

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

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ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER, 1890.

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SEPTEMBER.

A change creeps over Nature. A deep flush
Mounts to the maple-leaf; the air is clear;
The grapes are purpling, and a crimson blush
Spreads o'er such flowers as deck the waning year;
Ripe apples bend the trees, while golden-rod,
By roadside, lane and meadow, gayly nod.

Now whistlings of the quail are often heard
From buckwheat-fields, while, on the calm air, floats
The drumming of the partridge. Not a bird
Builds now a nest; but night is thrill'd by notes
From crickets near, and locusts' drowsy hum
That seems to say: "September time has come!"

SOPHIE L. SCHENCK.

CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY PHILADELPHIA



"A RACE WITH DEATH!"

Among the nameless heroes, none are more worthy of martyrdom than he who rode down the valley of the Conemaugh, warning the people ahead of the Johnstown flood.

In the same way is disease lurking near, like unto the sword of Damocles, ready to fall, without warning, on its victim, who allows his system to become clogged up, and his blood poisoned, and thereby his health endangered.

HOW SHE REDUCED HER WEIGHT.

THE Duchess of Marlborough has given to a writer the secret of how she reduced her weight. Two years ago she was more than plump; exertion was an effort, her breathing was short.

Not a morsel of bread, cake, rolls or pastry. No tea, coffee, chocolate or sweet wine. No potatoes, peas, rice, carrots, turnips, macaroni, cheese, butter, cream, custard, jellies or sweets.

Not a drop of iced-water. No warm baths. No flannel, and only enough clothing to keep from taking cold.

In place of bread she had fruit, a section of apple or orange, some fresh grapes, berries, cherries or stewed fruit being used where ordinarily one craves a bit of bread or a swallow of water.

This practice of self-denial the Duchess of Marlborough has persisted in for the last two years, and to-day she is perhaps the handsomest woman of her age in New York society.

Everybody is willing to give advice, but everybody doesn't care to take it. At least, that is what all the professional funny men say, and yet, somehow I do believe women accept a bit of advice if offered, think over whether it is reasonable or not, and then being governed—more than they are credited with—by their brains, accept it, if thought of worth.

BUYING THINGS WISELY.

Do not be in too great a hurry, then, to buy your clothes for winter wear. The season is long, and the first display of fabrics is not always the most desirable, in many ways.

That is always a wise woman who having passed twenty-five insists upon having ties to her bonnet or hat. The reason why? Well, the first sign of age coming is a line which shows itself behind the ear and down on to the neck, and this is entirely concealed by bonnet strings whether they are narrow or wide; so you can easily see why, with a thought to the future, the strings are assumed whether they are needed or not.

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A COUNTRY COURTSHIP.

BY WILLIAM D. KELLY.

DRIVING the cows from the upper meadow—
Beauty and Brindle and Bess—
Now in the sunlight, now in the shadow,
And now in the wind's caress;
With song as sweet as at morn the starling
Is wont to the skies to trill;
Mollie, the farmer's daughter and darling,
Comes tripping adown the hill.

Purple and black are the braided tresses
Her dainty temples that crown;
Light is her step on the sward it presses,
As fall of the thistledown.
The squirrels peep from the wayside hedges,
As the maiden moves along,
And count it chief of their privileges
To list to her jocund song.

Down where the alders and slender rushes
Border the rivulet's banks,
And the widened sweep of the water gushes
Under a bridge's broad planks;
Whistling a love-song, in broken snatches—
His hat pushed back from his brows—
Robin, the miller, awaits and watches
For the coming of the cows.

Up to their knees in the stream, the cattle
Drink deep of its crystal flow;
Little they care for the lovers' prattle
Or the bliss the twain may know;

Their heaving sides with their draughts distended,
They enter the path again,
And crop the grasses, with heads low bended,
On either side of the lane.

The shadows deepen; the dew is sprinkling
With diamonds all the meads;
And faint and far, in the distance tinkling,
The sound of the bells recedes.
Still on the bridge where the water glistens,
As the moonlight on it falls,
The miller talks, and the maiden listens,
But the cows are in their stalls.



AS YOU GO THROUGH LIFE.

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

DON'T look for the flaws as you go through life;

And even when you find them,
It is wise and kind to be somewhat blind
And look for the virtue behind them.
For the cloudiest night has a hint of light
Somewhere in its shadows hiding;
It is better by far to hunt for a star,
Than the spots on the sun abiding.

The current of life runs ever away
To the bosom of God's great ocean.
Don't set your force 'gainst the river's course
And think to alter its motion.
Don't waste a curse on the universe—
Remember, it lived before you.
Don't butt at the storm with your puny form—
But bend and let it go o'er you.

The world will never adjust itself
To suit your whims to the letter.
Some things must go wrong your whole life
long,
And the sooner you know it the better.
It is folly to fight with the Infinite,
And go under at last in the wrestle.
The wiser man, shapes into God's plan
As the water shapes into a vessel.

CLOSING A COUNTRY HOME.

By FLORENCE HOWE HALL.



moth be the great enemy of a house left closed during the summer season, "rust, which doth corrupt," is the agency most to be dreaded for a house which is abandoned during the winter months.

Rust is here used in a broad sense, and meant to include the evil effects produced by wet and dampness in general.

It is very discouraging to find kitchen utensils injured past redemption, wall paper stained with mold, and clothing ruined by mildew, when one returns in the spring to a country home.

In a sea-side locality these evils cannot be wholly avoided, though much can be done by care and forethought. My father employed a trustworthy neighbor to light a fire in the furnace once a week during the winter—on Sunday, when the neighbor was comparatively at leisure, and could watch the building, and see that no damage was done to the premises.

This plan worked very well, perhaps because this worthy farmer, being of a contemplative turn of mind, enjoyed leaning against the Rhode Island stone walls, and watching the smoke lazily curl up from the chimneys.

Our general experience, however, pointed to the fact that country neighbors are forgetful, like other people, and we found it safest to put up our own storm-doors, turn the water all off from the house, and attend to all other necessary matters, before returning to town for the winter.

We found, furthermore, that a good, dry, spacious attic, is the best place in which to store such kitchen utensils as are liable to rust, namely, tin-ware of all sorts, flat-irons, iron pots and pans, knives, steel, fire irons, etc. It is important that everything should be left as dry and clean as possible; stoves and grates should be blackened, to keep them from rusting. Wooden pails and tubs should be left in the cellars, lest they dry, shrink, and go to staves.

The cellar itself should be cleared of all rubbish that may have been left there—old bottles, worn-out kitchen utensils, and other debris of a household which are apt to accumulate under the management of careless servants.

The empty tin cans in which provisions of various sorts have been packed, should never be put in a cellar, even temporarily. A little food is almost sure to remain in them—for few people take the trouble to clean them out—and this soon corrupts and poisons the air.

acorns, corn and seeds of all sorts, and even the children's scrap-books, if paste has been used to fasten in the pictures. Flour paste is specially attractive to mice, and I have known them attack and partially devour a scrap-book in which the paste was more than twenty years old! A stale banquet, one would think! Jellies, if closely covered, might perhaps be left in a dry attic or bedroom closet, through the winter. Preserves would be likely to freeze and burst, if they did not mold.

It is hardly necessary to say that great damage might result from the freezing and bursting of pipes, should any water be allowed to remain in them. Roofs, leaders and gutters, should be carefully overhauled before a house is closed for the winter, lest they should leak and injure the dwelling and its contents. To avoid this danger, it is the safer plan to remove all delicate dress-fabrics from closets, and to place them in wardrobes or trunks. The walls of closets sometimes leak in an unaccountable manner, and valuable and expensive clothing has been injured in this way.

When we consider all the dangers that beset an unoccupied house—including the danger of robbery—we must conclude that it is more prudent not to leave valuable articles—such as expensive bronzes, bric-a-brac or clothing—in such a dwelling.

According to a sensible old custom, many persons formerly used only plated silver in their summer cottages, leaving their solid silver-ware in the cities, and thus saving themselves from care and anxiety about it, during the period of recreation.

Packing and unpacking one's furniture and belongings, year after year, become such a weariness of the flesh that most people who can afford the outlay prefer to keep their summer and winter residences fully furnished, and to transport nothing except clothing and personal matters, silver-ware, household linen and blankets. People of more luxurious tastes do not trouble themselves to carry the two last named articles, while some families are burdened with mattresses, pillows, rugs, chairs, etc., when they make their semi-yearly peregrinations.

I met not long since, a lady who had furnished her summer house, near Long Branch, so completely that she was not even obliged to carry her work-basket backward and forward. Alas for the insecurity of all human possessions in general, and the frailty of dwellings on that narrow strip of sand in particular! The rains and the storms fell upon that house as on the one in the Scriptures; the foundations gave way, and great was the fall thereof. Almost nothing was saved from the ruins—or, at least, saved for the owners. Perhaps in the neighboring fishermen's cottages some missing fragments might be discovered, for among those things that disappeared were objects too heavy to float out to sea.

The idea that to the finder belong the spoils seems one that is not easily eradicated from the bosom of man. People that are honest, in the ordinary acceptance of the term, and who would not think of breaking into their neighbor's houses, are strangely tempted when "flotsam and jetsam" come in their way.

The curtains and draperies of a summer cottage should be taken down, nicely brushed, shaken, folded and put away. Old-fashioned people say that starch injures light fabrics, and that, therefore, wash-dresses, muslin curtains, etc., should be put away, washed if you like, but not starched and ironed. I am inclined to think, however, that the amount of damage thus done by starch is infinitesimal, if not wholly imaginary. Curtains will look fresher if they are hung up as soon as laundered than they will if packed away for six months and get into folds and creases.

An excellent old-fashioned housekeeper of my acquaintance, was in the habit of having her summer house thoroughly cleaned, and the paint washed, in the autumn, when she might find everything in readiness when she returned in the spring. The matter—though less convenient—plan, is to do the house-cleaning in the spring, in my opinion. Where one hires a house, however, etiquette prescribes the owner, or the previous tenant, shall have the house cleaned in the first instance, and that the lessee shall have the operation repeated when he leaves. A lady once said to me: "I have never cleaned house since I have been married. We have moved every year, and the house has always been cleaned for me." It never occurred to this ingenuous and excellent, but thoughtless, lady that it was her duty to leave a hired house "as she found it." At Newport, cottages leased for the summer are often shamefully maltreated, owing to the carelessness of servants, and the hurry and bustle of the short season of gayety.

The question of moving the piano is a serious one. The process is troublesome and expensive, if the distance to be traveled be great. A piano must be properly boxed by the men from a piano warehouse, or a carpenter who understands the business. It is better, if possible, to have it moved also by experts, since, in the hands of unskillful persons, a large piano is like an elephant. A large item of expense consists in making a box for the piano—and if this is preserved, it can be used a number of times.

The last person to leave a house that is to be locked up, should be a man or woman of some discretion. She should see that the remains of the last meal are removed from the house, the dishes washed and put away, and a few forks, spoons and knives, of some inexpensive sort, left where they can be found readily when the house is reopened. I don't know which is the more disheartening, to arrive at a house tired and hungry and not be able to find a knife and fork to eat with, or to arrive under the same circumstances and find the remains of last autumn's last dinner decorating the kitchen table!

This discreet person should also lock all doors all over the house, having first taken the precaution to ascertain that no animal has been left on the premises. To find, as we once did, a cat's skeleton bleaching in the family halls, is startling and unpleasant.

THE GIRL OF THE PERIOD.

By MINNIE GILBY.

EACH fast decaying custom has its champions: but one and all unite in a frantic but vain effort to stamp out the growing admiration for the "girl of the period." They tell us of their mother's house-keeping abilities, how she could cook and sew and bake, but never a word of their mother's literary talent or business sagacity. They prate of the modern girl's assumed mannishness and strong-minded ways; but we hear but little of the gentle, womanly grace, which, like a delicate perfume, pervades her every action. Nevertheless, our grandmothers were both talented and sagacious, and the girl of to-day can display plenty of housewifely skill when the occasion demands.

Some of these habitual growlers complain that the modern girl may study medicine or enter the business world; in fact, seek fame through any of the paths open to her brother. In despairing tones they tell us that she openly declares that she doesn't care whether she is an old maid or not, and they even go so far as to make the ridiculously absurd assertion that these college-bred maidens look on marriage with contempt and disgust.

True, the energetic and persevering girl may win fame and fortune if she desires. To our honor, be it said, that we are beginning to recognize the rights of womanly intellect as well as of manly brains, and some of our best colleges are opening their doors to admit the aspiring girl; but, eager though she may be to win name and wealth, yet she by no means looks on marriage with contempt and disgust; much as she enjoys the novelty of the situation, she loses not one iota of that truly feminine instinct which teaches her rather to lose the race than to pass scornfully by the golden apples of love strewn in her path by those admiring Meilanons.

Of course there are exceptions: the newly acquired independence leads some girls to extremes; a few overstep the bounds of womanliness and wildly attempt to effect a nearly complete reversal of the positions an all-wise God has assigned to man and woman. To be sure, these will mock at love and marriage and boast of their superiority over the talented woman who has had no more sense than to meekly tread the beaten path and hide her individual name from the world; but these are the exceptions, not the rule, and never will be, for as long as men and women inhabit the earth Love will reign supreme, Love will be the ruling passion of the world. And think you that power or wealth hold aught to charm the true woman's heart when caught in Cupid's net? Ah, no! The cold, selfish ambition of the student melts and disappears before the warm breath of the woman's love.

But it is beginning to dawn upon the young people of our country that it should be more than a step from the school-room to marriage; they are beginning to realize the solemnity of the holy rite of matrimony, and find its vows too sacred to be lightly taken by thoughtless boys and girls who have but laid aside their school-books. Slowly, but surely, the fact is being impressed upon their minds that far fewer would be the disgraceful divorce cases in our courts if manly and womanly thought was given to this great step of life, instead of the almost childish eagerness with which it has been in the past regarded.

Years ago, when a girl had gone through the prescribed amount of grammar and history, had taken a pinch of arithmetic with, perhaps, a smattering of French and music, her education was finished and she was put on the marriage market. Now, when a girl has finished her school course, which in itself includes a great deal more than it used to, she doesn't think much about getting married for awhile, but simply goes on reading and studying, working if need be, steadily attaining more and more independence of mind and individuality of character; and, if she never meets her ideal of manhood, surely, with the present feeling manifested towards these unassuming, independent old maids, hers is a happier lot than that of her maiden aunt whose youth was embittered by the half-concealed sneers of her young married friends, and whose only consolation was her mother's sighs over "my unmarried daughter." Under such circumstances was it any wonder that the term "old maid" became the synonym for acrid womanhood?

But if the maiden does marry, the man of her choice is far more likely to be the embodiment of her ideal than the youthful suitor she would have selected a few years ago. The time she has given to study or active business life has gradually broadened and developed her mind, and she takes her place beside her husband knowing that not only is she the joy of his leisure moments, but the trusted friend and confidante of his darker hours as well. Her sweet, congenial companionship and wisely counsel open a new world to him. Before, he struggled alone; now, she is always by his side, ready to console or admire, to urge onward or counsel patience, her womanly instinct divining his moods and her graceful tact ever touching the harmonizing chord and drawing out all that is fine and good in his nature. Happy, indeed, must she be! The guiding star of her husband's life, glorying in his triumphs and feeling that to her he turns for his sweetest praise.

Ah, say not a word of those days of yore, when the unwritten creed was "the sooner married the better." Encourage our young women in their endeavors to master the more difficult problems of life; give them time to become acquainted with the world before they marry, and we will find them better fitted to be wives and mothers than the women who plunged directly from the school-room to wifehood, with perhaps a season or two "in society" to bridge the gulf; we will find them truer household queens than the women who have given their best years in worship at the shrine of Fashion, as the average woman is supposed to do, and the refining influence of a cultured, intellectual mother cannot but have its effect upon succeeding generations.

HINTS FOR MAKING PRESENTS.

By MRS. E. C. ALLIS.



THE arrival of the busy Christmas season usually finds almost every one with an accumulation of unfinished presents on hand, things that must be finished, too often at the expense of sleep, or else others bought as substitutes; and, with this hurry

invariably comes the determination to "begin earlier next year." But the months roll by, the resolution is forgotten, and the same unfinished accumulation stares one in the face at the last moment.

A good plan is to make a memorandum of any new thing you see and may want to copy, and when you find yourself with leisure time, during the summer months, consult your memorandum, and make one thing at a time. You will find use for all you make, and Christmas giving will not be the task you have usually found it.

For a gentleman, quite a pretty and useful present for Christmas or birthdays may be made of the little, transparent drawing-slates, which can be found at all toy stores.

Get one of these about 4 1/2 x 5 1/2 inches in size, the frame rather wide, and with little metal corner-pieces if you can. Take out the pictures, and in place of these cut a piece of heavy writing-paper to fit. On this print with pen and ink a gentleman's complete laundry list, leaving a wide margin to the left of the list.

Glid the frame by using two coats of liquid gold. In the top of the frame put a little brass ring and screw, such as are used on window-shades, by which to hang it up. Draw a yard of very narrow ribbon through this ring and tie it, leaving one end a little longer than the other. To one end attach a small piece of fine sponge, and to the other, one of the tiny lead pencils with a ring in the top, such as are used on programmes, first gliding it to match the frame.

Make a pretty bow of ribbon about one-and-a-half inches wide, and fasten this on the upper left-hand corner of the frame, using a small tack. Now insert your list under the glass, leaving the rough surface of the glass up, and you will be pleased with the effect.

These are very pretty if some graceful floral design be painted on the natural color of the wood, and then a coat of white varnish given it.

You might also add another use for it, by inserting a card with "Memorandum" or "Engagement" printed on it, so that the recipient may use it for whichever purpose he chooses.

CUFF BOXES.

The new cylindrical cuff-box is also very attractive, though not so simple.

Cut two pieces of bristol-board fifteen inches long and seven wide. Roll one piece until the ends overlap about an inch; then stitch them together. Line this with white silk. This you can do very neatly and quickly, if you paste the ends of the lining over on the outside of the bristol-board instead of sewing it. Now paste a straight strip of silk, about four inches wide, round the edge of the box, gather the other edge of silk and draw it up closely, like a bag, and finish with a bow. Cover the outside of the box with plush, silk, or, what is newer, white kid, upon which you have painted some design.

Make up the remaining piece of bristol-board in the same manner, only that it must be enough smaller to fit loosely, when finished, inside the first one; and the outside covering may be of the same material as the lining. When finished, the box lies on the side, instead of standing on end as do the old style of cuff boxes. Inside the lining should be laid a thin layer of cotton wadding, plentifully sprinkled with sachet powder.

