

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

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Sonnet—November.

Yet one smile more, departing distant sun!
One mellow smile through the soft vapory air,
Ere, o'er the frozen earth, the loud winds run,
Or snows are sifted o'er the meadows bare.

One smile on the brown hills and naked trees,
And the dark rocks whose summer wreaths are cast,
And the blue Gentian flower, that, in the breeze,
Nods lonely, of her beauteous race the last.

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[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.] ASCUTNEY STREET.

BY MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY.

Ascutney street is a shady little thoroughfare, running westerly between Midland avenue, where the horse cars from the neighboring city pass, to Katahdin street, which crosses it at the top. It is in a comfortable suburb where a new district has been built upon a boom, and christened with a pretty name,—Wellswood; it is pleasant and quiet, with houses of moderate air and pretention occupying the not very large lots on either side. These houses, however, have certain modern touches about them, which link them, as it were generically, with the prouder mansions which do not stand on streets, but have private approaches from the common highway, and occupy the aristocratic seclusion of their own wide grounds. It is the way with houses and people, in these days; some touch of art, as truly as of nature, makes the whole world kin. These little houses in Ascutney street had, some of them, their Dutch doors with glazed upper halves; some of them their projecting upper story, and hoode windows; all had at least some eccentricity of color or contrasting of clapboard work and shingles. So Ascutney street took rank, as it had been laid out to do, with pronounced gentility, albeit in a small way.

The people of Wellswood had conceived the idea of making the mountains sponsors for their avenues and by-ways; and the brisk demand for lots laid out on Ascutney street vindicated their sagacity.

Ascutney street was "as good as Katahdin street," and Katahdin street was "as good as Shasta street" way out on the new western limit. So of course the syllogistic deduction was that Ascutney street was as good as Shasta street, which is to say as good as anything on the planet need to be.

The horse car conductors and the little boys called it "scutney street," but some travellers call the great Vermont peak so, which does not belittle it at all; and the dwellers on the happy line gave it its three distinct syllables with religious fidelity.

There were two or three persons on Ascutney street who knew people on Katahdin street. These accordingly ruled on Ascutney, and led the little variations and advances of style in cards and invitations, dishes and garnitures. In Katahdin street, again, a few favored ones had friends over on Shasta; and ruled, in turn their middle province. On Shasta, heaven knew who ruled, or whence; as Ascutney emulated Katahdin, and Katahdin Shasta, it was an unspoken creed, I think, at the remoter end of the social order, that those high and inefable existences did simply "emulate the angel choir, and only live to love and praise."

And why not emulate up and up, until one reaches the angels? The principle is good,—is Bible doctrine and inspiration; but possibly the grandest principle may, in practical and partial application, get turned inside out. Perhaps what they did on Ascutney street was to mistake the outside for the in. Or, the links all there, and the line of progression plain, perhaps there befell an inevitable catastrophe of too conscious evolution; the tadpoles being in a hurry, and pulling off their own tails before they had done with them.

Only one or two ladies on Ascutney street had two servants; only three or four more "kept a girl" at all. The rest did their own house work, with help hired in, and a reticent dignity, nobly superior to any circumstance involved, except the carefully guarded contingency of being caught at it. The devices for escaping this were individual and original. I may add transparent; if they had not been, there would not have been so many separate inventions diligently sought out. Each one knew perfectly well her neighbors' ways, in certain things; each, nevertheless, fondly imagined that her own brighter contrivance was her own secret. To do them justice, the credit of the whole street was so much at every heart that they would not have found each other out,—out loud,—if they could.

Mrs. Hilum had it all to herself, the getting up before sunrise, and washing the insides of her parlor windows before the break of day.

Mrs. Inching had a costume in which her own baby would not have cried for her, under whose disguise she boldly went forth of a Saturday forenoon and not only washed the out-sides of hers, but cleaned off the piazza floor afterward with broom and scrubbing-pail. And Miss Rebecca Rickstack, who lived all alone in serene neatness and comfort in the

there were not a cook and waitress in every house, matters had merely to go on as if there were, without confession or exposure, and the status was maintained. Ascutney street was embarrassed in two points by this tacit observance; one fertile subject of conversation was limited, and the "answering" of bells became a problem.

pared to meet, at the entrance, with cordial alacrity any visitor who might approach. The beauty of this system of signals was not only its refinement, but its sincerity; they told no lies, yet they offended no one; they were daintily polite. Ascutney street certainly gained by its two embarrassments; it reached at least two points of a true high breeding; it dropped the servant topic out of its talk, and it took up a graceful social veracity. There is no endeavor at ascent, at whatever low incline of angle, that does not lift a little in the perpendicular. Ascutney street had learned a primer lesson; it invaded no one's business, so far as private and unseen domestic arrangements were concerned; when it came to obvious facts and outward conformities to a severe local standard, it discussed these with the cruelties of self-defence that can risk no mistake of mercy. Yet even these severities were a training; perhaps we can see how the world at large has come up through some such stages, to the perception and claim of a more interior elevation; to the sense that at least there should be no "bad form" of habit or intercourse incongruous with the high character-tone to which "noblesse oblige." The forces of the kingdom of heaven bend even our earthliness toward itself.

The mere adoption of that word "form" shows much. It is an acknowledgement that act and conversation are but exponents of the hidden and only essential reality.

But I have a scrap of story to tell, and it is time I had fairly begun it.

Jane Gregory had a scrap of a story; a very scrap; the most inconsequent trifle. And yet it was a first page,—hardly that, even,—a broken sentence,—of something that might—with some other girl,—in a book, for instance,—have had a captivating middle and a lovely end. Jane sat and conned it over,—this little "to be continued;"—in an innocent way, half conscious that she did so, in quiet, lonely intervals that came to her often, over her monotonous work or in her even more monotonous resting times. Jane Gregory was a seamstress. She went out at a dollar and a quarter a day. She felt she must insist on that quarter, for her room, with the partial or occasional board required, cost her four and a half a week. Out of the rest had to come her clothes, her car fares, and her coal and kerosene.

Jane Gregory was as pretty as it is at all judicious or even comfortable for a poor, unsheltered little seamstress to be. She knew that beauty was a snare; she had experienced that it was sometimes an embarrassment; she knew also that beauty was as grass,—that it could not last long, especially with a hardworked, hurried little sewing-woman, always anxious about darts, and arms' eyes,

and drapes. Yet it was a great comfort to her just to be pretty; to have that much of the joy and glory of a living thing; to possess, in her very own self, that much of the inheritance of the earth, of which, else, she had so very little. And as to the grassiness and tadiness,—well, she remembered the verse about "so clothing the grass of the field," and thought, in her simple sort of interpretation, that if God did that, he would so much more do the better other; he would so much more, somehow, clothe that real, waiting, wanting life of hers. The grass withered, the flower faded; but the "word,"—what was that but the intent and promise under the making of the grass and flower?—that should be kept forever; she did not exactly preach it out, but the texts came to her, she caught a glimpse through them, and she kept on with her cheerful, small, vague expectancy.

And she treasured up her one morsel of adventure; a thing that had happened to her one day, that brought to her a momentary share in something she had seen making the daily life and commonplace of girls, more fortunate. It was a deferent little service, rendered to her with a pleasure of rendering evidenced even through the restraint of well-bred strangerhood; a restraint that was of itself the finer compliment.

The occasion was a troublesome little accident; but it had put her for the brief while, in the dignity and privilege of her womanhood. She had been gently cared for by a gentle man. I like to separate those two words; they are so commonly run together, to



little brown and primrose cottage on the corner of Thorn Lane, and whom the good managing sense of the ambitious community would hardly have justified if she had kept a girl,—even Miss Rickstack made her one little dodge by choosing moonless evenings to shake her rugs and doormats out on her back grass-plot, instead of otherwise breaking into an extra hour of counted service reckoned at the quarter cent a minute. Nobody ever saw the rugs shaken; the inference was plain; but if Ascutney street folks drew inferences, they drew them for the most part silently, and stopped short of references.

Half a dozen housewives economized by sending out the real chorewoman to perform these obvious labors, while in the inner sanctity they ironed the clothes which the hireling had washed the day before, and hung out in the sight of the neighborhood. To put the proper Ascutney street face upon things was the one thing required by public opinion; the only unpardonable sin would have been to compromise the common self-respect by departing openly from the prescribed lines. If

Always to go to one's own door was too patent; it was also very often inconvenient, or even impracticable. Two elegant customs were adopted in general avoidance of this dilemma. Ascutney street folks had "afternoons." They divided a fortnight amongst them, and each lady received once in the two weeks. And for between times,—somebody had found out that on Katahdin street, where there was much social running across lawns and impromptu dropping in, a ribbon was tied around a doorbell in sign of absence or inevitable engagement. So it soon came to pass that here, through the busy hours of every day, there was a delicate fluttering, as of poised butterflies, of violet, crimson, blue, and yellow knots, in varying shades, all along from porch to porch; and when these were withdrawn, the hostesses were apt to be seated in their front windows, with their Afghan-work or their more delicate sewing, or even with some new book that was being so talked and printed and preached about that it was equivalent to not understanding the American language not to have read it,—and thus pre-

the annihilation of their meaning.

It was on the train; she was going from Wing street station down to Briarwood, for a day's work. There were a good many persons getting on; some slow, old people, and some women with children; besides those individuals who are on every train, who do not know which car they wish to get into, and who block the platforms. Jane let them all have way, and came up the last; she was scarcely inside the door when the train started. At the same moment, some one just before her stepped backward again and crowded her. She held by the rail, and the brakeman shouted a warning; the undecided passenger went forward, and the danger was over; but a sudden whirl of wind,—it was a gusty day,—seized Jane's hat, and carried it back, past the line of moving carriages, quite out of sight and beyond rescue. They were gaining headway, and there was nothing to be done; even the brakeman had not seen, for he had already turned his back, holding his own hat on, to close the opposite car door. Another person, however, seated just inside that opposite door, had noted the mishap, and the swift consternation that flashed over the sweet, unshielded face.

Jane Gregory slipped into the first seat,—the one in the corner, behind everybody. She untied a little scarf from her throat and put it over her head, knotting it under her chin. The young man opposite soliloquized, silently.

"Some women would have jumped off,—or tried to; nine in ten would have screamed out; almost any pretty girl like her would have shown some mixed consciousness, of annoyance or adventure; would have laughed, have blushed, have been excited. She is simply troubled; and she behaves so that not three people know."

He came to the conclusion that only two persons knew; then he wondered what she would do; then it occurred to him to do it himself. While this brief process of thought occupied his mind, he continued, without starting, to read the charming features, the modest attitude, absolutely quiet. Then he drew forth a notecase, and took from that a slip of paper. It had an "R" in the corner; he wrote a couple of lines rapidly; turned, and glanced down the car. The conductor had advanced half way, collecting tickets. He went to him and handed him what he had written. "Send this back to Wing street from the next station, will you?" he asked, and tendered also a coin with the message. The conductor read the slip and put back the money. "That's all right," he said.

The message on the recipe blank read: "Lady's hat blown off train at Wing street, send in by next to parcel room in town."

Still,—what would she do? She might say nothing, but leave the train herself at the next station. She might not have been proceeding all the way to town. As he reached his forward seat again, he thought this; he gave another glance across at the quiet head, the figure as reposeful as if nothing unusual suggested a restlessness, the face thoughtful as with some uncertain consideration. They were slowing up now; as the brakeman chanted out "P—ie navenoo!" the doctor passed him and entered the next car before the movement of passengers prevented. He shielded Jane, holding herself so still there in the corner, her slightly covered head turned away from the few approaching faces; he stood before her, his own hat in his hand.

"I beg pardon," he said; "but there has been a dispatch sent back for the lost hat; it will be at the station in town within ten minutes of our arrival. If you will keep your seat,—or step into the inward baggage room,—it will be attended to immediately."

Jane Gregory looked up at him with a quick flush, but the least movement possible. It was only that lifting of the head, that upraising of the eyelids, the showing of a relief and thankfulness in the relaxation of little muscles that let go the expression of anxiety.

"I thank you very much," she said, simply. "Where did the girl learn it all?" he wondered. The very freshness and genuineness of her intonation,—every clear syllable uttered as if she meant just that and all of it,—was not like the usefulness of the favored class of women, whose self-possession was the careless certainty of attention, whose thanks were mechanically interjectional. Yet the composure was all there; not a taint of common, unlearned consciousness; she might have been a Vere de Vere. But she wore a very plain,—yes, an old, dress; and carried a very ordinary little satchel. Upon this, the doctor, as he bowed and turned to leave her, noticed the J. G. in indented letters. It gave him a curious sensation; a ridiculous feeling of proprietorship in the little bag. The letters were the beginnings of his own two names.

Jane sat still; she looked at no one, thereby assuming, with a passive dignity, that no one looked at her. If her beautiful hair had been of a darker tint, rolled up and crowning her head with its twisted waves as it was, it would have been hardly observable, perhaps, that she was unbonded; but the fair shining of the soft blonde coils gave no evasion of indiscriminateness; it was uncompromising in its contrast with the basque of dark-blue silk.

She would be late for her day; she would have to take off the extra quarter; there would be her added fare to town,—one of her trip coupons must be given now, instead of her way ticket; and there would be another eight cents back again to Briarwood. Those were the things she thought of while she took it all so staidly, and made no sign. But her hat would not be lost; and it was almost a new one; and she would not even have to walk, bareheaded or nearly so, up the long train-house to the waiting room, with the crowd. Her thought came back with that to the kindness which had cared for her. If it had been given by an old lady, she would have felt warm, grateful. Who can blame her, if her pulse were a little quicker with her gratitude, because it was the chivalrous service to a woman from a man? It was something that she had a woman's right to, in the world; that in her world, was not apt, in just such beautiful sort, to come to her.

When, some five and twenty minutes after, waiting at the far end of the great station house,—the car she had left already filling with an outward bound company, she saw coming rapidly down the platform the same fine, well-carried figure, the same pleasant, handsome face looking at her as it approached with a friendly, not intrusive, recognition, and perceived the somewhat clumsily pinned paper parcel which her fellow passenger was bringing her with as easy and graceful handling as if it had been a daintily wrapped bunch of flowers, she certainly did experience a sudden tingle of exhilarant surprise.

"He is coming back with it himself! He might have given it to a brakeman, or anybody!"

She could not help being pleased,—glad; she who was only little Jane Gregory, going out to sew for the day. She had never been so attended to before. But there was no ordinary, silly, visible elation; she was as composedly modest as before; her eyes were almost pathetic as they lighted up again so softly with the touch of happiness in the courtesy that had come to her, and she said again, with that gentle, even emphasis,—“I thank you; very much.”

Dr. J. G. (we will be content for the present with knowing only as much of his personality as he knew of Jane's,) received her thanks with a smile; he answered them with “no need; it was no trouble.” Then he lifted his hat, with perhaps a half second's lingering in his parting glance at her face that it was certainly—“no trouble”—to look at, and departed. Three steps down the platform some one about entering the waiting train recognized and accosted him. “How are you, Doctor?” and “How are you, Drummond?” were the words exchanged; and then one sprang upon the car, and the other continued swiftly on through the long house.

Jane Gregory adjusted her hat, and came slowly after. “Doctor!” she said over to herself; still following afar off with her eyes the figure that was gaining distance so fast and disappearing among the moving groups and streams of people near the gates. Disappearing into the great mass and otherness of human life, a whole world with which she had nothing to do; after just that instant's coincidence of the line of his path with hers. How queer living was; how much there was of some parts of it,—what mere points and breaths of others!

“Doctor!” said Jane Gregory to herself; “I wish he had just said Doctor who!” and then she laughed a quick small catch of a laugh, and blushed a tiny blush of which she was not at all conscious, and moved more rapidly herself to get down and around to the far opposite track where the next train stopping at Briarwood would be.

Jane Gregory's work went well that day; and she was so apt and cheery with it, and so nimble-fingered and sure with her fittings, and wore altogether such a contagious, happy content, that at night when she shyly said to her employer that she “had been so late in coming that she must not take the quarter,” the lady answered, “nonsense, child! you've done a full day's work; I'm satisfied,” and doubled up the dollar bill about the piece of silver, and pushed it kindly into her hand. Mrs. Scorsell was not apt to pay beyond the bargain or the due, either.

That had been two years, or even more, ago; all that time the whirl and churning of the world's great change and mingling had gone on, in which her little shred of circumstance had vanished; but it was Jane's scrap of story still; it came back to her with its pleasantness of something that belonged to her,—its reminder of unlikelyness that was yet always possible,—its curious assurance that every fragment argued a remaining part somewhere, and that no bit of anything ever came into knowledge or experience that sooner or later did not bring a sequel of itself or something to which it was akin. At the same time, these were feelings, not reasonings, with her; they took no slightest shape of positive expectation. She was not weaving a romance about her incident; it only remained with her by the force of its kindly significance. It was the breath of an atmosphere,—it drifted to her as the airs did to the sailor across the long waters, from a beautiful world he should find more of, by and by.

And now she was here in Ascutney street; staying at Mrs. Turnbull's; doing a little work for her, taking in a little, resting a good deal,—which she needed more than she wanted,—it being the dull time; and was paying three dollars a week for her board.

Mrs. Turnbull had employed her for a year or two; had made a “find” of her. Mrs. Turnbull had a way of discovering these work-nuggets; people of this sort before they had “got up in their prices,” and securing good service from them while they remained comparatively unknown, and working, as she called it, “reasonably.” To work reasonably, meaning always, with a certain class of persons, by a curious inversion, accepting an irrationally small equivalent for toil. Mrs. Turnbull did not share her advantage with her immediate neighbors, for reasons; but she did put Jane in the way of other work at discreet distances. So Jane was grateful, and always ready to come to Mrs. Turnbull on an emergency, and between times. It had been a sudden inspiration on the lady's part, this present arrangement of making the girl an inmate. Jane had found it hard to pay four dollars and a half a week, especially in vacation times; she had no friends to visit, and of course little journeys or excursions were out of the question. She had to just weary on, in the stuffy little house in a crowded neighborhood, on a low, wet street where there was almost always a good deal of illness; and go back in the fall, pale and unrefreshed, to her stitching and draping for women and girls brown and ruddy and shining-eyed from mountain or sea air, and good times that she could only distantly imagine.

One day she had happened to say something of this to Mrs. Turnbull; contrasting the nice tea she was taking with her,—for Mrs. Turnbull did not grudge a little extended hospital-

ity like this when she was otherwise alone, and in good humor with her plaitings and panels,—with the poor fare she had to put up with at her lodging house.

“You can't think what a treat such biscuits are!” she said.

Mrs. Turnbull knew that her biscuits were a treat to almost anybody. But she enjoyed being told of it, as much as if she had needed the assurance. That night it all came into her head, while she was undressing. “I don't see the reason why not!” she exclaimed aloud. “Nor I,” rejoined her husband, untying his cravat. “What is it?” That was the way fresh subjects were usually started between them. Mrs. Turnbull began in the middle, like a modern novel; Mr. Turnbull took her up like a seasoned reader, sure that the recapitulation and elucidation would be immediately forthcoming; well if when once begun they were not altogether too exhaustive.

“Only—I don't know what Ascutney street folks would say!” continued the lady.

“Why should they say anything at all?” suggested the gentleman.

“I don't know—as they need; if I could only fix it so!”

“Fix it as you're fixing it now, and you'll do,” said Mr. Turnbull.

“O'pshaw!” exclaimed his wife, impatiently. And then broke into full tide of explanatory statement. At the end of which Mr. Turnbull did not see much of either why or why not. If it suited his wife, however, all right.

“But you don't take it in!” cried she. “Can't you understand? It will be as good as a girl—all I want of a girl;—and she'll pay me three dollars a week, instead of I her; and she'll be good company, for Jane is nice and bright, and picks up as she goes along; and there won't be things broken, nor given away out at the back door; and she'll be sights better off!”

That was how Jane Gregory came to board with Mrs. Turnbull, and saved a dollar and a half a week, and had a nice room with a sunshiny window, and a flocked dressing-table, and pure air and good food, and was only too glad to “set an odd stitch,” or “give a hand” at wiping dishes, to make up the difference.

There had only been one other condition,—a little peculiar,—but not much to care for, after all. “It wouldn't ever do,” Mrs. Turnbull had said with frankness, “to have Ascutney street folks know. We might as well give up our lease at once. It's nobody's business but yours and mine, and we must keep it to ourselves. It won't make any real difference to you, you see; Ascutney street folks wouldn't come to see me if I kept a boarder; and they wouldn't come to see you if I said you were a seamstress. So you wouldn't get acquainted, anyway. I thought I'd better say it right out, to begin with. And I don't suppose you got acquainted down in Bogley street.”

Of course, Jane didn't; the reticence was on her own side, there. And here,—why, with the sweet, clean room and pretty house,—the piazza and the garden,—the smell and color of the blossoming flower-plots right under her window, and the shady larch tree in the garden, and the elm on the sidewalk, with the Oriole's nest swinging at the tip of the highest branch, that seemed to take her right up into sky and air herself as she looked at it, and found out by sympathy the oriole part of her own nature,—with all these, what did she care for “folks”? Does it strike you how lonely a girl must be, before she can come not to care for folks?

Jane Gregory was a very well brought up young person. That was what Mrs. Turnbull had said to her husband when she had backed up to her real starting point in her conversation with that gentleman, and confided to him in detail what she had in mind; or in more applicable common parlance, what she had taken into her head.

“She knows her place; she won't put herself forward; she'll keep to herself,” she said, which meant that the young person knew she hadn't any place, and wouldn't try to take it; she could be let alone as much as the people in the places pleased.

In essential truth, Jane Gregory had not been brought up at all. She had been let grow up; and she had had certain care taken of her growing; but the bringing,—the tender leading, the going before and drawing after, by nearness and by love, had not been hers. She just remembered losing a father and a mother. She could recall very little of the having an uncle, who was a coal merchant in an inland town, had taken her home, given her a place at his table, and sent her to school. She should have a good education, he said; after that she must take care of herself. He had a good many of his own to provide for. Ownness does not reach so far upon this little globe, where one would think it might almost all be kith and kin, as in the great kingdom of heaven. Jane came to girlhood and womanhood, a well instructed, well repressed “young person;” she was not anybody's daughter or sister or intimate friend. She had been put in her no-particular place, and she had kept it. What a wonder it is that people do so meekly accept their denials, and that so few seize by force or audacity their loaf of bread!

When Jane came to the time,—the “after that,” in which she was to take care of herself, she tried at first to teach; but she had headaches, schoolroom and anxious headaches, from bad air and stupidity and strict requirements; and then she took to her needle, which was quiet and perfectly under her own control, and rendered her accountable to only one person at a time, instead of to a lot of contradictory parents, or a school committee. And up the line of railroad, from Brankton to the

great city, she had drifted from neighborhood to neighborhood, as people learned of her, and found her deft and “reasonable,” until now she had been three years in the large town which included Wellswood. In the meantime her uncle at Brankton had died, and left five hundred dollars in his will to Jane, which she had put away in a savings bank and out of her mind, as something not to be touched or thought of, until she should be in sickness and need, or until—any wonderful, impossible contingency should arise for which she should have to buy more gowns than she had use for now, and other things for which she had now no earthly use whatever.

“And about your own acquaintances? How will that be?” Mrs. Turnbull had inquired of her.

“You mean people coming? O, there may be messages, and errands; but—” and Jane laughed an odd little laugh,—“I haven't any acquaintances. Only aware-ances. I haven't anything own in the world.”

A girl, right in the midst of things, making home and street and visiting dresses for other girls, and no part in anything herself! For a minute, the hardness of it came to Mrs. Turnbull's heart; but it was only an added strength to the argument for that which she had taken into her head, and it never occurred to her that she could do anything more about it. If it were all the more convenient for her that Jane should have no visitors complicating with her own, the fact had not been of her ordering. She simply availed herself of it; and Jane had come.

Now Jane, all by herself as she was, and because of being so, had a certain little thread of humor running through her quieted nature, that saved her from many a bitterness, hurt, and resentment. It was so funny, the way, in which she was kept out of what she hadn't the least desire to be in,—the way she was guarded from an observation she could not have supposed herself liable to,—among these Ascutney Street folks. She never sat in the parlor; Mrs. Turnbull never asked her to do so, though she often called her into her own room up-stairs, and had her there by the day together, when there was dressmaking going on. She never sat on the piazza of an evening; “Mr. Turnbull's friends were apt to drop in, and it was awkward.” If invited company came, of course she was behind the scenes; often importantly so; for it was upon these occasions that Mrs. Turnbull made application of the proviso that she was now and then to “give a hand.” Well put, that, also; for it was free giving, and no lending, hoping for anything of special return again. It was her service that was special; the consideration for it was a generality. It was even suggested, as she went and came upon her business errands, that the short cut across to Atchell's corner was a better way for her to meet the cars, than to go and stand at the head of the street; there was the druggist's shop to step into and wait comfortably; and coming home, it was nearer, if she just ran in at the back door, which was not locked, as the front one always was. Jane accepted it all, and departed and arrived through the kitchen entrance; it had quite the air of a servant being kept; only, and fortunately, lest intervals should be observed too closely by any curious overlooker, the short way was so covered in by high fences and trees that there was but little likelihood of her being noticed or exactly timed.

(Continued on page 24.)

Catarrh

Is a complaint which affects nearly everybody, more or less. It originates in a cold, or succession of colds, combined with impure blood. Disagreeable flow from the nose, tickling in the throat, offensive breath, pain over and between the eyes, ringing and bursting noises in the ears, are the more common symptoms. Catarrh is cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which strikes directly at its cause by removing all impurities from the blood, and giving healthy tone to the whole system.

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- When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
- When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.]

TAMER ANN'S IDEES

BY JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE.

[Copyright by Marietta Holley.]

It wuz about a fortnight ago, that one day, most inelegantly after dinner, my companion proposed that we should go off on a short tour, to his cousin's, Tamer Ann Allen's, that wuz, Miss Spink's, that now is, who lives four miles beyond Zoar, on the old State Road.

I wuz very agreeable to the idee, and told my partner so, so the next day we set sail in good spirits and a new cutter.

It wuz good slippin'. It wuz only a journey of three hours in length, and we arrive there in good time for supper. I mean in good time for her to take up, and make preparations, if she wanted to.

I always think that it is only fair, from one woman to another, not to get in a visitin' unexpected, just at meal time. Not that I care so much for extra good vittles, but it makes the woman of the house feel so much better, to give her a little time if she haint prepared.

Wall, Tamer Ann wuz dreftful glad to see us, and so wuz the rest of the family, little Jack most eat me up (metaphor) he wuz so tickled. I like Jack, and Jack likes me.

We had a first rate visit, staid three days, and two nights. But I see things pass along in front of me, that I didn't want to see, in relation to Tamer Ann's treatment of her little boy, and the way she wuz a bringin' of him up.

Jack is a bright little fellow as I ever want to see. His age is about half past three, or meby four. He is good lookin', good natured, and wants to be truthful. It is his nater to be honest as the day. He took it from his grandfater, old Uncle Elnathan Allen, who wuz so truthful and honest, that his wife never dasted to say a word to him, that couldn't be repeated, on the top of the town hall, or the steeples. He wuz so plain spoken and honest, that he wuz fairly made a proverb of far and near. I don't spoze there wuz a man anywhere round up on the State Road so well thought on, as Uncle Elnathan.

And Jack took after him, he looked a good deal like him. Uncle Elnathan wuz remarkable for his good looks, up to the time of his death at 87, and kep' his faculties.

But the way Jack wuz a being bring up from day to day, from hour to hour, wuz I see a spillin' him, a destroyin' all his native open-heartedness, and truthfulness.

And after I see it go on in front of me, hour after hour, and day after day, I couldn't seem to stand it any longer, and I had to tackle Tamer Ann on the subject, I had to.

The day I tackled her, and the occasion of the tacklin' wuz as follows. It wuz the last day of our stay there, and Tamer Ann looked out of the window, and says she, "Of all things! If there haint old Aunt Nabby Pricie comin' through the gate! Oh dear me suz! dear me suz! It makes me sick to see the sight of her, and she'll stay all day, most likely. Wall, we have got to make the best of it, I spoze; she has got lots of money, and no heirs, and she likes Jack—you must be good to her Jack! But why couldn't she have stayed away to-day, and let us alone—I hope she won't stay long."

By that time, Aunt Nabby had knocked at the door, and says Tamer Ann, advancin' onto her, "Oh my dear Aunt Nabby, how glad we all be to see you. Why haven't you been here before? It seems an age sence we see you. You have come now to stay a good long while with us, haint you? Jack come right here and kiss 'er Aunt Nabby."

"I won't," says Jack. "I don't want her here."

"Do you come here this minute Jack, and kiss dear Aunt Nabby. Jack talks about you so much, Aunt Nabby, he thinks everything of you."

"I don't!" says Jack. "I don't think anything of her at all."

"Jack, do you come here this instant and kiss Aunt Nabby, or I shall punish you severely."

Jack dragged himself along up towards her, as if a heavy weight hung to him, and put his cheek up against hers. He didn't kiss her, I don't believe, but his mother thought he did, so she let him off.

Wall, that afternoon, after Aunt Nabby went away, Jack told a fib, and his mother ketcht him at it. It was what they call "a white lie." As for me, I have always made a practice of thinkin' that lies are never white, that they are never any color but black. But this one of Jack's wuzn't very black anyway. It wuz a sort of a small, light colored one. (If they are ever light colored.)

But you ort to have seen the fuss that Tamer Ann made over it. (And it wuz what ort to be done, he ortn't to be allowed to fib.) But who learnt him to lie—who sot him the pattern?

Them wuz the two questions that wuz a hantun' me as I heard Tamer Ann a whippin'

him, and heard Jack a cryin' over it. Tamer Ann came down stairs completely exhausted, and says she, "Oh! what a time I have had! What a job it is to bring up children right. My arms ache as if they would come off. But I will bring 'em up right, if my arms do come off in the job. Lyin' is sunthin' I will not have in this house."

And Tamer Ann meant what she said. I haint no idee but what she did. She thought that she abominated lyin', and never mistrusted that she had been a lyin' all the mornin', herself, about three hours and a half of clear and stiddy lie, black as a coal. She didn't mistrust it, but in the cause of Duty I reminded her of it, for I love Jack, and couldn't bear to have him spittle. I says, "Children are quick to foller patterns."

And she says, a tosten' her head some, "Nobody ever ketcht me in a lie, nor Hamen either." (Hamen is her partner.)

Says I, "Jack heard you a groanin', and a

can't see through these rags and robes always, and see into what poverty and wealth they cover. So it is best to carry our hearts and minds jess as straight and stiddy as we can, and don't our own duty, we will have less time to either look up or look down on our poor fellow mortals travellin' along the road with us.

"We won't have the time to pretend to like them when we don't, to be overjoyed to see 'em when we haint. We will try to tell the truth with fear and tremblin'."

Says Tamer Ann, "Would you tell everybody right out plainly what you thought of 'em?"

"No," says I firmly. "No indeed. That would make the world too curious a place. That would make circuses and shows and curiosities too common and frequent. Oh no!"

Says I, lookin' pensively at Tamer Ann. "I should hate to tell everybody what I thought of 'em for half an hour. And there

"Wall," says Tamer, "it is time to put the tea-kettle on."

And she went out and slammed the door middlin' hard.

But I didn't care if she did. I wuz a leanin on Duty, and I felt calm in my frame.

NOBBY.

The incident quoted below, is taken from the *Companion*.

"She made her first appearance in society last summer, in the most exclusive of American watering places. It was rumored that her wealth was reckoned by millions. She occupied with her mother, a palace which had been built for a Russian prince. She, herself, was in the first bloom of youth, and possessed of a beautiful face and figure.

"She appeared, richly dressed, at a ball, and was soon surrounded by a well-bred but curious crowd. For an hour she replied to all remarks only by a smile and a monosyllable. But at last she spoke.

"That's the noblest fellow I've seen here!"

"She is known now as the 'nobby heiress.' She never has been able to understand why her social career came to so sudden a close."

"Ease in Conversation," by Emma C. Hewitt, not only treats of such inelegancies of language as that above quoted, but points out, as well, a thousand and one errors, unsuspected by the converser. And having pointed them out, Mrs. Hewitt further offers practical suggestions for their correction. Almost any paragraph that we might quote, would convey useful information, but one or two will serve as examples.

"One girl 'loves pie,' another 'adores gravy,' a third is 'very fond of lobster salad.' One cannot help hoping that someday these same young ladies may find something more worthy of their affections. One young lady of whom I know, used, habitually, 'wrapped up,' when she desired to express any special liking.

