intentioned, can never do anything but pile together a gigantic and uninviting collation.

A flat openwork basket is the best receptacle for luncheon, as tin always retains a lurking hint of bygone meals, and paper boxes are also too absorbent of flavors. Smooth white paper, freshly fitted to the sides of the basket each day, gives an appearance of cleanliness appetizing in itself. The napkin should never be used for this purpose, but with a fork and spoon be fastened to the lid of the basket by strips of leather. A glance at an ordinary work box will furnish a model for this part of the work. A brandy flask divorced from its original use makes a convenient part of the luncheon outfit. In this, bouillon and beef tea can be safely carried. A jelly glass with a screw top will answer the same purpose, and is even better for canned fruits. For a few cents you can purchase from a confectioner enough waxed paper to last for a long time. In pieces of this, wrap each article of food separately.

We will take it for granted that the housewife has all these things on the table before her Monday morning. What goes into the basket to-day? If she follows our advice there will be brown bread cut in thick even slices, carefully buttered. The brandy flask will hold bouillon, while for dessert there is an orange and slice of sponge cake. Tuesday's menu consists of tongue sandwiches, the bread cut as thin as possible, one banana and a small Charlotte russe, which is safely guarded by its paper box. Wednesday the sandwiches may be either biscuits or bread spread with chopped meat and a plain dressing. The jelly can holds canned fruit and there are apples and cake for desert. Thursday have plain bread and butter, cheese sticks,

a bit of celery and gingerbread and beef tea. The natural "love" of girls for something sour should be regarded in the selection of their food, so on Friday put a few pickles or olives in the jar, clam broth in the flask, and for substantial have brown bread and fruit.

The beef tea, bouillon, and clam broth contain a vast amount of nutriment and are as good tonics as any physician could prescribe.

When the stomach is trained to do good, honest work it makes the best servant a school girl can have.

The following receipts may simplify the task of the housewife in coaxing if need be the little maid away from bonbons and tempting ice-cream soda.

**Surprise Eggs.** One dozen eggs, hard boiled, one tablespoon vinegar, three small pickles chopped, one teaspoon made mustard, ham, lobster or chicken chopped. Season with salt, pepper, melted butter and a little chopped celery. Cool the eggs in cold water, remove the shells, cut lengthwise, not quite through. Take six yolks, the chopped meat, pickles, celery, vinegar and seasoning and mix well together. Fill the boiled whites with mixture, carefully closing again.

**Beef Tea.** Broil a nice juicy piece of beefsteak quickly over the coals without burning, then place on a deep plate and cut and press the juice from the meat. Add about half a cup of water, place in the oven a few minutes, then pour off the juice which will be strong and delicious.

**Cheese Sticks.** One teaspoonful butter, one egg, one half cup flour, three tablespoonfuls grated cheese, pinch salt, tiny pinch cayenne

[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.]  
STOP TROTTING THAT BABY.

"Stop trotting that baby!" I feel like saying this whenever I see any one trotting a dear little darling of a baby, and see the look of perfect misery, or at best simple endurance, on the tiny face.

Can it be explained, why any one, endowed with reason, can imagine it to be pleasant for a baby to be perched on some one's knee, and a regular "get there or die" trot struck up, that nearly unhook its head from its shoulders, and almost jolts the breath out of its little body, and leaves it so tired it cannot even cry?

Some people seem to think that when they take a baby in their arms they must work themselves into a fever to keep it quiet, when, a great many times it would be glad to be held in quiet.

If they do hold the baby still they will wiggle a piece of paper or some toy before its eyes, which would be unendurable to a grown person, especially if it should be something he wished to see.

How beneficial it must be to the eyes! as baby tries to fix them on these wavering objects.

Some other persons have a way of trying to see how near they can come to either killing or crippling baby, and *not* do it.

This is by balancing the baby on one hand, in an unsteady fashion, when too small to help itself, or, when a little older and a great deal heavier, to take it by the ankles or knees, and say, "Now stiffy up, baby," and up, up it goes as high as the person can reach, and the baby would still be ascending, no doubt, if the

[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.]

One of Bobby's Troubles.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

Bobby came in with great tears running Down his cheeks in two little rills As he told his mother, who asked what ailed him, A doleful story of boyish ills.

"That boy of Jones's—he up and kicked me Just as hard as he could," sobbed he.

"Wouldn't I like to give him a whipping? He's just as mean, Ma, as he can be.

"It was very wrong in him to do it,"



Said Bobby's mother with comforting kiss,

"But I hope when my boy gets into trouble

He doesn't kick back. Tell me how it is."

"O, I didn't kick back," answered Bobby, checking

For a moment the sobs that were ready to burst;

"I almost *knew* he would go to kicking, And to get the start of him I kicked first.



pepper. Work the butter into the flour. Add the cheese and the seasoning. Make into a paste with the egg. Roll into a very thin sheet, and cut in strips about a quarter of an inch wide and four inches long. Bake to a light brown in a moderate oven.

**Boston Brown Bread.** One pint Graham flour, one pint rye flour, one quart corn meal, one pint sweet milk, one pint sour milk, one teacup molasses, two teaspoons soda, one teacup salt. Steam four hours. Bake fifteen minutes.

**Sandwich Dressing.** Two raw eggs (yolks) one half cup vinegar, one half teaspoon salt, two tablespoons sweet cream, one tablespoon made mustard, one tablespoon melted butter. Beat the eggs well, then add salt, mustard, vinegar, cream, and lastly the melted butter. Put in a tin over hot water, and boil till thick and creamy. This dressing can be kept for a long time and used for any kind of meat.

**Chinese Veal.** Two pounds of veal boiled until tender enough to pick to pieces; season with salt and pepper and the juice of two lemons. Then pack in a mould in which has been placed slices of hard boiled eggs; pour over it as much of the liquor as the meat will absorb. Slice when cold.

**Snowflakes.** Beat to a cream two cups of sugar and one of butter, then add one cup sweet milk. Mix two teaspoons baking powder in three cups flour, and beat to a stiff froth the whites of six eggs. Add flour, then the beaten whites, and flavor with rose or almond. Bake immediately in patty pans in a quick oven.

HELEN JAY.

length of arms permitted.

Mamma fairly groans, but she knows how useless it is to say anything, especially if the person with the baby belongs to the masculine gender, for a "don't you suppose I know how to take care of a baby?" is about the answer she will get.

Certainly you do, Sir, but a mother is a mother, and likely to remain so till the end of the chapter.

Then what fun it is to tickle the helpless innocents. O relic of barbarism! just to see them laugh until they can laugh no longer. Patience has ceased to be a virtue, and a short but emphatic request is given (if the baby is mine) for that kind of fun to cease, for I firmly believe more children have nervous diseases from tickling than from any other cause.

How well I remember, when a child of three or four years, and the pet of a dear old grandpa, who would not for the world have harmed me, nevertheless thought it nothing wrong to catch me and tickle me until I could scarcely speak and still I could not help laughing, and no doubt he thought I enjoyed the fun as much as he.

I lately noticed an article in a paper, where a lady told how she and some friends amused themselves by seeing which one of them could keep her three months' old baby laughing the longest.

When they tired of the amusement, the baby was laid in its crib, and was quiet so long, that on going to see what kept it so still, its mother was horrified to find it cold and with wide open eyes, lying there almost lifeless.

It took hours to get it to rally from the nervous prostration, which, the doctor said, had been caused by the amusement (?) it had been having.

There are other things that would bear overhauling, but I guess this will do for this time.

THORNY POPPY.

MANNERS FOR BOYS.

Poor fellows! How they get hectorated and scolded and snubbed, and how continual is the rubbing and polishing and drilling, which every member of the family feels at liberty to administer.

No wonder their opposition is aroused and they begin to feel that every man's hand is against them, when after all if they were only, in a quiet way, informed of what was expected of them, and their manliness appealed to, they would readily enough fall into line.

So thought "Auntie M." as she pointed out the following rules for a little twelve-year old nephew, who was the "light of her eyes," if not always the joy of her heart, for though a good natured, amiable boy in the main, he would offend against the "proprieties" frequently.

First come manners for the street. Hat lifted in saying "good-by" or "How do you do?"

Hat lifted when offering a seat in a car or in acknowledging a favor.

Keep step with any one you walk with. Always precede a lady up stairs, and ask her if you may precede her, in passing through a crowd or public place.

Hat off the moment you enter a street door and when you step into a private hall or office.

Let a lady pass first always, unless she asks you to precede her.

In the parlor stand till every lady in the room is seated, also older people.

Rise if a lady comes in after you are seated and stand till she takes a seat.

Look people straight in the face when speaking or being spoken to.

Let ladies pass through a door first, standing aside for them.

In the dining room take your seat after ladies and elders.

Never play with knife, fork or spoon. Do not take your napkin in a bunch in your hand.

Eat as fast or as slow as others and finish the course when they do.

Rise when ladies leave the room and stand till they are out.

If all go out together, gentlemen stand by the door till ladies pass.

Special rules for the mouth are that all noise in eating and smacking of the lips should be avoided.

Cover the mouth with hand or napkin when obliged to remove anything from it.

Use your handkerchief unobtrusively always.

Do not look toward a bedroom door when passing. Always knock at any private room door.

These rules are imperative. There are many other little points which add to the grace of a gentleman, but to break any of these is almost unpardonable.

"Did you make up all these rules, auntie?" said Roy, as a copy, neatly printed by a type writer, was placed in his hands.

"Make them up? No. These are just the common rules of society that every gentleman observes. You will not find your father failing in one of them."

"Well, but he is a man!" said Roy, depreciatingly.

"And you do not wish to be a manly boy?" Roy said nothing, but it was noticed that the rules were placed very carefully in his drawer.

Some months have since passed, and auntie has had the pleasure of hearing repeatedly the remark, "What a manly, thoughtful little nephew you have," as one and another observed his polite and careful attention to others.

Perhaps there are some other boys who will like to cut out these rules and read them over now and then, keeping or getting some good friend to keep a record of their success or short comings in the observance, always remembering that the mothers, sisters and aunties are the "ladies" to whom these attentions should be shown, and not merely the guest and stranger.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

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# THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

A NATIONAL ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL.

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MRS. E. C. HEWITT, ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

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Philadelphia, September, 1889.

To spoil a wife snub her in company.

To spoil a husband henpeck him.

Never drink iced milk; it may produce a congestive chill, and we have heard of more than one death caused by it.

It happens a little unluckily that the persons who have the most intimate contempt of money are the same that have the strongest appetite for the pleasures it procures.

Mrs. Grover Cleveland is now taking lessons on the violin. Her teacher, Miss Louise Hood, of Newark, says that she is making rapid progress, and is already quite proficient with the bow.

A woman living near West Seneca, N. Y., has a well-cultivated flower-farm of seventeen acres, with four green-houses. She sometimes clears two thousand dollars a year from the sale of her flowers and plants. She says floriculture is a good business for women, but the West is the best field for it, and if she were to begin over again, she should go there.

C. P. Huntington has purchased the Robert Bonner property, on the east side of Fifth avenue, above Fifty-sixth street, New York, for \$450,000. He will build a million dollar house upon it, which, when finished, will be one of the most luxurious homes in the metropolis. The lot is directly opposite the magnificent residence of Ex-Secretary Whitney.

You seldom find a lasting beauty which has not had a semi-Greek education of out-door life and exercise behind it. Take the beautiful Gunnings who ran wild in their Irish country home, till their calculating mamma raked and scraped enough to take them to Dublin and thence to London.

The Gunnings were unlicensed hoydens, but their races over the hills gave them matchless complexions. Later still Mrs. Langtry took her beauty course, roving the Jersey lanes with her brothers in soft, pure sea air, living on peaches and coarse bread, with just as little of lessons as sufficed to fit her for London drawing rooms. I repeat it, and propose to repeat it till the idea reaches attention that you can turn a girl out, cleverer, better informed, of more accurate tastes, and surer adaptation to any society in which she is thrown, by three hours' study a day, and the rest out of doors or at work, than by reversing the order.

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[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.]  
A PLEA FOR BOARDING-SCHOOLS.

When I meet a girl, as I sometimes do, who seems to have so little formation of womanly character as to suppose that dancing gracefully, singing sweetly and dressing perfectly is her sole mission in life, I am constrained to question: Might she not have developed into something higher and finer had her horizon been enlarged? Instead of being the center of an admiring family circle, having as her guide a loving but most injudicious Mother to minister to her caprices and defend her from every slight, had she been thrown among creatures of her own kind, who would give as well as take, and who would repudiate with indignation the idea of any favoritism, might she not insensibly have parted with the little selfishnesses and present narrowness of views and been moulded on more generous lines? In such cases the boarding-school is of infinite value; here, in a little world of many dispositions, strict discipline, and a systematic routine instead of the interruptions and distractions which occur in the best ordered home,—here is leisure for any average mind to lend itself to the belief that life is full of earnest purpose and its goal the attainment of the best.

"But," I hear you say, "certainly every girl who is educated at home is not selfish!" Certainly not; so I shall draw my argument from the most unselfish of maidens, who, grown almost to womanhood, has acquired from the constant supervision of a watchful and tender mother a habit of dependence which scarcely fits her for her proper place in the world.

I have in my acquaintance just such a girl; though twenty years of age, she has been so watched and fussed over, and every action in life so managed for her by the false anxiety of her parent, that she is entirely helpless, and is as dependent upon the controlling will as a babe in arms. Suppose her deprived of that parent, and you behold a creature come to woman's estate with a soul and mind in almost its primitive condition—an automaton that any one may bid "Go here," or "Go there." I am satisfied that there is a time,—other conditions being equal—when a year or so from home is of value in the perfecting of a girl's education. In a boarding-school she learns that the world is not made for her alone; here her womanly sympathies are constantly called upon, as well as that fine tact in which her sex should excel; here, too, self reliance is the first virtue acquired, and one of the most useful to any woman all through life. Dora Copperfield, the child-wife, is very entertaining with her pretty, helpless ways; but we soon turn from her, "her talking pen," and the figures "that wouldn't add up," to the wise and gentle Agnes in whose disciplined heart we find rest.

Helen Hunt, of precious memory, tells us, that "a woman who creates and sustains a home, and under whose hands children grow up to be strong and pure men and women is a creator second only to God."

Before she can be such a creator as described she must be created after God's own image, on large, harmonious lines, self-poised, in matters of conscience yielding to none, a creature of the highest development.

To attain to this beautiful condition she must live in a gracious environment, for, like the chameleon, she takes her color from her surroundings. Just here some one may say, as I have heard before said: "The atmosphere of a boarding-school is pregnant with deceit; it is here girls often become adepts in duplicity." I reply, here, as in other communities, the good and bad are to be found, and even in my boarding-school the girl who smuggles both cake and candy may be discovered; but can I hold her guilty of any of the seven deadly sins when I remember that it was at home that she acquired the habit of nibbling sweets? Let the Mother (for who ever looks to the Father, either in real life or in literature, in these emergencies?) build her child's character upon the rocks of truthfulness and purity, and she has little to fear from school influence.

Then, too, it should be remembered that boarding-schools are not houses of correction and much depends upon a careful selection, and a thorough knowledge of those in command. The Squeers tribe are long since extinct, and if it were not so they could not flourish in the light of these days.

If one's daughter is so easily influenced that she can forget, in the brief period passed at a boarding-school, the sweet incense of the home fireside, she must be utterly unfitted to go into the world at large, where, we are told, the devil goes about like a roaring lion.

FELICIA HOLT.

My opinion of boarding-schools is so clearly defined that I think I can give it in a very few words.

First—I regard them as a "necessary evil." For such children as have no home or no true home-life—for children who know no home-training, or are debarred by circumstances (always unfortunate) from a mother's confidential and sympathetic companionship—where the mother is too apathetic, or too fashionable, or too incapable to establish any rules of regularity of study, dress, diet, or thought—then, indeed, the boarding-school is the next best thing. The ungoverned will be taught discipline—the lazy will be inspired to work—the disorderly will be taught habits of neatness. But there I end.

For the child who has any chance of home-training at all, even if it be not of the very best, the last thing in the world is a boarding-school.

For this bald statement, I will give my reasons, founded on years of experience and observation.

First let us take the teacher. With all due respect to the thorough worth and profound knowledge that most of them possess; with the highest respect and admiration for what most of them accomplish and the love and veneration they inspire in the hearts of those of whom they have the training, they are in nearly every case single women, and in many cases women whose youth has far gone by. Taking this in consideration with the fact that the in-

tervening years have been spent in the monotony of teaching [too often weary work at best] and the fact that there has been nothing to develop the mother love innate in every woman's soul, they are—not physically, mentally, or morally—but psychologically unfitted to handle that most delicate of all instruments—a young girl's developing soul and expanding heart.

Supposing, however, that all these objections are removed, and that the teacher is the best-fitted, best-intentioned person for the position that the world can produce, what real opportunity is there for her to do the very best for the young girls under her care?

In all establishments where numbers are concerned, there must be regulations made *pro bono publico* from which individuals must suffer, and it is perfectly impossible for a woman to give to the sixty, or even the twenty pupils under her charge, the latitude, the sympathy, the individual consideration of each need, that she would give to her own daughter, or even half dozen daughters.

"Many girls receive too much of this at home?" Yes, so they do, and many would be benefitted perhaps physically and mentally by a course of boarding-school, but morally and psychologically the influence is bad—immeasurably bad, in most cases. And parents have grown to learn that their children have something within them worthy of training, more than mere brain and body. We are daily learning the beautiful mechanism of the soul and heart, and recognizing more clearly the fact they need stimulation to attain the highest perfection.

Next—the pupil. We will not take into consideration the pupil as a pupil, but as a growing girl. A mother once declared that after her daughter was fourteen, she would keep her out of school and get acquainted with her. There's the point of the whole thing. Send your daughters to boarding-school if you must, before they are twelve years old, but from twelve to eighteen, as you value your daughter's friendship, keep her with you, Mother.

"Friendship?" Yes, "friendship," for unless a good honest, earnest friendship exists between mother and daughter there is something wanting in that relation. The girl's heart begins to develop, she is seized with new ideas and thoughts inexplicable to herself, she seeks counsel perhaps of her own accord, but of whom? If the relation between mother and daughter has been all that it should have been—of her mother. If she is at boarding-school at this expanding period, she seeks the constant companionship of those who supply her real or fancied needs, and the result is, what? Only, too often, a vitiated moral sense.

The companionship of boarding-schools is too often necessarily bad. There are too often to be found in such institutions those who have been sent because—O, woful admission!—their parents cannot do anything with them. And with such influences, just as she is taking on all the sweetness and grace of true womanhood, is your daughter or mine not only thrown, but perforce of circumstances, closely housed. They eat together, study together, walk together, and, worst of all, talk together. No mother has a right to complain, if, after a few years of boarding-school life, her daughter is returned to her utterly alienated as far as all the sweet companionship is concerned. She has been obliged to seek and has found other friends at a time when her mother would have come nearest and dearest had the tendrils of her heart had this support to cling to.

And now a word for the mother. The mother often makes this sacrifice with a bleeding heart, knowing that the result will be very much what I have said above, but feeling that for her daughter's sake it must be done—feeling that for her daughter's education the sacrifice must be made. But, O Mother, don't do it, if there is any way under Heaven by which your daughter can obtain even a moderate mental education. For in the years which you will be separated, she will not only go forward away from you, but you, without the stimulus of her daily presence, her little pieces of news about the ways of the world, her little tricks of dress, which will show you the latest fashion—you will go backward, away from her.

And when she returns later on with the polish which you would have her acquire, and the ideas which you would not have her acquire, you will find to your sorrow that she is perhaps annoyed, if not absolutely ashamed, of her mother's gaucherie. And no mother can afford to put her daughter to shame for want of the few little touches that are essential to perfect breeding. "A true daughter will not be ashamed of her mother?" Pardon me, the truest daughter, the most loving heart, cannot help feeling mortification at seeing her mother placed in a compromising light before her young companions, and the greater the love, the deeper the mortification. We so dearly love our own, that we would have them such that all may admire and none deride. It is, therefore, a mother's duty to keep up with her daughter. I have seen mothers who were tacitly thrust aside, and the daughters were to blame. They were to blame, perhaps, but not in nearly so great a degree as the mother herself. It is the mother who puts herself aside that is put in the background; and only in the love and companionship and close confidence of daily life, can she expand with her children. When they have returned to her from boarding-school the day has gone by.

MRS. EMMA C. HEWITT

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"Among sensible, shrewd, far-seeing advertisers the religious newspaper is placed high on the list of helps to the development of business. It is, from its very nature, the best paper in which a wise business man can place his advertisement.

In the competition for business the paper of small circulation suffers from the necessity that compels the admission of degrading and oftentimes disgusting advertisements. Impecuniosity will greatly weaken, if it does not destroy, the editor's or publisher's sense of the moral obligation due their subscribers.

"With denominational newspapers of large circulation the case is different. They have no need to lower their dignity nor debase their columns for the sake of mere present gain. It is through mediums such as these that advertisers secure the trade of the best people."

And Mr. Baldwin should be right, but it is an unfortunate fact that he is not, as many even religious papers admit to their columns the names of firms who are either unreliable or fraudulent.

"Impecuniosity" will truly destroy many a man's sense of honor, but is it absolute impecuniosity which produces this result? Is it not rather a desire for gain? It seems as if that fine sense of honor which actuates some publishers in all other transactions in life, is utterly lost in the contemplation of the "almighty dollar."

They hedge behind the statement that they guarantee nothing which they advertise. That seems to us a pitiful announcement, which says in effect, "There is every possibility of this man being a fraud, but his money I must have, so I hope you will not hold me responsible if you are victimized."

It seems as if they cannot feel that their duty to their subscribers demands that they should furnish goods as reliable in this respect, as in any other.

They will tell you that a change cannot be made—that it would be suicidal to begin to refuse doubtful advertisements. No! they would rather make no inquiries and then be able to consider themselves irresponsible of consequences.

But we say it can be done, and until it is done, the advertising columns of many an American periodical are not only a disgrace to the publishers, but a powerful engine for evil.

If a man will start out with the courage of his convictions, and steadily adhere to his determination to publish only such advertisements as he knows to be thoroughly reliable in every way, while the "present dollar" will perhaps be more scarce for a short time, the beneficial results after the first struggle, will be incalculable; and if all publishers viewed the matter in a truly practical way, good sense and force of reasoning would soon show them that they "cannot afford" to take anything but first-class advertisements, at any price.

The time for the receipt of clubs of Yearly subscribers, in competition for the twenty-two prizes offered last January, closed July 1st. We had hoped to be able to publish the list of successful Prize Winners, in this the September number. At the date of going to press, July 20th, a number of those who have sent us large clubs of names, have delayed the forwarding of their account of names furnished, for the necessary comparison with the books of our Credit Department, to be approved or corrected, as circumstances may dictate. We do not wish to publish a list of successful competitors, and the Prize Awards, until the list is complete in every particular.

In a few days we shall have had all the reports. Though they will be received too late for publication in this issue, we shall give in the next number, October, a full and complete list of those to whom the prizes have been awarded, for the largest list of Yearly subscribers sent to us in accordance with our Prize Offers as made.

By the recently probated will of Miss Mary L. Booth, late editor of Harper's Bazar, she left an estate of over \$100,000. This considerable sum Miss Booth earned by her pen, aided to some extent by successful investments in real estate. Miss Booth united remarkable literary ability to a shrewd head for business. She might have been considered a woman of one idea, which idea was the making of money out of her writings. She attended strictly to business, she never entertained any ambition to edit a magazine of her own, she never wrote a line for publication that she did not sell in the highest market. Miss Booth was a woman given neither to sentiment nor enthusiasm. She was not less gifted in strong common sense than in talent as a writer and editor. Consequently, Mary L. Booth accumulated an estate greater than has ever been possessed by a literary woman in this country.

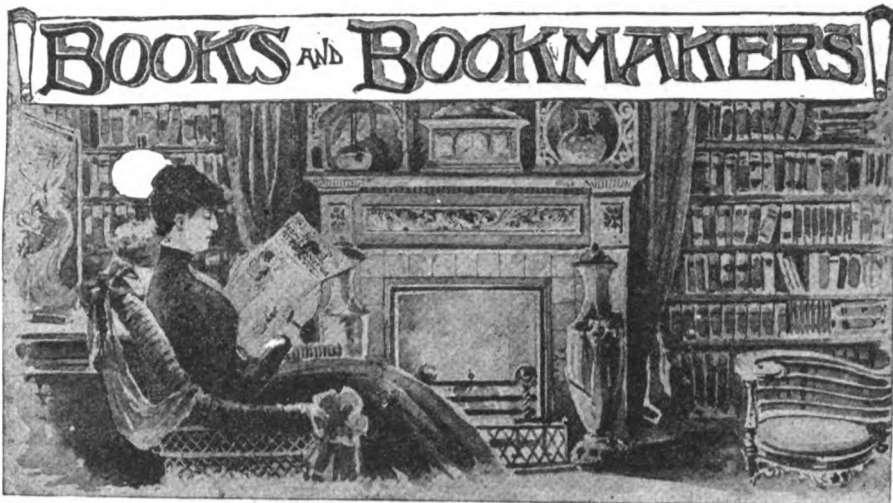
We want to be on good terms with the boys and girls in HOME JOURNAL families. We want to enlist their sympathies and co-operation, as well as those of their mothers.