SPECTACLE-CASE.

A dainty spectacle-case, suitable for young or old, may be made at very small cost.

Get three quarters of a yard of ribbon three-and-a-half inches wide. Fringe one end about an inch, then fold a truck two inches deep, so that the edge will just meet the fringed part. Overcast very neatly the three edges of the ribbon together, on either side of the plait forming the pocket, leaving the folded edge and the top of the truck free, so that it forms a pocket. Now make another one just above this, leaving a space of about an inch between the two. Cut two pieces of bolting cloth the size of the pockets, and on one paint an owl's head, in the shades of golden brown, and on the other a pair of spectacle frames in gold. Baste these on the pockets—the owl's head on the top pocket—finish the edges with bronze-and-gold tinselcord.

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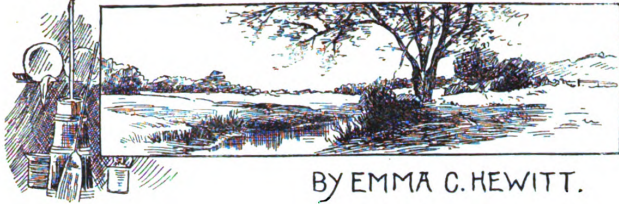
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REBEKAH SPOFFORD'S THEORY



BY EMMA C. HEWITT.

FARMER Kittredge sat rocking himself slowly back and forth. Susan, his wife, was equally silent, but vented her agitation, whatever it might be, in the more woman-like way of increased occupation, and washed dishes and poked the fire with added vigor.

Farmer Kittredge groaned. Then he burst forth into fretful complaining.

"Massy! Massy!" he wailed. "It's awful hard at my age to be so put to it! They's no use talking. Things can't go on, an' in six months the mor'ridge'll be foreclosed because I hant the money to settle with. It seems as if the hand of Providence was dreftful heavy." He paused a moment and passed his hand over his pale, blue eyes and weak mouth.

"There's that sickness o' yours, too. It was very hard that you sh'd be took jest while we was a-plantin' in the spring, an' heffo her a help in the kitchen jest when we needed every cent."

Susan Kittredge bit her lip, but said nothing. She might have retorted that she was taken sick from overwork at the time of his own sickness and consequent inability to attend to his legitimate duties. She had made up her mind long ago, however, to many the disagreeable things in the make-up of Ezra Kittredge, and his complaining injustice (or unjust complaints) was one of them. She felt a pity for this man, who was so fond of laying on Providence many of the evils which he himself might have averted had he had the character or disposition. She felt in her instinctive womanly way that this man was handicapped by nature, and that, such as he was, she had married him for better, for worse—that it had proved worse, instead of better, was her misfortune. Besides, too, she took consolation in the fact that his short-comings were weaknesses, not wickednesses. As for that, he might have been much more "worse" than he was. So she had bravely tried all these years to supplement his short-comings, having long ago learned that it is almost impossible to guide a weak man.

"There's Becky, too," he broke out again, fretfully. "That fool trick of hers, goin' away to git a collidge education! Just 's if we weren't good enough for her herself. That money o' hers, of it had ben put into the farm might 'a saved it. But no! She must go educate herself all to nothin', an' she'll come back so sassy and stuck-up there'll be no livin' with her, like's not. Ef she'd 'a ben a boy, she'd a stuck by the old farm."

"I don't think even boys 'stuck by the old farm' always," answered his wife, significantly.

Ezra shuffled his feet uneasily. He didn't like the way his wife had of remembering things, and bringing them up to him, and it was specially unpleasant just now that she should remember the time when he ran away from home. He had had in him the desire to do something and strike out for himself, but his natural weakness of character had interfered, so he had only ran to another farm, a few miles away.

"Ezra," said Susan, firmly, "we may as well understand each other. I won't have Becky interferred with. The money was her own, an' ef she wanted the education, she's welcome to it. Lord knows life on a farm isn't so pleasant that she need want to stay on one! Now let this be the last. I'm glad she's got learnin' so she can teach, and do something besides dig, dig, dig all day long, an' half the night, too, for that matter. An' let me tell you another thing, Ezra Kittredge, ef Becky had ben a boy, instead of a girl, ef I could 'a helped it, she never should 'a put one cent of that money into this farm."

Ezra Kittredge was assailed by two emotions upon being the recipient of this address—fear and astonishment. Seldom, indeed, was that long-suffering Susan Kittredge "spoke her mind," but when she did, Ezra Kittredge "feared" and was silent. He respected whatever wishes she might be pleased to express in that tone.

So Becky Spofford and her money, were henceforth tabooed as topics of conversation. And what of Becky herself? Rebekah Spofford had, some ten years before, been astonished to learn that her widowed mother was about to marry Ezra Kittredge. But, being her mother's own daughter, she had asked no questions, accepting in her own way, the inevitable. Her surprise at her mother's move, however, had never ceased, and, at twenty-one, coming in possession of her little inheritance she had taken a thousand dollars of it in her hand and had gone way to a distant city to obtain the "education" before alluded to.

In the two years intervening between her departure and the present time, matters at the farm had gone anything but well. "The hand of Providence," according to Farmer Kittredge, had fallen heavily on him several times, and he seemed, each time, less able to recuperate after the blow. The neighbors did not share his faith in the chastening "hand of Providence," but they were a conservative community, and had not yet felt called upon to tell neighbor Kittredge that many of his afflictions arose from his obstinate mismanagement, or from lack of management altogether, upon his part. They knew that when his young corn was devoured by straying cows, it was because his fences had not been attended to; but then that was his affair, not theirs.

Now, the affliction seemed to be that the cattle were feverish and miserable, and evidently getting ready for some kind of a sickness.

Disheartened with his troubles, Ezra had come into the house this morning, and made his moan, and Susan had spoken her mind.

"Wal," he said after a short, uncomfortable pause, "I s'pose somebody's got to go to the station to meet her, haint they?"



"Ezra," said Susan, firmly, "we may as well understand each other."

"Certainly," answered his wife, decidedly. "The idea! Rebekah, after an absence of two years, being obliged to walk from the station, two miles away!"

"Wal—I didn't just know. She used to be fond o' walkin', an' I thought mebbe, as the horses was busy harvestin'—"

"She'll not walk this time," broke in his wife, with a promptness and decision that at once put to flight any notions Ezra might have had in relation to persuading her that Rebekah might as well walk.

"Wal," he said slowly, as he passed out of the house. So decided had been his wife's reply, that Ezra did not wait even to be told, but had the small wagon at the door, exactly at three o'clock. He knew he would not be called upon to drive, but he hung around till Susan was fairly off, anxious in some way to propitiate his wife, with whom he felt, in an undefined way, that he was in disgrace. Everything about Ezra Kittredge was undefined. Still, he felt that the root of the present uncomfortable feeling lay in the fact that he had proposed that Rebekah should walk, and he was anxious to do everything in his power towards enabling her to ride, and thus, in some measure, propitiate his wife.

"O mother!" exclaimed Rebekah, as she threw her arms around the form so dear to her, "it has been a hard, sweet, long, short, two years!" and the tears stood in her eyes, as contradictory of the smile upon her lips as were her words of each other.

Susan Kittredge, I have said, was a silent woman, so she only pressed her daughter to her heart, while the tears stood in her eyes, and her lips trembled with pent-up emotion.

"Tell me, dear," she said in a tender tone, "all about yourself, Becky. Letters is so unsatisfyin'."

Rebekah felt as if some one had struck her a blow. Surely her mother had degenerated since she went away! Or was it merely that two years' absence had not only made her for-

getful of her mother's defects, but more sensitive and alive to them? Still, she could forgive many lapses in the mother she loved so well. She hid her disappointment under a lively chatter as to her doings in all the time she had been away.

The mother said little, more than content to listen to the recital, so that Rebekah was hardly prepared for things as she found them when she arrived at "Asparagus Cottage," by which unromantic name her home had been known (no one could tell wherefore) for the last fifty years. The gates were loose, fences were rickety, the steps broken, and there was a general air of unthrift, that Rebekah noticed at once, with a combination of dismay and rejoicing—rejoicing, that in the autumn she would go away again to teach; dismay, that all the summer must be spent in such surroundings.

Still, it would be life in the country, and she had so longed, all these months, for a breath of the old home—a touch of nature as she had known her since she was first rocked in one of Nature's own cradles, the grand, old elms that stood beside the door-post. These, at least, were unchanged, and as Rebekah went to her room and gazed out upon the well-remembered landscape, noting all the familiar points, then came over her a feeling of content. She could not help noting, however, that prosperity was all round them—"Asparagus Cottage" alone looked as if the years had not been kind to it.

When Farmer Kittredge came in to supper, Rebekah noted also, that the old look of deprecation and discontent was more marked, and that time had laid a heavy finger on her step-father, making premature lines and seams, and pressing down his shoulders with a bur-

den that really seemed too great for so young a man.

"Wal, Becky," said he, after the dishes were washed and they sat down for a few moments quiet before the early retiring, "I s'pose you're awful smart!"

Rebekah laughed, while she inwardly wondered why her step-father's lapses of speech did not disturb her, as did those of her mother. She had not yet learned that we would have perfect those we love. The faults and failings of those for whom we have no affection, do not disturb our peace of mind.

"Wal, no! I do not know that I'm 'awful smart,' as you call it, but I do know that I have put in two years' hard work, and that I have made them tell." She spoke with the consciousness of work well done and time well spent.

"What ye goin' to do now," queried Farmer Kittredge, with an anxiety in his tone that each woman noted but interpreted differently.

"I am going to teach in the fall," answered Rebekah, adding a moment after—in a tone which showed plainly what her interpretation had been—"I shall not be here after the first of September, and part of August I am going to visit a school friend at the shore."

She watched her step-father as she spoke, and marveled a little that there did not appear the expected would follow her announcement. Her mother said nothing, and as there seemed to be a great dearth of conversation, the family went to their respective rooms.

Matters went on quietly for a day or two, Rebekah renewing her acquaintance with old nooks and corners, and taking a hand in all kinds of work much to her mother's distress, for she considered that her daughter should take a rest.

"Never mind me, mother dear. Don't you know that home-work is a rest for brain workers? Scientists tell us that change of occupation is rest; so you see no one need be idle at any time, and you don't know how I've longed, a hundred times, to have my hands in the bread-dough or to iron my own

clothes. I must confess, however," she added, laughing, "that I've never seen the time when I longed to churn or have anything to do with butter-making. You know I always did hate that. I suppose you use the same old churn?"

"Yes, I'm awful glad, Becky. D'y'e know I was so 'fraid that ye'd got to be so smart, an' all that, y'd hate our ways an' the work an' all," and the poor woman's eyes filled with tears of relief. "An' Ezra he's but one of those crises had arrived which take us all so unawares sometimes, and the mother, utterly to her own surprise, and the consternation of her daughter, flung herself down in her chair and burst into tears.

Rebekah had never seen her mother shed a tear since the day she laid John Spofford away to rest in the little churchyard out on the hill, and she was stunned by this exhibition of grief. She waited a few moments until the storm had spent itself, and then laying her hand tenderly on her mother's head, as if their places had been reversed, said softly, "Tell me all about it, mother dear, and let us see if it can be helped." The gentle touch and the tender words, started the tears again, but this time they fell quietly, and, after a little, with a sobbing sigh, Mrs. Kittredge wiped her eyes and the storm was over.

"Now, mother, tell me," commanded Rebekah again as she softly stroked the hair, grown so white during her two year's absence. And then, such is human nature, the mother, without a word of apology, told her daughter everything of which she had so firmly forbidden her husband to speak. "And now," she added, with another gasping sob that threatened a re-opening of the storm, "you're goin' away agin in the fall, an' I really don't know what I shall do 'bout you, an' everythin' you'll do 'bout rakin' an' ruinin' so."

"Don't cry any more, mother," said Rebekah, in a tone from which all the life had gone, "it hurts me so to see you like that. Let me think awhile and I'll see what we can do. There, mother," she added with a tender little pat, "don't let things worry you. It will all come out right, I feel sure, but I must go away and think for myself." And with a kiss, she went away for self-communion, leaving the poor woman comforted. Becky had said things would be all right, and she must know of course, since she had been two years learning it all.

The force of years of habit led Rebekah up to the hay-loft, and here, the door flung open, gazing out on the fair fields stretched out before her, she thought out the problem, as she had done many another in the girl-life that now seemed so far behind her. An hour later she came down from her eyrie, and made a slow tour of the farm, mentally noting all she saw, and making calculations meanwhile as to waste, thrift and money needed.

"It's all right, mother," she said quietly, as she came in pale and tired, with the emotions of the past two hours; "but don't ask me about it till I am ready to speak. If father Kittredge don't act out, I don't think there'll be any trouble. But I must go lie down now. I don't want any dinner. I'll come down to supper and by that time I'll be ready to speak to father Kittredge."

She went slowly up stairs, threw herself on the bed and, as she lay, she vent her feelings by a flood of tears. It seemed almost more than she could bear! Did her duty call her to stay here, instead of entering into the work her soul loved? Did her duty call her to put herself into this work and waste the study of the past two years? But stay! Waste? Had she herself not eloquently told the listening public on Commencement-day, that such an education as she had received was a preparation and an advantage in any walk of life? Could she, then, legitimately call it wasted—her two years' hard work?

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But it was *hard!* she pled with her soul. Hard? Certainly; but then she would have an opportunity of showing father Kittredge, and a few other doubters, that her higher education had only made her more competent instead of spoiling her.

The sacrifice assumed entirely new proportions in her sight, when viewed in this light, and, with a grave determination to do her best, she put aside all personal feelings in the matter, and began to lay plans for her future work.

"Father Kittredge," said she, after supper, (she always called him 'Father Kittredge' out of respect to her mother, though, out of respect to herself, she had never brought her mind to place him in her dead father's place by addressing him simply as "father").

"Wal?"

"I've something to say to you and mother, and I'd like to say it to-night. Can you listen now?"

"As good now as any time," answered Ezra Kittredge, in that hopeless tone of his that was so exasperating.

"I had a little talk with mother to-day, and she tells me things haven't gone well with you," said Rebekah, kindly.

She had made up her mind that if she undertook this thing, for her own comfort's sake, she must overlook the faults and failings of the people with whom she was going to live.

"I sh'd say they hain't. The hand o' Providence has been laid mighty heavy on me. There's Mollie, the very best Alderney of the lot, jist a dyin'. An' they all seem to be sick-enin'."

The "hand o' Providence" was the thing which Rebekah had the least patience, but she controlled the hasty words that rose to her lips and said, "Are any one's else cattle sick in the neighborhood?"

"No, on'y mine. I tell you it's the hand o' Providence, and there don't seem to be no use fightin' it."

Seeing that there was no progress to be made in this direction, Rebekah concluded to come at once to the point.

"Well now, I have a plan to propose. You say that the hand of Providence is against you, and that all things work wrong with you. I have a little money, you know (Farmer Kittredge's eyes brightened), which I am willing to put into the farm, but on conditions."

The hope that had been in Ezra's face became anxiety.

"My conditions are that for one year you shall give up the farm into my hands altogether. Matters surely cannot go worse with me than they have with you. If I do what I hope to do, the money can be paid back later on, and meanwhile, I ask no interest for its use. If I undertake it, I shall submit to no dictation. I shall ask advice when I think I need it. Unless I do ask it, I don't expect to have it offered to me. It will only hamper and irritate me. My ways will not be *your* ways, that I know before I begin, and, to avoid all misunderstanding, I make this plain statement which I shall firmly adhere to."

To say that father Kittredge was surprised would but mildly express his condition of mind. "I don't know 's I care to give my work up into a woman's hands," he said aggressively, after he had thought awhile.

"Very well," replied Rebekah, quietly, "you know best, of course, how your affairs stand, and what you want to do. You can take till to-morrow to think of it; if you change your mind by that time let me know. But I must make other arrangements soon, and I must know at once. Besides, if I take things in charge, I should like to begin in time to save the lives of the cattle, who will all die under present arrangements. When thinking over this, remember that I am no ignorant girl attempting work of which she knows nothing, but a girl who has been born and bred on a farm, and who also can bring to her work the added assistance of higher education, scientifically applied. Good night."

It will never be known as to just what methods of persuasion or intimidation were used by Susan Kittredge to accomplish her end, but it is a fact that the next morning, father Kittredge gave his consent, in the most lugubrious manner, to her taking charge of the farm for one year on the conditions named. His funeral tone she chose to ignore, but accepted the charge at once.

"Father Kittredge," she said after all details were settled, "there's just one thing I want to speak about. I prefer to be called Rebekah and not 'Becky.' Please try to remember."

"Massy! Massy! I said she'd come home sassy," groaned he to himself. "Takes the farm out o' my hands 'cause I can't help myself, an' then wants to be called 'Rebekah.' 'Rebekah,'" he repeated in a mimicking tone to himself. "Wal, we'll see," he added consolingly. "Jest wait till the hand o' Providence is laid on *her*, an' then where'll she be?"

There were no legal documents—merely a note of the bargain made out in Rebekah's clear hand, and signed by all three parties to the transaction.

"And now, father Kittredge, will you see that Silas takes the cattle over to the south pasture, instead of the north lot. I am perfectly convinced that there is some pollution in the water of that brook, and, until I have time to have it examined, I prefer to try the change." So much against his own judgment, Ezra gave the order to have the cattle removed to the south pasture.

Her first step was to buy herself a horse and bring down her mother's old saddle. Knowing the value of saving herself for her work, she did not propose to take long tramps over the farm, when a moment's trouble could enable her to ride in one-half the time; and soon, among the hands the sight of her gray pony surmounted by herself, and her broad sun-hat, was not only looked for but welcomed. She always had a kind word for them, and though she insisted on having things done her own way, her insistence was such that they could but obey, while they marveled at the pleasant manner which hid so much firmness.

In one of her first rides, an empty bottle was filled at the offending brook, and was then

dispatched to her old professor in chemistry, who confirmed her conjectures. Meanwhile the cattle were improving, but not as quickly as she could have wished. The stables were next examined, and here she found the main difficulty. The drainage, in the light of the science of to-day, was something atrocious. When she contemplated all that was before her she was almost heartsick, but she knew that having put her hand to the plough she must not look back. She recognized, too, the fact that those who have made such things a study are the ones to oversee such work. So she despatched the following note to a fellow graduate:

"You have studied drainage and want practice. Come and drain my farm. I only wonder we are not all dead. When will you come? Telegraph."