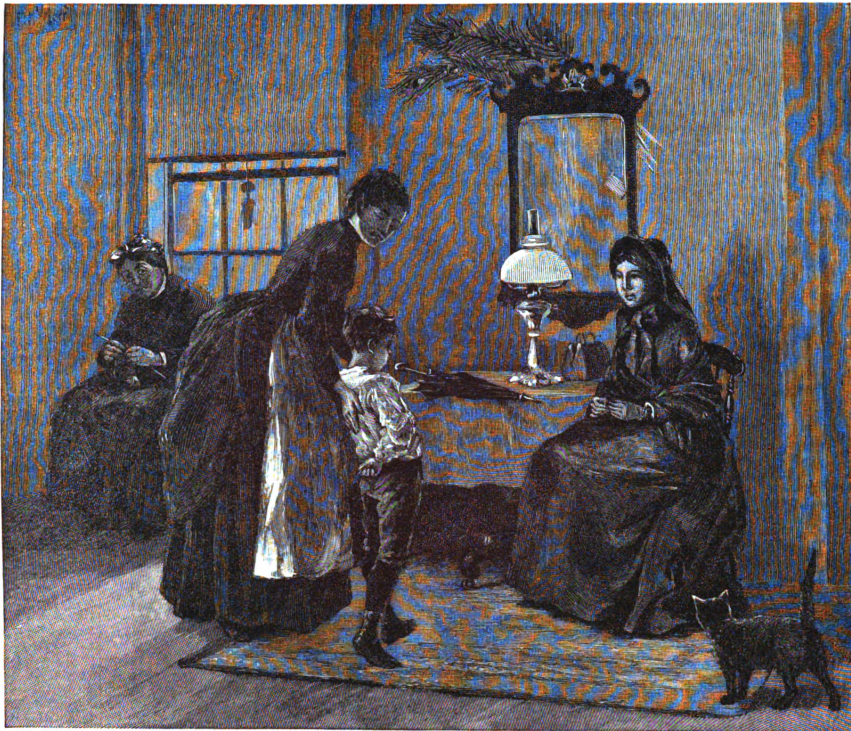
"One day, in reply to a schoolmate's question, she answered enthusiastically: 'Jelly cake! why, I'm just wrapped up in jelly cake!'"

"You tell me that you 'dislike large parties and never attend them any more than I can help.'"

"That sounds innocent enough, I'm sure," remarked Philippa. "Who would regard that as an incendiary sentiment, I should like to know?"

"If you could help it," proceeded the reader, "you would not go." Evidently you cannot help it. Therefore, you do not attend parties

oftener than you 'cannot help.' 'Ease in Conversation' will be sent, post-paid, to any address, on receipt of 15 cents, by the Curtis Pub. Co., Philadelphia.



readin' Aunt Nabby, and a hatin' to see her, to her back, and then he heard you a tellin' her how glad you wuz to see her, and a kissin' her, to her face.—What is that, Tamer Ann? What is that?"

She tosten' her head agin considerable, and says, "Oh! you have got to do such little things to get along peaceable."

"Wall," says I, "I 'spoze that is what Jack thought, he thought he had got to tell his little lie to get along smooth."

Says Tamer Ann, "That is entirely different. We older ones who have the duties of society restin' on us"

"The older ones," says I, interruptin' of her —"ort to behave themselves, and not set patterns of falsehood before the children."

"Society as it is now organized," says Tamer Ann, "cannot exist, and run smoothly without a little, not exactly falsehood, or deceit. I wouldn't use exactly these words"

"I would," says I firmly. "I would, that is jest what they be, jest what you used this mornin' and whipped Jack for this afternoon."

"Society," says Tamer, "would break into pieces if it were not for the oil of these qualities which I cannot exactly name, to soften the friction of the machinery of life. There are so many grades of society, the rich, the lofty, the common people—it would all break up if it were not for this quality I have named"

"Then let it break," says I. And then I went on quite warmly, and almost eloquent.

"Surely there is such a thing as truth, and frankness, and simplicity, and honor in the world. Surely there are them that live their lives in a simple, honest way, not hidin', nor coverin' up, nor assumin', nor pretendin' to be what they haint. Who jest go on from day to day, and from year to year doin' their best, not pretendin' that their best is any better than it is, not pretendin' that it is any worse than it is (which is jest as wrong, though we don't look on it in that light) not awed by them above 'em in worldly station, thinkin' how little one really can own in this life. Not lookin' down on them beneath them in worldly knowledge and wealth, thinkin' how differently God looks upon different gifts from what we do, and that meby He counts wealth of heart, more worthy of honor than wealth of intellect. For that very reason havin' no contempt of 'common people' or 'common things,' knowin' well that what we might call 'the common,' He might call the uncommon."

"The beggar with his heart full of prophecy and hope, beatin' under his squalid rags, and the king bowing beneath his prophetic doom, carryin' his poor starved heart to a banquet, with his royal robes trailing about him—we

is no need of it. But everybody can mind their own business with fear and tremblin'." It don't require much of a knack to keep your tongue between your teeth, and not tell what you think, to keep back things when it haint necessary to tell 'em."

Says I reasonably, "It is hard to do oftentimes, but it is much better than to say a lot of things you don't feel."

Says Tamer Ann, "Folks will get into places in this world where it is impossible to get out peaceable without wigglin' round, and deceivin' a little."

"Wall," says I firmly, "I have always found that truth is the best to depend on, in the long run, even from a worldly point of view, to say nothin' of right and wrong. It haint half such hard work to keep kinder still, and not talk a lot of trash that you don't mean. And at the same time it saves your breath to talk considerable about what you do like. And that I wuz always quite a case to do," says I. "I always seemed to have to talk about things and folks that I like. And seein' the old world is so full of beauty and goodness, and power, and grandeur, and loveliness—and you meet all the time folks so full and runnin' over with good qualities, seein' I always have so many folks and things to like, it uses up my breath, so that I don't seem to have any left to praise up what I don't like, and look admirin' at 'em. I don't seem to have the time, and breath, even if I wanted to, which I don't, Heaven knows."

"Oh wall!" says Tamer Ann, sithin' deep, "It is hard to know what to do. Sometimes I think that it is better to use a little deceit, if by doin' so you can make folks feel agreeable; make yourself and others happier."

Says I dryly, very dry (dry as a chip). "I spoze that is how Jack felt, I spoze he thought it would make you happier if he told you he had done what you sot him to do. And Jack had partly done it, as you know very well, Tamer Ann. I spoze he felt that it would make you happier, and himself happier, and make the friction lighter on the wheels of society, (and on his poor little back, too) if he told you it was all done. But you didn't seem to like it, and the friction went harder than ever, judgin' from the groanin's and cryin's I heard from up stairs."

"But as long as you do the same thing yourself Tamer Ann, and learn Jack to do it, teach him in the most powerful way, the way of example—you hadn't ort to say one word, you ortn't to whip Jack for what you do yourself. For that is the one thing on which I have labored long, and felt deeply, hundreds of feet deep, or even thousands of feet—to not blame children for what we do ourselves, and learn them to do."

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PHILLIDA.

BY MAUD HOWE.

[SYNOPSIS OF FOREGOING CHAPTERS.—Chapter I. Introduces us to Lawton Hall, an English country house, in the month of September, where is assembled the company of guests usually found during that month of the year in all such residences.

The principal characters to whom we have so far been introduced are Mrs. Patti Ackers (a young woman whom everybody likes), the wife of Colonel Ackers, whose regiment is stationed near by—Sir John Lawton (commonly known as Jack) the owner of Lawton Hall—Lady Lawton, his mother—Mrs. Trevelyan (an old friend of Lady Lawton's) and her daughter, Rosamond Trevelyan.

Among the guests is also Mr. Armydis, nephew to Lady Lawton, who has brought him up as her own son. His parents having died about the time of his birth. He is an artist whose home is in Rome, but who visits Lawton Hall each summer. There is also Rev. Wellington Blake, a former tutor of the two cousins in their boyhood.

Chapter II. deals mainly with retrospection of the past of the two young men in question, Sir John Lawton and Mr. Armydis, giving an account of a certain love affair of Sir John's a few years back, when he was determined to clandestinely marry his ballif's daughter. By the timely and persistent efforts of his cousin and his tutor, he was prevented from doing so. The boys were soon friends again, however, and go abroad together with their tutor, during which tour Mr. Armydis decides upon his vocation and remains in Rome to pursue his studies in art, returning periodically to visit his boyhood's home. This reminiscence brings us up to the present point.]

CHAPTER III.

"O Beauty, passing beauty! sweetest sweet How canst thou let me waste my youth in sighs?"

Rosamond did not find Mr. Blake as interesting as Mr. Blake found Rosamond, and she soon excused herself and went up to her room. It was already dusk, the balcony outside her window was the most comfortable place in the whole house on this sultry evening, and bringing out some cushions, she lay herself down and lay gazing into the clear sky, lost in thought.

Those busy thoughts of hers first flew back to the day when her father's orders to return to India came, breaking up their pleasant life at the Arsenal and obliging General Trevelyan to sail immediately for Calcutta. Then her thoughts annihilating time, and flying to the future, as they had just now travelled back to the past, busied themselves with the day, so uncomfortably near when her mother, herself, and the younger children must follow him—unless something should happen. If that "something" should not happen, she must go to India! Africa, China, Afghanistan would be hardly worse. Rosamond is a conservative, and has a constitutional objection to all change. She hates hot weather, she thinks she is never well while it lasts, and she knows that it is distinctly unbecoming to her. Rosamond is twenty-two years old, she has four younger sisters. For two seasons she has been numbered among the London beauties, she has had many admirers, and several suitors. She is now beginning to think with longing of a home of her own. She has had a full, happy life as the bride of her parents, and the admired model of her younger sisters, she has enjoyed an unwaning belle-ship, but all this pleasant life has been brought to an end by that official command. She would like to see the whole department of war forced to resign on account of those hateful orders. Matrimony, and judicious matrimony is the only refuge open to her. She has talked the matter over with her mamma, who is beginning to be anxious to see Rosamond well married and established in life. They have discussed her offers, but so far there have been objections either on the mother's or the daughter's part to all of them. Fortune has always been very kind to Rosamond, it will send her doubtless a pleasant home, with the appendage of a not too disagreeable husband. This is the quiet, the life of the country that has come to her, and she will help fortune in all ways that she can, without endangering her own self respect. In her eyes there is no lack of dignity in this determination, she will bring as fair a dowry as any man in all England has a right to look for with his bride; an irreproachable descent, for her father, the gallant General, is as much the son of one of the proudest houses of the realm, as though he were the heir to the title, instead of the youngest of nine brothers, and her mother comes of one of the great families of commoners, to whose dignity a title could add nothing. She brings a sound heart, unadorned by love, unscarred by passion, a face and figure of rare beauty, and a past into which the whole world may pry and find naught that is not virtuous and clean. Would a man ask more of the woman who is to bear his name, sit at the head of his table, give him children and fulfill the duties of widowhood?

This is what Rosamond might have said if anyone had challenged her motives, but no one questioned her, and no doubts or queries arose in her own matter-of-fact mind. She would demand certain things on her own part. She must be a man of her choice, for respect was the only road by which she could be led to love him, and that she should prove a loving and devoted wife, was a foregone conclusion with her. She had been a good daughter and a good sister, just always, if rarely generous. Why should she not make an equally good wife and mother? Of an intense, self-sacrificing love, she had no conception. Her imagination was satisfied by a picture of a comfortable domestic affection.

Mrs. Trevelyan had obtained three months' reprieve from India, and meant to make the most of the time in finding a suitable mate

for her eldest daughter, whose wings were grown, and who was ready to forsake the paternal nest, and build one in turn for herself. A month at Brighton and one at the Isle of Wight, resulted in some triumphs for Rosamond, but no eligible suitor appeared. Old admirers and new flocked about her standards, but her only offers were from a penniless poet and an old lover, Captain Terris, who proposed to her for the third time. He was very handsome, very clever, the most charming of lovers—but he had nothing but his pay, and was pronounced by Mrs. Trevelyan as quite ineligible. Rosamond reluctantly agreeing with this decision, she liked Terris, and had an undefined impression that in refusing him, she was giving up the chance of marrying the man who loved her better than any other would ever love her.

While they were still at the Isle of Wight, a letter had come to Mrs. Trevelyan from her old friend, Lady Lawton, asking her and her daughter to pass the last month of their stay in England at Lawton Hall. The invitation was accepted, and it is on the first day of the Trevelyan's visit, that we have made the acquaintance of some of the people at Lawton Hall, and have taken a great liberty with Miss Rosamond, who is still lying quite unconscious of our inquisitive prying into her thoughts, in the dusky gloaming watching the stars prick their way into light.

"How dear and sweet Lady Lawton is," so ran Rosamond's thoughts. "how kindly she received me, how happy mamma seems to be with her again,—what good times they must have had in those old days. I wonder if Sir John is still rowing Mrs. Ackers about. There

was always seeing things which her friends and neighbors preferred to have remain unseen. She had an inordinate love of jewels, and her diminutive person glittered with gems from her head-dress to her pointed shoe. She was near-sighted, and did not see the young man until she stood close beside him.

"Surely this must be Sir John?" she cried, holding out a fat be-ringed hand. "I see you have already made friends with my daughter. How like your father you are!"

They went into the drawing room together, Sir John giving his arm to Mrs. Trevelyan. The other guests were already assembled. Mrs. Ackers was seated in the recess of the window with all the men gathered about her.

"Quite a well-laid ambush, was it not?" she whispered to Mr. Silverton.

At dinner Mrs. Trevelyan sat at the right of the young host, and Mrs. Ackers on his left. He paid scant attention to either lady. His handsome blue eyes kept wandering to the father end of the table, where Rosamond sat silent and statuesque, listening to Mr. Silverton's description of his late trip to California. To Armydis, who sat on the other side, Miss Trevelyan hardly spoke.

The dinner would have been a dull one, had it not been for the unflagging conversation of Mrs. Trevelyan and Wellington Blake. As it was, the ladies were glad to leave the room at Lady Lawton's signal. Sir John was the first to follow them. Without a glance at Patti Ackers, he strode across the hall to Rosamond who was sitting in the pose of the Agrippina of the Capitol, her hands loosely clasped on her knee, one foot upon a stool, her drapery hanging in loose folds to the floor. She had been at some pains to study the attitude. Sir John stood beside her, looking at her, trying to find something to say.

"Have—have you ever been in Spain, Miss Trevelyan?" he finally asked.

"No—but I have built many a castle there,"

she answered in slow, soft speech which seemed to him the most musical he had ever heard.

There was a pause, they looked at each other.

"My brother used to speak of you sometimes in his letters, you remember him at Harrow?"

"Was little Gypsy Trevelyn your brother?" he asked, with a pang of regret for his neglect of the dull young fellow who had adored him.

"Yes; do you not think that we look alike?"

"No. I never saw anyone who looked like you."

Their conversation might have seemed commonplace enough to any indifferent listener, but to these two who sat a little removed from the others, every word, every moment of silence was fraught with an intense significance.

The evening had a tinge of autumn, and a bushy fire crackled cheerfully in the great fireplace of the hall. Mrs. Ackers was sitting in a warm nook of the ingle-side, with Jacob Silverton and Armydis beside her.

"How pleasant a fire like this is in September, when one really does not need it," she said, throwing a handful of cones upon the blaze.

"I like the yule logs best," said Armydis, "when the fire roars up the chimney, and it is so cold that we have to draw the curtains close, and hug the chimney side, to keep ourselves from freezing."

"But then fire degenerates into a necessity and becomes valueless."

"Like out of door peaches," suggested Armydis.

"Do you value fire merely for its picturesque properties?" inquired Mr. Silverton pompously.

"Yes, I have come to the conclusion that I don't like anything useful, or anything natural, or anything with an ought in it."

"I agree with you, especially when it's a question of the balance of my bank account," murmured Armydis meditatively, stroking his moustache.

"Surely a lover of nature like yourself, Mrs. Ackers, must be offended by the unnatural fashion of forcing fruit, and vegetables? By the time out of door strawberries are ripe, nobody cares for them, we have been eating strawberries for three months. It's the same with green peas, and artichokes. It takes the edge off of one of the greatest pleasures of country life," he added with a fat sigh.

"How such sensitive plants suffer," murmured Armydis—"I did not know Silverton that you were a lover of nature, and since when has Mrs. Ackers become reconciled to Her?"

"Since never. They tell me to look at the cows and the sunset day after day, until I have grown to hate landscapes, and I would like to kick the cows and the sunset."

"Speaking of cows, how are the children?" asked Armydis.

"I do not see the connection,—but they are very well. Take my children now—candidly, do you think me a good mother?"

"Admirable," responded the gallant Silverton.

"They think you a good mother, and their evidence is the most valuable," said Armydis.

"Of course I am good to them because they are mine and I love them. But I didn't mean that,—am I a judicious mother?"

"Eminently judicious," murmured Silverton. Armydis laughed and said nothing.

"You are right, Armydis. I am a wretch to them, and it's all because they are my children. If they were anybody's else—I shouldn't spoil them so. I should enjoy giving them their food, and teaching them all about using their knives and forks and things. But somehow I don't—I can't. Because it is expected of me, because it is natural,—because I ought."

"A strict sense of duty, madame, is the greatest of all evils—Mr. Silverton will tell you that."

Silverton who was known to have been somewhat overwired in financial matters, looked rather uncomfortable and twirled his moustachios fiercely.

"Isn't it strange that everything nice in this world is bad for one, and that everything gruesome is good? My idea of Heaven is a place where we can do all the delightful things we want to, and escape all evil consequences."

"Where we can dine out every evening, dance all night, and wake up fresh in the morning?" suggested Armydis.

"Yes, and back the favorite without losing, and fall in love every day, and never fall out."

"Somebody not very far off seems to be falling in love pretty fast," said Silverton, putting his single glass in his left eye, and looking over at Sir John.

"Of course I am going to fall in love this evening," said Armydis. "It's in the air. I am enslaved by that lovely, silvery dress of yours,—just the thing Undine ought to wear,—will you give me a sitting-to-morrow? I want to get on with my picture."

"Of course I will,—unless you change your mind and prefer having Miss Trevelyan for a model."

"She is very handsome,—but not picturesque. I should be puzzled to know how to treat her face. It is so inscrutable."

"Jack doesn't find it so."

"She has probably something to say to him; to me she says absolutely nothing."

"Armydis," said Mrs. Ackers, when the party broke up for the night.

"At your service."

"Armydis, I don't like that girl, and I don't like Jack for being so rude,—I hate them all except you. I told Jack to-day that I liked looking at him even better than listening to you, but I have changed my mind,—I take it all back. Good night to you—I shall try to get some beauty sleep for to-morrow."

"She gave him her hand, and left it a moment longer than was necessary in his grasp.

(Continued on opposite page.)



is no chance of that little affair's coming about that mamma has been planning ever since we were invited here. The young man seems to be deep in a flirtation with Mrs. Ackers." And with a little sigh Rosamond abandoned a possibility which she, as well as her mother, had allowed herself to contemplate.

Footsteps on the path below, and the sound of a woman's voice lowered, but with a certain intensity which gives it weight.

"You really mean it? You will not forsake me for the charms of this garrison flirt?"

"Forsake you!" The words were spoken in a man's voice.

"Of course your mother has sent for her to fascinate you, in the hope that you will sow the last measure of your wild oats, and settle down into the respectable estate of matrimony. I don't know why Lady Lawton has chosen anyone so utterly antiquated,—why Jack, she's of my time."

"Then she is of the time of fresh June roses."

Rosamond recognized the voice as belonging to him who had sung of the greenwood.

"But Patti,—I may call you so? Put your mind at rest about her. She is black-browed, they tell me, and of the heroic build, which I cannot endure,—and then the very fact of her being so palpably thrown into my arms, is enough to make me turn away from her in disgust, to your cool, sweet, golden beauty. Do you know Patti,—feel how it sets my heart beating to call you by that dear old name! that I seriously think of—"

Here the voices grew indistinct, the footsteps died away, they had turned the corner of the house. Rosamond sat motionless. She was filled with astonishment, anger, and mortification. The hot blood sprang to her cheeks. It was of her that they had spoken.

The wound was all the more painful because it was almost the first that her self love had ever received. She was not a sensitive

were always seeing things which her friends and neighbors preferred to have remain unseen. She had an inordinate love of jewels, and her diminutive person glittered with gems from her head-dress to her pointed shoe. She was near-sighted, and did not see the young man until she stood close beside him.

"Surely this must be Sir John?" she cried, holding out a fat be-ringed hand. "I see you have already made friends with my daughter. How like your father you are!"

They went into the drawing room together, Sir John giving his arm to Mrs. Trevelyan. The other guests were already assembled. Mrs. Ackers was seated in the recess of the window with all the men gathered about her.

"Quite a well-laid ambush, was it not?" she whispered to Mr. Silverton.

At dinner Mrs. Trevelyan sat at the right of the young host, and Mrs. Ackers on his left. He paid scant attention to either lady. His handsome blue eyes kept wandering to the father end of the table, where Rosamond sat silent and statuesque, listening to Mr. Silverton's description of his late trip to California. To Armydis, who sat on the other side, Miss Trevelyan hardly spoke.

The dinner would have been a dull one, had it not been for the unflagging conversation of Mrs. Trevelyan and Wellington Blake. As it was, the ladies were glad to leave the room at Lady Lawton's signal. Sir John was the first to follow them. Without a glance at Patti Ackers, he strode across the hall to Rosamond who was sitting in the pose of the Agrippina of the Capitol, her hands loosely clasped on her knee, one foot upon a stool, her drapery hanging in loose folds to the floor. She had been at some pains to study the attitude. Sir John stood beside her, looking at her, trying to find something to say.

"Have—have you ever been in Spain, Miss Trevelyan?" he finally asked.

"No—but I have built many a castle there,"

PHILLIDA.

(Continued from opposite page.)

"Remember your dreams, Miss Trevelyn, and tell them to me in the morning," Sir John was saying to Rosamond. "Do you believe in dreams?" she said, smiling just enough to bring the dimple to her cheek. "I am sure they will be pleasant ones after this delightful evening." "Good night—has it been a delightful evening?" "I have found it so. Good night—mamma is waiting for me." With one last glance she left him. The young man's eyes followed her hungrily as she crossed the hall, stopped for a moment by the fireplace, and then passed out of his sight. When she was gone, he sighed heavily, and excusing himself to the other guests, he left the house, and Rosamond heard him pacing up and down the terrace below her window. He wanted to be alone with his secret. His secret which even the new footman guessed, and which all the guests shared with him. There is nothing so interesting in the world as a love affair. The young, the old, the humble and the haughty, the rich, the poor, in fact as the old saw hath it—"all the world loves a lover." And when the sweet madness of love falls upon a man or a woman, directly under our eyes, then the interest and the sympathy we feel are doubled. Now that very morning Sir John Lawton had made up his mind to fall in love with Mrs. Ackers, who had been nothing loath to encourage him in the pretty pastime. The young man was as fickle as Romeo, and as passionate. Two months before he had basked in the smiles of the pretty daughter of a Spanish inn-keeper in Seville, and had only been saved from definitely compromising himself in her regard by the foresight of Armydis. The two young men had been traveling together in Spain, and Armydis, seeing the danger which threatened his cousin from the dark eyes of little Teresita, the prettiest girl in all Seville, had by an ingenious series of telegrams repeated back from London to Seville, borne Sir John off in victory to Lawton Hall, a free man still, and an honorable gentleman. They found a gay party of people at the Hall, and Spain, and Teresita's black eyes gradually faded from the young Baronet's remembrance, in the delicious reality of Pattie Ackers' delicate face, and brilliant personality. The two old playmates were together all day and every day. Mrs. Ackers asked nothing better than to add Sir John to the long list of her admirers. Notwithstanding Lady Lawton's words to Mrs. Trevelyn she did not relish the idea of her son's drifting into a flirtation with the gay young married woman. The affair in Spain had not been the first fright that she had suffered on her son's account. There had been the matter of the bailiff's daughter, followed by a short-lived passion for his cousin's governess. These affairs were always perfectly honorable ones,—there, in the eyes of her worldly-minded counsellor, Wellington Blake, lay Sir John's greatest danger. What if he had married old Badger's daughter, or the little Spaniard? It was evident that Sir John was bent upon matrimony, and it behooved his mother to find him a suitable wife. The chivalrous, impulsive boy needed a grave and conservative nature in his helpmate as a balance to his own volatile, generous character. He was like sunshine incarnate, but, unlike the sunshine, he did not penetrate into the dark corners, the cellars and garrets of life. He had a royal horror of all that was not white and clean. No fear of dissipation for him. If he did not believe a woman to be as pure as snow, he would not associate with her. In the eyes of his mother, it was a foregone conclusion that the young Baronet should make a very early marriage. All the young girls who were invited to Lawton Hall, came as it were on probation for the position of John's wife, a hypothetical being for whom a hundred pretty trifles had been laid aside, whose apartments were already chosen, and to whom frequent allusions had been made ever since the time of the boy's birth. It seemed to Lady Lawton sitting over the fire in her boudoir that evening, that "John's wife," the airy creature of her brain, stood a certain chance of being materialized, in the handsome person of Rosamond Trevelyn. She shed a few tears over her nocturnal cup of tea, and went to bed in a perfect turmoil of doubts and fears. Mrs. Trevelyn, her old friend, had no tears to shed, but sat before her mirror, beaming at her own reflection, as she put her bristling brown curls into papers. "I think the deed is done," was all she said to the little sun-browned image in the glass, but she nodded to it like a Chinese Mandarin and like Malvolio, went on smiling, even after the lights were put out and she had gone to bed. Mrs. Ackers scolded her maid and sent her away. Then she brushed out her own hair, tangleing it badly, and breaking her new tortoise shell comb. "She has fascinated the boy, with those big eyes of hers. She is a great lump of beautiful clay—without a soul, without a mind," she grumbled. "Perhaps she won't look so well to-morrow morning—brunettes never do stand daylight." Armydis sought his room in as serious a mood as Lady Lawton herself. "That dark-eyed, cool-blooded Juno means to be my Lady Lawton some day," he said to himself. "I wonder if she will make him a better wife than little Teresita after all? She never will love him half so well." Meanwhile the young master of the house, had sought his room, and was tossing about in the hammock that hung across it. His bed had seemed to be made of fire, and his covering of nettles, so restless was he. "How beautiful she is! How beautiful, how pure, and good and simple! And so majestic!

Rosamond, Rosamond, Rosamond! So far above me—I hardly dared to touch her hand, it was so white and soft. She is the only woman I have ever seen that I can really love. Her beautiful, beautiful eyes,—her arms—her white, white throat—her mouth—her full, red mouth—I hardly dared to look at it—it thrilled me so. So unattainable—so proud—so beautiful!" Meanwhile the object of all these speculations and emotions, Miss Rosamond Trevelyn calmly put herself to bed. She read a chapter in her Bible, carefully smoothed out her dinner dress and folded it away, and braided her long, heavy hair into its wonted smooth plaits, put out her candles, and without once looking out at the full moon which was flooding the vale of Lawton with its mellow splendor, went to sleep. Through the melody of her latest waking thoughts, a certain idea occurred and re-occurred with a persistent repetition, an idea which might have been expressed in these words—"Perhaps after all, I shall not go to India."

CHAPTER IV.

"I only ask to sit beside thee at thy feet. Thou knowest I dare not look into thine eyes. Might I but kiss thy hand! I dare not fold My arms about thee—scarcely dare to speak. And nothing seems to me so wild and bold, As with one kiss to touch thy blessed cheek."

The month set for the Trevelyn's visit at Lawton Hall flew swiftly by. Many other guests came and went. Wellington Blake returned to Gloucestershire, and Jacob Silverton departed for Aix les Bains. The great ball given on Sir John Lawton's coming of age, was a very splendid affair. Two special reporters came down from London to write it up, and several of the professional beauties brightened it by their presence. The fairest and most famous of these was Miss Brandyce, one of the beautiful women of the world. At eighteen this celebrated beauty had been sold into wedlock by her parents, to a man twice her age, who paid handsomely for his purchase. For a few years her beauty and her charm, seemed to sober the husband, who after a wild youth, appeared to be settling down into a respectable middle age—then something happened which might have been foreseen by both parties to the sale, the parents and bridegroom. If George Brandyce had lived in Egypt, and had kept his treasure veiled from the eyes of all other men, he might have enjoyed his wife's courteous tolerance of his society for the rest of their joint lives—but Cairo and London are very far apart, almost as far apart as love and money, and it is a dangerous thing to buy a woman in the London mart for the baser coin, where there is every chance that the truer one may some day be offered for your purchase. At twenty-five, in the zenith of her beautiful womanhood, Mary Brandyce fell in love. Her husband saw it very nearly as soon as she herself knew what it was that had brought back the strong desire of life to her, and taught her to understand the beauty of the spring and the meaning hidden in the nightingale's song. Jealousy added its bitter suspicions to her life, which, in spite of all its new misery was brighter than it had ever been before. Lord Archie Northbridge arrived at Lawton Hall the day before the Brandyces, and drove over to the station to meet Mary and her maid who came by an early train, George Brandyce only arriving at nightfall. They had a long walk together in the afternoon, but in the evening Lord Archie was all attention to Mrs. Ackers, and stately Mary Brandyce sat with Mrs. Trevelyn and Lady Lawton in the drawing room, and listened to interminable stories of the balls at Government House and of the joys of Simlah. Poor Mrs. Trevelyn! India was to her a halcyon memory. She had gone there as a bride, and for some years had been the belle of her clique in Calcutta. It was her first and last experience in Belleship, and she was never wearied of recounting her triumphs and repeating the pretty things that the Viceroy and the Maharajahs had said to her. The ball was a brilliant affair. Sir John opened it with Rosamond, and danced nine out of the twelve dances with her, and Lord Archie Northbridge, throwing prudence to the winds, never left Mary Brandyce the whole evening. To these four people the dawn, which found them still dancing, came all too soon. The next day the guests who had witnessed the progress of these two life dramas held their breath and waited further developments, but nothing out of the common order happened. Lord Archie caught the early train for London and the Brandyces left in the afternoon. Rosamond Trevelyn slept till twelve o'clock, Armydis and Sir John went off for a day's shooting together, after the manner of Englishmen, who, when they are completely exhausted rest themselves by carrying a heavy gun over leagues of rough country, and slaughtering all the small and defenceless animals they chance to meet with. In the days that followed, Sir John and Rosamond were much together, the other guests holding aloof from their society by common consent. One clear October afternoon, at the end of a long bout at tennis, in which Rosamond and Lawton had beaten Mrs. Ackers and Armydis, Lawton proposed that they should all go for a row on the river. Miss Trevelyn assented, but the others excused themselves, and left the two young people to stroll off together towards the river. Sir John helped Rosamond into the boat, undid the painter, and pushed off into the stream. The soft afternoon sunlight filtering through the overhanging willows touched the young man's golden curls into a shining halo. His close-fitting jersey displayed the outlines of his superb youthful figure. The collar was turned away at the throat and showed a glimpse of a broad chest of the color of warm ivory. His face was very pale and serious, and his deep sapphire eyes seemed a shade darker than on other days. "How beautiful he is!" said Rosamond to herself, repeating the words which Pattie Ackers had not hesitated to say to his very face.

No drifting-to-day. Sir John was in earnest. All the vigorous force in him cried out for expression in exercise. His strong, supple body bent with the rhythmic stroke of the oars, the muscles of his arms and back sprang into prominence and disappeared again with every stroke. The light boat sped along like a bird over the clear water, and Rosamond held her breath as she watched the flowery banks fly by. At last the oars flashed in the sunlight and the boat was run along side of a little glen. "Come with me," he cried, "and I will show you where the fairy flowers grow. Maiden hair, for your wreath, ladies' slippers, not half so dainty as your shoe, forget me nots, which will whisper to you my daily prayer." He brought the cushions from the boat and made a seat for her at the base of a gnarled old oak, and then throwing himself on the ground beside her, began with skillful fingers to weave a garland of wild flowers. "How lovely these gentians are," he said, holding out a spray of that fairest wood flower for her inspection. "Are those fringed gentians? I never knew just what they were before." "You like wild flowers?" "I know very little about them. I have never lived much in the country." "May I teach you their names, and where they grow? In the spring, the Vale of Lawton is a perfect garden of Eden." "In the spring? Ah, I shall be far away from English wild flowers then." "No, no. I cannot believe you are going to that terrible India."