As an initial step in that direction, we have just published an entertaining story, of sound moral, and purity, entitled "Joe's Circus Money." To any boy, or any girl, in the family of a JOURNAL subscriber who will send us a two cent stamp and a request for a copy of this story—we will mail one.

There will be no charge for the story, but they must not omit the stamp to pay postage—and must be careful to write their name, and their address, plainly and correctly.

The "Woman's Fruit Preserving Union," of South Pasadena, Cal., is a new enterprise founded and conducted by Miss Hinman and Miss Amos, both former teachers in Evanston, Ill. They attend to the business themselves, selecting the best of fruit and putting it up with the purest of sugar, in glass jars, so that it will keep perfectly in any climate.

Lady Randolph Churchill is about to make her debut in literature, it is said, with an article in *Longman's New Review* on her experience in Russian social life.



BY MRS. A. E. RAMSEY.

People who are searching for something suitable for private theatricals will be glad to know of Mrs. Burton Harrison's translations and adaptations of short French plays. They are bright, witty, and full of dramatic opportunities, and are chosen and treated with great delicacy and taste. They come in one volume (at 50 cents) under the title of "Short Comedies for Amateur Players." The chief difficulty in acting them will be found in the actors themselves; for few people have the gift of the light touch, which is needed to bring out the real humor and grace of these dainty plays—whose calibre may be guessed at from some of the titles—"Behind a Curtain," "Tea at Four O'Clock," "Weeping Wives," etc.

Equally well adapted for reproduction are the farces by Howell, which are now being acted by amateurs all over the country for the benefit of charitable and philanthropic enterprises. These farces may be had in small volumes—each containing one play—thus making it possible for every player to have his own book at small expense.

Early in the spring the women of Boston were much interested in the arrival of the 70th Birthday of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, and since then a little pamphlet has been issued, containing an account of all that was said and done on that occasion. In reading it the memory goes back to the many things which would have made Mrs. Howe famous had she never written "The Battle hymn of the Republic," nor stood for so many years as a special Pleader for the cause of Woman's Rights.

She was the daughter of a wealthy New York banker, and, in her own home received an education quite as profound and thorough as that offered in these days to the college-bred girl. She acquired the modern languages early, but at fifty undertook the study of Greek, in which language she now reads the Hellenic Historians and Philosophers. When this gifted New York belle married Samuel Howe—the earnest fighter against oppression,—it was inevitable that her whole mind should have been turned with force to the interests of humanity. It was Dr. Howe who reclaimed Laura Bridgman from the dreary bondage of blindness, deafness and speechlessness, and brought to human knowledge and sympathy through the one sense left her—that of touch. For many years the home of the Howes, in South Boston, was the meeting point for all that was worthy among the noted people of the intellectual and philanthropic world. "Neglect of home duties" is the slur so often cast upon women whose names are known beyond the circle of their own friends, that it is refreshing to learn that of all Mrs. Howe's many children not one has failed to add a grace to the already honored name. Maud Howe (Mrs. Elliot) is well known, as is also her sister, Mrs. Laura E. Richards, and the others only a degree less so.

A little pamphlet called "Glimpses of Sunshine in Woman's Century" has been compiled by Miss Ashton. It is as might be suspected from its name—a collection of "good things"—quotations and otherwise—pertaining to the cause of Woman's suffrage. One of the most interesting of its items is an account of Mrs. Zeralda Wallace—the stepmother of General Lew Wallace—and so close is the relation between them that "Ben Hur" is said to be owing to her influence. Mrs. Wallace lives in Indiana, and is one of the most earnest advocates of woman's right to the ballot. Miss Willard says of her: "She has been from the beginning of our work Indiana's best loved and most influential leader. She has earned the right to repudiate with dignity the aspersions of those who say that an interest in public affairs mars the gentleness of womanhood, and to declare that having cradled three generations in her arms her home record may well pass muster."

Carmen Sylva is the name which Elizabeth, Queen of Roumania, signs to her poems and word pictures—which by the way are written with almost equal ease and grace in any of the modern tongues. The gifted queen is bright and beautiful, with snowy hair above a youthful face, a slender, picturesque figure and winning smile.

The story is told that once, when she was passing a season at a watering place on the North Sea, it was her habit to gather the children around her on the sands, and to hold them breathlessly intent upon the fairy tales she poured forth for them. The children built up sand fortifications around her arm-chairs, planted their flags and toy cannons on top of them, played with her as with another child, and gave her the name of "Fairy Tale Aunt," which her more mature friends turned into Schelherezade. Her writings bring any price she chooses to ask, and she is besieged by offers from editors begging her to name her own terms. But, it is said, that she does not often comply. When I read of such cultivated, gracious women in the ranks of Royal-

ty, I wonder why so few of our young ladies, with their "every advantage" of leisure and wealth, succeed in reaching this generous, liberal culture. Can it be, that in our fear of overcrowding our children we are not half educating them? Or is it that we allow too much social life during the girlhood and school-days of our daughters?

The daintiest of volumes both inside and out is "A White Umbrella in Mexico," by Francis Hopkinson Smith. Mr. Smith in early life was intended for "business"—that capacious maw which swallows up so much of our native talent—but in time took up what he felt to be his genuine calling—Art, and became very well known to all connoisseurs through his water-colors. Now he shows how pleasantly and easily he can write, and enhances the attractiveness of his book by the skillful use of his pencil. The book is so well gotten up that it enters the lists with the better style of "gift books" and compares well with the exquisite trifles which France sends us in Daudet's "Thirty Years in Paris" and "Tarascon sur les Alpes."

The name of Robert Louis Stevenson on a title page is sure to secure a welcome for all that follows—including the name of his collaborator, Lloyd Osbourne—who must be, I think, a step-son, since Mrs. Stevenson was first a Mrs. Osbourne. The new book, "The Wrong Box," however, is not as much to my taste as most of the old ones. It is a symposium of ingenious horrors and full of fun withal, but I cannot help thinking that this vein of humor is exactly the one which will be shortest-lived and least satisfactory to himself. Mr. Stevenson is, however, the last man to be always so, even—nor would I have him so—and the joke of "The Wrong Box," though gruesome, will be found sufficiently entertaining to plead its own cause with most of us.

Among the interesting biographies I have only space to speak of one—"A Eulogy of Richard Jeffries," by Walter Besant. No lover of nature can afford to be without Jeffries' books—for he is an English Burroughs, though more delicate and thorough as an observer—and the story of his life with all its suffering and privations so bravely borne will appeal powerfully to those who have learned much of nature through this man's wonderful sympathy with all things of the "Open Air."

Were I asked to name the most interesting novel of the season, I think I should say "Passé Rose," by Arthur Shelbourne Hardy. This story first appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and was, even in this piece-meal fashion of the serial, a most charming tale of pure romance. But in book form it has become a veritable *chef d'œuvre* and adds to the merit of its picturesque style that of so real and live an interest, that you forget the gorgeous pageants, the vivid pictures of early France, in the eagerness with which you follow the fortunes and misfortunes of the lovely Passé Rose.

[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.]  
LITERARY LEAVES.

Bright Gossip About Those Who Write Our Reading and Make Our Books.

There is one thing which women who write and publish books should learn,—and for their own interests. It is to put "Mrs." or "Miss" before their names on the title-pages of books. To the reviewer who has an eye to style nothing is more irritating than to have spent an hour or two in reading a book, take up his pen to write a review, and find himself unable to properly refer to the author. Women-writers are altogether too ready to assume that editors and the public are cognizant of the fact whether they are married or single.

I am led to write about this from an instance which came under my observation only recently. A reviewer for one of the foremost New York dailies had thrown aside a newly-published novel just as I entered his literary workshop. I wondered at the loss of temper he evidenced, but sympathized with him when he said in explanation, "Actually, I spent three hours, or all of last evening, reading that novel. This morning I take up my pen to write about it, and find myself unable to learn whether the author is a 'Miss' or 'Mrs.' I cannot afford to make a misstatement, and it irritated me so that I concluded to throw the book out. I think women-writers should be taught a lesson in this respect. There is no reason at all why they should not properly designate themselves on the title-pages of their books, and help the reviewer who helps them. Now, I positively will not write a line about this book," and the author lost a handsome review in one of the best literary papers in this country. There is a lesson in this incident for our female writers and their publishers alike.

DIFFICULTY OF NAMING BOOKS.

Even more difficult than writing a good story is the choice of a good name for it. I

find this very general among even our cleverest authors. I remember hearing Miss Louisa Alcott say that it had taken her more than six months once to find the proper title for a book which it had taken her six weeks to write. She finally named it "Little Women." Mrs. Burnett's first title for "Little Lord Fauntleroy" was "Cedric." Then she changed it to "Little Cedric," and finally chose the one adopted. The late E. P. Roe had an unusual tact for naming books, and if at times they were apt to be a trifle sensational, they were, what the publishers call, "good selling titles." Mrs. Humphry Ward had not less than a dozen names for her novel before she decided to call it "Robert Elsmere." Longfellow pondered a long time before "A Psalm of Life" occurred to him for his famous poem. George Eliot was more than a year choosing "Adam Bede." Much depends upon the title,—especially in these days when books are so often bought from what is on the cover. The best title for a novel is one that is short, thus easily remembered by the reading public, as attractive as possible, and which gives no clue to the plot. If a curiosity-piquing flavor can be added, as "Behind Closed Doors," or "The Wrong Box" it is an additional advantage.

LITERARY WOMEN AND DRESS.

The old theory that literary women must be long-haired, unkempt in appearance and eccentric in dress, is rapidly dying out. The modern authoress has greater social obligations than her sister who preceded her, and she must dress accordingly. Eccentricities in dress, even with the most talented, are not so generally overlooked as in the past. And a glance at the costumes at a literary reception of a coterie of literary women, shows the present tendency. The short skirt that formerly characterized the literary woman has given away to the more dignified train. Grace has succeeded awkwardness in toilets and manners. Julia Ward Howe, Mary Mapes Dodge, Marion Harland, Jenny June, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Margaret Sangster, Mrs. Lew Wallace, Anna Katharine Green,—these and many more of our literary women are both, modern and aristocratic in their dress. Elaborate toilets are not a necessity with the modern authoress, but she cannot, on the other hand, with any success to herself, affect the eccentric or curious. Our younger women writers are naturally more dressy. Maud Howe, Amelie Rives, Margaret Deland, Sarah Orne Jewett, and other members of the younger school are more aesthetic in their dress, and frequently the prettiest and most stylish gowns at a gathering are worn by them. It is, on the whole, a pleasing indication of the progress of our time, that because a woman is a writer is no longer a guarantee of peculiar manners or eccentric embellishment.

A PEN PORTRAIT OF GRACE GREENWOOD.

Sitting directly opposite "Grace Greenwood" (or Mrs. Lippincott, as she is known to her friends) not many evenings ago, I could not help noticing what a striking face this remarkable woman possesses. It is a face that at once impresses you, I think, as belonging to a woman of singular force of character. Shadows play upon it continually, as if in sympathy with the feelings which sway its possessor. The eyes that are so restless are deep and penetrating, and your very soul seems to be undergoing a thorough examination as they look at you. One moment the eyebrows will contract and almost completely hide the orbits underneath; another moment and the eyes are fastened upon you with a keen and searching brilliancy. The forehead is high and dome-like in shape. Of late, the raven-black hair that fringes Mrs. Lippincott's head has shown silvery threads. I have always questioned whether we have a more truly brilliant writer in our literature to-day than Grace Greenwood. The younger generation know not so much about her, but to those familiar with literature during the past twenty years few names surround themselves with more distinct literary achievements.

GOSSIP OF THE LITERARY WORLD.

Margaret Deland's new novel, "Sydney Page," will not see publication before the end of the present year or the beginning of the new.

Frank Stockton's "Personally Conducted" papers are being put in book form, and will be one of the principal Christmas juveniles this year.

It is estimated by reliable judges that one out of every thirty novels printed pays the author for his trouble. This will not be encouraging news to those who are writing novels, but the statistics are authoritative.

A life of the famous scout, Kit Carson is under way, with Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont as the author.

Blanche Willis Howard is engaged upon a new novel. Miss Howard has taken up her permanent residence in Stuttgart, Germany.

Elizabeth Akers Allen, who wrote that famous poem, "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother," is still a beautiful and interesting woman. She is 57 years of age, and resides at Ridgewood, New Jersey.

The family of General Grant have thus far received about \$900,000 from the sale of the General's "Memoirs."

Mark Twain's new book will be out in December. It is called "A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur," and is said to be a satire on English nobility.

Mrs. Burnett's income from her books and play is over \$25,000 a year. This is remunerative authorship, but to how many authors is such success granted?

Boston will again be the residence of Mr. W. D. Howells. His brief stay in New York, it is said, did not please him.

Robert Louis Stevenson will not return to America for fully six months yet, unless he changes his mind, which is not an infrequent thing with him. At present the novelist is at Samoa.

Jean Ingelow's health is so precarious as to prevent her from doing any literary work of moment.

The widow of E. P. Roe has come to New York to reside. EDWARD W. BOK.

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We will send copy postpaid as a premium for a club of 2 trial subscribers at 25 cents each; or, on receipt of 15 cents.

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

MRS. JOHN W. BISHOP

September Toilettes. Hats, Wraps, Gowns, Etc.

Flat crowned, broad brimmed hats will continue to be worn during September, flowers and foliage being exchanged for wings, plumes, etc., and velvet loops and bows of velvet ribbon introduced in compliment to the change of season; or the season's flowers of brilliant hue will take the place of primroses,

chin. A tall brunette looked very charming in a black hat trimmed with *coquelicots*, the brim turned up at one side, faced with a full plaiting of lace and four *coquelicots*, arranged one against the other, resting upon her jetty hair. This was worn with a toilette of foulard of the same brilliant hue figured with black and trimmed with black lace. Another pretty hat, worn by a rosy blonde, was faced with tulle plaitings in an exquisite shade of sea-gull gray, little *choux* of the tulle on the inside of the turned up brim, and bunches of tips and one long plume on the outside, shading from white to the deep-

the back, and sometimes a scarf end is left, which is wound about the neck and depends from the shoulder.

Light wraps are an important adjunct to the toilette in September when there is often a chill in the air; these are in great variety of shapes and materials, and many of them are exceedingly coquettish and becoming.

The newest ones are in the shape of a half tight jacket with short cuirass back, finished with a fall of lace, and double fronts of wide, finely plaited Chantilly lace, which fall in scarf-like ends almost to the foot; the sleeves, also of the wide plaited lace, have no seam, are arranged in puffs on the shoulder held by ornaments of jet or silk, hang straight to the depth of a yard, the ends caught under a small bow of ribbon or ornament.

The fichu shape reappears in many charming varieties.

In one of the best houses on one of the boulevards a simple but effective little mantlelet was seen, made of five inch ribbon in *tige d'aillet* green; there was a seam on the shoulders to give the proper shape, it was folded in quite narrow at the waist and fell in loops and ends quite low both back and front; the V shaped spaces were filled in with plaitings of black net; the sleeve part was formed by a pointed epaulette made of two rows of the ribbon, below which fell a deep fringe of silk beads.

Where a dressy effect is desired more than warmth the *Medici* collar of jet with long, scarf-like ends, or a scarf of *blonde de Grenade* lace two yards and a half long and twenty inches wide are worn.

The *haute nouveaute* in our illustration is very graceful, and is especially effective when made *en costume* of the material of the gown; this is of silk with embroideries of a darker shade, the fronts crossed and held by an agraffe and finished with full ruching of silk, as is also the neck.

The black silk redingote with long, wing-like sleeves of lace, is a costume complete in it-

Bordered gowns have a plain petticoat with the round, full overskirt simply caught up quite high and quite far back on each side; they are simple and graceful if skillfully adjusted.

*Point de Genes* or Irish lace in deep Venetian points, white or cream, also fine, lacey looking silk passementeries in deep points are exceedingly effective as a garniture for soft wool and *crepe de Chine* gowns, and can be employed in a great variety of forms. A charming toilette worn on a recent gala occasion was of mignonette green Austrian cachemere with trimmings of black pointed passementerie in two widths; the narrow width surrounded the skirt draperies, formed a collarette, and finished the *gigot* sleeves, and a corslet of the wide confined the full waist, the straight edge being placed at the waist line with the points, turned upward, spreading gracefully to accommodate the figure.

A similar gown had a double row of the passementerie about the waist, the points of the wide turning up, those of the narrow down from the waist line; a more becoming style for a short-waisted figure. Another gown worn on the same occasion was in mauve *crepe de Chine* with cream *point de Genes* lace arranged as above described. The pointed laces and passementeries make effective borders for skirt panels, are employed as foot trimmings, the points turning downward over tiny pinked frills of silk, or they can be used to form jacket fronts.

Gowns of Austrian cachemere (lighter than the French) and of silk warp Henrietta cloth are charming for September toilettes and for evenings-at-home later on. A lovely Austrian cachemere in a medium shade of gray has a border along the selvedge edge formed of alternate *entredeux* of black lace and delicate vines in black embroidery; the bordered overdress is caught up very high on one side *a la Grec* over a petticoat of black lace in fine plaitings; the bodice, plain and pointed in the back, has a full front of the bordering confined by three rows of black gros grain ribbon ar-



lilacs, and lilies of the valley. The art of flower making has arrived at such perfection one is tempted to wear them even when good taste suggests feathers as more appropriate.

A black hat with loops of velvet ribbon deftly arranged had a spray of honeysuckle laid around the crown, which looked as if it had just been torn from the vine by the wearer and carelessly placed there. Another, also black, trimmed with *coquilles* of tulle, had a bunch of velvety nasturtiums with flowers and foliage so perfectly reproduced that the eye alone would fail to detect that they were made by human hands.

Many of the wide brimmed hats are worn

est gray of the sea-gull's plumage.

The Mercury hat described in our last is less *prononce* than its name would imply, and is stylish and becoming to many faces.

The first hat in our group is a French chip with brim faced with lace plaitings and the crown decorated with loops of velvet and wings deftly and gracefully adjusted as only French fingers can accomplish. The second is a straw in mignonette green, trimmed with ostrich tips and plumes of the same shade—one tip falling over the turned up brim.

The third is a modest little capote of fawn-colored braid with trimmings of golden brown. It seems that *La Mode* having found both extremes unsatisfactory to her votaries

has finally chosen the golden mean in the matter of bonnets, toques, etc. I think few ladies did not hail with pleasure the disappearance of the high trimmings, with loops, ends, wings, etc., standing straight in the air, making a company of ladies resemble a council of Sioux chiefs in the outlines of their head gear; the very small, very flat shape, scarcely visible from the front, seems to be even less satisfactory, and as will be seen by our illustration sufficient height to be becoming will be given the next season's bonnet. Later, of course, new shapes will appear, but for early autumn the toque and capote, modernized as above described, and the English turban will obtain when a wide-brimmed hat is not desirable. A pretty little toque is made of old brocade the same as is employed in the construction of the gown with which it is worn. The shape is for all the world like a Moorish turban, a large jet crescent is so placed as to give the front the proper projection, over this is drawn a scarf of white tulle which is arranged in airy loops on one side, held in place by small jet flies, strings of narrow black velvet ribbon coming from the back complete the novel and stylish *ensemble*.

Velvet and tulle are combined in some of the newest toques, which are decorated with wings of a corresponding or contrasting shade.

Veils of tulle, black or white, or of the shade of the hat or gown, are worn with large hats; they are stretched tightly across the front, the ends caught up and fastened in



back from the face, and have a sweet little face trimming resting against the hair; either a natty bow of velvet ribbon of a becoming shade, a bunch of flowers, or a *choux* of tulle; some also have strings of narrow velvet ribbon coming from the back, which invariably sets close to the head, and tying under the

combined in some of the newest toques, which are decorated with wings of a corresponding or contrasting shade.

Veils of tulle, black or white, or of the shade of the hat or gown, are worn with large hats; they are stretched tightly across the front, the ends caught up and fastened in



FRONT VIEW.



BACK VIEW.

self; they require handsome ornaments of silk or jet.

Cloaks of shot silk are seen in the best shops; these have always self trimmings; they are usually in redingote shape with plaited back, the square sleeve formed of fine plaitings or of groups of very fine tucks, the edges being pinked, as are those of the full ruchings passing around the neck and down the fronts. The ruchings are sometimes of rose quillings, but are softer made of two superposed bands of the silk in unequal widths pinked on each edge and gathered very full in the centre.

Jackets are somewhat longer, in cuirass form, with fronts opening *en revers* over an embroidered vest, or they are embroidered all around the edges and on top of the sleeves and with invisible fastenings down the front.

Jackets as well as the short cloth wraps with long pelerine fronts are often embroidered all over with hand work and are exceedingly rich and expensive. Large velvet sleeves are seen in some of the embroidered jackets, but they are rather *prononce* for the promenade and should be relegated to carriage use.

Simplicity in street toilettes is always undisputed good taste. The lovely Princess of Wales while in Paris recently attended service in the Jubilee Church in the *rue de Bassano* in a very simple toilette of black foulard spotted with white, and little black lace capote with a bunch of lilies of the valley.

Her daughters wore blue foulard with black hats trimmed with wreaths of bluets.

*Coquelicot* seems to grow in favor as the season advances and is especially appropriate for September.

A pretty foulard in this color, seen at Pasquier's, has a scattering design in black, and is made with panels of black guipure net over which the foulard is draped; the full waist has a guimpe of the guipure net; there is a foot trimming of plaitings of the foulard in groups with ruffles of guipure lace between. Foot trimmings appear on some of the newest gowns. Paniers also are again seen, and the apron overskirt so long popular reappared

ranged in points in front, the two upper rows reaching to the side seams only, the lower one passing around to the back, where it is tied over the point and falls in loops and ends quite low over the draperies.

French broadcloths, French, India and Austrian cachemeres and wool Henriettas still hold their prestige.

Embroidery in great variety is still the garniture *par excellence* for all kinds of garments, hand work, of course, being the most elegant.

The bodices of many new gowns are in cuirass form, embroidered all around the edges and down the fronts.

The *princesse polonoise* makes a stylish gown over a skirt of a darker shade, or different material, with sleeve like the skirt.

Where sleeves different from the waist are used in the construction of a costume the arm hole is invariably trimmed around with embroidery or passementerie like the rest of the gown.

The Redfern gown in our illustration, showing back and front, is so clearly portrayed as to require no description; it speaks for itself. It would be effective made in cloth, India cachemere or serge with panels of velvet in a darker shade or in black.

Of all the varieties of sleeves introduced within the past two years the *gigot* seems to be the favorite. To set perfectly they must be made over a tight lining, to which the outside is smoothly fitted at the bottom and tacked in deep, loose folds at the top, standing up above the shoulder and out from the arm; thus made they are becoming to almost all figures except those with shoulders preternaturally broad and short waists, in that case the coat sleeve draped at the top, the drapery caught up very high on the shoulder, is most becoming.

House gowns are invariably made to lay an inch or two on the floor in the back, and tea gowns are usually made *demitrained*.

One small reed and a very tiny cushion is still adhered to by many *modistes*, especially for evening dresses, and those in heavy materials.

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

BY EMMA M. HOOPER.

NO. XIII.

I trust that none of the immense army of the Journal subscribers will be guilty of adopting the fashion of skirts two inches on the floor in the back that is now being thrust upon us by French modistes. It is ungraceful and uncleanly, as well as expensive, for the braid, facing and dress-goods will stand just about three street promenades before obliging the owner to replace them. You will hear in the fall that this is the fashion, but I beg of every woman to put her face against such an uncalled for "fad," and retain the neat style of skirts entirely escaping the floor, from 2 1/2 to 2 3/4 yards wide, with one 12 inch reed 15 inches below the belt, and a small, very small bustle.

The straight draperies prevail, but they are so full and varied that they prove becoming to short and tall, slender and stout figures. I may safely say that all the backs are straight and full, with about five rows of shirring across the top to keep the fullness at the centre, but the sides and fronts are of many styles. Any sort of a pleating may be used on the sides, wide or narrow, kilt or box, or the material, if of light weight goods, may have three inch wide tucks over the hips or half way down, with a cord run through each one, drawing it up full enough to hang prettily and the tucks forming a kind of a ruche, which is a revival of the trimming of fifty years ago.

Both silk and woolen dresses have these panel sides of lace or the newer nets, with ribbon run through the tucks and tied in long bows on one side. Others have the panels drawn up on No. 1 ribbons run through the meshes of the net, which has a charming effect. The whole width of the net should be used for either side, and then drawn to fit over the flat side piece beneath. From five to nine rows of ribbon are used at the top, or top and half way down, half an inch apart, which will be in each row of holes if the large meshed net is selected. The front of the skirt may be a Grecian apron, which I described in previous articles on Home Dressmaking, narrow or wide pleats, in tiny lengthwise tucks forming a yoke at the top and then flowing free, full with several straight rows of shirring at the top, or, latest of all, have three tucks at the knees drawn up by cords, as described for the sides, giving the effect of a Spanish flounce headed by a ruche.

