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RELATIONS-IN-LAW.

BY MARION HARLAND.

The Vrooms sat in council. Madam Vroom, as many acquaintances called her, mother and widow,—and the head of the clan no more truly now than during the life-time of the late Wilhelmus Bogardus Vroom,—had the chair. The back was stiff and straight, and her spine was a right parallel with it. Her arms lay along the horizontal elbows with the expression of directing their right-angularity, instead of being supported by them. Her white hair was rolled over a cushion as Martha Washington wore hers, but the babyish benignity of the First Lady of the Land in 1786 would have seemed simplicity embodied by contrast with Madam's physiognomy. Her widow's cap was always snowy and crisp; her frills never drooped in sultry weather; the inky blackness of her bombazine had no gray shading at the seams, nor brownish blurs in the front breadth. She liked to say that she sought the best of everything and took the best of care of it when it was once hers. Her views were clear-cut, her manner of stating them firm but gentlywomanly. Mrs. Vroom was born a Roosevelt and kept the fact continually in sight.

Her married daughter, Mrs. Grimes, sat at her right.

"Helen resembles her father," Mrs. Vroom would remark, dryly, when friends commented on the dissimilarity between herself and her eldest-born.

Mrs. Grimes's pseudonym was a Roosevelt family name. They pronounced it as if spelt "Hec-len." Nobody else ever called it thus, but being approved by Roosevelt precedent for five generations, there could be no other admissible way of speaking of the word.

Hec-len Vroom-Grimes was ruddy and virile. Had she been anybody else's daughter, she would have been rolicking. She saw the ludicrous side of everything, and was laughing now. Her sisters, Gertrude, Katherine (with a K) and Wilhelmina, were grave to solemnity. Wilhelmina, the youngest, was twenty-three. The others were twins, twenty-five years old, so much like one another, and all three so like the mother in feature, deportment and intonation that people said Nature dared not use any other pattern than the prescribed patrician dame.

The only son of the house was twenty-eight, two years the junior of Mrs. Grimes. The open letter in the mother's hand was from him, the subject before the domestic congress was announced therein.

"Of course," said Madam Vroom in the deep chest voice that made her tristest deliveries portentous, "it is not a surprise to us that Everard contemplated this step."

She never omitted the fourth syllable from the ancestral name. By it was baptised a far-back-in-the-eighteenth-century Roosevelt in memory of "Everardus Bogardus, Dominie, of New Amsterdam," and her steadfast eyes did not wink at modern slovenliness of clipping and elision.

"His frequent absences from home on various and unsatisfactory pretences, the reports that have reached us from time to time of his attentions at Bar Harbor and Newport, to this Miss—Jones"—the three single sisters sighed in concert in the palpable pause before the piebald appellation—"must have prepared us measurably for what could not be but a shock, let it come when it might. I had other views and ambitions for My Only Son. If he had consulted me, I should have divined them to him. He has not seen it to do this."

The straight neck did not bend, but the drooping eyelids and compressed lips said pliously and dumbly,—"The will of Providence be done!"

"Upon my word, Mamma!" began Helen, still laughing.

Mrs. Vroom lifted the hand that held the letter: "One moment, Helen! As matters stand, we have no alternative but to bow to the inevitable. It is not our custom to have family feuds, or make public the disagreements that will arise in the most wisely-regulated households."

"In short, it is part of our religion to wash our soiled linen at home," interpolated the married daughter. "Poor Everard! What would he say to the comparison?"

"Doubtless what your sisters and I think—that such figures are vulgar," rejoined Madam, calmly. "I repeat, this engagement is not what we could have hoped and desired for such a *parti* as My Son."

Italicized and double-breasted capitals could convey no adequate impression of the importance with which she clothed the brace of monosyllables.

The irrepressible Helen broke in again: "Really, Mamma, don't you think this show of resignation is a little absurd? Ev. is a nice fellow, good-looking, sweet-tempered, well-bred, and, as you say, your son. But, taken as a naked fact,—if you will forgive the expression—he is no more desirable as a *parti* than hundreds of

other New York men. As a patent lawyer, he earns less than fifteen hundred dollars a year. He told John so last week. You make him an allowance of a thousand more. Miss—Jones's father is reputed to be wealthy, but these new men are apt to hold fast to the money they have made by hard work. When he dies —"

She checked herself abruptly. Her mother took the word with no show of displeasure.

made welcome." Madam reminded them. "If she has faults, it will be our place to correct them, and bring down, or up, her tone to ours. We will put aside all prejudices and repugnances until we can judge for ourselves what she is. Meanwhile, Everard must be assured that we interpose no obstacles to the union. I shall make this apparent in my answer to his communication."

Which answer he read in circumstances that

Like other Southern-western girls, she had had beaux and proposals since her seventeenth year, and intimate friends among the men who liked and admired her. One of these, a platoon worshiper, had presented Everard. He was careful not to mention to his mother that the introduction took place at a swimming party in a quiet cove on the Maine coast, and that she captivated his fancy by her dashing performances in the waves. She wore her hair in a flilly bang that gave her somewhat the look of a spirited Shetland pony, and her hands were never quiet while she talked. Her gown, this morning, was of white cashmere, confined at the waist by a striped Roman scarf. As she tore the leaves apart, she swung one foot so energetically that the slipper dropped off from a red silk stocking. Everard laughed at the sound of the fall on the polished floor, kept her in place by tightening his arm about her waist while he stooped for the lost shoe.

"Put it on!" she ordered, holding out a pretty foot.

He obeyed, releasing the member with an affectionate pat and squeeze.

"You do it as well as if you had waited in a fashionable boot-and-shoe store for years," she complimented him by saying. "Have you?"

The seriousness of the query tickled his sense of humor. Such nonsense was the more diverting for the secret speculation as to "what the girls would think and say could they hear her in a flilly bang, a platoon worshiper, but limited as to area. At this distance he found infinite enjoyment in such sacrilegious fancies.

"What a witch you are!" he said, pulling her cheek down to his lips. "Have you no curiosity to hear what your new mother says of our engagement?"

"Curiosity! It has consumed me to ashes for the last ten minutes, but I would have perished in the fires sooner than hint it to you. "Not"—hastily interposing her hand between his eyes and the page—"but you need read a word of it unless you choose. Perhaps it would be better not to do it."

For reply, he possessed himself of the small brown hand and kissed it, then, still clasping it, began:

"My dear Everardus —"

"Does she call you that?"

"Always."

"How funny!" with a gurgle of amusement. "Go on!"

"As you will readily conceive, the intelligence conveyed in your last, if it did not wholly surprise, interested us exceedingly. Your sisters and I have discussed it in full this forenoon. I do not propose to waste your time or mine in giving counsel as to the propriety of mature deliberation before taking so important a step as selecting a partner for life. You are man twenty-eight years of age, and should know for yourself how much depends upon a judicious choice. Respect for your family, one of the oldest and best in the city, state or country, and for the society that family has so long adorned, has, doubtless had due influence in shaping your decision. To believe otherwise would cast discredit upon your antecedents and environments. Waiving this point, therefore, I come to practical arrangements for the accommodation of yourself and wife.

"O good gracious!"

The little hand was jerked from his and joined its fellow in shielding the burning face.

"What is it, pet?" queried Everard, soothingly.

"Nothing. Only it sounds so awfully realistic. Hurry on, and get the operation over. Next time, give me chloroform before you begin!"

"Where was I?" The laughing lover turned back to the letter. "Here we are!" "your wife in the homestead. "Here we are!" "your wife in the homestead. Your bachelor apartments can be converted into a handsome suite by including the guest-chamber on the same floor. The business of re-furnishing, etcetera, you will prefer superintending in person. My taste in these respects would hardly coincide with yours, and since the whole establishment will, in the course of nature, pass into your hands before long, you should carry out your views, rather than mine, in whatever improvements you may deem expedient. All expenses attendant upon these preparations will, of course, be defrayed by myself. It is unnecessary to enter into details as you will be at home next week. Meanwhile, believe me to be, my dear Everardus,

As ever, your affectionate mother,

DOMOTHEA ROOSEVELT-VROOM.

The brown hand was still, and so cold that the reader exclaimed as he chafed them tenderly. Nellie's eyes sought his piteously.

"Is that all—ever word?"

"Yes, liddle. A satisfactory letter, isn't it! My mother never wastes words, but her heart is in the right place, and a more generous woman never lived. I foresee how spontaneously she means to lodge my little wife. Are those tears to your sweet eyes? Why, my beauty!"



"And my property is divided at my death, My Son may have the means to set up a suitable establishment, you would say? It has never been my desire that he should await my decease to marry. This house and a third of the income derived from the estate will eventually be his. This, I explained to him when your father died. He is, therefore, justified in bringing home a wife as soon as he chooses, and is, by virtue of these circumstances, as I have stated, an eligible *parti* for any woman."

Mrs. Grimes shrugged her plump shoulders, as a duck sheds half-stones.

"They are to live here, then? What do you girls say to that?"

"It will not be pleasant perhaps," ventured Wilhelmina. "But, as Mamma says, it is unavoidable since they have not the means to keep up a separate establishment, and we must make the best of it. I hope Miss Jones is fond of classic music. We might learn some nice duets."

"She was born in New Orleans. I hope she is not indolent," said Gertrude. "Most Southern women are."

"Everard has lived in Cincinnati for ten years. Everard says I trust, fervently, that she has not the Western dress and manner!" shuddered Katherine. "How could we introduce her to our circle?"

"Any wife whom My Son brings home will be

would have caused the heavy, cream-laid sheet sealed with the Roosevelt 'Vroom-coat-of-arms to crinkle and creep with horror had it imbibed sentience and spirit from the hand that had traced the prim characters.

Everard Vroom had been fairly described by his elder sister. Sunny-haired and sunny-faced, faultless in dress and engaging in demeanor, he made a goodly picture in the alcoved window of the Jones library, wreathed now with scarlet-and-orange creepers. The day was warm for late October and, the sash at his elbow being open, the girl perched on his knee plucked a handful of the variegated leaves and pulled them to pieces nervously while he perused his mother's manifesto.

Nellie Jones was slight, dark, and as quick in motion as a cat-bird. While not ten people who knew her, thought her pretty, she was piquantly attractive, and it was the fashion to call her "fascinating." Her conquest of the aristocratic New Yorker was wrought by the soft Southern tongue, the naive fearlessness of her speech and carriage, and a perennial play of animal spirits. Always ready for and with fun, quick of apprehension, apt with retort that amused him more than more refined wit would have done, she pleased him by her very unlikeliness to the women of his sister's "circle." Another element of fascination, unacknowledged by himself, was the evident fact that she never thought of him as a "catch"

Her head drooped to his shoulder, a long sob broke from the heaving breast.

"O, Ev! It would almost kill me if your relatives should not like me! And don't you see there is no message in there—not one syllable for me? What can it mean?"

"Isn't there?" running his eye rapidly over the epistle. "Ah, well!" his voice falling a semitone, "they mean it all, you know. We are not a demonstrative family. Wait until they have a chance to prove their affection by deeds. I can imagine what a darling they will make of you. To be frank, our girls, although fine women, ornaments of society, and all that you know,—are made on too large a scale to be *pettable*. You will supply a felt want in our household, midget."

CHAPTER II.

None of the Vroom ladies found it convenient to attend Everard's marriage. Cincinnati was a great way off; Mrs. Vroom had a bronchial cough that prevented her from winter travel, and her daughters professed to have their hands full in superintending the preparations for the reception and residence of the young couple.

The bridal trip was to be New Orleans and back via Washington, Baltimore and Philadelphia. At Madam's suggestion, the travelers rested two days in the last-named city that the bride might not be too much fatigued to play her part properly at the state dinner-party given in the patrimonial mansion one month from the wedding-day.

When in exact obedience to the general's plan of operations, the ponderous chariot with coachman and footman in sober liveries, stopped in front of the Vroom homestead, at noon of February 3, Nellie alighted rather stiffly between her husband and the footman who held the door open.

"Tired, little one?" whispered Everard anxiously.

He had been *distract* from the moment they touched the city wharf. To Nellie's sensitive imagination an impalpable something like a mist seemed to envelope him.

"Not at all. But"—squeezing his arm as they mounted the steps—"awfully nervous!"

"Would you mind saying 'very' instead of 'awfully,' dear? My mother has a horror of slang. You must keep all that sort of thing for our *tele-grams*."

It was a rapid "aside" uttered with a constrained laugh. Even a masculine mentor could not have said a tactless thing at a more inopportune moment. Nellie's face reddened and tingled as from a blow when the heavy double-leaved door, opened noiselessly by another footman, showed a plump little woman in the hall. The careless laugh with which she met them was to the stranger's ear like the ring of shates on ice.

"How do you do?" brushing the hot cheek with cool lips. "Madam says it is a violation of *les convenances* to rush out to receive you on such an occasion. But I am lawless and perishing with curiosity to see the bride. I hope you enjoy being an "occasion" more than I did when I was married. Well, Ev!" She shook hands with him, but neither offered warmer salutation.

"Come, and get it over!"

Everard had just time to say, "This is my sister, Mrs. Grimes, Nellie," before they were ushered into the drawing-room.

Madam stood on a venerable and precious rug; the twins supported her on the right, Wilhelmina on the left.

"As My Son's wife you are welcome to his mother's house," said the chest voice, rumbling more deeply than usual by reason of the bronchial affection. "My daughter! kiss your sister."

Nellie, like the educated children of most "new people" had a profound veneration for old blood and thorough breeding. Her ideals of the perfect ease and fine courtesy that obtains in "our best circles" broke and fell under the experiences of the next few hours. The family luncheon to which the party sat down as soon as the dust of travel was removed, was elegant as to fare and service, prosy and formal as to those who partook of it. Mrs. Grimes's rattle effected no more towards relieving the dullness than did Madam's ponderous periods.

The Misses Vroom were aristocratically commonplace, more than content with themselves, and in the persuasion that, if their existence and ideas ran on a dead level, the level was velvet of thickest pile and silk-backed. The mother had a powerful will and plenty of brains of a slow and solid order. Mrs. Grimes was good-natured and selfish. Having married a man of twice her age out of regard for his noble fortune, she regarded her brother's love-match with "a dark, insignificant nobody," with amused contempt, the "occasion" as a capital joke. Everard tried to laugh at allusions the wretched taste of which must be patent to his quick-witted consort.

Nellie froze into a neutral-tinted caricature of her joyous, vivacious self, heart and hope sinking into a depth of homesickness hitherto inconceivable.

This was no home-coming,—not even a "reception." The Vroom wheel revolved solemnly in an ancient and conventional groove, and she was nothing better than a bit of clay sticking to one of the spokes, she was saying bitterly to herself when she became conscious that she was the theme of Madam's discourse.

"It is an unfortunate coincidence, Everardus, that your wife's name should be the same as that of your eldest sister. I foresee many absurd complications in consequence. Have you no middle name?"

"Yes, Madam. But I do not like it. It was given to please my grandmother."

"I should have thought that a reason for *liking* it. What is it?"

Nellie gave a feeble laugh. "Jerusha. It is very ugly."

"I disagree with you. It is a respectable name and so uncommon that it will answer our purpose admirably. In the family, you will hereafter, be known as 'Jerusha.'"

Mrs. Grimes leaned back, shaking with laughter. Everard smiled uneasily.

"Really, Mother, it is hardly fair to impose upon her a name which she dislikes. Especially when her own suits her so well. She will always be 'Nellie' or 'Nell' to me."

He said it so deferentially that his wife was scantily grateful for his advocacy.

"I disapprove—*highly*—of nicknames of all kinds," said Madam, judicially. "They vulgarize those who apply them and those to whom they are applied."

"I ought to have a vote on this question," put in Mrs. Grimes, good-humoredly. "Helen and He-len are sufficiently unlike to avoid confusion. It is bad enough to exchange one's surname for her husband's without being forced to sink her identity altogether. Even brides have rights."

"Nothing would induce me to mispronounce a name that has been in our family for generations!" Madam sat taller in her elbow-chair. "As to the exchange of surnames, it is sometimes

a gain. But that view of the present case need not be discussed here and now."

"A palpable hit at you, Helen!" Everard hastened to say, as the blood coursed over Nellie's neck and forehead.

The party was awkward and fuddle. The little plebeian's spirit was pricked to the quick. Timidity and discretion went down before it.

"I suppose," she said,—looking straight at the head of the august table—"you mean that remark for me. I am not ashamed of my patronymic. There have been as many distinguished Joneses as Vrooms, and quite as many good and honest men have been called by my name as by my husband's."

Madame never lost her temper. She left that indulgence for the lower classes. She only petrified, and her voice took on a strident quality.

"She becomes intensely gentlemanly when she wishes to become peculiarly hateful," wrote Nellie to her sister of this scene.

"I beg pardon! I do not happen to recall any eminent citizens or prominent families of the name to which you allude. Let it pass!"

(To be Continued.)

[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.]

FLOWER SEEDS.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

(Conclusion.)

If I would! Of course I would. And I hurried along with him next day, my pleasure and ardor not at all abated by the wonder and disbelief and contempt of the girls, whom he didn't ask, although I should have been delighted if he had.

But I thought no more of the girls when I was once in the hall of the exhibition. The anteroom, full of startled cyclamens, plats of primroses, dishes of pansies, and great jacquemints with half-yard long stems, was nothing beside this place of enchantment where, tier over tier, rose the weird, wondrous creatures with their threads and filaments sailing on the air, with all their beauty and diablerie, like flowers and serpents speaking together, each uncertain if it were not the other. "They resemble, more than anything else the floral ornament of the cinque-cento painting and carving," said Allen. "You think it is a fish, with all its scales and contours and colors, and suddenly it is a flower. Nature had done with work when she made them and was in a mood of wanton freak and frolic."

"See that upper one over there," I said. "It is a flower,—but how it is trying to be a bird!"

"Perhaps it is a bird," he answered, "that has just succeeded in becoming a flower."

"And there are others in disguise, trying not to seem the flowers they are, but other flowers. If they were not so cool, so calm, so refined, wouldn't you say they were full of the wildest fun, playing surprises and making jests?"

"There is a sort of dignity through it all, though, as if they were of a separate order of creation, and were only obedient to the elfin law of their being. Perhaps the dignity takes root in their prices," he added gayly.

"Are they dear?"

"Immensely so. This collection is worth thousands and thousands of dollars. They outweigh gold in preciousness."

"Oh!" and the falling accent in my voice, I suppose, told him the story of my little secret hope of wearing my old gown and boots another while, and getting some bulb or shoot or seed among them all. "Oh, that caps the whole!" I exclaimed. "That just shows they are the very spirits of flowers, to be capable of such work as outweighing gold. Perhaps they are ghosts of the dead and gone gnomes and trolls who handle the gold and gems in the heart of the hills in the fairy stories. I suppose that gnomes could have ghosts. See that scarlet fellow with the white spathe—they are the witches and warlocks of flowers. How I should like to look in here when the moon shines to-night through the great windows, and see them at their wild play all alone! If one only had ears fine enough to hear their language!"

"Do you know," said he, suddenly stopping and turning toward me, for we were in a corner by ourselves, "that you have something in common with these orchids? Yesterday a little unnoticeable body, suddenly something has clothed you to-day with a beauty lovelier than Clara's. What freak was Nature playing when she gave you this color, this smile, this sparkle, to hide yesterday and come to-morrow?"

"Oh, hush, hush!" I said. "You mustn't speak to me so. Nobody ever speaks to me so. They talk so to the other girls. They don't talk so to me."

"I can think it just the same, can't I?" he said, smiling. "There you go again. The enthusiasm has died down, the flame is wrapped in grey smoke, the cloud has come over the sun; the great shining orchid that you were, with your illumined eyes and changing blush a moment ago, has turned back and become the little forget-me-not. But I have seen it before, many a time, as I looked at you out of the windows next door, when you found one of your new plants in bloom."

"I—I am sorry you said so," I murmured.

"For now—perhaps I shall never feel quite free again when—when I'm there."

"Then I must never look at you out there again, and that would be a good deal more than I would like to deprive myself of," he said. "So you think I am jesting?" he said, all his old barriers suddenly seeming to give way. "Look up at me, look up at me a moment. Why do you keep those blue eyes veiled so? Lift those white lids just for one swift, shy glance, one sweet shy glance, and see if I am not in earnest." And I tried to, and my lip quivered; but determined not to yield I did raise my eyes, and out spurted the tears. "Louise!" he exclaimed, but under his breath, and standing between me and the crowd beyond. "My darling! My little darling, I didn't know, I didn't dream I was hurting you! Do you suppose I would hurt the thing I love best in the world?"

"You love best in the world!" I repeated in amazement, looking up at him through all my tears and in spite of them.

"Yes," he said. "Does that surprise you? It ought not. I have always wanted to tell you when I felt I might. Does it surprise you? Why, who is it that you love best in the world?" he asked quickly.

"You!" I said, before I thought a word. And then, when in a moment, I would have cried out at myself, and would have turned and tried perhaps to run away, "That is all right then," he said, coolly. And he took my hand and tucked it under his arm in a perfectly matter-of-fact way, and walked off with me. "You must have known I loved you," he said. "I never doubted that you loved me. After my stock is paid for, and the

day for our marriage is fixed, I shall tell you all I have thought about you for this long time as I have seen you going and coming. I shall tell you I was always afraid you would put out wings like any other angel, and fly away and leave me desolate."

"I—I think you mustn't—say any more to me—just now," I murmured. "I am afraid I—I shall do something—silly."

"Whatever you do," answered he, "will be the best and wisest thing a woman could do. But come! I've a greater surprise than this in store for you. For I believe you knew this all the time—"

"I—I never dreamed of it!" I answered, catching my breath, for fear it would turn into a sob of joy. And just then we stopped before some shelves clothed in moss, and there, in several trays, in pots and baskets, were some wild flowers which I couldn't see, and a large card which I couldn't read, for the unshed tears and doubles of everything, dancing like sparks before my eyes. "I will read it for you then, my darling," he said. "Prize for the best collection of native specimens of Orchidaceae, Miss Louise Forrester, Fifty Dollars." The old housekeeper and I took them up the moment you went in after watering them.

"I—I think I must go home," I half sobbed. "It is all too much for me. I don't know what the girls will say."

"I know what the President and Managers of the Horticultural Society will say," he exclaimed. "They will say: 'Buy your flower seeds of Miss Louise Forrester, at Mr. Annersley's Book and Music store.' And people will flock to buy at once, you see if they don't! so many of them that it will crowd out all the books and music. And our fortunes will be made in the twinkling of a snap-dragon seed!" And so he ran on, to direct the current of my too intense feeling. And while he was talking, there they were all about me, the President, and Managers, and the Board of Ladies, saying all sorts of pleasant things about my pretty orchids, not all of which, of course, were in bloom, asking me questions, and waiting for my replies. And before I was conscious of it, I was talking with them just as easily as with the friendly housekeeper, and telling them all the little I knew. "And I was proud of you," said Allen, when on the way home. "There wasn't one among them knew as much as you did, and nobody half so modest! You were like a little encyclopedia made easy. The President said you were already a botanist who would take rank anywhere."

"It's the dear old gentleman who taught me," I said. And then the house was near; and it seemed to lift itself so strangely and look so like another place, that at first I couldn't make out what was the matter. "Oh, the whole world has been changed, Allen!" I said. And he drew me inside the door, and in the dark hall he folded me close in his dear arms and gave me one long deep kiss,—the first lover's kiss I had ever had, the first kiss, except for Annabel's that had ever touched my lips since my dear mother died.

It seemed to me the next day as if everything were happening at once. I had hardly told the amazed girls about my prize, and I was going round the house in my light-hearted happy maze, slinging with a whole heart in my songs, when the dear old gentlemen next door sent for me to come in. Allen was there, and we staid for an hour or two, and a lawyer came, and we signed our names to papers, and I don't know what and all.

When I came back Annabel was waiting for me. "I've been making you a bonnet," said she. "It made me ashamed to see you yesterday, and we flaunting about in all the finery we could catch."

"I am so glad that you did it, Annabel, before you knew," I said.

"Knew what?"