She answered him with a long look. There was a pause, a dangerous pause—what is so dangerous to a pair of lovers as silence?—silence, with the speechless, yearning eloquence of nature all around them? "May I crown you?" She bent her triumphant head, and in placing the flowers upon her brow, his hand touched her warm throat. The color flashed into her face at the touch, but her lover grew as pale as the marsh flowers in his hand. "Dear—you know I love you—tell me—do you love me at all?" he whispered the words brokenly, but a thrush on a bough of the oak tree took up the burden of the universal song and sang it triumphantly. The girl hesitated a moment. Should she speak the word of truth, that, at the sight of his earnestness trembled on her lips? She had almost said the one harsh word when he spoke again, passionately, masterfully. "You do love me—you must love me—you are my own—my wife—tell me so Rosamond—speak to me."

She looked at him puzzled—angry with herself. Why could she not love him? So young, so beautiful, so ardent,—what could any woman demand of her lover that this radiant creature at her side did not possess? "Rosamond!" "Yes—"

"Tell me—tell me that it is true—that you are my very own?" She laid her cool hand in his feverish, trembling palm, and thus silently answered him. His heart stood still in his breast as he kissed her white fingers. The sun had set, and through the gloaming they rowed slowly homewards. A new calm and a new sadness had fallen on the young man since that quiet yielding. The cool touch of Rosamond's hand had quieted the fever in his blood, for in that moment when she had given herself to him, she seemed as distant, as unattainable as ever. He led her through the shadowy trees across the vale of Lawton to the Hall, to his mother's boudoir, and silently placing Rosamond's hand in Lady Lawton's, he hurriedly left the room and two women together, and went to his own apartment. He threw himself down upon his couch and wept. He knew not why. A great sadness had come upon him with the great joy.

"Is it always so?" he asked the silent walls. "Does love, the flower of life, bloom always guarded by a thorn?" Presently there was a tap on the door, and Armydis entered the room. "I came to ask you about the fishing to-morrow, Jack," he said, looking straight out of the window. "Oh, about the fishing. I forgot that we had spoken of it. I can't go, but the rest of you must go all the same."

"Oh," said Armydis awkwardly. He was still staring at the tree tops through the open casement. "If you can't go, Jack, it's of no consequence,—I mean it's a great pity,—the fish were biting beautifully this morning." "The fact is,"—Sir John began, and then hesitated.

"Well?" said Armydis, impatiently, looking for the first time at his cousin. "The fact is—ah Armydis, poor, lonely Armydis—she is mine, mine, mine! Do you hear? Rosamond Trevelyn has promised to be my wife." "Dear old boy!" They had each other by the hand now. "And you will be her cousin, Armydis; think of it—You will be my Rosamond's cousin, you must always live with us." "God bless you, Jack."

They were still shaking hands. "Weren't you ever in love, Armydis? A man doesn't begin to live till he is in love." "I say, Jack."

"Yes, old man." "Do you forgive me now for asking for my Wellingtons and those five sovereigns?" "Armydis! What an awful escape that was!" "And for giving Aunt Emmeline a hint about Teresita?" "Did you do that, you scoundrel?" "I did. And it has weighed on my conscience ever since."

"It needn't. I forgive you. Have you never been in love, Armydis?" "A dozen times." "With whom? You never showed it?" "I have been too busy lately to think much about matters of the heart. Besides, where

was the use? I was spoony on little Mollie for a year before you thought of her at all. Just as I was making up my mind to tell her so you came along. I had a fancy for that sweet little Teresita myself. You are too dangerous a rival for me. I shall be glad to have you out of the road when I go a courting."

"There is but one woman in the world for me, now and forever," said Sir John solemnly.

"Dear old boy!" And with a parting squeeze of the hand, Armydis left him to his rosy thoughts.

(Continued next month.)

THAT NEW FALL SUIT.



"The season for new Fall clothes found my pocket-book in a terrible state of exhaustion, and I was too independent to ask for credit at the stores, or help from my friends. A happy chance brought into my hands an old copy of the Philadelphia Star, where a correspondent told of making a party dress from a faded gown and some Diamond Dyes.

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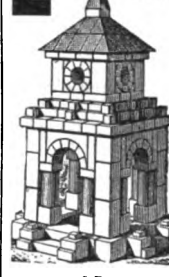
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[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.]
LINDA'S RESPONSIBILITY.
A Thanksgiving Story Founded on Fact.
BY FLORENCE B. HALLOWELL.

"Now, Linda, remember, I trust those turkeys entirely to you, and you're responsible for 'em," said Nathan Holway, as he stood at the

home was a rough, unpainted building of six rooms and a "lean-to." It stood in a large, ill-kept yard, and was enclosed by a rail fence, a pair of bars in front doing duty as a gate. Back of the house was a dilapidated barn, several sheds, a farm-yard, and a pump; and on one side was an orchard, scantily stocked with apple and pear trees. Back of the barn was a garden, and back of that were fields of stubble, over which Nathan plodded all through the spring and summer. Beyond this was a pasture, full of rocks and bushes, in which some lean cattle grazed; and then came a belt of woods, where beech and birch, oak and maple trees grew thick and close.

Linda was the only one of the girls old enough to help much, and she and Nathan had long talks about the best way to make the farm pay. It was not mortgaged. There was solid comfort in that. And whatever they made off of it was their own.

"em" himself. It's no fun going out in this snow." But she mixed up a pan of corn meal, put on the big boots, tied a shawl about her head and shoulders, and went out to attend to her troublesome charges at once. She fed them again at night; but Monday morning she forgot all about them. It was wash day, and she was very busy, and so was every one else. No one thought of the turkeys until late in the afternoon, when it began to snow again. Then little Hester suddenly reminded Linda of her charge.

went out to the turkey coop at noon, and scattered some corn there, but with no hope that anything but the rabbits would eat it. Nat was expected home before dark, but at six o'clock he had not come, and supper was eaten without him.



barn-yard gate one November morning, his gun at his shoulder, and a rough canvas game-bag hanging at his side.

Linda was milking the old red cow, and she glanced as Nathan spoke, and glanced up at him, a weary look on her youthful face.

"Well, I don't know," and Nathan looked reflectively at his smiling sister. "You might get careless 'bout fastenin' 'em up, or forget to feed 'em."

"I hope I'm old enough to know how to take care of a few turkeys," and Linda tossed her head. "You needn't fret. Everyone of the nineteen will be waiting for you when you get back Tuesday night. Mr. Barlow is comin' for 'em Wednesday, isn't he?"

"Yes, he said he'd be along by seven o'clock so as to get 'em to market early. I'll have to get up by daybreak to kill 'em. I do hope you'll take good care of 'em, Linda."

"Oh, go long, Nathan; you're real foolish about those turkeys. One would think they were your own flesh 'n' blood."

"You won't say I'm foolish when you see me getting ten cents a pound for 'em, feathers 'n' all," rejoined Nathan. "It's because so much depends upon those turkeys that I tell you so often not to forget to take care of 'em while I'm gone."

"Well, I am going to take care of 'em," said Linda. "You needn't worry one bit. And now don't say 'turkey' to me again, or I'll throw something at you," and she bent her head again, at the cow's side and resumed her milking with redoubled energy.

Nathan laughed, and went off whistling, but not entirely easy concerning his cherished turkeys. Linda was always ready enough to do a favor, but she was proverbially careless, and it was giving her a great responsibility to put her in charge of that coop-full of turkeys.

But Nathan could see no help for it, for he could not miss his hunting expedition to Bald Mountain. For several years he had made a practice of going to the mountain every November, just before Thanksgiving, to spend three or four days with an old hunter who lived there, and who put him in the way of killing all the game he could carry home.

Nathan was an enthusiastic sportsman, and looked forward all the year to his annual visit to old Joe. They often found deer, and once they had actually come within an ace of killing a black bear, and were resolved that sooner or later Bruin should fall a victim to their keen marksmanship, for that he still haunted the mountain, they were well convinced.

"We may come across the old black rascal this time," mused Nathan as he trudged along over the snow-covered fields after leaving Linda. "We'll have a hunt for him anyway. And if Linda only takes good care of my turkeys I'm sure of making more money this Thanksgiving than ever before, and I'll have that horse, sure."

"What we need is a horse," said Nathan. "It's awfully expensive hiring all the time." And a horse he determined to have. He

looked upon it as the first step toward respectability. With a horse of his own, he felt sure he could make the farm pay, and then would come other things that were wanted. He had proposed to sell the six cows in order to buy a horse; but his mother and Linda opposed this so strenuously that he gave it up.

The milk was taken to town regularly every morning by Mr. Barlow, and gave them an income of a dollar and a half a day, and naturally they were loth to agree to a proposition that would take this sum from them.

So Nathan concluded to go into turkeys. He bought half a dozen full-grown turkeys to start with in the early spring, and fully expected to reap a rich reward. But he did not make any calculation as to probable losses, and instead of having forty or fifty young turkeys by Thanksgiving, he had only nineteen, all told.

Of these he expected to sell thirteen, which would give him about fifteen dollars, which, added to the thirty dollars he had on hand, and the proceeds of the sale of the venison and birds he would bring from Bald Mountain, would make enough to pay the first installment on a stout horse which Farmer Hildred had offered to let him have for one hundred dollars.

"And with that horse in the barn we're sure of a good living," he said to Linda, when they talked the matter over.

So it was not strange that he was anxious about the turkeys, and that he thought he had invested Linda with a great responsibility in putting her in charge of them.

But Linda regarded the responsibility very lightly. "As if anything could happen to those turkeys!" she thought, as her brother left her, and she finished milking. "Nat's got turkey on the brain."

The turkey coop was a large, rough affair, which Nathan had built himself, and stood on a little knoll at the edge of the belt of woods back of the barn.

"I don't see what possessed Nat to build that coop so far from the house," grumbled Linda when she came in from feeding the turkeys, the evening of the day her brother left. "It's a real journey to that wood, and how I'm going to get to it if a heavy fall of snow comes I'm sure I don't know."

The snow came that night, and lay a foot deep on the ground when Linda looked from the window the next morning.

"You'd better put on Nat's high rubber boots when you go to feed the turkeys, Linda," said her mother. "You'll get your feet wet wearing only those old shoes."

"Bother the turkeys!" rejoined Linda. "I wish Nat would come home 'n' take care of

Little Hester climbed upon a chair by the kitchen window to watch for her sister's return.

"There she comes!" she announced presently, "and she's brin' in' back the corn." "Something must have happened," said Mrs. Holway, hurrying to open the door.

Something had happened. Linda came in with wild, anxious eyes, and very pale cheeks. "The turkeys are gone!" she cried. "Yes, the whole nineteen! Somehow or other they got the door open, and they're gone. Oh, what will Nat say?" and the tears rose to her eyes, and stood there thickly.

"You couldn't have fastened the door after you fed them last night," said Mrs. Holway. "I suppose not," answered Linda, dejectedly. "And yet I meant to be so careful! O, mother, what shall I do?"

"Go to look for them," said her mother. "Perhaps you can track them. They've taken to the woods, of course."

"If they've met any wild turkeys you'll never get 'em back," said Maggie, who was a year younger than Linda. "Don't you remember what Mr. Barlow told us about losing his turkeys? The wild turkeys keep 'em, he said."

"I must get them back," said Linda.

"Nat would never get over it if he should come home and find that coop empty."

Maggie offered to help her in the hunt, and they started out at once. But the fresh snow had covered up the turkeys' tracks, and after spending two hours roaming about in the woods, the girls returned, wet, tired, and utterly discouraged.

A more wretched girl than Linda, it would have been hard to find. The thought of her brother's return on the morrow, made her fairly sick. She did not dare hope for a moment that the turkeys would come back, but nevertheless went to the coop half a dozen times before night-fall to see if they had come.

But though she found some rabbit tracks, there were no signs that the turkeys had been there.

She slept very little that night, and when she came down stairs Tuesday morning she was pale and haggard.

"You mustn't stop eating just because those turkeys are gone, Linda," said her mother, when at breakfast the girl sat with her plate empty before her. "Take some hot cakes, now; they're real good this mornin'."

Linda shook her head dismally, and two tears rose to her eyes and plashed down on the empty plate.

"I can't eat," she said. "I'm almost sick. Oh, if I'd only never taken the responsibility of those turkeys! What will Nat say to me?"

"He's sure to feel awful bad," said Maggie. "I wouldn't be in your shoes for anything."

"Come, now, don't talk like that," said Mrs. Holway. "Linda feels bad 'nough as 'tis. That was a long day to Linda,—the longest, most unhappy day she could remember. She

As she neared the turkey coop she heard a rustling sound inside, and stopped short, her heart beating almost to suffocation. Then a distinct gobble sounded on the air.

For a moment her joy was so great that she could not move. Then with one bound she was at the door of the coop, and had shut it to and fastened it, in less time than it takes to tell it.

"They've come back!" she gasped, as she dashed into the kitchen. And then she threw herself down on the old patchwork-covered lounge, and cried as she had seldom cried before.

"You've got something to be thankful for now, Lindy," said little Hester. "Thankful that's no word for it," cried Linda, when she could trust herself to speak.

Nathan had not come at eight o'clock, and the whole family retired, leaving the kitchen door unlocked that he might be able to get in if he came late. But Linda was hardly in bed when she heard him creeping up the stairs, and the next moment he rapped softly at her door.

"Are you awake, Linda?" he asked in a loud whisper. "How are my turkeys? All right?"

And how glad Linda was to be able to say "Yes," and then sink to sleep with an easy conscience.

She was awakened at daylight the next morning, however, by the sound of her brother's voice in the kitchen below, raised in tones of the most intense excitement.

Those turkeys! There was something wrong with them, after all. Cold and trembling with vague apprehensions of evil, Linda sprang up and hurried on her clothes. She was so weak when she went down stairs, that she had to cling to the balusters for support, and she looked pale and frightened as she pushed open the kitchen door.

She expected to find Nathan looking the picture of woe, and when he turned toward her a face fairly radiant with joy, she looked at him wonderingly.

"There's nothing wrong, I hope, Nat," she said, in a voice that faltered a little.

"Wrong!" shouted Nat, in a state of wild exultation. "No, everything's all right. How glad I was to shoot a wild turkey up on the mountain! And then to come home and find my own sister had caged over twenty! Packed in like sardines they are! How did you manage it, Lindy? Mother declares you never told her a word about it!"

"I—I don't understand," stammered Linda. "You don't mean to say you don't know that there are more than twenty wild turkeys in the coop?" cried Nat, amazed.

And then gradually, poor, bewildered Linda was made to understand that when the nineteen hungry turkeys had returned the previous evening, they had brought with them about the same number of wild guests as hungry as themselves, and that she had closed the door on the whole tribe, just in the nick of time.

They all were now, large and fat and round, and gobbling wildly for their release.

But the released poor, bewildered Linda was made to understand that when the nineteen hungry turkeys had returned the previous evening, they had brought with them about the same number of wild guests as hungry as themselves, and that she had closed the door on the whole tribe, just in the nick of time.

"I'll leave you in charge of my turkeys again next year, Lindy," said Nat, as he stood by his sister's side, and watched the wagon roll away.

"Never," said Linda, emphatically. "I've had enough of taking care of turkeys to last me a life time!"

[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.]

THANKSGIVIN' PUMPKIN PIES.

So you bid me to Thanksgivin'! Thank you, neighbor, it is kind, To keep a plain old body like myself, so much in mind; Here I've been sittin' all alone; and a mist before my eyes, A thinkin', like a simpleton, of Mother's pumpkin pies.

Yes, I've just come home from Sarah's; —come home I'm glad to say;— And here, God helping me, I mean, in future time to stay;— Oh! Sarah's folks are very fine, but I felt all at sea, And though the rooms were 'mazin' big, they seemed too small for me.

The house is like a palace, and mine's a tiny nest, But, neighbor, I'm contented here, I like this place the best; Just as Sarah's creams and salads, I don't know how to prize; Her French cook costs a fortune, but— I favor home-made pies,

She wears her black silk every day, a trailin' on the ground, Leastwise, a trailin' on the floor; 'tis called I b'lieve, tea-gowned, An' frills an' lace, 'an hot-house flowers, such waste, it worried me, Rememberin' Jotham Peckham's kin, as poor as poor could be.

Rememberin' Jotham Peckham, I was vexed to see his child, A throwin' money hear and there; it made me fairly wild; Her house, it's just like Barnum's, with jim cracks everywhere, When Pa and Me, the children took, to see the wonders there.

How I run on! Well thank you neighbor; I see you want to go; I'm comin' to Thanksgivin'; your good old ways, I know; An' my mouth waters, dear old friend, there's tears in these dim eyes, For I shall taste the flavor of Mother's pumpkin pies.



Like Mother's; flaky, rich and brown, and toothsome with the spice; I grew to loathe her dinners, cut in half with lemon ice; Give me good food, biled greens and pork; and turkey now and then; I tell you on our mountain fare, we've raised a race of men.

Not spindlin' like them city folks, in dress-suits if you please, An' mincin' in their low-cut shoes, an' bowin' to their knees;— I hate such silly airs; I like to hear a hearty word; No! I'm not deaf, but when one speaks, why, speak so's to be heard.

In Sarah's house, 'twas "Aunty this," and "Aunty that," until, I saw I made a discord, let me to do my best, 'an still, I'm sure the child loves Aunty, but neighbor, she and I, Are far apart and no how could our ways again draw nigh.

And though I'm 'most three score and ten, an' cranky, I'm afraid, Once more I'll feel myself a child, my mother's little maid; And I'll be very pleased to help, in any way I can;— Good-bye dear, and my love to Ruth; a kiss to Mary Ann.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.]
CONSIDERATION OF MAID FOR MISTRESS.

BY FELICIA HOLT.

A great deal has been said and written on the subject of "Kindness to Servants." All little possible perquisites of their office have been suggested to them. The difficulties and hardships of their lot have been exaggerated and they have not failed to grasp all the emolument emanating from a pathetic situation; until the poor mistress has to inquire, "what is left for me since all the rights are demanded by you?" The housekeeper of middle age occupies a safe and comparatively comfortable position; too old to be easily intimidated and too experienced to be imposed upon, the assailant yields at once to the situation and demands nothing that is outrageously exorbitant. The young mistress, on the contrary, has everything to fear; to her, the wiles of the kitchen autocrat, become almost unbearable. That which, in her mother's house, seemed altogether reasonable, she finds in her own case becomes extortion and a desire to brow-beat the poor.

She hears herself called "tyrant," "over-seer," "fit only to drive slaves," if she insists upon duties being performed according to her standard of right. "Mean," if she does not allow the kitchen to equal the parlor, and the maids even more privileges than the mistress. I speak by the card and feel qualified to take the position that I do; as few American house-

wives have had less trouble with their servants than I, having had more than one domestic a number of years in my employ. I feel sure that if all women had the courage of their convictions and experience, they would acknowledge in their earlier days to have quailed before the displeasure of their cook, nurse and housemaid. I have known society girls who could enter an assembly room with the utmost self-possession and grace, become perfect children in their fear as they ventured in their own kitchens, to give a perfectly justifiable command.

This may seem a ridiculous statement when laid in black and white, but is there not much truth in it, else what excuse could be offered, to the very just accusation that the conversation between ladies so invariably turns upon servants, their exactions and their failures? In American homes, the wife and mother occupies the throne and by courtesy all hail her as "Regina," but all from the master of the household to the youngest "tot," very soon discover that Bridget is the power behind the throne and that she has laid down lines beyond which even the Queen herself dare not go. If the domestic exchequers be low, all needs be cut down save Bridget's wage. If one of the family be ill, all should be willing to give up their ordinary recreation save Bridget,—her demands being paramount.

In other departments of work, skilled labor has the preference, in this, the clumsy beginner demands, and often receives, the highest

Said a lady the other day: "I pay my cook five dollars a week, she is really the poorest one I have ever had, I am going to experiment with a little chocolate to-night but I fear it will be a failure." To my knowledge the speaker, had a fine home, horses and carriages, had been accustomed to luxury, was particularly about her clothes and her surroundings, and yet she weakly submitted to the imposition of boarding, and paying high wages to, a woman who called herself a "cook" and yet who did not know how to make a good cup of chocolate.

Compare the condition of this great, strong Hibernian with the young lady whose embroidery is immediately rejected on account of a few false stitches, or with the young clerk whose school-boy hand is laughed to scorn; and yet these latter are of gentle birth and of rearing that unfit them for anything but the kindest toleration. I raise my voice against this setting up of the ignorant. It is cowardly and weak to make our families submit to tyranny like this. We have all known housekeepers whose boast of the length of time Sarah or Marie had lived with them, made us feel small and wanting in competent management, but let us comfort ourselves, when we remember that they never tell us of how often their husbands and children are secondary considerations and how many un-dignified concessions are made to the family "Treasure." The other day, I read a little story intending I suppose to be a help to housekeepers, it was something like this—The girl

in America,—always the girl whether twenty or fifty, that class never reaching maturity,—objected to housecleaning; strategy was resorted to, the Mistress "pulled out the trunks in the attic" then mildly suggested "Mary should take a cloth and 'wipe'—not 'clean'—the window" whilst she "cleared the breakfast table and washed the dishes," then the lady smuggled implements into the second floor, brushed down the walls, dusted pictures and put closets and drawers to rights, "in a casual way." Mary was then asked to shake the small rugs and "wipe"—never "clean"—the paint. So the farce was carried on, the mistress failing to mention in the interesting narrative, her own mental or physical condition, which is most unselfish, as "sneaking" and hard work are always exhausting, but this wonderful matron forgets all discomforts in her triumphant pean: "We had cleaned house and Mary never suspected it!"

My commentary is, that the maid enjoyed the "humbugging" much more than the mistress, and laughed in her sleeve to see the Madam doing all the hard work, not daring even to give it words. Life some time ago, tried to solve the domestic problem by making it easy for the servant and hard for the mistress. "Mrs. Howe gives up housekeeping and takes a flat" but after three months "Treasure" feels dissatisfied, to make her more comfortable Mrs. Howe gives out the washing and burns gas stoves; six months later, "Treasure" suggests that "if ye was to sind the slip of a gurl to boarding skule and yerself and the Master take yer males out, and ye cud have mine sent in." More than this we cannot learn as the history here stops; surely it carries its own moral.

It is quite true we are all willing in one condemnation and that a great deal of ridicule has been excited in dealing with this vexing question,—too much indeed, for it has made the subjects thereof feel themselves of importance, a feeling they did not need increased. I have seen servants laugh heartily over jokes about themselves, conscious that their actions were the subject of consideration.

Those conversant with "social economy" know that it is the maid and man in domestic service who save money, the store employers and mill hands spending, as a rule all they make. In a gentleman's household a girl has her board, wages, careful attendance during any little illness and in many cases the attendance of a leading physician, who would not take her case under other circumstances, and all without any cost to herself. She has always, be she a proper person, courteous treatment and many little presents made her, sometimes these benefits even extending to members of the family, albeit they are entirely unknown to her employers. These are a few of the perquisites and there are many more among which are the long sojourns at the seaside and mountains, while her employers who pay her board, are often obliged to remain in hot and dusty city. There has been much "twaddle" about the "oppressed servant," who of any enlightenment can listen to such stuff? The spirit of the nineteenth century has been so active on behalf of the server, that the served are in sad plight if no one is bold enough to cry stand, so I venture to plead for the mistresses whose weary brains refuse to work out their salvation, and I call upon them to remember that in union there is strength. Let them all pull together and insist upon capability, sobriety and honesty and that no one lacking these requirements will pass muster; this once understood, there would be an instant change in the domestic policy.

Among our foreign population the Irish preponderate and what is so ready as Irish wit to grasp a situation? If they are once taught to think, experience will give them their needed lesson, and they will soon submit to take their proper place. Teach them that while the country is free, here, as in all civilized lands, the survival of the fittest holds good, and until they equal their mistresses in education, breeding and nanner which is the outcome of gentle birth, they are not qualified to grasp the reins or make the laws for domestic government.

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DEPARTMENT OF ARTISTIC NEEDLE-
WORK.

All communications concerning fancy work should be mailed direct to M. F. KNAPP, Editor Fancywork Department, 20 Linden St., South Boston, Mass. Do NOT, UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCE, send Subscriptions to above address.

Terms Used in Knitting.

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

Terms in Crochet.

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

Correspondents must give their full address in writing to Fancy Work Editor.

Mrs. C. M. O.—Send your address with 2-cent stamp enclosed. I will advise with you about Oak Leaf Sofa Pillow.—M. F. KNAPP.

Subscriber will find directions for knitting slippers, Honeycomb pattern, in Book No. 1, Reliable Patterns, etc. For sale by Curtis Pub. Co. Price, 25 cents.

Will Mrs. Woodruff, who contributed directions for Crocheted Sleeveless Jacket in July number of JOURNAL tell how many skeins it takes, also what kind of worsted is best, and oblige,

E. M. A.

Will some one please send directions for a Christmas present suitable to be given to a young man? A list of presents that would be suitable for a young man's birthday present, with directions for those that could be made at home?

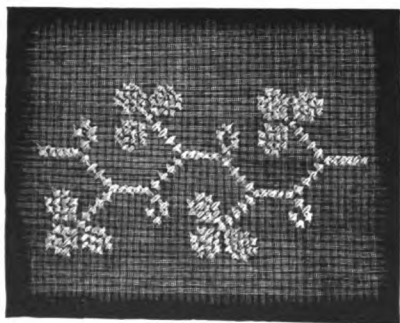
A. M. B.

Mrs. C. W. M.—You make your mistake in Infants' Booties, by not comprehending what is meant as a "pattern." You evidently think the 18 stitches form it; whereas if you look closely at the directions—which are correct—they say the "pattern" is repeated 4 times for the instep, with the 18 stitches. From the 1st including the 4th row, forms the pattern or shell. The sides are knit same as the front, with the exception of the twist. It cannot be made plainer.

Cross-Stitch Work on Gingham.

Materials: After the dress, or apron, (on which the work is to be made) has been finished, white or red linen floss is needed, thickness to agree with the blocks on the dress.

Begin the work at the back and work



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around.

When white is used, with cross-stitches, cross out the darkest squares, when red or other dark colored floss is used strike out the white spots, thus making the embroidery appear lighter or darker than the ground work.

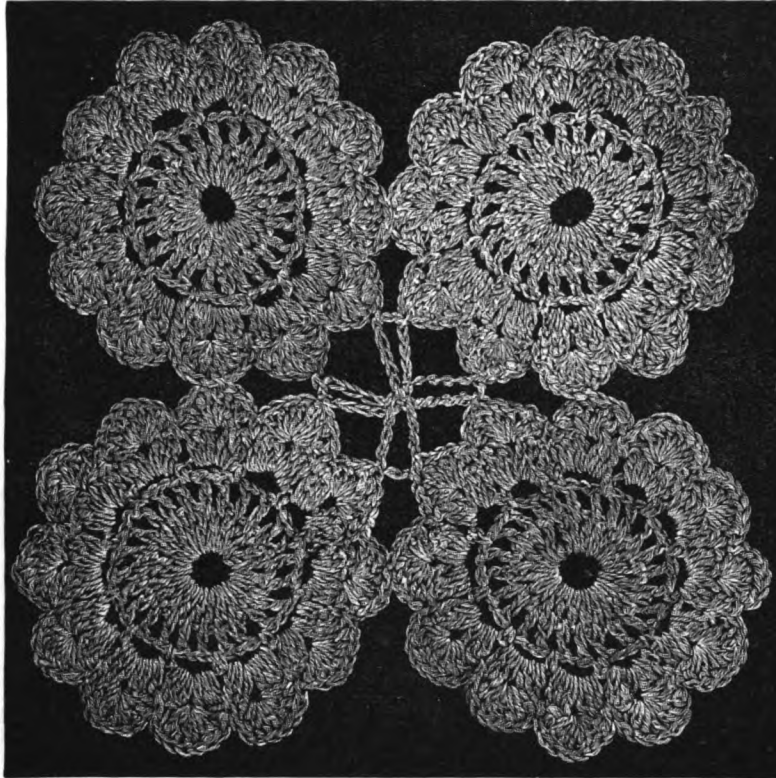
No definite instructions can be given but to select some pattern, and cross out the light or dark squares to form the pattern.

Looking at the illustrations, I think anybody can make the work without difficulty.

Any pattern which can be worked in cross-stitch can be executed on the gingham, crosses, squares, leaves, diamonds, outlines of objects, flowers, etc., etc. EMPORIA, KANSAS.

Toilet Cushion Cover.

Spool cotton No. 10, fine steel hook. Make a ch of 10, and join. 1st row—Ch 3, 23 d c under ch 10; join. 2d row—Ch 4, 1 d c between first and second d c, *ch 1, 1 d c between next 2 d c, repeat from star through the row, join. 3d row—Ch 4, 1 s c between every 2 d c through the row. There will be 12 holes. 4th row—3 d c under ch 4, ch 2, 3 d c in same. This makes a shell. Continue through the row; join. 5th row—3 d c under each ch 2, and 1 s c in space after 3 d c. Continue through the row.



TOILET CUSHION COVER.

To join the wheels together—In making the second wheel, after 4 d c in 7th scallop, put 1 s c in 4th d c of 7th scallop in first wheel. Then 4 d c in same to finish your scallop, 1 s c in space after 3 d c, 4 d c under next ch 2, 1 s c between 4th and 5th d c in opposite scallop of first wheel, 4 d c under same ch 2, to finish scallop, * 1 s c in space after 3 d c, 8 d c under next ch 2, repeat from star round the wheel. To join second row of wheels to first row—After putting 4 d c under ch 2, put 1 s c between 4th and 5th d c in 7th scallop of first wheel. Then finish the scallop. Fill in scallop round the wheel. Join each row alike. To fill in the space between the wheels, make a ch of 5, take the needle out of the ch, put through the middle of scallop next to the one that was joined in the first row. Draw the last st you took the needle out of through the scallop, ch 2, take the needle out, put it through the middle of the opposite scallop in second wheel, and draw the st through as in first scallop. Ch 5, 1 s c in first st of first ch 5, ch 5, put the needle through the middle of next scallop of second wheel, ch 2, put the needle through the middle of opposite scallop, ch 5, 1 s c in first st of first ch 5. Fill in the other half of the space in the same way. 4 wheels in a row, and 4 rows, makes a pretty sized top for 9 inch cushion.

A row of tassels fringe sewed round the seam of cushion, and bow of ribbon on one corner of cushion is an improvement. The cover can be made of silk instead of cotton. ALICE.

Pretty Mats.

A sheet of white wadding and a skein of Saxony will make three mats 10 inches in diameter.

Cut out a circle of wadding, any size you wish, and strips two inches wide, long enough to go round the circle three times. Take the Saxony—pink or light green makes beautiful ones—and crochet round the mats, and both sides of the strip, with chain of 12 stitches, caught about an inch apart. Then plait in double box plaits, and sew through the centre, having the edges of the plaiting and mat even. Tack the edges of each box plait together, making it stand up full. They are pretty, easily made, and serviceable, as the dust slides off the shiny surface. Some one try them. U.

Bead Watch Chain.

Use black silk and small black beads, either plain or cut—and fine steel crochet hook.

First string the beads on the silk and wind it on another spool. Make a crocheted chain that will fit round a small-sized lead pencil, and tie it round the end, and use the pencil to form the chain.

Work in single crochet—without putting the thread over—slipping up a bead in each stitch. Work round and round the pencil until the chain is as long as wished for.

Attach one end to a bar and the other to a swivel, both of which can be procured at any jeweller's.

G. G.

Infants' Band.

Use Angora yarn. Four steel needles, medium size, 52 stitches on a needle, knit 6 inches, then bind off all but 12 stitches, knit them to about the depth of an inch and a half. Cast up loosely and bind off loosely.

Olive Lace.

Chain 33 stitches. 1st row—1 d c in 6th st of ch, 1 d c in each of next 12 stitches, ch 2, miss 2, 1 d c in each of next 13 stitches, turn. 2d row—Ch 3, 1 d c in 3d d c, 1 d c in each of next 7 d c, ch 2, 3 d c under ch 2, ch 2, miss 2 d c, 1 d c in next 8 d c, ch 2, miss 2, 1 d c in last d c, ch 2, 1 d c in 3d st of ch; turn. 3d row—Ch 5, 1 d c in d c, ch 2, 1 d c in d c, ch 2, miss 2, 1 d c in each of next 3 d c, ch 2, 3 d c under ch 2, 2 d c in next 2 d c, 3 d c under ch 2, ch 2, miss 2, 1 d c in each of next 3 d c, 1 d c in 8th d c; turn.