Three days later saw Ellen Simpson on the spot and installed as "drainer in chief." And the men? Of course they didn't like being "bossed by a woman," but then there were others found who didn't know quite so much and were consequently twice as valuable. There is nothing which so adds to the value of a servant as being able to receive instruction, and to acknowledge that there are some few things, even in his own line, which are open to discussion as to ways and means. The drainage off her hands, Rebekah set people at work on her fences, and then turned her attention to the house.

"Where can I get a good girl for the kitchen, mother?"

Her mother looked frightened.

"Ye're father won't hear to a girl."

"In the first place he's *not* my father, and in the second, he has nothing to do with it. I thought it was distinctly understood that I was running the place. Where can I get a girl?"

"Well, mebbe Almira Giddings would come," answered her mother meekly, secretly rejoiced at having the drudgery taken off her hands in this masterful manner.

"And, mother dear, after the girl comes, won't you take to fixing up the yard a bit? It looks so untidy. I know you haven't had time. I'm not blaming you, but you'll have more time then, and though it is almost too late to plant any vines, I'd like to see those that are out there trimmed and tied up."

She knew in her heart that it would be like breath of a new life to her mother to get out once more among the flowers and plants that she loved, and the look of perfect happiness upon her face, as she pruned here, snipped there, or tied up in another place, was good to see and went far towards reconciling the daughter to the sacrifice she was making.

Matters in the house were put on a new footing. Two coal-oil stoves took the place of the enormous ten-pipe concern that had roasted the family all summer long, ever since Rebekah could remember. All the improved utensils were bought, even to "the latest thing in churns," and Almira, who had been very doubtful as to Rebekah and her "new-fangled notions," was quite won over when she found her back and time saved.

Meanwhile the farm work went on apace. Rebekah read and consulted personally all the best authorities on approved methods. Dire were some of her mistakes when trying to institute some pet plan of her own; but on the whole, in the account of profit and loss, by far the greater amount might be charged up to profit. The cattle not only did not die, but recovered their health entirely. The chickens rejoiced in their fresh, clean quarters, and though they did nothing marvelous, they did as well as chickens ever do and gave a very fair profit for the time and money expended.

"Well," said Rebekah, laughing, one day, as she entered the dining-room where that young lady sat engaged on some piece of dainty femininity, "old Mr. Salomon is out there and he says he wants 'to see that Simpson gal.' I believe you rejoice in that euphonous title."

"Me! What on earth can he want to see me about?" exclaimed Ellen, dropping her work.

"Don't know! Better go see!"

"Well! if that isn't the *richest!*" said Ellen a few moments later. "What do you suppose he wanted?" And she laughed till the tears rolled down her face.

"I can't imagine, I'm sure."

"He wants me to *drain his farm!* And the funniest part of it all is that *he's* the man that aired himself in the cars on the subject of women's education, and 'lowed that women was gettin' so educated that they didn't know nothin' at all, nowadays. Well it certainly is too funny for anything but a book."

"It certainly is," answered Rebekah, joining in the merriment.

"And, of course, she made enough money to pay off the mortgage," I hear some one say. "How lovely!"

Of course she did nothing of the kind. She paid off the mortgage with her own money, but at the end of two years left the farm in her step-father's hands in such a condition, and farmer Kittredge himself with such a stock of new and improved ideas, that he was not only able to keep things running smoothly, but to pay off his indebtedness to Rebekah after a time.

Mrs. Kittredge grew young again, and farmer Kittredge himself did not have nearly so many "miseries" as formerly. He was never again heard complaining of the "hand o' Providence," and Rebekah could go away to her chosen work with a heart full of content. She had proved her theory.

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

"GARLAND" STOVES AND RANGES.
THE WORLD'S BEST.

A FALSE STANDARD.

By FELICIA HOLT.



O-DAY when the burden is becoming so heavy, and the joyless American yearns for relief, would it not be the part of wisdom for many of us to cry halt in the race; and in the pause concentrate our forces and curtail our desires that we might live and

have some rational enjoyment in our living, instead of the everlasting toil and strain which is the almost universal portion of over-taxed mankind? To be quite plain: Are we not, with a few exceptions, living up to every dollar we earn? For instance, the man who has an income of four thousand dollars spends four thousand dollars, and the man who has ten thousand spends ten, each bearing the unwelcome consciousness that he has no margin but is up to the very edge of everything, and each kept on the alert, ever anxious, ever straining, and, in most cases, *ever miserable*. Not that he admits this to be the case; far from it; he keeps his mask close, and perhaps no one, even his nearest companion, knows his unceasing struggle to keep off the fiend Despair. One small depreciation in the stock market, a non-payment of a note, and what misery may ensue! For he has no surplus, as everything has been counted in, in the pace that he has been going. So, with steam crowded on and hatchways shut down, he hopes to make the port, no accident occurring; and this is his last thought at night and his first on rising; and so gladness and he are strangers, and the furrows deepen on his brow, and *life*—God's crowning gift to His creature—becomes an irksome existence which is finally ended in the grave where all things are forgotten, and we place "At Rest" on his forehead as a dreary compensation for one prematurely worn-out in an ignominious battle. Shall men not work and use their best energies? Certainly; but it behooves them to weigh their desires, lest they be unworthy, and be sure that the goal is something more than the mere amassing of money or the desire to keep abreast with their fellow men. Few would acknowledge to so base a motive as the fear of being outdone by their neighbors, and yet how few can plead entire guiltlessness as to this charge! There are extenuating circumstances; man seldom desires this money for himself; he desires to be rich that his wife and children may enjoy the fruits of his labor. Very good; but is he not largely influenced by the fact that his neighbor possessing these things, incites him to procure like ones, lest he may be thought less capable or pushing? Women have long borne the charge of extravagance. The old prophets began it; there is an undercurrent of severity in most of their writings about women, and there always seemed to me an implied reproach of the Queen of Sheba when her journey to Solomon's court is described, as if she was so curious that she could not refrain from coming to behold his reputed magnificence; indeed, she frankly avows as much. But is her weakness any greater than the King's who, with all his wisdom, scrupled not to accept the tribute offered him by the weaker vessel? The Apostle Peter follows, hundreds of years after, in a homily on the "plaiting of the hair and the wearing of gold"; for ages the charge has sounded in our ears, and every penny-a-line scribbler has been allowed his fling at our love of adornment with the rest of my giddy sex; but I don't believe I ever would have valued them one fifth as much had not my vanity been fostered by the compliments of some intellectual giant on their becomingness. Woman's love of dress and fine living, and man's downfall—the accepted result—has passed almost into a proverb. "The woman whom thou gavest to be with me," being the usual scape goat. Washington Irving, in his essay on the "Wife," gives us a beautiful picture of the fidelity of a woman who clung to her husband through his misfortunes, and who sustained him by her lovely sympathy; the author, however, confesses to a degree of astonishment at what he depicts, and so touching an incident was it esteemed that it has been copied again and again in school-readers for the instruction of the young. Surely in modern times this is no new sight. Men lose fortunes almost daily, and change their whole manner of living; yet we do not hear of wives separating themselves from their husbands on this account; on the contrary, it is giddy woman who plans and contrives, in ways quite touching, to save the drain on the household exchequer, putting up very cheerfully with a lunch of bread, tea and preserves, preaching meanwhile patience to the children and bidding them remember "there will be a very good dinner when papa comes home in the evening."

In most cases it is quite as much the man's fault as the woman's that the grind and the push go on; it is really the result of a false standard and a weak and foolish fear of the everlasting—ever present "We." Henri Frederic Amiel, philosopher and student, tells us, in his journal of twenty years ago, of the false importance of this "We"—he says:

"The subjects of 'We' are more prostrate than the slaves of the East before the Padishah." And in the years since then elapsed, we have not freed ourselves; our tolerance of its despotism is most wonderful when we see how other slavish customs have been abolished. Men bow before it with the same servility as women; that Jones has a fine house, fine horses and fine dinners, affects Smith almost as acutely as it does poor little Mrs. Smith when she hears "that Mrs. Jones' bonnet is handsomer than hers"; the animus is of a kind, differing only as to the strength of the possessors. Rochefoucauld tells us: "The most certain sign of being born with great qualities is to be born without envy." We look around us; where, then, are the great ones? In the world every one's hand seems against his brother, and the

unexpressed command: "Fall, that I may rise," as the weaker are pressed to the wall. The sin brings it's own retribution, for on none does it fall more heavily than on ourselves; we force ourselves to the front and take push for push; we imitate, bargain and humiliate ourselves for the sake of keeping up, and keeping up to what, when all is said and done? Why simply this: A equals (after many and laborious struggles) B, who, in his turn, has just succeeded in getting abreast with C; and so we could run over the whole alphabet, all standing like a pack of cards, depending upon mutual pressure in an atmosphere of artificial desires. We sigh for one more acquisition; it is ours, and lo! it turns to ashes on our lips, and we again turn with feverish haste in quest of something new and equally perishable.

Fenelon bids us, "Be content to lead a simple life where God has placed you." And so does our catechism; but, of course, they are now rather old style and little regarded by the busy people of the Nineteenth Century. I do not mean to imply that the curse of emulation and weak strife is of late date. St. Paul must have observed some such falling among the early Christians, for he enjoins the Corinthians to be steadfast:—"Quit ye like men,"—having in view the educating of their minds, the broadening of their horizons, the feeding their souls with the food that is convenient.

What gain would be ours, men and women alike sharing in the blessing, if *once* we only dared be *thoroughly honest*? No longer afraid to show that we cannot afford this continued drain upon our best and highest attributes, let us refuse to narrow ourselves to the sole consideration of doing as well, or of cutting as much of a swell, as our neighbor. It is too harassing to bend our shoulder to a wheel that threatens to crush us out of sight at every revolution; why not retire and bid others pass us in this unworthy contest? For ourselves, we have a home, a family, and the sweeter, holier interests which bind for this life and everlasting. The contestants in the arena are many; the struggle has been a fierce one, and the King waits to reward the victors. Let us make the triumph an honorable one, bloodless, inasmuch that we have not dragged our brother down; and our only spoils those weaknesses and temptations the conquering of which shall add fresh lustre to our crown. I firmly believe, were such a course adopted, that our country would be more deserving it's name of "Land of the Free"; our women more healthful and beautiful, better wives and mothers; and our men, now so overworked and made old before their time, would shout as Christian did when relieved of his load, and rejoice in length of days now unknown to the American people.

Not only would the removal of this false spirit of emulation relieve men of the strain which shortens life, but it would permit the cultivation of those qualities of mind and heart which are, after all, the best part of humanity and whose enjoyment helps to make life desirable. The study of the great lessons of history, and of the splendid achievements of art and science, open a field wholly unknown to the average money-getter who measures success in terms of dollars and cents. He has had no time to explore the region outside the narrow limits of his little and ignoble world, and so is to be pitied rather than blamed for the mistaken standards upon which his judgments are based. With a changed condition, new ideas would dawn upon him as he would discern the true meaning of a successful life; he would awake to the delights of literature, to the sweet companionship of books, to the noble creations of art. His life would begin anew and the world would possess for him a meaning which he had never dreamed of.

Is it too much to ask that every one who has caught a glimpse of this beatific vision should lend a helping hand to secure it to the benighted people who still grope blindly under a false standard?

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ANNE'S CHOICE

BY
HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

WHEN Miss Jeanne died, and her annuity with her, there was nothing for Anne to do but to go back, with her trunks full of clothes, to the home from which Miss Jeanne had taken her a dozen years ago—a child then, whose beauty had pleased the woman's selfish fancy. She had continued to please that fancy for some dozen years and more. Miss Jeanne liked to have her brightness and sweetness and fair face about her; she kept her charmingly clad; she had her taught French, because she herself could not exist without French novels, and Anne's rippling voice made them pleasanter; but a resident governess would have been a nuisance, and so there were no lessons and all the other education she received was by means of an extended reading, Miss Jeanne being pleased with that form of entertainment.

And suddenly one day Miss Jeanne went out of this life as quietly and comfortably as she had staid in it; and her next of kin, always jealous of her favorite, came into possession and closed the house, and Anne found herself reared in luxurious habits, with expensive tastes, untaught, unskilled, less able to earn a livelihood than any laborer's daughter, moneyless and homeless, and winter coming on. There was all her fair, transparent beauty—her dazzling eyes with their dark lashes and the thread of black brows above, the soft lips and pearls of teeth, the faultless smile that broke the innocent and tender appeal of the eyes into witchery; there was her native intelligence, and there was her exquisite wardrobe, and that was all. She danced by sheer natural grace and sense of music and would not have felt able to teach a step to a child; she did not know a note of music; her French was all very well—but who wanted her possible accent when the genuine was to be had? She was fitted for nothing but

"Anne lay back in the sunshine of the late Indian-summer noon." the place of a nursery-governess, and her whole appearance would put her under suspicion that would prevent any one from giving her such a place should she apply for it. There was nothing for her to do but to go back to her father's widow and beg for a home till she could do better.

And what a change from Miss Jeanne's house, with all its delights, to that of Mrs. Leonard, in a narrow block of a narrow street of a narrow town.

"I don't know what you are here for," said Mrs. Leonard, as the girl sat trembling with a consciousness of her stately glance even in the twilight. "I have enough for one, and not enough for two. When you were taken away, it was with the distinct understanding that you should be provided for. If I had kept you I should have brought you up to take care of yourself. As it is—what are you fit for?"

"Nothing," said Anne, with half a sob. "I thought as much," said the other hardly. "Well, we must make you fit for something. I suppose you could take care of children. You ought to know how to nurse."

"I am afraid I don't."

"Of course. At least you can be a lady's maid!"

"A lady's maid!" cried Anne. "Yes, to be sure. You've been waited on within an inch of your life; you ought to know what a lady wants, and how to do it. Your father's daughter is no better than your father's wife; and I do a maid's work every day of my life."

"I—I should be willing to help you," faltered Anne.

"I don't need help. I can't afford it. As I told you, I haven't enough for two. You haven't been accustomed to live on bread and tea, either. No. I shall strain a point and keep you while you are looking about you, for it is my duty. But you will have to be quick; and if nothing better can be found, go out to service in any capacity that offers, before winter is upon us."

Service! Delicately and daintily reared as she had been! She would be as much at a loss in it as any princess. And yet, anything would be better than living with the woman who had married her father in his enfeebled condition after the accident, and had then sequestered all he had to her own uses. She had told Anne that there was neither part nor lot for her here; and in the midst of her bewilderment and shrinking, Anne felt that neither service, nor any social loss that could come of it, would be worse than the moral degradation of staying here, even if she might.

She went out the next morning to countermand the order about her trunks; and going dejectedly along the station platform, suddenly a silver piping voice hailed her, and then violent hands were laid upon her; and there was Val Terence's laughing face looking down on her. "You don't mean to say! Why, Anne Leonard! Dear me, what luck! I'm so glad to see you! What in the world are you doing here in this remote spot? On your way to see us? Were you really coming to us? I thought you said you couldn't. How very nice! It's just the thing—the Forest is dead as lead."

"No," said Anne, a sudden illumination coming to her, and as soon as she could be heard. "I wasn't going to you. But if you really would like to have me—I can change my plans as well as not."

"Oh, papa"—as a tall and stately gentleman came up the platform—"here is Miss Leonard,



my dear Anne Leonard, you remember, at Miss Jeanne's, and she is coming home with us for—say you will stay all winter, Anne! Laura is so high and mighty, and Rosamond is in the seventh heaven with her sky-scraping, and her love-scraping; and cousin Conrad and the boys away, and Maria, oh, Maria!—so that I am just as lonely as—as Wordsworth's cloud, you remember? Are your boxes here, you dear? Yes? How lovely! You have just dropped from the skies!"

"But you will have to excuse me while I go for my hand-bag; it has my purse in it."

"Take a hack then—here. And hurry. And papa will get your tickets while you are gone." And a half-hour afterward Anne was trudging away in a parlor-car, opposite the Terences, as if there were not a care in existence, and trying to forget that she had just ten dollars in the world and no more. She wondered what had made her unhappy a year ago; she wondered how any one living at the Forest could call that lovely spot dead. She meant to tell Mr. Terence all her troubles; perhaps he could help her. She meant to dismiss the thought that she had ever had trouble; and she was so gay and bright and sweet when they reached the Forest that most of the Terences felt as if a sunbeam had come into the house with her. Maria gave her an examination in the differential calculus, or something of that sort, as Val said that night, and decided that she was a harmless imbecile, and smiled to see her dancing down the hall or along the galleries. Laura announced that her pretty manners were really a lesson to Valeria. And Rosamond—Rosamond thought instinctively of Verners, and kept an eye askance on Anne Leonard from the first.

A tall, handsome girl, Rosamond, with all the accomplishments in the world, one would hardly think she had reason to fear this little, butterfly creature. But, perhaps, she knew Verners better than another; or, perhaps, she knew herself—and knew that with Verners, not entirely won, a hard and jealous nature might have trouble with him in the presence of its counterpart, that instead of plucking a royal tiger-lily Verners might prefer to wear a pale blush-rose. Or better yet, perhaps, she knew that she had trifled too long in a certain unwillingness to surrender her ambitions and own her art less strong than love. However, Verners was not here as yet; and meantime, not so fast. Anne's was the very personality she wanted for her Undine that had been so long waiting for a model.

"Rosamond is in love with her paints and pencils. I think she thinks she's in love with Verners. He's a great catch," said Val, in one

of her bursts of confidence. "Oh, you don't approve the phrase, I see; I thought you doubted the fact. He is the last in the line of I don't know how many families of fortune, and—and—oh, he's splendid, you know!"

"I should think it was you that are in love with him," laughed Anne.

"I? Oh, that would be of no use. He wouldn't look at me. I'm only just out of school. And Rosamond is so beautiful—black, but comely, I tell her when she scowls. I don't think Rosamond is in love with him, quite, do you know. It's his place, his purse, and his conquest, I shouldn't wonder. I can't make out if she cares for him or not—I guess he can't either. Rosamond is like our mother—Aunt Louisa says she never had any affection for papa; and he found it out early, and they didn't have a happy life together, though it was a short one. I try to make it up to him when I think of it; but I don't have much chance, the Forest is such an immense estate and keeps him so busy. I don't believe it wore on him very much—there isn't a gray thread in his hair. Don't you think he's a fine looking old gentleman?"

"Old gentleman!" said Anne, lifting her wondering eyes. "I should as soon think of gray threads in your hair. Why, Miss Jeanne always called him 'that young Terence.' I don't quite feel as though he were your father anyway."

"Well, he was only twenty when he married—the absurd fellow. Mamma was older than he, and Laura and Maria were her children by her first marriage."

"Oh!"

"Yes. They mixed those babies up, don't you see? And so he isn't very awfully much older than I after all. I ask him how he expects me to venerate him."