"That I am going to be married,—and to live in the country, ten miles from here, on a little farm that the old gentleman is to let us have till we can pay for it. A flower farm it is to be, and the Horticultural Society will sell my seeds for me. And as soon as we get it well under way Allen will give up his other business, and we shall do nothing else than raise and sell flower seeds. And we expect to pay for the place, and create a great business, and make our fortune, and make, besides, oh, such great and beautiful flowers by giving our whole souls to it and having all our doors to do it in!"

"Oh, Louise!" she cried. "What a life you are going to live! Who would have thought of it from just the beginning of those window-boxes and tiny beds in the yard! Oh, it isn't because of the flowers only,—it's because you were in earnest and never thought of yourself! And now you are going to be so happy—"

"Would you like to come with me?" I said. "Clara and Emily can take care of the house and themselves here, and you can help me enough to have a salary, presently, if all goes right. Allen said something about it, his very self." And then Annabel flung her arms about me and we both cried together,—for all at once I felt that I had found a sister as well as a lover. And I can tell you I took care never to lose her.

But you ought to see my garden now,—no little back yard at all, but acres of blossom. There is one half-acre of tuberose alone that drives the wind before it heavy with deliciousness. And there, at another season, are the roses, such roses! they climb over walls and poles and trellises, and they fill whole garden plots, drift-white, and maiden-blush, and cream, and crimson red, and purple red to blackness. And sometimes, in late spring, when Allen and I go out and stand in the middle of a bed of violets, and the satiating-sweetening rises round us in heavenly clouds, we feel, not as if we were in a little flower seed farm that had paid for itself and was making a large income, but as if we were in the very heart and center itself of the Garden of Eden!

THE END.

DESTROY POOR PHOTOGRAPHS.

BY MARGARET MERIDETH

Do not consent to give around poor photographs; resolutely destroy them. Friends who care for you will beg for them, and the possession of them would give pleasure, since they, knowing your face well, could enjoy the little shade of resemblance, and disregard the deformities by not taking them into account. But when they have carried your picture a hundred miles away

and laid it out upon their library table, they will not write a commentary upon the margin to defend you from the dreadful impression strangers are getting of you. I lately spent some time in a distant city with near relatives, and it so happened just as we were leaving, that a note from our father was read in the hearing of an intimate friend of the household. "Why," he said, in a surprised tone, "your father seems to be an affectionate, warm-hearted sort of man!" Of course we were in blank astonishment that he should ever have been considered anything else, till the old gentleman went on to say: "His picture looked very severe." No wonder then at all, for the picture was one of those grim monstrosities, like a specially determined murderer, which not infrequently result from sitting still under a strong light till every muscle of the face is set and deep lines form about the mouth. Good-naturedly to let such a photograph start forth on its work of defamation was the part of a madman—though the victim in this case refused to repent and thought it only a fine joke. We felt really thankful to clear up one fraction of the evil wrought.

Moreover they are powerful in the end even with those who know you. The moderately truthful pictures of your dearest friends, which, indeed, you realize to be only moderately truthful, will nevertheless gradually grow to represent them to you, rather than their actual breathing selves which are fading from your memory. Keep a picture which you regard as "better than nothing" constantly on your bureau as a reminder of your absent friend, and in a year that piece of pasteboard will be what will rise to your mind when that friend's name is mentioned.

It may take great resolution to put in the fire a pack of photographs that cost five dollars, but why one is tempted to get the worth of his money in envious slander is hard to see.

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(FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.)
AUTUMNAL BLOSSOMS.

MARGARET B. HARVEY.

Her name was Betty. She lived in New England, on a farm of stony pastures and weedy waste-lands, with frame house surrounded by stunted pines and ungainly elms. A few lean cows, or rather starved, in these same stony pastures and weedy waste-lands. And, one summer evening, as the sun was setting behind the purple mountains that framed this poverty-stricken farm-district with a circle as royally-hued as though it enclosed some region of fabulous beauty; and while the sun, with his splendor of scarlet and amber glorified with flame from heaven, even the stunted pines and ungainly elms and stony pastures and weedy waste-lands and frame cottage—Betty was driving home her father's cows. It was the red and yellow light of the sun, and the violet shadows of the mountains that made the scene one of wondrous beauty—not the homely elements upon which the light shone and which the shadows framed. So the light of love or heaven, so the shadows of suffering or duty, make of the humblest earthly existence carter of a saint or a martyr. Was Betty saint or martyr? Was she destined to become either? Certainly, her life was a lowly one, but she already knew something of the light of love and heaven, something of the shadow of suffering and duty. Was she to know more of either?

Betty herself might be described in the same general terms as the scene of which she was the central figure. She was rugged and homely, like her surroundings—but over and about her, as over and about them, hovered light and shadow. The light in her eye was not altogether that of the sun, the shadow upon her face was not altogether that of the mountains. Was it the light of love or heaven—was it the shadow of suffering or duty? Certainly, the light glorified her, somewhat as it might have glorified a saint—certainly, the shadows ennobled her, as it might a martyr.

To particularize, Betty had flaming hair, colorless eyes, and irregular features. She was large-boned, muscular, and far from graceful. But the same description might apply to some of the most famous Madonnas, they have flaming hair, colorless eyes, and irregular features; and if the painted representations were suddenly endowed with life, and attempted to stand and walk, you would discover that they were large-boned, muscular, and far from graceful.

Cows are patient creatures. They generally go exactly in the path in which they are driven, like some women. But then, they occasionally stand still, or step aside, so that the use of the rod seems necessary. In this also, they resemble a woman—can a woman stand still, or step aside from the path in which she has been driven, without feeling the rod upon her shrinking back? Perhaps it was the fact that Brindle departed from her usual custom, and stood still long enough to crop the scant grass by the rocky wayside; perhaps it was Betty's vigorous employment of the switch in her hand that roused the long-patient young woman from the reverie into which she had fallen. Perhaps this aided her in forming the resolution that she would follow Brindle's example, and be no longer patient, like a woman or a cow. Perhaps her new air of determination, and her decided utterance, might explain why Betty could not be considered in all things, a copy of the Madonna.

"Four whole years!" she exclaimed. "I've waited long enough! If he don't make up his mind to-night, he's got to go!"

The wor were few, but they meant nothing less than a life-tragedy. Had Betty been a Madonna, she would never have uttered them, but suffered patiently until her death. But it is difficult, if not impossible, to make an unqualified assertion. Perhaps Betty was a Madonna after all, for, with her we always associate sword-pierced hearts, tears of blood, and agonies of crucifixion!

For four years past, William Wilton had been coming to her father's house, three evenings in the week. These visits must have been intended for Betty, for they were spent in Betty's company, but the conversation during these visits consisted of but little more than the ordinary greetings and farewells. Through the autumn winter and spring, William sat bolt upright in one particular splint rocking-chair by the kitchen stove, while Betty darned stockings by the big table. Through the summer, William sat on the front steps, while Betty perched on the door-sill. And this was the only variety in the whole affair. Betty realized to-night, as never before, that she had been like a cow.

What did William want? If he wanted to marry Betty, he had never said so, but it was certain that he did not want to marry anybody else. Still if he wanted Betty, what was he waiting for? William was not handsome, he was tall, gaunt, and awkward, like the conventional Yankee, but, then, he was no homelier than Betty. Farms in that desolate mountain region were not very valuable, but his the most valuable of all. He was industrious, intelligent, and economical, he had no incumbrances, and no near relatives but his mother, who presided over his home and kept the white-and-green farmhouse as neat as hands could make it. It was evident, moreover, that Betty's parents could not live much longer, it was also evident that William's mother was growing feeble, and his house would need a new mistress. William uttered nothing but the usual greetings and farewells, still, he sat quietly in his accustomed place in the kitchen, or upon the piazzas steps.

roundings typical? Shall I add that the stars came, and that by-and-by, the moon would rise and flood the scene with a splendor little inferior to that of the sun? But neither William nor Betty noticed the stars, and the piazzas was deserted before the moonbeams shone upon it.

The evening wore on. Neither William nor Betty spoke, neither William nor Betty stirred—until, rather in advance of his usual time, William arose to go. Betty sprang to her feet with a movement swifter than her wont. But, to her surprise, William hesitated a little, and when he at last found voice, did not utter his simple accustomed, "Good-night." Oh, no! He said, "Betty"—then he stopped.

"What is it?" asked Betty, gently. The light in her eyes was not borrowed from that of the sun—but the shadow upon her face was that of the night hiding her eyes.

"Betty—I was—a thinkin'!"

"Thinking what?" softly queried Betty, compassion for William's hesitancy mingling with any more tender feelings that she might have had.

"That you and I"—William started at the sound of his own voice, while the cold perspiration broke out upon his forehead. He glanced half involuntarily around him as though he expected to be shot instantly for his temerity.

"That you and I—what?" desperately demanded Betty, a shade of contempt almost overpowering any other sentiment.

"Looked somethin' alike!" declared William madly, with one headlong plunge. Betty suppressed an exclamation of disgust and stepped inside the door. William stood where he was, like a post, and stared at her through the gloom which nearly hid her. Then, with a sudden, "Good-night," he jerked himself to the lowest step. If ever there had been any light in Betty's eyes, it was gone now; and the solemn shadow upon her face was not altogether that of night. In the darkness, her cloudy, sky-mimicking dress might have been sable.

"Good-night," she answered firmly, "and never come here ag'in!"

"What!" cried William, finding abundant voice now, brought to a sudden, amazed halt.

"Never come here again!" repeated Betty, bravely, "I am going to marry Solomon Jones."

"Marry—Solomon Jones!" If men do not exactly shriek, they come very near it sometimes.

"Yes," declared Betty, "I am to give him his answer to-morrow. He was man enough to speak his mind—and I won't keep him waiting any longer."

"But—but—Betty," faltered William, "didn't you know?"

"What did I know?" interrogated Betty, "and how did I know? How am I to tell that a man wants me, unless he says so? And Solomon Jones is the only man that ever did say so!"

"Has he been courtin' you?" William asked, wildly, his words covering an insinuation which he did not exactly mean.

"No!" cried Betty, indignantly, repelling such insinuation. "He came here yesterday to see father. Then he asked me if I was engaged, and I said, no. He answered that if I wasn't, I ought to be—I was wasting my time, and waiting too long, and that he'd marry me, if I'd have him. He said he'd wait till to-morrow for his answer—I've made up my mind to tell him, Yes. Good-bye!" And Betty shut the door. She never saw William again.

If William had been silent in company with Betty, he had not been so with the older people of the community, and with young men of his own age. His ready wit, his general intelligence and kindly disposition made him a universal favorite. But from that memorable night, William dropped out of his small world as completely, almost, as if he had died. Henceforth, for years, he never left his farm, except on business—his only companions were his mother, his horses, and his hired men. William had undoubtedly wronged Betty—but Betty, to her dying day, never knew how deeply she had wronged William. If she knew it then, it must have been revealed to her by supernatural means. For Betty's four years of repression, William was destined to endure forty; where Betty's lips had been sealed, William's whole heart, soul and life were frozen.

But two weeks after William and Betty's strange parting, Betty was married. She suffered after her wedding-day, no doubt—but her greatest agony was before. Probably she resembled the Madonna most in her long, silent, tragic suspense, terminated by Solomon Jones's precipitous declaration. Or, she may have resembled the Madonna, when, after a terrible season of grief and pain, she sat, with her infant son in her arms, a new light in her eyes, a new shadow upon her face. This time, the light really was that of love and heaven, the shadow that of duty and suffering; and there shines a celestial halo around every baby born, like that given by art and faith to the infant Christ. Clasp her babe to her heart, like the Madonna, Betty closed her eyes upon the lights and shadows of this world, to open them in a world where all is light, and where there is no shadow.

I have said that for years, William never left his farm, unless on business. I must make some exceptions to this—that is, if you define "business" as merely trafficking and money-getting. It was not always for purposes of buying and selling that William stepped beyond his boundary-fences. For instance, just one year from the night which had suddenly chilled him to a living stone, he quietly took a rugged path leading to the village, and wended his way to a lowly cottage upon its outskirts. There seemed to be an awed crowd about the front door, but he avoided all bystanders, and made an entrance by a rear garden-gate. Then he never spoke a word, nor looked right nor left, until he found himself in a darkened chamber. He noticed and remembered the pearly-grey robe that the silent figure wore—a silent figure, lying before him, so helpless that now he could dare to bend and kiss the cold, white cheek. And the baby beside her—how could he help kissing the son for the mother's sake!

This was the first time that he left his farm for a purpose which was not strictly one of business. The second was some years later, when he followed his mother to her last resting-place, which was near that of Betty. Only a few feet apart in the little, stony, weed-grown graveyard. This is one feature of New England, which I could never reconcile with New England thrift—the unsightly appearance of country burying-grounds. But a certain corner of this particular graveyard never presented evidences of neglect. Somebody made it his business to see that the weeds never grew, and the brush never accumulated; that grass and flowers took the place of sticks and stones. This business was that somebody's only solace for many years—and this little spot of verdure and bloom was all that created a corresponding spot of verdure and bloom in his own barren, rocky heart.

Twenty years passed. One day, William suddenly woke up to the fact that his place was going to rack and ruin, for want of a competent head. He might hire a housekeeper, but he knew that, in this locality, no woman could very well live in that capacity, upon a lonely farm, with no companions but a middle-aged bachelor and his hired men. If he wanted one who could properly manage his house, he must marry her. But, where could he get a suitable person? He had lived the life of a recluse so long, that he really knew but one woman, a homely spinster, who had sewed for his mother. She was now about forty, but she had been prim and old-maidish when quite young. He might secure her by driving to the next town—which he did.

"Lucy Ives," he said, "I need a housekeeper. Will you marry me, and take charge of my house?" It was a business arrangement, nothing more. Lucy had, in spite of her outward primness, cherished some of the ideals of her early youth, until quite recently—but she called to her aid common sense, which told her that she was now growing past the age of romance, and this was, to borrow a common phrase, "her last chance." So she consented to assume the duties of a housekeeper, without receiving regular wages. The marriage ceremony was simply a legal form; and within a few days after, the bride was installed in her new home, William apparently forgot her existence, and lived on just the same as before.

Lucy was the conscious one. It was a long time before she could reconcile herself to the change, and at first would blush like a girl when addressed as Mrs. Wilton. The only relief from embarrassment was work—and soon a wonderful transformation was noticed about the old farmhouse. The outside was newly painted, the inside freshly papered; the neglected lawn and garden were put into exquisite order, and many tasteful little touches added beauty on every hand. Now that there was a mistress in the house, the long-diffident neighbors became sociable, and, altogether, it really seemed that new life had come into William's old home. The ever-silent owner of the house seemed the only one who could not observe.

One morning, a kind motherly old woman, who had spent the night in the farmhouse, came and told William that he had a little daughter.

"Call her Betty," was all he said—nor did he ask to see his child for many a long day.

The same story was repeated, with little variation, two and four years afterwards. Only, as these children were boys, he cared, if possible, still less to see them, and left their naming to their mother. Lucy, then, without opposition, called the first William, the second, after her cousin Solomon Jones, Lucy, alone, settled all questions as to their training and education, with the result, that at the end of twenty years, or so, she saw, as the reward of her faithfulness, one lovely young woman, and two noble young men rapidly preparing to take a useful, honorable part in life.

The children, as children, often wondered at the reserved man, who so seldom noticed them, and out of whose way they were so strictly charged to keep. Later, as their youthful, romantic instincts awoke, they discovered that their father made frequent, surreptitious visits to the old graveyard, and rightly surmised the reason which, however, they never dared tell their mother. But this discovery, simple as it seems, awoke within all of their hearts a tender sympathy for both, which may have influenced the heavenly spirits to the happy conclusion.

Would William's long dead heart ever come to life? It did, with a force as tremendous as a volcano. A week of surprises came. First, a stranger from the far South asked for Betty; second, William Jr., announced it as his intention to take a mate, and settle upon the farm which had belonged to the other Betty's father; and third, Solomon declared that he was preparing to join an Arctic expedition. Why, he, William, did not know his children—and, here they were arrived at the years of accountability, and ready to leave him! A stranger had discovered his daughter's beauty before he had—his sons showed an energy which put his negative life to shame. Was it possible that, absorbed in a dream long past, he had let life's real happiness slip out of his grasp?

They were gone—and William turned restlessly from side to side, as though looking for something that he could not find. But, evidently, Lucy missed something also. True enough—it struck him with all the force of a novel suggestion—she was lonely, too. Perhaps he could comfort her.

When he came really to look at her, he was surprised. This was not the homely woman whom he had formerly married. Age had softened all angularities, and made her positively beautiful—while Betty's taste had taught her how to dress. Upon this summer evening, when William really saw his wife, for the first time in years, he was startled to observe that she wore a robe of pearly grey, and upon her silvery puffs rested a cloudy tulle cap, with baby-blue ribbons; while in her face were lights of love and shadows of suffering, which reminded him strangely of the Betty long dead. Two summer nights, wondrously alike, with an interval of over forty years between—upon the first, he had lost a love, and now, upon the second, he had found one, who now appeared singularly like her.

It was true. The children were gone—and now, the old folks had fallen in love with each other! This story I picked up in New England, and brought back to my native Montgomery County, Pennsylvania, because it reminded me of our very late autumn that wonderful semi-season, between real fall and winter. I don't believe it occurs any where else exactly like this—further north it is quite winter, further south it is still fall, futeer west, other differences may be noted. But, at the beginning of last December, it was warm like spring, and dandelions, jessamines, violets and clovers were in bloom. Do you suppose that William and Lucy, gathering their autumnal blossoms, allowed themselves to dread the winter so near at hand? No, no! They were too happy, gathering their late roses and blooming apple-sprays, such as come with us here and there, when the trees all around are stripped bare.

I did hear, since that William took Lucy to the graveyard, and over Betty's tomb, told the story of his early love.

I did hear that Lucy, after a few years of blessedness, died, and that William dressed her grave as well as Betty's with flowers; that, when he, too, was finally laid in the graveyard, his son William saw that none of the four mounds were neglected. But all this is not essential to the story of which the following is more. Love is the same in old as well as in young, the same everywhere—and as well told, by the lips of November's late violets, unseasonable though they seem as by those of the early ones of April and May, which apparently bloom in their natural order. A violet is always a violet—and love is love.

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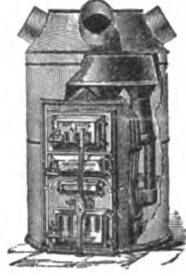
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[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.]

Ephriam Trembly's Celebration.

BY JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE.

I have been a visitin' to Melinda Blodgett's, she that was Melinda Ann Allen, Josiah's 3d cousin. She sent for me to come, sayin' she was a runnin' down, and if I didn't come to see her now, she more'n mistrusted I never would see her alive. She said her sufferin' went far ahead of any other wimmins sufferin' in that part of the country. And some of the relations had been to



see her and had wept to see the change in her. Her color was "gashley."

Melinda never was much on spellin', she wuz better on figgers—we went to school together.

Wall, I thought the letter wuz a kind of a proud letter, it seemed as if she felt kind o' haughty to think she wuz so bad off. But I never said a word to my companion. Wimmen that talk about the relation on his own side as what he can't brook. No, he never could brook it.

But held up by the iron arm of duty, I packed my portmanteau, and sot off for Melinda's, my Josiah promisin' to come after me at the end of the week.

Wall, when I got there Melinda wuz disapinted, bitter disapinted, to think I didn't weep over her. She did look bad, I couldn't deny it. It wuz Erysipius I think, and had struck in, or that is, some thought it had struck in, and some didn't think so, as for me, I thought then, and I think now, it had stricken.

But what wuz the use of weepin', no, my idee wuz, instid of givin' her tears, as all the rest of the relation' had, I'd try and give her help.

So when she begun a long and tegus tale of her sufferin' that she had suffered, I sot calm and polite, not brought to tears once—though I see she wuz a tryin' to bring me to 'em, and not bein' melted, though I see plain, that she wuz a tryin' to melt me. And she ended by sayin' with a deep tragical look:

"Samantha Allen! A heart of stun would be melted by my sufferin'."

And then she looked sharp at me to see if I wuz a bein' melted—but I wuzn't. I says calmy: "Melinda Blodgett, have you ever tried red clover blow tea?"

And she sort o' tossed her head, and said "No, but she had had 18 doctors, and had tried 32 kinds of patented medicines."

I didn't say nothin', but I looked over my specks at her sort o' respectful, to think she wuz alive to tell the tale. And then I silently and calmly plinned up my dress round my waist, and went out to the meadow, and picked a bowl of clover blows, and brought 'em in, and steeped 'em, and gin 'em to her, and gin 'em reguler all the rest of the time I wuz there, and them blows cured her. And I thought then, and I think still, that it wur better for me to sally out and git 'em for her, that it would have been for me to set down and weep, or even to be melted. Melinda's a widdler. Howsumever I am a gettin' ahead of my story.

She took the tea, after some demkrrin', and we visated a spell quite cheerful, for I kep up, and held up her feelin's first-rate, a meanin' to it, and then leanin' still on the arm of duty, I retired, and went to bed.

Wall, the next mornin' I sot a visitin' with Melinda, and she had branched off from religion and politicks, and ether cheerful subjects onto which I had tried to hold her down, onto her distempers, and she wuz jest a sayin':

"That she had never been sot up by it at all, but her pains had been voyalent enough time and agin, to throw her into a spazzum, and she had fell from one spazzum into another, till the voyalence of the gripins' had subsided; and old Miss Brophy had tried to make her think she had suffered jest as much, because she had been in such pain that her finger nails had turned blue; "But," says Melinda, "what are blue finger nails to my agony!"

Says I mechanically: "If you and Miss Brophy took half the pains a tryin' to cure yourselves that you have in braggin' over your distempers, you might both be well women to-day."

And then I turned the subject right round, by sayin': "How is Ephriam Trembly's baby?"

She didn't seem to like it, to be shot off from relatins' her agowies. She says kinder short: "It is runnin' down." And then she kinder tossed her head, and gin a sithe, and marched out of the room.

But I didn't care, I knew I meant well by her. And I wuz interested in Ephriam Trembly's baby, dretful interested, for I knew the hull story. You see Ephriam Trembly married Anny, Melinda's husband's sister,—as sweet and pretty and lovin' a girl as ever wuz seen.

She wuz the most affectionate little thing when she wuz a child that I ever see in my life. When she was a little girl she would pet a pocket-handkerchief, or the tongs, rather than not have any-thing to love.

Why, she always had a perfect drove of corset lambs, and chickens, and kittens a followin' her round, and goslin's, why she brung up goslin's like corsets; she petted em to that extent that they worshipped her.

And rag babies now—why I spose she had from first to last, pretty nigh a cord of em—what with the ones she buried with funeral honors, mournin' under her mothers long apron put on as a veil, (and sheddin' real tears under it, too,) and what with the ones that survived, and perished naturally under the hands of enraged relatives. And dolls—why, she had hull families of em, all named, and undergoin' motherly treatment from her. Why, she jest loved them dolls, and rag babies, and lambs, and goslin's and things, till jest about the time she fell in love with Ephriam Trembly. And then the hull love she had poured onto them goslin's and rag babes, and etc., she jest condensed into one great meltin' passion, and poured it out over Ephriam Trembly.

Well, Ephriam wuz a likly young man. Middlin' good lookin', and well behaved, and pretty middlin' stiddy habits. He never got worse for liquer, hardly ever—only when some great good fortune would happen to him, he would kinder celebrate by drinkin' some.

The next day after he got engaged to Anny, they said he dranked about 2 quarts of hard cider, durin' the day, he felt so well. And they say, (I wouldn't want it to go from me) but they say, he had to be carried up stairs to bed, or helped up; he could

walk some, but he wobbled.

Wall, it run along till they wuz married—and he had been stiddy and good durin' the engagement, which wuz middlin' long. But the day after they wuz married, on their lower to, if you'll believe it, he kinder celebrated it by drinkin' enough to make him tongue'y. Not enough to make him lop over, or anything, but dretful talkative and communicative. They say, (I wouldn't want it told from me,) but they say, he skairt Anny most to death, confessin' to her things he had done years before, things he wouldn't have told on for the world, if he had been himself.