Engraved expressly for THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

same 3d d c, ch 3, 1 s c in the 8th d c at end of 5th row; turn. 8th row—Ch 1, 1 d c in ch 6, ch 1, 1 d c in ch 6, ch 1, 1 d c in ch 6, ch 3, 1 d c in ch 6, ch 1, 1 d c in ch 6, ch 1, 1 d c in ch 6, ch 1, 1 d c in ch 6, ch 1, 1 d c in ch 6, ch 2, 3 d c under ch 2 of 7th row, ch 2, miss 1 d c, 1 d c in next d c, finish like 4th row. 9th row—Make 4 open squares, then ch 2, miss 1 d c, 3 d c under ch 2, 2 d c in 2 d c, 3 d c under ch 2, ch 2, miss 1 d c, 1 d c under ch 1, ch 1, 1 d c under ch 1, ch 1, 1 d c under ch 1, ch 1, 1 d c under ch 3, ch 1, 1 d c under ch 3, ch 1, 1 d c under ch 3, *ch 1, 1 d c under ch 1, repeat from star twice, 1 s c in last d c of 4th row; ch 3, 1 s c in last d c of 3d row. 10th row—*Ch 1, 1 d c under ch 1, repeat from star 3 times, ch 1, 1 d c under ch 3, ch 1, 1 d c under ch 3, ch 3, 1 d c under ch 3, ch 1, 1 d c under ch 3, *ch 1, 1 d c under ch 1, repeat from star 3 times, ch 1, 3 d c under ch 2, 7 d c in next 7 d c, 3 d c under ch 2; finish like 4th row. 11th row—Make 2 open squares, ch 2, 3 d c under ch 2, ch 2, miss 2, 8 d c in 8 d c, ch 2, 3 d c under ch 2, ch 2, 1 d c under ch 1, *ch 1, 1 d c under ch 3, ch 1, 1 d c under ch 3, ch 3, 1 d c under ch 3, ch 1, 1 d c under ch 3, ch 1, 1 d c under ch 3, *ch 1, 1 d c under ch 1, repeat 5 times, 1 s c in last d c of 3d row, ch 3, 1 s c in last d c of 2d row. 12th row—*Ch 1, 1 d c under ch 1, repeat 6 times, ch 1, 1 d c under ch 3, ch 1, 1 d c under ch 3, ch 3, 1 d c under ch 3, ch 1, 1 d c under ch 3, ch 1, 1 d c under ch 3, *ch 1, 1 d c under ch 1, repeat 5 times, ch 1, 1 d c under ch 2, ch 2, 3 d c under same ch 2, 2 d c in 2 d c, 3 d c under ch 2, ch 2, miss 2, 3 d c in next 3 d c, ch 2, 3 d c under ch 2, 2 d c in 2 d c, 3 d c under ch 2, finish like 10th row. 13th row—Ch 5, 3 d c under 2d ch 2, 7 d c, 3 d c under ch 2, ch 2, 3 d c under ch 2, 7 d c, 3 d c under ch 2, *ch 1, 1 d c under ch 1, repeat from star 7 times, ch 1, 1 d c under ch 3, ch 1, 1 d c under ch 3, ch 3, 1 d c under ch 3, ch 1, 1 d c under ch 3, *ch 1, 1 d c under ch 1, repeat 8 times, 1 s c at end of 1st row. 14th row—*Ch 4, miss 2 d c, 1 s c under ch 1, ch 5, 1 s c under same ch 1, repeat from

star 4 times, ch 4, 1 s c under ch 3, ch 5, 1 s c under ch 3, *ch 4, 1 s c under ch 1, ch 5, 1 s c under same ch 1, repeat 4 times, ch 3, 1 d c in 3d d c of group, 7 d c in next 7 d c, ch 2, 3 d c under ch 2, ch 2, miss 2, 8 d c in 8 d c, ch 2, miss 2, 1 d c in last d c, ch 2, fasten in 3d st of ch 5.

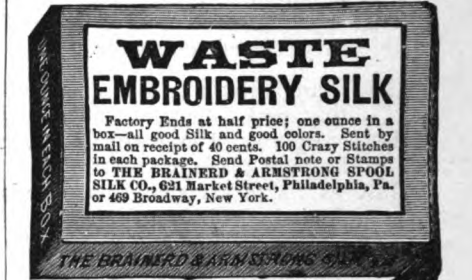
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[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.]
A TALK ABOUT BEARING PAIN.

BY MRS. M. P. HANDY.

There is nothing on earth, not even mental anguish, except to a few high-strung natures, harder to bear than physical pain. And one of the first duties which we owe to ourselves and to others, is the bearing it with fortitude. We all know invalids who are a perpetual cross to all those connected with them; many of us also know others whose patient endurance of suffering is a constant sermon to their friends. Here and there is a sick room which is the heart of the house, to which those in sorrow go for comfort, and those in joy go for sympathy, sure of tender feeling in either case. Some one has said that an invalid in a house is a great educator; sickness itself is a greater to the invalid.

Among the most important of nursery lessons, a lesson which cannot begin too early, is that of self-control in pain as in everything else. Parents make a great mistake when they teach all their other children to give up to the one who happens to be an invalid. Care and consideration should be exacted always; but too much submission is almost certain to make of the sufferer an unreasoning tyrant. The rights of the weak are best observed when they are yielded as such. There are few more unfortunate things which can happen to a child than the Doctor's edict that it must not be permitted to cry; and in very few instances should it be obeyed—unlimited indulgence in most cases being likely to do more harm than t.ars. People who do not learn self-control in childhood find it a much more difficult lesson in after years; those who never learn it are a burden to themselves and others.

People often get a great deal of pity for sufferings for which they should rather be blamed, sufferings which they might control by the exercise of sufficient will power. Of course nervous people endure tortures of which more healthy constitutions can form no idea, but the more you give way to nervousness the more powerful it becomes, and the less to be resisted. I once knew a child who had the faculty of screaming itself into convulsions, and thus terrifying its mother and father to such an extent that they were ready to do anything rather than have it exercise that faculty. As a natural result, the child held the whole family in bondage and was a terror to all their acquaintances. "I like Mrs. — but I cannot endure that child," said one of them, "so I avoid her as much as possible."

The parents were fully persuaded that their daughter was a chronic invalid, and took her to one of the great specialists for advice.

"Put her in a straight-jacket when she begins to scream," said the great man; and they never forgave him. Some years ago, the surgeons in one of our hospitals were much inconvenienced by the fact that one of their best nurses had a fashion of going into hysterics at the most inopportune times. The Faculty were divided as to her ability to help it; and tried all means to cure and control it vainly, until one day, when one of the doubters, the Head Surgeon indeed, gave orders to have her head shaved. Her partisans were indignant, but they could do nothing more than remonstrate, and the barber was sent for. The woman had magnificent hair, and was exceedingly vain of it, but the order produced no effect upon her, not even when the barber came, until the razor was actually applied to her head. Then she sprang up, crying, "Don't cut my hair!" and in half an hour was assisting at a delicate operation. After that she very seldom had an attack, and when she did the danger of having her head shaved was always enough to bring her under control.

The number of people who sacrifice their families on the altar of their nerves is shamefully large. Those who are sacrificed are often mistaken martyrs who would do better service by gentle and firm rebellion. One's own way is not always the best thing to have. Nerves are too often only another name for temper, and oftener still are the result of taxing body and brain beyond endurance. It is folly to over-exert yourself when every nerve is clamoring for rest, and it would be well if the fathers and mothers who are working so hard for their children would stop and ask themselves whether the dinner of herbs, with a quiet spirit, would not after all be better.

If people could but be brought to believe it, it very rarely does any good to make a fuss, and it is far better to reserve your strength for bearing the pain than to exhaust it in useless screams and struggles which not only do you no good, but render you disagreeable to everyone within hearing. The patient sufferers are those who command most sympathy. There are very few people whose dispositions are so sweet as not to be soured by pain; but the bodily suffering must be intense in order to excuse our flinging a pillow at the person who is trying to help us, or turning ourselves into human snapping-turtles. At least we should remember that sickness does not excuse everything, and do our best not to be disagreeable

in so far as we can. "There is such a difference in sick people," said a professional nurse to the writer once. "Of course we have to take them as they come, and sick folks are scarcely responsible, but there is nothing like sickness for bringing out people's real selves. There are some it is a pleasure to wait upon, and others that need all your patience and more. I can always tell how people have been brought up when I come to nurse them." And thus we come back to the nursery and the mistaken kindness which cannot bear to say "no" to a sick or afflicted child. If the arena of the invalid is a narrow one, it has its conflicts none the less. "He who ruleth his own spirit is mightier than he who taketh a city," and every mother should teach her child to practice this heroism under any and all circumstances.

When we consider how many of the world's great ones have worn the shirt of the martyr, and done their work in constant pain, we cannot but be amazed at the marvelous triumph of mind over body. It is not so great a cause for wonder to hear that Alexander Pope and Thomas Carlyle were chronic invalids, but that Samuel Johnson with his big heart, and Hannah More with her abundant christian charity, should have "gone softly all their days" because of physical suffering, might give some of us cause to think.

There are few people who have not some cross to bear; let it comfort the invalids to remember that it is not those crosses which are carried in full view, but those which we must at least try to hide, which are heaviest.

FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
THE CRADLE.

Among the many useful articles I have seen in this department, there never yet has been one touching on the *violent rocking of cradles*, which probably stands near the head in the long list of evils that beset the "baby world;" though so far it has received little or no attention from the mother or family physician.

It is an old story to hear a mother say, as she wearily comes down stairs—"Baby must be sick. I rocked him for hours, and he never even closed his eyes until a few minutes ago." Sleep! Sleep during all that ferocious rocking? Never! And the mother would not expect it did she but stop to consider for a moment.

Here is baby (probably just fed) warmly wrapped, put into a cradle—whose value consists in the length of its rockers, with the consequent increase of motion—and expected to go immediately to "Dream Land," with a short and rapid rock, which, being at first unsuccessful, is continued with more energy, until the baby's delicate stomach is so entirely upset, that rest is quite impossible, for a time at least.

Therefore baby cries, pitifully at first, but soon with force and volume, justly augmented by suffering; that doubtless, to him, is as great as any "sea sickness" our good mothers ever experienced on the Atlantic. It certainly is to be classed under the same head, as far as source is concerned, but as for cure, let the distressing cry be instantly stopped by those in whose care the little life has been intrusted and on whose judgment, baby, willing or unwillingly, must rely during the many months of helpless dependence, with only one weapon for defence and assault, viz.: the voice, which, in many cases, he thinks, is also used for baby's special delight.

It is not only young mothers whose attention should be called to the above fact, but mothers of many countries and all ages, from the time they are seen with the foot on the rocker for the first little sunbeam of the home, down to the time when the busy house-wife calls the little girl, or perchance the boy, from play, to tend baby until the baking is finished. The child being vexed at losing the precious minutes of play time, vents his or her childish indignation on innocent baby, by giving him such a sound rocking, that the tender little hands and feet strike first one and then the other of the sides of the cradle.

In proportion as the child grows, the system will demand more food, and daily the digestive organs are more exercised and more developed; and certainly the more the baby eats, the less he should be exposed to a heroic rolling even among pillows. Therefore, as soon as practicable, baby should be taught to go to sleep regularly, and by all means in a crib, where nature's sweet and restful repose will be refreshing and baby wake up in a good humor.

While a limited amount of rocking is well, if not necessary for a very young baby, it should be early abandoned, and even when essential, used in most careful moderation.

PEARL.

OUR LOST GIRLS.

A Mother Sadly Regrets That She Can Not Have the Training of Her Daughter.

There has been no mysterious disappearance, neither have they wandered from the path of rectitude; they fit in and out of our homes, these bright, sweet, good girls but we have nearly lost them, and the sense of loss increases every day. When they nestled in our arms, and we cared for them so tenderly during the years of helpless infancy, and development from babyhood into young girlhood, we thought we could keep them till that far-off time when they should leave home to seek educational advantages, or enter upon the world's work.

But, alas! just as our daughters are entering their teens, or before, we discover that we have lost them. Where have they gone? We rub our eyes, partly to brush away the tears, and partly to convince ourselves that we are not dreaming. It is a fact that the average girl is restless unless she can visit or receive visits from some young lady friend most of the time. The result is that the household tasks, if she is so fortunate as to have any, are hurried through with unseemly haste, to the end that she may leave home as soon as possible. The presence of other girls

during these tasks only adds to the haste and carelessness of their performance, leaving very little opportunity for quiet attention to home duties.

A mother said to me not long since: "Oh if I could only have my daughter to myself a part of the time! I have no opportunity for quietly training her, or cultivating her companionship."

Every judicious mother may be able to do for her daughters before they are fifteen what can never be done for them after that age. Sympathetic companionship; little seeds of counsel dropped wisely here and there; a knowledge of what the girls are thinking about and what they are interested in; a wise ignoring of some girlish follies—all these are needed, but can not be secured unless the girls spend considerable time at home, in the society of their own family circle. Our homes should not be simply boarding houses where our children eat and sleep, but dwelling places where they are to spend most of their time out of school hours.

Of course, girls should be allowed to enjoy much freedom of outdoor life, which is essential to health as well as happiness. They should be permitted to cultivate, within suitable limits, friendships with each other, that often deepen and broaden into a lifelong blessing. Staying at home, as a rule, and visiting as an exception will not interfere with these social advantages. The habit of being able to enjoy one's own society occasionally is a valuable one; a person who can not do this will always carry a restless spirit, thereby losing that quiet strength of character which every woman is sure to need in the varied experiences that make up her life.

"What is a mother for?" was asked of one who shrank a little from the labor and anxiety of training a half-grown daughter. Perhaps if all mothers would ask themselves this question, their mission and duty would be more clearly defined in their own minds. The years speed by so rapidly that we can not afford to lose our dear girls before we must; and they cannot afford to lose a mother's companionship and training during the critical years of early girlhood.—Mrs. J. G. Fraser, in *Congregationalist*.

PICKED UP.

I want to say a word about nervous children. Never scold or make fun of them. They suffer enough without your threats or sarcasm. Don't let them know you see their awkwardness when in company, nor their grimaces when alone. A case was reported by the *Boston Globe*, of a boy ten years old who, on being vexed, and often without any apparent provocation, will clench his hands and make the most frightful contortions of the muscles of his face and head, till his poor mother fears he is idiotic. By no means. He is the brightest boy in his class at school, fond of reading and of natural history, but he is of a highly nervous temperament, and has not been taught to control the little wires, so to speak, on which he is strung. This is no single case. There are thousands of children who give way to their nerves in similar fashion. Never whip them, but talk to them about these curious little strings that should be made their servants, not their masters. A prominent physician in this city says the man or woman who whips a nervous child should for every blow given, receive five, and is on a level with brutes that have no reason. It is our duty to encourage and help them. Be patient with them. They are the making of our future successful men and women, for they will work hard at whatever they undertake. Brace up your own nerves first, and then be indulgent toward the capers of your over-nervous children.

CHILDREN'S PARTIES IN WINTER.

It is impossible not to recognize that the so-called "pleasure" of a children's party, involves a very large measure of excitement, both before and after the event; so that apart from the exposure to the chances of "chill" and improper food and drink on the occasion, there is an amount of wear and tear and waste attending these parties, which ought to be estimated, and the estimate can scarcely be a low one. It may seem ungracious to strive to put a limit on the pleasures of the young, but it must not be forgotten that early youth is the period of growth and development, and that anything and everything that causes special waste of organized material without a

compensatory stimulus to nutrition, ought to be avoided. We turn from these to the mental and nerve injuries inflicted on the growing organism. They are certainly not to be disregarded. A perfect storm of excitement rages in the little brain from the moment the invitation has been received, and the affair is talked about in the nursery until after the evening. Sleep is disturbed by dreams, or, in some cases, prevented, by thinking of the occasion, and afterwards the excitement does not subside until days have elapsed, perhaps not before another invitation is received. Not only in winter, but at all seasons, we think the amusements of young children ought to be simple, unexciting, and as free as possible from the characteristics of the "pleasures" of late years. As a matter of fact, "children's parties" are in no way necessary to the happiness of child life.

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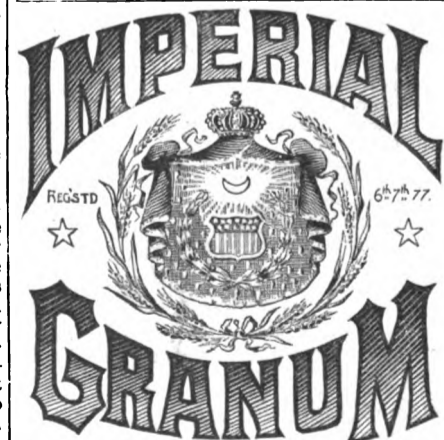
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For this month we print one million copies of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, a circulation larger than ever before attained by any periodical in the world. Of course we do not claim this as a regular, permanent circulation, although, we hope, the time is not far distant when we may have fully that number of paid subscribers. With the November issue, we mail copies of the new JOURNAL to several hundred thousand old subscribers, who have failed to renew during the past two years. It is surprising to know the number of people who intend to subscribe or renew, but simply neglect to attend to the matter until interest in the JOURNAL has so far waned that it is forgotten. The JOURNAL comes to you, greatly improved in every way, and, at One Dollar per year it offers more value for your money than ever before. We have in store for future numbers, the best manuscripts, and a greater variety of first class literary matter of peculiar interest to women in particular and for general family reading than ever before offered to the JOURNAL sisters. The LADIES' HOME JOURNAL shall be the finest and most popular family JOURNAL published, and to the attainment of that end money has been spent as freely as water, for the best obtainable matter in this or other countries. To the list of old favorites we have added such names as Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, Maud Howe, Margaret Sangster, Susan Coolidge, Florence Howe Hall, Kate Tannatt Woods, and others.

Among the old favorites, Will Carleton will furnish a full page illustrated poem occasionally.—Josiah Allen's Wife has several of her best stories ready for us.—Kate Upson Clark has written a story of unusual interest, treating in a delicate way of the unfortunate consequences of an elopement—a pure story of fine feeling, and one that should have a wide circulation among our daughters.

In the December number we commence "Christina at Gultormson's" by Katherine B. Foote—one of the strongest stories ever published in these columns. In no sense can it be considered sensational, but it is intensely interesting, being in a vein similar to that of "The Madonna of the Tubs," or "Jack, the Fisherman," by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. W. L. Taylor, whose work on the Century and Harper's has made him as familiar, to hundreds of thousands of readers, as it is famous, has been engaged on the illustrations for this story, and has given us something specially fine.

Mrs. JOHN SHEPHERD will write of "Silver, Tin and Diamond Weddings," "Newport Society in July," "A Parisian Dinner," and "American Watering Places."

Mrs. MARY J. HOLMES will contribute a charming series of letters on travel, giving a brief description of a European trip, which she has recently enjoyed.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE will continue to furnish "Homely Homilies," and has already sent us manuscript of some of the best things he has ever written. JOURNAL "daughters," as he calls them, have in store something particularly rich, and as good as it is rich.

THEO. R. DAVIS will furnish several chapters on "White House Porcelain." The next article will be "The State Dining Room Ready for a Special Occasion"—illustrated.

For future numbers we have in hand a good article on candy making for the Christmas number: "Convulsions in Children," by Dr. Marcy; "Red Rash in Children," by Dr. Marcy; "Abuse of the Eyes," by H. V. Wurde-man, M. D.; an article on "Money Making" (canary raising), by Mrs. Ella Rodman Church; a splendid article on "Diphtheria," by Dr. T. Wallace Simon.

Mrs. EMILY MEIGS RIPLEY has written a continuation of her "Rain Drop Stories," Games of all sorts, by Mrs. A. G. Lewis, will be a regular feature, together with a fine class of illustrations. The best picture makers to be found will continually furnish a feast for the young folks.

"How Diana Went to the Hunt Ball," a splendid story for girls, by Kate Tannatt Woods.

MISS EMMA HOOPER, whose "Hints on Home Dressmaking" have been so deservedly popular, will continue her contributions, which will not in any way diminish in their practical value to the "house-mother."

We have also in hand a number of poems by Margaret Sangster, Eben Rexford, and others, which we are having illustrated by first-class artists, and which will form a very interesting feature of the JOURNAL.

As we carefully examine all manuscript submitted to us without reference to name or fame of writer, we have also in hand a large number of bright, interesting articles from writers who are but beginning to sail their barks on literary waters, but who, nevertheless, have something to say really well worth the saying.

It would be impossible for us to tell you exactly everything we have in preparation, but the foregoing programme will very clearly show that our efforts to improve the JOURNAL and place it among the first magazines in the country have not in any way abated, nor have they been in vain.

Do you realize that Christmas is near at hand, and that it is time you were planning the presents you will give?

Do you feel that you cannot afford, this year, to give what you would like? Do you know that you can earn as many presents as you care to give, and can thus be generous to your friends and family without the expenditure of one cent on your part? You can, if you like, earn such presents as you want free of cost, or you can earn part and pay a small part in cash, or you can buy them for cash at a less price than you would have to pay elsewhere by consulting our premium catalogue—16 pages are given in this number—16 will be published in the next. There is a way of securing subscribers for us without the disagreeable features of canvassing. Can't you earn your presents by securing a few new subscribers for us?

BOOKS AND BOOKMAKERS.

BY MRS. A. B. RAMSEY.

I waited patiently all summer, for one really fine book, but no season within my memory has been so utterly barren of good fruit of the literary kind, as the summer of 1889. There has been no lack of books, for now, as in the days of the Preacher, "of making many books there is no end," but the quality of them is what disappoints—nay, more—disgusts.

Usually each summer produces some one volume, or magazine story, which strikes the popular fancy and one is pursued by the question, "Have you read it?" which serves as the starting point of all conversation on hotel piazza, or villa lawn. We have only to look back a year, and to remember the deep currents of feeling which were stirred by Robert Elsmere and John Ward, to appreciate how stale, flat and unprofitable has been this season's attempt at the novel.

The books most generally found in people's hands during the vacation days were "Looking Backwards" and "American Coin." The first is nearly two years old, and cannot, therefore, add any lustre to 1889 while the second favorite is almost too bad to deserve mention in a serious review.

The plot of "American Coin" hinges upon the attempt of two English, and impetuous, noblemen,—one of them an earl—to obtain the fortunes of two California heiresses. The short comings of the English nobility and the greatly superior wit and worth of our native-born citizens, is a favorite subject with a certain class of Americans, and it may be owing to this that this trashy satire has had a measure of undesired success. Surely nothing in the author's style, or story, can account for it, and as for the character study I hardly have words strong enough to condemn it. To call "American Coin" silly would dignify a work of which the two heroines might well have received their first lessons in manners from the matron of a police station.

As far removed from such trash as are the Poles from each other, is the collection of the "Letters and Literary Remains of Edward Fitz Gerald." Those who have reached the time of life when biographies are the most delightful reading you can find, will be keenly interested in knowing more intimately the translator of Omar Khayyam, and for those who have neither time nor inclination for these volumes of biography, there is a short, but just and appreciative article on Fitz Gerald by his friend Edmund Gosse. It has been copied from the Fortnightly Review by Littell's Living Age, No. 2,354, and is thus readily obtained from any bookseller.

The only ripple of excitement the summer through has been the sonnet which Browning wrote to Fitz Gerald's shade, upon the publication of these letters. The quarrel is now too old a story to tell again, and the sonnet has done Browning no good and Fitz Gerald no harm—if indeed it did not help the sale of these letters.

In close connection with this subject is the much needed biography of Elizabeth Barrett Browning which Mr. Ingram has written and which Roberts Bros. have published in their "Famous Women" series. It has always been a matter of surprise that no life of Mrs. Browning was ever written, for while material for it was not abundant, there was yet enough to make the task possible and interesting, and there was not in this case, as in Hawthorne's, a positive and expressed desire that no such life should be written. I have wondered if the chief obstacles did not lie in the fact that Mr. Browning still lived and still drew, so jealously, the veil around a life whose memory he has guarded so sacredly.

Whatever the cause, the truth remains that this is the initial life of Mrs. Browning and in spite of her high place among our poets and her unassailable position as a letter writer, even her letters have been given to us in fragments, or scattered through the biographies and reminiscences of people much less famous than herself.

Mr. Ingram has done his work well, and, though unable to restrain his enthusiasm as a critic, is, on the whole just, as well as generous, in his praise. I hope his book will be the means of bringing back Mrs. Browning to the memory of people she once delighted, and of introducing her to the new generation which knows her now only by "extracts." Her life certainly holds more than one useful lesson and teaches again the value of hard work—without which genius and talent can do little that will endure. In the very height of her fame she writes to Horne "I have worked at poetry. It has not been with me revery, but art. As the physician and lawyer work at their several professions so have I, so do I, apply to mine."

"Father Damien"—the leper priest who gave his life to the sufferers of the Sandwich Islands—is now known in the length and breadth of our land—not only through the various obituary notices which the daily papers published at the time of his death, but, through articles written for the Fortnightly by his friend Edward Clifford. Max Millan now announces that a popular life of this brave priest will shortly be written by Mr. Clifford and will include and supplement the articles which have already appeared. The papers in the Fortnightly Review were copied by Littell's Living Age last Spring, but I cannot remember in what numbers. My interest being largely concentrated upon the reference which Clifford makes to taking the lepers gurgon oil, as if it were an acknowledged fact, that this oil is a cure for leprosy. If this is so, what treasures of help and hope does it not open to the poor victims of this fearful disease!

Father Damien's self sacrifice, not unnaturally suggests the teachings of Tolstoi which have borne fruit in rather unexpected ways, for it is rumored that one of Philadelphia's wealthiest daughters—Miss Drexel—has decided to follow his example, to give her millions to the poor, and to spend her life in good works among the people. Rumor I think is somewhat ahead of the truth. Whether Tolstoi influenced Miss Drexel, or not, I can-

not say, but, in any case her decision is not as yet final, she having given herself six months in a convent to try the religious life before announcing her determination.

T. Howard, of Chicago, issues a book which will interest ugly girls and women, it is called "How to be Beautiful" and written by a Mrs. Dean, who seems to think that women will stop at nothing to accomplish this result; and indeed we should all deserve to be beautiful if we spent as much time and care on our persons as Mrs. Dean would have us do. The book, however, contains much excellent advice to girls, on the subject of exercise and bathing, and many of the lotions advised are entirely harmless, being in many cases just what is needed to take away the one sensitive fibre from a girlish vanity. Such books as this are seldom worth the attention of sensible people but it is not wise to swing too far to the other extreme, and condemn them all. Mrs. Dean's book, I am sure, will help many, even though those most in need of help consider her extreme in her counsels.

It is an old adage that "Love works wonders" and I have seen it exemplified in the case of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward. For years this well known authoress had a little cottage at East Gloucester, Mass. where she lived a quiet summer life—rarely venturing out, always accompanied by an elderly companion and invariably dressed in some shapeless loose garment of black. It was an accepted fact that her health was irretrievably shattered and that her life was to be a long waiting for the Gates to open. The more romantic of us whispered it round that all this was due to the loss of a lover—killed in the war—and that here was another instance of a faithful heart.

Much to the surprise of every one Miss Phelps married last spring and great is the wonder Love has wrought! The sombre garments are laid aside—red dresses and hats being frequently worn—the melancholy recluse has opened her house to numbers of friends. She even goes yachting! For Mr. Ward is devoted to the water and Mrs. Ward shares his pleasures, although she is always sea-sick. The shaken health is firmly re-established and Society is to be congratulated upon the re-entrance into its circle of so gifted and brilliant a woman as Mrs. Ward, who even as an invalid, had powers above the ordinary and made her influence felt in a hundred good ways.

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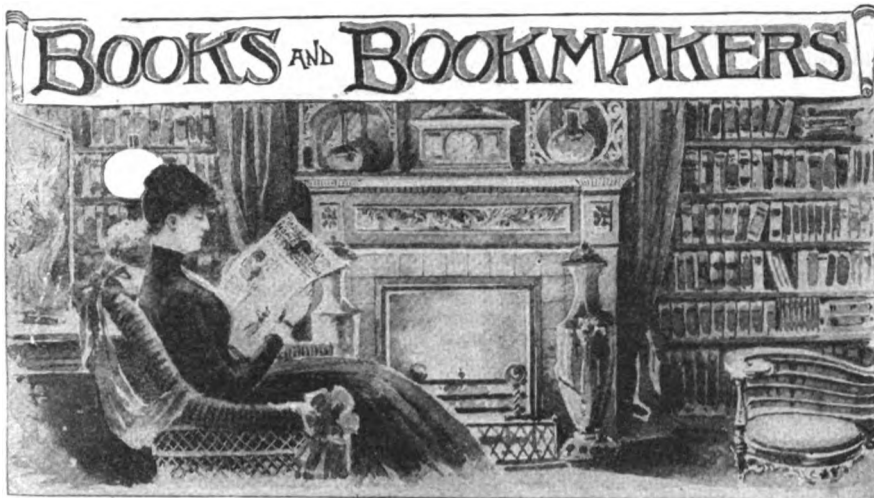
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"Christmas at Gultormson's," by Katherine B. Foote, is a story of unusual strength. Dealing as it does with fisher-life on the wild, rocky coast of Maine,—a life full of danger, dread and hope,—there is every opportunity for that simple detail and rugged truth, that is often most pathetic, and the author certainly has made the most of the situation. The hero and heroine being plain fisher-people already several years married, there is no room for sentimentality—but the story is full of that beautiful sentiment which belongs to all ages and conditions, and never grows old. Life to them means hope and fear and self sacrifice for those dearest, with little to beautify except that enduring love which beautifies all things. As the author carries us through, from the hasty, passionate word, to the equally passionate and hasty repentance, we are held with intense interest to the finale. Begins in December number.

As a member of the four hundred said recently, "We have our pleasant little set, where we all know each other intimately. These new people come here who are all well enough, but why should we admit them to our little circle? They have nothing save money to recommend them. It is so hard to go outside our little set—where we see each other all the time, and do the same things every day—don't you think so, Miss P.—?" "Why, really," said Miss P., laughing, "if you ask me for my opinion, I think the hard thing to do is to stay in it!"—Florence Howe Hall in Epoch.

Miss Frances Courtney Baylor, the Virginia novelist, is a handsome woman of about forty, with a charming manner and with an absence of gush which is refreshing in a woman writer. She is a firm believer in celibacy, and is said to have refused half a dozen eligible offers, not only here but in England. "I don't mind a man as a companion," she is credited with saying, "but as a lover, I should simply loathe him."

Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt, the fourteen year old daughter of Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, is a beautiful child, with hair and eyes as dark as a Spanish gypsy, and the imperious manners of a young princess. She is quite a marvel of erudition, and speaks German and French, Chinese and Italian with equal fluency.



[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.]
MR. BOK'S LITERARY LEAVES.

Success in Literature: How Obtained And What It Brings.

The earnings of authors is a favorite topic with the literary paragrapher, and it would be an interesting and fruitful one in many respects if the writers would adhere to facts. But only harm can come from the statements set afloat which give ambitious young authors an entirely mistaken idea of the revenues of the pen. It reads very nicely, for example, to say that Mr. Howells has a yearly income of \$25,000 from his literary work, as has recently been stated. But it is not true, as all know who have any knowledge at all of the earnings of literary people. Mr. Howells has undoubtedly a comfortable income, that is, comfortable for an author, but that income, I do not think, exceeds \$15,000, of which two-thirds represent his work as editor of the "Study" department in *Hurpers Magazine*. E. P. Roe has been quoted as having enjoyed a yearly income of \$50,000 for the last two years of his life. This figure is an exaggeration of just 100 per cent, as I happen to know. Mrs. Burnett's income has been rated as high as \$75,000 a year, which is another gross misstatement. Depend upon it, such incomes as those quoted are not enjoyed by authors in these times. If the average writer of novels and stories, and I grant him fame and a wide circle of readers, is able to live comfortably from the proceeds of his pen, and promptly pay his debts, he is fortunate above scores of his fellow-authors. It is right that the young in literature as well as in all professions and trades should look to the successful, and endeavor to emulate their examples. But while we are continually telling aspiring authors all about the Stevenson's, the Burnetts, the Haggards, the Wallaces of literature, it is well, also, to occasionally say something about the hundreds of literary workers who hardly realize enough from their work to pay for stationery and postage.

LITERATURE NOT A BED OF ROSES.