"He doesn't. Only to love him, of course. Oh," cried Anne, "I don't suppose you stop to think how fortunate you are. I can hardly remember my father. And I never had any one to love me except Miss Jeanne; and you see what her love was when she left me so unprovided for. I don't think she meant to," said Anne wistfully. "I know she cared for me, because I cared so much for her." And then she looked up with the tears spinning off the shadowy lashes under which the eyes themselves looked like two great tears, and saw not one, but twenty Mr. Terences smiling down at her.

When Anne went to sit for Rosamond's picture she wrapped herself in a beautiful veil of fine lace, on the way down the gallery. "It was to have been my dear Miss Jeanne's wedding veil once," she said, as Rosamond and Laura cried out. "She gave it to me because I always did like to hoard lovely things. Oh, and you are going to paint these, too!" as Rosamond took a string of jewels from a red leather case—a long gold chain, with here and there a splendid fire-opal in its meshes. "I should think you could as soon paint flakes of fire and snow. Oh, I always did like jewels so! I don't suppose I shall ever have any. I really think a great white shining diamond is more like a spirit than a stone. And these opals"—and she bound them about her forehead, and wound them in her hair and stood before Rosamond shimmering in gauze and glittering in jewels, and well pleased at the mirror hanging opposite.

"Come and see her, papa! It is Undine herself just rising from the stream, all dripping and rosy, and a sunbeam striking through her water-drops!" cried Val, looking in a half-hour afterwards.

"Go away, Val," exclaimed Rosamond. "I never can do anything when you're round."

"Be civil, or you'll be sorry, Miss Rosamond. I shan't tell you any news now. Not if I knew that cousin Conrad and the rest were on the way home—the yachting having come to an end."

"What?"

"No occasion for concern; they all escaped. It's only an end from the cold weather down there on the coast. Conrad and Jack and Mr. Myers here, and Verners and the Penroses, of course, over at the Towers."

"How lucid you are, Valeria."

"Aunt Louisa thinks so. I told her, and she is having all the rooms aired; and Chloe is up to her eyes in spices."

"It will seem as if we were alive again," said Laura, who was so silent a person that you were not always sure she was alive.

Rosamond's color was the only answer. She felt it, and grew angrier with every deepening pulse; and she flashed a quick glance at Anne. What did Anne care? People might come and people might go, it was all one to her. The rebound from her despair into the comfort of this happy life had been so extreme as to benumb her in a way. After a while she might begin to look forward, to count upon a future, possibly to plan for one, had she been other than Anne; but just now she only felt herself in a state of blessed rest, like a baby when awaking from deep sleep.

She went out on the piazza by-and-by, and lay back in the sea-chair, and Rosamond was through with her, and she had laid aside the picture finery, and looked dreamily off over the wide landscape—near at hand the

gardens, flaunting with the deep red and gold of the autumn flowers, and then the immense grain fields where the winter wheat had lately started like a green vapor, and beyond all this, to the far sky's edge, the golden-brown of the beech-forest about them, and over all the intense blue sky, and some eagles slowly wheeling. Down in the courtyard Mr. Terence, in riding dress, was breaking a great black horse, making every movement of the creature his own, till in looking at him the story of the Centaur seemed true. Inside, Val was playing one of the Grieg dances, full of a passionate melancholy that would force its way and break on every gay crest of the tune. Anne lay back in the sunshine of the late Indian-summer moon, and closed her eyes, the spell of rest was so complete. Remembrance of the impossibility of staying here forever came and went with the beat of the music, and presently two great tears swam out from the dark lashes and hung there.

How long she lay there she had no idea, when at a sound of footsteps she started, and Mr. Terence was standing before her looking at some distant object; and she had time, in the shelter he gave her, to dash away the tears and gather her wits before those that were behind him came up. Then he smiled down on her in his calm and reassuring way, and stood aside, and the music had stopped, and Val was presenting her cousin Conrad, and Mr. Verners, and Frank and Jack and all the rest, so that Anne could not tell one from the other; only to the view both of Rosamond and Mr. Terence a swift flash lit Anne's eyes as they rested on Verners' and caught his own wide, eager gaze, which, how could they fail to translate into the mysterious force of love at first sight?

"Have you met Mr. Verners before?" asked Rosamond afterwards, speaking low only to keep her voice from shaking.

"Mr. Verners?" said Anne. "No. That is, not that I remember. But it seems to me as if I had always known him—in some other star—in some other life, perhaps."

"Nonsense!" said Rosamond, no shaking in her tone at all.

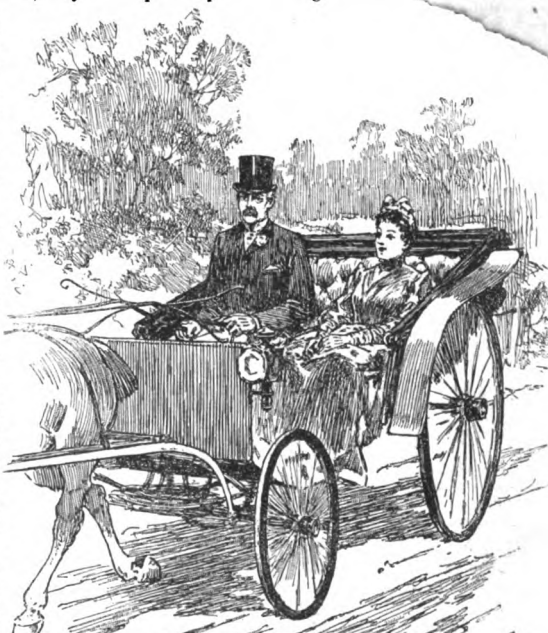
"Nonsense!" said Laura.

"Yes, it is," said Anne, "great nonsense." And Maria made so much jesting about the right ascension and declination of Anne's star, going to look for it at night and computing its neighborhood to Venus, and wondering if its spectrum would reveal any new elements, Anne regretted her astronomical folly.

But whether they had known each other in a previous existence or not, Mr. Verners was apparently determined they should know each other in this. To-day he staid to lunch, and to-morrow he was back in the evening, and he walked beside Anne on the gallery till the chull drove them in; and presented himself next morning with a book she had wished to see; and expatiated on her beauty afterwards to Rosamond in a way that made Rosamond feel assured that all his bond with herself had been that of a friendship which any man might have for any woman. It did not increase Rosamond's warmth of feeling towards Anne; even Val was startled; and Mr. Terence saw what was going on, with anxious eyes. Anne herself was the only one unconcerned or ignorant. Something in her responded naturally to Verners; she was glad when he came; her face lighted when she saw the sunshiny crop of curls and met the bright gaze of those honest gray eyes, and her little reserves melted, and any one might see that he had avenues of approach to her, unshared by others.

"Papa," said Val, as he took from her the great pot of blooming roses she brought in from the rose-house, "don't you see there is going to be trouble with Rosamond? Whether she cares for Verners or not, she is not going to see Anne."

"That will do, Val," said her father. "To speak of things sometimes seals them. We



"Mr. Terence's phaeton, with Anne, was bringing up the rear."

will not see any more than we can help. It is better for Rosamond now than later."

"I know that. But still—what if we let Anne go back? Then it might all blow over, and he would return to his allegiance."

"And break little Anne's heart?" said Mr. Terence gravely.

"Oh, I don't know. Hearts don't break so easily. I'm fond of Anne—oh yes, very! I should like to have her forever. I was wishing we might adopt her. But this will make Rosamond hate her. Just look at this superb rose!"

"If Zeus chose us a queen of the flowers in his mirth, he would call to the rose, and would royally crown it," quoted Mr. Terence.

"And then, there is Rosamond's heart," said Val.

"If any one's heart aches for such a fellow as Verners"—began Mr. Terence.

"Why, papa, I thought you were such friends! I thought you swore by Verners! And every one knows he is a great match; and to be mistress of the Towers."

"Perhaps," said Mr. Terence, "you and I have said enough. Perhaps we had better let fate have its way. It is better for Rosamond, better for Anne, better for"—Mr. Terence did not finish the sentence, but walked away.

"Poor fellow! thought Val, remorsefully. "I had no business to bring Anne here to upset all his house for him with her bewitchments. I'm sure I don't know. I wish Rosamond was different. She has nobody to thank but her own folly about loving her art too well to love a lover; nobody but her own pride and cruelty. If she'd treated Verners properly it would have been all settled, fast and firm. I wish—I wish—oh, I don't know what I wish! I wish there wasn't any Verners!"

But there was. And he came over presently with the Penroses to take the Forest people on a riding-party to the Towers.

"But I never was on a horse in my life!" said Anne. "Rosamond must ride that beautiful creature."

"Yes," exclaimed Val, before Verners could express his intention of teaching Anne to ride. "And Anne shall drive with papa in the phaeton: he can't ride to-day because his saddle horse has gone lame." Anne's face flooded crimson and grew pale again, and to Val's surprise her father did not speak at once. But in a moment his quiet voice was heard.

"On with the hat and jacket, little one," and then Rosamond appeared in her habit looking like Di Vernon come again, as Frank Myers said, offering his hand to her foot while Verners stood aloof in a moment's angry bewilderment. But, directly, Verners was on his own horse, reaching forward and securing something more to his mind about Rosamond's bridle, and they were pacing down the avenue, the others were following, and Mr. Terence's phaeton was bringing up the rear.

"I am sorry for you, little girl," said Mr. Terence. "But I will make it my business to give you some lessons; so that when Verners comes again you shall not be disappointed." "Did you think I was disappointed?" asked Anne. "I didn't know I showed it so plainly." And she laughed, whether gleefully or to cover some embarrassment, who could say?

"Your tell-tale countenance is open as the sky," said Mr. Terence, glancing at the apple-blossom face, the great lucid eyes, the tremulous sweet lips. "It shows everything."

"Then," said Anne, gathering courage, "it must show that I am very fond of driving. I think I felt almost as badly when they took away Miss Jeanne's horses as when they closed the house. I used to drive her with the Morgans, and they knew the sound of my step. It seemed like selling the family."

"Selling?" said Mr. Terence.

"Oh, you don't know," cried Anne. "You think I am one of the fortunate girls with a home, and people, and all that Val has and I never had!" And with a gush came all the little sorry story.

"My poor child," said Mr. Terence, "forget it all. Forget all the unhappiness, at least. The Forest is your home. Val needs you, I—" Mr. Terence checked himself and looked straight ahead and said no more, cruelly staid with thought of Rosamond and all the rest of the complication. "The Forest is your home," he said again, at last, smiling down at her. "I am your guardian. Whatever Val has, you shall"—to his amazement she suddenly flung herself back with a burst of tears. What was it? The sudden relief and lifting from strain and suspense and fear, or—There was no chance to ask; the riders were galloping back, and Anne had only time to be tying a veil on her face as they galloped by on their way to pick up Aunt Louisa, who had been intended for Anne's place and was now lumbering along in her landaulet. "For you see," cried Val gaily in passing, "we can't go to the Towers without a chaperon." And they reached the Towers at last, the riders continuing their backward excursions the rest of the way, something to Anne's annoyance, by the deepening color on her cheek, something to Mr. Terence's amusement, by the faint smile about his lips; and Rosamond every time she passed wearing the carnation of joy and hope, and of exercise in the autumn wind as well, and wondering at the look of light on Anne's face since she was not riding with Verners.

But once at the Towers, Verners took possession of Anne. There was the great, dim library into which she must be taken for the picture of that lovely lady, Verners' mother, over the mantel there; and the armory, with all the weapons the Verners' men had wielded; and the great corridor where, out of the maze of Trovon and Diaz and Merle and Cabanel, looked the strange old faces of the dead and gone Verners, men and women; and at last the dining-room, its walls half lined with gold and silver plate, where the severe butler and his men had a feast awaiting them, at which, in her right as stranger, Anne's place was next to Verners, and when Rosamond's vexation hardly allowed her to know sour from sweet.

It was a passage in the big family Bible that Val called Verners afterward to read with her, as she ran her finger along the lines: "And Hezekiah was glad of them, and shewed them the house of his precious things, the silver,

and the gold, and the spices, and the precious ointment, and all the house of his armor, and all that was found in his treasures: there was nothing in his house, nor in all his dominion, that Hezekiah shewed them not."

"And you didn't need to do it, Verners," laughed Val, as he colored to his eyes and looked at her with a sort of questioning penetration, and with a half insolent, half brotherly air of affection, as if he had a mind to make a confidant of her in her long camaraderie, and then thought better of it.

"And what do you think of it all, little Anne?" said Mr. Terence, as they drove back in the late frosty moonlight. "It is quite splendid enough to fire a young girl's fancy, is it not? You would not blame any one who loved the place, or the owner either. Nor I, but Verners," said Mr. Terence, quite forgetting a recent remark to Val, "is a fine fellow, sound to the core. His wife will be a happy woman—don't you think so, little Anne?"

"I—I hope so," said little Anne, in a choking voice.

"Well, well," said Mr. Terence, after giving his attention to the horse awhile. "Perhaps in that other star you spoke of—where you used to know him, you say—all mistakes will be made right."

"I shall be glad when we're there then," sighed Anne.

"Your idea of past and future seems to be that of flitting from star to star?"

"Sometimes."

"But don't you think we belong to this star and its fortunes? When you picture the sun and his swarm of planets on his gigantic flight through space, what dust atoms we should be in this migration of yours! It will be cold, too," said Mr. Terence. "What degree of frigidity do they tell us it is out there? Something—equal to your own?" And as he turned and folded the wrap about her, Anne found herself wondering—as she often found herself—if he meant her manner or the weather.

All the gay riders dismounted and came in for hot coffee after the chill night air; but Anne fled to her own room at once. And Verners plunged away again, plainly showing some displeasure, with very brief adieux. And in spite of the possible joy of her long gallop beside him, Rosamond gave an angry glance at Anne's door as she gathered up her riding-habit and swept past it defiantly.

(To be continued.)

MISTAKES OF A DAY.

BY RUTH ASHMORE.

WHEN you laid your head down on your pillow at night you knew that it had been a day of blunders. The tears came into your eyes and you wondered what you had done that made everything go wrong. My dear girl, you had made little mistakes by thoughtlessness; you had made the music of life less sweet and done your best to make that little rift within the lute that, after awhile, would make all the beautiful music of life quiet. You began the day by disputing at the breakfast table with your brother about nothing; and you ended by saying very disagreeable things, making him feel uncomfortable and causing him to leave the table muttering, while your mother wondered why he should speak so to his sister. It was his sister's fault, for she expected everybody to give in to her ideas and felt wronged when they didn't.

Next, when you went to practice and were in the midst of a beautiful sonata, you were reminded that the dusting of the parlor was your duty; and you grumbled and did it ungraciously, and even now you can remember how hurt your mother looked as you banged things around the room and wondered why you couldn't have the same time to practice that other girls had. Then when one of your girl friends came in, you made her unhappy by telling her some disagreeable things that had been said about her, and which you thought she ought to know. There is no reason in the world why people should tell each other disagreeable things. You sent your friend away hurt, and with a curious feeling in her heart that you couldn't really be so fond of her as she thought, or else you wouldn't have made her so unhappy. At the dinner table you contradicted your father, you complained of your food, and you were as unpleasant as only a bad-mannered girl can be at the table. When somebody started to tell a little story you stopped it in the middle by saying that it had been told so often before you couldn't stand it again. After this, you dressed to go out, were ill-tempered, broke strings, sent buttons flying and complained of all your belongings. Then you went to see a girl you knew your mother didn't like you to visit. You stayed there and heard two or three scandalous stories, and came out feeling as if you had eaten something that had left a bad taste in your mouth. You forgot a book you had been told to get; you didn't care to go into a grocery shop and leave an order that would save everybody at home a great deal of trouble, and you carried your temper back with you, although God Almighty's sunshine rested on you and ought to have driven it out of your heart. You sulked all evening; you played the piano or read and managed to make things disagreeable for everybody. Now, when your head is resting on the pillow, you are thinking of this and wondering why it all went wrong.

My dear girl, you may have a hundred admirers; you may count your lovers by the tens, and your friends by the thousands; and when you will never have but one mother; and when you deliberately go out of your way to hurt or neglect her, you are committing an absolute sin, one that in years to come will rise up before you and make you suffer agonies. When your own little children are about your knees you will wonder and fear if justice is shown if they will not tread on your heart as you did on hers. Try to do better to-morrow. The mistakes of to-day, it is possible, resulted from your getting out the wrong side of the bed; but be wise and see that it don't happen again.



(Continued from August number.)

ROSAMOND had learned from Armydis of her husband's finding her letter written to himself, and of the false construction he had put upon it. There was no misunderstanding in this new letter wherein the loving woman, the indignant wife, spoke to him out of the fullness of her heart. Lawton read it with a certain shame, but with a greater indifference. He had misjudged his wife, and he wrote to her asking her pardon; in the same letter he announced his approaching departure for a long cruise.

"I shall sail before you return," he said. "Believe me, it is much better for us both that we should not meet at present."

She could put whatever construction she pleased upon these words. He was tired of deceit; he would tell no more lies for any woman's sake. He hungered for adventure, for a life so active that it should hold no moment for regret. The day before he sailed he wrote to his wife again; a kind letter, full of messages for their boy, of remorse for all his own shortcomings.

"My heart has long been set on this trip," he wrote, "and when it is over you will probably find that I shall have been cured of my taste for roving, and shall be glad to settle down at Lawton Hall for the residuum of our days."

Our days! On these two words hung all Rosamond's hope for the future; they were not, then, to be forever separated.

At last the yacht was ready. The weapons, the photographic apparatus, the library and the commissariat were in perfect order, and the Ibis, with as fine a crew as ever sailed the seas, started on her long trip around the world. The company in the cabin was a congenial one; his three guests were all older than Sir John, and were men by whose society he meant to profit. They were all enthusiastic yachtsmen, and one was a famous hunter, the second a scientist of some renown, and the third his old friend and tutor, Wellington Blake.

"With ordinary luck and such good company it will go hard," said the Skipper of the Ibis, "if we do not manage to kill time gloriously even if we miss all other game."

But the Ibis was haunted. A haunted ship is not an uncommon thing, sailors tell us, and sometimes in the long, quiet night-watches John Lawton saw a face shaping itself out of the sea fog before him, a face crowned with tender, young oak leaves and flying, misty curls.

The first stage of the voyage was a halcyon one; smooth seas and fair winds sped them on their course. The Mediterranean was in its best behavior, and the Ibis lingered in the pleasantest of its ports while the party explored the towns and outlying country. At Alexandria, the gate of the Orient, the longest stop was made, and in the wonders of Egypt, England grew a cold memory. For days at a time Brittany too was forgotten, but the remembrance of the deserted garden, of Douanay, and of the little inn at B— was not long to be stifled.