Not big sins—not the great mistakes of life that one would naturally want to confess to the one soul which had become, as it were a visable conscience,—but curius and strange things, made sort o' lurid by his condition, and his wantin' to make out how bad, and strange he had been.

They say she busted out a cryin' before he had got through with it, and that brought him to, for he loved Anny, jest as well as she loved him, he fairly worshipped her.

Wall, his father had left him a big property—old Trembly was rich. He had only two boys, and his will was like this, that the property wuz to be equally divided between the two. Two great big farms, with nice housen and horses, and cattle, and sheep, and fruit trees of all kinds—and everything for comfort and luxury. But if one of the brothers should die it was all to go to the other one, unless they had heirs to inherit it—never made no provision at all for the widders.

Old Trembly had jest had a scrape with a manuverin' sort of a woman—she did use him shameful, deceived him, and tried to get his money, and everything. But he no need to revenge himself on the hull female race—so I thought then, and so I think now—but howsumever the will wuz such, and had to stand.

Ephriam's brother Belza had a big family—diagreeable children too, as I ever laid eyes on, but years run along, and Ephriam and Anny didn't have no children.

That wuz the only cloud on their happiness, for Ephriam was just as good and lovin' to Anny as he could be, and she—wall, to them who had known her through her beautiful girlhood, there wuz no need to tell how sweet, and lovin' and tender she wuz to Ephriam.

But the mother heart in her ached for the touch of dimpled hands on it, the mother love born so full and strong in her (unbeknown to her) yearned and longed with an inexpressible achin' love for the sweet presence of childhood in her splendid, silent home.

Her room was jest full of pretty baby faces, lookin' down an her from every side. The pure faced Madonna holdin' the infant Christ, and beautiful human babies, children's faces, with every expression from tears to laughter in their eyes. A statuette of the water babies looked out between the lace curtains of the window—the hull house wuz beautiful, and it seemed that she had everything else on earth that she wanted, only jest a little one to hold to her heart, and ease it of all its yearnin' and longin'.

Wall, feelin' as she did, and feelin' as Ephriam did about, what tongue or pen can picture their happiness, on a bright June mornin' when God sent a little white soul into their keepin'. A dear little, dimpled baby boy.

The hull sky wuz cloudless that mornin', warm sun, happy world, the hull sky of their content and happiness wuz clear, warm hearts, happy lives. They say Anny's face looked jest like the Madonna's at the foot of her bed, full of jest such intense, broodin' love, with a touch of the inspired, the divine, in it.

She had passed through great danger, too, the doctor said no other blessin' of child love could ever come to her. But she lived, she wuz out of danger, and the baby wuz so sweet, so dear, a perfectly healthy child so the doctor said.

What wonder that Ephriam, on that fair June mornin', after a night of blackness, felt dizzy with his delight.

To tell the truth, he just worshipped Anny, and in his heart the child's love, and the love of his possessions, had so little weight through this night of danger, that he hardly thought of them, he wuz so engrossed in his fears for her.

But when the bright mornin' dawned, and she wuz safe, would be safe now in her beautiful home, if he had to leave her, and the baby boy lay like a white rose in its mother's nest.

And Ephriam—wall, everything would have gone well, and jest as it laid out to—but Ephriam had to celebrate.

He would do it—it wuz to be. Wall, he dranked enough to make him tonguey and spry, wot stupid drunk at all, but a sort of high-headed, prancin' sort of drunk. He stepped round lively, held his head in a airy sort of a way, seemed kinder light on foot, and stepped high, and wuz all for showin' off the baby.

He would have the nurse bring it down into the parlor, so's to show it. He held it on a pillow all wrapped up in soft laces and flannels, jest as safe as if it wuz in its nest up stairs. But along towards night, the third time she had brought it down. An old uncle of hisen had come, that wuz near-sighted, and Ephriam had to take it himself, and show it to his uncle, hold it up to him so's he could see plain it wuz "the very image of Ephriam when he wuz a baby" which the uncle declared it wuz.

And after holdin' it up to his uncle, instead of givin' it back to the nurse, he went to set down, and bein' sort o' lifted up, and bigger feelin' than common, he over sot himself, and sot down on the floor, baby and all; the pillar slipped out, and the baby got an awful jar. The nurse ketcht it up quick, but it begun to cry and moan, and it kep it up all night. The doctor came and said it wuz hurt on the inside some way.

Ephriam wuz white as a sheet. He didn't feel high-headed at all, when the doctor got there, he wuz agonized. Anny didn't know nothin' about it, it wuz kep from her.

Wall, towards mornin', the baby seemed to be better, and Ephriam dropped off to sleep in the mornin', thinkin' that maybe the Lord would forgive him, and let the baby live.

Ephriam looked ten years older, all that night, so they said, than he did in the mornin'.

Wall, the baby lived. But it wuz spindlin', it grew like a lily stalk that had got bent, and most broke off (unbeknown to itself). And when it got to the age that other babies stood on their feet and begun to walk, it lay still on its little pillow and kep its big blue eyes bent on the blue sky—it loved to lay by the winder.

And so it lived along until it wuz two years old, and then the doctor said it would never walk, its spine wuz deseased.

And then, its eyes got to lookin' as if it wuz a tryin' to see through the blue sky into some-thing beyond.

And that had run along for most a year, when I made that visit to Melinda's.

Wall, however all this, it is no wonder that I felt agitated when I see Ephriam Trembly and agitated. And he says when he had come in, (and he wuz white around the mouth as any thing, while he said it): "That the baby wuz wese, and his man had gone away for the day, and would Melinda let her hired man go for the doctor?"

She says "yes, of course he will go." And I says: "Shan't I go over, Mr. Trembly, and see if there is anything I can do?"

His lip trembled, (I was sorry for Ephriam, sorry as I could be,) and he says "Yes, he would be glad to have me come over if I could."

Ephriam hurried back, and I went to pickin' up my work, and puttin' it into my work-basket, prior and before puttin' on my bunnet, I wuz knittin' a pink worsted hood for the babe.)

And while I wuz pickin' it up, Ephriam's hired man's little boy come a runnin' over as fast as he could run and says:

"Miss Allen won't you hurry and go over to Mr. Trembly's?"

"Is the baby worse?" says I.

"Yes," says he, "Miss Trembly thought it wuz dyin' when I come away, but Mr. Trembly thought it wuz havin' a spavin'."

"A spazzum," says I.

"Yes," says he. "Won't you hurry?"

"I will come right off," says I. But while I wuz a tryn' on my bunnet, Melinda spoke, and says: "Oh! I guess nobody can tell me about spazzums." And she wuz a goin' on, and boastin' about the voyalence of em, and the number of em that she had had, till I got to the gate—the door wuz open, and the wind wuz my way.

Wall when I got there, it wuz a sight pitiful enough to melt a stun, if stuns could be melted. The dear little patient white baby lay in its crib by the winder, its favorite spot. And Anny sot by it, with her face lookin' whiter and patienter than the baby's, and Ephriam wuz on the other side of it, with his face lookin' the worst of all, for under the agony and the paller, lay the black shadder of remorse.

I took off my shings and sot down, for there wuz nothin' I could do. The baby lay quiet, and seemed to be asleep. And we all set watchin' it for most a hour. When suddenly it opened its deep blue eyes, and looked as if it wuz a listenin', listenin'. And then it spoke out, in its pretty broken speech: "What for you call Ally?" And then it looked agin as if it wuz a hearin' some-thing we couldn't hear, and then it says agin, lookin' up into the clear blue of the June skies: "Yes, Ally will, Ally will come." (It's name wuz Alan.) Then it dropped to sleep agin.

This is true, true as the Gospel, or the hills, or anything. And I wondered then, and I've wondered more'n a hundred times sense, what the baby did hear, and who spoke it, and where they wuz, and how fur from here, and whether it wuz the sweet innocence, the heavenly purity of the baby, that made the hearin' possible, and if we wuz better, more simple, and childlike, if we too could look up through the clear blue of the summer sky, and see divine faces and hear voices callin' us out of sereener depths.

But this is true what I have told, though I can't explain it, nor Josiah, nor nobody.

Wall, the next day when the first pink and rose of the sky melted into the serene cloudless blue of a perfect June mornin', baby left us. It had lain white and silent, all the latter part of the night, its little brows knitted with the fearful pain, and Ephriam and Anny sot by in their tearless agony, (agony caused by celebration.) But towards morn' the pain seemed to grow less and less. And at the last, it opened its eyes and fixed em on the clear, mysterious depths of the blue sky, and I believed then, and believe now, and have told Josiah so, went right up into it. It never moned, nor struggled, but its little life just melted away, over faded, as a shadowy cloud melts into the severe blue of the heavens.

And Anny fell down in a dead faint. And she goes about now as if half her life, the best half, went up out of her eight that mornin', and she is tryin' to reach after it. And Ephriam stands by his baby's grave under the sun, and the stars, and walks over his broad fields that he knows will pass away after him into his brother's family, (and he can't bear his brother's children.) And Ephriam don't celebrate any more. The lights are put out, the music is silent. He don't want to celebrate.

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EDITOR LADIES' HOME JOURNAL:—I have watched to see if any of the mothers would answer "John's Wife's" article entitled "Picking," and as I have experienced the difficulty of amusing and keeping harmonious a family of small children, I shall tell her of my plan and how it usually works. I think all mothers will agree with me that we have very little care and annoyance from our children in the forenoon, but during the summer and winter afternoons they are generally tired of their amusements, and then you may look out for mischief and "picking" among them.

What rests and refreshes any of us after a tiresome morning's work? Sleep! One says, "Oh! that is laziness." No it isn't! It has always been my custom just after the noon meal, to call my children to enjoy a short siesta or nap. There is rarely ever rebellion because "dear mamma lies down with them, and then 'one story, mind,' of 'the good boy,' or 'Daniel in the lion's den,' or 'the bad boy,' and soon the tired little bodies and minds are in repose. Mamma is refreshed and she can steal away and begin her work, be it the dinner table, sewing, or anything she may have neglected for so short a time, and have renewed strength and a quiet hour for it, which is so refreshing to every mother.

Soon the little rumped heads begin to "pop up," and usually there is a romp, each one runs to mamma with the query, "Mamma, has I roses in my cheeks?" Then comes the face-washing and hair-brushing, which serves to interest as the older children perform this service for the little ones and themselves, after which they are fresh for their plays as they were in the morning.

One mother says: "I could never keep my children quiet long enough!" Where is your discipline? Another says: "They will not be sleepy at their usual bed-time." Yes, my dear mother, they will; for after the habit is established, should the noon nap be missed, they will be restless, fretful, plague or tease, and more trouble to quiet for sleep than if the rest had been taken.

Every few days a contrary one says: "Mamma, I don't feel at all sleepy to-day." "Very well," I say, "stretch your limbs and rest quietly until the others are asleep, and then you can get up when mamma does." Thus assured, usually the quiet resting brings sleep; if not, I keep my word, and we slip out quietly together.

I have had many inquiries: "How is it your children are so large and healthy looking?" My answer is: "Plenty of sleep, good nutritious food, such as the grains; cracked wheat and grits in summer, oat meal, (sparingly given in winter,) entire absence of coffee and tea, meat in moderation, (none for supper,) plenty of bathing and fresh air; these for the bodies. An abundance of love, amusement, music and religion in our home; these for the hearts and minds.

MRS. CLARA D. ARMSTRONG.
EDITOR L. H. J.:—I notice that "M. A. M.," "Inquisitive," and others, protest against the idea unwittingly conveyed, that baby's head should go scot free during its daily bath, since soap and water is essential for the cleanliness and health of the little scalp. I heartily agree with them. Our own little babies have always had their heads washed as often as their bodies, as without doubt, did the babies of the lady to whom I referred, but after babyhood, her children as well as ours have the benefit of but one bath a week, (excepting in hot weather, when perspiration demands it,) and the Saturday night's scrubbing was not taken into account when we questioned if continual wetting of the hair would not injure it.

We have had a little experience with long locks recently, sparing the winter's growth of hair on our little girls' heads till late into June—though often tempted to closely clip them when tried with tangled snarls and squirming, crying little ones, who rebel against brush and comb—for the sake of adding to Mrs. Lambert's picture gallery of babies, a photograph of our trio, and one that should not represent them all with heads as innocent of hair as those of baby nice.

Possibly, it would interest Mrs. Lambert to know that the very next day after the photo's proof had been received and approved, found me and two little girls complaisant over a towelfull of bright, newly clipped locks that had lost their power to pull and snarl and wake either a howl or scream.

It is such a relief to see the little heads always smooth, and to know they are clean and comfortable. No towelled pates to tire your already tired eyes and hands, for if not brushed and combed every half hour, or water sopped each half or quarter day, they would be towelled pates. We still think it injures the hair to constantly wet it; preventing the natural oil of the hair from developing, and resulting in dry, brashy, flying locks.

Our trio have short hair, but it is moist and silky, which we think is due to their hair escaping so many soppings of water, which you mothers well know are daily given, not for cleanliness of the hair and scalp, but to keep rebellious locks smoothly in place.

When our little girls are older, old enough to brush snarls free themselves, and to keep their uneasy, inquisitive heads clear from bristling thickets of rag weed seed and burdocks, and burrowed holes in sand banks and clay gullies, and proud enough to keep reasonably smooth and clean, longer tresses, they shall be spared to them, and we confidently expect these tresses of hair will be so moist with natural oil there will be no need of water soppings to keep them in place.
JOHN'S WIFE.

THOUGHTLESS CRUELTY.

"My baby is just as good as gold," said a proud young mother to me a few days ago. "Why I find that I can do as much sewing and fancy work now as I could before she was born. She sat four

hours in her high chair yesterday while I was embroidering this yoke for her dress. Then I took her out of the chair, nursed her, and played with her awhile, and then put her back, and she sat there until supper time, two and a-half hours later.

I gasped in mute astonishment. Just think of it, oh ye friends of babyhood! Think of a little six months old baby sitting in one position for four long hours on a stretch, and then being taken out, and allowed to stretch its poor little limbs for a few minutes, and then thrust back again in the same uncomfortable upright position.

The mother in question was a bright, intelligent, educated lady, and loved her baby just as well probably as you and I love our precious, wee morsels of humanity. And she was both shocked and grieved when I pointed out to her the manner in which she was bringing perhaps life-long injury upon her little helpless infant.

"Why," said she, with great tears starting in her eyes, "I would not do anything to injure my baby for the world. But a lady told me that she always made her babies sit in their high chairs for hours at a time. She said it was so much better than putting them on the floor, as they would not run any risk of getting colds, and then they keep their clothing so much cleaner than when rolling about on the floor.

Poor little innocents! Their mother thought more of keeping their clothing in a state of immaculate whiteness, than she did of their poor little aching spines and hips, and that dreadful numbness in the little dangling legs and feet.

Something less than a hundred years ago I was a baby myself, and although I cannot seem to remember much about that interesting period under the age of three years, still I now remember perfectly well being taken to a country church once by my maternal grandmother, before I had attained my fourth birthday, and sitting on a hard seat, with my poor little fat legs dangling over the edge of the seat, and my feet several inches from the floor, for what seemed to my childish fancy to have been an eternity.

How my poor little back and limbs ached, and how I twisted and squirmed trying to get into an easy position, and how my grandmother nudged me to make me sit still; and now if I suffered so much from being obliged to sit in an uncomfortable position for from an hour-and-a-half to two hours, at four years of age, what must a little tender baby suffer, with their poor little weak back and limbs, after being tied in a high chair for three times as long a time!

If there are any mothers inclined to "laugh," or say "nonsense" at my theory that it is nothing short of absolute cruelty, to keep a little helpless baby sitting in one position for hours, or even one hour at a time, I would say to them, "Just try it for yourselves." Some of these fine days climb up on top of the refrigerator or the table, or any place where you can sit with your feet poked right straight out in front of you, or else dangling a tantalizing distance from the floor, or any other support, and sit there for an hour or so, (if you don't get too tired and cramped,) and then give us your opinion upon the subject. CLARICE.

(FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.)

OUR MORNING CALL.

BY JENNIE WALLIS.

"Aunt Clara, would you like to go with me this morning to see Mrs. Barstow's twins?" said Annie Temple, one fine day in the autumn.

Mrs. Benton's eyes brightened with pleasure as she replied: "Are you a mind reader, Annie! You have suggested the very excursion that was in my own thoughts. I remember Mrs. Barstow when she was Lucy Plummer, one of the most attractive of our young girls. Spirited and full of fun—the life of our town. She could wield the paint brush for the furniture of her own boudoir or for a picture for the Academy as well. Then such bread and cakes as hers could nowhere be found. My daughters stood a little in awe of her because of her varied accomplishments."

"Yes," said Annie, "and no one could equal her skill in needlework, and the nicety of everything that passed through her hands. Nothing was ever slighted. We were tempted to laugh at her when she was preparing the wardrobe for her first child. By some oversight a napkin was hemmed on the wrong side of the 'bird's-eye.' She promptly ripped and rehemmed it. We thought it mattered little for such an article, but nothing could satisfy her that failed of her idea of perfection."

"That was her nature," said Aunt Clara. "I imagine, however, that with five young children, and her husband's small salary, she will find this ideal impossible at times. In which case she will suffer severely."

Arriving at Mrs. Barstow's snug cottage, they were charmed with its appearance of comfort and its artistic surroundings.

They received a warm welcome, and, being quite old friends, were invited at once to the nursery.

The beautiful twins were well worth seeing, and were shown with commendable pride.

Amy, now three years old, and Freddy, two years older, were on the floor enjoying their blocks, under the care of a young nurse.

Ruth, the eldest, now seven, was away at the kindergarten.

No wonder Mrs. Barstow was fond and proud of her dear children; they were charming.

Soon she begged the privilege of resuming her needlework, saying: "I have to improve every moment with my growing family. Our income is not sufficient for me to hire a seamstress, and I have all our sewing to do by hand."

"By hand!" exclaimed Mrs. Benton, "Pray where is your nice sewing machine?" "There it stands," said Lucy, "as 'idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean.' I dare not put my foot on the treadle."

"It is no moral crime to pinch your gathers," said Mrs. Benton, "and in these busy days one must judge for themselves where it is excusable to slight. It is not necessary, for instance, to set your stitches as closely together in hemming a towel as on a cambric skirt."

While making these remarks she had been turning over the contents of a box of knitting needles of various sizes, and now held up half of a large wooden needle. It had been sawed apart for some purpose, and this portion was about eight inches in length. The flange or knob was on the end.

"Cheer up, my dear Lucy," said she, "here is a little friend in need. Let me stitch that little dress for you."

Throwing off the belt from the machine, that no strength need be wasted in carrying the lower portion, she rested her arm on the table, and applied the stick to the wheel. The little garment was quickly stitched.

Lucy looked on with eager interest.

"Oh, Mrs. Benton," said she, "I could do that, I could do that, I know; my chest and arms are strong."

"Well, my dear, try it, but do only a little at first. You will feel the unaccustomed strain upon the arm. It is often a great convenience to be able to use a machine for portions of a garment that need stitching. It is very tedious to do it by hand."

"Do you think I could guide my work with one hand?"

"You can, by practice, do so nearly as well as with both. Then here is your little maid; when she can leave the children, let her turn the wheel for you."

"Mrs. Benton," said Lucy, with enthusiasm, you are a genius. Whenever I am puzzled I will send for you. I am glad I named one of my twins Lucy Benton."

"Thank you, my dear Lucy, for the compliment. I hope this little stick will lighten your labors. Be sure not to use it too long at a time, and vary your position at the table. Sit near enough to lean upon it, or farther off; then to the right or left in turn, as it seems easiest to you. Even with a handle on the machine, it is sometimes a treat to use the smooth stick. If you choose, you can tie it loosely to the wheel to keep the knob from slipping out. I have known persons who find the treadle to wearisome for constant use, to alternate with this improvised handle."

"For my part I prefer to sew by hand, I have then such beautiful thoughts for my companions, that take to themselves wings when I am driving the sewing machine."

"I could have help from the nurse sometimes," said Lucy, "but my children take the larger portion of her time. If she is called away, they are sure to be in mischief. There is Amy, now, drawing pictures on that window, with her fingers, and but yesterday I had them cleaned."

An odd smile crossed Mrs. Benton's face, and then with some hesitation she said:

"My dear Lucy, will you allow an old house-keeper, and one who has raised eight children, to make a few suggestions that may be of benefit to you?"

"Certainly, dear Mrs. Benton, I feel very grateful for those already made, and shall be only too glad to profit by your experience."

"I found, when my children were small, that it was quite impossible, as well as very unwise, to try to have the room devoted to them in perfect order. I allowed them to feel that they were entirely at liberty in the use of their blocks and toys, gradually teaching them, as they grew older, to put them in their places when they were tired of them. I often keep portions of them in reserve, to reappear as quite new after a season of retirement. But for a long time I was sorely tried because of the frequent marks of their fingers upon the window-panes.

I wanted them immaculate! Then I conceived and carried out the idea of giving to each child a pane of glass, in the nursery, that was quite his own, and for which he should be responsible.

The plan worked admirably.

How many happy hours my children spent drawing on the glass the trees and figures they saw beyond it! They used their fingers or crayons; whatever came handy. They were entirely at liberty to follow their own devices. At dark each must leave his portion clean, unless, as often happened, there was some picture so 'buful' that permission was given to let it remain.

When the frost appeared each claimed the delicate tracery on his own pane as a direct gift from the fairies to himself. I gave them little blank books, in which they copied, with varying success, these wonderful traceries.

As they grew older, the pictures suggested stories, which they wrote for their own amusement. Sometimes some of their favorite stories seemed, suddenly, to be illustrated on the window.

I remember one morning, little Harry shouted to me that his favorite, "The Fairy's Rescue," by Annette Bishop, was on his 'very own pane of glass.' Sure enough! there was the den of the elves, with the poor fairy baby writhing in the arms of the wicked elves with their long beards and cruel hands; the entrance was barred with spears; outside was the poor, bereaved fairy mother, brandishing her 'beard of golden rye,' and mounted on the bee, her faithful steed, who was fighting with his 'big, sharp lance' to recover the precious baby. One could almost fancy, finally, the shout of triumph to be audible:

'Buzz! buzz! hum! hum!
Here I come!
I've got here! the hateful elvish men
Shall never, never find her again.'

Harry's eyes were glistening with joy and pride in the possession of this picture."

"But, my dear Mrs. Benton, did not the glass get scratched sometimes, and broken?"

"Yes, both of these results followed; but I never regretted giving the permission. The pleasure it gave to the children, and the cultivation of their taste and imagination more than repaid me."

"Well, said Mrs. Barstow, thoughtfully, "you have made some helpful suggestions. Have you any more to make?"

"Only this: nothing delights children more than to be allowed to do some real work. A child tired of all its books and toys, will bubble over with pleasure if given some little household occupation, that has never been given to it to do as a task. The particular mode of using this childish trait must be left to the mother's ingenuity. But I fear I have wearied you with this long monologue."

"Far from it," said Mrs. Barstow, "you have set me to thinking. I thank you sincerely for all you have told me."
We left her with a bright and happy smile on her earnest face, and enjoyed our bracing walk home.

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BRUSH STUDIES



FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. BRUSH STUDIES AND HOUSEHOLD DECORATION.

NEW SERIES—NO. XI.

BY LIDA AND M. J. CLARKSON.

Suggestions for Mantel Valence, Fabric painting and Applique—Hints, Queries, etc.

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The mantel decoration described in June number of JOURNAL has given rise to so many queries and requests that it seems best to furnish further suggestions of the kind, for the benefit of those readers anxious to embellish their homes with their own handiwork.

Our illustration this month suggests something novel enough to suit the most capricious, and yet not the least fussy in its arrangement, as were the old-fashioned lambrequins with their box-plaits, and grotesque shapes. Simplicity is the leading

raw umber. A little madder brown, if in the color box, is also good. For the high lights use silver white, with a very little madder lake; not enough, however, to give it a perceptible tinge of pink.

To execute this design in Kensington, or pen painting, the same palette is required; but the paint should be laid on very generously. Apply with a bristle brush, laying the local color over the entire flower, then the shadows where they belong, and lastly the high lights.