There is by far too prevalent an impression that literature is a bed of roses, where all seed bears flowers. No calculation is safe that is made on products of the pen. I have known of several instances where young authors have assumed obligations based upon the probable success of their work. Disappointment invariably follows in such cases. In few professions are there so many uncertainties. Because a story is accepted this week, is no guarantee that you will have another accepted next week. Yet, again and again have I heard rising young authors make such a calculation. A young writer receives \$50 for an accepted story which has probably cost him a week's work. Immediately follows the multiplication of \$50 by 52 weeks. It apparently never occurs to him that for weeks, and perhaps months, he will receive only declinations. Literature makes a precarious foundation for financial calculations, and it would save much unhappiness and disappointment if this was more generally understood and credited. As in all callings, success in literature means hard, steady work, plenty of it, and even then success may not come. There are ten, yea twenty and forty failures to every success. The literary market has never been so full as at the present day, with sharp competition at every turn. Never have there been more people with pen in hand striving for a livelihood, each doing their utmost to outdistance the other. It will be well for young authors, too ready to adopt literature as a profession and too sanguine of success, to consider and digest some of the disadvantages of authorship as well as the rose-colored joys of fame and praise which are spread upon the canvas of their inexperienced visions.

EARNINGS OF POPULAR AUTHORS.

A simple glance over the list of American authors is in itself a convincing evidence that literature is not so profitable as our literary paragraphers would have us believe. Very few of our modern authors find themselves able to depend entirely upon the revenues of their work. I will not say that they could not do so; I merely state the fact that they do not. Mr. Cable for example devotes considerable time to lecturing. Mark Twain is now more of a publisher than an author. Joel Chandler Harris is an editor as is Richard Henry Stoddards. Dr. Holmes has found his medical practice immensely valuable to him for years before he reached an eminence in literature accorded to but few. Marion Harland and Margaret E. Sangster both find the editorial chair profitable; likewise, John Habberton, Mr. Aldrich, Mr. Warner and Mr. Gilder. Bret Harte's consulate was not purely accepted for the honor it brought. Mary Mapes Dodge doubtless finds more peace of mind in the assured income which her posi-

tion as editor of *St. Nicholas* brings her than in the lottery of simple authorship. Indeed there are but few authors of to-day who do not harness some other duties to the mere writing of stories, poems or novels. I do not write these facts in discouragement of rising literary talent; simply to constract, if possible, some of the impressions likely to be made by paragraphers who are apt to be too reckless in their handling of the incomes of famous authors.

HOW TO GET A "START" AS AN AUTHOR.

I often hear aspiring young writers say, "If I could only get a start, I feel positive I would make a success as an author." A "start" in literature is best made by the individual efforts of the writer. It is a mistaken idea that influence is necessary to a foothold in the literary world. If a young writer has a manuscript finished, let her send it, with a brief simple note, to the editor of the magazine to which she believes it is best suited. But, just here is where hundreds of writers fail. They cannot adapt their work to the proper channel. I believe that more failures in authorship are due to this inability on the part of authors than to any other, except worthless and careless writing. I have known women—and men, too, for that matter—who repeatedly sent poems to *The Forum* and stories and serial novels to *The North American Review*; then express the utmost surprise at their declination. I believe that every manuscript written which has merit in it, finds its market somewhere and at some time; that it does not always find it at the outset is as often due to the lack of judgement in the author as to the manuscript itself. Each magazine has its distinct policy and constituency, and the character of these is reflected in the text. It is the duty of an ambitious author to study these before she begins to send her manuscripts around. Her chances will be increased by doing so, and her reputation among editors better, than those who throw their productions around indiscriminately.

VALUE OF INFLUENCE IN LITERATURE.

I should not be understood as belittling the value of a certain kind of influence exerted in behalf of a rising young author. A timely word, a gentle push given at just the right moment by just the right person in just the right manner, is invaluable. But for Mr. Gladstone's review of "Robert Elsmere," Mrs. Humphrey Ward would not hold the conspicuous position in literature she does to-day. "Ben Hur," after selling less than a thousand copies during the first year of its publication, was almost a "shelved" book when President Garfield gave it a timely reference that started it on its subsequently enormous sales. Mr. Aldrich may be regarded as the god-father of both Miss Murfree (Charles Egbert Craddock) and Mrs. Amelie Rives—Chanler, while Mr. Stedman did much to bring "Sidney Luska" into the prominence he has attained. But influence of this sort only helps an author; it never makes one. Without merit, all the "pushing" by those most influential is useless and unproductive. If influence of this sort is inaccessible, only a trifle harder work must be gone through by the ambitious young author. But, even in these busy and fast-going days, real talent is not very often allowed to go to waste. Upon this fact it is always safe to rely. There may be an exceptional case here and there, but as a rule literary talent is certain of recognition, although it may seem too long in coming. Editors are just as anxious to discover fresh talent as the authors are desirous of being discovered. It is an advantage to an editor to introduce a new author of talent, and one which he is always ready to grasp.

There is one safe rule, however, sure to prevent all disappointment in literature: Don't write. EDWARD W. BOK.

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[For the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.]
NEW FASHIONS.

CLOAKS, FURS, GOWNS, BONNETS AND ROUND HATS.

BY MRS. JOHN W. BISHOP.

There is really an embarrassment of riches in the choice of cloaking materials this season; it is far more difficult to determine what is not fashionable than what is the *haute nouveauté*. Cloths of rough surface and of smooth surface, plain cloths and those with immense figures, dark and light cloths, velvets and plushes, plain and broché, matelassé, and all of the rich and costly Persian and Venetian

as was also the vest; around the neck and sleeves there was a band of very close, fine *coque* feather trimming. The general color effect was seal brown, but with every movement of the wearer glintings of dark green could be seen in both material and trimming; the lining was seal brown *peau de soie* shot with dark green; the perfect harmony and exquisite set of this garment, added to the richness of the materials, made it the most unique and elegant of the season.

A beautiful carriage cloak is in the form of a jacket in the back, with long, loose fronts opening over a Louis XIV vest; the back and long fronts are of heliotrope velvet, trimmed with rich beige and gold passementerie, the large sleeves are in broché velvet, heliotrope on a beige ground, and are bordered with a beige ostrich feather trimming, as are also the neck and long fronts.

Handsome black velvet jackets, with long fronts and large sleeves, are elegantly embroidered in black silk, and have a finish all around of rich, fluffy chenille trimming.

Feather trimmings are a prominent feature of this season's fashions for the garniture of wraps, gowns, and hats. These trimmings are much closer and better made than formerly, and are said to wear extremely well. Capes, boas, muffs and *toques* are made of the breast plumage of the gray eider duck; the soft brown tints shading off into the lightest possible grays are a delight to the eye.

Seal redingotes, with large sleeves, trimmed with passementerie in various shades of brown and gold, surrounded by a fringe of gold and brown with seal pendants, are a *fantasie* of the season.

There is a great tendency to combine furs of different kinds. Seal jackets are trimmed with astrachan, and have sleeves of astrachan, and *vice versa*. Some astrachan jackets have an *applique* of seal in embroidery designs, the bits of seal are deftly set in on the wrong side, giving a handsome pattern on the right. Seal redingotes with large sleeves are embroidered in this way with beaver or



golden otter. This species of fur *marqueterie* is, to our taste, more novel and expensive than it is effective or beautiful. Seal is so rich in itself that a garment of it is much more elegant perfectly plain, if it is of a dainty and elegant shape.

Shoulder capes are made of beaver, golden otter, seal or astrachan, with round backs reaching to the waist line, and coming over the arm like a square sleeve; the fronts are in the form of a Russian jacket, and are fitted close to the figure, the sides extending to and attached to the back to hold them in place; these are finished with a high Medici collar, as are all the new col-

cloaking fabrics.—all are seen, alone or in combination, in the construction of the new cloaks exhibited for the delight of feminine eyes in the numerous establishments in Paris devoted to the manufacture of these garments.

In shapes some novelties appear, and various modifications of those of last year.

The redingote still holds its own, but most of them have loose fronts; there is less fullness in the back of skirt and less curve below the waist line, since there is no *tournure* to be accommodated; a plait is laid at each of the side seams to equalize the fullness of the skirt, but they are pressed flat, allowing a slight spring at the bottom only; there is always a large sleeve, either a full bishop's sleeve, gathered into and falling over a deep cuff, or a sleeve cut square at the elbow over a close under-sleeve, or a long sleeve reaching to the foot of the garment.

If there is any marked feature of the new cloaks, it is that they have a full, loose, voluminous effect, rather than a close-rigged, trim look. To enhance this effect, the trimmings are mostly of shaggy fur, feather trimming, or full, fluffy chenille bands or fringes. Some pretty cloth redingotes, however, have a yoke of Astrachan or Persian lamb slightly pointed in the back, continuing in long points to the waist in front, then in a binding on the edge of the fronts to the foot; there is a square sleeve of the fur reaching to the elbow, over a close cloth sleeve, or a full bishop's sleeve of the cloth falling over a very deep cuff of the Astrachan.

Another model in dark blue cloth has loose double-breasted fronts, with a wide Russian collar of dark beaver, the end crossing far to the left side, and reaching below the waist; a binding and three enormous buttons of beaver finishes the edge of the front; full bishop's sleeves and cuffs of beaver.

Our model represents one of the newest shapes. It is in dark blue cloth, trimmed with blue fox, which is one of the most fashionable furs of the season, and is next in beauty and costliness to the silver fox, which, of course, outrivals all other furs. The disposition of the fur on the front is new, the binding of fur on the edge of the long sleeve gives the effect of a fur lining. The sleeve folds under the arm in the back, giving a plain redingote effect. The little *toque* is of blue cloth, bordered with the fur, and finished with a pompon of tiny tips.

Among richer and more costly garments, the most elegant and *chic* model was seen at the house of Emil Pangat. It was of matelassé, with redingote back, and long, loose fronts opening over an inner front of *velours du nord*—something between ordinary velvet and plush—; the long, loose sleeves were of the *velour du nord*, and trimmed with rich passementerie ornaments,

larettes, and some of the jackets. Flat boas are made of sable, very long and finished with tails.

Almost all kinds of fur are used in the construction or trimming of wraps and gowns. Isabelle bear, white beaver, blue wolf, and

light seal being added to those well known, also a revival of chinchilla.

A novelty in the way of a cloth gown is exhibited at Redfern's. It is of olive cloth, with front of skirt folded over to one side, and plain, double-breasted jacket by turning back the fronts of the jacket, *en revers*, and also the double fronts of the skirt, a vest and petticoat are disclosed, of saede cloth, handsomely trimmed with gold and silver passementerie, thus transforming the plain costume into a dressy toilette.

Our illustration shows a pretty model for a gown in almost any soft woolen material. It is of *tourterelle* cloth, embroidered in silk, same shade; revers and bottom of skirt in velvet several shades darker; the *cuirass* opens over a corselet, also embroidered; hat of felt, with a *tourterelle* posed upon the front.

The combination of beige and heliotrope is a favorite one this season, and is certainly lovely, if the shades are correct.

(Concluded on opposite page.)

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NEW FASHIONS.

(Concluded from opposite page.)

A beige cloth dress, with round skirt, has the sides slightly lifted at top, in the manner represented in our model; the bottom is slashed over a petticoat of heliotrope cloth; there is a fold of the heliotrope cloth all around the cuirass, which opens the least bit in front, to disclose a little strip of vest in white cloth, buttoned straight down with tiny gilt buttons; the sleeves, slightly full at top, are very close at the wrist, and finished with a fold of the heliotrope. This plain gown is exceedingly chic if exquisitely fitted. Composite styles still obtain in the matter of

on velvet bonnets and hats. The rounded ends have a fine, invisible wire attached to make them stand in place. They are arranged in a graceful bow, or to resemble a butterfly, the ends forming the wings. One pretty round hat of black velvet, has large jet ornaments, in shape of a palm leaf, let in around both brim and crown, giving an open-work effect. Turbans of felt, with rims flaring away from the crown, slightly, and faced with velvet, are becoming. There are a variety of shapes in felt, but all conform more or less to one general idea of little or nothing at the back and projecting front, the crown low, but the trimming arranged a little higher than last season. Birds, wings, and



gowning. The modistes of the present day are veritable artistes in combining the features of past eras, the Directoire, Restoration, Louis Philippe, or those of earlier date with the modern form of the princess gown. Louis XVI and Valois fabrics are charming made in the fashion that is the latest creation of French ingenuity, with just enough of the element of these to give a name to the costume, and modern French fabrics are equally ravissante made in the Grecian, Russian, or Venetian style of autre fois.

feathers of every kind, in great profusion, ornaments of jet, gold and steel, pins in exact imitation of the fancy gold and jeweled pins so fashionable for the hair—all are employed in the construction of these dainty Parisian works of art, which form the crowning glory of the feminine toilette.

Gold and silver trimmings are still discreetly used, and jet is revived to the extent of seeming a novelty, but it is of the richest and most costly description, finely cut as a diamond, and in the most elegant designs.

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A little later, when the snows of December begin to fall, gowns of vicugna, and the very shaggy camel's hair, will look comfortable for those who can wear them. They should never be adopted by a stout woman, if she does not wish to appear like an enormous chenille.

India camel's hair fabrics come in stripes of three different widths, very narrow, medium, and very wide; the narrow stripes are made all of the same, with a bias front in both skirt and bodice; the medium are combined with plain goods to match, the plain forming the redingote, with skirt, revers, etc., of the stripe; the very wide is simply used for borders of panels, and in the waist combinations, the rest being plain.

Black lace and black embroidered silk muslin, made over shot silk, will be worn for dinner and reception gowns, also black lace combined with striped silk, either in black or Empire colors, the all-black costumes being enlivened with jet, or gold and jet, or steel and jet passementerie ornaments.

The fashion of black trimmings on colored gowns continues to be a feature of the season, both for promenade and house wear. Lovely crepe de Chine toilettes in pale tints, have their draperies bordered with Chantilly, which has deep points on one edge, and scallops on the other, the pointed edge being applique to the crepe with fine effect.

A very pretty bonnet for dressy occasions, has a flat crown, fitting close to the head in the back, with a very wide, very flaring brim. One of this shape is in velvet of the shade of green called verdigris, trimmed with coquilles of point applique lace, supported by noeds of velvet ribbon, same shade; the flaring brim is lined with crepe, in anemone pink, shirred, and a wreath of soft roses, same shade, forms the face trimming; strings of velvet ribbon, coming from the back, tie under the chin.

Another new shape is a modification of the Marie Stuart bonnet, exceedingly becoming to some faces.

The fashion of having the bonnet or hat match the costume, making a complete ensemble, is again a la mode, and the perfection of good taste. The little toques and capotes are so simply made that a lady with ordinary ingenuity and taste can supply herself with several, to match different costumes, at surprisingly small expense.

Toques, bordered and trimmed with fur to match the cloak or costume, are of simple construction, but elegant, if becoming. A Russian toque—pointed in front—with a border of the heavy, short, close-clipped ostrich-feather trimming, and ornamented with round pompons of the same, is extremely chic, especially in all black. Toques are made entirely of wings, one laid over the other around the crown, and several standing at the proper angle in front, supported by velvet bows.

The first model of our group is a little capote in cuivre velvet of a dark shade trimmed with velvet flowers of a lighter shade; strings of narrow velvet ribbon tie under the chin.

The second is a broad brimmed hat of velvet, bordered with a band of curled ostrich-feather trimming, and tips of the same on top. It is a becoming shape to a pretty young face.

The third is a toque of seal, bordered with golden otter, and trimmed with wings. Gallons of chenille, combined with metal beads, form an effective border on velvet bonnets of a darker or contrasting shade. Chantilly and point lace barbes are used

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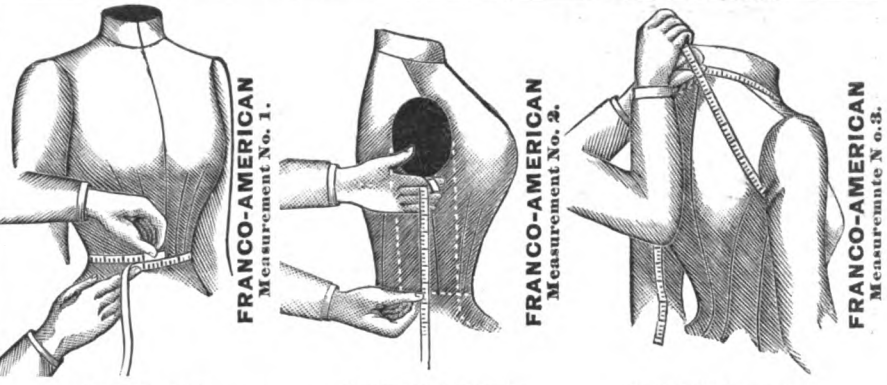
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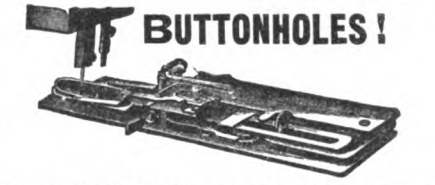
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NEW AND FASHIONABLE FABRICS FOR FALL AND WINTER WEAR.

BY EMMA M. HOOPER.

Among the new colors Eiffel red is promised a run on account of its name; it is a deep brick red, having a dash of terra cotta, but cannot prove becoming to any complexion. Buffalo is a rich medium red, Virgil is a bright shade, Rosewood a purplish red, Ten a flaming shade, Imperial a deep tint and Titian a yellowish red. Red is the most prominent color of the season, green, lilac, brown, gray and blue following. Cythere is a pale green, Réséda a grayish green, Tilleul a light yellow green, Lizard a bluish tint, Linden a pale gray shade, Verdette a dark leaf green, Ecorce a grayish green, also Rhone and Sage; Serpente is of a blue gray green if such a combination can be imagined. Viens Rose remains a faded pink, while Rose Fauné is of the same style though brighter. Orchid is a pinkish mauve, Veal a reddish pink, and Camilla a very deep shade. Mikel is a bluish gray, Silver and Steel are clear shades. Boa and Serpent are greenish grays. Afrique is a red brown, Chestnut and Vandyke golden browns, Chataigne a dark oak shade and Kaironan a yellow brown. Citron, is a bright yellow, Or rouge, a red gold, Pearl, grayish white, Opal, milk white, Silver white, a pale gray white, Violette, purplish lavender, Iris, blue plum, Burned Brandy, brown lilac, and Lilac a pale plum having a tint of pink. Saxe is a deep blue, Ciladon a greenish shade, Russian a dark tint, Gris Bleu a steely blue, Granite a gray blue, Quaker a clear shade, and Neptune a dark grayish tint. So much for the colors, and now for the fabrics to be worn.

Woolen materials are the preference in fine soft goods like camel's hair and cashmere, with serge and a fine make of shoodah for the robes, as cashmere will not "hold" the heavy embroidery put upon them. Cashmere is the most universally worn fabric among dress goods; it comes in every shade and color, is from 39 to 40 inches wide, and from 48 cents to \$2 a yard, the latter being of the very finest French make. A silk wrap cashmere or colored Henrietta at 75 cents and \$1 cannot be recommended for wear. There are about twenty grades of camel's hair cloth from the one resembling roughened cashmere to the genuine India goods selling for \$3 a yard where the long hairs appear over the surface and the fabric is so light and soft as to almost pass through a ring. A good quality can be had for \$1 and \$1.50 a yard, double width. Serge has a distinct cord, but is now finely woven and good wear at \$1. Drap de Saliel has a smooth surface like the old fashioned wool saten, and is heavier than casemere; is \$1.25 and \$1.50 a yard. Shoodah has a slightly rough surface after being worn, as has foulé, and sells for 60 cents to \$1.25. "Faud" or ladies' cloth is 52 to 58 inches wide, \$1.50 to \$4 a yard and now has a dull finish, while a tricot at \$1 to \$1.50 has a shiny finish from steam rollers and is often sold for ladies cloth. This about completes the list of cloths in plain colors.

Among the novelties are bordered ladies' cloth, having a woven border along one selvedge of two or three graduated stripes, black being preferred on all colors; these are 54 inches, and \$3. Combination goods are simply a legion, and prove conclusively that they are fancied or merchants would not buy them. Cheviot plaids are shown in large sizes of two or four colors, with and without dividing lines of silk; others show blocked plaids at \$1.75, with a combination of the same covered with black brocade at \$3.25 or plain goods to go with them at \$1.75. The first named goods are \$1.25 to \$1.65 and are generally made up in tailor style, with stitched edges and bone buttons. Blocked goods of two colors, like green and brown, have inch square blocks for \$1.75. If bordered with contrasting lines for twelve inches or brocade along one selvedge as a border they are \$3.50. Stylish shades of serge have a border of two four inch stripes of black brocade divided and bordered, top and bottom, with lines imitating black Hercules braid, the whole measuring about twelve inches and costing \$3.25 a yard. Persian brocades show soft dull shades of red on a dark foundation of blue, green, etc., in all-over designs at \$2.50, with plain goods at \$1. Usually 6 1/2 yards of plain goods are sold with 2 1/2 yards of brocade, which forms a draped front or side panels and basque trimming. If a bordered dress is selected no other trimming is required. The "scarf" dresses come in dress patterns of 9 yards at \$25 to \$75. The scarf consists of a straight panel of large tapestry, floral or band designs woven on silk on the fine serge foundation, divided sometimes by narrow lengthwise bands of plush, velvet or satin. Others have triangular pieces to fit in the two corners of the front breadth as well as the outer scarf, and all have about 2 1/2 yards of a narrow border to correspond for the bodice garniture. These are the most expensive of the new woollens, and will never become common on account of the price. Handkerchief plaids or squares have eight squares to the width, with a border of black stripes. These are of two colors divided by lines of a third color, or may be of two shades divided by a contrasting color, and are too gay for any, except young ladies who may wear a basque of a plain color with the plaid skirt if they prefer. This style of material is \$2 a yard. Camel's hair goods have a wide border along one entire selvedge or only on 2 1/2 yards, with a narrower trimming on the other side. These may be had from \$2 to \$4 and show black and colored bands, floral vines, blocks, single flowers, painted figures and moons woven in all wool or mingled with silken threads. In all materials, however, black is preferred on red, green and gray colors, whether it is woven as a brocade or border. Red camel's hair is considered very striking with 2 1/2 yards of it covered with black velvet stripes of different widths, which portion is used as a flat front and pleated sides, and costs \$3.50 a yard.

Serge, having a wide border of bands woven like Hercules braid, costs \$3.25 and shows black braid on Eiffel red, green, brown, blue

and gray. A heavy goods like smooth homespun has a border of stripes of a lighter shade, with and without knotted threads here and there of a still more delicate shade; this is called camel's hair homespun and costs from \$1.40 to \$2.50. Of course prices vary according to the cities and stores in which they are sold. I am giving New York prices called from the highest to the lowest priced merchants, but woolen goods are higher this season, and handsome novelties are not cheap. Bands of sealskin and Astrakan appear on some of the robes intended for midwinter. You may pay almost any price for these, one of rust red having a border of black silk embroidery finished with a band of sealskin 4 inches wide, costing \$90. To be sure the cloth was of a lovely quality and the trimming hand embroidery, but \$90. Black and white checks have a bright plaid border for \$1.50. A coarser grade of plaids of two colors sell for \$1.25, but they are still soft, warm and durable.

Cashmeres for tea gowns and handsome wrappers are dotted all over with fine silken flowers at \$2.50 a yard. Striped chevots showing hair lines of white and blue, red, green, gray and brown grounds are neat for 75 cents. A combination of plain and striped chevot of several shades of a color, and, perhaps, one stripe of an entirely different color sells for 75 cents for each fabric. Black and white stripes, plaids and crossbars, are from \$1.25 to \$1.50 and show but little white, which is of silken threads. Striped gray and black in shaded and distinct stripes, the latter showing white pin lines to divide the black and gray, are all wool, 42 inches wide, and \$1.25 a yard. A new waterproof cloth for cloaks is brought out in blue and green plaids, black and gray stripes, and shaded gray stripes. It is 54 inches, \$1.25 to \$1.50, and feels soft to the touch, which the old waterproof cloth never did.

In the way of silks armures and faille Francaise are the leading favorites, although in Paris they are wearing a tricot silk, which has a flat cord like tricot cloth, which is occasionally seen here under the name of armure regence and sells for \$1.30 to \$1.75. A lovely two toned silk of a basket weave is brocade with large single tulips, roses, cat's tails, ferns, or leaves in a contrasting color, as the brocade is a mixture of velvet and silk fairly standing out from the foundation. Armures are plain at \$1.25 to \$2.50 or for \$4 you may buy one having a floral border along one edge of silk and tinsel threads. Failles are durable, of rather a large cord, and cost from 95 cents to \$3.50 a yard. Bengaline is a mixture of linen and silk resembling Irish poplin, and is priced about as the failles. Evening brocades show small flowers, clusters, wreaths or tiny stripes of white and dainty pink, green, blue, silvery gray or yellow. The Empire fashions keep the tiny floral patterns in style, also armure grounds having large single flowers, notably the tulip, at such prices as \$2 to \$15. Very pretty black brocades, with or without stripes, sell for \$1.50 to \$2.50 and reproduce the small Empire designs, as well as the larger patterns. Persian silks at \$1.50 show palm leaves and small all over designs of an Oriental character in shades of red, gold, green, blue and old rose, with a dash of black in each one, and

one of the above colors prominent, with the remainder changing with every move as a kind of background to the chief tint.

Black goods were never so handsome as they are now, or shown in as many patterns and weaves. The Melrose or armure ground appears prominently in both plain and brocade stuffs, though the ever fancied silk wrap Henriettas are still favorites. Striped Henriettas have diagonal and straight cords, wide, narrow and clustered in alternating widths at \$1.75. In brocades this serviceable material is the same price, and shows vine, fern, bouquet, disk, interlocked rings, and single blossom designs woven so as to throw the silk thread uppermost, giving a beautiful shaded silken look that makes this a stylish material for long or short wraps, Directoire coats or to use in combination with plain Henrietta, armure or faille silks. Woolen mohair brocades in flower and striped effects are in about the same patterns and are used for the same purpose; though all wool, the designs appear silky and stand out almost like embossed materials. These are from \$1 to \$1.50 in price. Henriettas are from \$1 to \$3, and the black are as strongly recommended as the colored ones are denounced, as far as any service or durability goes.

Woolen cloakings show black figures brocaded on red, green, brown, blue and gray grounds. Soutache cloth has woven all-over braiding covering the surface in excellent imitation of hand braiding. This is \$4, and the broché woollens sum from \$2.25 to \$5 a yard. Bordered cloakings are new, with enough of the trimming which consists of black or shaded bands, along one selvedge for the sleeves and bottom of the cloak. Fur is then put on the neck, sleeves and down the fronts; the cloth is \$3.50 to \$6. "Rahe" dresses of shoodah or serge are from \$13 to \$25 with 2 1/2 yards of silk or braid embroidery covering a depth of twenty inches, and a two inch border on the other selvedge, which forms the collar, revers, cuffs, etc. Few metallic threads are used now in the embroidery, which forms many pointed figures in Oriental colorings, and is the only trimming required for the dress, which usually comes in 9 yard patterns. The embroidery forms a flat, draped or pleated front, and often a picture comes with each "robe" showing how the trimming may be stylishly arranged.

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NURSING IN FEVERS.

BY ANNIE R. RAMSEY.

NO. II.

BED LINEN AND DRAW SHEETS—CONTINUED.

In hospitals the allowance for typhoid cases is nine "draw" sheets a day!

The ordinary bed linen need not be changed oftener than twice a week—substituting the upper for the lower sheet, and using a perfectly fresh upper one each time.

The under one can be drawn out just as the "draw sheet" is done, i. e., by rolling it as close and small as possible, pushing it gently under the patient and drawing it out from the under side. In pulling on the clean under sheet the process is reversed—the sheet being folded or rolled until within a foot or two of the edge, the roll laid against the patient, the unfolded part tucked in securely along the side, the patient lifted over the roll, and the sheet pulled out smooth and tucked in all around.



LAMP.

The work of changing "draw sheets" and lower sheets requires time, skill and patience if you are to do it alone. It is far better to have some one to assist you in rolling the sheet, and who can pull it through as you lift the patient up. In all cases it must be done without uncovering the patient, even if you do it piece-meal, each step followed by a rest.

The change of the upper sheet is easy by comparison. Turn up all the edges, so that none of them shall be caught when you tuck the blanket in tight at the sides. At the foot of the bed, the blanket is slightly lifted and the sheet, not being held anywhere, is easily withdrawn. The fresh one is rolled across its width from top to bottom, tucked in at the foot, secured by the blanket and gently unrolled towards the top.

Morning is undoubtedly the best time to make these changes and to freshen the toilet (when the patient is able to have this done) and it should be a nurse's inexorable rule to attend to the room, the bed and the patient's toilet at nearly the same hour every day. System in these semi-mechanical matters makes the more trying part of nursing much easier. The bed should always be kept as straight and tidy as possible, even if it require re-arranging every hour, for the patient will lie more comfortably if the lower sheet, and all below it are kept taut and smooth over the mattress—if the upper covers are not hanging more on one side than the other, but tucked in securely, if the hands and face are protected from the scratching of the woolen blanket by a sheet folded deep down over it and held firmly in place. There should always be an abundance of pillows besides the two required for the patient's comfort, and several of them should be at hand to stuff under the back and buttocks when the patient is turned to one side or it becomes necessary to prop him into any position which he cannot, of his own strength, maintain. These pillows should be small ones, "baby pillows," if you have such in the house, but they are extremely useful in any size. They save the patient from the painful pressure of your hands and fingers and by their use you keep both your own hands free for what is needed.

In fevers one blanket is enough for warmth, since it is an old axiom that people with fevers cannot take cold; but there should always be a store of soft woolen covers close at hand, and, if possible, an eider-down quilt—for there is no knowing the hour when the temperature will fall, or when a collapse may occur, and in either case you need instantly all the artificial heat you can supply.

COLLAPSE.

In all fevers, these moments of collapse and prostration may come, especially throughout typhoid and in the crises. Very terrifying and alarming they are, but all you can do is to watch for them and fight them with heat, and with stimulants if the doctor permits these last. The first warning of such a condition will be coldness in the hands and feet and cheeks, a gray pallor and flickering pulse, with increased stupor. There is not a moment to be lost. The physician must be sent for and the remedies I speak of applied, and one thing you must remember,—"While there is life"—even the least flicker—"there is hope." Never despair until the end is fairly here—never relax efforts or vigilance so long as life is present. I have known a typhoid patient to lie in a collapse, without re-action, for four long hours. It seemed useless to work on and hope against hope, but we did, and the patient is alive and robust this day. So keep up your heart, and be ready with your artificial heat, your extra covers, hot-water bottles and the mustard plasters your doctor may order.

It was for this I included mustard and wheat flour among the articles for the table outside the door; the mustard may require tempering if used for the delicate skin of a child, and to do this a little wheat flour is mixed with it. If you live in or near a big city you can get the French mustard leaves, which are ready at a moment's notice and save much work and dirt, but, even so, the fresh home-made mustard plaster, properly made and of the required size, is often the best.

SPONGE BATHS.

Many physicians order "sponging" to reduce the temperature, but are not always very clear in telling you how to do it.

A simple, quick way, is to roll the night-dress sleeves back to the shoulder, and, with a sponge wrung out in water heated to about 100 degrees, pass rapidly over every inch of

the arms, thus exposed; also the face. Leave these to dry by evaporation and do the same sponging from the hips down. Your sponge should not be wet enough to dampen the covers, and these need not be thrown off. The evaporation will rapidly cool the surface of the body, and the thermometer may mark a fall of several degrees in an hour, but you must not be alarmed if the heat rises again as before. The temperature should be taken before sponging and half an hour afterwards, and if there has been positively no fall, then the sponging should be done in exactly the same way.

"Cold packs" to reduce temperature are sometimes ordered, but they require much skill to be successful and each doctor who orders them should give his own explicit directions for the method which he uses.

For the extremely high temperature, as for the moments of collapse, the words of cheer are "Calmness" and "Hope." Very usually these moments of desperate danger are moments of crisis and the hour of convalescence is at hand. You must stay your anxieties with the thought "Our times are in His hand."

Once convalescence has begun there are generally two accompaniments which give great trouble, constipation and a weak heart. The first of these is not apt to be serious, but is always annoying if not painful. When the patient is stronger an effort should be made to attend to this matter at exactly the same hour each day. In extreme cases I have found it a good plan to rub the abdomen with sweet oil and turpentine at five o'clock every afternoon, using two tablespoonfuls of oil to a teaspoonful of turpentine, kneading and rubbing the abdomen with this back and forth, up the right side and down the left as long as the patient can stand the gentle pressure. Five minutes will be enough for the first time, and fifteen ought to be as much as is ever needed. This rarely fails to set the matter straight in a short time, and entirely obviates the necessity for drugs of any kind.