Egypt soothed him with its wonderful beauty, its patient people who have ever been held in bondage. He looked long on the face of the Sphinx, and found the beauty that lurks beneath her mutilated features; he wandered in the mighty temples of the forgotten gods, and the wisdom and folly of the place found echoes in his soul. He took with him from the desert a Nubian boy, beautiful as a bronze statue. This child, gentle, faithful and melancholy, was a bit of living Egypt, worth more to him than all the treasures of the tomb of kings. When Suez was left behind them and the Indian Ocean was before, it seemed to Lawton that he had nothing left to learn or to see, his mind was stored so full of living pictures; but each new country brought its new pleasures, and the true connoisseur of pleasure, the real sybarite, if his purse be well lined, knows how to enjoy the enjoyable and avoid the disagreeables in whatever clime he finds himself. It is true that our hero traveled in a haunted ship; but for all that, there was much merriment on board, and the ghost was not a terrible one. Who does not travel with such spectres is an exceptional man, for which of us can keep forever at a distance those melancholy wraiths that we call lost opportunities?

CHAPTER XXV.

While Sir John Lawton and Phillida Langdon were trying to forget each other in the uttermost parts of the earth, Armydis was in London striving to forget them both. He gave himself to his art as he had never done before.

It became his consolation, his passion, his salvation from despair and the London world that was forgetting those pretty butterflies, Pattie and Phillida began to speak more and more of Armydis, the shy recluse, who never went anywhere, but whose pictures were the artistic sensations of the year.

Armydis put all the power of his thrilled love into his work, and in those two years that John Lawton spent in sailing from port

to port in search of pleasure and forgetfulness, the artist made a great stride and bridged the debatable land that lies between the promise of youth and the achievement of maturity.

The severe, unceasing labor at last began to tell on the artist's iron physique, and, the day after he realized that he was in need of rest, Armydis locked his studio, took farewell of Rosamond and Lady Lawton, the only people in England whom he saw intimately, and sailed for New York. He spent three months hunting in the Rocky Mountains, and then, refreshed and strengthened by his holiday, turned his bronzed face homewards. The steamer for Liverpool sailed from New York at dawn, and it was not until the first day that Armydis learned the odd trick fate had played him. He took his place at the cabin table, and a moment later Miss Phillida Langdon slipped into the empty seat beside him, Colonel Ackers and Pattie sitting on the other side of her. They had not recognized him yet; his full, dark beard was a sufficient disguise to throw them off the track until they should meet face to face. He had some thought of denying his identity, but that was quickly discarded, for Phillida, after a moment, said cordially—

"Why, Mr. Armydis, don't you know us?" She held out her hand, so frankly glad to see him, that he could only think of her smile, her hair, her fair, sweet face and the sudden leap of the heart in his breast when their hands met. He felt the old thrill tightening about him; there was the old magic in her voice and her eyes, the same tempting, red mouth, the same nameless relationship again established between them after all that he had suffered! For a week he was daily thrown in her society. Seven short days undid all the work of two years.

Phillida was conscious, as the voyage approached its close, that the last week of their long journeying had a certain charm which outweighed all the wonderful things they had seen and enjoyed in the far countries beyond the seas. Her thoughts, which had grown to be as vagrant as her feet, were now centered in Armydis, and when they parted on landing, she was astonished to find that she missed him as she had missed few things in her stormy, disjointed life.

When days passed without his coming to see her, she grew thoughtful and anxious, and finally reminded her cousin that she had promised to invite Armydis to dine.

Mrs. Ackers sighed, and wrote the note. She had resigned herself to what she chose to consider the inevitable from the moment she saw Armydis at the cabin table on board the steamer.

"I had hoped for better things for her," she said to her husband, "but Armydis seems to be making a name for himself, and it might be a great deal worse."

Armydis declined the invitation. Phillida was disappointed, more disappointed than she liked to admit to herself.

She was heart-whole again. The cure had begun from the moment when she had held Mrs. Kardenspin's letter in her hand, and learned from it that Sir John had deceived her. He had been tried and was found wanting. Not till she met Armydis again, did she realize how dead that old illusion was for whose sake she had nearly wrecked so many lives. She had never understood John Lawton; she had once idealized him into a god, and now she misjudged him cruelly. She only found that the old love was dead when the new one dawned.

If John Lawton had been free and she had been mine, I would have given her to him gladly, Armydis often said to himself. He believed what he said; if he had been put to the test, he might have failed. But if there is such a thing as loving one's friend better than one's self, Armydis loved John Lawton better than Armydis. The shock he had received that day at the inn, was doubly cruel.

(Concluded on opposite page.)



All the Ladies

Who have given Ayer's Hair Vigor a trial are enthusiastic in its praise.

Mrs. J. J. Burton, of Bangor, Maine, says: "I have been using Ayer's Hair Vigor with marvelous success. It restores the original color to gray hair, promotes a fresh growth, and keeps it strong and healthy. As a toilet article I have never found its equal."

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

PHILLIDA---By Maud Howe.

(Concluded from opposite page.)

When he had found Phillida as joyous, as frank and full of life as the day he had first seen her, he was confounded. After the first day on shipboard, he felt that she had never before been so perfectly in sympathy with him as now. Those seven days on the ocean were fuller of emotion than the thrice seven months that preceded them. He knew, before Phillida herself knew it, that she was his for the asking. She had fallen in love with him as unsuspectingly and openly as if she had never before known the meaning of love. Her cousin saw it, and the Colonel assumed the most paternal attitude towards him. The love he had starved for was now his, but he was on his guard against all sudden surprises.

He declined Pattie's invitation to dinner; he was fighting out his battle with love. Long ago he had determined to tear from his heart all remembrance of this girl, and at the first glimpse of her fair face he was as much in love with her as ever. There was a difference, of course. The love he gave her was not what it had once been. He was changed and she was changed; both had grown and in different directions. If he had more of the earth about him, she had more of heaven. She seemed spiritualized and refined on a higher plane than he had remembered her, while he had gone down a peg and become something more material. He pondered long over this alteration, and found at last that instead of putting them farther apart, it had brought them nearer together. Phillida, the passionate, young creature—all heart and feeling—that he had first known, had not, in truth, changed; for men and women change not, but develop. Phillida, the sweet, serious young woman, full of thought and kindness for others, quicker of sympathy and slower of feeling than once, was, after all, the same unalterable soul that had met, but never understood, his own proud and lonely spirit. Now they recognized each other, spoke to each other as deep calling unto deep; nothing stood between them but the memory of that mad passion which had marred the morning of her life.

Could he forgive it? The question stared him in the face night and day. He would not see her until he had answered it; the thought of John Lawton was an agony to him. He did not doubt Phillida, he doubted himself; the jealousy which had tortured him was still fresh in his mind. Unless he was sure that it was dead, buried and dissolved beyond all chance of resuscitation, there could be no happiness in life for him; even in the arms of his beloved, that shadowy third would haunt him.

If love has not the power to exorcise ghosts, it is a mockery and a grief. Weeks went by, and left him still struggling with this riddle. When at last the time was come, the thing that men call Fate, or Chance or Destiny solved it for him.

They met, unexpectedly, at Lady Fiddle-Faddle's country house, whither both had gone to try and find a little respite from the wearing uncertainty concerning the other.

It was the very last day of summer. The whole earth was bathed in an ecstasy of beauty. They found each other in an enchanted land; not a breath stirred the treetops, but the air was pulsing with the fullness of the season, heavy with the fragrance of the crops standing high above their heads. Two golden butterflies whirled before them in a dizzy feeling and pursuit. The insect thorns mingled with the mellow sound of the brook murmuring over the moss-bound rocks; a fallen tree spanned the rivulet. They met in the middle of this rustic bridge and neither offered to turn back.

"Shall I come your way, or will you come mine?" said Armydis, keeping the hand she had held out to him.

"I will come your way; I know it is the prettiest—only you must help me."

"Can you walk backwards?" he asked.

"Yes, if you will let me steady myself—so." She rested her other hand on his arm and stepped slowly backwards to the bank.

"Here we are on your side of the brook," she said. "Is not this indeed a land where it is always afternoon?"

He said nothing. Phillida saw that he was not master of himself—she realized that for a moment she had him at her mercy. Is not all fair in love and war?

"I cannot linger long in this pretty place, for Lord Fiddle-Faddle is waiting to take me to drive."

"You will not go," he said. "You will stay with me. What is that lordling to you or to me?"

"After all, if it comes to that, what are you to me that you should question me so?"

"I am your lover."

It had come more suddenly than she had dared to hope.

"No," she said, putting up her hand as if to ward off what he might say—"No, not yet. You do not know me as I am; if you did—you might never have said that."

"I know you well enough," he answered, half savagely, "and I know that you are mine."

"Not till I have told you all," she said, escaping from the arms he strove to clasp about her. "Then, if you will, but not now."

"Well—tell me if you must."

His loving eyes scanned her face; she knew that she stood before her judge, and she spoke with the passionate eloquence of a woman who pleads for love, and hope and life itself.

Armydis stood before her, white and terrible, as a marble figure of justice.

All the suffering that had gone before seemed to be piled up again into a mountain that was rushing his life out of him. If she kept back one word of the truth, there was no faith or peace in life for either of them. He knew this, and yet would make no sign to help her; his face was as blank as the face of the dead. She told the short story, which to

so many women would have seemed an innocent one, and then stood with downcast eyes, waiting for him to speak. There was a long silence; she dared not look at him. At last, she felt him at her side, touching her arm; she looked up into his face that had been so terrible a moment before, and read there the unutterable truth awaiting her in his eyes.

"Phillida," he said, at last, "I have known this all along; I was in the next room when you and John Lawton parted at the inn at B—. I heard every word that passed between you, and now I forgive you, as I have long since forgiven him."

CHAPTER XXVI.

The cruise of the Ibis was a successful one. It was not without its dangers; there had been enough adventure even to satisfy the reckless, energetic skipper. A skirmish with Malay pirates, the rescue of a wrecked crew from an uninhabited island, were two incidents of which the yacht's log made a casual mention; besides these, there had been plenty of rough weather to contend with, and a month of helplessness drifting in the calms. When the Ibis sailed into the harbor of Valparaiso, those on board felt like kissing the land as they stepped on shore.

The city never deserved its name more than on that morning when Lawton and his friends left the ship and landed in the Vale of Paradise. After a day spent in wandering about the Puerto and in visiting the Naval Academy and Lyceum, the skipper abandoned his idea of spending the night at the hotel with the rest of the party, and started to return to the Ibis. A gale from the north had sprung up, and the bay being open to the northward, the ships were exposed to the full force of the wind and sea. The bay is not a large one, and at this time contained one hundred ships all at anchor within a short distance of each other, the inside tier being only a cable and a half's length from the shore.

At the landing Sir John found the second mate waiting with the gig. He brought a message from Bryce, the first officer, who was at the time in command, begging Sir John not to return to the Ibis, as he believed that they were going to have a long spell of bad weather. Lawton hesitated for a moment on reading the note, then he looked at his beloved vessel gallantly riding the big waves. There was danger ahead; in a northerly gale Valparaiso bay is one of the worst places in the whole world for a ship; there is no chance of getting out to sea, for the wind drives everything towards the shore.

Should he follow the first officer's advice, and remain on shore? Bryce was quite as capable of managing the ship and the crew as he himself. The sky was black and angry; the white foam flew from the wave-crests, as the surf came pounding up on the shore.

He has had enough adventures by sea to satisfy him for some time to come, and there are adventures on land before him, of a much more attractive metal. Shall he stay? No, that would be to abandon in her hour of danger the Ibis which has carried him so safely half around the world!

"Shore off!" he cried, taking his place in the stern of the boat. The men bent to their oars. The waves ran so high that they made little headway; the wind drove them back towards the floating dock, and it seemed as if they could never reach the ship.

When they were at last on board, Lawton found that matters were, indeed, at a serious pass. The Ibis was moored to a buoy in the outer harbor, outside all the shipping, and at nine o'clock the word was passed that there was danger of her breaking away from her moorings. The night was horribly dark; they could just make out the white line of the breakers on the beach. Every flash of lightning showed a scene of the wildest and most terrible confusion. The tiers of ships which lined the shallow bay were each and all in momentary danger of going to the bottom. They lay within a cable's length of each other.

"It's a bad job you came back, sir," Bryce said to the captain, when he came on board.

"I hope not," Sir John had answered. At ten o'clock he gave the order to let go another anchor.

By half-past eleven the sea had grown very heavy, and the waves rolled in with such a terrific force that the Ibis dragged both the buoy and her anchors, and drifted down to within about a hundred yards of an American vessel astern of her, whose name, "The Success," Lawton managed to spell out by the fitful flashes of lightning. The Ibis had no stern moorings out, the waves swung her backwards and forwards across the bows of "The Success" first on one side, and then on the other. Every moment Sir John expected that they would drift down upon the other vessel.

"Give her more cable."

"We have given her all we can," answered the captain of "The Success."

It was now nearly morning; the anchor had bitten again, and by the gray twilight Lawton could see how the other vessels were faring in that dreadful gale. The cables of a Chilean barque near by, had parted, and she was drifting down towards a native tug. Before she broke adrift, they heard the dread sound of her guns booming across the water. Rocket after rocket flamed across the morning sky. There was no answer to these signals of distress. No boat could live in such a sea. On the shore was an English life-boat, sent years since by Queen Victoria to the city of Valparaiso; but the beautiful thing lies in her boat-house, quite rotten and worthless; she has never been launched.

Sir John and the first officer were standing together,

"Why don't they take to the boats?" cried Lawton.

"I think they have all been carried away, sir," said the mate, handing him a glass. "We can't let them go down without some effort to save them. A hundred pounds apiece to the men who will man the life-boat."

No one volunteered.

"Come, lads, who will go with me?" Sir John persisted.

"There's no use, Sir. You shouldn't ask them; it's suicide," remonstrated Bryce.

"Let every man keep a life-preserver for himself and throw the rest overboard just as they go down. The current sets this way and some of the poor fellows may catch them."

In another moment the two vessels collided, and three minutes after there was not a trace of either of them to be seen.

As the daylight grew stronger, Lawton saw on every side traces of that night of horror. The harbor was full of wreckage, and all round them were ships in distress, which might, at any moment, meet the fate of the ill-starred Chileans. During the morning the gale moderated, but at five o'clock in the afternoon it was blowing harder than ever. Those hours were the most awful in John Lawton's life. On every side ships were cutting each other down; the air was full of the cries of drowning men. The terrible strain on his mind, caused by the suspense, was even worse than facing the real danger. A man can resign himself to any fate if he knows, to a certainty, what awaits him; but to be held in suspense, knowing that there is one chance in a hundred of escape, is beyond all other human pain. The cable of the sheet anchor, which was now their only stay, was watched, oh, how anxiously, to detect any extra strain which might lead to its giving way.

On the second day of the gale an English vessel was cut down by the iron Bethel ship. Again the captain of the Ibis asked for volunteers to man the life-boat.

"Those are English sailors, men; some of them may be your old shipmates. For the honor of England, to the rescue!"

The life-boat is made ready. Bryce is among the volunteers.

"You must stand by the ship, Bryce; we cannot both go," said the captain.

"Sir John, it's death for you; you shall not go, I stand a better chance." The man barred the way and put his strong arm about the young commander.

"Stand back, sir, and obey orders," cried Lawton. "Now, men, ready."

The boat was lowered and the men tumbled into their places. The sailors on the Ibis gave a faint cheer. Bryce leaned against the mast, sick with terror of what he might see next. The life-boat disappeared. Had she been swallowed up by that monster wave? There was a moment of suspense, and then they saw her riding the huge billow like a live creature. The disabled vessel was fast sinking. The keel of the iron ship had cut through her side as if she had been built of cardboard, and the water washed into her hold with an irresistible force. In the life-boat the men were working for their lives; from every side of the harbor rang out the hearty seamen's cheers. This first effort of rescue put heart into the hundreds of anxious sailors who crowded the decks of scores of vessels, looking on at this one bright act in all the hideous tragedy of Valparaiso's great gale.

The crew of the sinking ship gave a great cry when they saw their deliverers making towards them. Some sprang into the sea and tried to swim towards the life-boat; John Lawton stood in the bow ready to seize any of the men who might be carried past. He had stripped off his coat to give more freedom, and suddenly Bryce saw him lean over the side, and after a struggle which threatened to overturn them, lift a man into the life-boat. Another and another were saved; the spectators forgot their own danger in watching this hand-to-hand struggle between the sea and the rescuers. The shrieks of the drowning men were mingled with the cheers from the other vessels. Six men were saved from that angry sea, and all the rest were lost.

"The worst of all's to come," said Bryce. "We can never get the life-boat on board again, and when our turn comes there's not a ship in the bay that will help us."

The life-boat was returning from her errand of mercy. Each wave she breasted threatened to engulf her, but the men never lost their heads, and after a long and desperate struggle, they brought her alongside the Ibis. A dozen ropes were thrown over the side. The officer's fears were realized. The life-boat was dashed against the vessel's side and overset, the men managing to save themselves by the ropes. Not a man was missing when Sir John reached the deck, but the life-boat was lost.

The second night of the gale was spent on deck by all but Sir John, who sat in his cabin, writing. When he had finished his letters to his wife, his mother and his son, he wrote to Armydis an account of all that had happened and of what he feared might yet befall the Ibis. These letters he sewed in an oiled silk packet, enclosing the whole in a bottle securely sealed. This was hardly done when a message was brought him that the ship was again dragging her anchor. He went on deck with a heavy heart; there seemed no hope left for them now. They were drifting down upon the tiers of ships, towards a ledge of rock about which the waves broke close in on the shore. The Ibis was a beautiful vessel; she looked as though she had just come off the stocks. Her masts and spars were spotlessly clean, her furled sails white as snow; everything about her was in perfect order. She seemed like some fair creature dressed for the sacrifice. She dragged her anchor for a distance of a mile and a half, hanging on as though she were a thing of life in its last agony. Not a word was spoken among the men; each one seemed to be measuring his puny, human strength with the resistless power of the angry sea.

The little Egyptian, whose very existence Sir John had forgotten, crept close to him and crouched beside him. Lawton gave his hand

to the child, who kissed it and clung to it; it was the first time he had shown himself since the gale began.

Their only life-boat was gone. No other boat could live a moment in such a sea. Sir John gave his last order.

"Put on your life-preservers. If she strikes, jump overboard; she will go to pieces in three minutes; every man must save himself."