Sash ends, skirt fronts, and sides if wished, are finished in Empire fashion with a fringe across the bottom, which must be three inches deep and it may be ten. House or evening dresses have a low flounce draped across the front beneath a row of tabs of the material headed by a row of butterfly bows of narrow ribbon. Flat border trimmings, ribbon, velvet, embroidery, etc., remain in style for finishing the full fronts, which has encouraged merchants to order out bordered dress goods for the coming season. A simple plan for keeping a skirt on straight is to sew a safety hook on the centre front of the belt and an eye on the corset. The round waists now in vogue are fastened with a buttonhole and button to the centre of the skirt, back and front.

Here are the dimensions of a Paris made skirt which will prove how much wider they are made over there at the centre of new freaks of fancy and of dress. Back, 36 inches wide and straight; front gore, 9 inches at the belt and 27 inches at the foot, side gores, 15 inches at the top and 23 inches at the hem. Now please remember that I am not recommending these figures, as I have not seen a skirt made up by them, but they are from a prominent Parisian dressmaker.

I will give you this hint for the coming season, viz., jacket basques will be largely worn. They may have a pointed or square "habit" back, with the fronts fitted with one dart in each side, and cut squarely off at the waist line, having the tops turned back in Directoire revers over a flat or full vest, with a belt, soft sash or three straps of No. 9 ribbon across the front to hold the fullness in place. Lovely plastrons are made of the large fishnet, which is 48 inches wide and from \$1.25 to \$2.50 a yard, using half of the width and drawing it in at the neck and waist by the No. 1 ribbon spoken of before. Five rows ending in three rosettes on one side are very dressy, or the ribbon may be run in the meshes at the neck in the shape of a V and tied in the centre of each row. Black lace dresses of this net for evening wear have the sleeves made also of the net, with ribbons at the top and wrist to draw it in to fit the figure. Ladies remodeling dresses will find that No. 1 ribbon and fishnet piece lace open up a wonderful array of changes.

In fitting a basque on a stout figure it is well to bring the under arm seam as far front as possible without altering the shape of the fronts. The favorite plastron for a slender figure has the usual close-fitting lining, with folds of the dress material or silk from each shoulder seam, crossed at the waist under a soft sash, and leaving a V shaped space at the top, which is filled in flatly with the silk, embroidered galloon or velvet, or has a full guimpe of crepe, silk muslin, surah or fishnet. Wrists and necks of thin dresses may be finished with a tiny ruffle of the goods edged on either side with a ruffle. Small yokes forming a rounded point are pretty in galloon or velvet over a woolen basque, with the collar and cuffs to correspond. Blouse waists to wear with half worn skirts are of striped French flannel, cashmere or surah, with the small yoke having the fullness of the blouse gathered to it so as to form an erect doubled ruffle.

The French waist that is now prominently before the public is simply a round lining having the usual number of pieces, darts, etc., with the outside showing only shoulder and under arm seams, having the fullness usually taken up in the darts confined by shirrings. A wide Empire sash, ribbon belt buckled in front or ribbon sash bowed in the back, is

worn with such a waist, and it is trimmed with a ruffle down the front edge, full enough to jabot, turn over cuffs and collar of the dress material, silk or silk muslin, white or colored, about 3 1/2 inches wide and finely knife pleated. Velvet sashes are worn on velvet trimmed dresses by slender figures. They are of the piece velvet having an Empire effect in front, then narrow in the back where they are knotted—not bowed.

A very handsome basque is very short, slightly pointed, back and front, full along the shoulder seams and shirred at the waist line in front instead of having darts. This is fastened with small flat buttons and a flap, as many of the new gowns are, and has the neck cut out in the tiniest of V's in front, which is dressy for house costumes, with the turn over lace or mull collars. A sash is folded around the edge of the basque, not more than two inches wide when doubled, and bowed in the back.

Sleeves are long enough to fully cover the wrists. The full coat sleeve, simply gathered across the top or draped there to give a high appearance, is the most universally worn design, though they all are full, more or less. The draped sleeves are made over a close lining, with the outside material cut longer and wider at the top where it is easily draped on the wearer in a manner becoming to her style of shoulders. Becomingness and appropriateness are really more thought of just now than any other characteristic peculiar to dressmaking.

NEW FASHIONS.

(Concluded from page 12.)

rial, but many *dames elegantes* appear in every kind of toilette without any dress improver. It is quite probable October will sound the death knell of the bustle, which has had such a long life and gradual decline.

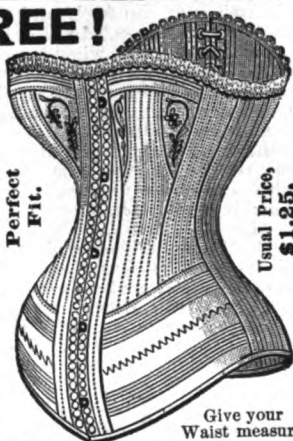
The principal feature of the present fashions is their eclecticism. The variety in everything pertaining to the feminine toilette is so great as to complicate the difficulty of making a righteous choice. There is one advantage, however; if one is quite sure of her individual taste she can consult it fearlessly, simply observing a few of the most important finger-posts set up by the modistes. One should first of all consult becomingness, before deciding from what era the style of her gown shall be borrowed—for in these days something is taken from every modern age. Simplicity is very safe ground, and if individual taste points in that direction one can generally follow it without fear of exposing herself to the reproach of dowdiness.



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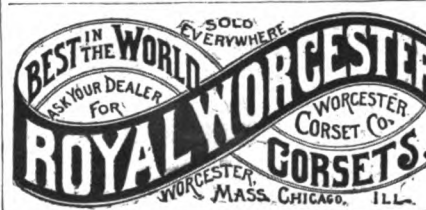
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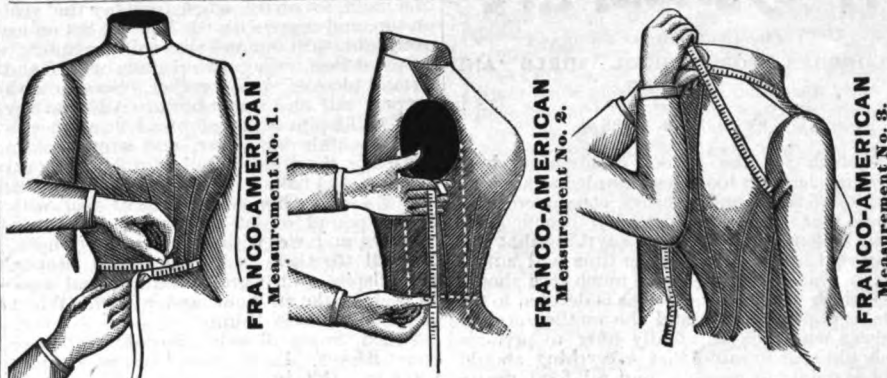
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**THE PRACTICAL HOUSEKEEPER.**  
[For the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.]  
**LUNCHES FOR SCHOOL GIRLS AND CLERKS.**

BY ELIZA R. PARKER.

Lunch for the school children, or busy young clerks, is too often regarded as a matter of indifference, and consists consequently of food that is injurious instead of beneficial to the system. The idea that anything that will prevent hunger until dinner time will suffice is a grave error. Quite as much care should be given the lunch basket as is devoted to the table at other meals, and the mother or older sister who has this daily duty to perform should bear in mind that everything should be as dainty as possible, and all food neatly arranged in the lunch basket. It is an easy matter to eat plain, well prepared dishes at home with the attractions of a handsomely appointed table, while far more dainty food in the lunch basket, which must be opened in the dusty school rooms, or dark back office of a store fails to tempt the tired girl's appetite. Many people who are naturally fastidious cannot overcome a feeling of disgust at the sight of an awkwardly cut piece of pie, a thick slice of greasy cake, a chunk of meat, crumbly slices of bread, mixed promiscuously with pickles, jellies, etc.—and covered with soiled brown paper. Most housekeepers pack lunch in a basket which, besides being too close for the purpose, does not give necessary room to prevent the crowding and mixing of eatables. A straw basket of proper size should be provided, with a sufficient quantity of cheap linen napkins to afford a clean one each morning. Small salt and pepper bottles with little glasses of different sizes for sauces, preserves, solids, etc., with tightly fitting lids, should also be provided. For the contents of the basket, of course the individual taste of each person must be considered, though it will be found that the quality and arrangement of the food will do more to satisfy the appetite than anything else. Relishes of all kinds are essential for lunch, and should be constantly varied from time to time as much as is practical. Bread should be buttered and then sliced with a sharp knife, thin slices of meat should be sprinkled with salt and pepper, and accompanied with walnut, pickles, or grated horseradish in vinegar. Potted meats, carefully prepared salads, dainty sandwiches and cold meats, may form the substantial part of the mid-day lunch, and should be accompanied by cold rolls, crackers, cheese, sweet pickles, tarts, jellies, preserves and marmalades. All of which can be neatly prepared and daintily packed in the lunch basket, without a great deal of trouble, if a little forethought is exercised.

For the benefit of housekeepers who have lunch baskets to fill we give the following suggestions for a variety of cold dishes, from which a selection may be made to suit the tastes and other circumstances of each individual household.

**BREAD FOR LUNCH.**

Thinly sliced Bread and Butter.  
Vienna Rolls. Lunch Biscuit.  
Rusks. Beaten Biscuit.

**MEATS FOR LUNCH.**

Cold Lamb Cutlets in Meat Jelly.  
Italian Cheese.  
Gelantine of Veal.  
Spiced Beef. Veal Loaf.  
Pork Cheese. Cold Roast Birds.  
Jellied Sweet Breads. Marbled Meats.  
Dressed Cold Chicken. Spiced Tongue.  
Game Pie.

**SANDWICHES FOR LUNCH.**

Ham Sandwiches. Mixed Sandwiches.  
Egg Sandwiches. Chicken Sandwiches.  
Sausage Sandwiches. Cheese Sandwiches.

**RELISHES FOR LUNCH.**

Potted Rabbit. Jellied Lobster.  
Potted Ham. Oysters in Jelly.  
Spiced Oysters. Pickled Salmon.  
Mold of Chicken Jelly. Cheese Jellied.  
Cheese Straws. Shrimp Paste.  
Jellied Eggs. Deviled Eggs.  
Eggs in Maridine.

**SALADS FOR LUNCH.**

Chicken, ham, veal and fish all make dainty salads for lunch.

**DESSERTS FOR LUNCH.**

Almond Tarts. Preserve Puffs.  
Cocoanut Tarts. Sweet Wafers.  
Marguerettes.  
Fresh Fruits.

Lamb Cutlets in Mint Jelly. (Catherine Owen.) Cut thin slices from the neck and ribs of cold roast lamb, remove all the fat. Dip in mint jelly which is warm enough to be half fluid. Set carefully away to cool until the jelly is stiff. Put in the lunch basket with a little cucumber salad.

Italian Cheese. Wash a pound of liver, scald and wipe dry. Chop with half a pound of veal and half a pound of ham, season with a little sage, parsley, minced onion, pepper

and salt, mix, press in a greased mold, cover and steam four hours. Remove the lid, drain off the liquor, put in a small pan, and dissolve an ounce of gelatine in it, season, pour over the meat in the mold, and set in a cold place. When molded turn out and slice thin.

**Gelantine of Veal.** Boil a pint of milk, thicken with stale bread crumbs, add the yolks of two eggs, with a little pepper, salt, mustard, minced onion, parsley, celery seed, ground cloves, and a pint of finely chopped cold boiled ham. Mix all together. Remove the bone from a breast of veal, spread the mixture over, wrap in a cloth. Put some soup stock in a kettle, let come to a boil, put in the breast of veal and simmer three hours, take up, remove the cloth and lay the veal on a dish. Dissolve an ounce of gelatine in the liquid, season with pepper and salt and let cool, put a layer of the mixture in the bottom of a mold, set on ice, when hard lay the veal on top, and cover with the liquor. Set on ice overnight, turn out and slice thin for lunch.

**Spiced Beef.** Chop two pounds of beef and a small piece of suet together. Season with pepper, salt and sweet herbs. Add two raw eggs, half a pint of grated bread crumbs, two tablespoonfuls of butter, and soup stock to moisten. Work in a roll with flour to keep together, and bake in a pan. Slice when cold.

**Veal Loaf.** Chop two pounds of veal with half a pound of fat pork, roll a dozen stale crackers, and wet with half a teacup of milk. Mix all together, and season with pepper, salt, allspice, a little grated nutmeg and lemon peel. Bake an hour and a half. When perfectly cold slice thin.

**Jellied Sweet Breads.** Parboil a pair of Sweet Breads. Put between two plates, under a weight. Cut in slices when cold. Warm some aspic jelly, dip each slice in it. Set aside to harden. Slice aspic jelly that is firm, and lay between slices of sweet breads.

**Marbled Meat.** Take a well grown chicken and cut all the meat from the bones. Cover a small beef tongue with cold water and boil two hours. Skin it, and slice thin. Chop a pound of bacon with two hard boiled eggs. Grease a mold, cover the bottom with a layer of chicken, then a layer of bacon and eggs, then a sprinkle of parsley, ground cloves, finely minced onion, then more of the ingredients until all is used. Cover and press down. Stand in a pot of boiling water for three hours. When done stand away to cool. Then turn out and slice.

**Dressed Cold Chicken.** Strip the skin from cold roast chicken. Cut in nice pieces. Put a tablespoonful of butter in a frying pan, add the same of flour, mix smooth, thin with half a pint of milk, season with pepper and salt. Dip each piece of chicken in this gravy, and lay on a dish. When cold, sprinkle with a little chopped parsley and garnish with cucumber pickle.

**Egg Sandwiches.** Butter thin slices of bread, lay over slices of hard boiled eggs, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and cover with another slice of buttered bread.

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

**Potted Rabbit, Ham, etc.** For potting, the meat or game must be thoroughly cooked by baking or roasting. All skin, bone and gristle must be removed and the meat pounded in a mortar until a smooth paste. When pounded, butter sufficient to prevent the meat being dry must be added. Seasoning with salt, pepper and spices can be done to taste. When prepared the meat should be firmly packed in very small cups or jars, and covered with melted grease. Potted meats are dainty sliced thin, or made into sandwiches.

**Jellied Lobster.** Cut up the meat of a boiled lobster. Mix a small teacup of mayonnaise with half a teacup of tomato catsup, and four tablespoonfuls of aspic jelly, with a tablespoonful of dissolved gelatine, set on ice, and beat until firm; then stir in the lobster, put in small sauce dishes and set on ice. When they are hard, turn out, and sprinkle with dried lobster coral.

**Oysters in Jelly.** Fill little moulds with melted aspic jelly, and set on ice. Cook oysters in butter until plump. Let cool, and put in bechamel sauce, take out and set aside. Take the centre out of the jelly moulds, fill the space with the oysters, cover with aspic jelly, and set in a cold place. When moulded turn out carefully.

**Mold of Chicken Jelly.** Cut a fat young chicken into small pieces and break the bones, put in a saucepan with three pints of water. Boil low, season with salt and pepper, strain into a mold, put the breast of the chicken in the liquid. Set on ice to harden, turn out on a plate, and slice.

**Cheese Jellied.** Grate three ounces of Parmesan cheese, whip two tablespoonfuls of thick cream, and mix with a tablespoonful of gelatine dissolved in a small teacup of water; when stiff stir in the cheese, season with pepper, salt and mustard. Fill little cases, grate cheese over the top, and set on ice to harden.

**Cheese Straws.** Mix two ounces of butter, two of flour, two of bread crumbs, two of grated cheese, and half a teaspoonful of salt and pepper mixed. Roll the paste out thin, cut in strips, lay on a sheet of buttered paper and bake ten minutes. Let cool.

**Jellied Eggs.** Boil six or eight eggs until hard. When cold shell and cut a slice of the white off one end of each. Take out the yolk, mix with a little anchovy paste, pepper and salt, and put back in the white. Coat each egg with aspic jelly. Put a spoonful of mayonnaise sauce on each.

**Deviled Eggs.** Cover six eggs with warm water and boil fifteen minutes. Put in cold water and remove the shells. Cut the eggs lengthwise. Take out the yolks carefully, and rub to a smooth paste with a teaspoonful of French mustard, and sixty drops of salad oil, mix in a tablespoonful of minced ham, season with salt and pepper; fill the whites with the mixture.

**Almond Tarts.** Beat to a cream the yolks

of three eggs and a quarter of a pound of sugar, add half a pound of shelled almonds, pounded; put in tart tins lined with rich puff paste. Bake ten minutes.

**Cocoanut Tarts.** Dissolve half a pound of sugar in half a pint of water, to which add a pound of grated cocoanut and boil. When cold add the well beaten yolks of three eggs and the white of one; beat all together and pour in tart tins, lined with puff paste; bake in a quick oven.

**Preserve Puffs.** Roll out very thin some puff paste, cut in round pieces, lay fruit jam over, wet the edges with the white of an egg, and close them, lay on a tin baking sheet, ice with lemon icing, and bake fifteen minutes in a very hot oven.

**Sweet Wafers.** Six ounces of butter, six ounces of sugar, four eggs, five ounces of flour, four tablespoonfuls of water, one grated nutmeg, the juice and grated rind of one lemon. Beat all smooth. Heat flat pans, line with buttered paper, and drop the mixture in small spoonfuls, spread out very thin and bake a light brown, or bake in wafer tongs.

**Marguerettes.** Beat half a pound of sugar, and half a pound of butter, with the yolks of three eggs, mix in flour to make dough, with one tablespoonful of mixed spices, and the juice of a large lemon, roll half an inch thick, cut in cakes size of a saucer, and bake quickly. When cold spread with orange marmalade. Ice the tops with lemon icing.

[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.]  
**AIDS AND ACCESSORIES.**

NO. I.

BY LILLIAN B. WELLS.

Most housekeepers are called upon more or less often to prepare meals for unexpected guests; and this one thing is often a great source of annoyance to probably more than one member of the family. Who does not recall some incident—laughable now, though serious enough at the time—of the young wife's Tom or John bringing home unheralded one of his particular chums to dinner? And the more desirable the chum as an acquaintance the more seemingly undesirable the position of the housewife. Of course it is very thoughtless in these Toms and Johns to do such inconsiderate things, but the housekeeper must admit that, as head of the domestic machinery, she should keep it so well oiled and in repair that an occasional extra strain will not produce any break or friction. While it is not advised that the wife become a slave to the kitchen or her husband's appetite, yet it is certainly true that there is nothing in the family economy of greater importance than the wholesome and palatable preparation of good and proper food, which, to save the wife from becoming that slave, should be prepared and served with the least possible time and exertion. To aid in this desired result, many little details not necessarily performed at the time of preparing a meal, yet necessary to the completion of it, may be attended to previously, and often at odd moments, thereby saving much undue expenditure of nerve as well as physical force.

What housekeeper can freely and complacently entertain an unexpected visitor, no matter how joyful the meeting, when her brain is being racked by that persistent, ever-present question: "What shall we have for dinner?" It is quite true that the intended family dinner should be sufficiently attractive and palatable to satisfy the natural appetite of any guest, yet for various reasons, changes may be desired, which, with a judiciously stocked store room may be quickly made, even when on the point of serving dinner.

Should the home bill of fare be headed by soup made from the remains of some by-gone roast and perhaps odds and ends of vegetables of the same period, this, though good, could be converted into an attractive *a la* French soup by straining, thickening with browned butter and flour, adding a little tomato or mushroom catsup, and perhaps coloring a little more highly with caramel. This served with croutons would make a good "first impression," of the importance of which, in this connection, as well as in any other, it is hardly necessary to speak. The plainly broiled beefsteak garnished with a tomato sauce and accompanied by the intended mashed potato, which, buttered, scored and browned would be quite improved. The sliced cabbage with vinegar might be converted into a tempting hot slaw, or the sliced pickled beets heated in butter and served with hot drawn butter would complete the substantial, while a glass of jelly or a dish of pickled fruit could be added and the plate of baked apples accompanying the home dinner-removed for dessert. This served with a white or brown foam sauce with or without cake, or with thinly cut slices of bread and butter and cheese would make a quickly prepared and acceptable last course. With a convenient kitchen, plenty of cooking utensils and a well-filled store room this "transformation scene" could be accomplished in at least fifteen minutes, provided (and this proviso is important) that the housekeeper is original and capable of "dove tailing"—as Marion Harland puts it—

working things together and not obliged to finish the preparation of one dish before another is commenced; however, one not possessed of this ability will find greater benefit from the following suggestions, if applied, than one not experiencing difficulty in the combination and preparation of food.

Our emergency list for the store room should contain canned goods as among the most important items. These in great variety are so good, cheap and easily prepared that a selection should be kept on hand, and Liebig's meat extracts are easily converted into delicious soups of various kinds. Among the vegetables, tomatoes take the lead as being the most useful in many ways, while peaches and apricots stand first on the fruit list. Even condensed milk, both sweetened and unsweetened, being so convenient to use, is not to be despised, especially where the milk supply depends upon the morning and evening visits of the milkman. Several brands are no doubt pure, and possess at least one advantage over fresh milk: Soups, sauces and boiled custards may be made with water, and the milk added just before removing from the fire, thereby preventing scorching, which is so easy in using fresh milk.

Home-made jellies, pickles, preserves, canned fruits, catsups and spiced vinegar hold an important place in the store room.

Potted cheese and meats, pickled oysters and articles of this description are nice for lunches and picnics, and keep well.

Spices, extracts, salt and all articles of this kind which are used in cooking should not be entirely used before ordering more. A small tablet and pencil, hanging in a convenient place and used when needed saves annoyance.

Sage and other sweet herbs which can be gathered fresh should be dried, rubbed through a sieve and put into bottles or cans.

Rice, beans, tapioca, etc., may be picked over at odd times, put into tight receptacles, and when needed they will be ready.

Citron can be sliced and packed in jars, and if a quick cake or pudding is desired the preparation of the citron will not prevent making it.

Raisins and currants, which to prepare them requires so much time, may be cleaned, washed and dried and put in tight vessels. (Self-sealing fruit jars are suitable for this purpose.) Raisins seeded, chopped and packed with an occasional sprinkle of sugar, will keep any length of time unless bugs or worms develop, which may be prevented by carefully heating in the oven before chopping, and then keeping in tight jars.

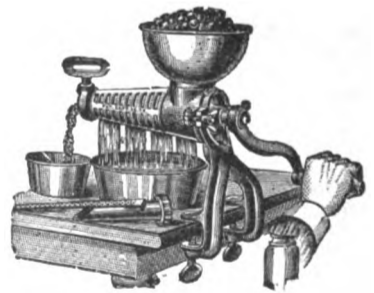
All dried fruit should be carefully looked over when brought into the house, and if not used immediately, heated and disposed of as directed above, thereby often saving waste and annoyance.

It requires but little time to grate several cakes of chocolate when not in a particular hurry, and, being so easily and quickly served in many ways when in this condition, housekeepers will often find it convenient when, otherwise, the time and trouble required to prepare it would no doubt often prevent the appearance of a dainty dish. It should be kept in tight jars to preserve the flavor.

Stale cheese may be grated and dried and is good and available in numerous dishes. The English custom of serving grated cheese with apple and other fruit pies and puddings is a good one, which might be more commonly adopted in this country.

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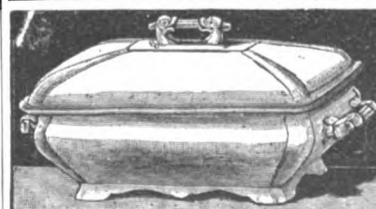
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**THE PRACTICAL HOUSEKEEPER.**  
[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.]  
**VEGETABLE SALADS AND THEIR DRESSINGS.**

The art required in the compounding of a really delicious vegetable salad is one which we English housewives rather pride ourselves upon having pretty well mastered. At all events it is a much practiced art, therefore, if the old adage is true that "practice makes perfect," I suppose that in time we shall excel.

Salads are very highly esteemed in this country amongst all classes; they form a most delightful dish, and when judiciously prepared are wholesome in the extreme. As my husband prefers a dish of dainty salad to almost anything else, I have made a point for some years past to gather together all the newest recipes I can get hold of, English, French, German and Russian, in order to provide him with variety. I think I have been fairly successful in my efforts, at least all the Americans whom it has been my privilege to entertain—and that means now quite a goodly number—have expressed themselves charmed with the results of my researches. The knowledge of this makes me think that perhaps my recipes may prove acceptable to some American housewives, to whom I send them now with pleasure, hoping they may prove something new.