The second and very serious trouble—a weak heart—must be ever present to your mind. You must realize that fever feeds upon the tissues of the body and quickly eats up the muscles, hence the heart itself, which is largely muscle is invariably weakened and impaired, and this with greatly increased work to do. The least unusual effort may set it fluttering and beating and a sudden demand upon it, a quick movement, a shock of surprise, fright, or any emotion, may cause it to beat rapidly a few moments and then stand still forever. The old wives' tales of sudden death in convalescence are not always fables, and when the disaster comes it is nearly always due to heart failure. Therefore you cannot keep your convalescent too quiet and peaceful, and to insist upon this absolute quiet is often the hardest part of your task. You are sure to be alone against the whole family, and some most loving friends, who cannot be made to understand why the beloved sick are made worse by a friendly chat or a little amusement, and as this view is shared by the patient—who, by the way has become an "impatience"—you must prepare to use much tact and firmness, and engage the doctor to back you with his authority.

Even for months, the greatest care must be used to prevent over-fatigue, especially to typhoid cases. Doctors think that a man does not entirely recover from typhoid under a full year, and no one should return to work in less than three months after convalescence began—even in the most favorable cases. I know of one instance in which a man who had been convalescing for six weeks, rose suddenly from his chair one day, to reach something he wanted, the unusual effort was too much for his heart and he dropped dead before any one could get to his side.

No patient should leave his bed until the doctor gives special permission, and then in his weak condition, he should be most carefully protected against taking cold. A good plan is to spread a large quilt (or better still, a blanket) over an easy chair; on this the patient—properly dressed in warm flannels and woolen wrapper—is seated and the ends and sides of the cover turned up over him and tucked about his legs. A pillow at his back, a stool under his feet will add to his comfort. Fifteen minutes the first day is long enough to sit up, but the time should be increased a little each day, once the strength begins to come it will be regained more rapidly out of bed, but "to make haste slowly" is the golden rule of this part of your nursing.

While the patient is up the opportunity should be seized to re-make his bed, quietly but thoroughly, putting the sheets of to-day into another room to air until to-morrow, and substituting aired ones for to-day, turning the mattress and getting rid of the under blanket and rubber sheet, if possible.

The diet needs to be rigidly watched through convalescence, and long after the doctor has ceased to prescribe the articles to be eaten at each meal. More variety is of course allowed, and your physician will doubtless make you a list of desirable foods if you ask him. Milk, eggs, meat and fish give greatest nourishment

in least bulk and everything of the nature of sweets and pastries is to be rigorously denied—even bread is hard of digestion to a weak stomach—it so easily produces fermentation and sourness.

After the illness is well over, begins the work of clearing away and disinfecting articles and the effort to get rid of all danger to other members in the family.

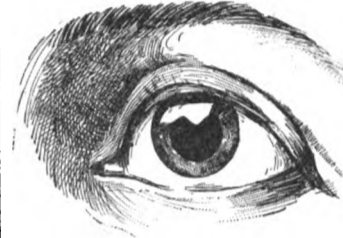
In scarlet fever the patient should not leave his room nor see any one but his regular attendants until he has had several good "all-over baths" in tepid water, and he should not have on his person one single article used during his sickness nor one kept in the sick room through this time. Neither should any one liable to infection enter his room, until everything which was there through the illness has been BURNED—not cleaned, nor given away, but destroyed by fire—and the walls repapered, the paint re-painted, windows and floor scrubbed with water in which disinfectant has been mixed. No one can tell when the moment of infection has come in scarlet fever, and therefore from first to last, no risks should be taken. Any mother who has ever seen this dread disease stalking through the land will find no vigilance too excessive.

Henry Pye Chevasse tells of a case when scarlet fever appeared in a family and after attacking two children seemed to be conquered. The family left the house and travelled for a

year, and during this time the whole house was thoroughly renovated; upon their return one of the children found in a drawer a piece of red flannel and wound it around his throat, "playing sick." A nurse recognized the flannel as a strip which had been used during the fever visitation, but said nothing. In a few days this child was attacked with scarlet fever—it went through the little flock and carried off two more of them!

Typhoid fever does not require any great vigilance (once the patient is well) in these matters. The room should be thoroughly cleaned and if the mattress has been soiled the covering can be removed and washed with a disinfectant.

Nearly every sort of fever, and very nearly every case of each sort, has its peculiar features which need especial care. In scarlet fever there will be the throat to be washed and watched. In typhoid the bowels will be the troublesome feature if once diarrhoea begins—though there is less of this now that physicians use milk so exclusively as food for typhoid patients. But in typhoid there is apparently no limit to the complication which may arise—the lungs, the stomach, the heart, the brain all are points of attack. If you escape these complications be thankful and if you have one to deal with remember that many patients recover under them all.



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Delicate women and strong wonder at the amount of work they can do with the aid of PEARLINE—the time saved, the satisfactory results; and when they have used it for years they realize that everything that is washed or cleaned with PEARLINE lasts longer. This is very simple—PEARLINE does away with most of the rubbing—the greatest wear and tear that clothes are subjected to is the repeated rubbings necessary to keep them clean with ordinary soap. Your own interests should lead you to use it, if you do your own work and value your fine linens and flannels; the latter reason should surely convince any bright woman that it is to her interest to see that her servants use it. PEARLINE makes a saving all around.

Beware Pedlers and some unscrupulous grocers are offering imitations which they claim to be Pearlina, or "the same as Pearlina." IT'S FALSE—they are not. JAMES PYLE, New York.

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"Rev. J. R. DANFORTH, 2059 Wallace St., Philadelphia, says he received great benefit from the use of the **PILLOW-INHALER** for bronchial troubles, and cordially recommends it."
"Wm. C. CARTER, M. D., Norfolk, Va., a physician in regular practice, says: 'I believe the **PILLOW-INHALER** to be the best thing for the relief and cure of Lung Troubles that I have ever seen or heard of.'
"Mr. R. D. McMANIGAL, of the firm of McManigal & Morley, Miners and Shippers, Logan, Ohio, writes: 'I suffered fifteen years with Catarrh of the throat. I bought a **PILLOW-INHALER**, and after four months' use of it my throat is entirely cured.'
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THE PRACTICAL HOUSEKEEPER.

OYSTERS. How to Prepare.

BY MRS. ELIZA B. PARKER.

Oysters, the ever-ready resource of American housekeepers, form a very important article of food...

Yet they are often spoiled in cooking, and few cooks are familiar with the different modes of preparing them.

Oysters served on ice. Take a thick, clear block of ice, weighing eight or ten pounds.

Oyster Stew. Put a quart of fresh oysters in their own liquor in a saucepan, set on the fire...

Oysters Roasted in the Shell. Wash the shells clean, and wipe dry.

Fried Oysters. Select fine large oysters. Drain and fry them. Do not pierce with a fork.

Scalloped Oysters. Put a layer of oysters in a baking dish, cover with a thick layer of bread crumbs (stale); spread over with bits of butter...

Steamed Oysters. Lay some oysters in the shell in a steamer, set over a pot of boiling water...

Oyster Sauté. Drain two dozen oysters, and dry on a coarse cloth. Sprinkle with salt and pepper...

Panned Oysters. Put oysters in a colander to drain. Put an iron pan over the fire, let heat very hot...

Creamed Oysters. Put three dozen oysters on to boil in their own liquor; as soon as they come to a boil, drain.

Fricassee of Oysters. Boil a quart of oysters in their own liquor, drain. Put two ounces of butter in a frying pan...

Oyster Kabobs. (Miss Owen.) Chop a small onion fine, with a dessert-spoonful of parsley, and a dozen mushrooms.

Deviled Oysters. Drain two dozen and a half nice fat oysters. Chop and drain again.

Have deep oyster shells washed, (or use scallop shells) fill them with the mixture, sprinkle with stale bread crumbs, set in a

baking pan, put in a very hot oven eight minutes. Serve in the shells.

Creole Deviled Oysters. Put a layer of oysters in a shallow baking pan, spread with bread crumbs, bits of butter, mustard and vinegar...

Kromesnies of Oysters. (Mrs. Rorer.) Put twenty-five oysters on to boil in their own liquor, drain, and save a half-cupful of the liquor.

Curried Oysters. Put oyster liquor in a saucepan from a quart of oysters, add half a teacup of butter, two tablespoonfuls of flour, and one of curry powder; let boil, add the oysters, and serve.

Oyster Patés. Stew some oysters in a little of their own liquor, add cream, butter, a little nutmeg, pepper and salt. Let cool. Have shells of puff paste, or little cases, prepared, lay two or three oysters in each, and pour in the gravy.

Oyster Pie. Line a deep pan with rich crust. Put in a quart of oysters, season with butter, salt, pepper, and a little nutmeg.

Oyster Chowder. Take three very thin slices of salt pork, two small onions, and three potatoes, and boil until nearly done.

Oyster Croquettes. Put two dozen oysters on to boil in their own liquor. Let come to a boil. Take from the fire, drain, and chop.

Oyster Fritters. Chop three dozen oysters fine. Beat two eggs until light, add a cup of milk, two cupfuls of sifted flour, with a little salt, beat until smooth, add a small spoonful of baking powder, and the oysters, stir, and drop by spoonfuls in the boiling lard.

Oyster Loaf. Take a stale loaf of bread, with a sharp knife take out the crumbs from the centre, leaving the crust whole.

Oyster Salad. Take half a gallon of fresh oysters, the yolks of six hard boiled eggs, and raw egg, two spoonfuls of salad oil, two tablespoonfuls of mustard, with pepper, salt, one teacup of vinegar, and four bunches of celery.

Oysters and Macaroni. Boil three ounces of macaroni, cut in pieces. Put a layer in the bottom of a baking dish, then a layer of fresh raw oysters, sprinkle with salt, pepper, and bits of butter, add another layer of macaroni, continue until the dish is full, sprinkle the top with grated cheese, lay over bits of butter, and bake until brown.

CANDY MAKING RECIPES.

BY CHAS. SCRANTON.

Fancy candy making seems to be to many anything but an easy and delightful task.

I have often wondered at the lack of real confectioner's recipes, and these are what I propose giving.

Now with plain, practical recipes there is no good reason why any woman should not make delicious and healthful candies, and for about half the same article sells for at the confectioners.

And then the great satisfaction of knowing they are absolutely pure is certainly no secondary consideration to a thoughtful mother.

Now armed with the proper recipes and exercising the same care and good judgment brought to bear when trying a new cake recipe, success is almost certain.

Now glucose (which is simply corn syrup) is the foundation of all candies, and may be procured very cheaply from any confectioner.

VANILLA CARAMELS.

If the directions are carefully followed you will say with many another "Such caramels are seldom tasted."

4 cups granulated sugar, 3 tablespoons glucose,

1 cup water. Boil, stirring most of the time, until it will harden when dropped in cold water. Then add immediately 1 cup rich cream, and butter size of an egg.

Pour out in a buttered dripping pan, so that it will be about 3/4 inch thick. Let it cool, then cut up in square blocks and wrap in paraffine paper.

This paper should be cut up in squares about two by three inches and kept ready.

The paper which grocers put over butter is just as good, and much cheaper, though not quite as attractive looking on account of its yellow tint.

CHOCOLATE CARAMELS.

Same as above, only adding one fourth pound of Baker's chocolate, grated fine, with the cream and butter.

NUT CARAMELS.

Same as vanilla caramels, only add two cups of hickory or walnut meats just before removing from the stove. These are delicious.

COCOANUT CARAMELS.

After the caramel is poured out, sprinkle desiccated cocoanut thickly over the top, or what is nicer still, though some trouble, pare off the hard part from a fresh nut and cut in very thin slices. Sprinkle on in same manner.

EXCELLENT CREAM TAFFY.

3 cups granulated sugar, 1/2 cup vinegar, 1/2 cup water.

Butter size of a walnut. Boil without stirring until it will candy when dropped in cold water. Flavor, and pour out on a buttered dish. When cool pull till white, then cut up in sticks with sharp scissors.

BUTTER SCOTCH.

1 cup sugar, 1 cup molasses, 1/2 cup butter, 1 tablespoon vinegar, Pinch of soda. Boil all together till done, pour in buttered pan and cut up in squares when cold and wrap in paraffine paper.

CHOCOLATE CREAMS.

4 cups granulated sugar, 3 table spoons glucose, 1 cup boiling water.

Stir thoroughly, put cover on, let it boil rapidly, till it will almost candy, (but not quite). Then pour it out in a large pan so that it will cover the bottom not more than two inches deep.

You can, if you wish, make several varieties of this cream at once, simply by dividing in several parts and flavoring differently say one vanilla, one lemon and one rose, and the rose may be tinted a lovely pink.

To flavor, pour a few drops of the extract on the cream and knead a few times.

Cover the cream with a damp napkin and it will keep in perfect condition some time. Dust your molding board with the least bit of flour, roll this cream on it, then cut in small pieces and form into balls between the palms of the hands, and set on paraffine paper to harden.

Put a cake of Bakers chocolate in a pan (set

in another pan of boiling water) to melt. When melted cut into it a lump of paraffine the size of a small hickory nut, and a piece of butter about half as large, add a few drops of vanilla.

Now roll the cream in this melted chocolate and set on paraffine paper to harden. A fork is convenient to dip them with.

Now for that which is tinted pink—first form into nice round balls the size of a twenty-five cent piece, and press into the top of each a blanched almond, then roll in granulated sugar. They are very pretty.

A part of the cream may be tinted chocolate by kneading in a little grated chocolate.

Now to make lovely fruit candy or "Wedding Cake" as confectioners call it. Chop up raisins, figs, citron and almonds to suit you, and knead it in with some of the plain cream.

Then roll out a layer of the plain white cream about a half inch thick, then put a layer of the pink on that, then a layer of the fruit, then pink again being careful that it reaches over the side to the other layer of pink, then the white again to reach over to the other layer of white. Roll in the melted chocolate and lay on paraffine paper to harden.

The pink color is simply a little cochineal and aniline put in a bottle and some alcohol poured on. Any druggist will put it up for a few cents.

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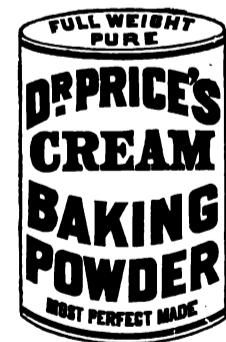
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[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.]
OLD-TIME THANKSGIVING DAINTIES.

BY MRS. ELIZA R. PARKER.

Many families, in their veneration for old-time customs, and desire to keep alive the memory of this early festival of our American forefathers, delight in preparing such dainties as were served in the days of our grandmothers. For such we have carefully selected the following recipes.

New England Doughnuts. Sift a pound and a half of flour, divide it in two parts. Make a hole in the centre of one part, pour in a wineglass of yeast, mix the flour gradually into it, adding warm milk to make soft dough. Cover and set by the fire for two hours. Into the other part of the flour, cut up five ounces of butter, and rub fine, add half a pound of powdered sugar, a teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon, a grated nutmeg, a tablespoonful of rose water, and half a pint of milk. Beat three eggs very light, and throw them into the mixture. When the sponge is light mix all together and set by the fire one hour. When light, turn out on the pastry board, and cut in thick cakes, diamond shaped. Have a skillet of boiling lard, put in the doughnuts, and fry them brown. When cool, grate lump sugar over them.

Aunt Dinah's Doughnuts. Scald a pint of milk, add two tablespoonfuls of butter, and stand aside to cool. When cool, stir in half a cup of yeast, and flour to make soft dough. Knead lightly, cover, and stand aside to rise. When light, roll out on a board, cut in cakes with a large cutter, and with a small one make a hole in the centre. Lay on a clean board, (sprinkled with flour) cover, and let stand half an hour. Have ready a deep kettle of boiling lard. Put the doughnuts in and fry brown, turn carefully. Take up, drain, and dust with powdered sugar.

Risen Cake. Take three pounds of flour, one and a half pounds of loaf sugar, a teaspoonful of cloves, one of ginger, one of mace, all finely powdered. Mix in four tablespoonfuls of good yeast, and twelve eggs. Stir all together, and if too stiff add a little milk. Set to rise. When light, knead in a pound of butter; have ready two pounds of stoned raisins, mix in the cake, pour in a mould, set in the oven and bake. When done, let stand in the pan until thoroughly cold.

Grandmother's Pound Cake. Wash the salt from a pound of butter, and rub it until it is creamy; have ready sifted a pound of flour, one of powdered sugar, and twelve eggs well beaten; put alternately into the butter, sugar, flour, and the whites and yolks of the eggs, beaten separately—continuing to beat until the cake is quite light. Add some grated lemon peel and a grated nutmeg. Butter a cake pan, pour in and bake.

Savoy Cake. Take twelve fresh eggs, put them in the scales and balance them with sugar; take out half and balance the other half with flour; separate the whites from the yolks, whip them very light, then sift first the sugar, then the flour, add some grated lemon peel, bake in a greased mould.

Thanksgiving Cake. Stir together a pound of butter and a pound of sugar; and sift into another pan a pound of flour. Beat six eggs very light, and stir them into the butter and sugar, alternately with the flour and a pint of sour milk, grate in a nutmeg, with a tablespoonful of powdered cinnamon. Lastly, stir in a small teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in tepid water. Beat the whole very hard, pour in a greased cake pan, and bake in a brisk oven.

Honey Cakes. Take a quart of strained honey, half a pound of fresh butter, and a small teaspoonful of pearl ash, dissolved in a little milk. Add as much sifted flour as will make stiff paste. Work well together. Roll out half an inch thick. Cut into cakes. Lay on buttered tins, and bake in a hot oven.

Thanksgiving Buns. Boil a little saffron in sufficient water to cover, strain and cool. Rub half a pound of fresh butter into a pound of sifted flour, and make into a paste with four well beaten eggs, add the saffron. Put the dough in a pan, and cover it with a cloth. Set in a warm place to rise. When light, mix into it a quarter of a pound of sugar, a grated nutmeg and two spoonfuls of caraway seeds. Roll out the dough, divide into cakes. Strew with caraway comfits, and bake in flat tins.

Franklin Cake. Mix together a pint of molasses and half a pint of milk, in which cut up half a pound of butter, warm just enough to melt the butter, and stir in six ounces of brown sugar; adding three tablespoonfuls of ginger, a tablespoonful of powdered cinnamon, a teaspoonful of powdered cloves, and a grated nutmeg. Beat seven eggs very light, and stir them gradually into the mixture, in turn with a pound and two ounces of sifted flour. Add the grated peel and the juice of two lemons. Stir very hard. Put in buttered tins, and bake in a moderate oven.

A Pyramid of Tarts. (An old-time Thanksgiving Dainty.) Roll out a sufficient quantity of the best puff paste, and with an oval cutter, cut out seven or eight pieces of different sizes. Bake them all separately, and when cool

place them on a dish in a pyramid (gradually diminishing in size) the largest piece at the bottom, and the smallest at the top. Take various preserved fruits, and lay some of the largest on the lower tarts; on the next place smaller fruits, and so on till finished at the top with small sweetmeats. The upper one containing only a single raspberry or strawberry.

Pumpkin Pie. Take a pint of pumpkin after being stewed and press through a colander. Melt in half a pint of warm milk, a quarter of a pound of butter, and the same quantity of sugar, stirring them well together. Beat eight eggs very light, and add them gradually to the other ingredients. Stir in a wineglass of rose water, a large teaspoonful of powdered mace and cinnamon mixed and a grated nutmeg. Put on pastry and bake.

Grandmother's Thanksgiving Pudding. Grate all the crumbs of a stale loaf of bread, boil a quart of milk, and pour it, boiling hot, over the grated bread; cover it and let it steep for an hour, then set to cool. Prepare half a pound of currants, washed and dried, half a pound of stoned raisins, and a quarter of a pound of citron cut in slips; add two grated nutmegs, a tablespoonful of mace and cinnamon powdered together. Mix half a pound of loaf sugar with half a pound of butter. Mix with the bread and milk, add a glass of currant jelly and a glass of cider. Beat eight eggs very light, and stir into the mixture. Add by degrees the raisins and currants, dredged with flour, and stir very hard. Put in a buttered pudding dish, and bake two hours. Eat with pudding sauce.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES.

Mrs. A. A. S. (By request.) Icing Cake. Boiled Icing. Have the eggs to be used in making icing very cold. Break, separate the whites, and beat until frothy, then add the powdered sugar gradually, and flavor. Continue to beat until the mixture is very white and stiff. Set on ice. When ready to put on the cake, see that all the edges are even, and the cake perfectly smooth. Spread on with a knife dipped in ice water.

To make boiled icing; put a teacup of sugar in a small saucepan; moisten with half a teacup of boiling water, and cook until it threads. Beat the white of one egg, put a pinch of cream of tartar in the boiling sugar, pour over the egg. Beat until cold and thick. Flavor.

E. B. T. (By request.) Broiled Oysters. Take large, fat oysters. Lay them on a board, dry, and season with salt and a little cayenne pepper. Have the gridiron very hot. Lay the oysters first in melted butter, and then on the gridiron, let brown on one side, and turn. Take up in a heated dish, on which is melted butter.

Mrs. R. D. B. (By request.) Caramel Pudding. Slice half a pound of stale sponge cake, and spread with tart jelly. Line the bottom and sides of a pudding mould with the cake. Boil a pint of milk, beat the yolks of four eggs, with half a cup of sugar, stir in the boiling milk, and let stay on the fire until thick, flavor, and stand aside to cool. Pour over the cake, cover the top with caramel, made of one pint of brown sugar, and a tablespoonful of butter, stirred in a skillet until nearly burnt, to which add a small cake of chocolate grated and half a cup of milk.

Mrs. L. P. (By request.) Frozen Pudding. Take one pint of cream, the yolks of four eggs and beat together; make a syrup of one pound of sugar and one pint of water, put on the fire, when very hot, add forty blanched almonds, pounded fine, one ounce of chopped citron, two each of raisins and currants, one ounce of candied orange and lemon peel each, the juice of one lemon; pour in freezer and freeze. Set aside one hour to harden.

Mrs. H. M. (By request.) Spanish Catsup. Take half a gallon of green cucumbers; after being peeled and cut up, sprinkle with salt, and let stand six hours, press the water from them, and scald in strong vinegar. Pre-



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pare half a gallon of cabbage in the same way, chop one dozen onions, and let stand in boiling water half an hour; chop a quart of green tomatoes and one pint of green beans with one dozen green peppers and one dozen small ears of corn; scald and drain, then mix two tablespoonfuls of grated horse-radish, one teacup of ground mustard, two cups of white mustard seed, three tablespoonfuls of turmeric, one of mace, three of celery seed, one of cinnamon, one of cayenne pepper, two of ol-

ive oil, and one pound of brown sugar, put in a jar with the prepared articles for the catsup, and cover with boiling vinegar.

Chili Sauce. (By request.) Take twelve large tomatoes, three green peppers, two onions, two tablespoonfuls of salt, two of sugar, one of cinnamon, three teacups of vinegar, peel the tomatoes and onions, chop fine, add the peppers and boil three hours. Bottle and seal. This catsup is excellent and much less trouble than strained tomato catsup.

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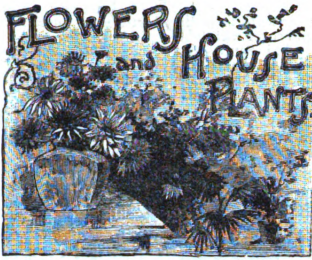
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[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.]
TALKS ABOUT FLOWERS.

BY EBEN REXFORD.

TO CORRESPONDENTS:—All inquiries about flowers and their culture will be cheerfully answered to the best of my ability in the columns of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, when they are of general interest. Those of a personal character and not of general interest, will be answered by mail—provided a stamped envelope is sent for reply; and not otherwise. If an immediate reply is desired, it can only be obtained by mail, as the matter for the paper is made up several weeks in advance of date, and any reply which comes through the paper will necessarily be delayed. In asking questions about plants which you have failed to grow successfully, tell what kind of culture you have given them, and this will often enable the editor to get at the difficulty, and give you the information you require. Send all letters direct to the address given below, and not to the office of publication. SHILOCTON, WIS. EBEN E. REXFORD.

Two Good Carnations for Winter.

Among the "novelties" of last year were two Carnations which were sent out with a great



CARNATIONS.

flourish of trumpets. They were "superior to any other varieties," one florist said. Another said that they "were sure to create a sensation." All of which I took with several grains of allowance when I ordered plants in the spring, having become somewhat skeptical as regards "new acquisitions." But I am pleased to say that in this instance I was happily disappointed. Both varieties have proved quite equal to the florists' descriptions. William Swayne, marked No. 1 in the illustration given herewith, is a pure white, having very thick petals, which make it a good flower for cutting. It is also fragrant and a most profuse bloomer.

No. 2, "American Florist," is of a peculiar color. It might be called an orange rose, so closely are the two colors blended. The petals are striped and feathered with carmine. It is a free bloomer, and as its flowers are produced on long stems, it is very valuable for cutting.

I think any lover of this standard old flower will be highly pleased with the two new varieties described above.

Floral Gossip.

—Mrs. E. M., writes:—"I have a great deal of confidence in your advice.—(Thank you.)—consequently follow it whenever I can do so. Upon your recommendation I purchased a La France Rose two years ago, and it has proved to be all that you claimed for it. I have rooted two cuttings from the old plant. Last spring, you spoke of a mound with center of Salvia, surrounded by Calliopsis. I have tried this, and found the combination very satisfactory. You spoke of layering Carnations. I tried this and was delighted to find three plants well rooted. I think I have done quite well

for an amateur. I must tell you about my Nasturtiums before I close. I speak of it because you may think it worth while to suggest the idea in the JOURNAL. They are growing on an unpainted picket fence. Twenty-five feet of it is completely covered with foliage and flowers. I never saw them used in this way before. Usually they are trained on strings or over a bush. We wanted to hide a shabby fence, and have succeeded in making that part of the garden a 'thing of beauty.'"

Charity sends these notes of the culture of the Heliotrope:—Any amateur can have Heliotrope in bloom all winter providing he or she can give it moderate heat and plenty of sunshine. Procure a healthy plant in summer and put it in a six inch pot containing rich sandy soil. Cut back to within two or three inches of the top of the pot. Keep the soil moist, and all buds pinched off until the middle of September. Keep it well pruned so that it will have many branches to bloom from, and you will be sure to have plenty of flowers all winter. Next spring cut back close to the old wood, and you can have a good plant for the coming winter. I have not had mine out of its pot for five years, and every winter it blooms beautifully. Just before I bring it in for the winter I take some of the soil away from the top of the pot and put on fresh, being careful not to disturb the roots."

I think it would be better to replot the plant each year. It often does a plant as much good to trim off some of its old roots as it does to cut back the top, because some of them become diseased, and especially those of the Heliotrope. I would therefore turn it out of its pot and remove all but the young and healthy roots when I cut it

ish a very kind regard for my unseen friend." I am always glad to receive such letters as the above, for they show what great things a woman can accomplish if she has the love of flowers at heart, and prove to those who read about what she has done that it would be possible for them to do the same if they set about it. I thank you for your kind words, and assure you that they are appreciated. One always likes to know that he has been of benefit to others. It is a pleasure to me to help those who need help. I wish other women would determine to have a flower-garden. They would find that the work among their flowers would prove better than medicine to them. It is a kind of exercise which combines so much pleasure in it that it doesn't seem like work. And no one but he or she who loves flowers knows what a vast amount of pleasure comes in caring for them: in spending hours in their companionship, and in being able to share their beauty and sweetness with others who are not fortunate enough to have any of their own. Who shall say that some of those given to the poor did not preach little sermons in their own sweet, wise way which will have effects for good all along the way of life?"

Mrs. Richmond contributes these notes on the Verbena: "How many of the JOURNAL sisters have a bed of Verbenas this summer? I think if all lovers of flowers knew how little trouble this plant would give them that they would never be without at least one good-sized bed. I have two, one on each side of the path. In the spring I may give place for a few days to the rest of the garden. I have a good covering of fine blue and lavender purple in each spring. My beds are raked over smoothly. In a short time young plants begin to appear. I think I could supply enough every spring to set half an acre. I furnish enough for the neighbors, and have to trim out a great many. The colors are as beautiful as the first year that I set out plants. They come in all the colors imaginable from darkest purple to faintest lavender, purest white, deep rose, scarlet and blue. The lightest colors are very fragrant. Some one asks why the leaves of Heliotrope turn black. I think it must be from lack of moisture in the air. I have tried sprinkling the leaves every day, and they would grow finely as long as I gave them frequent water, but if only watered with the other plants the leaves would turn black."

I am inclined to think that the lack of moisture was at the root, instead of top. As said above, the Heliotrope has a great mass of fine, fibrous roots, and unless a good supply is given, the water fails to penetrate the earth in the centre of the pot, where most moisture is required.

—Cook writes:—"I would like to tell the flower-loving readers of the JOURNAL how I treat my Begonias. I set the pots containing them in larger pots, and fill in between with clean sand which is kept wet all the time. I never apply water directly to the soil in which Begonias grow. The pots absorb all the water necessary, and I never saw thriffter plants. Once a week I carefully sponge the smooth-leaved ones to remove dust, and sprinkle the hairy-leaved kinds, like Rex, shaking off the water immediately, as they are injured if it stands on them."

A lady who chooses to be known to the readers of the floral department as "Lotus," sends the following communication about the culture of the Water Lily in tubs:—

"May I tell the readers of the JOURNAL about my successful attempt to cultivate the Water Lily in tubs? I have two varieties, Nymphaea odorata delicata, a soft pink in color, and N. odorata minor, white. The pink variety is a seedling from Rosea, the Cape Cod variety. The tubs or roots were purchased from E. D. Sturtevant, Bordentown, N. J., the well known dealer in aquatic plants. A kerosene barrel was sawed in two, after being burned out to remove the oil with which it was saturated. Strong handles were placed on the tubs, and they were given two good coats of paint to prevent their warping. The soil was two thirds loam,—muck would have been better, I suppose,—and one-third manure. There should be as much soil in each tub as there is water, when filled. Stand the tubs in a sunny place for several days, to let the water get warm before planting the Lilies. The roots should be covered about five inches with soil. Over this, place an inch or two of white sand. This will enable you to see each leaf and bud as it breaks through the dark soil below. It is not best to procure the roots till the weather becomes warm. The pink lily was planted May 15th, and soon began to grow. On July 8th, I was rewarded with a lovely, exquisitely fragrant flower. Many called it my lovely Lily, and all were enthusiastic in praise of its beauty. The white Lily is budded. I also planted three seeds of Japanese Nelumbium. I suppose I must be content to wait three years for flowers from them, but I can afford to do this since seeds only cost twenty-five cents, while a root cost twelve dollars. Mr. Sturtevant has many fine plants, but one has to take a long drive to her greenhouse to keep from being led into extravagances in buying. In the fall, before freezing weather comes, pour off the water, and place the tubs in the cellar, not disturbing the roots. Keep where they will not freeze, and do not allow the soil to become dry. When the days and nights become warm remove from cellar and fill the tubs with water from which the chill has been taken before putting it in the tubs. All the care required after that is to keep the tubs running over with water."

I am constantly in receipt of letters from parties wishing to make exchange of plants. In reply to all these letters I have to say that the exchange department has been discontinued.

Answers to Correspondents.

M. M. H.:—"Can you tell me of anything to remove green bugs from Pansy plants? My Pansy-bed was in fine condition less than a week ago, but in-side of two days most of

the plants were literally covered with the pest. I have tried Heliothrips, and Tobacco water with no success. If you can give me any hints on the subject I shall be greatly pleased to have you do so."

I think this correspondent would find Sulpho-Tobacco Soap effective. I know of nothing better. It can be procured of Rose Mfg Co., 17 S. William St., New York City, at 40 cts for sample can, which can be sent by mail.

May D.:—"What shall I do for the gray spider on my Fuchsias? They are so small that they can only be seen with the microscope. The leaves all fall off. Have tried whale-oil soap; but it does no good."

The pest is the red-spider in a gray dress, or a close relative. The only application that will drive him away is water, just clear water, applied daily, and all over the plant. Sprinkling is not enough. You should shower the plants, and be sure that every part of them is touched by the water. Turn the plants down on their sides, and throw a stream of water up among the leaves. Every plant grower ought to provide herself with a syringe with which she can throw water just where it needs to be applied with a good deal of force. Atomizers are not satisfactory, neither are whisk-brooms, which some writers recommend. They are good as far as they go, but they go so little way, or rather the water from them goes so short a distance, that they are but little better than playthings in plant-culture.