The words were hardly spoken, when the last cable parted, and she swung broadside on to the sea and wind. The sea swept clean over her and drove her right upon the rocks. There was a crash which was heard by the agonized watchers on the beach, and the Ibis was split in two, one-half falling to the right, the other to the left-hand of the great rock.

"Courage, boys! We can all make the shore. There are friends there to help us," cried Sir John. His voice was heard over the roar of the sea and the crashing of the timbers.

The friends on shore saw him leap last of all from the shattered hull and disappear in the seething surf. On the beach a line of men lashed together reached far out into the surf, and one after another of the crew were caught from the jaws of death, and laid fainting and half drowned upon the beach. Bryce, his boy, the sailors, the steward, the cook and the little Egyptian, were all recognized by the men who stood deepest in the surf. It was Blake, the clergyman, who had demanded the post of the greatest danger, and had filled it bravely. Now there were no more struggling forms to be seen in that awful, white sea. "He was the best swimmer of us all," said one of the men. "They could not give up hope; other men took their places. Bryce and some of the rescued sailors re-encored the line, but nothing was seen of that gallant leader who, to the last, had cheered them on."

When it was plain to all that there was no hope left, Bryce threw himself, face downwards, on the sand.

"It was my fault," he groaned. "I saw him give his life-preserver to that black brat and jump in without the ghost of a chance of reaching the shore. He was close to me in the water; I might have saved him; he gave his life to save that creature."

All that wild night, the crew of the Ibis kept watch upon the beach. In the early morning the sea gave up her victim. The first ray of sunlight that had pierced the gray sky for three days, touched the pale face of the dead.

The mate, Bryce, staggered into the room where Wellington Blake and the others were sitting, with the news that they had found him; the clergyman noticed, for the first time, that the mate's hair, which had been coal-black the day they sailed into Valparaiso bay, was snow-white.

"He died to save that black imp," said Bryce, for the hundredth time. "If it had been for a Christian sailor—but for that heathen vermin, it don't seem right, parson."

The tears were running down Wellington Blake's face.

"I baptized him a Christian," he said, "and I have seen him die a hero."

The sea, which had drank up his young life with all its possibilities, brought safely to the shore the last work of his hands, the packet of letters. In due time they were delivered to those persons to whom they were addressed. The two women that he had loved, read the words he had penned in the supreme hour. Phillida, with streaming eyes, her hand locked in her husband's, read over his shoulder that long, tender letter of farewell, those sacred charges to his heart's brother, the last words John Lawton ever wrote. When Armydis folded up the salt-stained leaves, Phillida threw her arm about his neck and tried to comfort him for his loss which touched her most of all, through himself. In that moment, when the depths of his soul were wracked with rebellious grief, the knowledge came to him that the jealousy he had thought dead, only slept. Now it awoke; it peered into his wife's eyes, searching for that deepest anguish, and found it not, but only tender compassion and regret. In that moment he knew that jealousy died; he buried it out of sight; its ghost could never vex him now. Then, and never till then, were these twain of one spirit.

When Bryce came into Rosamond's presence, with the little Egyptian clinging to his hand, she almost swooned at the sight of them. The mate would have sent the child away, but she bade him stay.

Bryce told his story to her again and again. She wished to hear every detail of the storm; the wreck, the fair garden where they had laid him within the sound of the sea; how he had looked that day; what he had worn, what he said to the very last word of command. He gave her what he had brought; the ring from his finger with her name on it; the sea-stained handkerchief from his neck—she had worked his name on it in the first year of their marriage; last of all, the letter. She asked to be left alone to read it. As they left the room she laid her hand on the child's head and said:

"You belong to me now; you shall never leave me." He never did. The dusky child grew to be a youth, then a man; but wherever that lady went, he followed like her shadow.

She read the letter alone. Until the next day no one saw her face; then his mother came to her bringing the young heir, little Sir Robert. The elder woman looked at the younger one.

Since the first news of the disaster, their common grief had brought them nearer to each other than a lifetime of joy could have done.

"She will not die, nor go mad!" said Lady Lawton to herself. Rosamond's face, which had been as a marble mask of grief, had softened and grown human in that one day.

They kissed each other. Whether she heard the words, whether she only felt their import, Lady Lawton never knew; but it seemed to her in that moment when her lips touched Rosamond's cheek, that she heard her whisper, "Now he is all mine."

THE END.

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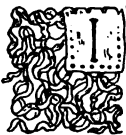
A Corps of Contributing Editors.

Philadelphia, September, 1890.

THE EDITORIAL DESK



The editorial management holds itself responsible for the views expressed on this page ONLY; in the case of all other material, simply for the wisdom of insertion.



It was one of our best-known authors who remarked to a literary group in a New York parlor not long ago: "I believe that the magazine of the future is the one which proves most helpful to its readers," and in this quiet observation was struck the keynote of our personal belief. From its conception the management of the JOURNAL has cherished this opinion, and with its growth this belief has strengthened.

IN many respects the JOURNAL will, during this fall and winter, enter upon a new era. While its management is pardonably proud of what it has accomplished, it is not satisfied. As a magazine grows, its opportunities of usefulness expand, and with an increasing subscription list, greater things are made possible of being carried out. That the JOURNAL is stronger in point of circulation and healthier in a financial sense to-day than it ever has been, is not an idle statement. Nor do we say this in a boastful sense. We say it because our readers have contributed to our success, and they have a right to know of our progress—further than that, they are personally interested. The readers of the JOURNAL are unlike those of any other magazine in that they are part and parcel of the JOURNAL. There exists no feeling of distant stiffness between those who make the JOURNAL and those who read it. It is not an invisible audience, as is the case with the readers of so many magazines. The whole list of JOURNAL subscribers constitute one large family.

I WRITE these words because, occasionally, some stray reader—who is not one of the regular JOURNAL family—writes: "Why are you not more reserved and dignified on your Editorial page, as are other editors, and use the plural instead of the personal pronoun?" Why, bless you, my friend, reserve and dignity are precisely the two qualities for which we have no room on this page. "Reserved?" "Dignified?" Why, are you "reserved and dignified" in your family? Well, the JOURNAL is only a larger family. The fact is, the great trouble with much of our present literature is that it is altogether too "reserved and dignified," and the writer removes himself too far from his readers. And it is very difficult to come into sympathetic touch with people when you keep yourself away from them. True sympathy is born of close knowledge and intimate friendship, and the closer our readers will allow us to come to them, the more they will privilege us to enter into their daily joys and sorrows, the nearer we shall come to the fulfillment of our uppermost desires.

FOR some time past the JOURNAL has been interesting itself in what may be termed the quiet charities of to-day, whose workings are becoming so productive of good in all directions. By quiet charities, I mean such organizations as "The King's Daughters," the working girls' clubs, the "Shut-in" societies and similar organizations. It will be our aim, hereafter, to follow the workings of these noble charities for the betterment of women more closely, and, as an initial step, we shall, beginning with the October number, give over an entire page of each number of the JOURNAL

to "The King's Daughters." This Department, we believe, will be one of the most useful and interesting in the JOURNAL. And it is a special pleasure for me to state that, as editor of that Department, we have secured the services of Mrs. MARGARET BORTOME, the founder and President of the entire Order of The King's Daughters. Mrs. BORTOME will write this Department each month and have full charge thereof. She takes up her work in a spirit of enthusiasm and warm personal interest, which will manifest itself from the first. Mrs. BORTOME founded the Order of The King's Daughters which in a few short years has reached a membership of nearly 200,000 girls and women. Her whole heart is in the work of its development, and in each JOURNAL hereafter, she will, beside other material in her Department, give one of her charming "Talks" which she made so popular in the most fashionable drawing-rooms of New York last winter.

IT has also been apparent to us for some time past, that while our girls have their Department of "Side Talks With Girls," the boys of our JOURNAL families have no special page which they can call their own. This will be so no longer, however, for in a month or two, we shall give over a special page to the boys. We have named the Department "Bright Things for Boys," and it will be bright, for nearly a score of the most favorite writers for boys have written some of their best things for the new page. Horatio Alger, Jr., Oliver Optic, P. T. Barnum, Robert J. Burdette, General Lew Wallace, Dr. Talmage—all these are names which are dear to the heart of every boy, and each have already sent us something which will please and interest all the JOURNAL boys.

THE large number of JOURNAL Mothers will also, with the next issue, have a special editor for themselves, when Miss ELIZABETH ROBINSON SCOVIL assumes the entire editorial charge of our popular "Mothers' Corner" page. Miss SCOVIL is, perhaps, the most skillfully trained nurse in this country. She stands at the head of one of the largest and most important eastern hospitals, and her experience of years in this and other branches has made her familiar with every question appertaining to mothers and their children. No one could bring more real practical knowledge to the work which she will do on the JOURNAL than does Miss SCOVIL, and the large band of JOURNAL Mothers will find in her a wise and practical adviser. Her writings are already familiar to our readers through her "Notes for Young Mothers," and she combines an easy, pleasing style of writing with her fund of knowledge.

WHILE I am on the subject of the JOURNAL Mothers, I wish I could say the right word to win their individual and strongest interest in the JOURNAL's efforts to give free education to the daughters of our land. Those who have grown up know better and can appreciate more fully what a college education may mean for a girl. Hundreds of women have written to us lamenting the fact that such an offer as we now make to the girls of America was not made by some one to them in their girlhood days. Although the opportunity is lost to them, will not our JOURNAL Mothers seek to give to their daughters what they would have grasped so eagerly themselves? It is our wish to send as many girls to college as possible. The number cannot be too large for us. We are ready to bear all the expense, if your daughter or yourself will let us. The fall is always the best time of the year to secure subscriptions for periodicals, and the work now entered upon and properly carried on, is almost sure of success. Everybody will soon be planning their winter reading, and a girl who now keeps an active look-out for subscriptions has easier work than at any other season. It needs only a little persistent work and then comes success. Such offers as we make can only be made once on account of the outlay of money involved, and the opportunity now allowed to go by, may never repeat itself. To get a thousand subscriptions seems a more difficult task at the start than it really is when once the work is begun. The point is to make the start, and every girl, anxious to be educated should try. She has everything to gain and nothing to lose; for should she fail to win one of the prizes, we pay her in money for her time and trouble. Thus she has held out to her the promise of the best education which any college can provide for her, meaning everything which rounds out the school girl into the woman of trained mind. Could anything be made more pleasant or more sure?

LEAVING entirely aside the JOURNAL offers, this subject of educating our girls can scarcely receive too serious consideration. In this age when women are progressing in every direction, ignorance on the part of a girl is a sheer misfortune. Consider, for instance, a girl's marital prospects. A girl's beauty no longer counts for so much in the world as it did a few years ago. Girls, to be successful to-day, must have something more than pretty features. The men who are worth marrying are looking for something else than pretty faces, coy manners or fetching gowns. They are recognizing full well that women are progressing at a pace which will quicken, rather than slacken. They realize that the woman of to-morrow will be brighter in mind than her predecessor of to-day. Hence, they are looking for wives who will be the equal of that of her neighbor. Beauty is being considered an adjunct to common sense. "I want a wife who knows something, who is worth having for what she knows; not one of these social butterflies," said one of the greatest "catches" of the last New York season to me at the winter's close. And he expressed the sentiments of thousands of the young men of to-day. The scent for pretty wives is over, and the search for bright, young women has begun. And the girl who to-day trains her mind to knowledge will be the woman of to-morrow.

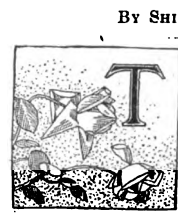
I FOUND myself recently talking to Mr. George W. Childs—than whom women never had a more sincere friend—on his experience with women as journalists. His words will interest thousands of women, and I give them verbatim. Said Mr. Childs:—"Some of the best writers on my paper are the women-editors of it, and there is not one of them who is not paid for her work exactly as though she were a man. I believe fully in this. It is true that women have, in many quarters, been underpaid for their labors; but I am convinced, from evidences I have seen, that this state of things is gradually becoming less. Let women be given a fair chance in business. They will very often do work even better than men. In proof of this, let me give you an anecdote of one of my women writers:—

"FOR years the 'Ledger' has published a weekly article which has attracted widespread attention and interest. It is, I may say, one of the leading features of the paper. For a long time it was written by a man, a non-resident of this city, and whom I had never seen. One morning his wife came to see me. 'Mr. Childs,' she said, 'my husband is ill and unable to do his work any longer. For a number of months past, I have been writing his editorials for him, and I have now come to ask you to allow me to continue doing so.' Certainly, I said. If you have been writing them you can go on doing so; but say nothing of the change to any one. 'Some time after this, the husband died. On going to the office in the morning, one of my editors met me with a face a yard long. 'Mr. Blank is dead,' said he, 'and I don't know what we are going to do without him. His articles were such a special feature, and there is no one else in the country with ability enough to write them.' 'Isn't there? I asked. But do you think that they have been as good as usual, of late?' 'Better,' he replied. 'The articles became stronger and wiser the older he grew.' 'But are you sure that there has been no falling off these last few months?' I persisted. 'No, indeed; it is just there where the improvement is noticeable. The older he grew, the better became his work. And that makes it all the more disconcerting to realize, that we can never secure any one who could do them one-tenth as well,' he added, mournfully. 'Oh yes, we can, I answered. It may interest you to know that for more than a year past, Mr. Blank has not written one line for the 'Ledger.' 'Not written one line?' gasped my amazed editor. 'No; for the last year and longer Mrs. Blank has been doing her husband's work, and she is still quite capable of continuing to do so. 'And she did, and does to-day. 'There, you can see, is a case where a veteran was fooled by a woman's efficiency. Perhaps, if Mrs. Blank had come and asked permission to write the articles, her ability would have been mistrusted, and she would not have done as good work as the feeling of confidence enabled her to turn out.

"ONE thing women should remember in their work, I think," continued Mr. Childs, "and that is—to stand by one another. They, unfortunately, are only too apt to run down the members of their own sex, and in so doing commit more harm than they are aware of. Men are ready enough to decry and criticise them—that is, certain kinds of men—and seize with avidity on that abuse of themselves, which so often emanates from women, as a foundation for their criticisms. 'When one comes to think of it, look at the enormous advantage men possess over women: in dress, in health, in manner of life and manner of living, the odds are with the men. 'But with the odds so against woman, there is one thing in which she is supreme, and that is in her influence over men. If you read the history of all great men, they have always either had good mothers or no mothers. And so is it true of their wives. As a rule, a great man has a good wife who plays a prominent part in securing his greatness, or else he remains unmarried. But the former is more often the case, and there are only enough exceptions to make it more clearly the rule. In a word, then, the women who are working should stand up for each other and do the best they can. And men are more and more learning to appreciate the value of work that women can do and are doing."

ALL such testimonies as these tend to but one conclusion. It is not enough that the young women of to-day shall be what their mothers are, or were. They must be more. The spirit of the times calls on women for a higher order of things, and the requirements of the woman of the future will be greater. I must not be misconstrued into saying that the future woman will be one of mind rather than of heart. Power of mind in itself no more makes a true woman than does wealth, beauty of person or social station. But a clear intellect, a well-trained mind adorns a woman, just as an ivy will adorn a splendid oak; a true woman has a power, something peculiarly her own, in her moral influence, which, when duly developed, makes her queen over a wide realm of spirit. But this she can possess only as her powers are cultivated. Cultivated women yield the scepter of authority over the world at large. Wherever a cultivated woman dwells, be sure that there you will find refinement, moral power and life in its highest form. For a woman to be cultivated she must begin early; the days of girlhood are transitory and fast-fleeting, and girls are women before we know it in these rapid times. Every girl has a certain station to occupy in this life, some one place to fill, and often she makes her own station by her capacity to create and fill it. The beginning influences the end.

"EASY TO BE ENTREATED."



By SHIRLEY DARK.

HERE is nothing more Christian, more Christ-like, than the grace of granting favors promptly, which are to be granted at all. It is the way of the world to make difficulties; it should be the Christian's way to smooth them. The homespirit, the temper which rules in every-day affairs, betrays the pulse of religion in the soul and worldliness, or unworldliness, is subject to no more delicate tests than certain unused ones, which one may draw from their niche with the gloss on. Hence the—hitherto unpreached—title of this article.

A man was charged with an interest of most personal importance, which he expected to gain by a hard fight through for days and weeks. He came home the forenoon of the first day, and sat down like one having had a great shock. "Have you been disappointed?" asked his wife. "The worst kind," was the hapless answer. "I went to the assistant manager and stated the case; he thought it over a few moments, wrote the order and gave it to me right off, as pleasant as you please. I don't know what to make of it." But in the happy, grateful talk which followed, came one significant remark:—"They say Mr. Blank has principle; I don't know much about him; but it looks like it." It was the green trace of the hidden brook, through fields of selfishness.

Does not Shakespeare say that "He gives thrice who quickly gives," or something like it? I knew a widow struggling with ill-health and adversity, whom her friends found one day bowed with grief, the deep lines wearing in her forehead. "Why, did Mr. Blank not help you through, and see that you do not go to the wall?" "Yes, I feel sure in the end that he means to do so, but everything has to be wrung out of him by so much asking I had rather give up and die, if I might, than depend on him. It is his rule never to give anything easily; he says a business man never expects to meet any claim that isn't forced upon him. When I am prostrated with worry he will step in and help; after the bitterness of death has been tasted, it takes all the comfort out of being helped."

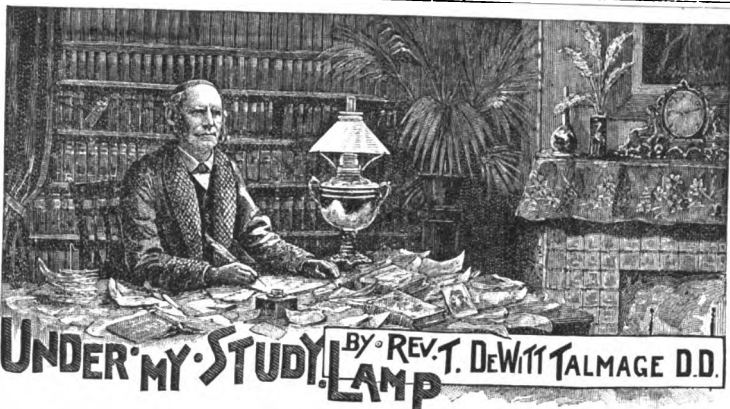
Have you, who complain of the ingratitude of men, never taken the comfort out of your help, by its ungracious, reluctant bestowal? "I always refuse what strangers want of me," said a self-satisfied, prosperous woman. "No matter how trifling it is, to refuse is the safest way. If you yield one thing, they want another."