The following are a few of the vegetables suitable for the forming of salads: Asparagus, artichokes, boiled beetroot, basil, celery, chives, cucumbers, chervil, cauliflowers, dandelion leaves, endive, all kinds of lettuces, French beans, garlic, lentils, mustard and cress, radishes, onions, tomatoes, water cress, etc., etc. But it must be remembered, that although the variety in salads is so extensive yet great care and good taste is indispensable in the preparation of the dish. There are a few simple rules which, if carefully observed, are almost certain to ensure success. These I shall just briefly mention. First of all the vegetables used must be young, fresh and in season. If gathered or bought the previous day they must be kept in a cool, dark place, not on any account exposed to the sun. Before proceeding to make the salad the vegetables must be thoroughly washed in cold, salted water, and any withered or rotten leaves or parts discarded. The vegetables must then be made perfectly dry. This is easily done by putting them into a colander, or wire salad basket, to drain, and then turning them out into a clean napkin; take up the napkin by the four corners and gently shake it about until all the moisture has been absorbed and the vegetables are left crisp and dry. If this care is not taken in the drying of the vegetables, the salad will not be nearly so nice as it might be; when the dressing is added, instead of coating the ingredients—thus rendering the dish dainty looking in the extreme—it will sink down to the bottom of the salad bowl, thereby spoiling the appearance of the salad completely. Let the vegetables, if possible, be cut with a silver knife, or, if this is not at hand, then let it be torn by two forks—or, better still, with perfectly clean fingers. A steel knife is so apt to impart a disagreeable flavor to the vegetables, but if one must needs be used, let it be as quickly and as sparingly as possible. Salads can be garnished so simply and prettily that, very often, they form the most attractive looking dish on the table, and that too, at such a trifling cost—a fact which carries with it no small weight in the generality of households. I will now proceed with my recipes, the first of which shall be for,

**PLAIN BREAKFAST SALAD:**—I call this "breakfast salad" because in my own household we generally have it served at that meal, but it is equally in keeping with any other meal of the day, especially so during the spring and summer months, as it is both cooling and refreshing, therefore of inestimable value towards keeping the blood in proper order. Take a large head of fresh young lettuce, a bunch of water cress, a handful of mustard and cress, about a score of nice tender young radishes, half that number of spring onions, and a piece of boiled beetroot. Wash and dry the vegetables as described above, then cut lettuce, watercress, radishes, mustard and cress, and onions, rather fine. Mix them well together and pile them high in the centre of a salad bowl, or pretty glass dish. Peel the beetroot, then cut it in thin slices; stamp these out in pretty, fanciful shapes, such as stars, diamonds, rings, heart shapes, etc. Cut also two hard boiled eggs in slices, and use these, with the beetroot, to ornament the top of the salad, by placing round pieces of each alternately. When this is done tastefully, it has a charming effect, as the colors contrast so prettily.

**A COOKED VEGETABLE SALAD:**—Some persons of rather weak digestive powers are afraid, I know, to indulge in the treat of a salad such as the above, as vegetables in a raw state—so they believe—are only suitable for strong, healthy stomachs. There is happily, however, an easy way out of this difficulty. Whatever vegetables are to be used in the making of the salad may be boiled until quite tender, then chopped, or shred, in the usual way, the only drawback being that a cooked salad, although thoroughly enjoyable, loses to a large extent, the nice crispness which renders a raw salad so delightful. Still it forms a most welcome dish

and never fails to be highly appreciated.

**A SAVORY SALAD:**—In France and Germany, and in England too, vegetable salads are supposed, by some, to be very much improved by the addition of cold cooked meats, such as beef, ham, game, poultry, fish, etc. Whatever kind of meat is being used it must be carefully separated from every particle of skin, bone or fat, and then be minced rather fine—but not too small—before being added to the other ingredients. A lovely and most effective garnishing for this Savory salad is boiled lobster. The flesh should be broken into small pieces, and placed here and there on the top of the salad, care being taken to let the bright green appear between the pieces of red flesh. This, when arranged with good taste forms a charming dish. These vegetable salads may be varied, by additions, or omissions, to almost any extent, in order to suit individual tastes, but they will always be improved by a good

**SALAD DRESSING:**—Epicures say that a vegetable salad without dressing is as bad as beef without mustard. I therefore subjoin two recipes which I have found excellent. I know that salad creams and dressings can be bought in bottles ready for use, but I myself very much prefer to have all things of this kind made at home, so that we may be able to guarantee their wholesomeness. Some persons have a most decided dislike to the use of oil in salad dressing, so, to accommodate different tastes, I will give one recipe with oil, and one without. For the former, put a saltspoonful of salt, half that quantity of pepper, a teaspoonful of mixed mustard, a good pinch of cayenne, and a tablespoonful of fine white sugar into a bowl. Mix these ingredients thoroughly, and add, by degrees, three tablespoonfuls of fine salad oil, three tablespoonfuls of cream, and an equal quantity of vinegar. Beat the mixture well, especially so between each addition. If nicely prepared, this dressing will have the appearance of rich, thick cream.

For the dressing without oil, proceed as follows: Pound the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs until perfectly smooth, then add a teaspoonful of mixed mustard, a saltspoonful of salt, a good pinch of pepper, the same of cayenne, a teaspoonful of sugar, and a teaspoonful of lemon juice. Mix these ingredients well together, then add a sufficient quantity of cream and vinegar—equal parts—to make the preparation the consistency of good thick cream. The dressing may either be poured over the salad the last thing before sending it to table, or it may be served in a pretty glass cruet bottle, so that each one may add it for themselves. If there are no proper salad servers at hand, use a wooden spoon and fork to serve the salad with.

**RUSSIAN SALAD:**—This is one of the prettiest dishes I know of, and forms a most welcome addition to a cold luncheon, dinner, or supper. Procure a tin mould, ring-shaped, about the size of a dinner plate, only oval instead of round; it should be an inch and a half deep, an inch and a half wide, and hollow. Pour into this a little clear aspic jelly, and when this is partially set arrange in it a *macedoine* of vegetables. These *macedoines* can be made at home, but seldom in such perfection as they can be bought; besides the preparation of them involves such an immense amount of patience that it is the general custom to buy them all ready for use. The *macedoine* is composed of carrots, turnips, peas, parsnips, French beans, asparagus, beetroot, gherkins, horseradish, capers, etc. These vegetables are cut small, turned into pretty, fanciful shapes with a vegetable cutter, and properly cooked. Care must be taken in arranging the *macedoine* to contrast the colors tastefully, as this lends such an attractive appearance to the dish. Fill up the mould with more jelly and set it in a cold place—on ice if convenient—until quite firm. When required turn it out on to a pretty dish and fill in the centre space with a nicely prepared mixture of lettuce, watercress, radishes, endive, beetroot, and hard boiled eggs, all chopped rather fine. Pile these up high, and pour over them some daintily prepared salad dressing. The dressing must only be allowed to cover the mound in the centre, not the ring of vegetables, or the dish will lose altogether its pretty, uncommon appearance. If a little lobster coral is at hand, sprinkle a tiny morsel over the top and it will add a still further charm.

**SALADE PERSEANE:**—This is a genuine French recipe, given to my husband, when he was in France last year, by a noted *chef* there who had a most skillful hand in the compounding of a salad. Boil, or steam in the usual way, some good sound potatoes; allow them to get thoroughly cold, then cut in slices a quarter of an inch thick. Arrange these at the bottom of a salad bowl, and set them in a cool place while the following mixture is being made: Chop two hard-boiled eggs—not too fine—and put them into a basin; add a teaspoonful of finely minced parsley, a few chopped capers, chives, anchovies, a little chervil, a teaspoonful of salt, a saltspoonful of pepper, four tablespoonfuls of French wine vinegar, and eight tablespoonfuls of fine salad oil. Mix these ingredients thoroughly, pour them over the potatoes, and stir all together, very gently, so as not to break the latter. The salad is then ready to serve. A tiny piece of finely minced onion may be used instead of the chives if more convenient, and a spoonful of anchovy sauce instead of the anchovies, the result being very similar.

**BLUMENKOHLE SALAT:**—This is the German recipe for cauliflower salad, a most delightful dish. Boil the cauliflower in the ordinary way, in well-salted water, until quite tender, but not at all broken. When sufficiently cooked, dip the vegetable into cold water to improve the color, then place it in a sieve to drain. When quite cold, divide the cauliflower into small, pretty tufts; arrange these neatly on a bed of carefully prepared vegetable salad—made according to either the first or second recipe given—put a narrow strip of bright-red boiled beetroot between each tuft, and mask the cauliflower with a little thick salad dressing. If the masking is done skillfully, using a spoon for the purpose, the strips of beetroot can easily be left uncovered, which adds greatly to the attractiveness of the dish.

The above recipes may be taken as a sample of the many delicious salads which it is possible to make if only a little patience and good taste be brought by the housewife to bear upon the work. Cold meat, which in many households is so much disliked, becomes quite a dainty dish, when once the housewife has learnt the secret of compounding a good salad, to serve as an accompaniment.

AUNT CHLOE.

LONDON, ENG.

[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.]  
**A PLEA FOR THE CABBAGE.**

No comestible is worse treated by the average housekeeper than the cabbage. As usually cooked it is an atrocity. As an accompaniment of corn beef it presents a flaccid, whitey brown appearance and is an indigestible impossibility.

Yet cabbage has great inherent virtues. In capable hands it is a worthy article of food, nourishing, wholesome, palatable. Our French superiors in culinary lore pay it an insidious compliment, for with them "*petit chou*" is a term of familiar endearment.

I venture, then, upon a few words in favor of fair treatment for the homely cabbage, and suggest herewith a little variety in its treatment and appearance.

**Plain boiled cabbage** is not to be despised. It should, however, appear at table green, and not whitey brown. Take a cabbage, cut away all the harsh outside leaves, cut it in four quarters, across and across, lay it for an hour in strong salt and water.

Have a saucepan of boiling water ready, throw in a tablespoonful of salt and a small piece of common washing soda. Put in the cabbage, let it boil furiously for twenty minutes with the lid of the saucepan off, drain it into a colander, press off all the water. The dish on which it is served should properly speaking have a drainer. Place the cabbage in it and score it across with the knife into triangular shapes; it should be bright green and appetizing in appearance.

**Cabbage boiled in milk** is extremely good and digestible. Choose a drumhead cabbage, cut it in thin strips as if for pickling, let it soak in cold water for half an hour. Put it into boiling water for five minutes, then drain off the water and substitute milk. Let it stew gently for twenty minutes or half an hour. Pour it into a deep vegetable dish and grate nutmeg over it.

**Cabbage French fashion.** Boil as in first recipe and after draining in the colander, put the cabbage on a chopping board, sprinkle it well with flour, chop it quite fine. Put a large lump of butter in the saucepan, and as it melts stir in the cabbage. Let it heat up thoroughly for five minutes and serve with a slice of lemon on the top.

**Cabbage German fashion.** Select a good hard drumhead. Cut it in strips as for pickling. Melt a lump of butter or lard in a stewpan, throw in the cabbage, let it remain simmering until softened, put in an onion stuck with cloves, add water enough to well cover the cabbage, let it simmer steadily for an hour. Just before serving add a tablespoonful of vinegar. This is *Brayersiche Kraut*.

**Red cabbage, or Roth Kraut**—a far-famed German dish, is also very good. To prepare it choose a hard, firm red cabbage. Cut away the outside leaves, slice it into thin strips, steep as for former recipe in melted lard, adding water enough to cover it entirely, an onion stuck with cloves and a potato. Let it simmer gently for a good hour, and add vinegar before serving.

The tender hearts of quite young cabbages are excellent boiled whole in milk, and make very nourishing nursery food.

It is a very good plan in boiling cabbage to throw away the water when it has been cooking ten minutes and substitute fresh, only it must be quite boiling. By this means the coarseness of the cabbage is got rid of.

A curious Swiss preparation of cabbage I give, not to recommend it, but as showing the adaptable nature of this common vegetable. It is stuffed cabbage, and is thus prepared.

A good hard drumhead is selected, and from the hard core end a cavity is scooped out, this is filled with mince or sausage meat, tied over, and then the cabbage is placed whole in boiling water and allowed to boil as fast as possible for three quarters of an hour or longer. It is often served in a brown gravy, but does not exactly commend itself to delicate palates.

Cabbage soup, in good hands, is excellent! For it, the French and Swiss use the outer leaves of the ordinary cabbage, but in this country, where economy is not so strictly studied, doubtless the inside of the cabbage would not be considered extravagant. Cut the largest leaves up and put them into a saucepan with any scraps or bones of fresh beef, a few slices of carrot, an onion cut small, and let all boil for several hours; then strain off the liquor; let it cool, take off the fat. Cut up the

remainder of the cabbage, let the liquor boil up, throw in the cabbage, boil for twenty minutes or so, have ready some slices of half toasted bread, place these in the soup tureen and pour the boiling soup over them. In many parts of Germany, instead of the bread, a raw egg is put into the tureen and the soup is stirred into it.

**Cold cabbage**—a dish known in England as Bubble and Squeak, depends for its excellence upon the preparation of the cabbage. Cold cabbage is cut up small and fried in boiling lard or butter, and upon it are placed slices of cold meat. Cover over until the meat is thoroughly hot through, and then place it on a dish, surrounding it with the fried cabbage. Many cooks fry the meat, but this is incorrect.

JANET E. RUNTZ-REES.

An old-time Philadelphia housekeeper said yesterday: "None of your new-fangled lemon-squeezers for me. Anything—especially acid—squeezed through metal, such as many of the improved ones are, is very bad. The wooden ones do not have this fault; neither do those made of glass or porcelain. But they all have one fault that there is no getting rid of, and that is that the skin of the lemon is squeezed so that its flavor mixes with that of the juice."

"This is all wrong. There is but one way to squeeze a lemon, and that is the simple, old-fashioned way, between your fingers. Plenty of power can be brought to bear, especially if the lemon is well rolled first. There is as great a difference between the flavor of the juice extracted in this way and that by the other methods as there is between old-fashioned buckwheat cakes, where the meal stands over night, and the new fashioned kind that are made while you wait."

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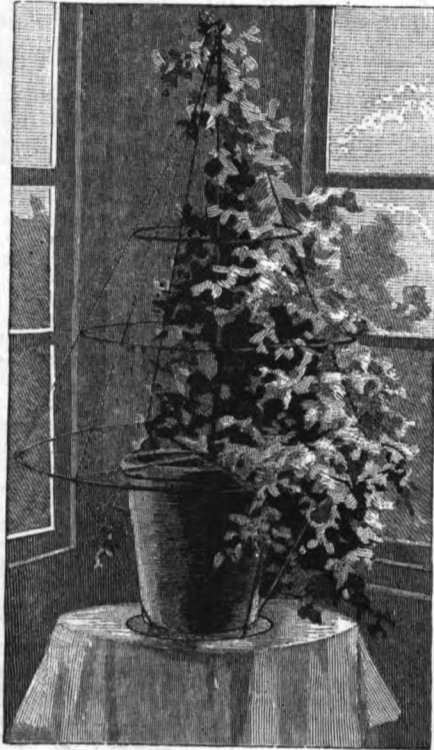
[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.]  
TALKS ABOUT FLOWERS.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.  
The Ivy Leaf Geranium.

Of late years there has been so much improvement in the slender-growing Geraniums designated as Ivy-Leaf, because of the resemblance of their foliage to that of the English Ivy, that they are now quite as desirable, and will soon be as popular as the old Zonale. They are most beautiful plants when well grown and properly trained. They have finer foliage than the Zonale, a more graceful habit of growth when given the support they need, and their flowers are rich in color, fine in shape, and produced with great freedom.

How to train them gracefully has been a vexatious problem with many growers. While slender in habit, they are not really climbers, they cannot cling to any trellis without help. Without a trellis of some sort, they fall over the pot in awkward confusion, and in nine cases out of ten are broken off while the branch is young and brittle. They have been recommended as good plants to droop, but I am convinced that it is against the nature of the plant to hang over its pot. It wants to go up for a time. I have never seen a really fine plant which was not given some support that allowed it to make some upright growth.

Flat trellises or racks are never satisfactory for plants in the house or greenhouse, because they give you but two sides to your plant. A front view and a rear view. A plant, to be most effective, should be so trained that it presents very much the same appearance from all sides. Last year a writer in the *English Journal of Horticulture* described a sort of circular rack or trellis over which he had trained plants like the Fuchsia and Hoya satisfactorily, and the present season I have used it,



no rod at hand. This was about four feet high. Two pieces of lath, each three feet long, were placed across the top of the pot, crossing at right angles, and fastened at the place of crossing to the central stake, with stout wire. From one end of each lath a wire was passed under the pot, to be drawn tight and fastened to the other end, to hold the strips firmly in place. Then wires were fastened to each strip and carried to the top of the stake. A hoop of stout wire was bent about the lath, fastening it firmly at the four places where it met the wood. Another hoop, smaller, of course, was fastened to the upright wires about a foot above the first one, and another about half way between the second and the top of the stake. This gave a skeleton frame or rack, pyramidal or cone-shaped, over which to train the plants. They were tied to the wires as fast as they grew, with strips of soft cotton cloth. Strings cut into the soft wood and do much injury where the foliage of the branch is heavy. Indeed, I have often had branches broken off squarely where a string crossed them from the weight of the foliage. See paragraph in third column marked with star (\*)

A Plant Stand.

The accompanying illustration shows a plant-stand which will be found much more satisfactory for use where there are wide, flat windows than a circular one. The plants contained in it will be nearly all on the same level, consequently they will get more of the benefit of the light, and they can be grouped in such a manner as to be much more effective. By placing drooping and trailing plants at ends or sides, with larger plants back of them, and a fine specimen in the center, a charming decoration can be made for the parlor on special occasions. The method of arrangement can be suited to the place which the stand is to occupy. If in the center of the room the plants should be grouped in such a manner as to present a mass of foliage from all sides, drawing in about the central

plant, so that the general effect is that of a pyramid of leaves and flowers. If placed at the side of a room, the large plants should be grouped at the back of the stand against the wall, sloping down to the front after the fashion of "banking" plants, so popular at present.

A stand can be made like this very cheaply, using materials which can be found about most places,—old table frames, the iron stands of sewing-machines, almost anything which will furnish a good support. The top of the stand should have a railing or something similar running completely around it, about six inches in depth. This not only prevents pots from tipping off, but can be used to keep in sand or moss on which pots can be placed, the moss and sand absorbing the water which runs through, on watering the plants, and giving it off slowly in such a manner as to be of great benefit to the plants for a good share of the day. This railing can be made quite ornamental by cutting it out in pretty designs with a scroll saw. Here is an opportunity for "the boys" to do something to afford their mother much pleasure. A really ornamental table can be made by using an old sewing-machine stand as support. If the legs were painted black originally, and have become rusty, go over them with a bronzing powder mixed with a "medium" of two thirds linseed oil and one third best coach varnish. This will make them look well. Then cut boards the length of the window where the stand is to be used, and fasten together on the under side by cleats nailed across them, and fasten this top to the sewing-machine stand. Paint this well, and then fasten your railing of fret-work about the edge. You will be surprised to find that out of "odds and ends" you have "evolved" something really pretty and very useful. It is a good plan to have a zinc tray two or three inches in depth to fit inside the railing, to prevent water from running through. The design shows a plant standing on a support permanently placed in the middle of the table, to elevate it to a "position of honor." Such a support is not necessary as a permanent fixture. A large flower-pot, inverted, is quite as useful, and the plants about it will hide it. When

not required, it can be removed. There is an opportunity for a good exercise of taste in the arrangement of plants on such a stand.

\*If a plant did not seem inclined to send out side shoots, the end of it was pinched off, and soon a mass of branches was secured. In less than two months the frame was entirely covered with vines. After that the branches were allowed to train themselves, and the ends of them drooped in the most graceful manner imaginable until the effect was quite like a fountain of greenery. It was not until the plants had covered the trellis with foliage that they were allowed to bloom. Two white and two rose-colored ones had been planted in the pot, and when their trusses of beautiful flowers came out the effect was charming. The pot was given a small circular stand in a corner where two windows met, and there the plants displayed themselves magnificently. I had nothing last season which received more admiration than this arrangement of Ivy Geraniums, and this year I am repeating it. If wire and iron rods are not at hand, use stakes, strings and old barrel hoops. The main thing to aim at is a support stout enough to sustain considerable weight, as the plants are heavy when thickly covered with foliage. I think my description plain enough to be readily understood, but if it is not, the accompanying illustration will make it so.

Methods of Potting.

"My Primroses are rotting off close to the soil in the pot," a lady writes: "what do you think the cause of the trouble is?"

"My Azaleas are looking very bad," writes another; "their leaves are turning yellow and falling off, and I am afraid the plants will die. Can I do anything to save them?"

Now the two plants named above represent two distinct classes of plants. One class, represented by the Primrose, sends out foliage close to its base or crown, and has thick, soft leaves which collect and retain moisture. The other class, represented by the Azalea, grows up like a shrub or tree, and has a mass of very fine, thick roots which fill the center of the ball of earth in the pot. This class requires water enough to thoroughly soak this mass of roots, and unless it receives it the plant suffers and often dies. Water poured on the soil soaks towards the side of the pot and down it without penetrating the fibrous mass, if it happens that the surface of the soil slopes from the center to the sides. But if there is an opposite slope,—that is,—if the soil is lower about the base of the plant than it is at the sides of the pot,—the water will run towards the center and be absorbed by the soil at the very place where it is most required. There is no danger of its retaining more than is required. If the soil in the pot containing a Primrose slopes in toward the center, the water collects there, and the moisture brings on rot which soon causes the plant to sicken and generally to die.

If you examine plants carefully, you can soon determine to which of the two classes spoken of above they belong. When this is understood, be careful in potting them. Have the soil slope away from the center in pots in which plants of the Primrose-habit are grown, and towards the center in pots containing plants which have a mass of very fine and fibrous roots. In other words, aim to keep the water from collecting about the base of soft-foliaged plants which send up their leaves from a crown, but give it a chance to gather there in plants like the Azalea. One of the great sources of failure in the cultivation of the latter plant comes from lack of water. If the soil is higher in the center than at the side of the pots it runs away from the plant, and down the sides of the pot before the soil in the center, which is filled with roots, can absorb enough to wet it all through, and still enough is applied, the cultivator thinks, to completely saturate it. It would be sufficient for plants having spreading and large roots, but it is not for this plant or for a Heliotrope which has been growing in the same soil for some months. If your plants begin to turn yellow, turn them out of the pot and examine the center of the ball of earth, and in nine cases out of ten you will find that at the very part which should be moistest it is almost dust dry. No wonder, then, that the plant becomes diseased and dies. Primroses and similar plants of low habit, with thick stems and foliage, should be planted so that the crown comes well above the soil, if you would keep them healthy. In the diagrams accompanying this article I have aimed to make this matter so plain that all can understand it if they do not clearly understand what I have said above. Camellias generally drop their buds when amateurs attempt their cultivation. This may come about from several causes, but the principal one is a lack of sufficient moisture at the center of the ball of earth, I am convinced, from my own experience with them. If the precautions spoken of are observed, I am confident that not one Primrose in fifty would ever be lost by rotting of the crown.



Pits.

In many of the southern states plants can be wintered safely and cheaply in pits. A "cold pit," as gardeners term it, is a sort of small cellar in which plants can be placed for protection from frost. Peter Henderson, in an article on this subject, in his "Gardening for Pleasure," says that a properly constructed pit, in a dry and sheltered position, with a covering of tight boards, can be made to winter all the hardier class of greenhouse plants in localities where the thermometer falls to zero. So many inquiries have come to me about the proper construction of such a pit that I will give a few directions about making one.

The location chosen should be one that is well drained. On no account must water be allowed to collect and stand in the bottom. That would be sure death to most, if not all the plants placed in it. The depth of the pit will have to be settled by the size of the plants to be kept in it. A good depth for ordinary plants is about three feet. The earth should be excavated exactly as if you were making a cellar. It is a little more expensive to wall it up with brick than with plank, but a brick-walled pit is good for a lifetime, while plank will soon decay, so that nothing is gained in the end by making it of wood. If I were making a pit for the best results, I would make the walls double, that is, with two courses of brick laid up independently, with a space of an inch between the walls. This air-chamber is very useful in keeping out the cold. The back wall should be carried up about eighteen inches higher than the front, and the front should be about six inches above the surface of the soil surrounding the pit. This gives a slope—which should be towards the south—which will carry off all water from the glass, and to receive the rays of the sun most advantageously.

After building it, the back wall should be banked up with soil. The sides, also, to within a few inches of the top. An ordinary glazed sash is attached to the top, at the back, with hinges. This should fit snugly over the frame of the pit. In mild weather this can be lifted to admit air. In cold weather it will be necessary to cover it, with shutters of light boards, as has been mentioned above, or with straw matting, or old carpet. In very severe weather the two can be used together, thus securing ample protection against injury in most sections where it would be advisable to resort to this method of wintering plants.