Mrs. E. T. C.:—"Can the Auratum Lily, and other Japan Lilies, be safely left in the ground over winter where the temperature falls to 30 degrees below zero?"

Yes, if they are planted properly, in well-drained soil, and the ground is covered well with leaves or something similar to the depth of a foot or more.

M. A. N.:—"Will you tell me how to care for Mad. Plantier Rose this fall? Also Souvenir de Deucher. I have a Weigelia, and a Columbine. Will it be safer to leave them out of doors during the winter?"

In October number you will find an article on protection of plants, which will give you the advice asked. The Weigelia is hardy, and could not be taken in safely.

G. E. H.:—"I would increase the plants named by layering, which I consider much better than rooting cuttings. Do this about mid-summer. Use partially ripened shoots."

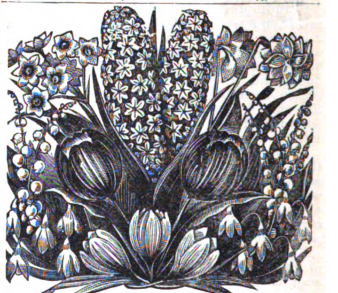
M. P.:—"Will you be so kind as to give a list of plants suitable for window-box in winter?"

I would use Geraniums, Petunias,—single,—Othonna to droop over the edge, Nasturtiums to grow at ends and run up about the window, with Mad. Salleroi Geraniums to furnish pretty foliage. If the room is warm a Heliotrope would be likely to do well in the collection.

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TALKS ABOUT FLOWERS.

(Concluded from opposite page.)

NOTES OF THE SEASON.

I give herewith some notes made during the season just past. Some of them may be useful to the amateur next year:

No annual is superior to the Calliopsis for a brilliant show of color. Its vivid yellow and maroon flowers are like concentrated sunshine. And there are so many of them that they keep up their illumination all summer long.

I have never fully realized what the possibilities of the Hollyhock were, before, for use on the lawn in large groups. I planted a dozen in a circular bed on a little rise of ground. The effect has been most pleasing. The rich colors, the almost solid masses of yellow and scarlet and rose and purple on the tall stalks, above the luxuriant foliage, have delighted the eye for several weeks, and rendered that part of the lawn a most attractive spot.

Last Spring the Dingee & Conard Co. sent me a lot of ever-blooming roses for trial, with the request that I should report the result. Triumph de Noisettes has proved one of the most prolific bloomers, but it is not as fine in form as some of the others. Luciole is a charming flower, very double and deliciously sweet. It is a good bloomer. Perle des Jardins has exquisite buds, a lovely color, and is a fine grower and bloomer; also very fragrant. I think I should give it a place at the head of the list. Etoile de Lyon is lovely, but, with me, is a shy bloomer. Catherine Mermet deserves a place next to Perle des Jardins. Queen's scarlet is always in bloom. Mad. Welche is a most unique combination of colors, and some might consider it a superb flower, but it has too much "variegation" about it to quite suit me.

No part of my garden has afforded me more pleasure than my bed of Tea Roses. I have cut dozens of flowers from it nearly every day since the last of June. If you want to give a friend a button-hole nosegay that shall be "just as pretty as it can be," and, at the same time, delightfully sweet, you must have a bed of these Roses to draw from. A half-bloom flower of Meteor with a bud of Perle des Jardins, with a leaf or two of rich green to set off the flowers—what a lovely harmony of velvety scarlet and golden yellow, or if you prefer more delicate colors, take a Luciole bud and a Mermet when its petals are just falling apart. Nothing can be lovelier, you think, till you have put a bud of Perle des Jardins along side a dark velvet blue Pansy. When you have done that, you are charmed with the manner in which the two colors harmonize and intensify each other, and you are sure there was never anything finer for a flower-lover to feast his eyes on.

Surely the best fall annual is the Aster. It is quite the equal of the Chrysanthemum in form and color. So closely does it resemble the Chrysanthemum in shape,—that is, certain varieties of it, the "incurved," for instance,—that I know of its being sold for the more popular flower named without the discovery of the florist's deceit. But then, the buyer could not have been "much of a judge of flowers," could she? I know of no flower which has been more improved by careful cultivation than this one. I can remember when "Chiny Oysters" as they were popularly known among country people, "when I was a boy," were pale-colored, single flowers, with but little beauty. Now they are large as Roses, double as Dahlias, and with about as wide a range of beautiful colors. But they lack fragrance, and on this account they will never be as great a favorite as the Sweet Pea, which is one of the most delightful of all garden flowers. I have had all the Sweet Peas I wanted this season, but not too many, for one can't have too much of a good thing, when that good thing is a flower. A row thirty feet long has been covered with delicate blossoms for months. The loveliest variety of all is the old pink and white, and next to

it the new Princess Beatrice, with pale rose flowers. How sweet they are! What can be more beautiful than a tall glass vase filled with these deliciously fragrant flowers, just dropped into the water and left to "arrange" themselves?

Winter Precautions.

At the North we must take especial pains to guard against the results of sudden "cold snaps," and penetrating winds which blow the cold air into every crevice. If we neglect these precautions, we may wake up some morning when the thermometer is away down below zero, and find our pets frozen beyond hope of recovery.

I would advise having an extra sash, or "storm-window," as it is termed at the west, placed at each window where plants are kept. If this is done, and it is snugly fitted on the casing, and the glass is well putted in, there will be no need of moving the plants at night, and it will be needless to use any curtain at any time, as a protection against the entrance of frost, as the two thicknesses of glass with an air-space between, constitute a most effectual barrier against the cold. Care must be taken to see that the outside sash fits closely against the frame, all around, also that the sash in the frame has no loose joints. In order to make sure of a snug fit, it is well to use strips of thin, flexible corner-molding, such as can be procured at almost any carpenter's shop. This can be fitted into the angles between sash and frame, and tacked so firmly into place as to fit tightly against both, thus insuring a perfectly snug joint. The outside sash can be put on with screws. Large, long screws will draw it down against the wood so firmly as to leave no crevice for the wind to get through, unless the frame is warped and uneven. If not even it is well to tack on several thicknesses of soft cloth where the sash will come in contact with the frame. The screws will hold the sash down on this so closely that all cracks will be practically tight against the cold.

Of course windows treated in this way may be said to be comparatively air-tight, and some who have read what has often been said about giving plants all the air possible, may think that here we have a contradiction of advice. But because we urge making the window at which the plants stand as nearly air-tight as possible, it does not follow that we are not to give the plants in them fresh air. For some years past I have admitted fresh air to a large bay window fitted as described, by a tin tube which comes in through the frame near the ceiling. This tube is fitted with a cap, and when I think all the air necessary has been admitted, I put the cap on and shut off the supply. The stream of cold air comes in above the plants, where it comes in contact with the warm air of the room, which is of course much warmer at the top than anywhere else, as heated air always rises, and the chill is taken off it before it reaches the plants below. If admitted below, where it could come in contact with tender plants, injury would doubtless be done them, as it takes but little to chill a Begonia or similar plant. If a ventilating pipe is put in by any reader I would suggest that instead of running a piece through the frame as mine is, as described above, a longer pipe be used, with two elbows on it. Let the pipe be as long as the sash is, and have the bottom elbow open out of doors, through a hole bored for it in the outside sash, and the upper elbow into the room through the inside sash. This is much better than a straight pipe running through the frame, for through a straight pipe which has its openings on the same level, the air will quite as often pass out from the room as in from out of doors. If the wind blows against the open outer end, of course air will come in, but if the wind blows away from it a draft is created which draws the warm air out. If the long pipe is used, with outer opening at bottom, the air will be drawn into it and expelled at top, inside, and there will never be a draft sufficient to take away the warm air. In putting in such a ventilating pipe be sure that the holes in the sash through which it passes are made tight with putty. Such method of ventilation is necessary only in a very snugly built house. In most dwellings, there will be crevices enough to admit quite all the fresh air necessary.

Often there will be cracks and openings along the base-boards of the room. Be sure to have these closed. Paste strips of cloth over all cracks in the plaster, and cover with paper like that on the walls. If there should happen to be an opening between the base board and the floor, have a strip of the corner molding spoken of



And a very pretty climbing plant it is. Perfectly hardy, the stem dying down every autumn, but growing again so rapidly in the spring as to completely cover any trellis or arbor very early in the season. It is as easily cultivated as the Maderia Vine, and is produced from tubers which will make from ten to twelve feet of vine, and with its beautiful heart-shaped leaves, bright green peculiar foliage, and clusters of delicate white blossoms sending forth a delicious cinnamon odor, render it by far one of the most desirable climbers in cultivation.

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tacked firmly into the angle. It is the draughts near the floor which have to be most closely guarded against. Quite often tender plants occupying a low position on a stand are chilled, while others equally tender, standing on a higher level, are untouched. It is these draughts near the floor which persons should guard against, also, and in looking out for the welfare of your plants you are doing something which is conducive to your own health and that of the members of your family.

Doors opening into the room in which you keep flowers should have strips of listing tacked about them in such a way as to close all cracks through which the wind can enter. A strong wind will blow more cold into a room in moderate weather than will be likely to penetrate in still nights when the thermometer is down to zero. Therefore be sure to fortify against the admission of air through these inlets. It is a good plan to take a day for doing this work, and begin at one corner of the room, and go over it thoroughly, finishing up each part as you go along. By systematizing the work in this way, you are sure to have it well done, but if you stop a crack here and there, and now and then, as it happens to be discovered, you will be pretty sure to have a poor job of it taken as a whole.

If your plants should freeze, as soon as you discover what has been done put them in a dark room, or the cellar, where the temperature is but little above freezing, and sprinkle, or rather, shower them with cold water. In most cases, such plants as Abutilons, Geraniums, and others of similar character, can, if taken in time, before allowed to thaw, be saved, and I have had quite tender plants come through the ordeal with comparatively little injury. The frost must be extracted gradually, and with the application of as little heat as possible. Keep them away from the light and warmth for two or three days. If the tops wilt after the frost has been extracted you may feel quite sure that the wilted portion can not be saved, so cut it off at once, and be sure to cut below that part which appears affected by the frost. If some of the frosted part is left on, very often decay sets in which extends to the stalks below. Should the whole top seemed killed, it does not follow that the roots have not vitality enough left to send up new shoots, so do not throw them out till you have given them a trial.

Do not get the idea from what I have said that plants can be kept in one house out of fifty, at the north, without a fire, after following the advice given to the minutest particular. It will be necessary to see that the fire does not go out at night, but much less fire will be necessary in a room so prepared for winter. Do not neglect making this preparation until winter has come, and come with such severity as to make it impossible to do that part of the work which must be done from the outside, well. Do it while it can be done without discomfort, and it will be done much more thoroughly than it will when the fingers tingle with cold, and every breath is a puff of vapor on the chill air.

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[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.] OCCASIONAL LAPSES OF MANNER.

Many a woman suddenly raised to a prominent position, either by wealth, or her husband's political rank, has thought to improve her position by a haughty manner. It seems an impossible vice in a republic, to suppose that the assumption of a haughty manner could improve one's position, but it is unfortunately not an unheard of thing to see a person who invites guests to her house for the purpose of insulting them.

We read in the memoirs of Sidney Smith, of such a haughty hostess, the Lady Holland of his day. She would order Macauley to stop talking, and tell Tom Moore that he was frivolous. She would move her guests about at dinner if she thought them too happy.

But let us hope that our haughty hostesses have not all such evil memories behind them. Indeed, the virtuous people have not always good manners.

"He or she who makes the Truth unlovely commits high treason against virtue," said Miss Edgeworth.

One lady noted for hospitality in one of our great cities, has a national reputation for bad manners, and, although she gives beautiful dinners, people are afraid to go to her house, lest she should be overtaken by a desire to be uncivil. It is the extreme of bad manners. The Arab knows better. The wild Indian is a gentleman in his lodge. The man who eats your salt is sacred, and if a woman is rude everywhere else, she should be gracious at home.

A hostess should, therefore, think twice before she invites people. She should be so generous as to let her friends alone, unless she wishes to treat them well. Then, having made up her mind to invite them, she must remember that, from that moment she is their slave. She is to be all attention and all suavity. If she has nothing to offer them but a cup of tea, she must make it a "beaker full of the warm south" by her manner.

Not a thousand years ago, a lady of New York, who enjoyed a very high social position, through the distinction of her husband, was led to invite, rather against her will, a lady who had not quite made her way into good society. There was nothing against the lady. She was only "not fashionable." But the husband had requested his wife to ask her.

This lady came to the party, to be received with a cold bow, a sneer, every possible insult of averted looks and neglect from the hostess. The conduct was so small, so mean and so narrow, that a gentleman saw it, and resented it.

This gentleman was a leader in every sense, and he took occasion to single out the neglected lady, and he took also pains to say to his hostess that he thought a person who was invited to a house simply to be insulted became very interesting, and he took her in to supper.

Mrs. Lonely began to experience a very great change in her position, Mrs. Lofty began to see she had made a mistake; she became all attention, and before the evening was over, she took up Mrs. Surface and Mrs. Shiney to be introduced.

Governor Bountiful, however, who had produced this change, did not mean to let down Mrs. Lofty so easily. He did what never should be done unless as a rebuke, he gave a fine ball, and asked Mr. Lofty, but not his wife, and he told everybody that he intended to teach her that she had by transgressing, the first rule of hospitality, made herself ineligible for society. It is said that the good-natured Prince of Wales has erased the name of a bad-tempered lady in London from his books for the same cause.

A lady should be very particular to specify whom she wishes to see, and no lady should go to a strange house uninvited, on the spoken belief of some other person that she will be welcome.

Still less should a gentleman presume too much. A young gentleman may be taken by a married lady, who is all powerful, to a ball, as she is supposed to indorse his respectability, but it is always better for him to leave his card, and for him to receive an invitation.

If, however, through any misapprehension, a person gets into a house uninvited, a hostess should never show, by word or manner, that she observes it. The very fact that a person has crossed her threshold gives, for the moment, that person a claim on the politeness of a hostess.

A few years ago a strange mistake was made. Two ladies of the same name gave an entertainment within a few doors of each other's houses. Many persons got into the wrong house. The hostess who gained that day the admiring comments of all New York, was the one who received perfect strangers as if they were her best friends, and made them her friends by that gracious reception. She

knew how awkwardly they would feel when they found out their mistake; she did all she could to prevent their feeling awkwardly while with her.

The other lady, less well-bred, said to a person who had come into her house, under a mistake, "I think you have got into the wrong house."

"Yes, Madame, I have," said he. "I thought before I entered it, that this was a lady's house."

It was a terrible revenge, but, under the circumstances, an entirely justifiable one.

In a rural university town there were once two professors of the same name, and one of them asked a stranger gentleman to tea. He went to the house of the wrong professor, and was received with a chilling absence of welcome by the wife. The poor man bore his inhospitable chill for a while, and finally ventured to say:

"Madame, your husband invited me to tea."

"Oh, no!" said the haughty hostess. "I must have been the other Professor S—My husband never asks anybody to tea."

It occurred to this snubbed gentleman to say, "I should advise them not to accept, if he did," but he remembered his manners, and merely bowed and departed.

A hostess has so very charming a position, if she is amiable, one wonders she should ever peril it by being unamiable. She is, in her hour of hostess-ship, perhaps at the acme of a woman's ambition. It is her place to see that a number of people are well fed and happy. She is the person of all others to whom every gentle, sweet emotion, every grateful feeling turns. A hostess at a pretty country house is very much to be envied, and she can, without much effort, make everybody happy.

A hostess in the city can become an enormous social power, if she has tact and a certain intelligence. She becomes the envied of women and the admired of men. That she should ever use this power to make herself disagreeable is most amazing. If we had not seen it done, we could hardly believe it possible.

A hostess should never reprove her servants in the presence of her guests. All that worries her must be carefully concealed from them. It is her place to oil the wheels of the domestic machinery so that nothing shall jar. It is quite impossible in America that such a set of trained servants could be obtained, who should make the domestic wheels move without jarring. But the hostess must not appear to notice it. If she is disturbed, or flustered, or miserable, who can enjoy anything?

This necessity for calmness on the part of a hostess is well satirized in an old-fashioned novel called "Cecil," where the hero writes to his sister, "Learn to be perfectly unmoved at your own table, even if your cook sends up stewed puppy." And an old poet eulogizes the calm hostess, who is—

"Mistress of herself, though China fall."

There is no such utter mistake as to lose one's temper, one's nerve, one's composure, in company. Society may be a false condition of things, but, whatever its faults, it demands of a woman the very high virtues of self-command, gentleness and composure, politeness, coolness and serenity. Good manners are said to be the shadows of virtues.

But they are virtues. To be polite is a virtue of the very highest.

One of the greatest trials of a hostess is to find that her good dinner is kept waiting. It is a good plan to invite people for a half hour earlier than the dinner is really to be served. That allows differences of watches and the well-known lack of punctuality of certain fashionable women. There is no greater compliment than a perfect punctuality. It is the "courtesy of kings." Queen Victoria, the Prince of Wales, the King and Queen of Italy never keep any one waiting.

But in our fashionable society there is a great lack of punctuality. Those same women who dare to be haughty hostesses are all ways late at other people's dinners. It is the same audacity, impertinence, and rudeness which makes the hostess haughty, which also makes her dare to be late.

The amiable hostess, however, bears the ruin of her fish and soup with equanimity. She smiles and bows as graciously when a late comer enters, buttoning her gloves, as when she sees Mrs. Earlybird enter.

Mrs. Earlybird, all beautifully dressed, enters the room just as the clock strikes seven. She is cheerful, chatty and pleased, and her equable manner and composed complexion shows that she dressed leisurely and in time. Her host and hostess feel perfectly satisfied

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with their entertainment. The party begins when Mrs. Earlybird gets there. What wonder that she has more invitations than she can accept from October to June. What wonder that Mrs. Earlybird is popular.

Mrs. Heavybags, on the contrary, is astonished that, with all her spending of money, her old family, her grand house, and her fine clothes, and her frequent entertainments, that she is not asked to the little dinners, the pleasant small feasts. She is sad over her lack of popularity. Does she know that she is unpopular from her own disagreeable manner?—giving a cold forefinger to one guest, while she grasps the hand of another? Does she know that her face is a very different face to a poor unknown and undistinguished guest, from what it is when Governor Bountiful arrives? Mrs. Heavybags despises all the human family excepting the very successful. She does not care for any one but those who radiate importance upon her. Why, then, does she invite them?

It is her love of power. She likes to patronize, she likes to snub.

Mrs. Heavybags knows that, to be successful, her party must be crowded.

"To be a success she must have nobles, and also snobs," as Punch says. She must bow low to the nobles and patronize the snobs. It is a part of an ignoble nature to do both.

To patronize is a great necessity of some natures. There is not much opportunity for its exercise in a land where all men are born free and equal, but there is still some.

Now, in England, where, from the pride of birth, one would expect haughty hostesses, there are very few. English women learn the art of entertaining as an art. They are early taught the duties and responsibilities of being a hostess. They are taught how to receive, how to make the humblest guest happy, how to make people welcome. "Noblesse oblige" is written all over the most stately walls.

We should advise every young American woman to study the art of being a model hostess. Its foundation is a good heart, its outward expression a good manner.

M. E. W. SHERWOOD.



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Remember, that W. L. Douglas shoes have name, price and warrant stamped on bottom; that satisfaction is guaranteed or money refunded; that thousands of dollars are saved annually by the wearers on these shoes; that shoes represented to be just as good are more profitable to the seller, and that when you buy W. L. Douglas shoes you get the best material, best style and best fitting shoe in the world. Try once. In ordering by mail state style wanted, what width and kind of toe, also give size and width usually worn, and enclose advertised price. Address W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

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[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.]
MRS. LEW WALLACE.

INDIANAPOLIS, June, 1889.
The town of Crawfordsville, which one of her own poets, Maurice Thompson prettily calls "a little city of delight," is but an hundred minutes ride from Indianapolis, and there be some who think that in no other direction, except upwards, could so short a time take one out of so much noise and confusion, into such peace and restfulness as pervades the Wallace home, there, among its huge beech trees.

To be met by Mrs. Wallace is a greeting from the goddess of hospitality herself, and when within, the guest settles down into a delectable chair saying something like "my willing soul would stay in such a frame as this," and when Mrs. Wallace quotes one of her favorite proverbs of the Orient, "the guest is free to come, but not to depart," the visitor exclaims "amen to that" in a way that might well turn a hostess pale. One is spell-bound by the countless attractions of the house and Miladi. Even the absence of "the great general," who at my last visit was in Indianapolis writing the life of our then coming President Harrison, left no *aching* void; only one thing could have been pleasanter than having him away, *i. e.* having him at home, but taken one half at a time, Ben Hur Wallace furnishes more enjoyment than we ordinary folk can digest.

The dog day heat was tempered by the *négligé* toilets with which lovely woman compensates herself for the absence of the lords of creation. With the mercury at ninety-nine no man need offer his presence as a substitute for linen lawn wrappers, and no attempt at crimps!

Mrs. Wallace wrote me "I send you Irving's invitation 'I will give you a tree and a book.'" The tree, a regular "talking tree"—a lovely sweet spoken maple that sheltered the piazza and the book, no matter what it was, while she sat by to read it aloud, everything was beautiful. If Mrs. Wallace is ever to be sketched in any but a fervent spirit, it must be by you, dear reader, who never saw her, for she will win you at first sight if you have any soul at all to go out and meet the great one that looks from her eyes. Where did I thus fall her easy victim?

In the witching summer of '76 at one of Theodore Thomas garden concerts in Philadelphia. There even the glorious Orchestra was half forgotten in the charm of her presence, and every thought of her since has been set to the music of that first violin.

One day when the book in hand was Ben Hur, she said "I think the strongest parts of it are the conversations of Belthazar the Egyptian," then selecting those passages she read them, and matchless as the eloquence is, it had an added charm in being spoken by Mrs. Wallace. She is unquestionably proud of her husband and is the typical "turtle dove" though she can verge on the snapping turtle dove if her hero is attacked—for instance, when a common place person who believed that all men of letters were arrogant and tyrannical at home, declared that she would never marry a genius, Mrs. Wallace quietly remarked "very few women have the opportunity."

Indirectly the literary world owes much of its gratitude for the possession of Mr. Wallace to the faithful wife who has stood between him and that surest of husband-killers, ill-natured bread. She will have none of the mockery of life's staff as she describes them in her book the "Land of the Pueblos" "hot death-balls with lightning zig-zags of deadly drugs known on the frontier as 'sody biscuit.'" Into the above named collection of sketches she has put her very self and one reads it "with nods and becks and wreathed smiles" audibly responding to many a merry thought, or bit of old time tender sentiment, in the most sociable fashion and when the book is closed upon her you look around—and go lonesome.

You will need a pitcher of water at hand while reading her account of that dry and thirsty land, particularly if you have ever breathed its sun backed alkali air, and felt, as I have, the crisp skin on hands and face and felt it creeping down the throat and into the lungs, as if in thirsty search of every trace of moisture you might be living on. It is oppressively well written, and her pictures of Apache and Co. are what might be expected from a fine writer who has been eye witness of some of their fiendish ways—say those at safe distance what they may. "The Storied Sea" is full of Attic salt; it was the first of her writings in book form and has spoken for itself. But the Repose in Egypt, her last publication is much the finest work she has done. It shows so vividly the picture of the greatness that once was in Egypt, by her masterly painting of the shadows of its death, that the hoary subject thrills with new breath of interest. 'Tis a wonder how, with her slender strength she accomplishes so much reading and writing besides looking so well to the ways of her household. She always keeps a day ahead of the dust and long ago the spiders learned not to waste their time and web in her house, but, marking it as the abode of the destroying angel, "swung off" in search of less watchful housekeepers.

She enjoys the peaceable fruits of this vigilance, though she declares she lives "on the high intellectual plane of Mrs. Nickleby" in order to have it.

She knew her husband's rare power, years ago, and has left no stone unturned that might further his literary work and now, above all else, she desires him to push on with the forthcoming book—reminding him of his and her own increasing gray hairs, in the most merciless kind of persuasion. She subsists on next to nothing herself, but claims that she knows where the food goes! When General Wallace is away, she marvels at the way a dainty broiled pullet may return to the table again and again, till it becomes something of a pet—it's final fragments almost too dear to bite into! But with "the Douglas in his hall"

it is quite different for *la petite poulette*; it wings its way down his throat before acquaintance has any chance to ripen into love!

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace have played at the game of diamond cut diamond all their lives together, and it is fine to see them flash. Her voice, in talking, is indistinguishably attractive. And she sings too; not in the immense style of her husband, but in her own *peculiar* way! He rather arrogates to himself the entire musical talent of the family and, reluctantly enough, "we" concede it, but must say at the same time nobody ever yet heard of his being encored for a tune.

But his better half has no idea of yielding the palm without a struggle, and about once a year she essays to sing! Last summer her sister, Mrs. Blair, was visiting her after long absence and sitting on the piazza they fell a talking about old times and becoming saturated with the tender theme they proposed a duet; so the venerable guitar was taken from the willows and screwed up to date and they were soon lost in the rhapsodies of "I cannot sing the old songs"—proving it with every tone! Presently the sister's husband who had been sitting there unnoticed behind a newspaper, arose, passed them with a preoccupied air of haste, walked nimbly down the steps and took his way off through the grove. The warblers pretended to ignore it and soared on skyward, when Ben Hur dawned upon the scene—treading on the situation with hob-nailed boots and, with twinkling eyes he queried "didn't I hear some one out here filing a saw?" where upon he went briskly off the porch and away. And now they sang with another purpose—with forked tongues, as it were, nor stopped for breath till they had driven him to "the uttermost parts of the earth" that constitutes the wide pasture and then the cadence terminated in a triumphant shout!

This piazza is Mrs. Wallace's favorite haunt, she says "I have seen the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them but this is the best place after all and before all." She and the trees make love to each other there, and it's no wonder they have such a leaning towards her and sweep her nook with their branches. She says "they are to me, as eloquent as the oracular leaves in the forest of Dodona, or the prophetic ones of the Sybil."

One beautiful maple in front of the house was brought during its switchhood, in Gen. Wallace's valise, from the banks of the sylvan Kankakee, whither he often goes yet to fish; but the switch was the best proof of "a bite" I ever heard of his bringing home, except such trophies of that kind as the misquitos gave him—showing that he kept the best "bait" at the other end of the line and rod!

There is no picture of the house, else one might accompany this sketch. Mrs. Wallace says an attempt at a photograph of it would be too much like the puzzle-picture called "Puss in boots" with nothing visible but a pair of boots; one asks "where is Puss?" "in the boots to be sure" and thus, to detect the Wallace home front in that thick mass of grove, one must be sharp at riddle reading, and so their home has never sat for its portrait.

What Mrs. Wallace calls her "native dandelion" is fairer to her eyes than the lilies that grow on foreign soil, though they be of Sharon. In patriotism she and her husband stand shoulder to shoulder differing only in his wearing the straps.

She had need of all her courage in some of their hair-grizzling experiences in New Mexico, when Mr. W. was Governor there. They found border-ruffianism in all its pristine glory and Gen. Wallace set about breaking up the business. One of a gang who boasted that he had killed a man for ever year he had lived (he was then twenty-one) pledged his word and honor as a desperado that he would track Wallace till he had shot him; with so much at stake they played very earnestly and Ben Hur "wore his beaver up" and pistol cocked for him. Finally he took lodgings in the same hotel and at night Gen. W. closed the door of his room. His wife speaking of the heat opened it and he quietly said "its best not to have it open — is in the house watching his chance to shoot me." We can fancy the alacrity with which she then shut the door and that she probably corked the keyhole, as Miss Pecksniff did the wine bottle, with a curl paper! With rifle at hand and pistol under his pillow Gov. Wallace lay down and slept,—better than his wife did, you may be sure.

Frontier life acquaints a woman with strange night-caps, percussion caps! a most uncanny pattern. The newspapers told how the U. S. troops were sent to Governor Wal-

The Wonderful Carlsbad Springs.

At the Ninth International Medical Congress, Dr. A. L. A. Toboldt of the University of Pennsylvania read a paper stating that out of thirty cases treated with the genuine imported Powdered Carlsbad Sprudel Salt for chronic constipation, hypochondria, disease of the liver and kidneys, jaundice, adiposis, diabetes, dropsy from valvular heart disease, dyspepsia, catarrhal inflammation of the stomach, ulcer of the stomach or spleen, children with marasmus, gout, rheumatism of the joints, gravel, &c., twenty-six were entirely cured, three much improved, and one not treated long enough. Average time of treatment, four weeks.

The Carlsbad Sprudel Salt (powder form) is an excellent aperient, laxative, and diuretic, for rheumatism, gout, diabetes, and all liver and kidney troubles. It clears the complexion and purifies the blood. It is easily soluble, pleasant to take, and permanent in action. The genuine product of the Carlsbad Springs is exported in round bottles. Each bottle comes in a light blue paper carton, and has the signature, "Eisner & Mendelson Co.," sole agents, 6 Barclay St., New York, on every bottle. One bottle mailed upon receipt of \$1. Dr. Toboldt's lectures mailed free upon application.

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lace and how they captured or killed the several bands of these Beelzebubs.

Mrs. Wallace's strength of character is not often matched. She has the utmost tolerance for other peoples opinions on minor matters, but if a question of right or wrong arises you may depend on her to say what she thinks and to stand firm for high principle. She has nerve enough to speak the truth; a liar would think her very disagreeable company, for she would call her by her right name—that most hideous one in earth or hell, but when she brings her great deep seated love "to bear" on a friend—it is enough. She has seen the best that the world has, and has been greatly sought, but has held fast to her rare sincerity and common sense. She often says "a little love is better than much fame." Able, as Madame Recamier, to shine in society, she lives apart from its real labor and artificial wages, as satisfied in the leafy quiet of her home as one of her own robins; thus, instead of being exhausted, she retains to nearly her sixtieth year the goodly gift of making young hearts feel younger and bright faces look brighter. The dear little "Thalia" who journeys with her through her books, has her living counter-part in many a young love that clings fondly to Mrs. Wallace and fain would follow her whither-so-ever she goes—especially when she goes home! Over the mantel in

her bed room she has placed the motto "and the name of the chamber was Peace," from her favorite book, and sitting there with her, one has a delightful chance to know how she "touches no subject but to adorn it," as Dr. Johnson said of dear sore hearted Goldsmith on his tombstone. Could Oliver have "asked for more"?—only that it might have come sooner! Mrs. Wallace often says "if you have a flower for me give it to me now, while I can enjoy it, rather than lay a whole wreath on my coffin lid," and her faithfulness to this principle towards others makes her a magnet indeed. It is awfully funny to see the same spirit carried into every detail of her life and influence. The procrastinator is her utter abomination and she is stone deaf to the most pitiful excuses, only one kind will she let off—the dead ones! The energy with which she quotes Horace Greeley's saying "the only way to do a thing is to do it," would stir activity into the laziest leg in the world be it flesh or wood.

We may count upon the finishment of Mr. Wallace's next book, if "the wife of his youth still abides with him," for if he but lays down his pen to take a yawn, she gives him such "a sad sweet look" that he bites it off in the middle—that ephemeral refreshment—and goes to work again!

EMILY MEIGS RIPLEY.



1. The Braid that is known the world around.



2. This is the Roll on which is wound The Braid that is known the world around.



3. This is the Clasp, wherever found, That holds the Roll on which is wound The Braid that is known the world around.



4. Whenever you visit the shops in town, Looking for Braid to bind your gown, Select the Clasp, wherever found, That holds the Roll on which is wound The Braid that is known the world around.

ESTABLISHED 1859. WE SELL DIRECT TO FAMILIES. ORGANS \$35.00 to \$500.00. Local Agents and Dealers must sell you an inferior instrument or charge you double what we ask. ABSOLUTELY PERFECT. BEAUTIFUL AND COMPLETE OUT-FIT SENT WITH EACH INSTRUMENT. ESTAB. 1859. CATALOGUES FREE. INCOR. 1877. THE MARCHAL & SMITH PIANO CO. 235 East 21st Street, New York.