For the centres lay the paint on in a thick lump, and then with the pen point, or with a coarse pin, punch it, drawing it up in little points, or knobs. This imitates the knot stitch of embroidery.

An English writer recommends ordinary kerosene oil, as a medium to be used instead of oil, and claims that it makes the work more durable, and the colors brighter, and not so liable to spread.

and beautiful. The patterns being raised, or in relief, require little skill as to shading, and can be painted in oil according to directions given in last paper for terraline ware.

"L. R.:"—Your other queries cannot be answered for lack of space, and are not of interest to the general reader.

"Artist:"—Chrome yellow can be substituted for cadmium, but is not so good or permanent a color. Instead of terre verte you can use zinnober green and black.

"S. B. H.:"—We are gratified to learn of your appreciation of "Brush Studies." Landscape painting will be given before long.

"D. T. H.:"—The "fixatif" of the art stores is doubtless a simple spirit-varnish made by dissolving white lac in alcohol.

"Mary:"—The reason your color dried too quickly in painting the jug, was doubtless because the ware was porous and absorbed the paint too freely.

"G. B. H.:"—Your query is answered above. "G. G.:"—The best way to sell your decorated jar would be to put it in some fancy store, or to advertise it in these columns.

"Mrs. E. M.:"—Your query is too vague to answer satisfactorily. Our "ideal" as to a head might be widely different from yours.

"I. W.:"—To paint creamy white roses, use for the general tone, white, yellow ochre, a trifle

For one subscription to JOURNAL we will send our illustrated pamphlet entitled "Decorative Painting," full of interest to art workers.

For two subscriptions hand book upon Kensington, Lustra Painting, etc.

Address all communications relating to this department of the JOURNAL, to

L. AND M. J. CLARKSON, PLEASANT VALLEY, DUTCHESS CO., N. Y. Money order office, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. N. B. Premium offer made in last No. "Brush Studies" is discontinued this month.

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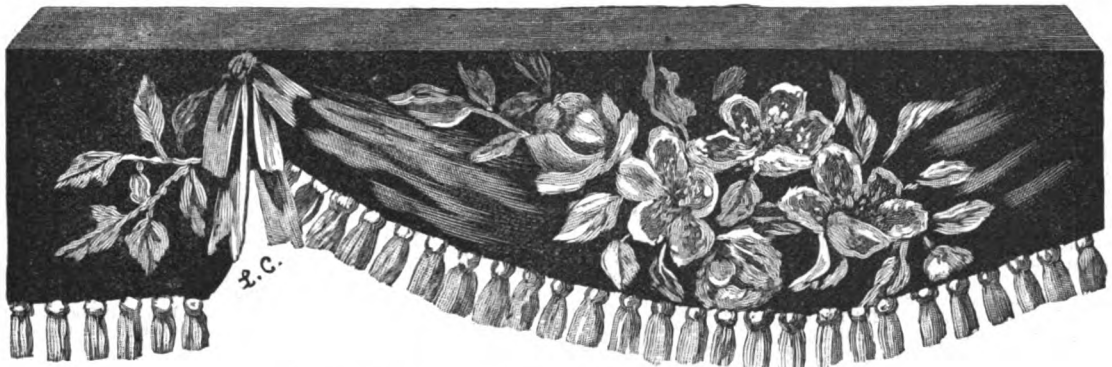
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Engraved expressly for the Ladies' Home Journal. SUGGESTION FOR MANTEL VALENCE.

order of the day, as shown not only in dress, but in house decoration. The valence here given is very handsome made of some rich material as plush, velvet, or satin sheeting in any dark, rich shade.

To execute the work in lustra if plush is to be used select that with a short, close nap, as otherwise it will be difficult to manage.

The magnolia is an excellent subject for lustra painting, as large, simple flowers are always to be preferred to small, or intricate patterns, which are wholly unsuited to this branch of work.

The centres of flowers are painted in rich gold. Fill the brush with color and dab it on in quick touches; a little brown can be used in shading around the centres.

The leaves are painted with a combination of the lustra greens: dark green, dark dull green, and light dull green mixed. A little practice will enable the worker to get them in right proportion.

ence more acceptable to those who prefer the needle to the brush. This has been alluded to in previous papers as pictorial applique. Flowers and foliage can be arranged in various ways to suit the taste of the worker, and the grouping in illustration will serve as a suggestion.

HINTS AND QUERIES.

"Lily R. and others:"—Linerusta Walton is eighteen inches in width, and ranges in price from seventy-five cents per yard to several dollars.

ivory black and madder lake. In the shadows raw umber and burnt sienna should be added to the above palette, and a little cobalt should be used in the middle accents.

"B. G. C.:"—A dark, rich red, or sapphire blue Turkish satin would be handsome for your bookshelves with a bold design such as sunflowers or large lilies.

"Con. C. T.:"—If your paints are too thick to work well, that is of a consistency like jelly, there is no remedy. They are worthless, and oil of any kind will not better the matter.

"Subscriber" who wishes information as to methods of the Chautauqua So. Fine Arts should write directly to one of the directors of that society, as the space in our columns is too limited to enter into such details.

We continue to rent hand-painted studies to subscribers to JOURNAL. Send stamp for list and particulars.

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

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

NEW YORK OFFICE, 180 BROADWAY;
 W. S. NILES, MANAGER.

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

Philadelphia, November, 1886.

If your subscription expires with the December number, why not begin now to show the JOURNAL to your friends and start your club?

Prepare for the holidays by securing one of our stamping outfits given for only six subscribers, or for only four subscribers and 25 cents extra, or for only two subscribers and fifty cents extra.

Punctuality does not consist in mere avoidance of being behind time. To be ahead of time is very nearly as bad, and is liable to produce the most disastrous results. Take up any newspaper you please, examine the causes of the horrible railroad slaughters, and the fact is plainly perceived that three fourths of the accidents are not because one train has been behind time, but because another train has been ahead of time. To be truly punctual one must neither be ahead nor behind, but on time.

We receive requests from all parts of the country, to forward our premium lists. As we do not publish any lists separate from the JOURNAL, in reply to these requests, we send a copy of the paper from which, all desiring premiums, can make a satisfactory selection. But we wish especially to call your attention to the premiums offered in this issue. Read our offers on page 15 and if you have not hitherto had any desire to raise a club, you certainly will wish to do so after having noted the beautiful premiums we offer to club raisers.

CHRONIC invalids are won't to lament aloud their uselessness and talk of the trouble they are giving. If they could but realize it, there is a species of selfishness in this, for by it they are adding tenfold to the burdens of those around who are cheerfully bearing the load and not feeling it as such. One can be useful without raising a finger to work. Many things are useful by simply being. So it is with people. Let invalids take heart of grace and let none despair of being able to do the task set them by the Eternal Father. Their work may be and evidently is, to bear *illness* patiently.

It is frequently the case that those sending in for some particular premium, cut from their JOURNAL the picture or notice of the article specified and forward it to us, thus entirely defacing their paper and cutting out on the other side of the page something that might be of real value to them as reference in the future.

This clipping is entirely unnecessary. We know just exactly what premium we offer for a certain number of subscribers, and subscribers have only to say what they want and we can send it quite as well without the picture as with it. Should they feel, however, that this is not sufficiently explicit, they may give us the number of the page and column.

We feel it necessary to publish this notice, as we have had more than one demand, after several days have elapsed, to send back these slips, as the sender wanted them.

All such slips find their way to the waste basket at once.

When your own subscription expires you can, at least, find ONE friend or neighbor who would like the JOURNAL for a year. Send her name with your own renewal, and choose a premium for two subscribers. We offer quite a number of good and useful articles for only two subscribers.

POSTAGE TO CITY SUBSCRIBERS.

A discrimination in the rates of postage to city subscribers is made between weekly and monthly periodicals, to the great disadvantage of the latter; for, while the weeklies can be mailed to city subscribers for one cent per pound, monthlies can not be mailed to city subscribers for less than one cent for each two ounces, except where the subscribers go to the post-office for their mail. And, as the JOURNAL in its present form weighs over two ounces, we are, therefore, obliged to ask Philadelphia subscribers twenty-four cents extra for postage, unless the paper is addressed at the post-office to be called for, or to any P. O. box.

Remember when raising a club that two months subscribers count the same as one yearly. When you cannot induce your friend to spare fifty cents for the JOURNAL, get her to take it six months on trial, anyhow, that will cost her but a quarter. If she reads it six months, she will never go without it.

SELF CONTROL.

One of the most desirable, if not absolutely the most desirable, of the gifts given to the human race for their well being, is that of self control.

Self control is a power given to few except in a slight degree, but in every human being is implanted the germ which, by careful watching and judicious training, becomes the sturdy tree about which all the other virtues and attributes cling as the vine to the oak, and without which support few of these virtues would ever grow sufficiently tall to be in any way conspicuous.

What fills our drunkard's graves? Lack of self control; for few are those addicted to intoxication but will tell you they know it is wrong, but they "can't help it." Some there be, 'tis true, who maintain that they do no wrong, and they really seem to believe it, but these are happily the "mighty few."

What fills our prisons? This same deadly evil, want of self control. The impulse to do wrong, the longing for another's property or his wife, the anger that sears the brain and shrivels the heart, seizes a man, and, having been taught little or no self government, he loses his self control and gives rein to the plunging beast of passion which carries him over the precipice; and the man that would have been but for one moment's madness, is dashed below and, if not crushed for all time, remains at best but a cripple.

What is true of our drunkard's graves, our prisons, and our almshouses, is likewise true of our insane asylums. There are many cases of positive insanity that have risen from a devilish temper. It is argued that the disease which produced the insanity produced the vile temper. Supposing this premise to be correct the converse of the proposition is equally true, i. e. what would have controlled the temper would have gone a great way towards controlling the disease.

Children have been known to fall down in fits, real convulsions of an epileptic nature, because some desired article was refused. What then? Such nervous irritability can be controlled in a great measure by judicious management on the part of a parent.

Look at the almost babes-in-arms, one reads of daily being arraigned before this judge or that for what? *Murder!* A fit of anger over some trifle and the boy of eleven whips out a knife and plunges it into the breast of a boy of nine. A mother refuses to allow her son to go somewhere or do something, and he forthwith brains her with an axe or a flatiron. And the verdict is insanity! Insanity! Not a bit of it. It is pure wicked want of self control for which the murdered parent herself is mainly responsible. O Mothers! Mothers! Little do you think of the awful responsibility you are taking on yourselves when you permit your children to display fits of temper, towards yourself or their playmates, without serious reproof, because in your estimation "they are so little that they do not know it is wrong."

Take to heart the fact that such a course of training is well calculated to fit them for the gallows. The sad story of a poor mother told not long ago needs no comment. "I had lost one child," she said, "and I indulged the second one. I never attempted to control him nor taught him to control himself." "At last," she added brokenly, tears choking her voice, "at last, the law took it out of my hands; they hung him."

O mothers, if you would have your sons and daughters good citizens, respected and self-respecting, if you would work for their eternal welfare, teach them self control.

SMALL TRUSTS.

We read of the "Great Unwashed" but story has been comparatively silent in regard to the "Great Unfaithful." Yet their name is legion, a legion which can hold its own, nay, even put to rout, the members of the "Unwashed." The Unfaithful are not only those who deny the tenets of religion, who beat their wives, who starve their children, who steal their neighbor's wives or goods, who betray bank trusts. There is another tribe of unfaithful ones which far out numbers any or all of these. It is those who betray small trusts. Babies are taught with their earliest breath to repeat

"Little drops of water,
 Little grains of sand,"

and one would think that a race of human beings into whom this had been ground day after day, year after year, century after century, would finally have absorbed some sense of the great importance of little things and of moral obligation in the minor matters of life. How utterly at fault this premise is, nine tenths of the people with whom one has small dealings, are an evidence. You make an engagement with Jones to go to the Park for instance, for an afternoon walk. Reaching the rendezvous and not seeing him, after a good half-hour of waiting, you, being a man exceedingly particular as to engagements, are naturally rather incensed.

Seeing him later, you say, "Hello, Jones! You're a nice sort of a fellow! I waited for you a half-hour yesterday?"

"Did? Why it was so frightfully hot that I didn't think you'd go, so I stayed at home and kept cool," and Jones is as complacent as if he were the one who had kept his engagement and you were the one at fault, (more so, in fact, we fancy).

If Smith borrows five thousand dollars, he is extremely anxious to pay it, and would regard himself a scoundrel if he did not refund the money the first moment he could. If he borrows five cents to pay his carfare, he seldom, if ever, thinks of his obligation again.

Five cents is a small matter perhaps, in the abstract. The question considered is not one of sum but of principle.

"He who borrows and does not repay" says some one, "is guilty of stealing." (Not intentionally perhaps, but he is certainly guilty of keeping that which is not his own even if he have not originally abstracted it without the knowledge of the owner. When a man asks for a gift, it is one thing but when he desires a loan, his moral obligation to repay that loan be it large or small, is precisely the same.

To ask for a loan is to give a tacit I. O. U. and the act should be so regarded by every one.

Another class of those faithless to small trusts, is that which intrenches itself behind the ever ready "O, I forgot." When such people forget, it is not thoughtlessness but a culpable failure to remember.

It is a fact, so well demonstrated that elaboration on the subject here is unnecessary, that the memory can be stimulated by a strong desire to remember, and them who will do something if he thinks of it, generally manages to forget all about it, and this short coming is all sufficient for them as an excuse, should, in their estimation, pass current with you as a plea for pardon. That

you should be put to inconvenience by their forgetfulness is certainly unpleasant for you and as such is a fact to be deplored, but it is something with which they have nothing to do, though they sympathize with you in your discomfort.

Such forgetfulness, if not a sin of commission is certainly a sin of omission.

To relate a fact, a man, (a gentleman and a business man,) said once upon a time laughingly, "People used to ask me to attend to their commissions, but I made it a point to forget their commissions and leave their bundles in the cars so often, that they have given up asking me any more," and he chuckled as if he had done a really smart thing, instead of a very selfish one.

It is doubtless an annoyance to any man to be constantly burdened with commissions, but how much more manly to honestly say so, than to accept a trust if ever so small, with the distinct intention of betraying it, or at least, the distinct intention of doing nothing to keep it in mind.

There would be dignity in saying, "I really have no time to attend to anything for anybody," and the speaker would attain the reputation for being a very busy man, instead of a very selfish one. (However, the latter opinion would be the more true perhaps). By so doing he would confer a real favor for some one else would attend to the commission, either for love or for money, and the disappointed one would not be disappointed after all.

The selfish ones are not always those who take the largest apple in the basket, nor the warmest place by the fire, neither are the unfaithful ones always those who betray bank trusts, or loving hearts.

Blessed indeed is he of whom it can be truthfully said, He was "Faithful in Little things."

CORRESPONDENCE.

"E. J. A." can get Lincrusta Walton from J. Marshing & Co., 27 Park Place, N. Y.

Mrs. M. LAUGHLIN, Lamertine, Ohio, will send, on receipt of ten cents, diaper pattern, two sizes.

ANSWER TO AN INQUIRER.—Lace shades can be had from John Wanamaker from \$4.00 to \$6.50 per shade.

To some one who desires to know how to renovate feathers at home:—If she will lay her feather ticks and pillows on snow in winter, it does very nicely. If the snow is damp so much better. Please try and report,

A SUBSCRIBER.

SPRING GROVE, VA., Aug. 25th, '86.

Ed. L. H. J.:—Can you tell me if a nun's veiling which was dyed a cardinal, and did not dye evenly, will take a seal brown, or any other dark shade? And oblige, MISS MATTIE T. GREENE. [Yea.—Ed. Jour.]

MANAYUNK, 8, 25, 1886.

Having seen in Answers to Correspondents that "Lavinia" says that Peruvian Syrup is a sure cure for gall stones, will Lavinia please tell me more particulars! how large a dose, or whether it should be taken by the advice of a physician? And kindly oblige, Mrs. J. H. GALLATI.

"LA VERITE":—We are sorry not to comply with your request. Having published two letters we have received on both sides of the question. Your communication awaits your order. A communication addressed to any periodical should always be accompanied with full name and address of writer, no matter what *non de plume* has been assumed for publication.—Ed.

POTSDAM, N. Y., Aug. 27, 1886

Ed. L. H. J.:—In answer to the question I saw in that department of the paper, asking what would remove ink stains from carpet, I would give the following remedy: Sprinkle salt over the soiled spot and pour on boiling water; do it several times if necessary. I would like to know whether communications are to be sent to the publishers or to the editors. E. M. H.

HOLLY, NEW YORK, Aug. 19, 1886.

ED. JOURNAL:—Will you kindly inform me through your paper, where I can obtain Blaine's "Twenty Years in Congress," and the "Life and Letters of Elizabeth Prentiss?"

We are greatly pleased with your paper, and have renewed our subscription.

Yours respectfully, A YOUNG GIRL.

[The books you inquire about can be procured from Porter & Coates, Philadelphia, at the following prices: Blaine's Twenty Years in Congress, 2 volumes, \$3.75 per volume; Life and Letters of Elizabeth Prentiss, \$1.00.]—Ed. Jour.

ED. JOURNAL:—In one of your late numbers I saw directions in regard to erasing, or scratching a word with a knife, suggesting that you rewrite and then scratch the unnecessary lines. I have another way which I should think would need less care, viz., scratch the word or letter as carefully as possible with a sharp knife, and then, turning your pen over, write with the back, and the ink will not run. I find it quite convenient, and hope it may be a hint to some who have not thought of it. Also, a piece of potato or apple lying near the inkstand will assist a new pen to shed the ink, by simply pushing the pen in once or twice. I think it much better than moistening the end in the mouth as I have been told to do. IZA.

DEAR EDITOR:—I send a recipe for cleaning soiled ribbons or silk, which is excellent. 1 tablespoonful each of honey soft soap and alcohol, Melt honey and soap over the fire, then after taking from stove add the alcohol and a spoonful or more of rain water, then take a soft brush and dip in mixture and brush your silk back and forth, placing silk on board or clean table. When thoroughly cleaned rinse in several waters (rain water) by drawing silk or ribbon through the hand to get out all the soap. Roll up in a sheet and iron damp. Put a cloth over the silk before ironing. Have iron hot enough to iron nicely. Silks cleaned in this way look new and fresh—of course some colors fade. I washed a green and grey and black silk, and they looked beautifully. Very truly, HELEN V.

LIME SPRINGS, July 31, 1886.

DEAR SISTERS:—With very young infants please use very fine grated nutmeg with browned lichen, instead of fresh grease of any kind. It is very heating, therefore acts like a charm. I have known cases when the cord seemed almost decomposed, to heal and come off nicely in two days' time.

Can any of the sisters give me the words to these old pieces? "Old Dog Tray," and "Hard Times Come Again No More." These are old pieces and I would be much pleased to get them. The chorus of "Dog Tray" is this:

"Old Dog Tray is ever faithful,
 Grief cannot drive him away,
 He's gentle and he's kind,
 And you'll never, never find
 A better friend than Old Dog Tray."

If the sisters' who are unable to run their sewing machines would have their 8-or-9-year-old boy or girl, (if they are fortunate enough to have them,) sit back of the machine, they can run it quite as well, and the delicate mother can sit before the machine and guide the work as well as tho' they killed themselves running the machine. I was thankful for this discovery and I hope it will benefit others. Doc's WIFE.

We are in receipt of a very pleasant letter from Mrs. M. H. Valentine, 186 Essex St., Bangor, Maine, in which she expresses herself as delighted with the little gold watch just received from us as a premium. She pronounces it an excellent time keeper, a perfect beauty, and perfectly satisfactory in every way. We congratulate her upon its possession.

Ed. L. H. J.:—Some months ago I saw in your correspondence column an inquiry in regard to the Florence Lamp Stove. May I state my experience?

We have found the stove in every way satisfactory—one might almost say more than satisfactory. As a lady writes: "It is a treasure and we would not be without one for many times its cost." By the advertisement one can judge little of its value. It gives both light and heat, and with it water can be brought to a boil, or any hot drink prepared in less time than it usually takes to kindle a fire. As we have proved, it is very desirable in a sick room, and with proper care, is no more liable to smoke than a common lamp. In ordinary work it will heat an iron, cook various articles of food, and has, besides, an oven attachment for baking.

Should one wish a larger oil stove, none, we think, could do better work than those of the Florence make. The Company is reliable, and by fair dealing must win the confidence of all.

Our family being small, we find the Florence Junior with extension J does our cooking nicely, and besides,—with the heater attached,—gives out a most pleasant warmth on a chance cold morning. The saving in labor, as well as heat, is wonderful. No wood to split or bring in, no hungry fire to feed, simply a reservoir full of oil, to begin each baking, and then the heat regulated by turning the wick up or down. Would that every weary, hurried housewife might have both labor and heart lightened, as ours have been, by a Florence Oil Stove. K. L. D.

Ed. L. H. J.:—I wish to tell the readers of the JOURNAL how well I succeeded in washing some old black gupure lace, also some hand-made white lace which had taken on other hue than that of age.

For the gupure I took about a pint of strong coffee, a little hot, soft water, and a tablespoonful of strong aqua ammonia. In this I squeezed and pressed the lace but did not rub. After squeezing dry I rinsed in more coffee and water in which I had dissolved one tablespoonful of granulated sugar—this for stiffening. I hung out in the sun until nearly dry, then clapped in my hands until nearly dry, pulling out each point or scallop. It is now replaced as trimming, and save for a few darts with black silk twist, you would think it fresh from the manufacturer's hands.

The hand-made point, which was very delicate, (the price of which I dare not mention, since those who have not a penchant or weakness for fine laces might deem me extravagant,) I avoided manipulating by winding over a large bottle, and placing in a cold suds, in which there was a liberal supply of ammonia. I placed the dish—a new pan—on the range, where it would gently simmer, turning the bottle over from time to time. Then I squeezed and pressed the lace in the water without removing from the bottle. After the same process in soft, warm rinsing water, I pressed as dry as possible and put out in the sun a few moments. When dry it unwound from the bottle looking as new as the day—some five years' since—that I became its possessor.

I would tell an inquirer that the best piano polish which I have tried is called Imperial Polish, prepared by W. J. Dyer, music dealer, of St. Paul, Minn. It is warranted free from injurious chemicals. It is very easily applied, and produces a lasting polish, leaving no sticky surface, as have other polishes which I have used.

I reply to another inquiry I would say: soak table damask or children's aprons, in kerosene, previous to laundering, to remove the stains of apples, pears, or peaches.

FANNY FANSHAW.

WESTBORO, Wis., Sept. 18, 1886.

DEAR EDITOR:—I have been a subscriber of your paper since March, and value it highly. I have no brilliant idea which I wish to air, but I have a good deal of fault to find with the sisters, for the spirit of retaliation possessed by them, and in which they indulge so freely. I was not a subscriber in January, and therefore did not read "Poppy's" letter which called forth such a fierce tirade from "Bell," in the July number, in which she quoted the words of Jesus as coming from the lips of General Grant. Then in the August number "Poppy" must take up the cudgel—pen—in self-defence. Well, I fear if I had been out in a boat on a deep pond with these dear sisters I should have considered them candidates for immersion. However, my sympathies are all with "Poppy" for I think she is honest in her endeavor to aid inexperienced mothers, by her counsel and advice.

Then Mrs. Herrick must come out so strongly against servant girls that one who had held that position must have felt their heart swell with indignation. I will leave her to the "tender mercies" of "Elsie Rose," for I think she met a "foe worthy of her steel" in the person of that individual, as she defends servants so valiantly that I felt like crying "Bravo!"

"Mrs. Emma C. Hewitt" gives her views in regard to the training of children.

"Mrs. Clara D. Armstrong" instead of giving her views in a friendly spirit, begins by saying she doubts the truth of "Mrs. Hewitt's" story. Pretty strong language for one who is leaning upon Jesus, day by day. Do not thus deceive yourself, sister, but when you feel like telling a fellow being they lie, just say with all the force you can muster: "Get thee behind me, Satan."

Let us strive to exchange ideas in a christian spirit, and not bring our beloved JOURNAL into disrepute by wrangling. I heard one person remark that the sisters of "the HOME JOURNAL" were as quarrelsome as politicians.