Of course the pit can be made large or small as desired. The instructions given above show the principle to work on. A deep pit can have shelves placed on its sides. A shallow one will need none. Such a pit may be built on the south side of a house adjoining the cellar, and so constructed as to be reached from within. If lumber is used for the walls, they may be made by taking pieces of two-by-four studding and nailing boards to each side in such a manner as to secure an air-chamber. If building or sheathing paper is put over the cracks and well secured by battens, a snug wall is made with little trouble. A still better plan would be to put on double boarding both outside and in with one or two thicknesses of paper between the boards, as in greenhouse construction.

The following list of plants, including those perhaps, which most amateurs would be likely to possess, may be wintered safely in such a pit anywhere south of the latitude of New York:—Abutilon, Camellia, Azalea, Carnation, Cestrum, Crape Myrtle, Heath, Fuchsia, Geranium, Hydrangea, Lantana, Laurestinus, Olea, Oleander, Pittasporum, Aucuba, Euonymus, Roses of all kinds, Yucca, Oranges and many others of similar nature. Soft-wooded plants are prone to mildew in such a place. Violets, Pansies and Stock will bloom in them all winter if given light. Too much care cannot be taken in seeing that they are well-drained. The cost of such a plant-house is not very much, but varies according to the locality, of course, so that it would be useless to attempt to give an estimate.



with some modifications, for Ivy Geranium, with great satisfaction. It has the merit of being easily and cheaply made. A pot about ten inches across was used, and four Geraniums were placed in it. In the center a stout stake was set. This ought to be of iron, for wood will soon rot. But I used wood, having

water from running through. The design shows a plant standing on a support permanently placed in the middle of the table, to elevate it to a "position of honor." Such a support is not necessary as a permanent fixture. A large flower-pot, inverted, is quite as useful, and the plants about it will hide it. When

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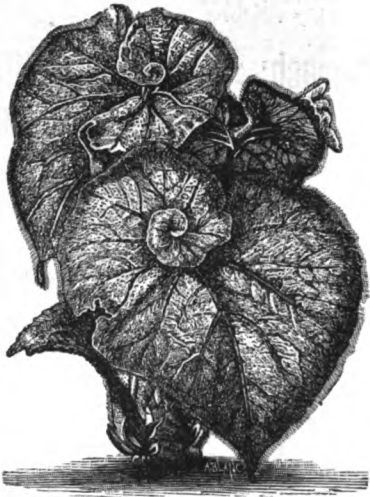
TALKS ABOUT FLOWERS.

(Continued from opposite page.)

Some New Begonias.

Of new varieties of Begonias there seems to be no end. The flowering-section is being enriched with sorts having large and brilliantly colored blossoms, and no collection is complete unless it includes a half dozen of distinct varieties, ranging through all shades of pink to dark scarlet. We have few better plants for the window than the flowering Begonia, but unfortunately the Rex section does not do well in the sitting-room. During the past two or three years cultivators of this plant have raised a new class which combines the rich markings of the Rex with the more robust qualities of the flowering kinds, and these bid fair to become quite as popular for ordinary window culture as the older sorts usually seen there.

One of the most peculiar, if not the most beautiful of the new class is Countess Louise Erody. The leaf has a metallic lustre, silvery in center shading into a coppery rose towards the edge. The most striking peculiarity of this variety, however, is that the two lobes of the leaf do not grow side by side, as in other varieties, but one of them winds in a spiral that forms a sort of rosette often two inches high. This is a plant that will attract a deal of notice, and those who have never seen it will be delighted with it.



BEGONIA.

Another is Diadema, with a leaf of rich olive-green, thickly spotted with silver. This is an upright grower, and a very beautiful kind. It is as easily grown as the old Weltoniensis.

B. Argentea Guttata is a cross between Olbia and Picta. It is a strong, tall grower, and has foliage of a rich dark olive shading to copper, with hundreds of silver spots scattered over it. It can not be justly described, but must be seen to be appreciated. I consider it one of the very best ornamental plants we have.

Compta has leaves of rich satiny lustre, pale green in color, with silver markings along the midrib and veins. They are five or six inches long, borne on pale pink stalks. This variety is a free grower, and will be a universal favorite.

Dr. Nachtigal is a flowering kind of great merit. Its foliage is a rich green. Its flowers are small, but borne in great panicles, of a tender rose. In addition to the beauty of its flowers, it is delightfully fragrant, a quality in which the Begonia has heretofore been wholly lacking. It is a strong, upright grower.

Manicata Aurea is a most charmingly variegated plant. Its thick leaves are beautifully blotched with white and pure yellow. It deserves a place in every window.

Olbia is now quite well known, but not as much so as it ought to be. Its leaves are large, often eight and ten inches long, separated into sharp points. The color varies from red to a rich green. The peculiar texture of the foliage gives it a crape like look. It soon attains a strong main trunk, from which

branches are sent out freely. It has large, lemon-yellow flowers. It is one of the best. Amelia Bruant is a very free-flowering variety, a bright pink in color, with clear green foliage. It has the peculiarity of often blooming at the axil of the leaf. It is of compact growth, forming a dense bush of shrubby aspect. It is superior for winter.

Argyrostigma Picta has foliage of the shape of that of Rubra, the best known variety of the flowering section, probably, with minute white spots thickly scattered over it. Its flowers are white tinged with lemon, produced in corymbs. It is a free grower, and makes a magnificent pot plant. It is much superior to the old Alba picta.

Gloire de Sceaux is one of the most valuable additions to winter-flowering kinds. The flowers are rich pink, borne in very large clusters. Foliage a rich plum color, with a metallic lustre. Given a good soil and a room of moderate warmth and it will be covered with flowers from January to May. The contrast in color between its flowers and foliage is very fine.

The variety first described has more of the characteristics of the Rex class than any of the others so far as habit of growth goes.

The others are superior to the old Rubra in manner of growth being more compact and bushy, and will be found better adapted to the ordinary window than that excellent old plant, because they are not disposed to monopolize all the room in it.



MANDARIN ORANGE.

An Orange for Table Decoration.

A most charming plant for table decoration is the Mandarin Orange. It is a compact, shrubby grower, bearing fruit and flowers when quite small. Grafted plants can be bought of most dealers. Such plants bear

sooner than ungrafted plants, and it will be found more satisfactory to pay a little more for them than to wait for them to come into bearing. The foliage is a rich, dark, shining green. The flowers a pure waxy white, not as pretty as they are fragrant. The fruit is small, but very showy, and a plant of good shape bearing fruit and flowers at the same time is very effective as a centerpiece for the table. I saw one at a greenhouse not long since which had over thirty oranges on it, in different stages of development, with scores of flowers scattered among the foliage, and the plant was but little over a foot high. It had been grafted very low, and made to branch like a shrub. The illustration shows one trained like a small tree, and does not at all exaggerate the beauty of the plant.

Helpful Hints.

It is chiefly in the summer time, or when plants are in active growth, that liquid manure is applied. It is a mistake to give it to plants which are resting, or to plants which are not well rooted. In the former instance it excites them to begin new growth before they are ready for it, and in the latter it is too strong a stimulant. It injures the young plant to which it is given because there are not roots enough to make use of it. But where there are plenty of roots, and a plant is growing, its benefit can be seen in a very short time after it is applied. As it is often a difficult thing to get, it should be used in such a way as to secure the best possible results. In the case of plants in pots having many roots, the soil in warm weather dries out rapidly, and water—when applied, passes rapidly through and runs off before the roots have time to take up much of it. It is a mistake to apply liquid manure in this way and have it wasted. The most economical and advantageous way of giving it is to have the soil moderately moist. Apply clear water at first; when the soil has absorbed enough of this to be moist all through, then apply the manure. The moist soil will take up and retain all the best properties of the fertilizer, and this is what we want it to do.

A correspondent sends the following practical hints: "In regard to the many enemies which attack house-plants in-doors, an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." We may prevent their coming, but after they have put in their appearance, as they will be pretty sure to do, sooner or later, if given half a chance, it is often an extremely difficult matter to get rid of them. One very tormenting pest is the small black fly which multiplies very rapidly, and does a good deal of injury if not cut short in his career. I find giving a teaspoonful of soot very beneficial, and it is also of value as

a fertilizer. Plants liable to an attack of aphids must be watched, and syringed with Tobacco tea, or fumigated. I have routed them utterly on Chrysanthemums by a solution of whale-oil soap, made rather weak. Plenty of moisture is sure death to red spiders. If the soil is rich enough to grow plants well out of doors, I do not see any need of enriching it for pot plants. Keep all decayed leaves picked off, and all fading flowers. I never fail to keep plants that show a tendency to grow tall, bushy and compact by pinching off the top. If taken in time, almost any plant can be made to grow into good shape. I give my plants a thorough sprinkling every week, and fresh air daily. I 'hoe' the soil over in the pots, with an old two-tined fork. I have arrived at the conclusion that there is only one way in which one can grow fine plants, and that is,—by studying their habits and wants, and giving each the treatment it requires."

The above contains much good advice. It shows that the writer "knows what she is talking about," and that her knowledge has been gained by experience. I would like to emphasize what she says about enriching the soil in pots. A pot-plant does not require as rich a soil as many suppose. Too rich a soil forces a growth which becomes weak and unhealthy. The conditions are favorable to too rapid growth in the living-room, at best, and when to this you add an over-stimulating soil it naturally follows that the plant must be injured. If your plants are growing well, do not be in a hurry to "fertilize" them. You will not be likely to secure more flowers by doing so. If the leaves begin to turn yellow, and are small, then give your liquid manure, provided the plant is making growth, but don't try to make it grow any faster than it would be likely to do were it out of doors in the open ground. Another thing: Instead of syringing your plants once a week, do it every day. You will find that most kinds are quite as much benefited by this, in the sitting-room, as they would be by giving manure. Why? Because plants breathe through their pores, and unless these pores are kept open they cannot take in the fresh air as they should. It also adds to their appearance, for no plant covered with dust can be very attractive. Removing dead leaves and decaying flowers not only adds to the attractiveness of the plant, but to its health. The suggestion about frequently stirring the soil is an especially valuable one. Never allow the surface of it to become hard and covered with mold. Dig about your plants as the farmer does about his corn, that the air may be able to freely penetrate the soil and get to the roots. Wash the pots whenever you see mold beginning to accumulate on the outside. This mold is a sort of a fungoid growth which will work injury if allowed to accumulate. In short, study your plants, and aim to meet all their requirements if you would be successful with them. You cannot give them too good care. They will amply repay you for all attention bestowed on them.

Answers to Correspondents.

Mrs. T. S. F.:—You will find the Tradescantia a good plant for hanging basket. T. multicolor is striped with purple and rose, and combines well with the green and white variety. It grows from cuttings with the greatest freedom. Break off a branch and throw it on the ground and it will root if the end comes in contact with the soil. It should be pinched in severely to force it to become branchy and compact.

Annie T.:—I know that most of the dealers speak of the Fuchsia as a winter-bloomer, but with the exception of Speciosa, I know of no variety that will give you enough flowers in winter to make it worth while to grow it for that purpose. The fact is, the Fuchsia is a summer-bloomer, and calling it a winter flower does not make it so. Late-started plants often bloom till November and December, but from that time to April you will not be likely to coax a flower from them. They generally become quite large plants which take up a good deal of room that might better be given over to plants from which flowers can reasonably be expected, like the Begonias spoken of in another column. The best place for the Fuchsia in winter is the cellar. Keep it almost dry. No matter if it drops its leaves. Bring it up in February or March. As soon as it starts cut it back at least one half, and repot. It will make vigorous growth, and begin to bloom by May, and from that time on to late fall it will be covered with fine flowers if given proper care.

Mrs. W. C. B.:—The Apios Tuberosa is an old weedy plant taken in hand by some "enterprising" dealer and sent out under a new name. In some parts of the country it is a nuisance which the farmers would be very glad to get rid of.

A. B. T.:—You say you have tried to make your Geraniums bushy and compact, but they will persist in running up tall and scraggly, in spite of all your efforts. You pinched them off twice during the season. You don't expect to make your children models by giving them one or two "talkings to," do you? Not at all. You can only bring about that much desired result by repeated and persistent effort. It must be much the same with your plants. If one pinching, or two pinchings doesn't accomplish what you aim at, don't give up and say it can't be



BEGONIA DIADEMA.

done, for it can. I know it can, for I make my Geraniums grow to suit me, and yours are just as tractable as mine. If a plant is disposed to be obstinate and have its own way I give it to understand that it must come to my terms. How? By keeping at it; by pinching and pinching until it is glad to give up and branch out. Don't be discouraged, but go over your refractory plants again, and again, and at last you will be rewarded with a good measure of success.

Miss S. D. L.:—If the season is not very dry you can take up your Herbaceous plants in fall and reset them in your new border quite as safely as in spring. This is a good month to do it in. They will get a start before cold weather comes. Cover them with leaves or straw in November.

Mrs. J. W. P.:—Buy your bulbs for fall planting in September or October.

M. C. C.:—The illustration given with the article on Ornithogallum Arabicum, some months ago, was not the one intended to be used. In some way things "got mixed," and an engraving of Anemone Japonica was put in.

Several Inquirers:—In building your greenhouses, don't go to the sash manufacturers and order sash made for roofing, but send to Lockland Lumber Co., Lockland, Ohio, and procure their cypress sash bars, which are not only cheaper than sash, but much more durable, and easier to put on. In giving this advice I speak from experience. I have used both, and I find the sash bars far superior in all ways to the very best machine-made sash that it is possible to procure. I do not know the present price of these bars. You can ascertain by writing to the firm.

Mrs. T. T. S.:—Soot is doubtless good, when used with care, but I find nothing so safe and so effective as a fertilizer for pot plants as manure from the cow-yard. Horse manure is too heating. Hen manure is too strong. Cow manure should be well rotted before using.

O. C. O.:—The Eucharis Amazonica is not a good plant for the sitting-room. It requires a warm, moist atmosphere.

Miss R.:—The Poinsettia "flowers" of which you speak are simply richly colored bracts surrounding the clusters of small and insignificant flowers proper. They are produced in early winter.

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[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.]

VACATION FLIRTATIONS.

BY FELICIA HOLT.

Summer has come, its heat is upon us, the flowers bloom, the trees cast the shade of their luxuriance upon the ground, the winds, a short time ago so swift, now dally with all they encounter. The spirit of idleness is abroad, and if "in the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love," in this season it turns to an abandonment of the strict laws of decorum observed in well-ordered drawing rooms, and the maiden and he seek the shelter of the friendly trees, or the secluded corner of the piazza, to whisper sweet "nothings" and learn the color of each other's eyes. Mr. Charles Howard Johnson gave us, in *Munsey's Weekly* a drawing of an array of girls ready to do execution on the field of,—not Mars, but that most abused little god styled Cupid,—abused because he is supposed to spread his wings protectively whether they have invoked his aid or not. Queen Folly leads the march, and we see in the line the tennis girl with her racket, the rower with her oars, the fair traveler with her *chic* little bonnet, and the graceful dancer, beside many others, all very sweet and most attractive to the "tired out young man," who goes to the seaside or mountains for his two weeks' holiday. It is of those who have to depend upon their vacation for their sport that I wish to treat in this paper. We all know that there are some young sons of fashion, who spend their entire summers at Newport, the Casino, yacht and polo ground being their place of action. Many of these drift into matrimony with a bored and somnolent air that would seem incredible under the circumstances, and only awake when they appear in the divorce court where they proclaim their grievances to the world at large. I remember one morning to have seen on the Casino porch seven people, all of whom were either waiting for their divorce or had just obtained it. This class of pleasure seekers need no detaining hand, they are joined to their idols, so we will let them alone and turn to our young man and maiden who, perhaps, out of sheer weariness of the spirit, think to relieve the tedium of the hour by a flirtation.

John and Dorothy meet at breakfast; there is a long day before them; if by the sea, there is perhaps a little general conversation in the parlor, a tune or so on the piano, he turning the music, then comes the bathing hour, when, after donning their suits, they stroll to the beach, where they spend hours on the sand, side by side; let us hope that John is too much of a gentleman to put his head in Dorothy's lap, as I have often seen done in the sight of a hundred spectators; they finally seek the water, where "Thick" and "Thin" present to the artistic eye the reverse of a pleasing picture. One is tempted to exclaim, as one beholds the shapeless creations bathing at a fashionable watering-place, surely woman's vanity must be a fable, and her modesty less dear than we supposed! After dinner perhaps a drive is in order, then tea, and lastly an evening on the beach or at the "Hop"; so time passes,—always in each other's company. Is it any wonder that John, seeing Dorothy always smiling and bright,—willing to accept his protection and society, plans continuous meetings? Dorothy, growing to look upon John as a provider of her amusements, a good swimmer, a graceful dancer, in short an agreeable fellow, what is the sequel? Almost before they know it, John and Dorothy find themselves engaged, without the slightest knowledge as to their mutual fitness, with little or no acquaintance as to their dispositions or bent of mind. They marry, and John finds Dorothy quite different from his expectations, the cares of life oppress her; as maid on a summer's jaunt she was charming, insouciant, light hearted, making merry over any mishap; as matron she is impatient and exacting. And he? Alas! he is also quite different; Mercutio has departed,—this is Othello with a touch of Shylock, demanding his full pound. They are aroused to find that their dream has fled. Propinquity has had much to do with John and Dorothy's mistake but it is just as powerful in quite another class, and here let me give an illustration from real life of a courtship and marriage. They met on an evening at a friend's house.

He. "Sal, have you a beau?"  
 She. "No. I ain't got none."  
 He. "Well, would you like me for one?"  
 She. "O yes, I guess so."  
 A short spell of visiting here elapsed, and he proposed in the following manner.  
 He. "Sal, have you ever thought of getting married?"  
 She. "No, I never thought much about it."  
 He. "Well, would you like to have me?"  
 She. "I'll think over it."

And the next month they were married. Verily truth is stranger than fiction! I would ask had not one party quite as much reason to expect true happiness as the other? for in neither case had there been any real preparation for the sweet seriousness of life. Our periodicals,—our very jokes,—help to increase this flippancy in young people; every one of them teem with flirtations and so-called Love. Cupid is rapped into every *seance*, composed of Knickerbockers, a sash, a banjo and a young man;—a blazer, a tennis dress, a sailor hat, russet boots and a young woman. As to the mental or moral attributes of either party, they are so extremely small, or else considered so unnecessary that they are not taken into consideration. "How many offers have you had?" is the oft repeated inquiry at the close of the season, and the young woman who can give the longest list is like the Indian warrior with his scalps, entitled to the greatest deference.

The "mash,"—meaning "sweetheart" or "lover,"—will probably have a place ere long in the dictionary, and Bar Harbor, where many of the elite of this country assemble, may claim its creation. I was assured the other day by one of the loveliest of girls, whose dainty lips seemed formed to drop

pearls of thought, that "N was stuck on B," and when I asked in my ignorance, for an explanation, was answered: "Why, taken, interested, in love, don't you know?" Ah yes, in love, that I do know in its full blessedness; the going through life together, knowing each other's graces and shortcomings, but so full of tenderest compassion for one another that each hour, day and year brings with it a benediction; that (I write it with the greatest reverence) is the nearest heritage to the "peace of God," and to which our great Exemplar likens his love for the church.

The fairy prince will come, but not in a flirtation; he is too serious for that, not prosy or stupid, but with no desire to loiter at other courts; his love lies sleeping, and though the hill may be steep he will toil on. The thorns will turn to roses in his path to welcome him and, the goal obtained, it is his kiss that shall consecrate their lives to Love's true service. Do not mistake me. I advocate social intercourse between the sexes. Men, and women too, are the better for it, but let us exercise our good sense, be our true selves; it is the *unrealness* that does the mischief. The game of hearts is rarely a losing one if properly and delicately handled; it is only when the joker gets in that the deuce is played. So let us remember that in a life-journey we don't want to begin with a mistake. We must not expect to dance into matrimony as an amusement. Be sure that a "flirtation" is but a sorry prelude to a composition out of which are evolved some of the sweetest melodies and grandest harmonies of life.

THE GARFIELDS OF MENTOR.

They Greatly Object to Newspaper Mention. Therefore Mollie's Baby Lived and Thrived for Two Months Before the Public Knew of its Arrival—A Legal Firm—Webb C. Hayes.

Mrs. Garfield, the late President's widow, thoroughly detests newspaper notoriety, and she would go to any extremes rather than have her name in the paper. Newspaper readers still remember the many stumbling blocks that were thrown in the paths of reporters at the time of the double wedding in her family, and when two months ago Mollie's baby boy was born every effort was made to keep the matter a secret. The affair only leaked out about a week ago, and the Garfield family is not at all favorably impressed with the accounts the event has received in the newspapers. Mollie Garfield-Brown now resides with her mother at Mentor, and so does her husband, J. Stanley Brown, her late father's private secretary. Two stories are current about Mr. Brown's future. One that he is going to Washington to enter a law partnership, and the other that he is about to go West on an expedition with the United States geological survey, but the latter is probably true. The baby is said to be doing nicely and Mrs. Garfield is very proud of her grandson.

Mrs. Garfield did intend, at one time, to make Cleveland her home, going so far as to purchase a magnificent residence on Prospect street near Cass avenue for \$50,000. The house has been and is now offered for sale at a reduction of \$10,000, with no takers. Mrs. Garfield, after removal to Mentor, had the old homestead thoroughly remodeled in modern style and she intends to end her days there.

Garfield & Garfield is the name of the law firm doing quite a thriving business in a neat little office in the Wilshire building. They are the ex-president's sons and indications are that they will carve out quite a career for themselves. Harry was married the same day as his sister Mollie and he lives in a handsome residence on Windsor avenue, while James is still single. The latter lives with his mother at Mentor, going and coming to and from his place of business daily on the Lake Shore train.

Grandma Garfield is at rest in a casket near the remains of the son she loved so well, and after the dedication of the monument both of their remains will be removed to the memorial in Lakeview.

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Webb C. Hayes is the modest and unassuming son of ex-president Hayes. He cuts quite a figure in East End society and is very much

of a favorite. He is still single, lives on Prospect street and is the treasurer of the National Carbon Company, on Wilson avenue.



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TOO MUCH TO READ.

Comical Complaint of a Woman Who Desires Fewer Periodicals.

It was a rainy, disagreeable evening and I knew we should stay at home, so I stopped at the news stand on my way from the store and picked up several periodicals to look over after dinner. I thought Mrs. John would like them, but that is just one of the things that's not to be counted upon—a woman's liking. "Les femmes out toujours des surprises," is a Frenchman's way of saying that woman's ways are past finding out, and I for once agree that the Gaul has hit the nail square on the head. I have lived with Mrs. John now nearly a dozen years, and I may say that I can gauge her words and opinions as incorrectly to-day as I did the first morning she sat opposite me and dropped lumps of sugar into my coffee with a most engaging little flourish of her taper fingers. To be sure I am a plain man, and my occupation is plain, too, not conducive in any way to the study of the female character. Their is nothing unexpected about coil rope and link chain, which is where they differ in a marked degree from lovely woman. To return, however, to this particular stormy evening.

"I brought over some of the new periodicals, Nan," I said carelessly when we were upstairs after dinner.

"Oh, dear, are there more new periodicals?" interrogated Mrs. John plaintively—a remark I did not construe to express unbounded satisfaction. I did not reply.

"Do you happen to know, John," continued my wife, and her voice was still aggrieved, "just what particular field these latest are expected to fill?"

"No, madam, I do not. I am not editor, proprietor or publisher, nor in any way responsible for the appearance of these unfortunate publications which seem to have drawn upon themselves your august disapproval."

"Don't be sarcastic, John; it is not your forte. I don't disapprove; I am only tired. My brain is not equal to the strain. The periodical literature of the day is simply overwhelming me. I am drowning under it, suffocating, stifling. I want air, and you bring me another feather pillow," she finished dramatically, pointing to the fresh pamphlets before her.

"Mrs. John," I began severely. "I'm no Othello."

"No indeed," she responded quickly, "nor am I a Desdemona. That dreadful African would have had his hands full to smother me. And I similarly protest against being snuffed out by 'words, words, words!'"

She was now walking up and down the room; her hands loosely clasped behind her, and her tea gown trailing very gracefully in her wake. She rather affects this tick of marching at times when we are alone, for she knows it is becoming.

"Next year," she went on, emphatically, "one monthly, one weekly and one daily organ of news, literature and the sciences come to my reading table. You may take what you like; I confine myself to those."

"And yet, my dear," I ventured to suggest, "I have heard you say that miscellaneous reading broadens the mind and enlarges the judgment."

"So it does. There is such a thing as widening to the sacrifice of height, though. I feel mentally as if I had been looking into one of those convex mirrors—my judgment is all breadth and no depth. Besides," she continued airily, that sort of a thing over there," and a toss of the head indicated the library table, "is not miscellaneous reading; it is miscellaneous pickings. This influx of periodical literature is of little value to the careful reader. It seems to be composed of speculative concerns to make money quick and fast. They pander to passing public caprices rather than aim to cultivate or develop a higher standard of taste. 'Names, names' is their cry. 'Never mind what the article is if it is only by somebody. The somebodies grow more and more expensive the publishers more and more eager. 'It will be a big advertisement,' they say, 'to secure so-and-so at a fabulous sum to give us an article. So-and-so is secured, made happy by an enormous check; the publishers are also happy, and possibly the readers are. I doubt it, though. For, alas, some of these fortunate writers do not attain their pre-eminence by force of genius or even talent and industry. One striking composition brings them into notice and judicious—I call it injudicious—advertising does the rest. Once let them appear to be launched on the tide of popular favor and all is easy. They no longer, if they ever did, 'write with fire and correct with phlegm.' What is the use? Publishers on every side are pouring in their offers upon them, some not hesitating to frankly say, 'We will take anything you may write and pay your price for it merely to have the prestige of your name.'