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THE JACKSON SANATORIUM (Formerly Jackson & Leffingwell) Dansville, Livingston Co., New York. The Leading Health Institution of America. Chronic Diseases and Nervous Prostration, Specialties. Main building Fire-proof, brick and iron construction, thorough ventilation, steam heat, electric bells, safety elevator, telegraph and telephone. A Liberal and Varied Diet under Medical Supervision. Exceptionally most favorable for treatment. Use my name for anything which can serve the interests of The Sanatorium. Do I not owe to it that I am?—CLARA BARTON, Washington, D. C. The kindness and gentleness of the attendants cannot be excelled. The skill of the physicians and nurses has the successful history of years for its endorsement.—REV. CHARLES S. ROBINSON, D.D., New York. Send for Descriptive Pamphlet and Testimonials. Address, enclosing stamp, either of the Managing Physicians: JAMES H. JACKSON, M. D. KATE J. JACKSON, M. D. WALTER E. GREGORY, M. D.

SPECIAL TO LADIES. Free description of Garnier's New Tailor System of Dress Cutting, self-fitting and self-taught. Can be learned at home. Address, M. M. PRESCOTT, 93 4th Ave., Pittsburg, Pa. P. O. Box 907. AUTOMATIC FRENCH STAMP. PAT'D JAN. 15, '89. HAS PROPEL & REPEL PENCIL, RUBBER ERASER, NAME ON A CHANGEABLE SPRING DIE PLATE. CANNOT BLOT. NOW SELLING AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION FOR 3 FRANCS (CT. 52) A FAMILY STAMP & 4 EXTRA DIE PLATES, DIFFERENT NAMES OR LINE DIES 75 CTS. 5 STAMPS IN ONE. PARIS NOVELTY CO. (11th BUILDING) PROVIDENCE, R. I. U. S. A. SHORT HAND PAMPHLET AND 6 MAIL lessons, half-course, TEN CENTS. Lingle's College, 1230 Chestnut St., Phila.

SCARLATINA OR SCARLET FEVER.

The Most Contagious Diseases of Childhood. Valuable Hints in Nursing and Treatment.

BY DR. T. WALLACE SIMON.

At this season of the year, the prevailing epidemic diseases are: for the adult: those most effecting the nose, throat and air passages, not mentioning all those that might be called—diseases of acquirement—and due mostly to indiscretion, such as Pneumonia, Bronchitis, Pleurisy and the various catarrhal diseases.

We find however, among children, that the epidemic diseases most prevalent, are those effecting the air passages either at first, or at some point in the course of the disease. These localized symptoms rising to such prominence as to become the one—*pompas asinorum* (or bill of difficulty) of the whole disease—to be overcome.

Such diseases of childhood, in particular, as Croup, Diphtheria, Catarrhal-Bronchitis and others, where the diseased action finally localizes itself in one part of the system, and there spends its full force.

There are diseases, however, highly epidemic that have no place of ultimate attack, which are essentially epidemic febrile diseases; and among these, SCARLET FEVER is the most prominent, and perhaps the most violently contagious, and therefore very liable to be epidemic.

The laity,—that is, the non-medical public often hear the name "SCARLATINA" used for Scarlet Fever. *Scarlatina* is simply the Latin or medical term for Scarlet fever, and does not, as is generally supposed, mean a milder form of the disease.

It has sometimes been called by the name *Scarlet Rash*, and this is not a bad descriptive term, as will be known by anyone who has ever witnessed a case in the stage of eruption.

The period of incubation (hatching) that is, the period extending from the moment of the exposure of the child to the contagious poison, up to the time that its symptoms are noticeable in the appearance of the fever, is, in this disease variable, and may extend from three (3) to ten (10) days, according to the receptive condition of the child's system, at the moment of exposure.

A typical case of Scarlatina, may be summed up in the following description. Of course, in such a description, all the minute details of symptoms, and the possible complications that may arise, cannot be fully described, but a fair description of a typical case will be attempted.

The first intimation of trouble in the child, is noticed in a lassitude and languor, a disinclination to play, and a fever, which rapidly runs very high, with heavily coated tongue, vomiting, and pains in back and limbs.

Then there comes an eruption; it may appear on the first day, if the fever runs high, but mostly on the second day,—an eruption that will appear first, on the cheeks and forehead, and then gradually down the neck and shoulders, then on the chest or breast, and gradually downwards over the lower parts of the body and limbs. At the same time the tongue is heavily coated, and the back part of the throat is of a bright scarlet red in color, and the tongue becomes swollen, and covered with little spots of bright red, which show through the white coating, giving the appearance of a strawberry—hence giving rise to the term "strawberry tongue."

In a very few cases the eruption may appear first on the limbs, but here the throat symptoms will remain the same, and guide the physician from making a mistake in favor of other eruptive diseases, such as small-pox.

The fever from the first is very high, and as the eruption spreads, it rises to a great height, the temperature of the body sometimes rising as high as 107° to 108° Fahrenheit; while the skin of a livid scarlet, or, later of a red hue, is intensely hot on the surface, even to the touch of the hand.

These symptoms continue, with more or less severity for the first four or five days, when the skin will begin to peel off, and the period of desquamation has set in. It will peel off in very small scales generally, and sometimes in large pieces. The inflammation of the throat is very severe, and may be greatly swollen at the back part of the mouth, and extending down the sides of the throat, looking like *mumps*.

At this period the kidneys are apt to be affected, and the urine should be examined in order to discover whether *albumen* be present.

ALBUMEN IN THE URINE.

This is done, by putting about three (3) teaspoonfuls in a test-tube, and holding cautiously near and over (but not touching) a gas-flame, and heating up to the boiling point, when, if the urine has been, or becomes cloudy, it will probably clear up, and then gradually become cloudy again at the bottom of the tube, and there form a deposit, white or whitish-gray in appearance, and varying in thickness according to the quantity of albumen in the urine. A few drops of nitric acid added to the boiling urine, will precipitate more albumen from a state of solution, and make the test more positive.

If the albumen be in large quantity, dropsy will soon make its appearance, and show itself by a swelling under the eyes, a puffiness of the cheeks and tips of the ears, and then extending to the extremities. This is a very dangerous symptom, and requires particular care and vigilance on the part of the physician and nurse, as it may terminate in uraemic convulsions.

There is here great depression of the nervous system in which death may occur. This symptom may show itself very prominently at first in *malignant* cases, and continue until death, even as soon as the second day before the eruption has had time to fully develop itself upon the surface.

As regards the pulse, (which most careful parents learn how to feel and count) even in mild cases, it is far up above 100—and often runs as high as 110° to 125° until it takes a very skillful and trained finger to count it.

The principle varieties of the fever are the simple and malignant. The simple form of the fever may run very high in fever and severity, and the throat symptoms be particularly severe, when it has been called, the *anginose* variety. The malignant form is a very high and virulent degree of the same poison, which throws its whole force mainly upon the nervous centres, and produces death before the slower processes of the fever have had time to develop and show themselves as symptoms.

The diagnosis between *Scarlatina* and *diphtheria*, the latter being the only disease with which it can readily be confounded, is comparatively easy. In the first place, *Diphtheria* has rarely an eruption; if it has, it comes much later than in *Scarlatina*, and is confined only to the head and neck. Again, in *Diphtheria*, the throat symptoms are mostly confined to the larynx or windpipe and not at first to the tongue, and then the back part of the throat only, as in *Scarlatina*.

In *Diphtheria*, the greatest possible depression of the system, almost to stupor or coma, is one of the first symptoms, whereas in *Scarlatina*, these symptoms only occur, if at all in the later stages or in the malignant form.

It is difficult to make a diagnosis before the eruption appears, but, if a child be exposed to the *Scarlatina* poison, and then in from two to ten days shows symptoms of lassitude, pain, generally most severe in the back, with vomiting or nausea, and a great fever, with severe sore throat and the swollen "strawberry-tongue" there can be little doubt that it is affected with *Scarlet fever*.

TREATMENT.

The treatment of a case of *Scarlatina* is of very great importance, not only as to the carrying out of strict rules and laws of medication and nursing, but in regard to the suppression of all dangers of contagion to others, as it is certainly the most contagious of all the diseases of childhood.

The child should be at once put to bed in a room at the top of the house, isolated in every way, from all other parts or persons of the household. The other children if any, should be kept in a distant part of the house, not meeting anyone who sees the patient, or else sent away entirely. The room should be well ventilated, and the bed, (a narrow long cot the best,) should be placed out of the direct draft, and not between door and window.

There should be heat in the room, if it is cold, and if there is a stove or heater, there should be kept at all times a pan of water on it, to evaporate and make moisture for the room; or a kettle of boiling water may be kept on the stove. The temperature should be kept at about 65° to 70°.

The fever will run very high and a simple sheet and blanket should form the covering for the patient, who lies on a hair mattress or hard bed, never on a feather bed.

For the fever, the following simple fever mixture may be given, which will suit most all cases in the earlier stages, or at least until a physician be sent for.

- Quinine sulphate, grains XV. (15), Potassium chlorate, grains XXX. (30), Tincture aconite, drops VIII. (8), Spirits nitrous ether, drachms III. (3), Syrup (simple) a sufficient quantity to make 2 liquid ozs.

Sig: (or directions). Give to a child not less than three (3) years of age, half a teaspoonful or about fifty (50) drops every three (3) hours.

This mixture is a very safe and reliable one, if compounded by a competent chemist, and will reduce the fever and temperature and quiet and slow the pulse safely.

One of the most trying features of the disease at this stage, both to the doctor and nurse, is the extreme nervousness, restlessness and sleeplessness of the child, particularly in the stage of desquamation or peeling-off of the skin, after the force of the eruption has subsided.

There are two measures to resort to for quieting this; first, a few drops of paregoric (the camphorated tincture of opium) suited to the age of the child, may be added to the teaspoon containing the above fever-mixture, and in any case of giving the mixture, the teaspoon may be filled by squeezing into it the juice of an orange or lemon, the latter preferable.

ORCHID FLOWER PERFUMES

(REGISTERED)

RECENTLY introduced by the SEELY MFG. CO., have already found their way into the homes of the most refined, and won from competent judges this commendation:

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- STANHOPEA. VANDA. MILTONIA. GALEANDRA. ANGULO. CALANTHE.

1-OUNCE BOTTLES, - \$0.75 2 " " - 1.50 See Cut.

If not to be obtained of your druggist, we will send by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price.

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AN OINTMENT FOR THE BODY.

The second measure for quieting this restlessness, is the anointing of the body with some pleasant unguent.

These unguents or ointments serve a three-fold purpose: first, the oily substance lying next the skin, has a very great tendency to cool it, and keep down the temperature; secondly, it makes the movements of the child in bed more easy and less irritable, for, while the skin is shedding its epithelium in scales upon the bed-clothes, every movement of the child, feels to it as if it were moving in a bed of rough sand. The ointment here softens and soothes the raw surface of the skin, and also softens the scales, making them less irritable. Again, and thirdly, the ointment soaks into the scales of skin and makes them heavier and more adherent to the bed-clothes under the child, preventing their becoming very dry and getting into a condition of powder or dust, in which they may be shaken or blown or disseminated about the room and on the clothing of the attendants, and thus become a great and very dangerous source of contagion. The bed-clothing should be changed daily.

(Continued next month.)

Ladies Beware of Imitations :

The Genuine Imported Johann Hoff's Malt Extract is the original Tonic Nutritive; it is unexcelled as a dietetic table beverage for dyspepsia, as a tonic for the weak and debilitated, it is less stimulating than wines, ales or porter, highly nutritious and prescribed by all Physicians throughout the civilized world.

CAUTION:—Imitations of this article being sold by unscrupulous dealers, ladies must be careful to ask for the genuine "JOHANN HOFF'S Malt Extract" which has the signature of "JOHANN HOFF" on the neck of every bottle. It is imported from Berlin, and if the Genuine Article can not be obtained in your town, EISNER & MENDELSON Co., sole agents for Johann Hoff's Malt Extract for the U. S., 6 Barclay St., New York, will express one dozen bottles to any place upon receipt of \$4.00.

Advertisement for Beecham's Pills, featuring the product name in large letters and a small illustration of a pill box.



A WONDERFUL MEDICINE For Weak Stomach, Impaired Digestion, Constipation, Sick Headache, Disordered Liver.

Sold by all Druggists. AT 25 CENTS Per Box. Prepared only by THOS. BEECHAM, St. Helens Lancashire England. B. F. ALLEN & CO., Sole Agents for United States, 365 & 367 Canal St., New York.

Advertisement for Tea Clubs, showing a table set with tea service.

THE GREAT CHINA TEA CO. Give away as Premiums White Tea Sets, 56 and 70 pieces, with \$10 and \$11 orders. Decorated Tea Sets, 44 and 46 pieces, with \$11 and \$12 orders. Moss Rose Tea Sets, 44 and 36 pieces, with \$18 & \$20 orders. White Imported Dinner Sets, 118 pieces, with \$20 orders. Decorated Imported Dinner Sets, 112 pieces, with \$20 orders. Decorated Imported Toilet Sets, 10 pieces, with \$10 orders. Moss Rose Imported Toilet Sets, 10 pieces, with \$15 orders. Hanging Lamp with Decorated Shade, with \$10 orders. Stem Winding Swiss Watch, Ladies' or Boys' with \$10 orders. The same Premiums allowed on Coffee as Tea. Send your address for our 64 page Illustrated Catalogue, containing complete Premium and Price List.—Mention this paper.

Address THE GREAT CHINA TEA CO., 210 STATE STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

Advertisement for Magic Lanterns and Stereopticons, showing a lantern and a slide.

Advertisement for Coat Collar Spring, showing a man in a suit with a collar spring.

BULLOCK COAT COLLAR SPRING CO., 38 Court Square, Boston, Mass.

Advertisement for Ladies' Complexion Powder, featuring large text and a decorative border.

It imparts a brilliant transparency to the skin. Removes all pimples, freckles and discolorations, and makes the skin delicately soft and beautiful. It contains no lime, white lead or arsenic. In three shades; pink or flesh, white and brunette. FOR SALE BY All Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers Everywhere. Or mailed on receipt of 25 c-stamps. Address J. A. POZZONI, St. Louis, Mo.

Advertisement for eye glasses, titled 'DO YOU VALUE YOUR SIGHT?', with details about quality and price.

Advertisement for Dick's Seamless Foot-Warmer, showing an illustration of the shoe warmer.

Advertisement for Boston Custom Work, featuring a list of clothing items and prices.

Advertisement for Charles Dickens' Works, in twelve large volumes, all for one dollar.

Advertisement for Common Sense Broom Holder, showing an illustration of the product.

Advertisement for Magic Lanterns and Stereopticons, highlighting their use in education and entertainment.

Advertisement for Coat Collar Spring, showing a man in a suit and the product details.

[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL] LETTERS TO BETH.

No. I.

BY MRS. KATE TANNATT WOODS.

MY DEAR COUSIN BETH:

I am very glad to know that you enjoy my letters, and it is most kind in you to say that the "hints I give you are of great value."

Just before you left for your foreign home, you gave me a list of questions which you desired me to answer, one at a time, as our steamers sailed.

On looking over your queries, I find No. 1 reads thus: "Why are so many young girls seeking employment without finding it?"

Your question, dear Beth, I can answer best by relating a bit of experience. I devoutly believe that there is work in the world for all who desire to work, but cautious, critical, and inefficient people often mistake want of inclination and unfitness, for want of opportunity.

Not many months since it became necessary for me to secure the services of an assistant, and, with my inherited faith in printer's ink, I sent the following advertisement to an evening paper:

WANTED: A young lady for a few hours each day to use a type-writer and act as an amanuensis.

I know many young men who would gladly perform such duties, and a city like ours is supposed to include many young women quite as anxious to obtain light, agreeable, and instructive employment.

My love for my own sex, and an earnest desire to help worthy young girls, who are striving to help themselves, induced me to write "young lady," although, as you know, I much prefer a better form—viz., "young woman."

"You will be overrun with applicants," said a kind editor, and I prepared myself for the siege.

No. 1 came before breakfast—a sweet girl graduate, with bright eyes and dimples. She had never touched a type-writer, but would like to learn.

No. 2—a married woman, with a family. Her health demanded freedom from the cook stove, and she wished to earn means to emancipate herself by hiring a servant.

No. 3 had seen them, but did not know how they worked.

No. 4 had graduated "high up" in her class but could not write to dictation, and had never used any kind of a type-writer.

No. 5 sent a note, asking for the position, the note one of the worst I have seen in years. Bad spelling, no punctuation, and capitals everywhere but in the right place.

No. 6, a gracious, sweet girl, afflicted with deafness. She had taken a few lessons on a type-writer, but could not do more than copy, as it was almost impossible to make her hear.

No. 7 would work cheap until she learned how.

So on and on to the end of the list, when, absolutely exhausted by fruitless interviews, I still saw my work rising before me. Not one of the applicants thus far, had been trained to perform the important duties which she eagerly sought to assume, and desired to be remunerated for.

Does not such an experience go far toward answering your question?

Would you think, for one moment, of answering an advertisement to keep books, when you had never seen a ledger?

Would you apply to make vests when you could not sew?

Your young girls, my dear Beth, must prepare for work before they ask for it; and, believe me, the asking will not be in vain.

Competent workers are needed everywhere.

A well-known American author has been trying for two years to secure the services of a good secretary and amanuensis. She tells me she can find many young men, but thus far the young women are failures. Another author, after months of experiments, found an English girl, who has been steadily employed ever since.

Had I space and time, dear Beth, I could fill a volume on this subject.

Girls who can read Greek and Latin, and speak the modern languages fluently, are absolutely ignorant of the simplest rules of punctuation, and could not indite a brief business letter. Others have cultivated such extreme styles of chirography, vainly thinking it "pretty," that a busy, practical worker could not read it without serious loss of time.

Suitable preparation and hard work precedes all success; we must study before we can teach, and acquire before we aspire, to fill responsible situations.

Our American girls are the dearest, brightest, and most versatile maidens, in the world. Hundreds of them now fill positions of great honor and trust, and many more we know will do so. There is no limit to their powers, no barriers which they cannot break down.

While hundreds are doing grand work in the world and the home, far too many are falling short of the glory they might win by attempting duties without suitable preparation.

My dear Beth, pray impress this truth upon your young friends, and whatever you personally undertake, I entreat you to do thoroughly.

Our American life with its whirl and bustle, needs to be grafted with some good solid old-world ideas. Even the daughters of Victoria are taught to labor, and while you are in Bonnie Scotland you will find your young cousins there carefully trained in numerous little things which we, in this country, are too apt to overlook.

Let efficiency and thoroughness be your aim, dear girl, whether in Europe or America, and the world will recognize your efforts.

Your second question relative to your girl friends is also important, and I will endeavor to answer it by the next steamer.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe celebrated her seventieth birthday at Boston by a reception in her own house, assisted by her three daughters, Mrs. Hall, Mrs. Richards, and Mrs. Elliott. She does not look her age, though she does not conceal it, and is almost as active as ever.

great element of weakness is their want of money and financial knowledge. Their helplessness is a direct premium to the recklessness of speculators. She urges that girls should be trained to know what money is, and the conditions under which capital can really earn income.

FREE TO POST-MASTERS' WIVES.

Your wife can have a copy of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL sent to her address for one year free of charge, by simply writing for it and mentioning this notice, and enclosing proper proof that she is entitled to it as per this offer.

All that we ask in return is that it be shown to neighbors and friends, and their names

and address furnished us, if it be not too much trouble, as a partial return to us for the outlay.

Any postmaster (man or woman) can have the JOURNAL on the same terms; or for the display of a moderate sized poster in the Post Office.

If you would keep posted as to what is going on in the world you must read advertisements. Some people never know how much they miss by neglecting them.

Those found in the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL can be relied upon as thoroughly trustworthy. The publisher endorses them by his guarantee to make good any loss sustained by any fraudulent advertisement found herein.

A wrapper taken from a box of genuine Dr. McLane's pills, and forwarded to Fleming Bros., Pittsburg, will bring in return a set of pictures, which, alone, are worth more than the price asked for the pills.

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There are two editions of the Art Amateur. The \$4 edition gives in a year's subscription at least 24 superb colored studies for Oil Painting, Water-Color Painting and China Painting, with very full directions for treatment of each.

SUBSCRIBE NOW AND SECURE FIFTEEN MONTHS FOR THE PRICE OF TWELVE MONTHS.

that is to say, until Jan. 1st, we will give the three months, October, November and December 1889 FREE to all who send their \$4 direct to the publisher (this is essential).

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Extraordinary inducements are offered to those who get up clubs. Circular free. Specimen copy, with 8 pp. supplement designs and 2 superb colored studies, 25 cents.

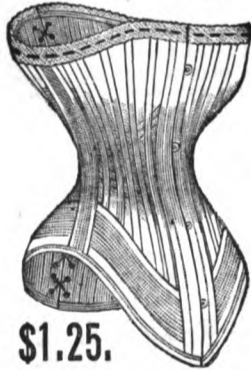
Address MONTAGUE MARKS, Publisher, 23 Union Square, New York.

GIVEN AWAY!

To introduce Dr. Scott's beautiful new Electric "High Hip" and "Dress Form" Corsets to the readers of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, The Pall Mall Electric Association of London and New York will, until further notice, make the following inducements:

If you cannot get them at your nearest stores, remit at once for one of our "High Hip" Corsets at \$1.25, or a "Dress Form" Corset at \$1.50, accompanied by 15 cents for postage, and mention "The Ladies' Home Journal." We will send you FREE with the Corset, post-paid, one of our Dr. Scott's Electric Hair Curlers, retailing at 50 cents, and a copy of that eminently interesting work, "The Doctor's Story," price 25 cents (not more than three Corsets, with this offer, to go to one family).

HIGH HIP CORSET.



\$1.25.

The above represents our High Hip Corset. It is made of fine Alexandria cloth, dove and white, in sizes 18 to 30 inches; it is an unusually strong and durable article and a perfect fit; it possesses strong Electro-Magnetic curative qualities, and as such is cheap at \$5.00.

Dr. Scott's Electric Corsets have cured me of Spinal trouble and backache of long standing.

Agents Wanted. Mention LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

Dr. Scott's Electric Hair Curler.

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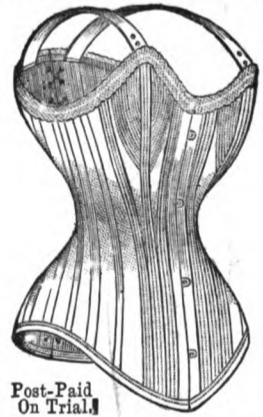
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ASCUTNEY STREET.

(Continued from page 2.)

Jane could play the piano a little; and it would have been a pleasure to her to try hymns of a Sunday, or to run through a simple old waltz when her fingers were tired of needle and scissors, and her spirits wanted some light relief.

There was only one thing Jane could do with her morsels of leisure, and only one place for her to do it in, out of her bedroom. The larch tree in the back garden was nicely out of the way, and when Mrs. Turnbull found that Jane betook herself to its shelter to read, she had a big old wooden chair with a sloping foot-rest brought down from the attic, and set there in the evergreen shade for the girl to "take full comfort in."

"I wonder why nobody seems to know Mrs. Sunderland," Jane had said to Mrs. Turnbull one day, over their sewing.

"Well, that's it," replied the lady. "Nobody does know. She's just Mrs. Sunderland, who took the house last spring. She's got nobody with her but an aunt,—that's what the children call her, though whether she's aunt to the mother or the children, I'm sure I can't guess,—and the children themselves. Nobody even knows whether she's a widow or not. They might like to find out, if she had any sort of style. But she never seemed like Ascotney Street folks, and they haven't taken to her. She don't dress, and she don't dress her children, and her aunt does all the work; hangs out the clothes, right in broad daylight, and washes down the front steps, and all. And the furniture that went in was as plain as porridge, and nothing but brown shades to the windows,—not even a lambrequin. She's pretty, too, and a good figure; if she'd only do something like other folks,—if she'd just wear a bustle, 'twould make a difference."

"You mean people would call upon her?" asked Jane, laughing.

"Well, yes; if she looked more like it. But she doesn't make any appearance at all."

"I suppose an appearance is necessary,—in this world," said Jane, thoughtfully. "You couldn't know an angel, without. But then,—it needn't be a bustling and rustling one, I should think." Jane gave a slight twirl, as she spoke, to the wire dress-form before her, upon which was draped the black satin merveilleux with loops and scarfings and diagonal sweep of apron front, stiff with shining passementerie. "Soft clothing," she murmured, half to herself. "They that wear soft clothing are in kings' houses. I wonder if that mayn't mean something about the real king's daughters, sometimes, as well as about people in common palaces."

"Common palaces! What a queer girl you are, Jane Gregory!" cried Mrs. Turnbull. "Yes,—that hitch is better. Why, I like a little rustling; just a crisp, fresh sort of sound, you know, of a nice, new thing. Anybody likes to step off with a touch of style,—especially in back breadths. Ascotney Street folks do; I won't deny it."

Undeniably, Ascotney Street folks did; they all went up the sidewalk to catch the cars, with an assertive consciousness of back breadths. Ascotney Street style was of the most obvious sort.

Jane Gregory did not say anything more about it then; but she knew very well that it was the obviousness that was the mistake. She had occasional employment on Katahdin Street, and even up on Shasta; and she could make closer comparison than Mrs. Turnbull. In a certain way, she was getting a nicer training and discrimination than that ambitious person would ever have. Girl as she was, and working girl, she had found out some things that showed her what the secret of sham was. It was not the aim at something better than one has,—the desire upward which takes for pattern that shown in the mount, whatever the mount or upper level may be; it was the contenting with the merely representative, behind which was always something in the higher place, that these others could not see, and had nothing to do with. It occurred to Jane's observation, for instance, that when she had helped to make a dress of beautiful material and gracefully devised construction for Mrs. Talthrop, the Judge's wife, she herself never saw or heard of it again, after the last stitch was set. It passed to a use quite within Mrs. Talthrop's common, public round; it belonged to a part of her life that Ascotney Street only guessed at. But because there was this inner, removed something to which the lovely apparel was germane and fitting, its fashion must be reproduced in Ascotney Street, with an accentuation of detail, and put in evidence on horse cars. If the Gransomes, living gently and delicately always, asked in friends to a luncheon, and had it served in quiet, elegant little separate courses, this way of doing things filtered down by report and imitation,—Jane, herself, was closely questioned, often,—through successive social strata, in each of which it was a more distinct effort than in the last, until it came to be a stringency in every little household where it was an anxious, one-handed struggle, and needed days before and after for preparation and recovery. The seizing upon signs became an utter degeneration in realities. This deduction bore in upon Jane's mind as that of the principle of gravitation did upon Sir Isaac Newton's. It was the assertion of a law.

Discovering this, Jane got insight into deeper facts of similar relation also. Philanthropy and religion were done up in much the same way, she thought, in many places. It was truly high and fine to be interested in the lower classes; if they were only unmistakably low enough. Jane wondered sometimes what course all the benevolences would take, if, suddenly, the very miserably poor and openly degraded should all at once die of their poverty and despair, and be taken away to heaven—or elsewhere—and nobody be left for people to be kind and merciful to but other people very much like,—perhaps intrusively or reproachfully like,—themselves. If Jane was getting slightly cynical, it was because she was such an outside young creature; only seeing things as they showed, and hardly ever taken in to the heart of anything. Yet she really had discovered a great law. It is in the inside world that we must live up into the next higher. Putting on expressions of it,—even in beautiful rites of worship,—does not do the thing at all.

Jane did not go to church very often; she was apt to be too tired; she was apt, also, not to get much good of it. When she did go, she puzzled about it in very much the same way. Was it because the angels sing praises, that the hymns and anthems were "rendered" by trained and cultivated choirs? Was it because before the throne they adore always, that the prayers, in such sublimity of words, and with so many of them, went up? Were they all, with their full meanings, in all the hearts of the great crowd, under their furs and pushes, and their tailor-made costumes? The fuller the ceremonial, the smoother the recital, the more she marvelled. She could not worship so fast, herself,—so easily. Had it all been thought and felt, in that hour and a half, after which the multitude streamed forth, fresh from their aspirations "with all the company of heaven," to make little social salutations, even exchange of worldly news and comment, and go home to dinner-table talk of weekday things?

She supposed it was true with some, or the observance itself would hardly continue to be; but with the many, was it earth entering into communion with heaven, or was it a spiritual Ascotney Street trying to put on what it supposed Katahdin Street to do? Remember that in this, also, Jane Gregory was the same little outside creature on the Sunday that she was from Monday morning to Saturday night. For it had not happened to her yet, to be taken by the hand and drawn in toward the truest and the best by those who so knew it that their one pure longing was to make others know. This was due, indeed, partly to her external changes and uncertainties, and partly to her own shy, reticent unwillingness in her peculiar isolation, to put herself forward, or even to respond.

So Jane's Sundays, in this pleasant weather, were mostly spent under the larch tree. She could just catch glimpses of the church costumes as they shimmered by between the front shrubberies; all the puffs standing off well behind, and vibrating en masse to the high-heeled footsteps; the ladies buttoning their fresh kid gloves as they passed along, perhaps, and then sticking the glove hook into the trim corsage, behind the bunch of flowers or the delicate embroidered corners of the handkerchief that peeped forth like spreaded blossom-petals in gay, soft colors. Husbands with their wives, sisters together, friends joining each other, chatting as they went along. It was what she made clothes for, and then stepped, herself, aside from. Acquaintances! If she could have chosen them, and been really "acquaint!" For to know people would have meant more to Jane than simply to have them to nod to and speak with and call upon, trying herself on with them, as she saw girls do, indifferently, but with a certain invariable effusion, with each other. To have anybody,—any one body,—to know well, and to feel herself known! Jane turned to her two books with a sigh.

One was a story, the other a little volume of texts. "Crumbs," or "Broken Bread," or some such. It was an old little book, and had been her mother's. For this she cared for it, and kept it by her, and conscientiously took its morsels as prepared quantities chosen from the great bewilderment, to her, of the whole Bible, where she hardly knew what to turn to. She was familiar,—she thought,—with all the history, old and new; and to go over and over it again, by long chapters, was not what Jane had learned to love, because, perhaps, the chapters did not yet divide themselves into their clear, distinct word-shinings, or carry through their transparencies the thread of a uniting, living meaning. She did not care to tell them over, as mere beads. But the little texts said something straight to herself at times. And who shall say that it was not straight to herself that, to-day,—for I am telling of a particular summer Sunday morning,—the message was sent, when she read, close upon those other thoughts, and that little lonely sigh,—

"Acquaint now thyself with Him, and be at peace."

Was that possible? To know Him,—to understand Him, and be understood by Him, as friend with friend? Another verse was linked with it; they stood in pairs;—"Who dwelleth in the high and holy place, with him also that is humble and of a contrite heart, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones." She wondered what "contrite" meant, exactly and purposely there? Was it the wretched for sin, only? "Contrite" was bruised together, she thought; that should be for sin, certainly; but bruised, rubbed harshly, pinched and cramped and pained, in hard places; were not hearts like that, too, apart from sin? And the heart,—the very wanting and suffering and prisoned affection,—that was the thing promised to be revived,—to have its life given to it,—by Him! To "show pity upon all prisoners and captives,"—was not this what these very words engaged to do?

The Sunday air was sweet to her, breathed in with such thought; the story book lay unopened upon her lap; a bird sung unseen in

the high, hidden glooms of the larch tree; perhaps up in the sunshine—quite atop of the gloom; and Jane listened, and the cheer was like a sudden music in herself; whether she sang, or the bird sang, she could hardly tell.

All at once there came an odd little interruption.

(To be continued.)

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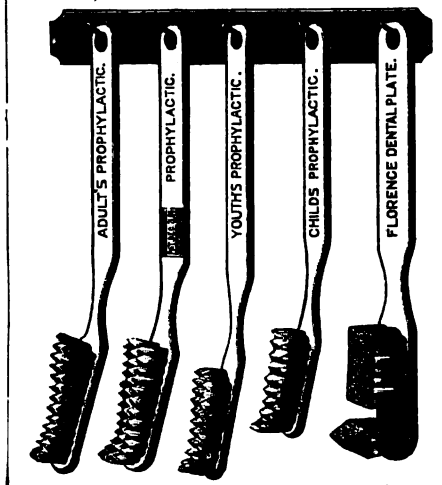
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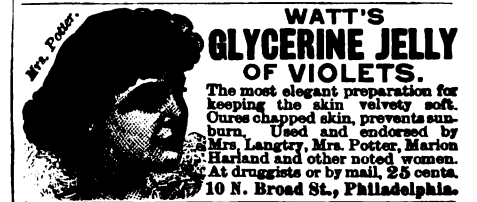


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