"How came you to ask me to help you?" a girl in a city depot said to an elderly woman who craved direction on a complicated matter of traveling. "Most people look forbidding," was the answer, "only here and there is a face that looks as if it would do to ask."

Easy to be entreated; finishing touch of chivalry; highest grace of high-breeding, descended from "the first true gentleman that ever breathed." It is no simpleton's letting go of what he is too weak to hold; the twin of wisely granting a favor is shrewdness, for people who idly or foolishly grant are those who have to make a rule of denying finally; those who know when and how to deny firmly are freest to grant, and grant oftenest. But it is at home this virtue should have play, and does not. Let this fragment of a real woman's letter speak:—"I don't know how it would seem to ask for things vital to my comfort, and get them without having to beg for them until I am worn out. I have to plead, remind, reason, and beg for what I need, till my heart fails me. I want the drains attended to; the smells in kitchen and up-stairs in hot, damp days sicken me and take away my strength. A man ought to know that when his wife implores him to rid her of some vexation that it is real trouble to her. If I want anything about the house—a nail driven, a shelf put up—no matter how great a convenience, when I must count steps to save my strength, I never get it till I am tired with ask, ask, asking. It would be heaven to have things because I wanted them and needed them, and to get them with only one asking."

It carries the sweetest reality of Heaven to many weak and weary souls that there the sickness of the heart shall be satisfied, and that it will be enough to God's fatherly tenderness that they desire things, to grant them with one asking. To the much-enduring woman, who wrote the lines above, as she was wearing out with disease born of over-work and want of care from those nearest her, came such a vision of the surpassing pity of her Maker, of His being easy to be entreated for her needs, as carried her over some of the loneliest spots in her pilgrimage. The letter was never sent, but was laid away among her papers to be found when the heart had ceased its grieving, and gone where its desire would be filled "with only one asking."

Into this world into which we are born, most to suffer and all to die, we might forbear to add the lightest discomfort to the sum our fellow-prisoners must endure. As our eyes open on the inner meaning of things, we shall find reason enough to be pitiful and considerate of all men; but it is with our own, given us to be good to, that we must beware of the obtuseness which grows upon us with familiarity, and leads to cruelties we never shall be able to forgive ourselves. Careless of a whim, we have destroyed the fabric of a great pleasure, longed for and dreamed of. Heedless of an antipathy we could not feel, we have inflicted hours of suffering on those by whose sick beds we could watch unweary; scornful of some timid request, put forward without urging, we have denied, perhaps, the only real happiness or comfort some quiet soul was ever to know. Grant happiness wherever you can, for, what is godliness but being good, as God is?



ONE of my readers writes that she has seen somewhere in the papers that I am opposed to church choirs, and asks if the statement is true, and what are my reasons? She says she cannot understand how a minister of the Gospel can object to what comprises one-half of the beauty and power of modern church service. Well, my good sister, the report which you read is true, and let me tell you what are my reasons therefor:—

CHURCH CHOIRS AND CHURCH SINGING.

MY chief objection to church choir singing is that I am a firm believer in a congregation doing the singing. To me a singing church is always a triumphant church. If a congregation is silent during the exercise, or partially silent, it is the silence of death. If when the hymn is given out you hear the faint hum of here and there a father and mother in Israel, while the vast majority are silent, that minister of Christ who is presiding needs to have a very strong constitution if he does not get the chills. He needs not only the grace of God, but nerves like whalebones. It is a constant source of amazement to me how some people with voice enough to discharge all their duties in the world, when they come into the house of God have no voice to discharge their duty of singing. I really believe that if all our churches would rise up and sing as they ought to sing, that where we have a hundred souls brought into the kingdom of Christ there would be a thousand.

PEOPLE WHO ARE AFRAID TO SING.

THE trouble with too many of us when in church is that we have an inordinate fear of criticism of our voices. The vast majority of people singing in church never want anybody else to hear them sing. Everybody is waiting for somebody else to do her duty. If we all sang, then inaccuracies, that are evident when only a few sing, would be drowned out. God asks you to do as well as you can, and then if you get the wrong pitch or keep wrong time, He will forgive any deficiency of the ear and imperfection of the voice. Angels will not laugh if you should lose your place in the musical scale, or come in at the close a bar behind. There are three schools of singing, I am told—the German school, the Italian, and the French school of singing. Now, I would like to add a fourth school, and that is the school of Christ. The voice of a contrite, broken heart, although it may not be able to stand human criticism, makes better music to God's ear than the most artistic performance when the heart is wanting. I know it is easier to write on this than it is to practice; but I sing for two reasons—first, because I like it, and next because I want to encourage those who do not know how. I have but very little faculty in that direction, and no culture at all, yet I always resolve to sing, though every note should go off like a Chinese gong. God has commanded it, and I dare not be silent. He calls on the beasts, on the cattle, on the dragons to praise Him, and we ought not to be behind the cattle and the dragons.

SINGING IN MY OWN CONGREGATION.

AS for my own church, we resolved some time ago upon the plan of conducting the music by a precentor. We did it for two reasons—reasons which I thought well of at that time, and think better of now. One, that by throwing the whole responsibility upon the mass of the people, making the great multitude the choir, we might rouse heartiness. My congregation coming on the Sabbath day feel that they cannot delegate this part of the service to any one else, and so they themselves assume it. And we have glorious congregational singing. People have traveled miles to hear it. They are not always sure about the preaching, but they can depend on the singing. I have heard my congregation singing so that the sound seemed like "the voice of many waters" rising to Heaven.

Another reason why we adopted congregational singing is because we did not want any choir quarrels. You all know as well as I that in scores of the churches throughout this land there has been perpetual contention in that direction. The only church fight that ever occurred under my ministry was over a melodeon in my first pastorate. Have you never been in church on the Sabbath day and heard the choir sing, and you said, "That is splendid music." The next Sabbath you were in the church, and there was no choir at all. Why? The leader was mad, or his choristers were mad, or they were all mad together. Some of our church choirs are made up of our very best Christian people, and some of the warmest friends I have ever had stood up in them, Sabbath after Sabbath, conscientiously and successfully leading the praises of God. But the majority of the choirs throughout the country are not made up of Christian people, and three-fourths of the church fights originate in the choir-loft.

WHAT CHURCH-MUSIC SHOULD BE LIKE.

I BELIEVE that the music in our churches ought to rush from the audience like the water from a rock—clear, bright and sparkling. If all the other parts of the service are dull, do not have the music dull. With so many thrilling things to sing about, let us do away with all drawing and muttering! There is nothing that makes me so nervous as to sit in a pulpit and look off on an audience with their eyes three-fourths closed and their lips almost shut, mumbling the praises of God. I have preached in cities to large congregations and all the music they made together did not equal one skylark! Why should this be? People do not sleep at a coronation. Do not let us sleep when we come to a Saviour's crowning. In order to a proper discharge of this duty, let us stand up, save as age or weakness excuse us. Seated in an easy pew we cannot do this duty half so well as when, upright, we throw our whole body into it. Let our song be like an acclamation of victory. You have a right to sing. Do not surrender your prerogative.

SONG IN THE HOME.

I AM anxious to rouse all the JOURNAL families on this subject of singing. I want each family, where these words may penetrate, to be a singing school. Childish petulance, obduracy, and intractability would be soothed if we had more singing in the household, and then our little ones would be better prepared for the great congregational singing on Sabbath day, their voices uniting with ours in the praises of the Lord. After a shower there are scores of streams that come down the mountain side with voices rippling and silvery, pouring into one river, and then rolling in united strength to the sea. So I would have all the families, to whom I have the pleasure of talking each month on this page, send forth the voice of prayer and praise, pouring it into the great tide of public worship that rolls on and on to empty into the great, wide heart of God. Never can we have our churches sing as they ought until our families sing as they ought.

THE POWER OF SACRED SONG.

THERE is destined soon to be a great revolution on this subject of singing in all our churches. God will come by His Spirit and rouse up the old hymns and tunes that have not been more than half awake since the time of our grandfathers. The silent pews will break forth into music, and when the conductors take their places on some near Sabbath there will be such a great host of voices rushing into the harmony as will make heaven almost tremble. My Christian readers, let us remember one thing on this question of song. If we have no taste for singing on earth, what will we do in Heaven, where they all sing and sing forever? Let your next church singing be like as if you were joining in a Saturday night rehearsal for the first Sabbath morning in the skies.

"Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the Heavenly King
Should speak their joys abroad."

I never shall forget hearing a Frenchman singing the "Marseillaise Hymn" on the Champs Elysees, Paris, just after the battle of Sedan. I never saw such enthusiasm before or since, as he sang that national air. Oh, how the Frenchmen shouted! Have you ever, in an English assemblage, heard a band play "God Save the Queen"? If you have, you know something about the enthusiasm of a national air. Now, I tell you that these songs we sing Sabbath by Sabbath are the national airs of Jesus Christ and of the kingdom of Heaven. When Cromwell's army went into battle, he stood at the head of them one day, and gave out the long metre doxology to the tune of "Old Hundred," and that great host, company by company, regiment by regiment, battalion by battalion, joined in the doxology. And while they sang they marched, and while they marched they fought, and while they fought they got the victory. Oh, women of Jesus Christ, wherever these words may be read by you, let us go into all our conflicts singing the praises of God, and then, instead of falling back, as we often do, from defeat to defeat, we will be marching on from victory to victory!

WHAT A CHRISTIAN LIFE MEANS.

ONE of my young men readers asks me to tell him in what consists the happiness of a Christian life. Well, my young friend, there is no life on earth so happy as a really Christian life. Take the humblest Christian—angels of God canopy him with their white wings; the lightnings of Heaven are his armed allies; the Lord is his Shepherd, picking out for him green pastures by still waters; if he walk forth, Heaven is his body-guard; if he lie down to sleep, ladders of light, angel-blossoming, are let into his dreams; if he be thirsty, the potentates of Heaven are his cup-bearers; if he sit down to food, his plain table blooms into the king's banquet. That is a Christian's life!

WHAT SHALL WE DO IN HEAVEN?

A DEAR JOURNAL sister writes to me and asks: "Do you believe we shall have any work in Heaven?" There will be plenty of occupation in Heaven, my sister. Why, I suppose that Broadway, in New York, during the busiest season of the year, at noonday, is not so busy as Heaven is all the time. There will constantly be grand projects of mercy for other worlds. There will always be victories to be celebrated. The downfall of despotisms on earth will ever be announced. Great songs will have to be learned and sung. Great expeditions will be organized on which God shall send forth His children. But while there will be plenty to do in Heaven there will be no fatigue.

Sometimes in this world we feel we would like to have such a body as that. There is so much work to be done for Christ, there are so many tears to be wiped away, there are so many burdens to lift, there is so much to be achieved for Christ, we sometimes wish that from the first of January to the last of December we could toil on without stopping to sleep or rest, or to even to take food—that we could toil right on without stopping a moment in our work of commending Christ and Heaven to all the people. But we all get tired. It is a characteristic of the human body in this condition; we must get tired. Is it not a glorious thought that after awhile, after our earthly service, we are going to have a body that will never get weary? O glorious resurrection day! Gladly will I fling aside this poor body of sin and fling it into the tomb, if at Thy bidding I shall have a body that never wears. That was a splendid resurrection hymn, I think, that was sung at my father's burial:

"So Jesus slept, God's dying Son
Passed through the grave and blessed the bed.
Rest here, blest saint, till from His throne
The morning breaks to pierce the shade."

THE GRACE OF THE KITCHEN.

WHILE in the regular harness of city life the sitting-room is so far from the kitchen that we have not much understanding of its toils and perplexities, we have not much to say save when there has been an accident, and the pudding comes in burned or the coffee has not been settled. But in the country, and during vacation, we have more time to consider; and yesterday, our appetite whetted up by sea-bathing, we wandered into the culinary department to see when dinner would be ready. We then bethought ourselves of writing a few words on the grace necessary for the kitchen.

First: there is the grace for managing a balky stove. You, being in the hardware business and interested in certain patents, may begin to rattle over the names of the stoves which never flinch, which do things brown at the right moment, which never take up the habits of our human race and begin to smoke, and never let the fire go out. But we do not believe you. Stoves belong to a fallen race, and the best of them sometimes prove tricky. Sometimes they fly into a hot temper and burn things up, and sometimes they will pour for half-an-hour because a green chip or unseasoned stick of wood is thrown at them. The best dispositioned stove will sometimes refuse to broil, or stew, or bake, or frizzle. You coax it in every possible way. You reason with it and tell it how important it is that it does its duty, for company has come, or a departing guest must meet the train, or you are too tired to bother any longer, and all it does in reply is to sputter. Here is a place for Christian sympathy and help. For lack of this Martha of Bethany acted precipitately; and many a good woman has lost her equilibrium.

ANNOYANCES OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

SECONDLY: there is a grace needed for the pantry. Somelov cups and glasses and cake-baskets will get broken, and no one has done it. An old saucer that was given to your grandmother the day of her marriage is cracked and set back on the shelf as though it had been uninjured. The tea-caddy has been despoiled, or flour has unreasonably failed, with no miracle, as in Zarephath, to replenish it. There are but few women who can keep their temper when their best china-set gets broken. To study economy for a month, and to find the result of this unusual carefulness has leaked out at some mysterious capricious; to have a whole mess of milk soured by one thunder-storm; to have the wash-boiler boil over and put the fire out; to have the dessert only half done when the people at dinner are waiting, wondering whether it is to be sago pudding or Narcissus blanc mangé; to have the servant make up her mind she don't like the place, and leave the house in the midst of the ironing; to have to provide elaborate entertainment for some one whom you asked to come to your house without any idea she would accept the invitation; to find after the quinces are all peeled and cut that the brass kettle has been borrowed—all this demands grace for the kitchen.

THE KITCHEN'S PLACE IN HISTORY.

WE masculines have yet to learn that the kitchen is the most important end of the household. If that goes wrong, the whole establishment is wrong. It decides the health of the household, and health settles almost everything. Heavy bread, too great frequency of plum-pudding, mingling of lemonade and custards, unmasstic beef, have decided the fate of sermons, store-houses, legislative bills, and the destiny of empires. What if Bismarck had been seized with a long fit of indigestion about the time of the breaking out of the last French and German war? What if, while Plimsoil was trying to raise an insurrection among the sailors of Great Britain, Disraeli should have been overcome of the gout? What if, while the monetary of the world was shocked with the failure of Duncan, Sherman & Co., the cook at Saratoga Springs should by means of some unhealthy pastry have killed Commodore Vanderbilt? The kitchen knife has cut off the brightest prospects. The kitchen gridiron has often consumed a commercial enterprise. The

kitchen kettle has kept many a good man in hot water. It will never be fully known how much the history of the world was affected by good or bad cookery.

Let no housekeeper, therefore, despise her occupation, but rather pray for grace to fulfill her mission. The toils and fatigues and vexations of such a sphere may be unappreciated by husbands and fathers and mothers, but God knows and sympathizes. If, according to the Bible, God puts into a bottle his people's tears, He will count the number of sweat drops on your forehead while bending over the stove in the midsummer solstice. By the potential way in which you perform your duties you may make the rolling-pin a sceptre. Be faithful! There will be a grand supper after awhile, for the preparation of which you will have no anxiety. It will be the Marriage Supper of the Lamb, and you will be one of the banqueters.

To be with Talmage

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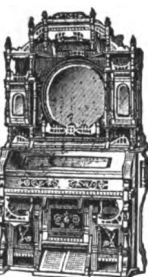
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This Department is conducted and edited by RUTH ASHMORE, who cheerfully invites questions touching any topic upon which her young women readers may desire help or information. Address all letters to RUTH ASHMORE, care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pa.



AM going to get into that pulpit specially dedicated to a woman, a comfortable low chair and just give a bit of a preach to a girl (her number is many) who wants to go out into the wide world, and with brain or hand make an income for herself. Every year this great army increases; every year some of its members fall by the wayside either conquered by circumstances, beaten because of inability, or worsted because they had placed themselves wrongly. What do I mean? This, the girl I mean, I will call

THE ASPIRING GIRL OF TO-DAY.

SHE is bright and ambitious; she looks out at the workers in the world and thinks that if she were among them she would make a great success, and that reward of fame—money—would come to her in plenty. Now I do not want to say one word to discourage the one who thinks she is doing right in walking in this path. It is a hard one to travel, and for the traveler there is not the gentle protection, the kindly consideration which is her lot at home.

But, ought you to go? May not the life-work for you be in the home? May not the reward of industry be a sense of duty done, and the love of those around you? We are all too prone to accept these rewards as commonplace, and only what should come to us, whereas they are, my dear girls, the brightest jewels that shine in the crown of woman. Look at home. On the work that is waiting for you there. Do not underestimate its value. Whatever it is, do it with a willing heart and a quick hand. Think it your pleasure to do it well. Make it your delight to be so successful that the home people will praise you. And if sometimes you give a thought to the big gay world, where each is for herself and only God for all, be ashamed of the sigh that you give, remembering that you are working where God thinks it best for you to do so; and that you only merit displeasure when you scorn your work, or do it as do those who think eye-service of value. Don't, don't, dear girl, rush away from your home. Think it all out first and see where mother needs you. Then, after all, you get a better reward than any other worker, for you receive the blessing of God and the loving thanks of a mother.

A NEW PROFESSION.

AT first it seems like a humble one—to mend—but every work that is well done is honorable. Elizabeth, Florence and I are all busy women; all the day through the click of the type-writer, the "swish" of a full pen, or the two and two and five being added up, are about us. When evening comes the eyes are too tired, the fingers too weary and too unaccustomed to holding the needle to put a darn here, mend a shirt there, or put the loose buttons in place on a coat. Now, why cannot some girl who has made—well, not quite a success at dressmaking—be known to us? A girl to whom the size of the trunk or the wardrobe is given with a request that she will "straiten things?" I do not know whether false pride keeps them from this work, but it is much better to be a good mender than to be a poor dressmaker, and once you get your circle of customers be sure you will be kept busy. Florence's black skirt all freshened up and mended, will sing your praises. Elizabeth's stockings daintily mended will tell of your deft fingers, and the buttons sewed firmly in position on my coat will, martial-like, stand out and give a military salute to your ability. That's one profession for women who sew well, in which a good living could be made. There is another.

A WORK FOR WOMEN.