"It is so, John," Mrs. John continued emphatically. "I have more than my own opinion to substantiate the assertion. I heard one prominent contributor to these periodicals remark not long ago: 'Oh, yes; that (speaking of a certain one of them) is one of my sewers. I send stuff there no one else will take and get high prices for it.' What do you think of that? And an editor of a paper which circulates largely throughout the country commented in my presence on one of those sought-after writers: 'Yes, Blank sends me awful trash; I wouldn't think of putting it in from any one else. It is the name I pay for, and I have to pay well for it, too.'

"How can literature be advanced when authors will thus prostitute their talent; and if writer and publisher are thus unblushingly indifferent to the quality of the work, who is going to take care of the readers' interests?" I meekly replied that I did not know unless they made a little effort in that direction themselves.

"Which is precisely what one of them is doing," rejoined Mrs. John triumphantly. "I am guided by principle, not prejudice, in my protest against these pamphlets there."

"But I have another count in my indictment against them," my wife went on, after a moment; "some of them, that is. There are a few high-class periodicals which are quite beyond the pale of this criticism."

"I am heartily sick of being instructed. 'Hints,' 'Helps,' 'Suggestions,' 'The Mother's Column,' 'The Baby's Corner's—ugh! I fly from these headlines as I would from a spider. I used to pin my faith to them absolutely, but I discovered they were valueless, because of their hopeless contradictions. Every new publication starts off with these departments 'a feature' (I hate features), each wishes to do over old and hackneyed subjects in a new way and begins by tearing down all previously offered theories and presenting one diametrically opposite.

"One writer will tell you oatmeal porridge is the *sine qua non* of children's diet, a second will advise you to use oatmeal occasionally, and a third will urge any cereal but oatmeal, served with milk and sugar becomes in the child's stomach a sour, indigestible compound most deleterious. I quote literally.

"It's my private belief that half the authors of these articles don't know anything about what they are writing. They are usually written by women to begin with, and women are apt to consider a little knowledge the excuse for a good deal of pretense. I am sorry to have to say it of my sex, but it is true."

"You are possibly in a position to judge," I returned, but Mrs. John ignored the remark and went on:

"When a man sets himself up as an authority upon a certain subject he is usually fully informed upon it and practices what he preaches. Women are different: I don't know why they should be, but they are. I believe if I could see the woman who tells me how to care for my nails, I should find her own dirty and shapeless, and I know that the one who lays down the law didactically for the bringing up of my children, is a spinster.

"If even these ever cropy new periodicals offered encouragement and a field to unknown writers they would be of use, but they do not. The same set of names greets you from every page of contents.

"We don't care to have contributions offered us," said the editor of one of the recent monthlies to a friend of mine who wished to submit some manuscript; 'we know the craft and solicit articles from such authors as we may choose.' Not much chance there for the budding of fresh genius, is there?"

So Mrs. John had her say out; but I noticed when I came home the next evening that the leaves of the much-abused pamphlets had all been cut.

WORTH'S REMARKABLE CAREER.

How the Great Dressmaker Rose From a Clerkship in a Draper's Shop.

Charles Frederic Worth was born in Lincolnshire, Eng., and went to London when a boy. He had previously written to a friend living in the capital asking assistance in securing a position in a draper's shop, or what Americans call a dry goods store. His friend proved true, and after some difficulty procured for young Worth a situation in the house of Swan & Edgar. The lad evidently was a favorite at the start, and for more than six years continued to grow in the firm's favor. Speaking to the writer the other day Worth said, concerning his relations with the firm:

"The heads of the establishment always treated me as if I were a near relative, and on one occasion, when I was seriously ill, Mrs. Edgar took excellent care of me. Indeed, if it had not been for her I doubt if I should be alive to-day."

One naturally asks: How did Worth come to be a dressmaker? Those familiar with his past say that he first conceived the idea of becoming a designer of fashions while talking with buyers for the firm.

Moreover, he frequently made suggestions which the heads of departments were not slow to see in a favorable light. The more he talked with the buyers the more he resolved to go to Paris, and soon began the study of French. At length, unable to secure a positive engagement, he proceeded to the gay capital, and almost at once got a position with Gagelin & Co. I think Worth was now about 22 years old. In a few years he was at the head of a department, and strove to introduce several new departures. Failing to see his suggestions utilized, he established the firm of Worth & Bobergh. In 1870 he founded the now famous house of Worth.

Meanwhile the enterprising Englishman had found favor at the imperial court, Eugenia herself being an ardent admirer of his skill. Of the many elegant dresses made for the empress the following may be mentioned: A fancy costume designed from a portrait of the famous Marie de Medicis, which the emperor said looked too funeral, and which Worth replaced by a reproduction of Marie Antoinette's costumes as seen in a famous portrait; a June costume, also a dress designed from a portrait of a wife of a doge of Venice, a dress in black, tulle and marabout feathers, representing Night; a Diana costume, in which she wore a silver quiver and numerous diamonds; a gray walking costume, trimmed with velvet ribbons, the skirt and pocket matching, and a mourning dress in moire antique. All these added to the already established reputation of Worth.

In personal appearance Worth is a striking individual, and socially a charming man, although inclined to be reticent, except on business or among personal friends. Among the latter are many Americans.—*New York Sun.*

GIVE THE GIRLS A CHANCE.

The elopement of Miss Morosini with her father's coachman has been so fully descanted upon by the daily papers that we do not care to go into the details of it here, but the moral is one which all mothers should be quick to draw. Strongly as our correspondents have advised the careful chaperonage of young girls, we are sure that none of them would counsel

the entire social separation of any young woman from companions of the other sex. One of the chief arguments in favor of co-education is that by means of it young men and women become used to each other's society; they have a fair chance to compare young people with each other; the absurd flutter into which either is put by the presence of the other when unaccustomed to it is then absolutely unknown, and the mental effects are excellent. In a girl's seminary a ridiculous and unworthy aspect is almost invariably put upon men. In men's colleges, an extravagant halo, which is apt to be dissipated when marriage ends the dream, is woven about the heads of all good-looking women. Men and women must associate daily, or at least frequently, with each other in order to be able to measure each other correctly, or to understand each other.

Miss Morosini is not by any means the only girl who has married a man unworthy of her because she had not had proper opportunities to compare with him other men. One of the principal advantages resulting from sending a girl away to boarding-school is that by this means her acquaintance is widened and her chances of making an unsuitable alliance are lessened. For, talk as we may, marriage must ever hold a larger place in a woman's mind than in a man's. A man studies a profession, settles in some convenient spot, and there he generally remains, whether he marries or not. A woman studies a profession, takes her place somewhere, marries, and, presto! her whole life alters; her profession must change entirely, or else expand so as to include new duties, and she must (or ought to, one would think,) move to the same town in which her husband lives, and her whole environment becomes different.

By all means, let women work. If Miss Morosini had had any object in life except to "take long carriage drives," her mind would not have needed to have its emptiness filled with a clandestine love affair. Some absorb-

ing mental or manual pursuit should be provided for every one of our daughters; but, nevertheless, marriage must always be something more important to a woman than to a man, little as we like to admit it. Marriage means a new home, new duties, and generally motherhood; and motherhood, nobody can deny, is, in its beginning, at least, a much more significant thing than fatherhood which brings to a man no increase of his other duties, do physical changes, no peril of any sort.

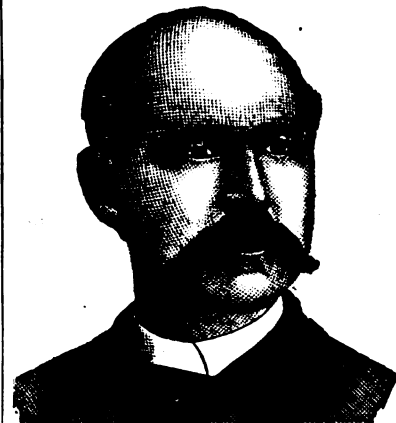
In this view of the case marriage assumes its true proportions as a factor in the life of a woman, and every mother shudders as she thinks of a possible unhappy marriage for her beloved girl. Then, as the years draw on, during which the girl's choice is usually made, see that she has every reasonable opportunity to observe, under proper conditions, as many men as possible. Her ideas will then become clearer and better defined regarding them. Be sure she will not "take up" with any one who is below the very best that she has seen.

"Oh, how glad I am that I did not marry that man!" said a young lady not long ago, as she watched a passing figure. "How handsome I thought he was, and how infatuated I was with him! Fortunately just then I went to B—to make a visit," naming a large city, "and my little 18-year-old country ideas of men changed. I can see now that I should have been miserable with that man, and I cannot be too thankful that I was taken away from my folly in the nick of time!"

But many a girl has not been "taken away in the nick of time," and every woman can guess something of the misery which such girls have endured, however faithfully they may have labored to make the best of their situation.

Give the girls a chance. Widen their horizon, dispel their sentimentality, and do not shut them away from young men of their own station in life. Then we shall here less about "runaway marriages."

**CAUTION** W. L. Douglas' name and the price are stamped on the bottom of all Shoes advertised by him before leaving his factory; this protects the wearers against high prices and inferior goods. If your dealer does not keep the style or kind you want, or offers you shoes without W. L. Douglas' name and price stamped on them, and says they are just as good, do not be deceived thereby, but send direct to the Factory, for you can get what you want by return mail, postage paid. Dealers make more profit on unknown shoes that are not warranted by anybody; therefore do not be induced to buy shoes that have no reputation. Buy only those that have W. L. Douglas' name and the price stamped on the bottom, and you are sure to get full value for your money. Thousands of dollars are saved annually in this country by the wearers of W. L. Douglas' Shoes. In ordering by mail state whether you want Congress, Button or Lace, London cap toe, plain French toe, or narrow cap toe, and be sure to give size and width you wear. I can fit any foot that is not deformed, as my shoes are made in great variety of widths, sizes and half sizes. I guarantee a fit, prompt delivery and perfect satisfaction or money refunded upon return of the shoes in good condition. W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.



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Is a fine seamless calf shoe, with Douglas tops and Oak Leathers bottoms. They are made in Congress, Button and Lace on London Cap Toe, Narrow Cap Toe, and Plain French Toe Lasts, in sizes from 5 to 11, including half sizes and in all widths. If you have been paying from \$5 to \$6 for shoes of this quality do not do so longer. One pair will wear as long as two pairs of common shoes sold by dealers that are not warranted by the manufacturer.

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- \$5.00 SHOE GENUINE HAND-SEWED, which takes the place of custom-made shoes that cost from \$7 to \$8.
- \$4.00 SHOE THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY HAND-SEWED WELT \$4 SHOE. Equals custom-made shoes costing from \$6 to \$8.
- \$3.50 SHOE FOR POLICEMEN, Railroad Men and Letter Carriers all wear them. No Tacks or Wax Thread to hurt the feet.
- \$2.50 SHOE IS UNEXCELLED FOR HEAVY WEAR. Best Calf Shoe for the price.
- \$2.25 SHOE WORKINGMAN'S. Is the best in the world for rough wear; one pair ought to wear a man a year.
- \$2.00 SHOE IS EQUAL TO SHOES THAT COST FROM \$3 TO \$3.50. One pair will wear longer than any shoe ever sold at the price.
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INELEGANCIES AND AFFECTATIONS OF SPEECH.

BY FLORENCE HOWE HALL.

Man is essentially an imitative animal. Few indeed are the individuals whose native force of character, and love of absolute sincerity, enable them to be themselves, and to avoid all assumption of the manners or characters of other people.

Maria Edgeworth has much to say about the affected manners of the young girls of her day, who evidently studied gestures and attitudes, far more than do the young women of the present time.

In our own day "nous avons change tout cela," we have, or we think we have, discarded all affectations as too troublesome. We have broken all the idols of our forefathers, and flatter ourselves that we are realists, looking frankly at ourselves and others as we actually are.

It was formerly said that hypocrisy was the homage that vice paid to virtue; but in our day, virtue is inclined to pay homage to vice—to the vice of materialism and unbelief of all sorts.

Thus, among certain classes, people allow themselves a freedom of expression, in regard to social and religious subjects, which would not have been tolerated in good society, twenty years ago.

Thoughtful people deprecate this affectation of over-freedom in thought and speech—although, as evils bring their own remedies, it is safe to prophesy that this, like other passing "fads," will not be of long duration.

Meanwhile, it is accomplishing a good work in making our speech more simple and direct, and in sweeping away certain formalisms and a stiffness of expression, which linger among our more conservative classes, especially in rural and suburban districts.

The people who "reside" also "attend church"; they "commit to memory" or sometimes "commit" alone. If they want a horse they "purchase" or "procure" him, they "receive" a scolding and they ask you "when did you return?" and never think of saying "when did you get back?"

Yet these would-be precisians make some very glaring mistakes—or errors, as they would say. I heard a man of this sort say "he had ought," and another omit, with perfect calmness, the "er" of generally.

Persons of this description err, no doubt, from good motives. They wish to avoid slovenliness and vulgarity of speech, but the standard to which they endeavor to conform is now antiquated.

We may compare the PRECISIAN style to the formal, stiff handwriting, which the school boy acquires at school, and which is no doubt, much better than the rude and unformed hand-writing of an ignorant person.

But the speech of the most cultivated men and women, is like the beautiful free and fluent hand-writing of an accomplished pen-

man, who has learned to develop his own characteristic hand-writing according to true natural methods, following the rules of Art but not sacrificing his individuality to them.

Professor Hill, in his admirable little book "Our English," points out the change which has come over our language, as it is used by the best living authorities, a change in the direction of ever-increasing simplicity of diction.

Among the expressions which are now thought old-fashioned, are certain phrases relating to music. In little country places, where the programmes of school exhibitions or concerts, are announced from the stage, we still hear of "a vocal solo," "a vocal duet," or "an instrumental solo."

The more modern method would substitute for these expressions "Song" (at the same time giving its title) or "Aria from Der Freischutz," or whatever the proper title of the piece might be.

In these same rural districts, the long suffering word "tableau" is drawn out to an unnatural length, and pronounced as if it had three syllables instead of two—thus "taberlo." Some one who wished to be particularly correct, asked me, not long since, whether he should not add an "s" to tableaux for the plural, and it was with some difficulty that I succeeded in convincing him that the x final made the only plural required by the French Academy.

There are certain mispronunciations which can lay claim to respectability, on the ground that they were once used in polite society, but have since been relegated to obscurity, like old-fashioned garments. A gentleman of my acquaintance, persists in pronouncing the words "kettle," "tassel" and "closet" as if they were spelled "kittle," "tossel" and "clawzit."

In reading the copious and interesting notes to Knight's edition of Shakespeare, I am often surprised at some of the explanations which the commentator thinks it necessary to give—explanations which Americans do not need, for our speech has varied less from the Shakespearian standard, than has the speech of our English neighbors.

We should all wish and strive, however, to make our language and pronunciation conform to the best present usage, save where it is "stuff o' the conscience" with us to adhere to older forms. Thus the present fashion of omitting all "ma'am's" and "sir's" from our conversation, seems a very disrespectful and barbarous innovation, to old-fashioned people, and I think we should teach our children to use these respectful enclitics, when addressing ladies and gentlemen of the old school.

But we cannot afford to condemn all slang and idiomatic expressions, since some of them are wonderfully convenient and forcible. Many of the expressions now in ordinary and reputable use are in reality of this character, but they have become so incorporated into our language, that we use them constantly, without thinking of, or even recognizing their origin.

To be continued.

The old Indian chief complained that the pale faces, especially women were dying of too much house. The modern civilized world is dying of too much eat. Some people are afraid to eat fruit, thinking that fruit and diarrhoea are always associated, when, if they understood the true cause of diarrhoea they would know that it is caused by eating meat.

THE PHILISTINES.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Turning the leaves of the Bible And walking in Canaan's land, In the days of the olden story, The days of the Lord's right hand, We find how the chosen people, By the Philistines girt around, Were now in furious battle, And now as captives bound.

And again, in sinful languor To the Philistines lent an ear; And bowed in the groves of Baal, To Ashtaroth bent in fear, Forgetting the great Jehovah, Who, out of Egypt's coast, With arm that was strong and mighty, Forth brought the ransomed host

Turning the Bible pages, With something like disdain We cry, "How weak these Hebrews, And the thoughts of their hearts how vain!

How little they knew of loving, And how faint their trust in God! No wonder He smote their folly, The Philistines His rod."

But softly Conscience whispers, As alone we sit and muse: "Have ye never chosen the evil, When the good was yours to choose? Have ye never stood and listened To the charm of the tempter's call? Have ye never yielded your freedom, To be of sin the thrall?"

And lo! as she speaks, the blushes Come hot to our cheeks, and fast; For oh! the shame of the present, Oh! the mistakes of the past, And "The Philistines are upon us!" How often must we cry, When not our words, but our actions, Our blessed Lord deny.

Turning the leaves of the Bible, We take ourselves to prayer! There is peace at the throne of mercy, There are strength and safety there. No other king can help us, But the King whose own right hand From the Philistines defended His people in Canaan's land.

It has been printed a hundred times, that Mrs. Southworth received for many years, a stated salary of \$10,000 per annum, for writing exclusively for Mr. Bonner's Ledger. I have her own word for it, that there never was one word of truth in the story. She never received a yearly salary from any one. She was paid liberally by Mr. Bonner, but it was always governed by the amount of work she did. For many years she was under contract to write for him exclusively, and while thus bound, she did receive from another publisher the offer of \$10,000 for a single story. This fact probably gave rise to the mis-statement. She has written altogether, nearly seventy novels, and those who do not know, imagine she must be in receipt of a handsome income from the royalty on these. She does not receive one cent from such source. She sold the books as they were written; copyright and all.

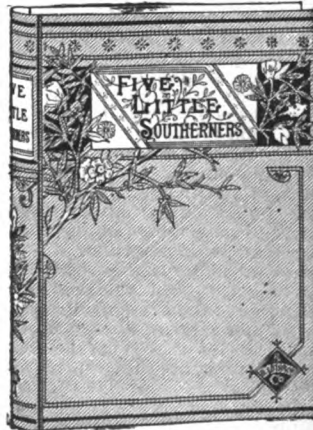
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**AN ADVERTISEMENT AND WHAT CAME OF IT.**

(Concluded from page 5.)

mother was laid in her last resting place until the Resurrection Day.

Six sad and dreary weeks passed by, the motherless girl refusing to be comforted. All this time Lindley had refrained from distressing her with the thought of a speedy marriage. At last his patience gave out. He determined to speak to her plainly, even though his words hurt a little. That very evening he said to her, "My darling, you will come to me now, will you not? I feel that I have the right to claim you." Then, as she turned away her head, he continued reproachfully, "Have I not a greater claim upon you than any one in the world? And would you prefer living with these friends than with your husband, my love?"

Bessie sat silent for a while, nervously twining and untying her slender fingers; her lover looked at her anxiously; she lifted her eyes a moment to his, which met her gaze with a depth of tender love.

"You are right," she said softly. "You have a greater claim upon me than all the world beside, because I know you love me—as I love you."

Lindley listened to the sweet, timid confession with happy, beating heart. Drawing her close to his side, he said,

"When will you marry me, dear?"

"To-morrow, if you wish it," she said. "But oh! John, I fear I will be but a sad-hearted bride. Will you bear with me? Will you remember that I am heavy hearted?"

"I will remember, dear; and my one hope is to help you through this sad time of mourning," he said tenderly.

The next day at noon the two were wed in Mrs. Heyward's parlor, she and her son being the only witnesses.

Long afterward Mrs. Heyward said, "It was the saddest, strangest, sweetest wedding I ever beheld, and it has turned out to be a most joyous affair for them both."

Immediately after the ceremony John Lindley and his bride started south. A few days later found them happily ensconced in the "land of orange blossoms," where, for a time, they spent long, restful days, learning to love and learn each other better day by day.

One morning, leaning over her husband's shoulder as he read the paper, "Why," said Bessie, "I never saw such a paper. There is nothing in it but advertisements."

Lindley dropped the newspaper, drew the dear curly head down to him and said, "Sweet-heart, please never speak disrespectfully of advertisements. The memory of one not very long ago read to me throws a halo over all the pitiful rest."

MARIGOLD.

[THE END.]

**EIGHT LITTLE HOUSEKEEPERS.**

Or, The Doings of the Forget-me-not Club.

(Concluded from page 6.)

grocer, or any trade she chooses, naming the initial letter of the first article he either made or sold. This, the other players must try to guess, the one doing so having the next turn. For example:

Sadie.—I apprenticed my son to a baker, and the first thing he sold was G. N.

Elsie.—Gingerbread nuts! I apprenticed my son to a grocer, and the first thing he sold was R. Edna.—Raisins?

Elsie.—No.

Jennie.—Rice? Yes! I apprenticed my son to a tailor, and the first thing he made was C.

Mattie.—Coat! I apprenticed my son to a butcher, and the first thing he sold was an O. T.

Carrie.—What can that be? Oh, I know; ox tail! etc.

After that, the game of

**THE WEATHERCOCKS.**

First, name the four points, North, South, East and West. The leader then takes the part of the "Wind," and stands in the center, the others ranging themselves in two or more files. The game begins by the Wind pointing to one of the points from which the wind is supposed to blow, at the same time calling out its name, at which the other players must instantly turn in the opposite direction. For example, if the Wind cries "North," the Weathercocks must turn to the south, and so on. At the word "Tempest," every one must turn around three times, returning to precisely their former position. At the word "Variable," they must balance backwards and forwards until the Wind cries some other point, like "West," when they must slowly turn to the east, instead of whirling rapidly in the direction. When the Wind names a point facing the Weathercocks, they must remain motionless. Any mistake punished by a forfeit, of course. It makes you keep your wits about you, I can tell you.

"After that, we will have one more lively game, and then we must go home. It is called

**THE FRENCH AND ENGLISH.**

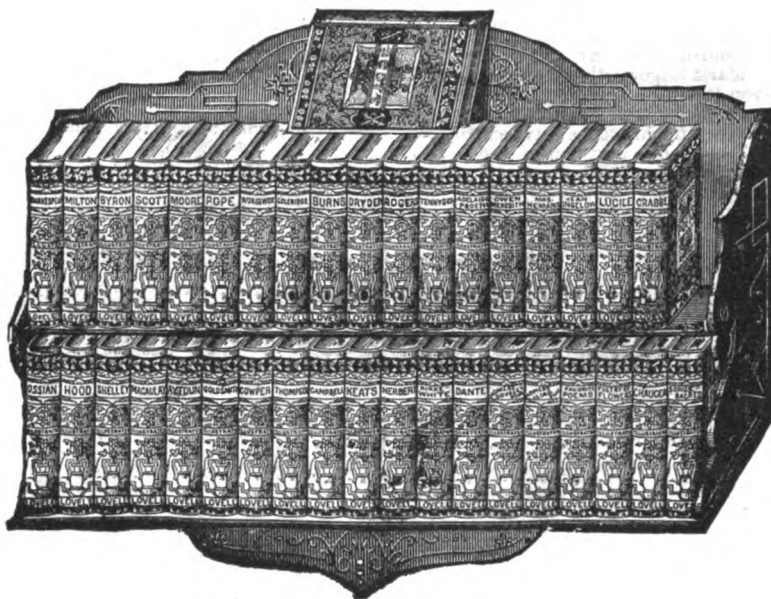
"The players divide themselves into two equal parties, the French and English, and establish their camps on each side of a marked line. At some distance from the two armies they establish a 'prison' or 'barracks.' Each army chooses one or more champions; these begin the contest by blowing from one side to the other, a feather, or tuft of down, each champion trying to drive it from his own camp into that of his adversary. When, in spite of all their efforts it falls to the ground, the champion of the camp in which it makes its descent becomes a prisoner and goes to 'the Barracks.' Another champion is then appointed in his place, and the game goes on until all of one party are made prisoners."

This ended the games for that afternoon; and a grand time the children had, voting each one "a success." At six o'clock the wagon came for the heavy things, and then a tired, but delighted lot of young folks wended their way homeward, accompanied by the equally pleased older folks, while all had arms and hands full of lovely flowers.

[THE END.]