"John's Wife" is a model of good sense and we have yet to hear her speak of others' theories in a harsh or unkindly manner.

I have had my say, and sincerely hope that you will not all declare war against me at one time, lest I be annihilated. H. M. M.

If "Pinkie" will pour some sweet milk on the ink stain in her carpet, leave it over night, then wash with soap and water, the stains will come out. L. M. M.

ASHLAND, PA.



(FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.)
COTTAGE DINNERS.

BY CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK.

The practice of publishing bills of fare accompanied by recipes for the preparation of the various viands enumerated has become extremely popular of late years. Few leading household magazines and journals lack some department of this sort. With all due respect for their compilers, who are often highly skilled in culinary matters, it may be said that one fault marks all these menus, valuable as many of them are. They are written either for those who can afford to engage trained cooks, or else for those who have abundant leisure to devote to the concoction of elaborate dishes. But to the thrifty housewife who has the aid of only one maid-of-all-work in the management of her home, or to her who is forced to make the charge of the culinary department only one of a number of equally pressing duties to be accomplished by her own hands, such directions are more often a discouragement than a help. She reads descriptions of dishes far beyond the limits of her purse in cost or of her time in preparation and goes back sighingly to the old round of tough steaks, stringy chops and juiceless roasts.

Yet it has been abundantly demonstrated that a wholesome variety may be obtained without a large added expenditure of time or money. To illustrate this truth will be the aim of this series of papers. Each month the dinners for a consecutive week will be given, thus affording opportunity to direct how to dispose of the "left overs" from day to day. For the present, the breakfasts and suppers may be left to take care of themselves. The faculty of making the best of things and of manufacturing tempting and novel dishes from simple or hackneyed materials is one that grows marvelously with practice. If the outline for seven days meals may lighten by a feather's weight the burden upon even one housekeeper's shoulders, or give her a suggestion which will render less sickeningly monotonous the never ending, still beginning toll of catering to her family, the writer will be more than rewarded.

SUNDAY.

- Braised veal with tomato sauce.
- Bolled potatoes,
- Sliced beets,
- Succotash,
- Almond tapioca custard,
- Almond cream cake.

BRAISED VEAL.

Order from the butcher a breast of veal, or as it is sometimes called, a "pocket" of veal, in which there is left a cavity for stuffing. Fill this with a forcemeat of finely chopped salt pork and bread crumbs, well seasoned with pepper, salt, a very little onion and sweet herbs. Lay in a dripping pan, pour over it a large cup of boiling water, cover with another pan and bake slowly, about fifteen minutes to the pound. Baste once or twice and turn the meat over when it is about half cooked. When done, transfer it to a hot dish, cool the gravy by setting it in cold water, skim, heat again to boiling, add half the liquor drained from a can of tomatoes, and thicken with browned flour. Gravies for roasts of all kinds should invariably be thickened with browned flour. The practice of using uncooked flour for thickening is unpleasantly common, and should be avoided by all those who aspire to really dainty and savory cookery. Not only is the appearance of the gravy affected but the taste as well. It is easy to brown a good quantity of flour at a time and keep it on hand in a glass jar or tin box with a closely fitting top.

BOILED POTATOES.

Select large firm ones, put on in slightly salted boiling water and cook until tender. Drain off the water, leave them in the pot long enough to become dry and floury and serve folded in a napkin laid in a vegetable dish. Many cooks claim that it makes potatoes mealy to give them two or three vigorous shakes in the pot after the water has been drained off entirely.

SLICED BEETS.

Wash carefully and boil for an hour. Scrape the skin off, slice thin, and pour over them a tablespoonful of melted butter, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar and pepper and salt to taste. Serve either very hot or very cold.

SUCCOTASH.

Eight ears of corn,
One cup and a half of shelled lima beans.
Boil the beans half an hour in slightly salted water. Cut the corn from the cob, add to the beans and stew gently half an hour longer. Drain off the water and pour in half a cupful of boiling milk into which has been stirred two teaspoonfuls of butter rolled in as much flour. Season, cook fifteen minutes longer and serve. This dish can be made with the canned corn and beans, but the fresh will be found more palatable. In either case serve very hot.

ALMOND TAPIOCA CUSTARD.

One cup of pearl tapioca, soaked in a cup and a half of cold water,
One pint of milk,
Four eggs,
One cup sugar,
Two teaspoonfuls vanilla flavoring,
Quarter of a pound of shelled almonds, blanched and shelled very fine.
Soak the tapioca over night in the water. Heat the milk in a double boiler with a tiny pinch of soda. Add to it the soaked tapioca, and simmer until this is tender. Beat the yolks of the eggs light with the sugar, stir into it the boiling tapioca by cautious degrees and return to the fire. Cook until the custard has a creamy look and taste, which should be in about ten minutes. Turn out into a bowl and when cool, stir in the flavoring and the almonds. Just before it is to be eaten,

whip the whites of the eggs to a meringue with a little powdered sugar and heap upon the top of your custard.

This dessert, it will be seen, must be prepared the day before it is to be eaten. This is the best plan to pursue with all Sunday desserts, as by this course the labor of dinner getting,—always heavy enough, is materially lightened.

ALMOND CREAM CAKE.

- Two cups of sugar,
 - Half a cup of butter,
 - Four eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately and very light,
 - Three cups prepared flour,
 - One cup of cold water,
 - One lemon, the juice and grated peel.
- Cream the butter and sugar, add the lemon, the yolks of the eggs, the water, flour and the whites. Beat hard and bake in jelly cake tins.

Filling.

- One cup of milk,
- Three teaspoonfuls of corn starch,
- One egg,
- Half a cup of sugar,
- Half a cup of almonds, blanched and chopped fine,
- One teaspoonful of vanilla.

Heat the milk to boiling, thicken with the corn-starch wet in a little cold milk, pour upon the whipped yolk of the egg and sugar and cook all together for ten minutes. Take from the fire, and when cool add the flavoring and the almonds. Spread thickly between the layers of cake.

A simple icing may be made by beating the reserved whites up with powdered sugar and a little lemon juice or bitter almond flavoring.

MONDAY.

- Veal Pate,
- Baked Potatoes,
- Scalloped Tomatoes,
- Fruit.

VEAL PATE.

One small cupful of rice,
One egg,
Half cupful of milk,
Remains of cold veal, chopped,
Gravy left from yesterday.
Boil the rice in plenty of water at breakfast time, and when cold work to a stiff paste with the milk and the beaten egg. With this line a well greased brown bread mould, or if this is not available a small tin pail, and fill the centre with the chopped meat moistened with gravy and well seasoned. The stuffing will make a pleasant addition. Spread more of the rice on the top, fasten on a tight cover and boil hard for an hour and a half. Turn out and pour the remains of your sauce or gravy about the base of the pate. A very nice gravy may be made out of the bones from which the veal has been cut. These may cook at the side of the stove, as may the pot containing the mould without interfering with the boiler.

BAKED POTATOES.

Potatoes roasted in their jackets are generally a popular dish, but they are sometimes sent to the table with the aforesaid jackets bearing too strong a reminder of mother earth to be altogether agreeable. Potatoes to be served in their skins should be very thoroughly washed. It is best to keep a small stiff brush for the especial purpose of scrubbing them. Cook them until they yield readily to the pressure of the thumb and finger, and send to table wrapped in a napkin.

SCALLOPED TOMATOES.

Cover the bottom of a greased shallow baking dish with bread crumbs and on this lay the tomatoes left over from the can opened yesterday, first chopping them to avoid lumps. Sprinkle with salt, pepper and sugar, cover with another layer of crumbs and dot this with small bits of butter. Bake covered twenty minutes and then brown.

FRUIT.

In the busy households, where every added item of work on Monday is a burden, a dish of grapes and pears or even of apples, will prove the easiest dessert. Let the fruit be arranged temptingly and decorated with a few green sprays, or autumnal leaves, the plates supplied with finger bowls, dollies and fruit knives. In this day, when pretty Japanese finger bowls can be purchased at twenty and twenty-five cents apiece, one can easily get a pretty harlequin collection that will cost far less than a more pretentious set and be fully as ornamental. The Japanese paper mats, selling at fifty cents a dozen make excellent dollies and if carefully handled, will last for some time.

TUESDAY.

- Salmon au gratin,
- Mashed Potatoes, Stewed Macaroni,
- Celery,
- Bolled Chestnuts.

SALMON AU GRATIN.

One can salmon,
One cup drawn butter,
Fine bread crumbs.
Pick the salmon to pieces with a fork, carefully removing the bone, and stir into it the drawn butter. Season to taste, add the juice of half a lemon, and pour into a buttered pudding dish. Cover with the crumbs, and bake covered ten minutes. Uncover and brown. Pass sliced lemon with this.

MASHED POTATO.

Peel potatoes, cut in pieces and boil in slightly salted water until tender. Beat with a fork until light and creamy, then whip in a good tablespoonful of butter and enough hot milk to soften the mixture to the desired consistency. The housekeeper will do well to use the small potatoes for such purposes as this keeping the large ones for roasting and boiling whole. It is also a good plan to cook a generous supply of mashed potatoes, as they can be utilized in so many forms.

STEWED MACARONI.

The best variety of macaroni to use is the spaghetti, a size between the pipe and the vermicelli. Break half a pound of this into inch length, thus simplifying its management for the eaters, and put it into salted hot water. Boil half an hour, or until tender. Drain in a colander, pour into a dish and stir into it a tablespoonful of butter melted in hot milk and two tablespoonfuls of grated cheese. Set in the oven a few minutes before sending it to the table.

CELERY.

Wash and pick over carefully, selecting the whitest and freshest pieces. Send to table in a celery dish, or a high goblet, with ice about the celery. Pretty, long, shallow dishes are now sold for this use.

BOILED CHESTNUTS.

This is an easy dish for ironing day and to most people, a pleasant one. Boil the chestnuts until tender, drain dry, moisten with a little melted butter and sprinkle with salt. Serve piping hot. A good cup of tea is a refreshing adjunct to Tuesday's dinner.

WEDNESDAY.

- Mutton Chops with Eggs,
- Potato Puff, Baked Sweet Potatoes,
- Bread and Apple Pudding.

MUTTON CHOPS WITH EGGS.

For this dish the dainty French chops that are at once so delicious and so expensive need not be used. The large, coming further down the leg and resembling cutlets more than chops are quite as good. Beat them hard with the flat of a hatchet crushing the bones, and dip each first into beaten egg and then into cracker crumbs. Have ready plenty of boiling hot dripping in a frying pan. Test it with a piece of bread, and if this browns almost instantly the fat is in proper condition. Fry the chop a good brown, remove with a skimmer and place on a hot platter. Fry an egg for each chop and lay them on the meat.

POTATO PUFF.

Two cupfuls of cold mashed potato. A little foresight the previous day will result in having this already in the pantry.

Yolks of two eggs. Reserve the whites for the pudding.

Half a cupful of milk.
One teaspoonful of butter.
Beat the potato until it is free from lumps. Whip the eggs light, stir in this and the milk, butter and salt and pepper to taste and bake in a buttered pudding dish. It should be eaten as soon as ready, as it is apt to fall as it cools.

BAKED SWEET POTATOES.

Wash and wipe sweet potatoes and bake on the floor of the oven until soft to the touch.

BREAD AND APPLE PUDDING.

Cut enough slices of stale bread to fill a baking dish, trimming the crust from each piece. Butter the slices lightly, place a layer of them in the bottom of a greased pudding dish and moisten them with milk. Spread thickly with apple sauce, sprinkle with sugar, and then repeat the layer of bread. Continue with this until the dish is full, making bread the last layer. Bake covered half an hour, draw to the door of the oven and heap on it a meringue made of the whites of egg saved from the potato puff, beaten up with a little sugar. Brown lightly and eat cold with sugar and cream.

THURSDAY.

- Corned Beef,
- Stuffed Potatoes, Creamed Cold Slaw,
- Rice Croquette with Jelly Sauce.

CORNED BEEF.

Buy a piece from the round, taking care that it is not too fat. Soak overnight in cold water. Put it on the stove in plenty of warm water, bring to the boil slowly and cook about twenty minutes to the pound.

For sauce, make drawn butter. Take a cupful of the pot liquor, strain and stir into it two teaspoonfuls of melted butter rolled in a good tablespoonful of flour and a little tart pickle minced fine.

Set aside the liquor for soup.

STUFFED POTATOES.

Select fine large potatoes and bake until tender. Cut off the ends, scoop out the contents with the handle of a spoon and work soft with butter, hot milk, pepper, salt, and if desired, a little grated cheese. Return the mixture to the skins, mounding it up on the open ends and, with these uppermost, set the potatoes in the oven for five minutes. Eat from the skin.

CREAMED COLD SLAW.

Half a firm white cabbage,
Two teaspoonfuls of butter,
One cup of vinegar,
Half cup of milk,
One egg,
One teaspoonful flour,
One tablespoonful sugar.
Heat the vinegar to scalding, and add the sugar and seasoning. Stir into this the cabbage and take from the stove. In another vessel heat the milk and thicken with the flour rubbed smooth with the flour. Pour this on the egg, whipped light, return to the fire and cook five minutes and pour over the cabbage. Mix thoroughly. Eat very cold.

RICE CROQUETTES.

Two cupfuls cold boiled rice,
One egg,
Two teaspoonfuls sugar,
" " butter.
Beat the egg, whipped light with the sugar and butter, into the rice, guarding carefully against lumps. Shape the mixture into croquettes by rolling between the flour-d hands. Coat with flour. Make them some hours before they are needed that they may be firm. Fry in very hot dripping, lay in a colander and sprinkle with powdered sugar.

JELLY SAUCE.

Half small cup of boiling water,
Half cup currant or other tart jelly,
Two teaspoonfuls cornstarch,
One tablespoonful butter.
Wet up the cornstarch with a little cold water and stir into the boiling water. Cook until it thickens and add the butter. Beat in the jelly, and pour over the croquettes.

FRIDAY.

- White Soup,
- Baked Cod with Cheese,
- Mashed Potato,
- Pea Pancakes,
- Nuts and Raisins.

WHITE SOUP.

Skim all grease from the liquor in which the corn beef was boiled and clear it by heating to a boil and breaking into it the white and shell of an egg. Boil up hard and strain. Return to the stove and when it is once more boiling stir in a couple of tablespoonfuls of corn starch rubbed smooth in a cupful of milk. Dip out a little of the soup and pour it on two beaten eggs, doing this carefully, to avoid curdling them. Pour these into the rest of the soup, add a good handful of chopped parsley and send to the table. This will be found a cheap and palatable soup.

BAKED COD WITH CHEESE.

Soak overnight a piece of salt cod. In the morning, pick to pieces, removing all bits of skin or bone. Heat a cup of milk to boiling, and thicken with four good teaspoonfuls of corn starch, rubbed into a tablespoonful of butter. When the gravy is smooth and thick, add the flaked cod. Let this become thoroughly heated and pour into a greased baking dish. Strew the top thickly with grated cheese and brown in the oven.

MASHED POTATO.

may be prepared as directed before, again taking care to prepare a larger amount than is needed for the day.

PEA PANCKLES.

Drain the liquor from a can of peas and put them over the fire in enough boiling water to cover them. Cook tender, pour off the water and mash them very smooth with the back of a spoon.

Rub into them two teaspoonfuls of butter and pepper and salt to taste. Whip up one egg, add a cupful of milk, half a cupful of flour and a teaspoonful of baking powder and stir the peas into this. Bake as one does griddlecakes and eat hot with butter as a vegetable.

NUTS AND RAISINS.

Hickory nuts, walnuts, butternuts, almonds, filberts, etc., are apt to be cheap and plenty at this time of year. They make a good dessert balanced by a dish of raisins.

SATURDAY.

- Scalloped Beef,
- Mashed Turnips, Buttered Sweet Potatoes,
- Soft Gingerbread,
- Cocoatina.

SCALLOPED BEEF.

Chop the remains of your corned beef fine, as for hash, put into a greased pudding dish and moisten with gravy or drawn butter into which has been stirred a good teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce. Be very careful that the mince is not too dry. Spread over the top a thick layer of mashed potato which has been softened by the addition of half a cupful of milk, a beaten egg, and a tablespoonful of butter. Salt and pepper to taste. Bake covered twenty minutes and then brown.

MASHED TURNIPS.

Drop, after peeling and slicing into cold water, to prevent their blackening. Put over the fire in slightly salted boiling water and stew gently until soft. Drain very dry, mash smooth and return to the pot with a spoonful of butter and seasoning to taste. Eat very hot.

BUTTERED SWEET POTATOES.

Boil the potatoes in their skins until soft. Peel them and slice them lengthwise, butter liberally, lay in a hot dish and set them in the oven for two minutes before sending them to the table.

SOFT GINGERBREAD.

Two cups of flour,
Half cupful of sugar,
Half cupful of flour,
One cupful of sour milk or cream,
Butter the size of an egg,
One teaspoonful of cinnamon,
One teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a little boiling water and stirred into the milk.
Cream butter and sugar, stir in the molasses, spice, the milk and soda, last of all the flour. Beat very hard for five minutes and bake in a large card. Eat warm, and break instead of cutting it. Add more flour, should it seem too thin.

COCOATINA.

This preparation of chocolate, manufactured by H. O. Wilbur & Sons of 1211 Clover St., Philadelphia, is one of the lightest and most delicious beverages. Full directions accompany each package.

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HALFORD SAUCE.
THE GREAT RELISH.

RIDGE'S FOOD FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS

How to insure a happy childhood is a question of great moment to those who for any reason are unable to furnish the little one with nature's supply; while the selection of a wet nurse is attended with much difficulty and risk. Send to WOOLRICH & CO., Pa. mer. Mass., for pamphlets on the proper rearing of children. Ridge's Food has successfully reared more children than all other foods combined. Remember that Ridge's Food is not a new and untried preparation, but has stood the test of time.

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(FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.) AUTUMN STYLES.

Novelties for November in Hats and Bonnets. A Few Fall Wraps. High Art Dress Goods, and Pretty Inexpensive Fabrics for beautiful Garments. Late Fashions in Skirts and Corsages. The Newest Concepts in Shoes.

BY MRS. JAS. H. LAMBERT.

The fancy for wearing stylish hats and bonnets of straw, in the various popular braids, will last until the earlier winter winds have whirled away the brilliant hued autumn leaves, and then new shapes in felt and the bonnets covered with velvet, plush, brocade and cloth will be generally adopted.

The brim of almost any head covering of straw or felt, whatever its shape may be, is lined or faced with plain velvet, or silk arranged in folds, shirred or puffed. High trimmings adorn the tall crowns of elegant hats, and velvet, plush, gros grain and satin ribbons, with flowers, feathers, plumes or tips are used upon capotes and curiously shaped hats.

The trimmed bonnets have wider strings than were worn last year, and bunches of natural looking fruit are arranged with peculiar loops of the ribbon or material used for decorative purposes. In a new and handsome hat, the velvet lined brim is upturned at the back, and puff folds of the trimmings are brought up in the back, laid high and carelessly over the top of crown, and then supplemented in front with upstanding loops of ribbon, and bunches of flowers which rest on front of crown one below the other, down to the brim.

Accompanying the new suits in any one of the fashionable woolen materials are jaunty jackets, fitted or half-fitted. Sometimes trimmed but more frequently with only the buttons for ornamentations, the style consisting simply in the cut, and manner of putting the garment together, and its perfection in finish. Long dust coats and traveling cloaks come in plain and rough cloths, while charming little mantles for full dress, are in dozens of pretty graceful shapes, in velvet, plushes, brocades, satins, and other handsome materials, trimmed in fanciful conceits with laces, fringes, passementeries, and the handsome bead ornaments which are still so popular.

For elegant novelties in dress goods, a high price must be paid, and but few of our readers can aspire to possess a dress of the superb fabrics which cost from \$5.00 to \$12.00 a yard. Some have ground, in wool or camel's hair, with stripes or figures in plush, or velvet, and others show corded silk or scicilene ground with stripes in plush or velvet.

In one style, the grounds are in satin finished cords, with center stripes of velvet flowers in rich and perfect colors, in exquisite hand painted or shaded effects. Another pattern shows velvet stripes with fern leaves in velvet and frise effects, while neat stripes and plain surfaced goods in velvet and plush, come in dozens of styles and colors at from \$1.25 to \$3.00 and \$5.00 a yard. Good plushes for fancy work cost \$1.50, \$1.75, or \$2.00 a yard, and come in all desirable colors. Splendid Arcadia Velveteens in the hues and shades of new woolen goods will be used for handsome and enduring costumes, or for skirts to be worn under draperies of some pliable silken and woolen goods. Lovely grades of these Arcadia Velveteens cost only \$1.00 and \$1.25 a yard, and suits of them can be worn in all weathers without injury to the material.

Among the novelties in stylish dress goods are the English checks and plaids, in Camel's hair, and soft wools, and then there are useful goods in broken checks and plaids in best wool that cost 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.25 a yard. Hair line striped goods 42 to 54 inches wide are cheaper than they were in August, costing now 75c, \$1.00, \$1.25 and \$1.50, and the still newer hair line checks are sold at the same prices, save the finest grade which is marked \$1.75 a yard. Fine all wool serges in useful colors cost from 75c. to \$1.25 a yard, and plain Ladies cloths 52 and 54 inches wide are 75c. and \$1.00.

Still cheaper and very fashionable are the silk and wool goods showing minute checks and stripes the body being in black, brown, gray, blue with white dashes; these are 55c. a yard, and a fabric with durable hair line stripes, is 38 inches wide, and costs 50c. a yard. All wool French cashmeres in new colors are also 50c. a yard, and still more expensive grades run as high as \$1.25 while the lovely two faced colored Henriettas are \$1.50 a yard. For good service there are Camel's hair suitings in plain colors and mixtures at 50c. a yard, and an extra quality Camel's hair serge in street colors is sold for 37 1/2c. a yard.

As usual B. Priestly & Co. send out from their English Bradford, some most elegant novelties in black silk-warp dress goods. The odd silk-warp Camel's hair fabrics, both the plain and those with raised diagonal lines, are very handsome, and very rich is the new Maria Theresa, which resembles corded silk, and is soft and pliable hence susceptible of being most gracefully arranged in draperies. Real India Camel's hair in light, medium, and heavy weight, and rough twill Camel's hair are handsome to look at, and splendid to wear. These new goods of Priestly's like the celebrated silk-warp Henriettas come in the jet black and blue black and are in favor for mourning costumes, and full dress toilets for house and street wear.

Some decided bargains in black dress goods can be secured in November and December, so that costumes for fall and winter can be gotten up at small cost. A useful and stylish suit can be formed of the 44 inch wide Boucle cloth, at 50c. a yard. Then there is a 45 inch wide black diagonal homespun at 65c. a yard, and still another style of goods is a black diagonal texture with boucle stripe, a great bargain at 75c. a yard, recently sold for \$1.35, while a wider useful material is the 58 inch wide rough twill Camel's hair now offered for 85c. a yard, which cost the makers double that money. These bargain goods are all in style, handsome and will wear well, but they are not novel-

ties, hence they are sold, not for what they are worth, but for what they will bring.

Our own American productions in dress goods demand favorable recognition for although the standard varieties are widely accepted, their good wearing qualifications entitle them to more general approval and adoption. First among the silken novelties are the Cheney hair line silks, in dark blue, brown, and green, and black, with light hair lines, like the cloth for gentlemen's pantaloons, and the new woolen dress goods. Another durable and handsome silk from the same manufactory is the Tricotine or Jersey silk, in favor for graceful draperies, and stylish, perfect-fitting, elastic corsages. The reason why these, domestic or Cheney silks look quite as well, if not better, after being worn for a time, than they do when entirely new, is because they are of pure silk, without being "loaded," and hence have none of that objectionable gum, which can be realized when silks that have it are exposed to salt air or damp atmospheres, or when dresses of the impure silks are worn for traveling purposes and dusty rides. With the knowledge of these facts, it seems strange that our ladies will patronize a foreign silk simply for the glossy finish, which so often speedily changes to the wearing out "shine."