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HOMER'S ILIAD,—POPE.  
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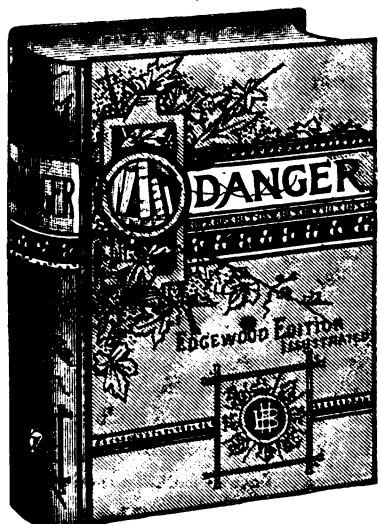
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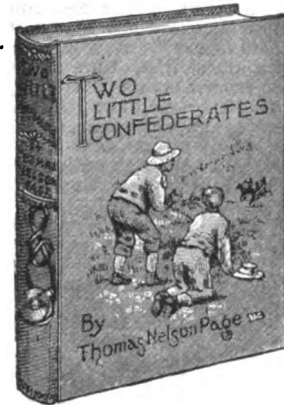
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It may be set down as a fact that the drinking man can never accumulate money, unless he is the fortunate possessor of a bonanza—a business that is, as to profits, beyond any consideration as to expenditure, no matter how reckless. Rum has burned a hole in his pocket which leaks faster than any ordinary business or money-making avocation will replenish it. Bankruptcy and financial ruin are inevitable. The drinking man is at a disadvantage in his business, because the money which should be used to push trade, or tide over dull times, or extend his operations into new lines or new territory, is spent for rum and in the excesses which follow in the trail of that demon. He becomes more and more involved and tries retrenchment in all ways but the one which is his ruin. He will lop off all needless expenditure save that for rum and its attendant vices. But they are like the horse-leech's daughters; they cry "Give, give," until the man becomes desperate; he who was reckless incidentally, now becomes reckless habitually. The crash of financial ruin comes and his course from that time is a direct plunge into habitual drunkenness, poverty, and finally death.

Reader, did you ever consider the grim fact—for fact it is—that ninety per cent. of the men engaged in legitimate lines of trade in this country fail sooner or later? And did you ever trace this back to its cause? The pathway of trade is strewn with wrecks, and nine out of ten of them were caused by rum. It should be plain to all that in these days of fierce competition in trade, the legitimate profits in any line of business are too small to stand the drain on the pocket imposed by the rum habit. Apparently the cheapest of all dissipations, drinking is the most costly. All other extravagances have a limit, but the thirst for rum is limitless. It is like the ocean which receives all the rivers of the world, yet it is never any fuller. The more you drink the more you must, and there can be but one end to both the drinker's money and his physical endurance. Rum not only costs frightfully in money, but it takes away the power to make money. It is as dangerous to a man's finances as it is to his body, his mind and his soul.

But though it is a fact that ninety per cent. of our business men fail, sooner or later, the influence of rum in causing the failure of at least nine out of every ten is not so clearly seen. We do not mean to say that these all fail because they drink up the money that should be used in business. While many do this, there are many others who do not, and yet whose downfall is just as surely the result of rum as if they had done so. To do a successful business in these rushing days, when every avenue of trade is the arena of keen competition, requires brains. It will not do that a man shall have business sagacity, that he shall be sharp in bargaining and quick-witted to avail himself of every opening for profit. He must not only be all these, but he must remain so; and he must give all his attention to business. Now, he cannot do these things and dally with rum. With many men a single glass of the infernal stuff benumbs the brain; and the man in this condition, with his mental faculties clouded with the fumes of rum, can never hope to succeed in the struggle with a competitor of equal natural ability who never touches rum, and so keeps his head clear, his wits keen, and all his faculties on the alert. He who drinks will surely fall behind, through his dulled wits. His trade deserts him, he has lost the ability he once possessed through soaking his brain in rum, and he goes to the wall. The cause is stated as "bad investments," "too great competition," "bad debts," or something similar. But these are the result of drink, and rum is really the cause of his failure.

The business man who begins to drink might just as well close up his establishment at once if he intends to continue the unequal effort to cope with rum and with his business rivals at the same time. There is no line of safety but in the entire abandonment of rum. He may keep his head above water for a few years, but the inevitable end will surely come. Viewing these facts, is there not pertinency in the claim: that it is the highest duty of man to save his brother man from himself? This insidious devil of rum, when he once gets his claws fastened upon a victim, never loosens his hold till he has him at the mouth of the pit of hell.—*Toledo Blade.*

DRINKING AND APOPLEXY.

The *Irish World* presents to its readers the following wholesale lesson concerning alcohol and apoplexy.

"It is the essential nature of all wines and spirits to send an increased amount of blood to the brain. The first effect of taking a glass of wine or stronger form of alcohol is to send the blood there faster than common. Hence the circulation that gives the red face. It increases the activity of the brain and it works faster, and so does the tongue, but as the blood goes faster than common to the brain, it returns faster and no immediate harm may result. But suppose a man keeps on drinking; the blood is sent to the brain so fast in large quantities that in order to make room for it the arteries have to charge themselves. They increase in size, and, in doing so, they press against the more yielding, flaccid veins which carry the blood out of the brain, and diminish the size of the pores—the result being that the blood is not only carried to the arteries of the brain faster than is natural or healthful, but is prevented from leaving it as fast as usual. Hence a double set of causes of death are in operation. Hence a man may drink enough brandy or other spirits in a few hours, or even minutes, to bring on a fatal attack of apoplexy. This is being literally dead drunk."

Uniform Library Edition  
Of Mrs. Ewing's Stories in Nine volumes.

Any one of these volumes sent, postpaid, as a premium for a club of 4 trial subscribers at 25 cents each; or for 2 subscribers and 25 cents. Cloth Ornamental Covers, 6½x4¼ inches.



Neither children nor their elders can read too many of Mrs. Ewing's stories. She does not use a word too much, or a word too little, when she is at her best, and she is at her best very often, although she has written a number of tales. She does not preach, but her stories are better than sermons, they touch the heart, they enlarge the sympathy, they excite every tender and noble emotion, they encourage religious feeling and they deepen scorn for all that is mean and cowardly. They have an abundance of fresh, delightful fun, and a pathos so true and deep that there are many of her stories which it is impossible to read without tears. There is nothing forced in her plots or her style. Her characters are natural, human, and have an indescribable charm. Children are delighted with her stories, and grown people rank them among the best things in literature.

- JAN OF THE WINDMILL. A Story of the Plains.
- SIX TO SIXTEEN. A story for Girls.
- WE AND THE WORLD. A story for Boys.
- A GREAT EMERGENCY. And other Tales.
- MELCHIOR'S DREAM, BROTHERS OF PITY, and Other Tales.
- LOB LIE-BY-THE-FIRE, THE BROWNIES, and Other Tales.
- A FLATIRON FOR A FARTHING.
- JACKANAPES, and Other Tales, Comprising "Jackanapes," "Daddy Darwin's Dovecot," and "The Story of a Short Life," with a Sketch of Mrs. Ewing's Life by her sister, Horatia K. F. Gatty.
- MRS. OVERTHEWAY'S REMEMBRANCES. A series of short stories which are supposed to be told by a nice old lady to a little girl invalid.

All of these books are illustrated. They were sold by the Publishers when first issued at ONE DOLLAR per volume. We offer any one of them at the extremely low price of 50 cents each—including cost of postage and packing.

MARCHING TO VICTORY.

By Charles Carleton Coffin.



Sent postpaid as a premium for a club of 20 trial subscribers at 25 cents each; or for 15 subscribers and 65 cents; or, for 12 subscribers and \$1.00; or for 8 subscribers and \$1.50 additional.

Another one of "Carleton's" famous books. Bound in cloth and gilt. Toned paper. 388 pages and most profusely illustrated. A book of sterling historical value for any boy. One hundred years have passed since "the Boys of '76" shouldered their muskets and fought for their liberties. The sufferings, hardships, hatreds and barbarities of that struggle, all have passed away, and Americans and Britains are brothers but the story of the struggle—the patriotism, self-denial and devotion will never be forgotten. Sent postpaid to any U. S. P. O. address on receipt of \$2.50.

FOOT POWER SCROLL SAW.

Given as a premium for a club of 25 trial subscribers at 25 cents each; or, for 15 subscribers and \$1.25; or 10 subscribers and \$1.90. Must be sent by Express or Freight, charges to be paid by the receiver.



The entire frame-work is of Iron, japanned black and striped with red. The Arbors &c., are of steel, carefully gauged and fitted to their bearings. The Arms and Pitman are of the best selected Ash. The bearings to the arms are carefully sized, to bring them in perfect line. Jointed Stretcher Rod. The clamps have hinged jaws, to overcome the raking overthrow which is found to be an objection common to most small jig saws. The blades when set in a clamp of this description are not nearly so liable to be broken.

Each machine has an Automatic Dust Blower, a Rotary Drill and a Polishing and Grinding Wheel, with a heavy rim of solid emery.

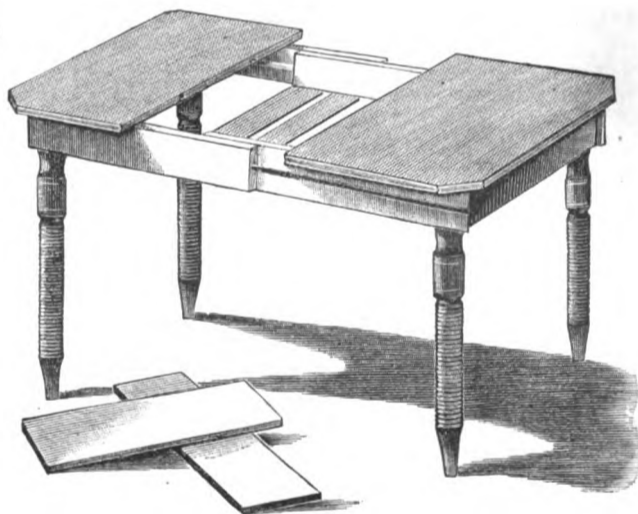
The Tilting Table, is arranged for inlaying work, and is a very desirable feature.

Each machine is securely boxed, and we send the necessary tools for setting up and running the same. We will ship to any address, this Saw, with the extras, on receipt of \$3.50, the receiver to pay the charges.

If you want it sent by freight do not neglect to state this fact, nor to enclose 25 cents to pay cartage. Unless specially instructed otherwise, we shall ship these saws by Express—collect.

HARDWOOD EXTENSION TABLE.

Given as a premium for a club of 7 trial subscribers at 25 cents each; or, for 5 subscribers and 25 cents; or, for 3 subscribers and 50 cents extra. Must be sent by express, charges to be paid by the receiver.



These tables are thoroughly well made of hard woods. The legs can be unscrewed from the frame of the table and packed with the two extra leaves, so that the whole occupies but a very small space.

It measures with both leaves inserted 27½ inches long, 14 inches wide and stands 17 inches high. It is probably the best and most thoroughly satisfactory child's extension table manufactured.

On account of its size this table must go by express. Each one is securely packed in a crate.

Price of table boxed \$1.00.

Express charges to be paid by receiver whether purchased or sent as a premium for a club.

Three Draw 12 Line Telescope.

Sent postpaid as a premium for a club of 17 trial subscribers at 25 cents each; or for 15 subscribers and 25 cents; or, for 10 subscribers and 90 cents. Price \$2.00, and 15 cents extra for packing and postage.



Length when extended 16 inches.

Length when closed 6 inches.

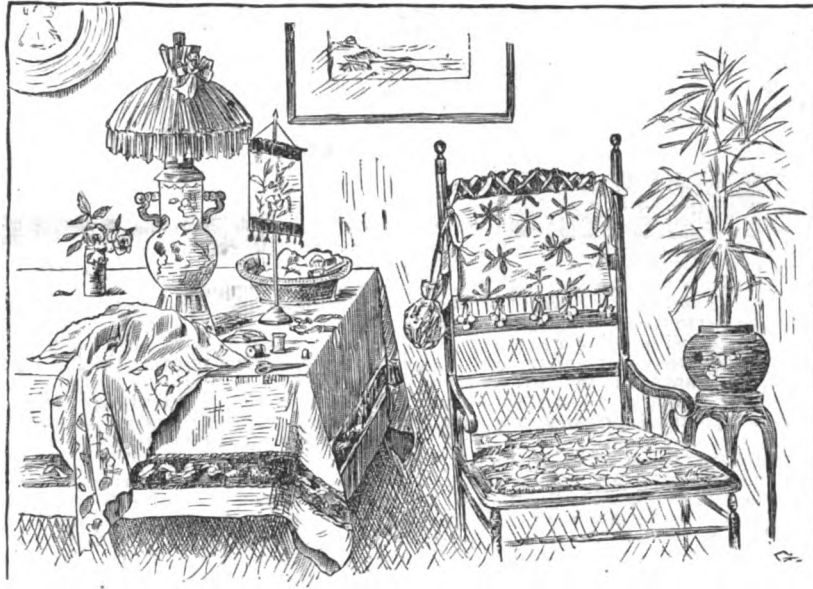
The extension tubes are of polished brass and the body is covered with morocco. Packed in a neat cloth covered case.

A handy companion for a stay at the sea shore or a trip to the mountains.

# OUR WORK TABLE.

Thoroughly appreciating the fact that the market is flooded with embroidery materials—particularly silks—of an inferior quality, we desire to offer to our subscribers and patrons, silk which can be relied upon as being **strictly first-class.**

By contracting with the manufacturers, for large quantities, we are enabled to buy at extremely low prices, and in this way can offer the goods secured, to our subscribers, as premiums for new names sent in, or sell them at prices at which poor



silks are usually offered, and at the same time furnishing the best goods.

If any of the JOURNAL subscribers who do not live in large communities, and who are annoyed with fraying, splitting and snarling sewing silk, find their storekeepers can not, or more properly *will not* furnish them good spool silk, let them get one of those caskets—which were gotten up for the purpose of meeting just such a state of things, and see what a comfort a good spool of silk is.

## Factory Ends of Embroidery Silk.

Rope Silk, Filoselle and Plain Embroidery.

One full ounce given for only four trial subscribers at 25c. each; or, for 2 subscribers and 25c. cash; or, we will send it to any address (in the U. S.) postpaid for 50 cents, just half the price of skein embroidery silk as sold in the stores at retail.

We can send a *half ounce* package—the same goods but half the quantity of the larger package—for two new yearly subscribers or for 25 cents.

In the large silk mills where scores of girls are winding and spooling silk, at the end of every large hank or bobbin there will be left a short piece, too much to go on a full spool, not enough to make a new spool or skein.

Some manufacturers are in the habit of tying this short piece to the next hank and winding on as before but this leaves a bad knot covered up inside the spool or skein.

We have effected an arrangement with one of the largest silk manufacturing companies in the world—whose goods bear a well sustained reputation for regularity, smoothness and high grade quality, to purchase this class of silk coming direct from their winding rooms.

It is sent to us in *assorted colors*—not simply three or four shades of red, green, blue and yellow, but all the desirable olives, delicate pinks, blues &c., coming haphazard from a line of 250 colors.

It is in odd lengths, but nothing shorter than one yard, not in a tangled mass, but loosely thrown together so that

**EVERY YARD CAN BE USED.**

Not being regular marketable goods, it must be disposed of at the mill at a loss to the manufacturers and buying it in large quantities we get it at a price which will enable us to supply it to our subscribers as above. The *quality* of the silk we can unhesitatingly recommend.



## Waste Sewing Silk.

Given for only two trial subscribers at 25 cents each.

*Explanatory, showing what Waste Silk is*—Waste Silk is simply the short pieces (5 to 20 yards each) that accumulate in a large spool silk factory.

At the end of every large hank or bobbin there will be left a short piece not enough for another full spool.

To avoid knots, which should never occur in a first-class silk, the manufacturers with whom we deal instruct their hands to lay aside these pieces to be sold as "Waste."

When silk is being spooled at a rate of more than a car load of spools every day, the accumulation of 5 yard pieces and 20 yard pieces is quite large and apparently a great loss to the manufacturer; but these folks tell us it pays them in the long run to throw away these remnants, for in pursuing this policy their silk has attained the same reputation for regularity of thread and freedom from knots that a fine grade of raw material has given to the general quality of the goods.

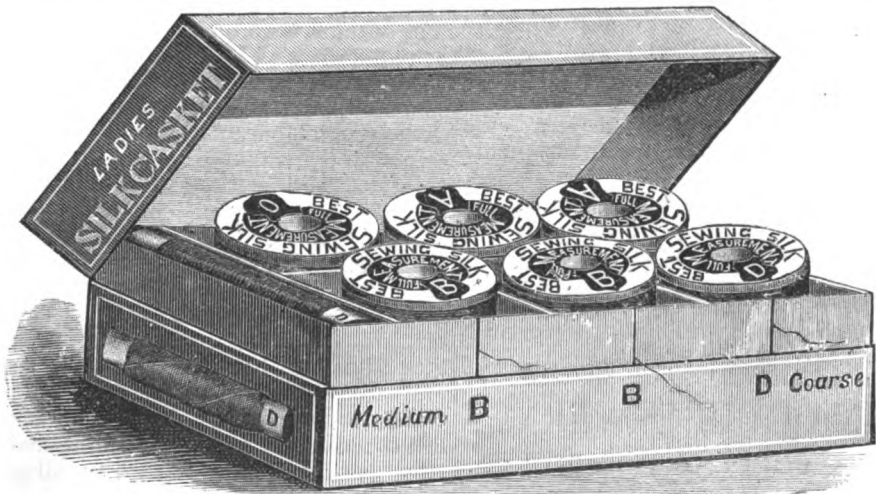
We have seen a letter from Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher which, amongst other complimentary things about this very silk, says: " \* \* \* I consider it a great economy, and for hand sewing, mending the many rips and tears that are a part of a housekeeper's duties, it is invaluable. The silk itself is just as good as any spool silk, and when disentangled (which is very easily done) it can be wound and is always ready when needed. All who try it will, I am sure, find it not only economical, but a great convenience. \* \* \* "

Each package contains more than could be purchased for *One Dollar* and includes all sizes from OOO to E—and some Buttonhole Twist. We can recommend this as a "Good thing to have in the house," and feel assured it will be thoroughly appreciated by our lady friends, for it will enable them to "knit up the ravelled sleeve of care" economically for a long time.



## LADIES' SPOOL SILK CASKET.

Given for a club of only 4 trial subscribers at 25 cents each; or, for 2 subscribers and 25 cents extra; or, sent postpaid on receipt of 50 cents.



We have had these Caskets manufactured especially for the lady subscribers to the JOURNAL who may not be able to get a first-class spool silk from their storekeepers. The silk is of a grade which is particularly preferred by the dress-makers in the large cities. Each spool bears a guarantee band, placed there for us by the manufacturers, authorizing any dry goods merchant to redeem, with a full spool, any spool of this silk found to have any knot or imperfection, or to be deficient in length, even though partly used.

The caskets are well made and partitioned, have spaces for each spool, also one for twist. They contain six spools, fifty yards silk, one spool O, two of A, two of B and one of D.

Three ten yard spools of twist for buttonholes and hand sewing. ALL BLACK.

These caskets are compact and convenient receptacles for holding spools, and will keep your silk free from dust and dirt, and are always ready for use.

## Oriental Embroidering Silk.

Given for 4 trial subscribers at 25 cents each; or, for only 2 subscribers and 25 cents extra.

We offer this as the cheapest form of buying the best quality of embroidering silk in skeins. The same quantity as sold in retail stores would cost from 95 cents to One Dollar one ounce.

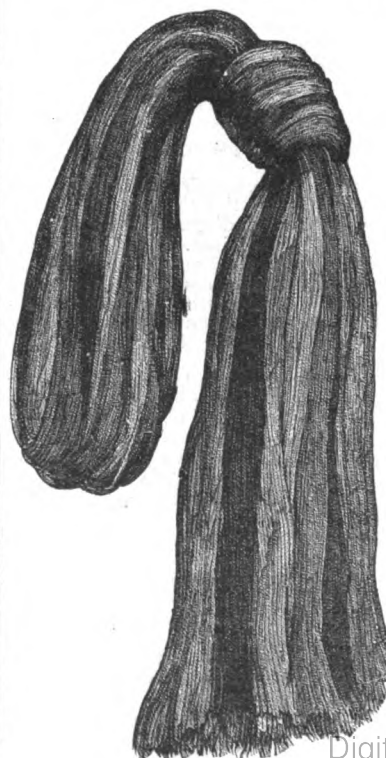
The colors are assorted and are ALL FINE RICH SHADES. The quality is of the best, and is pure fibre silk. We have it put up for us at a large silk mill, and as each thread is laid in straight—the full length—we are enabled to buy and offer it low—as we do not have to pay for the expensive skeining and knotting, which must all be done by hand.

We shall positively refuse to assort any particular colors or shades, and shall send it out just as received assorted from the factory.

In ordering this do not call it "Waste Embroidery," as in that case you would get a PACKAGE of Factory Ends differing in character. This is regular skein Embroidery Silk, assorted colors, but of regular lengths, only it is in one large hank, and not in small knotted skeins.

Don't confound it with cheap, poor silks inferior in appearance and weight and made of "Spun" silk (i. e., the refuse of "pierced" cocoons). We will guarantee the quality to be first class.

We will send it as a premium to club raisers for four trial subscribers, or will send it postpaid to any U. S. post office address on receipt of 50 cents.



## ENGLISH BARMAIDS.

One of the worst phases of liquor selling in London, and other English cities, is the employment in connection therewith of young girls as barmaids. Commenting upon the White chapel gin-places, and open archways wherein liquors are sold, Lady Henry Somerset says: "All these places are served by young girls. Your hearts would have sickened if you could have looked on those young faces. I say shame on us as a nation. In America the amount of drinking is enormous. But there is all honor to the nation in one respect; their feeling about children and young girls does not exist in England. You never find a native-born American girl serving as a bar-maid in the States. On all the land over which wave the Stars and Stripes you will not find young girls placed in positions of such temptation and danger. I cannot here describe the horrors of that scene in Whitechapel, the streets illuminated by the lights of gin-places." Several unsuccessful attempts have been made, from time to time, to introduce the bar-maid system in this city, but happily they have thus far been frowned down by an indignant public opinion.—*National Temperance Advocate.*

We see now in the papers no less than four advertisements of watches to be given away, to be sold for much less than the cost of production, and all are coupled with the proviso that the fools sending for them are to send a subscription to one of several mushroom self-styled papers, published by frauds and cheats. We sincerely hope there are none among our numerous family so foolish as to be duped by these tempting but fraudulent offers. These watches are the worst, cheapest, most worthless class of cheap brass, not worth, for use, ten cents a dozen, and these sharp knaves try one dodge for fleecing the unwary until it pays no longer, and then resort to some new one, something equally worthless, but which they manage to picture in equally high colors. We warn all our friends to beware of all the taking schemes hailing from Chicago; they are all worked by a lot of scamps who have no right to be outside of the penitentiary, and the only safety is to have nothing to do with them. Keep your money in your pocket, and let their watches alone; both are equally fraudulent, and we are sorry to see so many exemplary papers admitting these fraudulent advertisements into their columns. It can't be possible that they are so hard up that their necessities compel them to accept such; and worse yet, we are pained to see some editors going so far out of their way as to commend the cheats to their readers.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, although in receipt of the largest income now made by any woman in America, is by no means wealthy. She earns an average of forty thousand dollars a year by her pen, one item of which is five hundred a week from the Broadway Theater. But Mrs. Burnett has fads that are expensive. She is one of Worth's best customers, and his annual bill against her is something enormous. Besides her extravagant taste in dress, Mrs. Burnett has spent a prodigious amount of money in hospitalities here with the hope of making herself as great a social success in New York as she is in Washington. But the metropolis which bears the Atherton, the Wilcox and the Rives, never could be persuaded to take up Mrs. Burnett since her divorce. So she has shaken the dust of Fifth Avenue from her bronze heels, and returned to Washington with the disgusted intention of ending her days there.

The great beauties who take the social prizes in marriage are almost all bred in the lesser towns, where a less conventional society gives women a snatch at freedom in girlhood. You don't find them growing up with calisthenics, health lifts and a massageuse to do their exercise for them. You all remember the painful story of a girl in a city home, surrounded by every care, who was strangled in the cords of her "health-pull" one evening, little more than a year since. Scarcely more pitiful is her fate than that of the girls brought up to depend on such substitutes for work and exercise if they live. A sick anæmic woman, unused, unable to care for herself or others is the most pitiable, repugnant object in creation.

Mrs. Bloomfield Moore, of Philadelphia, who makes her home in London, is one of the wealthiest American widows. She is about sixty years of age, of little more than average height, and inclined to plumpness. Her hair is snow-white, and rolled high up from her forehead. Mrs. Moore has written one or two books, besides pamphlets and magazine articles, the latter two advocating the Keeley motor, in which she is a firm believer and large stockholder.

Miss Nannie Mayo Fitzhugh, author of "Tother Miss Mandy," in a late number of *Harper's Magazine*, lives in Kentucky, and is a new writer of much promise.

## A Few Words About Our Premium Offers

## Which Should be Read by all who Contemplate Sending us Clubs of Subscribers' Names.

In offering premiums to be given to our friends and subscribers, we desire to offer as well, a few words of advice, relative to the best methods of sending in clubs, and of ensuring a prompt and satisfactory response.

When writing us a letter six things should be plainly and correctly stated:

1. The amount of money enclosed in the letter.
2. The name of the person sending the

names should be written very plainly and in full. We must know in every case the name of the person who sends us a club, even if it is but two names. We enter no names which come in clubs unless we know the name of the sender. Save delay and send your name rather than wait for us to write to some member of the club for it, for we cannot enter two or more names coming together, unless we know the name of the person sending them.

3. The name of each subscriber should be plainly written and in full.

4. The names, post-offices and States to which the papers are to be sent, should always be given.

5. In selecting a premium always exercise care in explanation. Be sure you have taken pains to thoroughly explain just what it is you want, and that the number of subscribers or amount of money and number of subscribers, entitles you to the premium selected, and is in accordance with our offer as made, and let us know to whom the premium is to be sent. Do not figure out an offer to suit yourself and then complain because we are not willing to accept outside help in arranging our business.

6. If you have previously sent us subscribers or money for which a premium has not been sent you, and we are holding the same to your credit—should you send additional names or money, or both, do not refer to the date of sending the previous letter as "some time ago," or "last Fall," but give us as nearly as possible the actual date and the names of subscribers already sent in. We have absolutely no memory whatever—but we do have a good set of files and records.

As has already been explained in the JOURNAL, the change in the price of the paper necessitates an entire alteration of our premium offers made at the old subscription rate. The number of subscribers necessary to secure a premium is in many cases reduced one half. What we then offered for eight subscribers can now be secured for four, two subscribers will now secure a four subscriber premium and so on—except in the case of premiums formerly offered for two subscribers. We offer and give no premium whatever for a single name.

## How to Send Money by Mail.

Post Office Money Orders, Bank Checks, or Drafts and Express Money Orders are the safest means of transmitting money through the mails. When neither of these can be procured Registered Letters may be used, as all postmasters are required to register letters on application.

We shall not be responsible for money sent to us in ways differing from the above.

A P. O. Money Order is obtainable in most large towns. It costs but five cents to buy a money order for any amount under five dollars, payable at the Philadelphia Post-office, and you run no risk whatever in sending it. Every year hundreds of letters which contained money, and which have been mailed to us, are lost, or miscarry in the mails. In ninety-nine cases in a hundred these letters are never recovered or heard from. We have never known of a loss of money sent by Money Order. The original can always be successfully traced, or a duplicate issued.

## Credits.

Many of our Club raisers in working for a premium, send us the names as received, and finally claim a premium for the number in aggregate. In some instances these accounts extend over a period of two years.

To facilitate and provide for this arrangement, we have instituted and maintained, at a very considerable cost, a Credit Department. With a subscription list the size of ours the amount of work and detail is something enormous. Every precaution to insure absolute correctness has been adopted, but in spite of all our pains, our patience and power of endurance is taxed to the utmost. At times it would seem as if some of our subscribers, instead of trying to aid us in keeping their accounts straight, taxed their ingenuity to devise methods to confuse us and preclude the possibility of getting at a satisfactory conclusion of the matter under discussion.

We shall deem it a favor if our friends who are sending us in clubs of subscribers, will carefully read what follows and try to transact their business with us on the basis explained.

1. We shall not enter names of subscribers on our subscription lists unless the name of the person sending us the names is given. If you don't give it in the first place, and in the original communication, we shall write one of the subscribers to find out—all this time no one is receiving papers. Before we can enter two or more names coming to us as subscribers we must know who sends them in.

2. WE DO credit single subscriptions, when sent in by some one other than the subscriber, but WE DO NOT credit them unless a request to that effect is plainly made at the time the one name is sent.

The reason is—thousands of single names are sent us every month by people who never have a thought of sending a second name, or of working for a premium. Why should we credit all these for the benefit of a few (or, more truthfully a great many) who carelessly omit to state that they wish the name they send credited in anticipation of sending others? Think of the wilderness of names uselessly copied and recorded!

We do allow club raisers to count their own subscriptions, or renewal of former subscriptions "as one of a club," but it must come with others as a club. We are not going to accept one name sent in by a subscriber and send a two subscriber premium because the sender has subscribed herself six months before.

Our premium offers are made not as Rewards of Merit to people for subscribing to the JOURNAL but as an incentive to club raising, and we send them to subscribers who have sent us new subscribers, as a recognition of work honestly done in our interest and in accordance with our premium offers. Our offers are made in good faith and we expect them to be accepted in the same spirit.

Delays. If the goods ordered do not come quite so soon as you expected, do not feel un-

duly anxious and stir us up at once with a long letter.

Package mail goes more slowly than regular letter mail, and Express companies are not always prompt. Besides we may be unusually busy and not able to get off all our orders with the promptness we should desire; and at times when we have an unusually heavy demand for a certain class of articles, it is almost impossible to avoid running out of stock in some few things—although we try our best not to do so.

Wait five or ten days or even two weeks and then write us a letter, and give us the following points:

The date on which you mailed your order. Did it contain the names of new subscribers?

If so, give the names and addresses.

If the letter contained money—state the amount.

If the first letter was registered give us the date of the registry receipt. (If Money Order, number, &c.)

We have at times received over ten thousand letters in a single day's mail, requiring the services of over twenty people to open and properly assort them.

Our files and records are arranged by dates.

We shall be glad to reply to all communications but can do absolutely nothing in the matter of complaints unless you furnish us dates. Don't reply and say you cannot recollect. If you cannot remember how can you expect us to guess? Give us all the assistance in your power.

We ask for the information as material to work with, and the matter under discussion shall be attended to, to the best of our ability and you shall receive a reply in accordance with the result of our investigation. But a letter or postal card written to us before we report to you will not hurry us in the least; it will only cause delay and confusion.

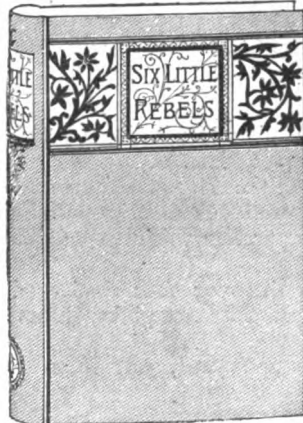
Your complaint once sent us, must go through the hands of our complaint clerks and a report must be made.

We try to conduct our business in a way and by systems which will insure all our friends a prompt, satisfactory and courteous treatment, but we are not by any means infallible. However, if our many correspondents would endeavor to follow out some of the plans we have suggested it would help us along wonderfully.

## SIX LITTLE REBELS.

By Mrs. Kate Tannatt Woods.

Sent postpaid as a premium for a club of 7 trial subscribers at 25 cents each; or for 5 subscribers and 25 cents; or 3 subscribers and 50 cents.



This is a story of boys and girls during the first years of our civil war. Five of the "little rebels," the motherless sons of a rich Southerner, were sent from Richmond to Washington and placed under the guardianship of a good doctor there. The sixth "little rebel" is a colored boy who accompanies the children. The characters are finely drawn—fresh and natural as a June morning, and a finer group of children would be hard to reproduce in any part of the world. Boys and girls could hardly have that great chapter in our history, whose events they are too young to remember, more truthfully and interestingly told than it is in this unpretending little story. The fact is the story reads like a record of actual life, and not a story at all.

Cloth—gilt and silver stamps, over 400 pages, thoroughly illustrated. Price 90 cents; postage and packing 10 cents extra.

## SIX OF JULES VERNE'S POPULAR BOOKS.

Any one of the following books sent postpaid as a premium for 4 trial subscribers at 25 cents each; or for 2 subscribers and 25 cents additional.

- UNDERGROUND CITY.
- AT THE NORTH POLE.
- DESERT OF ICE.
- WRECK OF THE CHANCELLOR.
- TOUR OF THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS.
- 20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA.

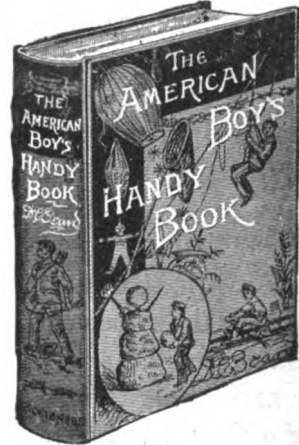
The first three are profusely illustrated. All clear, distinct type, Good paper, Handsome cloth binding. Sent postpaid on receipt of 45 cents each.

## THE AMERICAN BOY'S HANDY BOOK;

Or, What to do and How to do it.

By DANIEL C. BEARD.

Given as a premium to any boy who will send us a club of 11 trial subscribers at 25 cents each; or 9 subscribers and 25 cents; or 7 subscribers and 50 cents additional. Postage and packing 20 cents extra.



This is an excellent publication and has this great advantage over its predecessors, that most of the games, tricks and other amusements described in it are new. It tells boys how to make all kinds of things—boats, traps, toys, puzzles, aquariums, fishing tackle; how to tie knots, splice ropes, to make bird calls, sleds, blow guns, balloons; how to rear wild birds, to train dogs and do the thousand and one things that boys take delight in. The book is illustrated in such a way that no mistake can be made; and the boy who gets a copy of this book will consider himself set up in business.

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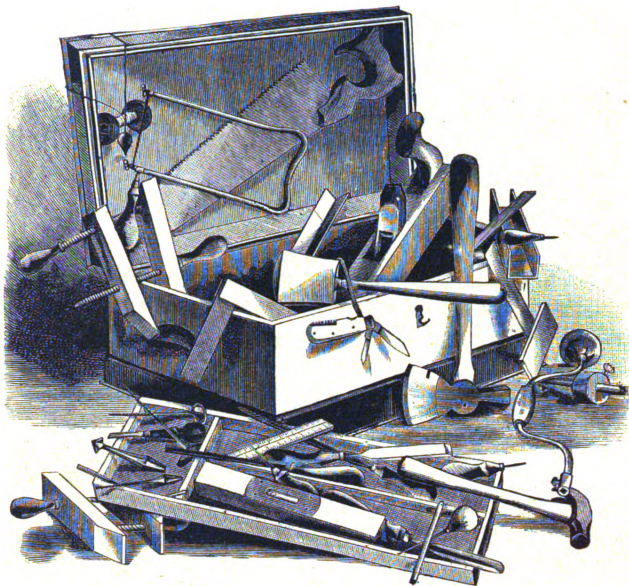
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In raising a club for a Premium it is not always best to delay sending in those first obtained until the full number necessary for the Premium desired has been secured. Send them as received, in small clubs of three or four, and request that they be credited to you. Do not neglect to demand a credit in every case. WE CREDIT NO NAMES UNLESS SO INSTRUCTED.



## Complete Set of Tools and Chest.

Given as a premium for a club of 45 trial subscribers at 25 cents each; or, for 35 subscribers and \$1.25; or 25 subscribers and \$2.50; or 20 subscribers and \$3.15.



These chests must be sent by express, charges to be paid by the receiver. The chest, in which these tools are packed is strong and well made, of chestnut wood, trimmed with Walnut mouldings; has Bronze lifting handles. The tray is fitted with compartments for small tools.

The outfit comprises

### 45 Assorted Tools

with a Bracket Saw Outfit. No boy need be told of the amount of enjoyment obtainable by the possessor of a nice and complete assortment of wood working tools, or of the infinite variety of things to be made, and of the odd jobs to be done. Profit as well as pleasure, may be derived from their use.

The tools we offer are not cheap, useless toys. They are practical and good work can be done with them. The Plane Irons, Saws, Chisel, Screw Drivers, Awls &c., are warranted steel.

The assortment of Tools is as follows:

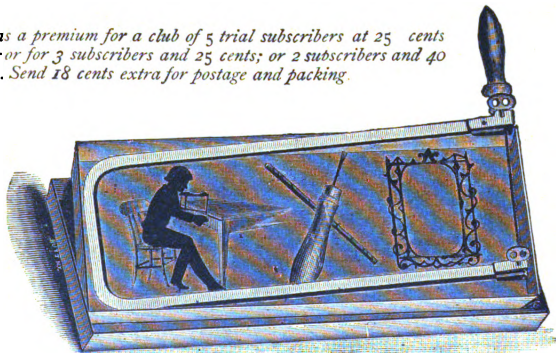
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|--|--|
| 1 Hand Saw.                              | 1 Cast Steel Screw Driver.                 |
| 1 Marking Gauge.                         | 1 Hatchet.                                 |
| 1 Cast Steel Firmer Chisel, with handle. | 1 Carpenter's Ttempt.                      |
| 1 Regulator.                             | 1 Cast Steel Nail Punch.                   |
| 1 Boxwood Rule, 2 ft.                    | 1 Malet.                                   |
| 2 Brad Awls, with Handles.               | 1 Saw File and Handle                      |
| 1 Chalk Line.                            | 1 Carpenter's Brace Bit Stock.             |
| 2 Cast Steel Nail Gimlets.               | 2 Cast Steel Brace Bits.                   |
| 1 Spike Gimlet.                          | 1 Straight Edge.                           |
| 1 Cast Steel File and Handle.            | 1 Trying Square.                           |
| 1 Carpenter's Mitre Box.                 | 1 Hand Screw.                              |
| 1 Drawing Square.                        | 1 Spirit Level.                            |
| 1 Lead Pencil.                           | 1 Bench Vise.                              |
| 1 Sportsman's Knife, containing 7 imple- | 1 Chalk Line Reel.                         |
| ments.                                   | 1 Plumb Bob.                               |
| 1 Smoothing Plane.                       | 1 Bracket Saw Outfit, containing one Steel |
| 1 Nail Hammer.                           | Bracket Frame, 2 Saws, 1 Awl, and          |
|  | 25 Ornamental Designs.                     |

**Price of Chest Complete, \$7.00.** We consider this chest, as we send it out, the cheapest assortment of good tools we have ever seen. The contents in detail could not be purchased at any hardware store for anything like the amount named. We buy in quantity from the manufacturers—our subscribers in purchasing get the benefit.

This chest must go by Express, and the charges are to be paid by the receiver

## Bracket Saw and Outfit.

Given as a premium for a club of 5 trial subscribers at 25 cents each; or for 3 subscribers and 25 cents; or 2 subscribers and 40 cents. Send 18 cents extra for postage and packing.



The Saw Frame is made of spring steel, and measures 5x12 inches. It is Nickered and has a Japanned handle.

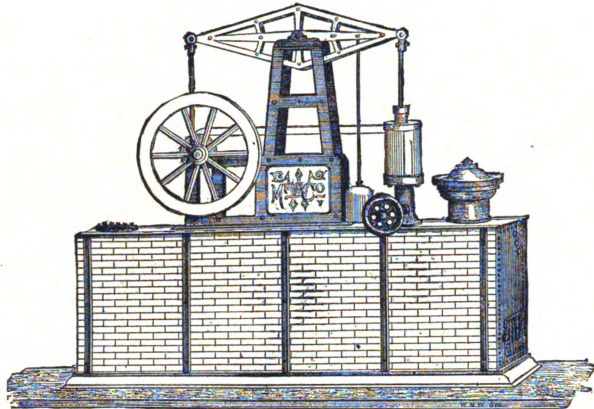
The outfit includes fifty full sized designs, for a great variety of fancy and useful articles, one dozen Saw Blades, one Drill Point, a Sheet of Transfer Paper.

One of these outfits will be source of profit as well as pleasure to any boy who secures it. An infinite variety of ornamental articles for interior decoration can be fashioned from wood, and with a little practice, successful work can be done with a variety of materials, bone, ivory, brass &c. This saw is not a toy, but a practical tool—susceptible of skillful handling, and requiring but little practice, for the successful production of artistic work.

We will send this outfit on receipt of **93 cents**, 75 cents for the outfit and 18 cents for postage and packing.

## Beam Engine.

Given as a premium for a club of 10 trial subscribers at 25 cents each; or, for only 8 subscribers and 25 cents extra; or, 6 subscribers and 50 cents extra. Mailed on receipt of 30 cents additional to cover cost of postage and packing, or sent by express, charges payable by the receiver.



This is one of the latest productions, and is modelled after and has all the essential features of a

### "Cornish Pumping Engine."

The Boiler is mounted in imitation of the usual brick setting, including iron stays and working furnace door for management of fires.

The top of Boiler is provided with Manhole, Gallows Frame with Walking Beam, and Filler with Safety Valve. Instead of an oscillating Cylinder, there has been arranged as a special feature a new device for the introduction of steam into a stationary, vertical Cylinder, consisting of rocking Valve with valve Rod, worked by an eccentric on the main shaft, the inlet of steam to the Steam Chest being controlled by a screw Throttle valve.

The Engine is made entirely of metal, all the parts are carefully and accurately adjusted,

**The whole constituting one of the most perfect Model Engines yet produced.**

It is an excellent study for a boy who wishes to learn something of the nature of steam and its uses, and in operation it is highly interesting and instructive.

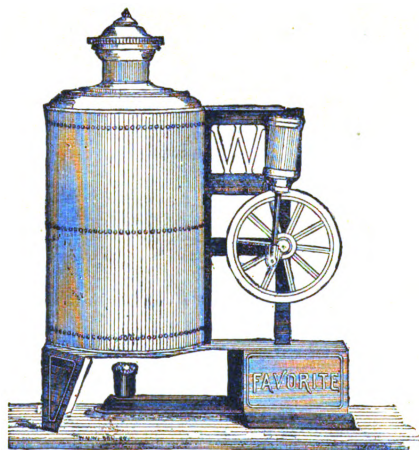
Each Engine is thoroughly tested and carefully packed in a wooden locked-corner box, ready for mailing or expressing.

Full directions for running the Engine will be found in each box, with price list of duplicate parts, which can be obtained direct from the manufacturer.

We will send it on receipt of \$1.75 and 30 cents additional to pay cost of postage and packing; or, send it by express, charges to be paid by the receiver, on receipt of \$1.75.

## OUR NEW FAVORITE ENGINE.

Sent as a premium for a club of 4 trial subscribers at 25 cents each; or for 2 subscribers and 25 cents. 15 cents extra must be sent to prepay postage and packing, or we will send it by express, charges to be paid by the receiver.



The Favorite is new this season, and is now ready for shipment. It measures 6 inches in height.

This is a smaller Engine than our Upright, and was designed expressly to fill the demand for a less expensive machine.

**IT IS SUITABLE FOR BEGINNERS IN THE STUDY OF STEAM.**

It is a model Steam Engine, complete and perfect, and all its parts are firmly connected, so that it can be readily moved from one place to another while in operation.

The essential parts are as perfect and made as carefully as our larger and more expensive Engines

**THE FAVORITE HAS SUFFICIENT POWER TO RUN SMALL TOYS.**

Richly finished in red and gold colors.

Each Engine is thoroughly tested and fully warranted, and carefully packed in a wooden locked-corner box; ready for mailing or expressing.

Full directions for running the Engine will be found in each box, with price list of duplicate parts.

This Engine can be sent either by mail or express. Price, including cost of packing and postage, 65 cents. Price, by express, charges to be paid by the receiver, 50 cents.

**MARRIED A BOGUS LORD.**

**Deserted by Her Husband, a Baltimore Girl is Forced to accept Charity from Strangers.**

On one of the homeward-bound ships which left Liverpool this week is an American girl who married a man for his title and who came abroad to learn the usual bitter lesson. Two years ago she was known as Miss Constable, living at Baltimore, well connected and with enough money to enable her to go to New York to study music. She went to a boarding house on East Seventeenth street, near the American School of Opera, and there met Baron F. E. von Surov, who was introduced to her by an Englishman, a fellow-boarder. M. von Surov was a good-looking, plausible talker, and claimed to be an officer in the German army with an estate and a big income. Miss Constable was believed to have a fortune of her own. The Baron made love, proposed, was accepted and married with very little inquiry on Miss Constable's part as to the truth about his alleged connections abroad. The wedding took place on September 18 last, at St. Paul's Church, and was performed by the Rev. Dr. Hedges. There was also a civil ceremony at the City Hall, Philadelphia, performed by Mayor Fidler. After a brief tour M. de Surov and his wife went back to the Seventeenth street boarding house. The Baron soon discovered that he had married a poor girl, and she, on her side was brought to realize that if he had a large fortune in Germany, he had at any rate very little ready money with him. He told her a long yarn about the anger of his parents at his marriage, in consequence of which, he declared, his remittances had not come to hand. His wife believed him. He made her borrow enough from her friends to get along with. Finally he started for Europe ostensibly to look after his fortune and estate.

In a very short time his wife became convinced that he did not mean to come back. She then started after him, and on her arrival here put up at the Langham Hotel. She had to pawn her wedding ring and other jewelry to pay her bill during the first weeks. Last Tuesday she had no money left to pay the account due, and was told that she would have to leave. In dire distress she went to the American Legation and told the Charge d'Affaires, Mr. Henry White, practically the same story as she told the *World* correspondent, except that she mentioned the name of one of her cousins, who is the wife of Mr. John Kinnard, of 420 North Fourth street, St. Louis, and that she mentioned as friends several people in Baltimore and Washington whom Mr. White knew. She said that she knew Lawson, the blow-up man of New York, and declared that she should put the case in his hands when she got home.

The woman's appearance and refined manners impressed Mr. White, and he wired to Berlin to find out just who Baron von Surov was. The answer came promptly to the effect that no such man was connected with the German army, and that there was no such man owning any estate in Germany. The man in Berlin and London whom the bogus Baron claimed as his intimate, friends have declared that they never knew him. Finally the woman became convinced that she had been duped by a fortune-hunter and then deserted. Mr. White exerted himself among a few friends and raised money enough to pay hotel bills, to get the wedding ring out of pawn and to buy a ticket back to America.—*London Cable to the New York World.*

John Wanamaker is a great believer in the importance of close relationship between employer and employe. There is no tyranny of organization in his house. A cash boy may at any time appeal to the proprietor. He has a civil service system and a plan of marking by which he knows the yearly, monthly and weekly record of each of his 4,000 employes. Promotions are made according to the showings of this plan. There is a profit sharing system in the business, too, and by it about \$140,000 is each year apportioned among employes, in addition to their salaries.

Wanamaker's Philadelphia store is a third larger than the world famous Bon Marché of Paris. In the busiest season it disposes of a million dollars' worth of goods a week. It is an ideal place to work. There is plenty of room, light and air for the clerks. They are not forbidden to sit down during business hours. They are given a full hour for luncheon, and luncheon hour at Wanamaker's produces a spectacle worth going miles to see. Here is a spacious room filled with little tables. Hundreds of young women are eating their luncheons. Most of them have brought food from home, and these cold lunches they supplement with cups of fragrant coffee, glasses of pure milk, summer drinks, soups or hot drinks served them from the big kitchen at prices barely covering cost. In the adjoining room are scores of easy chairs and lounges, a dozen singing birds, plenty of plants and flowers, a piano and an organ, and a large library of well selected books. Luncheon hour passed amid such comforts is not only rest and refreshment, but delight and benefit. The men are similarly cared for in another part of the building.

**BONED WITH BALL'S KABO**

Warranted not to break or roll up with **ONE YEAR'S WEAR.** If they do we will cheerfully return the money paid for them, if the Corset is not Satisfactory in all respects After Three Weeks Wear. It may be returned to us and money will be refunded.

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Does not Grease the Clothes. Squeezes out every drop of water. Wringers sent at wholesale price from factory. Hardware Dealers add. Agents wanted.

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Will be found invaluable for Cholera Infantum and all summer complaints, children or adults. Its non-acidic but will be retained & sustain life when everything else fails. 4 sizes 25 cts. up.

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FOR LADIES' & CHILDREN'S BOOTS AND SHOES.

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If your druggist does not keep it, do not let him convince you that some imitation is just as good; send by mail to W. T. HANSON & CO., Schenectady, N. Y. Every box is warranted to cure or money refunded. Price 15 and 25 cents.

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The Great Secret of the Canary Breeders of the Haritz Mountain, Ger. Bird Manna will restore the song of all singing birds and keep them in good condition. It makes canty shedding feathers. Sent by mail on receipt of 10c. Bird Manna free. Bird Food Co., 400 N. 3d St., Phila., Pa.

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PROCTER & GAMBLE'S VEGETABLE GLYCERINE REMOVES BLOTCHES, DUST, REDNESS AND GREASE FROM THE SKIN AFTER EXPOSURE TO THE AIR IN WALKING, DRIVING OR TRAVELLING.

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Leads All its Competitors. It works either rag or yarn, is Simple, Durable, and EASY TO OPERATE. Price, by mail, Plain, \$1.00. Nickel Plated, \$1.50. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Send for Circulars. Agents Wanted. G. W. GRIFFIN & CO., Franklin Falls, N. H.



**A Perfect Safety Pin at last. THE ROYAL.**

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The pin is positively guided into the shield from either side, without any attention being required by the user to direct it. The pin can also be taken out of the shield from either side, which will be found a great advantage in use. The pin cannot become unshielded accidentally, owing to the shape of the shield. I dozen of each size (3 sizes) sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of 2c. Send stamp, postal note or silver. Address, Geo. Frost & Co., Box 1604, Boston, Mass.