Some of the new skirts are made rather full, and when of the velvet or other heavy material, they are generally plain, that is the decorations, if any be used, are in bands, panels, plastrons and fronts of the rich combining fabric, instead of platings, and puffs of the more pliable goods, which alone form graceful draperies. The heavy textures are also converted into vests, waistcoats, plain plastrons, lapels, collars and cuffs, while any full portions of corsage and sleeves are of the softer fabric.

Plain and embroidered gants de suede are to be the gloves for general use this fall and winter, and the new dressed kid gloves come in appropriate shades to wear with the lately introduced suitings and other dress goods.

Straw shoes and slippers were among the curiosities exhibited at the recent State Fair in Philadelphia, and a decided novelty made in the miniature factory of the Day Sewed Shoe Manufacturing Co., in the Main building on the Fair Grounds is a quaint and stylish shoe of French kid or Kangaroo and kid, laid in front up to just above the instep, and buttoned at the side, above this point. Numbers of shoes ordered and made on the ground under the eye of the ladies who are to wear them had cloth tops or uppers of the cloth of their costumes, with kid or leather vamps, in some one of the new styles of these most comfortable shoes.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENCE.

"M. E. C."—Good, warm, cloth, all wool, in various widths from 42 to 56 inches, can cost you 50c. 75c. \$1.00, and \$1.25 a yard, bringing the entire dress with buttons and finishings to cost you anywhere from \$5.00 to \$10.00.

"Mrs. F. Jacobs—Beatrice, Dakota."—If the boy is near five years of age why not put him at once in pants? He will feel very manly, and besides he will be less trouble and expense, as you can get his clothes ready made for very little money, or you can make them yourself, if you have Demorest's patterns, and one of Demorest's \$19.50 Sewing Machines. The address is W. J. Demorest, No 17 East 14th St., New York, and you should write there for catalogue of patterns and information about sewing machine.

"Mrs. J. H. H. Elkton, Tenn."—You can get pattern of Infant's cloak from either Demorest or Butterick at about 25c. A ready made coat or cloak can cost you anywhere from \$5.00 to \$8.00. You can get pretty and inexpensiv wraps for children through the mail order department of Sharpless Brothers.

"Miss A. R. H."—The gloves you admire can be found at James McCreery's, N. Y. and Sharpless Brothers, Philadelphia.

"Mrs. T. Bethune," Ripon, Wis.—Yes, you can get Ball's corsets with elastic sections for Misses and Ladies, by writing either to the Chicago Corset Co., Chicago, or Chicago Corset Co., 402 Broadway, New York. You are right, both houses are in the hands of one and the same company.

"Stylish Girl."—"Miss E. C. P."—If your dresses and wraps are so very heavy, why not try one of the Alaska Down Bustles, they are said to be brave supports. You can get an illustrated circular or price list by writing direct to Alaska Down Co., 25 Waverly Place, N. Y. Say you were directed to do so in the Fashion Departments of The Ladies Home Journal.

"Little Mrs. Smith."—Don't wear the hair rolls, they make the head warm and moist. The Mikado rolls for the hair are of braided wire, and you will find them light and cool. You can get two for 25c. by waiting for them and sending the money to Weston and Wells, 1017 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.

"Country Merchant."—Have sent you desired information by mail. Contracts for wholesale lots of Day Sewed Shoes can be made by addressing W. W. Apsley, President D. S. Shoe Manufacturing Co., No 23 North Eighth St., Phila., Pa.

"Millinery Artist and Dressmaker."—If there is no special reason why you cannot visit New

Sharpless Brothers

Now offer Complete Assortments of Novelties in Fancy Velvets and Plushes, Plain and in Stripes and Checks. Also Dress Goods, Showing Odd Effects, in Plush and Velvet, on Wool Grounds, with Plain Wool Goods for Combinations. *Faule Francaise* and *Handames* in New Colors with Flowered Moires and Corded Silks. English Checks and Plaids in Camel's Hair and Soft Wools.

BARGAINS IN COLORED DRESS GOODS. Hair Line Stripes and Checks 42 to 54 in. wide, 50c. to \$1.75 a yard. Broken Checks and Plaids in Soft Woolen Goods, 75c. to \$1.25 a yard. Fine All-wool Serges 42 inches wide, 55c. to \$1.25 a yd. Plain Ladies Cloths 52 to 54 in. wide, 75c. to \$1.00 a yd. Tiny Checks and Dash Stripes, in Silk and Wool, in Four Combinations—New and Fashionable, 55c. a yard. All-wool French Cashmeres, all colors, 50c. a yard. Camel's Hair Suitings, in Street Colors and Mixtures, 50c. a yard. Camel's Hair Serge, 37 1/2 cents a yard.

SPECIAL VALUE SUITINGS IN BLACK. Black Diagonal Home Spun 43 in. wide, 65c. a yard. Black Boucle 44 inches wide, 50 cts. a yard. Black Diagonal with Boucle Stripe, 46 inches wide, a great bargain, 75c., marked down from \$1.35 a yard. Black Rough Twill Camel's Hair, 58 in. wide, 85c. a yd.

Write for Samples to Mail Order Department, SHARPLESS BROTHERS CHESTNUT AND EIGHTH STREETS, Philadelphia, Pa.

For further information about dress goods, read Fashion article in this number of LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, and please mention this paper in letter of advice to Sharpless Brothers.

York or Philadelphia, do so by all means, for one day's looking at novelties will teach you more than days and days of reading serials on styles. Certainly we will tell you or any of our friends exactly where they can find articles desired at wholesale or retail.

"Minette," Glenville, W. Va.—Get Plain or Hair line cloth for your suit, make kilted skirt and jacket with velvet vest. Have your hat made of the material and trimmed with velvet. The higher the crown of your hat is, the taller you will look. Wear your hair braided down your back, that is the prettiest and most simple manner of dressing the hair for young girls. You are entirely too young to use any kind of face powder.

"Farmer's Wife," and "Tired Housekeeper."—During the recent summer, ladies at the sea-shore, who could not get as much rain or soft water as they required, found great relief and advantage in using what they called "Hard Water Soap" which cleaned their clothes in even the sea-water and is said to be just as efficacious in lime, or any other hard water. Do not know the address of the maker, but you can procure circular of information about Hard Water and other labor saving soaps, by sending name and address in full with four cents in postage stamps to Mrs. J. H. L., Fashion Editor Ladies Home Journal, 441 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa., who is constantly on the outlook for articles to aid in their daily household work.

HIGH NOVELTIES IN DRESS GOODS.

JAMES McCREERY & CO

Announce the opening of Fall and Winter Dress Goods in New Styles and Fabrics, including many of the Highest Novelties, which are exclusively confined to this house.

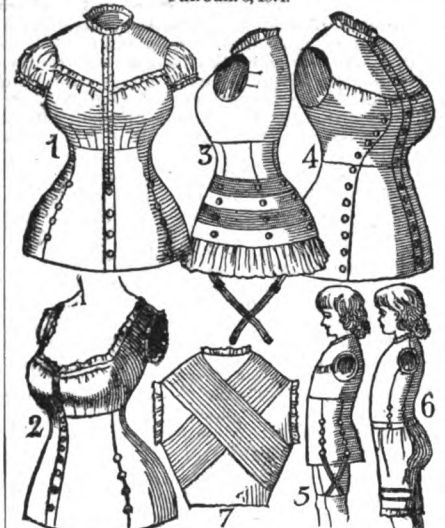
Orders by mail from any part of the country will receive careful and prompt attention.

JAMES McCREERY & CO.,

Broadway and Eleventh Street, NEW YORK.

The Flynt Waist or True Corset

Is universally indorsed by eminent physicians as the most SCIENTIFIC WAIST or CORSET known. Pat. Jan. 6, 1874.



No. 1 represents a high-necked garment. No. 2, a low necked one, which admits or being high in the back and low front. No. 3 is to illustrate our mode of adjusting the "Flynt Hose Support" each side of the hip, also, the most correct way to apply the waistbands and dress skirt. No. 4 shows the Flynt Extension and Nursing Waist, appreciated by mothers. No. 5, the Misses' Waist, with Hose supports attached. No. 6, how we dress very little people. No. 7 illustrates how the warp threads of the fabric cross at right angles in the back, thereby insuring in every waist, THE MOST SUCCESSFUL SHOULDER-BRACE EVER CONSTRUCTED.

Our "Manual," containing 46 pages of reading matter, relating to the subject of Hygienic Modes of Underdressing, sent free to any physician or lady, on application to MRS. O. P. FLYNT, 319 Columbus ave., Boston, Mass. Columbus ave. cars pass all Depots.

ACME PROTECTOR. A complete garment in itself worn under corset or flannels, protecting all the clothing from perspiration. Cheaper than Dress Shields, one pair doing the work of six.

No. 1.—Misses Bust Measure, 27 to 33, \$.80 No. 2.—Ladies Bust Measure, 34 to 39, 1.00 No. 3.—Ladies Bust Measure, 40 to 46, 1.25 M. DEWEY, Manfr., 214 Ogden ave., Chicago.

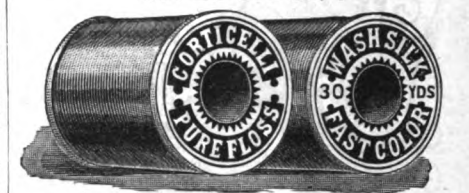
WARREN'S FEATHERBONE FOR Dressmaking.

During the past two years, thousands of ladies have tested "Featherbone" and found it superior to Whalebone in every respect. For sale everywhere.

FREE By return mail. Full Description Moody's New Tallor System of Dress Cutting. MOODY & CO., Cincinnati, O.

SOMETHING NEW! Corticelli Pure Floss

(ON SPOOLS.)



A Wash Silk for Etching and Embroidery. Permanent Dyes. Superior Lustre, prepared for Art Designs in Outline. Manufactured from the best quality of stock, by the

NONOTUCK SILK CO., Florence, Mass. SALESROOMS: 23 & 25 Greene St. N. Y. 18 Summer St. Boston.

Send 6 cents for Sample Spool to Boston Office.

J. N. COLLINS, 32 WEST 14TH STREET, NEW YORK. High grade garments at retail and to the trade. Alaska Seal Sacques and Wraps, Seal Plush Sacques and Wraps, Fur Trimmings and Small Furs, Robes, Gloves, Caps and Ladies', Misses and Boys Clothing. Quality unsurpassed! Prices moderate! Write for full particulars, mention this paper.

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LABEL FOR SOFT FINISH. LABEL FOR GLACE FINISH.

MACHINE COTTON, 50 CENTS PER DOZEN. ASK FOR

THE BEST THREAD FOR MACHINE OR HAND SEWING AND CROCHET WORK.

The Day Sewed Shoe

Is the most Durable and the most Comfortable Shoe made.

THE DAY SEWED SHOE Has no Welt, Tacks, Nails or Wax threads inside, to hurt the feet and soil the stockings.

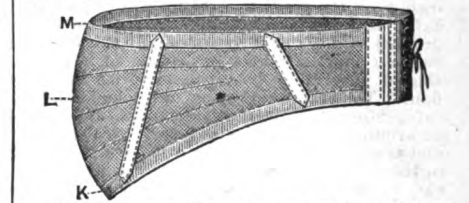
The Day Sewed Shoe M'g Co., Carries a full stock of Day Sewed Shoes, at all times, in all styles, from the finest to the medium grades. Particular attention given to making easy shoes, by measurement, for crippled and tender feet.

If living in, or passing through Philadelphia, you are Cordially Invited to visit the recently opened Retail Store of The Day Sewed Shoe Manufacturing Company, 23 North Eighth Street. Those at a distance, when desiring Special Information, and Full Particulars about The Day Sewed Shoes, should write to W. W. APSLEY, President of

The Day Sewed Shoe Manufacturing Co., No. 23 NORTH EIGHTH STREET, Philadelphia, Pa.

ABDOMINAL SUPPORTERS,

For Corpulency, Weakness, and support after Confinement. (To buckle at side or lace at back).



DIRECTIONS FOR SELF-MEASUREMENT:—Give exact circumference at K L M. Price, Silk Elastic, \$5.00. Sent by mail upon receipt of price; or, C. O. D. Satisfaction guaranteed.

ELASTIC STOCKINGS, ETC., for Varicose Veins, Weak and Swollen Limbs. Send for directions for measurement.

G. W. FLAVELL & BRO., Manuf'rs, 248 N. 8th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

LADIES' BOOTS ONLY \$2.00.

Best on Earth for the Money. Retail everywhere for \$3.00.

On receipt of Two Dollars we will send you by mail, POSTAGE PAID, a pair of these Elegant Button Boots, worked button holes, in either kid or goat, or glove-top kid-foxed, any size you want. Give us a trial. Address CONSUMERS' BOOT AND SHOE CO. Box 3305, Boston, Mass. Please mention this paper.

SILVER WARE FREE Send 15 cts. for Sample of GODEY'S LADY BOOK containing club offers of beautiful SILVER WARE. Address, GODEY, Box B. H. H., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

PRIESTLEY'S WHITE SILK-WARP FABRICS

Are of the same materials as the Henriettas, and put up in the same way. Five distinct fabrics, Clair-ette, Feather, Snowflake, Convent, and Gypsy Cloth, each in six grades, show respectively Canvas, Crape, Momie, Armure, and Plain weaves, and come in cream shades and in snow-white for mourning. They will be found to furnish a variety of in warmth, style, and price, to suit all temperatures and occasions, and all styles of making and trimming. They are for sale by all the principal dealers in the large cities, and in New York City by Lord & Taylor, Stern Bros., Jackson's Mourning Store, B. Altman & Co., Simpson, Crawford & Simpson, and Le Boutillier Bros.



(FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.) TALKS ABOUT FLOWERS.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

Caladiums.

A correspondent asks me to tell something about Caladiums and their culture. She says she has tried them in the garden and they never look like cuts given of them, their leaves being a dark green, without any of the peculiar markings shown in illustrations in catalogues. The variety she has grown was most likely C. esculentum, which is the kind most used for out of doors; the fancy Caladiums are too tender for out of door culture, and are rarely seen outside of green houses. They are more delicate in habit than the garden variety, and can only be grown satisfactorily in the conservatory or the house. They are well adapted for the decoration of the parlor or sitting-room in summer, and whoever likes brilliant colored plants should try two or three. Illustrations of two kinds are given herewith.



The above cut gives a very good idea of the variegation of the darker section of these strange plants. The main part of the leaf is a rich green, and the colors shown by the light spots are laid on picturesquely, in irregular quantities. In some varieties, the variegation is white; in others red or pink; and some are marked with ivory yellow, with green veins running through it. And some of the rarer varieties show mixtures of all these colors in wonderful combinations.



The above illustration shows as well as black and white can the peculiar variegation of another section of Caladiums. These have leaves in which white and yellow mostly predominate, with veins in dark green. Some are beautifully marked with rose color, and the general effect is such as to make the person who sees them for the first time think that they are not natural but are artificial.

This class of Caladiums should not be planted before March. Get them when you send for seeds. The florist will not send them unless he thinks there is no danger of frost. The roots are not large like those of the variety grown in the garden. Plant them in a light, rich soil. They will soon commence to grow. Give them plenty of water, but be sure, when you pot them, that the drainage of the pot is good. Do not give them strong sunshine, but they must have a good light in order to bring out the colors well. The red spider will quite likely attack them if you do not use a good deal of water on the leaves. In fall, when the leaves begin to turn yellow, gradually withhold the supply of water, and let the soil become dry. Then set the pots containing them away in some warm place, and give only enough water thereafter to keep the bulbs or tubers from shriveling. In March or April re-plant them, and start into growth by giving more water and light. A well-grown specimen of these plants will always attract

attention, and any one can grow them well in the sitting-room.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To "Several Fault-Finders." I would say that this paper is made up some time before it is sent out, and it is impossible to answer any query at once. From one to two months must necessarily elapse before the answer to a question can get into print, if all questions are replied to, because so much space is taken up by the answers, so to do the fair thing by all, each question must take its turn in being attended to. This will explain why it is that there seems to be too great a delay in replying to some of the questions asked. The fault is not mine, or the publishers', and the only remedy for this matter, is to advise the publishers to make the paper a weekly, instead of a monthly. The space devoted to the floral department is much larger than the editor intended to give it, and all inquirers must admit that the questions asked and answered occupy the greater share of this proving that the publisher, as well as myself are willing to give them the information they ask as fast and as well as we are able to do so. So, please be patient, and as soon as possible we shall get around to any question you may ask.

"M. D. Freeman."—The plants spoken of in the July number, (Clyceman and Cineraria), can be procured of any florist. If you want to find out the addresses of reliable dealers, consult the advertising department of this paper. I have no plants to sell, and no catalogues to send.

"Mrs. E. S."—I cannot tell why the leaves on your Calla turn black, because I do not know how you have treated it. If you have let it stand in the hot sun it has probably been scorched. If you have not showered the foliage frequently, the red spider has most likely taken up his abode on the lower side of the leaves, and is sucking the vitality of the plant slowly away. I have never had the leaves on my plants of this kind turn black, but they often turn yellow and fall off because they are diseased, or old. Examine the plant well, and you may find some insect at work on it. If you do not, report it, using long, well-rotted manure, and clean sharp tools. Set in the shade for a time, until it shows an inclination to begin growing. I always give the Calla a good deal of water, but I do not neglect to give the pots the same drainage that I would give any other plant. I keep the soil wet by giving water or rain water, having the soil tight. It does much better when there is no stagnant water at its roots, as there must be when drainage is not provided.

"A Subscriber."—You can get agricultural ammonia of any dealer in phosphates and guano. You ought to be able to find it at almost any place where agricultural specialties are sold. If you cannot, send your order to the florist you are in the habit of patronizing, and he will get it for you.

"D. E. W."—This subscriber wants to know what flowers to get for the coming winter. She wants some that will not require too much care, and will not take up too much room. I would advise her to get an English Ivy to train about her window. It will not bloom, it is true, but the leaves will have such a fresh, bright look that they will be quite as attractive as any flowers, and nothing makes a room look more cheerful than a pretty vine. And, too, the Ivy is so easy to take care of that I always feel comparatively safe in recommending its cultivation where I would not feel justified in advising the amateur to attempt the more exacting plants. I would also advise her to get a Calla, a Chinese Primrose, the double white is the best for winter blooming, a Begonia, preferably B. rubra, and for a pot or basket to hang up in the window, an Oxalis; the pink variety is most satisfactory, on account of its profuse and bright, and its flowers.

It is also of the easiest cultivation, and any one can succeed with it if they will not let it get dry at the roots, and stay so for days at a time. This is so frequently done with plants in hanging vessels that I would caution every one to be very careful to see that plants hung up do not suffer for water. They are often inconvenient to get at, and on that account neglected. It must be remembered that the air is always warmer at the top of the room than in the lower part of it, and this helps to hasten the evaporation. Be sure to give water to all hanging plants daily. And be sure to give enough to thoroughly wet all the earth in the pot or basket. The Veronica will afford you great satisfaction, and I will make the list as large as you probably care to have it. If you have a shelf full of plants. Water only when the surface of the soil looks dry, and then give enough to wet the earth in the pot well, and be governed by this rule. Never get into the habit of giving your plants a little dribble of water now, and pretty soon a little more, for such a practice is sure to result unfavorably. If you give much at a time, and give it often, the earth gets too wet, and becomes sour and heavy; if you give but little, the soil will look, on the surface, as if it were wet enough, but that is not so. The soil of the pot will be as dry as dust, and you will find, on examination, that the roots in the lower part of the soil are dead in four cases out of five. And you must also give your plants a frequent showering all over if you would have them clean and free from red spiders which will almost invariably attack them in a dry room. Keep a vessel of water standing on the stove and let there be a constant evaporation going on to moisten the air. Sprinkle them at least every other day, and every day is better, and let the water be warm, watering, be thorough. If you will give these points the attention they require, I think you will be able to keep some plants during the winter, which you say you would like to do. As to the Rose Geranium which you say has not blossomed, don't let that fact trouble you, at least, for this Geranium is not valued at all for its flowers, which are small and not at all showy, but its fragrance is what makes it so desirable. Do not cut it back if it is doing well, for a large plant of it is a fine ornament to any room, and is worth more than scores of flowers of any kind. If it has not been repotted for some time, dig out all the earth you can without seriously disturbing its roots, and fill in with new and rich soil.

"M. L. R."—This correspondent wants to know what treatment an Oleander requires, and how old it will have to be before it will blossom. Some plants blossom before they are a year old, and most of them bloom early the second season. To grow it well, it should have a rich, light soil, and plenty of water should be given it when it is growing rapidly. It has a great mass of fibrous roots, and will like a soil which can easily penetrate, therefore a heavy, stiff soil is not at all to its liking. If you want a tree of it, let it grow

to a height where it seems desirable to have the top begin, and then cut it off. Branches will be put out below, and these should be cut back when they have made a few inches of growth, to force them to branch, and thus help in making a bushy top. I prefer to grow this plant as a shrub, because this keeps it down in the room, and in a tree becomes in time, so large that the top of it comes away up to the top of the window, out of good light. I think you will do well to put your plant in the cellar in fall, giving it only enough water to keep it from drying up. In March, bring it up and give it water, but not heat, and in a short time it will begin to grow, and soon you will see buds appearing on the ends of the branches. In summer, you can keep it on the veranda. It is never advisable to put Oleanders in pots in excess situations, for they dry out and the blossoms are never as large and fine as when in a somewhat shaded place. When growing or blooming they should have a good deal of water. I would not advise you to turn your plant out of its pot into the open ground, because the roots will spread so that when you come to take it up in the fall you will have to cut off a great many of them, and this will seriously damage the plant. I have two old plants which I keep for blooming in the open ground, but I never think of putting them in pots in fall. I lift them, and crowd their roots into a large box, which is put into the cellar, and receives no more attention until April. Then it is brought up, and the plant soon begins to start. As soon as the weather becomes somewhat warm, I set the plant in the open ground, where it gives a profuse crop of beautiful flowers, and often two of them during the season. Treatment in this way, the Oleander can be made one of the finest ornaments of the summer garden, and with a little trouble as it is to lay down a tender plant and cover it.

"N. H. N." Elgin.—The trouble with your Carnations, they have exhausted themselves. They are dying slowly from lack of vitality. It will not be worth while to take them into the house expecting they will give a good crop of flowers the coming winter. It is always advisable to get new plants each year. Let them grow through the summer without blossoming, and keep the tops of the plants well cut back, so they will be bushy and compact. Lift them in September, and keep them in a cool place until it is no longer safe to leave them out of doors. Carnations do much better in a cool room than in a very warm one. For your use this winter, you can get fine young plants of the florists, which they have grown for this especial purpose.

"A Subscriber."—In using ammonia on plants, I generally put from one-half to two-thirds of an ounce into a pailful of water, according to its strength. The pail I use to mix it in holds about twenty quarts. I do not use this strength more than in three weeks, as a rule, though it might be safe to apply it once a fortnight. But it is always best to be on the safe side, and it would be easy to overdo the matter, for the drug is a strong one.

"Reader."—The Yucca is a "treakish" plant. I have to grow plants of this variety. I have known plants to go for years without producing a flower, and both had the same treatment. You will have to exercise patience, and hope for the desired result to come soon. It is quite necessary at the north, to give the plant some protection if you would have it stand our severe winters well.

"L. B. Geist."—I have no knowledge of the so-called "Cinnamon Vine," and can therefore give you no instructions about wintering it. If it is a tuberous-rooted plant, I would advise lifting the tubers as soon as the leaves are dead, and putting them in the cellar. That is the best place for Chrysanthemums after they have bloomed. Give only enough water to keep them from drying up completely. The Hardy Gladiolus is a fine garden plant, and must have protection in winter.

"Mrs. W. C."—This correspondent wants to know how to take care of the Dahlia and Gladiolus through the winter. Some persons do it in one way and others in another. Which is the best way, I am unable to say. I will, however, tell you how I take care of them, and as I have but little trouble in wintering them, I think you will be satisfied if you try my plan. I take up the bulbs and tubers on a pleasant day, and lay them in the sun to dry. When they have become dry enough for the soil which adheres to them when you lift them to crumble off easily, I put the Gladiolus in paper bags, with a thin one. Sawdust is equally as good. When the bags are full, I tie it up and hang it in some cool room where I know the frost will not do damage. If you have a dry cellar, you can keep them easily there, hanging the bags containing them along the joists of the floor overhead. The point is to keep them from freezing, and all other bulbs and tubers successfully, is to keep them from the frost, and to keep them dry enough to prevent rot, but not dry enough to make them shrivel. It is well under all circumstances, to examine them occasionally, and if they show signs of dampness, to put them in a dry place. If they are drying up, they will be becoming hard, put them where they will absorb a little moisture from the air. Dahlias I put in boxes of dry sand, and set them on the potato-bin. I look them over frequently, and if I see indications of too much moisture or dryness, set according to instructions given above regarding Gladiolus. Cannas can be wintered the same as Dahlias.

"Mrs. L. A. G."—Pansies grow best in the shade; need rich earth.

"M. P. L."—The trouble that you complain of may be largely avoided, I think, by taking precautionary measures before you move your plants into the greenhouse. I would have the room well scrubbed. Scrub it well from top to bottom with soap and sand. This ought to remove all pests which may be lurking there, in wait for the plants you will bring in by and by, but in addition to this, I would go over the wood-work well with paint, putting on a good thick coat of lead paint, and especially taking care to cover every crack and crevice. If this is done, there will be few places for the pests to stay in, and the chances are that the cleaning and the painting will leave but few, if any, pests to stay in the room.

"S. C. K."—I have never grown the Pancherium, and I have the following to reply to a correspondent in Vick's magazine: "Take the bulb out of its pot, and allow it to dry, placing it on a shelf in a warm room, and thus keep it for two months. After this treatment we think it will flower. I think the treatment for this plant should be similar to that for the Amaryllyd, which is, to encourage a vigorous growth during its growing season by giving plenty of water; when it shows a desire to rest let the soil become quite dry. In this way I have good success with the Amaryllyd. I do not take the bulbs out of the pots, so many do, for I do not think it necessary to do this in order to secure the rest the plants need.

PROF. DOREMUS ON TOILET SOAPS: "You have demonstrated that a perfectly pure soap may be made. I, therefore, cordially commend to ladies and the community in general the employment of your pure 'La Belle' toilet soap over any adulterated article."



Is made from the choicest quality of stock, and contains a LARGE PERCENTAGE OF GLYCERINE; therefore it is specially adapted for Toilet, Bath and Infants.

Advertisement for 'Complexion' skin powder, featuring a circular logo with 'APOLLONIS' and 'COMPLEXION' text, and 'removes all pimples, freckles and discolorations, and makes the skin delicately soft'.

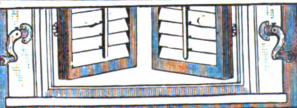
This most exquisite of Toilet Preparations, the virtues of which have caused it to be in demand in all Civilized Countries, and to be used by the aristocracy.

PRE-EMINENT FOR PRODUCING A SOFT It is acknowledged by thousands of ladies who have used it daily for many years to be the only preparation that does not roughen the skin, burn, chafe, or leave black spots in the pores, or other discolorations. All concede by saying: "It is the best pre-paration for the skin I have ever used." "It is the only article I can use without making my skin smart and rough." "After having tried every article, I consider your 'Complexion' Powder the best, and I cannot do without it." Sold by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers.

Advertisement for 'Complexion' powder, listing prices: 'PRICE \$1.93' and 'WE SELL DIRECT TO FAMILIES (avoid Agents and Dealers whose profits and expenses double the price of every Piano they sell) and send this First-Class UPRIGHT Cabinet GEM 7 1/2 Octave Rosewood Piano, Warranted 6 years, for \$193! We send it with Beautiful Cover and Stand—No Trial in your own Home before you buy. Send for circulars to Marchal & Smith, 235 East 21st St., N. Y.'

Advertisement for 'Lewand's French Dye' with the headline 'THE QUESTION OF COLOR AM I DECIDED A BERRY SATISFACTORY STORY' and an illustration of a woman dyeing fabric.

CORNER FIFTH AVE. & W. 14TH ST., NEW YORK. PRICE LIST SENT FREE.



OUTSIDE BLINDS NO LONGER A NUISANCE. The DODD SHUTTER WORKER opens, closes, bows and fastens them in any position from the inside without raising the windows or screens. Send for descriptive circular. THE DODD MANUFACTURING CO., 19 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

Advertisement for 'Good News to Ladies' featuring 'The Great American Tea Company' and listing various tea sets and prices.

HOME DRESS MAKING, including Styles. Send 15c. for sample and instruction to GODEY, Box E. H. H., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Advertisement for 'Ladies' hair and face treatments, listing 'FACE, HANDS, FEET, and all their imperfections, including Facial Development, Superb Hair, Birth Marks, Moles, Warts, Moth, Freckles, Red Nose, Acne, Blk' Heads, Scars, Pitting and their treatment. Dr. John H. Woodberry, 31 Pearl St., ALBANY, N.Y. Est'd 1870. Send for book.

HINTS UPON ETIQUETTE AND GOOD MANNERS.

BY MRS. S. O. JOHNSTON.

NO. IX.

Letter Writing.—Letters of Introduction.

Letter writing is an all important part of etiquette, and there are some few rules concerning it which must be observed.

Very serious results have occurred when this practice has not been carefully observed. Young men, who were known to possess bad traits of character and to have contracted bad habits, have thus introduced to friends those, in whom the families had faith and confidence, and have married their daughters, and, thereby, made both them and their relations wretched for life.

Make a very short call at that time, always remember that "time is money" for business men, and a minute may often seem ten to a man whose mind is intent upon his occupations, and he cannot afford to give it to you.

The gentleman however, will return your call within a few days, and you must return his visit within the week, or in three or four days, as you please. This is a particular point to be observed and should be sufficiently pleased with you, to invite you to dinner, by all means accept the invitation, as it would be a decided breach of etiquette to decline it.

If letters of introduction are given you to present yourself or family to the notice of mutual acquaintances, send them in an envelope with card and address enclosed in it.

It is much better to thus introduce yourself to their notice, than to call in person, for by so doing you may avoid an unpleasant position. You are a perfect stranger to the lady, and although your name is mentioned by your mutual friend, yet it will take a few seconds for her to read it, while you must stand, hat in hand, waiting a reception which may not always be a cordial one.

Yet, if the mutual friend possessed the right to introduce you, the moment his and your name are comprehended, you ought to receive a cordial welcome, but if he has been more kind than wise, and the mistress is worldly-wise, the reception may not be a very warm one.

They should be written upon the best note paper obtainable, and the envelope should match it exactly. The hand writing should be made very legible, and the lines wide apart, so as to be quickly read. An attention to these seeming trifles is not only desirable, but reputable.

If friends sends you a letter of introduction stating that intimate friends of theirs are going to reside near you, and asking your kind attentions for them, you should answer the letter at once, and express your willingness to accede to their wishes. To neglect to do this, would show you to be an ill-bred person, and it would also be a slight which would be deeply felt by your friends.

It is a mistaken economy to buy a cheap indelible ink as a substitute for the ever reliable Payson's. Quality is more important than quantity. Sold by druggists.

In the present day when fashion demands bustles long or bustles short, bustles large or bustles small, but a bustle at any rate; it is a matter of no small importance to both modiste and daily purchaser, to find the best. The question arises, "in what consists 'the best.' How is one to know, when tastes vary so?"

It may seem of little consequence to you whether your letter of introduction is written on the best note paper you possess, or on the poorest; or whether you call a day or two earlier or later upon a new comer; or whether you are in the drawing room ready to receive an expected visitor, or walking in your garden, yet upon such little things much may depend.

Free—Send for sample copy of The Good Housekeeper, 79 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

positive obligation to invite them to dinner or tea. Yet, it is considered an exhibition of kindness on your part to do so. But do not give the invitation with an air of "it must be done, therefore I do it."

The child supposed that was a part of the invitation, and rendered it literally.

Of course, the recipients of such an invitation were indignant, and refused curtly.

After a while, the story being repeated from mouth to mouth, it reached the lady from whom it was supposed to have been given, and she, questioning her little girl, found out how her reputation for politeness and good breeding had been spotted, and the unpleasant words she had spoken returned to sting her like a scorpion's bite.

Builer tells us in his "Hudibras," "Full oft have letters caused the writers to curse the day they were inditers." And bitter un courteous words might well be substituted for letters.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

L. B. H. writes:—"Will you please state whether it is wrong for a young lady to wear a ring on her little finger?"

Ans. No, there surely can be nothing wrong in so doing, yet it is not the custom to do so, but a ring can be worn upon the little finger quite as well as upon the fore finger.

"A. B. C." asks: "Would it be proper for a young lady to wear mourning for a gentleman to whom she was engaged, but the engagement had not been announced?"

Ans. It is not considered the proper thing to do, yet if both families knew of the engagement, and it would be a comfort to the young lady to dress in black, she should suit herself, but to wear widows' weeds would only subject her to ridicule.

"Mrs. K." asks: "Is it etiquette to direct a letter to Mrs. Dr. A. B., or simply Mrs. A. B.? Should cards for calls be written with the wife's or the husband's christian name?"

Ans. Either forms are correct. Yet some sticklers for etiquette would say that you should direct the letter thus: Mrs. A. B., care of Dr. A. B.

Visiting cards are engraved with the husband's christian name or initials, thus: Mrs. John B. Jones, or Mrs. J. B. Jones, as one prefers.

The Fountain of Youth.

In all the searches for the fabled fountain of youth there has been disappointment in the final result. This has been more or less keen, according to the state of health of the seeker. But modern scientific research has found a real "fountain of youth." In Compound Oxygen the old ideal so long sought for has been found to be attainable.

One who has tested its value writes from Waukan, Wis.: "I sleep better; dyspepsia is less troublesome, and I think I can say my heart is better. I am stronger, and I think I am losing that worn and haggard look; perhaps I may say I am growing young again. It must be that Compound Oxygen is the fountain of youth."

"You will doubtless remember my getting your Compound Oxygen for my mother (who is very aged) in February or March of last year, and its happy effect upon her. When I wrote you my mother was very low. When she commenced taking the Treatment she began at once to improve, and this improvement was steady. She is now in good health. Last week she made several visits to her friends, walking several squares. Her restoration to health from the use of Compound Oxygen has attracted considerable attention in this section."

Curiosity as to this remedy may be fully gratified by any one who will take the trouble to write to Drs. STAREY & PALEN, No 1529 Arch St., Phila. They publish a brochure of nearly two hundred pages, entitled Compound Oxygen—Its Mode of Action and Results. This will be sent, postpaid, to any address on application.

Children in the neighborhood of Drury Lane, London, now use as a play ground the formerly disused burial ground of St. Mary-le-Strand, that is said to have furnished the original of "Tom All Alone's" in "Bleak House."

A treasure of interesting matter—the new LADIES' BOOK. Beautifully printed with illustrations on cream super calendared paper, all sent postpaid, with pretty picture cards and other interesting enclosures, for only four cents in stamps, by addressing the old reliable house of R. H. McDONALD & Co., N. Y. City.

MOTHERS OF YOUNG CHILDREN who are seeking information as to the best methods of training their little ones, should read the AMERICAN KINDERGARTEN, a new Magazine devoted to Child Culture in all its phases; amusement, punishment, reward, and education. Terms, \$1.00 a year, 10 cents a number. To readers of this, "on trial" 4 months for 25 cents. Address: Fowler & Wells Co., 753 Broadway, New York.

It is a mistaken economy to buy a cheap indelible ink as a substitute for the ever reliable Payson's. Quality is more important than quantity. Sold by druggists.

In the present day when fashion demands bustles long or bustles short, bustles large or bustles small, but a bustle at any rate; it is a matter of no small importance to both modiste and daily purchaser, to find the best. The question arises, "in what consists 'the best.' How is one to know, when tastes vary so?"

In the selection of a bustle something more than taste is to be exercised. One must have besides a firm foundation on which to drape grace fully the loopings and puffings of the skirt, lightness and durability. These three requisites are at least combined in an unprecedented manner, in the "Improved Genuine Alaska Down Bustles," manufactured by the Alaska Down Co., 25 Waverly Place, N. Y.

A variety of Bustles similar in appearance to these are made, styled Imitations, but being filled with cotton, which is heating, and weak supports they are sure to disappoint the wearer.

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WANTED: Active canvassers everywhere. Address: Finley Acker Co., 123 N. 8th St., Phila.

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The Most Successful PREPARED FOOD FOR NEW-BORN INFANTS.

It may be used with confidence when the mother is unable, wholly or in part, to nurse the child, as a safe substitute for mother's milk. No other food answers so perfectly in such cases. It causes no disturbance of digestion, and will be relished by the child.

In CHOLERA INFANTUM,

This predigested and easily assimilated Food will surely prevent fatal results.

FOR INVALIDS, it is a Perfect Nutrient in either Chronic or Acute Cases.

Hundreds of physicians testify to its great value. It will be retained when even lime water and milk is rejected by the stomach. In dyspepsia, and in all wasting diseases it has proved the most nutritious and palatable, and at the same time the most economical of Foods. There can be made for an infant

150 MEALS for \$1.00.

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A valuable pamphlet on "The Nutrition of Infants and Invalids," free on application. WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington, Vt.

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FLEISCHMANN & Co.'s

UNRIVALED

Compressed Yeast.

SUPPLIED FRESH DAILY TO GROCERS EVERYWHERE.

Special attention is invited to our YELLOW LABEL, which is affixed to every cake of our Yeast and serves to distinguish our goods from worthless imitations.

Fleischmann & Co.'s

Compressed Yeast

Is really the only leaven that will enable a cook to make first-class

BUCKWHEAT CAKES.

But be sure you get OUR Yeast and not a spurious article.

ELEGANT SHAPE,

HEALTH and

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Perfectly Combined in MADAME FOY'S Skirt Supporting CORSET.

It is one of the most popular and satisfactory in the market. For sale by all leading dealers. Price by mail \$1.50.

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Give away as premiums to those forming clubs for the sale of their TEAS and COFFEES, Dinner, Tea and Toilet Sets, Silverware, Watches, etc. WHITE TEA SETS of 46 and 68 pieces with \$10 and \$12 orders. Decorated TEA SETS of 44 & 66 pieces with \$12 and \$15 orders. STEM-WINDING SWISS WATCHES with \$15 orders. GOLD BAND or Moss Rose Tea Sets of 44 pieces, or White Dinner Sets of 112 pieces, with \$20 orders. Send us your address and mention this paper; we will mail you our Club Book containing a complete Premium & Price List. THE GREAT CHINA TEA CO. 210 STATE ST., BOSTON, MASS.



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Health & Home, an 8 page, 4 column monthly, for the family, \$1. a year with premium, the famous Novelty Rug Machine. (E. Ross & Co., Patentees.) Retail for \$1.00. Makes Rugs, Hoods, Mittens, etc., with yarn or rags on burlap; very simple, easy to learn and durable. Full directions with each one. Mitten Pattern, and our Perpetual Calendar. (Copyrighted) covers 6000 years, free. Aren't wanted; ladies succeed well. Mention this paper. Health and Home, Toledo, Ohio.



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NICKEL PLATE STOVE POLISH

The Housekeeper's Delight! NO BRUSHING, NO DUST, NO ODOR, NO LABOR!

Excel all for brightness, economy, and labor saving. Always soft and ready for use. Will not soil the most delicate carpet. Price, 10c. Ask your grocer for it. Write to NICKEL PLATE STOVE POLISH CO., Chicago.



"SHOPPELL'S MODERN HOUSES" NO. 3.

(Just Published, July 1st, 1896) CONTAINS: A colored frontispiece showing the modern style of painting. A card board supplement, ingeniously drawn and colored, to supply all the necessary pieces for constructing a model house, with plain directions. (While the supplement affords both old and young the greatest amusement, it is more than a toy. It is, in fact, a most practical lesson in Architecture, a perfect, scaled model, so exact that it is useful to builders.) 55 New Designs for Residences (cost varying from \$500 to \$15,000). 2 New Designs for Barns. 1 New Design for a Chapel. Drawings and description of a model Kitchen (by Maria Parloa) and a perfect listern. Sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, \$1.

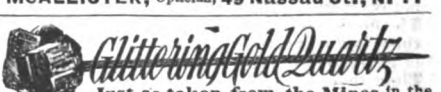
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"MEDICATED CREAM" IS THE ONLY KNOWN harmless, pleasant and absolutely SURE and infallible cure. It positively and effectually removes ALL clean, completely and FOR GOOD IN A FEW DAYS ONLY, leaving the skin clear, smooth, and unblemished always or money refunded. For those who have NO blotches on the face, it beautifies the complexion as nothing else can, rendering it CLEAR, FAIR and TRANSPARENT and clearing it of all muddiness and coarseness. It is a true remedy to cure, and NOT a paint or powder to cover up and hide blemishes. Mailed in plain wrapper for 30 cents, in stamps, or two for 50 cents, by GREE, N. STODARD, Druggist, 1236 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y. Pamphlet gives 378 true and genuine testimonials. My FRECKLE-WASH cures Freckles, Tan, and makes the hands white; sent postpaid, for 30 cents.

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Just as taken from the Mines in the Rocky Mountains, made into beautiful Scarfpins. To quickly introduce, price only 33c., post paid. Address, H. H. GAMBLIN, Mineralogist, Druggist, 1236 N. STODARD, Druggist, 1236 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y. Send Stamp for large illustrated catalogue of Mineral Cabinets, Agate Novelties, Indian Relics, etc. Trade Supplied

FREE TO LADIES.

Send 12 cents to pay postage, and we will send our Family Story Paper, three months, and our Book of Fancy Work, a new work containing easy instructions for making fancy baskets, wall pockets, brackets, needle work, embroidery, etc., profusely and elegantly illustrated. Address Social Visitor, Box 3139, Boston, Mass.

SHORT-HAND Pamphlet, and first 4 lessons, mailed to any address, ten cents. LINGLET'S COLLEGE, 1431 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.

A YOUNG WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

LECTURE I.

BY REV. F. E. CLARK, BOSTON.

It has long been evident that one large class among the younger members of the community has been too much overlooked by preacher and essayist and moralist:—we mean the young women and girls. While every pastor preaches occasionally to young men, how few ever devote a half hour to the special needs of the young women in the audience. While our library shelves groan with admirable books for the guidance of the so-called stronger sex, how few volumes are there distinctly for their sisters. And yet the need of one is as great as of the other. The future welfare of our country depends as much, surely, upon Mary and Alice, as upon John and Henry, and Mary and Alice certainly have their peculiar difficulties and dangers no less than John and Henry.

To make up in some measure for past neglect this series of addresses to young women and girls was undertaken.

The author makes grateful acknowledgement to Marion Harland, Timothy Titcomb, Mrs. Liv. ernore and some others, for valuable assistance which their books have furnished, but, at the best, the literature of the subject is comparatively scanty, and to supplement this lack, he sent the following letter to nearly a hundred wise women of his acquaintance; mothers and teachers, some in high position of influence, others known perhaps but little beyond the family circle which they adorned; and yet all capable, as the sequel shows, of earnest thought and loving counsel on this subject.

SOUTH BOSTON, April 1, 1881.

To Mrs. — Dear Madam:—For the sake of helping the young women and girls to a noble womanhood, I propose to give a short series of Sunday evening addresses, directed especially to them. Will you kindly help me by pointing out (1st.) The dangers which you think most threaten them, and (2d.) The points of womanly character which in your opinion most need strengthening.

I feel that what the mothers and sisters may say out of their own experience will have great weight, and I desire in these addresses to present those practical aspects of truth which shall tend to build up an earnest, christian womanhood. No names will be used without special permission. I am aware that in making this request I am taxing your kindness, and while I should be very glad to have your views at length, yet a very short reply, pointing out a single danger, or safeguard of character, would be heartily appreciated by Yours in behalf of the girls, F. E. CLARK.

Nearly every one of these good ladies responded, many of them with many pages of wise and helpful advice, and these chapters are largely the result of a careful study of these many letters. It is felt that, by pursuing this method, more that is practical and vital to a true, womanly life can be presented than in any other way. This advice is not that simply of a recluse in his study, delving among his books, but is the condensed wisdom of a hundred wide-awake, intelligent, loving women, and while the author can take little credit for it to himself, he feels that it is of far more value to his young friends than if he was solely responsible for it.

These addresses have been delivered to an audience embracing hundreds of young women, and, in writing them for the press, the same direct form of address is retained, and the same desire prompts their presentation to the immense audience of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, as prompted their original preparation; namely, that they may contribute somewhat to the upbuilding in many lives of a noble womanhood.

I desire to present the most important subject of A Young Woman's Rights. I trust that no enthusiastic friend of the political rights of woman who may glance at this article, attracted by the subject, will be disappointed, because I have nothing to say about the rights of women to vote, attend the caucus and hold office. Important as these questions are, I believe that there are other rights that belong inherently and unquestionably to every young woman, which are more important still, and which are far more often overlooked. Dr. Holland, in a half-bantering, yet in its purpose wholly serious lecture about women, stands up stoutly for a woman's right to shave and sing bass if she wants to do so; "but," he adds, "while I claim the right of every woman to sing bass, I confess that I should not care to see it exercised to any great extent, for I think treble is by all odds the finer and more attractive part of music. Bass would be a bad thing for a lullaby, and could only silence a baby by scaring it. If I can witch the eyes and win the hearts of men and women by doing that which I can do naturally and well, then I shall do best not to exercise my right to do that which I can only do with difficulty and unnaturally and ill."

I will admit all the rights that any woman claims—all that I myself possess—if she will let me alone, and keep her distance from me. She may sing bass but I do not wish to hear her." And this leads us naturally to the first right of a young woman which I would ask you to insist on—namely, The right to be herself. Have an individuality of your own. Be all that you should be. Let no sentiment or fashion rob you of this right. It is an inalienable one, and it is worth more to you than the ballot box and the caucus. There is just one person in the world who has your work to do and she is called by your name. There is one place that no one of the million of young women of America can fill except yourself. You can, to be sure, so dwarf and stunt yourselves, that you may fill no useful place, but it will not be God's fault or Nature's fault. You have every natural aptitude needed. Whatever your voice, treble or alto, cracked or musical, there is a melody in some life which you can best awaken. But to do this you must be yourself and not try to be a weak imitation of ten thou-

and others. It strikes me that this is one of her rights which the young woman of the present day is all too unwilling to insist upon. She always seems to be afraid of her own individuality. She must follow the prevailing fashion if it takes the last dollar out of her pocket and the last ounce of strength out of her life. If bangs are the fashion she is at once banged; if frizzies are in vogue she must be at once frizzied. If flounces are the thing that other girls wear then there is only one thing she can wear, and she hides herself with a Gainsborough hat or envelopes herself in a sugar scoop, according as the sugar scoop or the Gainsborough is the mode. Why, I have more respect for Mary Walker in her pantaloons than I have for some fashionable girls whose sole idea is to make dressmakers dummies of themselves.

Not that I have any quarrel with bangs or frizzies or flounces or Gainsboroughs, (all these things are enveloped in too deep a mystery for the average man to understand them) but I have a quarrel with that for which they often stand—the total lack of individuality and appreciation of life's mission.

We have some patience with the sheep that jumps through a gap in the wall simply because another sheep has done the same thing, though it would be much easier to go another way by itself, but we expect more of a young woman than of a Southdown. Our Lord's question implies that she is better than a sheep.

I would not have you understand that I mean by individuality something odd and bizarre or pert and perverse. To be one's self is to be just what nature intended, nothing more, certainly nothing less. It is not to strain after oddities and quiddities nor is it to copy slavishly some other person's oddities. It is not to bend over backwards because others stoop forward, nor is it to cultivate the Grecian bend because the leader of French society happens to have a crook in her back. It is not to try to sing bass because most other girls sing treble, nor is it to try to sing treble because others do, when nature has given you an alto voice.

In fact, it seems to me that Mary Walker and her ilk, and the butterflies of fashion who always part themselves in the same spots that other butterflies affect, are all committing the same mistake—all are trying to be what God and nature did not intend they should be, and partly because they want to be different from the rest of the world, and the others because they cannot bear to be different.

If God has given you a witty tongue and lively imagination, use them, but do not try to ape the wit of some one else. If your place is among the leaders of your set do not fail to fill it, but if it is in the rank and file, remember that in fighting the battles of life as well as of the country, the private is needed as well as the general, and do not envy his glittering epaulettes. In fact we need a great many more privates than generals. There are a thousand men in my regiment and only one colonel. Remember, too, that the private soldier stands by himself, that he cannot do the general's work but he must do his own. If your capital in life is only a pleasant smile, a soft voice, a bright face, a winning manner, and very few to whom I speak have less, use them every one, and use all you have, but, use your own. Do not try to acquire the smile and voice and manner of some one else. If you do you will slipper instead of smile, you will make eyes instead of shooting the dangerous glances you think you are giving, and you will really repel instead of attract.

In short, insist on your proud, God-given right to be yourself. Another of your rights which I hope you will all insist upon, a right which is worth far more than your right to shave and sing bass, is your right to be self-reliant, and in the best sense of the term, independent.

I know it is often said that woman should be like the vine, lithe and flexible, twining around the masculine oak, covering up his defects and gracing his gnarled branches.

I think this vine and oak simile has been overdone, but, admitting its force, and it has much force, let us remember that there is a vast difference between a healthy vine and a parasitic creeper. The vine flourishes where it is planted and graces a wooden trellis or the blank side of a house as well as the living tree. It has its own roots in the ground, is fed by the sap which it collects for itself, and bears its own fruit. The parasite always feeds on the life of that against which it leans. It is nourished only by the sap of the stronger plant; it uses the roots and leaves of the stronger plant to furnish it food; it has no independent life of its own; it bears no fruit in itself; it diminishes the yield of that which supports it; in short, it is always a weakness and a nuisance, it serves no purpose except the ornamental, and, when we know its true nature and character, it loses its doubtful claim to beauty.

This, then, is what I mean to urge when I say insist on your right to be self-reliant and independent. Be a vine if you will but do not be a parasite to a stronger nature by a thousand delicate tendrils, but have a root of your own, bear fruit of your own, do not sap the life of another to keep yourself alive. Have some other mission than the very equivocal one of being merely ornamental. Then if the support on which you lean and around which your affections twine, fails, as fail it often does, you will not be torn up by the roots, but will be able, like the oak tree itself, to live a useful, fruit-bearing life.

I have many wise words to bring you upon this point, from those who have kindly interested themselves in your welfare. I cannot begin to quote them all, but let me give you some.

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WASHING AND IRONING.

BY ELIZA R. PARKER.

There is no department of household labor that requires closer supervision than washing and ironing, and while it is not necessary or advisable for every housekeeper to do the work herself, it is very important that she should know how to do it in order to direct others.

To wash properly, it is important to have every thing in readiness, and all the utensils in order for the work. Tubs sufficient in number and of suitable size should be furnished, and kept clean, the wash board should be smooth and free from nails, and the work bench firm and high to prevent fatigue from bending.

The clothes line, and pins should be put in a basket or bag for safe keeping; hemp or cotton cord is better than a wire line.

Soft water is better than hard water for washing, and rain water preferable to any other. When every thing is in readiness for the work, assort the clothes, separate the fine from the coarse, and the slightly soiled from the more soiled. Hot suds will set stains, and it is therefore best to scald all of the table linen, and articles which are stained, by pouring boiling water from the tea kettle on them.

Have the water in the tubs as warm as the hand will bear, being careful not to have it too hot. Wash first one boilerful, taking through two suds, then place in a boiler of cold water, with soap to make suds. A little borax added to the water will whiten the clothes, without injuring the texture of linen. Clothes should never boil over five minutes, and many excellent laundresses do not boil them at all, but pour boiling water over them. After they are removed to the tubs, cold water should be poured over them, and every garment turned wrong side out, and thoroughly washed, and rinsed in a tub of clear soft water. Then in blue water, from which they should be wrung out for the last time; those not to be starched should be hung out immediately, and the others dipped in starch as hot as the hands will bear. Those desired to be very stiff should be starched first, and well shaken before hanging on the line to prevent wrinkling.

When dry remove to the clothes basket. Turn all garments right side out, shake well, pull smoothly, beginning at the top of the garment, roll each to itself; fold sheets without sprinkling, after stretching and lay on top, over all spread the ironing blanket.

If a machine is used in washing, it is better to soak the clothes over night in warm water. Some housekeepers use washing fluids, and if the ingredients are harmless, they lighten the labor, without destroying the fabric. The following are among the best fluids—

To five quarts of water put one pound of soda, half a pound of unslacked lime, and a small lump of borax. Boil, when cold pour off and bottle. Use one teacupful for every boiler of clothes.

WASHING FLUID.—One tablespoonful of soda, and one teacup of coal oil to ten gallons of water.

WASHING FLUID.—One half a bar of hard soap, one ounce each of saltpetre and borax dissolved in four quarts of water, when cold add five ounces of spirits of ammonia. Bottle and use as soap.

WASHING FLUID.—Equal parts of turpentine and ammonia. Add to water.

Ox gall soap is an excellent article for use in the laundry. Take one pint of gall, cut into it two pounds of bar soap, and add one quart of boiling water. Boil, and pour out to cool, cut in squares. Add to the suds used for washing.

Before washing flannels, dust and shake well, and never apply soap, but make strong suds.

For washing woolen and silk goods, never rub them but cleanse by drawing them through the hands, up and down in the suds. Rubbing shrinks them.

Never wash woolen goods or blankets on a cloudy day.

For washing colored cotton goods great care is necessary to preserve their freshness. Sateens, gingham, calicoes, and muslins washed in warm suds will retain their freshness a long time. They should never be left long in the suds, but should be washed and dried as speedily as possible.

Ammonia may be used instead of soap for goods liable to fade. Black pepper put in the water in which buff, gray, or black dresses are washed will preserve the color.

Fruit stains may be removed by wetting with whiskey or ammonia before washing, or by pouring boiling water over. Thoroughly rubbing common baking soda, and wetting with coal oil, letting hang in the sun, will remove the worst stains from the most delicate fabrics.

Making good starch is more difficult than most people imagine, but if attention is given the subject, the process is easily learned. Dissolve two tablespoonfuls of starch in a little cold water, when it is perfectly smooth, pour in boiling water and stir briskly. A pint of water should be allowed to an ounce of starch; add a pinch of salt, half a teaspoonful of coal oil, add a few drops of blueing. Boil twenty minutes, strain, and use as hot as possible. White glue may be dissolved in starch to make it glossy, gum arabic is also excellent.

Isinglass is a very nice starch for thin fine muslins.

If starch sticks to the irons, it is too thin, or not sufficiently well done.

IRONING.

Every housekeeper should acquaint herself with the general rules necessary for this part of laundry work. It is difficult to give directions how to iron well, as experience is the best teacher, but there are several things to be observed in doing the work to which strict attention must be given.

A strong table of suitable size, and a light ironing board, also a bosom board should be provided. Irons of three sizes are convenient, and should always be kept clean, and smooth, ashes, salt or brick dust are good to clean irons, and wax rubbed occasionally on them will serve to keep them in good order. The sheets and table linen should be ironed first, then the shirts. First iron the shirts all over, wringing a clean cloth out of warm water, and rub over the bosom, which should be rapidly gone over with a clean hot iron, then the plaits should be raised, and ironed again, then dampened with water or polish, and ironed with a polishing iron.

Fine thin dresses, or other soft articles that do not need polishing should be ironed on a soft blanket. Embroideries should be ironed on the

wrong side. Always have near, a bowl of clean water, so any spot imperfectly ironed may be dampened and ironed over until smooth. Muslins and jaces should be carefully stretched and pulled, ironed, and then pulled in shape; all the edges or purling should be picked and arranged to look as before washing. This occupies a considerable portion of time, but is essential to a finished appearance of the clothes to be ironed.

As far as possible iron by the thread, pull the material straight, and move the iron in the direction of the thread of the cloth.

Any servant willing to learn by giving attention to these directions, after a short space of time will soon acquire the art, and the mothers will be repaid for the trouble of giving the necessary directions, and insisting on having them followed.

There are many inventions at the present day for supplying the perfections which nature has forgotten to bestow, or care or sickness has destroyed.

One of the greatest beauties a woman can possess is a fine head of hair. This article always comparatively scarce can now be abundantly supplied by art, and those afflicted with a scanty crop can, by sending to John Medina, Boston, Mass., obtain anything in that line, from one tiny "Montague curl" to a whole wig, wherewith to supplement the niggardly supply which nature has vouchsafed.

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

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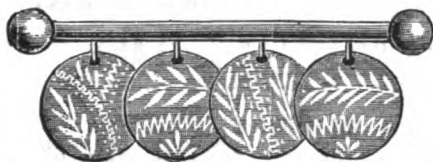
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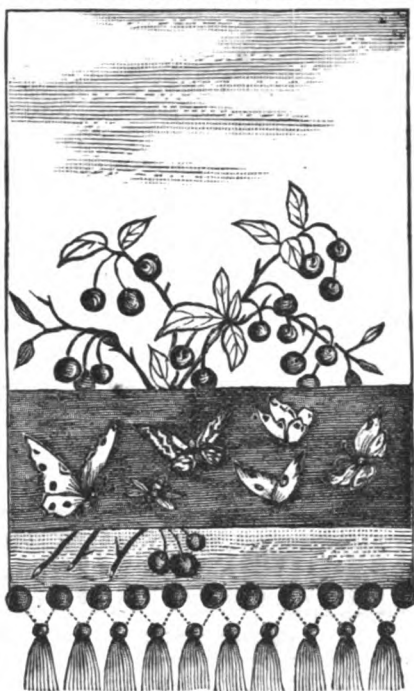
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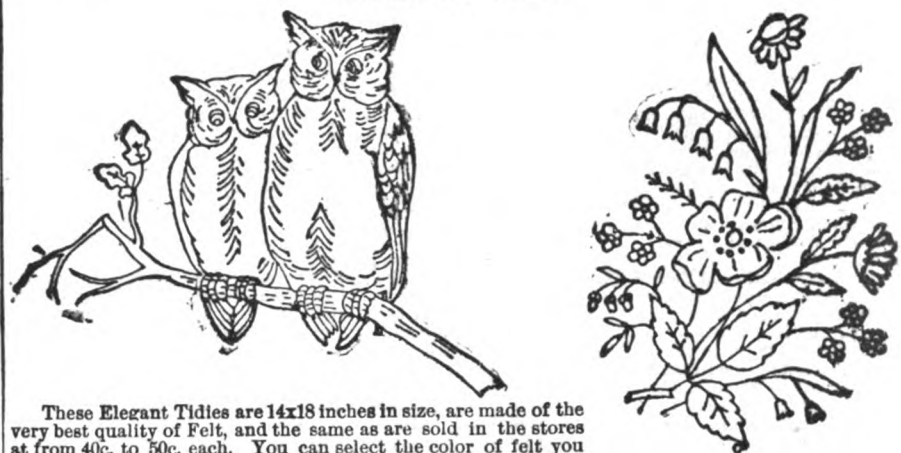


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Knitting & Crochet.

Knitting and Crochet.—A guide to the use of the Needle and the Hook. Edited by Jenny June.

In arranging this work the editor has taken special pains to systematize and classify its different departments, give the greatest possible variety of designs and stitches, and explain the technical details so clearly, that any one can easily follow the directions. There are a large variety of stitches and a great number of patterns fully illustrated and described, which have all been tested by an expert before insertion in this collection. The aim of the editor has been to supply women with an accurate and satisfactory guide to knitting and crochet work. This book is printed on fine paper, bound with a handsome cover, and contains over

200 Illustrations.

The knitting stitches illustrated and described are: To Cast On with One and Two Needles—To Narrow—To Widen—To Purl—To Cast Off—To Slip a Stitch—Round Knitting—To Join Together—Edge Stitch—PATTERNS.—Peacock's Tail—Vandyke—Looped Knitting—Cane Work—Leaf and Trellis—Triangular Kilted—Gothic—Coral—Knotted Stitch—Diamond—Wave—Cable Twist—Stripes, etc. MACRAME STITCHES.—Solomon's Knot—Simple Chain—Spiral Cord—Waved Bar—Spherical Knot—Slanting Rib—Open Knotting—Pilot Heading—Cross Knot—Fringe—Tassels, etc. CROCHET STITCHES.—Chain Stitch—Single Crochet—Double Crochet—Half Treble—Treble—Double Treble—Cross Treble—Slip Stitch—Triolet—Muscovite Triolet—Shell Pattern—Basket Pattern—Raised Spot Stitch—Ring Stitch—Hair Pin Crochet—Crochet Lace, etc. DRESS AND DRESSING are given to Knit and Crochet—Afghans—Undervests—Shirts—Petticoats—Jackets—Shawls—Insertion—Trimming—Edging—Comforters—Lace—Braces—Socks—Boots—Slippers—Gaiters—Drawers—Knee-Caps—Stockings—Mittens—Clouds—Purses—Counterpanes—Quilts—Rugs—Infants' Bottines—Hoods—Caps—Shawls—Dresses—Bed Quilts, etc., etc. Every lady will find this the newest and most complete work on Knitting and Crochet published.

Given for a club of 3 subscribers at 50 cents per year each. Price, when sold alone, 50 cents.



NEEDLE-WORK

Needle-Work: A Manual of Stitches and Studies in Embroidery and Drawn Work. Edited by Jenny June.

This manual is an attempt to put in an order convenient for workers, the modern methods in Embroidery and Drawn Work. The author has felt the desire and the responsibility involved in aiding women to a true and practical guide to the beautiful art of needle-work. When the Angel of Mercy begged that woman might not be created because she would be abused by man, as the stronger, the Lord listened, but felt that he could not give up the whole scheme of creation, so he gave the loving Angel permission to bestow upon her any compensating gift she chose, and the Angel pityingly endowed her with tears and the love of needle-work. This book is printed on fine paper, has a handsome cover, and contains

200 Illustrations

The list of stitches, with illustrations, are: Buttonhole—Hem-stitch—Brier Stitch—Crow's Foot—Herring Bone—Fodder Stitch—Two Tie—Three Tie—Drawn Work—Stem Stitch—Twisted Chain or Rope Stitch—Split Stitch—French Knot—Solid Leaf—Satin Stitch—Padding—Darling Stitch—Skeleton Outline—Conching, Kensington, Filling, Coral, Italian, Leviathan and Holbein Stitches—Applique—Interlaced Ground—Weaving Stitch—Gold and Silver Thread—Arrasene Ribbon Work, etc.

Designs in Needle-Work are given to decorate My Lady's Chamber, My Lady's Robe, the Dining Room, Parlor and Library, and for Linen and Cotton Fabrics, including embroidery designs for Mantel Scarfs—Bed Spreads—Child's Quilt—Pillow Covers—Cushion Boxes—Bureau Scarfs—Table Covers—Chair Backs—Morning Sacques—Artist Jackets—Walking Dress—Afternoon Dress—Evening Dress—Handkerchiefs—Mufflers—Pichus—Piazza Wraps—Sashes—Fans—Slippers—Bonnets—Parasols—Aprons—Work Bags—Glove Case—Sachets—Lunch Cloths—Dinner Cloths—Napkins—Doilies—Table Mats—Corn Napkins—Fish Napkins—Tray Covers—Tea Cloths—Curtains—Panels—Banners—Screens—Sofa Cushions—Piano Scarfs—Chair Scarfs—Sofa Rugs—Piano Cases—Book Covers, etc., etc. This will be found to be the only standard book on the subject of needle-work.

Given for 3 subscribers at 50 cents per year each. Price, when sold alone, 50 cents.



MILDRED'S CONVERSATION CLASS.

NO. XIII.

BY MRS. EMMA C. HEWITT.

One wretched day in October, when the wind sobbed sullenly and the rain beat against the eastern window panes, Mildred lay upon the lounge, doing what she called "gloom."

"Why mother!" she excitedly exclaimed, "She's home! she's home!" "Who's home, dear?" gently asked her mother who was not quite so excited as the daughter;

"Her mother smiled at the "of course," and said: "Well, what are you going to do about it?" Mildred laughed merrily as she answered: "O mother, mother, to think that you should ever be convicted of the crime of using slang!"

"Why, is that slang? It seemed to me a very innocent expression. I knew of course from your face that you meant to do something and I wanted to know what it was."

"Yes, I know it sounded innocent enough. So do lots—I mean—very many other things, but it's slang all the same. There it goes again! 'All the same' is slang, and so is 'there it goes.'"

"It is very unpleasant, certainly, to have the least word one says turned into something one does not intend. I presume I shall be obliged to alter my expression then and ask you if you intend doing anything, or rather what you intend doing?"

"I shall put on my waterproof and rubbers, and make myself generally hideous, and then I shall take the biggest umbrella we have in the house, so as to hide the general hideousness as much as possible from the eyes of the casual observer. I shall go round and impart the good news to the class, and ask them what they mean to do. (You will observe, Mrs. Green, that I carefully avoid saying 'about it' after the word 'do,' for I believe that in those two words the offence consists.)"

Mildred spoke with this lightness in order to ward off, if possible, Mrs. Green's probable refusal to allow her to go out in such a storm. But the mother, looking in the eager daughter's face, had no heart to say the word which should prevent her going.

"Bundled up" by mother's careful hand, and made "generally hideous" by her own, Mildred sallied forth on her mission, the result of which was so satisfactory that two hours later she came in, glowing with excitement, pleasure and exercise. "O mother!" she called as soon as she came in sight of that good lady: "they're all going to, least ways all but Phillippa."

"Going to what, my dear. Does it not strike you that you are not very explicit?"

Mildred laughed gaily. "You'll really have to excuse me, Madame Green. My spirits 'is riz,' and when my spirits 'is riz,' Madame Green, I won't vouch for myself. But the honest truth is, the old Conversation Class is 'prepared to resume work at the old stand' as soon as the warm weather is over. All but Phillippa, as I before observed."

"And why not Phillippa?" asked her mother, seeing the question was expected.

"Because Phillippa is going to be married the 15th of September, and she's going 'wee, wee, off' as little Ned says."

"Well, won't her sister become one of you?" "She is not sure; but then we are five (not the proverbial seven) without her, and while we shall all miss P. illippa, with her quick answers and saucy ways, there will be quite a class of 'old maids' left, who cannot put their time to better purpose than in improving their minds."

So the preparations for Phillippa's wedding went on, and when the fourteenth of September came nobody but Phillippa's mother and Mildred's mother suspected what a grand surprise was awaiting the five girls who were to be Phillippa's bridesmaids and spend the last evening with their friend at her home doing the thousand and one "last things" for the morrow. Even the groom and the best man were not allowed on the scene of action except for one short, privileged hour. They "would be in the way," Phillippa declared. They "did not want anyone but themselves," Mildred averred. "Six was a company, more was a crowd," said Sara Tasker. But they all changed their minds without hesitation, when Mrs. Green walked in about nine o'clock with Miss Wilson at her side.

Delight mixed with awe held them silent a moment. Phillippa of course recovered herself first.

"I am very glad to see you, Miss Wilson," she said, coming forward and shaking hands, cordially, "but shall be afraid to speak before you. Every time I open my mouth I shall 'put my foot in it' I expect," as the Irishman says.

This speech of Phillippa's produced the desired effect, and all stiffness immediately vanished.

Indeed, under Miss Wilson's genial manner, all chill must have melted.

"Miss Wilson," said Mildred the next morning, "while you are here this week suppos'n you 'hold a session' with us?"

"Well, 'suppos'n' I do," smiled Miss Wilson. "Amanda," said Mrs. Green, "Do you reckon Mildred will say 'suppos'n' as long as she lives?"

"Well, Eliuor," answered Miss Wilson, gravely, but with a twinkle of fun in her eye, "I am afraid she will, unless she should be as successful in correcting that habit, as you have been in correcting the one of saying 'reckon.' How you did used to try my grammatical soul with that 'reckon' of yours when we were young."

Mrs. Green laughed with the other two, at finding herself fairly caught.

"Well now, Miss Wilson, 'suppos'n' I had pronounced it correctly, would 'supposing' have been incorrect in that connection?"

"Not absolutely incorrect, Mildred, but, 'suppose' as standing for the imperative mood or as an abbreviation of 'let us suppose' is better. By the way, Mildred, one of your number was quite surprised that the grammar and rhetoric of the daily papers could not be regarded as a criterion. Suppose we read one of them this morning with a view to criticism. You shall read aloud to me and I will stop you at each sentence that is incorrect, leaving you to tell me wherein the error lies."

"Stop!" said Miss Wilson, after Mildred had been reading a moment or two, "Please read that sentence again and tell me what is wrong."

"A noticeable feature of the occasion was the presence among the guests of a clergyman," repeated Mildred, slowly. "It simply doesn't

make any sense at all as it stands. 'The guests of a clergyman' would only be correct if the company were being entertained by a clergyman, whereas it is the Clover club."

"Precisely; and how should it have been worded?"

"'Was the presence of a clergyman among the guests.'"

"Correct. Taking the next 'This was the first time the cloth was ever represented,' we find another imperfect sentence. The tenses are bad. It should read: 'This is the first time the cloth has ever been represented.' Give me the paper, Mildred, and I will glance down the columns, noting here and there, the sentences needing correction. For instance, 'Men think quicker and act quicker.'"

"Men think more quickly and act more quickly," answered Mildred, promptly.

"Yes; or 'Men both think and act more quickly.' Again, 'I generally find that the man who prays longest in public, prays the shortest in private.'"

"The man who makes the longest prayer in public, etc.," again answered Mildred, promptly.

"Here is another. (It is always much better to follow the 'fact' with 'that' instead of 'of.')

"The fact that a large number has returned." "I see even in Dickens works, Miss Wilson, sentences that seem to be very much involved."

"Yes, you will find them, many of them. But I would not say 'Dickenses. Do you not know the rule for forming the possessive of a noun ending in 's'?"

"Yes," answered Mildred, "nouns ending in 's' form the possessive by adding an apostrophe after the 's,' but if you will believe me Miss Wilson, my copies of Dickens, all of them, are printed on the back 'Dickenses Works.'"

"True enough. When the book was brought Miss Wilson made the astonishing discovery that a reputable publishing house could put upon the market an edition of books so marked. "Well, my dear, the fact of its incorrectness remains unaltered."

"Prof. Lochman when advocating the opening to women of the pharmacy school should be, 'the opening of the school of pharmacy to women.' "Near the salon is a study in which stands a desk whose appearance shows good wear." "Near the salon is a study where stands a desk the appearance of which, etc.," would be better. Further down the column we see, 'A second round was again fired.' If again fired, the second round would become the third. A 'second round' can be fired but once. 'But they ran a coffin full of slag and held a funeral.' 'Ran' is not the past tense of the transitive verb to run. The boy ran yesterday, but he ran a nail into his foot yesterday. This error is exceedingly popular, especially among the writers for the press."

"Can you give me a good reliable rule which I can quote to people who persist in saying they

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look nicely or feel badly? Why, would you believe it, I asked Anna Raymond's mother how she was yesterday, and she said, 'Nicely, thanks.' I don't like 'nicely' and I don't like 'thanks' but I am not sure that I know just why."

"There is no objection to the word 'thanks' used in that connection as it is a recognized abbreviation of the words 'My thanks to you,' but I do object to it, nevertheless, as being the rudeness of a certain kind of indolence. A favor done, if appreciated, is worth the trouble of saying 'Thank you,' clearly and distinctly. If not, a curt 'thanks' does not mean anything except that 'I must say something, I presume, so I will make it as short as possible.'"

"Now then for an answer to your former question. The rule you need is this: The verbs 'look' 'seem' 'appear' 'feel' 'taste' 'smell' and 'sound' when a quality of the subject is to be expressed, are followed by adjectives relating to that subject and not by adverbs relating to the verb. That is an old, old rule, but one which is good for many years yet, and which is not likely soon to be replaced."

Here the "private lesson" as Mildred called it, was interrupted by visitors. It was again resumed, however, when the five collected on one afternoon during the next week. "O girls," wrote Phillippa from Washington, "all that lost! To think I am not with you to sit at the feet of Wisdom."

MASON & HAMLIN ORGANS advertisement with logo and text.

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