IN Paris, that great city where all one's needs and caprices are catered to, there are professions for women entirely unknown in this country. And one is the professional packer. When you think of going away, is not one of your sighs as to how you shall get all your belongings in your trunks? When you reach your destination don't you find them creased, mussed, and, if possible, what a tiny woman near me calls "in smitthersens?" Well, the packer comes in, you tell her what you want to take away, and then let her do her work. Skirts are skillfully folded, bodices have sheets of tissue paper laid between them, and the sleeves are stuffed to shape with it; slippers have their toes filled with raw cotton so they do not reach their destination flattened-out; and hats and bonnets have tapes attached to them so that they may be pinned to the box or tray and will not move until you are ready to lift them out. This is a work for which a busy or a rich woman will pay well, and a woman who becomes expert at it, can in the going-away time, make that mysterious amount known as "a tidy little sum" very easily. The packer comes to the house, takes off her bodice and assumes a loose jacket, and then she is ready for her work. Who, among the many who are asking for something for a woman to do, will start in this profession? It is a work easily learned, and offers a variety that must appeal to every woman. Neither is it irksome; hence, a profession which offers more than the usual advantages for woman's skill.

A GIRL'S OWN BROTHER.
"BUT, he's my own brother." Is that any reason why you should take his courtesies for granted, and never say "thank you?"

Is that any reason why you should not try and make an evening at home pleasant for him, instead of forcing him by your selfishness to seek his happiness somewhere else?

Is that any reason why you should not think his opinion of your frocks, your bonnets or your looks, worth consideration?

Is that any reason why you should appear before him in a clumsy wrapper and with your hair in papers?

Is that any reason why, when you have a man visitor, he should be made to feel that you endured your brother when there was nobody else, but that when there was—well, then it was different?

Is that any reason why you should not be glad of a dance or a game with him as your partner?

Is that any reason why you should not listen to his word of advice about other girls or their brothers?

Is that any reason why you should not be interested in his story of the shooting or the hunting, when you do to the same tales from other people?

Is that any reason why you should push him to the wall, except when you need him, and then claim his attention as your right?

Because he is your very own brother you ought to be ten-fold more considerate of him than of the brothers of other girls. Because he is your very own brother you ought to study his tastes and cater to them; read the books that he likes and suggest others to him; study the songs he fancies and be glad to make new ones known to him. In this way you will make your brother your very own, and to him "sister" will be the most delightful among girls. Are you your brother's keeper? Yes, in a way; but you do not keep him by fetters formed of ill-temper, untidiness and lack of courtesy, but by one made of every feminine grace and brightened by a sisterly love. That is the keeper that will give you your brother's love, and make you worthy the heart of some other girl's brother too.

WHO SHALL BE YOUNGER?

NOT the bridegroom. And it is always better for him to be several years the senior of the bride. And I'll tell you why. The average girl who marries—God bless her—stays at home, and makes a home a blissful abiding place for her husband and her children. The man goes out into the world and has the responsibility of caring for those who are at home; and yet, time does not seem to set its seal on him as it does on a woman. The little cares of life ruffle her, and too often make her look, as we say, "old before her time." Now, even when this does not happen, she does proportionately grow old in appearance sooner than a man, and for that reason she wants to take the benefit of the doubt and let him have the added years to start with.

Then, too, you should desire to keep your heart and mind young; to be his intellectual companion, and this is much easier when your husband is old enough to be "the guide philosopher and friend." The love of a woman to her husband always has a little of the maternal in it—that is right and tender—but she does not wish to be mistaken for his mother.

Jealously, that meanest of passions, often gains control of the woman who is older than her mate, for as she sees time stealing her beauty from her she becomes conscious of the many charming young women in the world, and fears that her place may be filled by one of them. Be wise, and marry a man older than yourself; one who has seen life in its many phases and who can guide you over the rocky place; one who, by experience, has learned that it is not always wise to obey impulse, but that any important duty should be well thought over. "Marry an old man!" says Miss Bright-Eyes. Certainly not. But when the Bright-Eyes have seen Christmas twenty times, surely the lord and master of them, the one who will teach them to see the pleasant part of life, should have heard the chiming ring thirty times. Don't you think so? I am sure you do, for as a typical bundle of good sense, tied with a blue ribbon of hope, commend me to the average girl.

THE GIRL WHO WOOS.

I MAY as well be frank at once and say I do not like the maid who does the wooing. She is usurping the privilege of her knight, and if I were he I should turn and flee. "But," says Ethilinda, "he needs encouragement!" Perhaps he does. But not too much of it. When you want to give an invalid something to increase his appetite you do not offer to eat for him; instead you offer a dainty bit, a little spicy, or a little acid that quickens the taste and makes a great hunger come. Treat your sweetheart in the same way. Let him be conscious that you are pleased with his liking; but do not for a minute take away his prerogative and do the wooing. No man has a true appreciation for good things too easily obtained. Man is yet a little bit of a savage, and the hunt is always a delight to him. Your eyes may reflect his love, but they need not announce your's first, thereby sending

out an invitation. My dear girl, ask almost any man you know what his favorite flower is, and, after he has thought, he will tell you either the violet or the rose. One grows surrounded and protected by green leaves, and to get it perfect—that is, with a stem—you have to reach down and pluck it carefully, but in a determined way. The other is guarded by sharp thorns, and though it stands up in a most dignified way, it resists, except by its encouraging sweetness, the one brave enough to take it from the parent tree. You can learn a good lesson in a flower garden: you see the hollyhocks plant and know that they are the forward beauties of the world of flowers; you see the lilies with their bowed heads, and are convinced that beauty without faith is of little worth; you are aware of a dainty perfume, and know that the little lady, whose qualities surpass her charms—the mignonette—is near; you can see the masculine girl in "Johnny-jump-ups"; you can see the positive one in the gaudy sunflower; you can see the aggressive one in the scarlet geranium, and you can think of them all and conclude this, the one worth having, sweet of perfume and restful in color, are not the ones that protrude themselves on your vision, and say, as do some flowers and some maidens, "Take us."

WHAT YOU WANT TO KNOW

[Under this heading I will cheerfully answer each month, any question I can, sent me by my girl readers.—RUTH ASHMORE.]

A LOVER OF THE JOURNAL:—It is not considered wise for cousins to marry, but the question is such a personal one that it would be impossible for a stranger to answer it positively.

FAY:—No matter what may be the social position of the girls you refer to, they are ill-used in being rude or inconsiderate of those who are not as fortunate as themselves. Your mother shows wisdom in advising you to ignore these girls, and I add to this advice that you sit down for a few minutes, compare your possessions and then you will discover what you have that is not theirs. Wealth does not bring with it happiness and contentment. A sarcastic speech is like a boom-crash that only you and one, that sarcasm is an evidence of brilliancy, whereas it is much oftener absolute brutality.

DILL K.:—My dear, do not worry because you are twenty years old, and no gallant has come a-wooing. The man and the hour will come, and surely you do not wish for some one who will have to be forced in from the highway. The old French proverb that "All things come to him who knoweth how to wait" is a true and good one, and a bone worth having is worth waiting for, believe me.

EMMA:—Tell your sweetheart that he hurts your feelings when he speaks to you in a sarcastic way, and if he is worth your love he will stop. Very young men—and girls—have an idea that sarcasm is an evidence of brilliancy, whereas it is much oftener absolute brutality.

HELEN:—I should advise you to try for the term at Vassar. Then if you win it, the course of study will be laid out for you, and you can tell one of the professors exactly what you wish. Careful study and hard work with intelligent people will do more to cultivate your mind and make your manners charming than anything else. A college term makes a woman of any girl. Nothing is better for her.

A. E.:—When a card announcing a marriage is received you should call on the bride if she is in the same city with you and if not you should send a visiting card by post.

L. E. I.:—By writing to any of the large shops either in New York or Philadelphia you can obtain such samples as you desire.

MARY C.:—Custom makes correct in small terms many disputed questions of etiquette. It is impossible under any circumstances to say that it is wrong to go out driving with a man friend, but it must be said that it is not customary for a young girl to do this in the large cities.

WHAT A COLLEGE EDUCATION MEANS.

GIRLS, do you understand what it means? If so, I am sure you will enlist at once and at least, make a try for it.

When I was young, there were no High schools in every village as there are now, and even the preparation was hard to get, the teachers were often poor and books difficult to obtain; but I was ambitious and worked as I could, until at last a chance for me turned up by which I could go to a small Western college. That was a proud day, indeed, for my poor mother—who, since my father died, leaving his affairs so inextricably mixed that little was saved from the wreck—had longed for better advantages for her children. And how she worked for that end! One brother got an appointment to West Point, where Uncle Sam so liberally educates his army officers. As for me, by dint of rigid economy in dress, helping with domestic work at school, and teaching in the summer vacations, I managed to get a year or two of "higher education." I tried desperately hard to keep up my studies after returning home, in the vain hope of graduating sometime. I propped my French grammar in front of me and conjugated verbs while I washed the dishes. My geometry laid open on the parlor table and I recited theorems while sweeping and dusting; but it was of no use, so I took to the study of literature and enlarged my mind by a liberal course of reading. Eheu! When one does one's best, one should not look back and repine.

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL wasn't started in those days, but if such an offer had been made to me as these good publishers now make to you, I'm sure I should have had that college education.

I would get up early in the morning and, first, get every name I could in my own village; then, by hook or by crook, I'd get out into the neighboring country and interview every farmer's wife for miles around. If I couldn't get a ride, I'd emulate our English sisters and go on a pedestrian tour. It will put roses in your cheeks and give health to your body even if you don't get one subscriber. But you will! I don't believe in begging, but I should state why I was doing this, and many would invest a dollar in such a good cause if they didn't think they cared for the magazine.

Don't think it charity; they will get every cent of their money back when the paper comes.

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Never despair! One would be almost sure to get the thousand; and then, think of Vassar College, endowed by the good Mathew Vassar whose liberal ideas on the education of women were far in advance of his age; Wellesley, the "College Beautiful," whose daughters regard her as the highest ideal of education; Smith, with its advantages of Andover professors, and its quiet home life; Michigan University, whose broad views have attracted to its sheltering arms the largest attendance of students of any American college. These, and many others, are open before you if you have pluck and perseverance enough to accomplish it.

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And will it not be a proud and happy day when you enter the portals of your chosen temple of learning, and, looking back over the long and toilsome road, can say—"I have triumphed!"

And if you fail—for, alas, in this world failures must be taken account of, too—why then, my dears, money in hand, a liberal sum; books and lectures and whatever of the good things of life for which so much cash may be an equivalent; discipline of mind and body; development of character—all this you will have gained, for this is a legitimate lottery scheme in which there are no blanks.

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WHY SADIE WENT TO COLLEGE.

BY FRANCES J. DYER.



AY, ma, I am going to college. Well, 'fore you start, s'posin' you set down an' pick over them berries," was the somewhat tart reply of Mrs. Josiah Foster to her blooming daughter, who had just passed her sixteenth birthday.

Sadie was used to her mother's way of speaking, and did not mind it. Humming a gay little air she went to work cheerfully on the berries, while her mother hurried back and forth getting supper ready. The Fosters, like many other New England farmers, were in very comfortable, almost affluent, circumstances, but averse to spending money. The habit of thrift had so grown upon Mrs. Foster that when four young ladies from a distant city applied for summer board she promptly decided to add the generous weekly stipend, which they offered to pay, to her snug deposit in the county bank. Like women of her class she scorned to hire extra help, and, when tired, as on the afternoon in question, she was apt to be "jest a trifle touchy," as Josiah expressed it. But Sadie and her father understood matters and gave only good-humored replies when "mother" indulged in caustic remarks.

Sadie was the only child, and although her parents were as chary of caresses as they were frugal in their expenditures, the girl knew that she was their idol. Nothing that she asked was denied her; but thus far her wants had been simple and easily met. She had a bright mind and it required no effort to keep at the head of her classes in the village school. When she graduated the previous year, by common consent she was the smartest and prettiest girl in the class. Dimpling and smiling she took the compliments as she did the prizes, as a mere matter of course, and then settled down contentedly at home in the belief that her education was "finished." The first winter her ambition found an outlet in being an acknowledged belle at all the festivities, and then the summer brought a pleasant ripple of excitement in the advent of the new boarders, all of whom were girls fresh from college. At first Sadie was shy of them. She thought people who carried books around in their trunks must be stupid company. She eyed their wardrobe critically, and was obliged to admit that while their hats and dresses were less showy than her own they were immensely prettier. This nettled her and she tried to ease the smart by adding bewitching touches to her toilet; but the time thus spent only made her more dissatisfied.

At length she began to accept the girls' invitations to join them in their rambles, and when they settled themselves on the verandah for reading aloud. She was astonished that these city girls knew more about rocks and birds and trees and flowers, and all the beautiful outside world, than she herself. How many ways they had of enjoying themselves! How capable they were, and how interesting in conversation! They even talked politics to her father. Her own life suddenly seemed very empty. But the climax was reached one night when they all went to a merry-making in a neighbor's barn. Now if there was one accomplishment in which Sadie excelled it was dancing, but even here she was outstripped. How in the world did these young women, without giving offence, manage to make their partners swing them by the hand instead of seizing them around the waist? Watching their airy, graceful motions poor Sadie comprehended, as in a lightning's flash, that a college education meant something more than a knowledge of books; that it meant a beautiful, gracious womanhood, with power over one's self and one's surroundings. All the next day she pondered these things in her heart, and toward the close of the afternoon her thoughts culminated in the opening remark of this sketch:

"Say, ma, I'm going to college!" That was six years ago. Last summer on the programme of commencement exercises, at a celebrated institution of learning, among the candidates for the degree of Bachelor of Science, I read the name of Sarah Louise Foster. I met her afterwards, a queenly figure with all her girlish beauty enhanced by her intellectual charms.

"Are you planning for a post-graduate course abroad?" I asked. "No," was her answer, in an exquisitely modulated voice. "I have a mission among girls remote from the cities who are living narrow, purposeless lives without realizing it. I want to inspire them with an ambition for a liberal education. I want to show them that for the sake of their own enjoyment, for the sake of greater happiness in their homes, larger usefulness in the world, and better opportunities for earning their living, they need the best possible training they can secure for themselves."

"The text, the sermon and the preacher seem to be all ready," I said. "But how will you gather an audience?"

"I shall begin first at Jerusalem," was the arch reply, "and talk to the girls in my own neighborhood; afterward to those in the regions beyond, as I may have an opportunity. The splendid offer made by THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL will furnish 'heads' for my sermon, from first to fourteenthly. I consider the effort that may be put forth, even by those who fail, of great value in developing the qualities of character that make good students and capable women. Meantime," she continued, "may I lay your pen under tribute to keep the subject before girls?"

I obey her behest, but in place of this simple plea for higher education, based upon a bit of real experience, I wish you might hear the persuasive voice of the elegant and accomplished Miss Foster, B. S. It would stimulate every girl to emulate her example, especially as getting an education is in the hands of the girl herself.

HOW TO CANVASS WELL.

BY MISS M. H. VALENTINE.



O be a good canvasser for THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL is such a pleasant occupation, that in this article I will answer some of the questions asked by those who have never canvassed for the JOURNAL, and who have, as they say, not the slightest idea how to go to work.

"When is the best time to begin to canvass?"

Begin now if it is after nine A. M.; if you wait until afternoon, your neighbor may be away, or it may rain. I inquired at a house if THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL was generally taken in the place. The lady said "No," and looked disappointed, as she said that her sister was talking of getting up a club, and was going to begin as soon as she had gotten through dressmaking and house-cleaning. The sister undoubtedly came to the conclusion that "Delays are dangerous."

"Shall I dress up?"

Do as you please; canvassing is a go-as-you-please race. When I began to canvass I had a pretty basket, a gilt edged memorandum book, a stylographic pen and went into the parlor. To-day I have a cheap diary, lead pencil, an excursion basket that can be easily replaced, and go into the kitchen, and I make more money now than I did then. I amuse the little ones while the mother looks over the paper, and, from the surroundings, I can judge what articles in the JOURNAL, will be likely to interest her. When I see a well-worn copy of "Samantha at the Centennial," I am pretty sure of a subscriber.

"If a woman looks cross when you go to a door, what do you do?"

I called at one house and the woman who answered the bell would not remind you of one of Raphael's angels. I began to talk before she had an opportunity to say anything. She invited me in and said she would take me out into the kitchen where she was at work. She seated me in a rocking-chair, looked at me and said: "Now that I have gotten you in, I do not know exactly where to place you." I told her that she couldn't place me, that I was a canvasser. "Mercy on me," said she, "a canvasser, mercy on me! Why I never allow a canvasser to enter my house," and she looked at me as if I was some wild animal that had escaped from Barnum's circus. I told her that she had invited me in, and that I was going to stay awhile; that I was perfectly harmless. She said that no canvasser should ever make anything out of her. I told her of course she would not buy anything unless she thought it would be for her interest to do it. I talked with her for awhile, persuaded her to take the JOURNAL, and sold various articles and when I left, she said, "When you come down again, come in." I will say for the encouragement of those who canvass that when I began to secure subscribers that I was no talker. "Practice makes perfect," or will, in time.

"If a woman shuts the door in your face, what do you do?"

If a woman should do such an unheard of thing I should leave. But should I be discouraged? By no means. I should charitably think, if it was a windy day, that there was a draught through the house which caused the door to close suddenly, or that the woman was a quick-motived individual. But thinking it might have been an "ebullition of temper" I should believe it my duty to have her read the JOURNAL—the "Hints on Etiquette" were what she needed. I should persuade some relative of her's to take the paper. If her husband had a store, I should call upon him and make him think the JOURNAL should go into the house if I didn't, as a fore-runner. In one case I began to think I should not secure a subscriber. I had talked up the paper to the best of my ability, the fashions, receipts, plants, household hints and fancy work. There were evidences of wealth on every side, so the money was no object. The lady didn't doubt it was a nice paper; but she had been so cheated by publishers and canvassers that she would not take another paper of a canvasser. I told her my experience and said: "I do not think you would be cheated in this case; I do not think the company will fail, for Mr. Curtis pays cash for everything that he buys." "Well," said she, emphatically, "that is where his head is level. I'll take it."

"How much time do you generally spend in a house?"

That depends on circumstances; I was canvassing for three-months' subscribers in one town, and thinking it doubtful whether I should go there again. I was anxious to do all I could; I was two miles and a-half from the station, and the train would be due in forty minutes. There was one house I had not visited. I went to the door, answered my own knock, rushed in like a cyclone, told the two ladies who were in the kitchen that I had a paper they could have three months for ten cents, but I had no time to show it to them; that nearly all the people in the village had taken it. One woman flew around for the money, the other gave me the address. One woman said, "You'll be late for the train"; the other said, "I'll risk her, she won't." After I had gone a few steps, one woman screamed out, "What's the name of that paper?" I answered back, "HOME JOURNAL." But the subscriber was secured in less time than it has taken me to tell of it. In one house, a lady from out-of-town was visiting and was going to remain only a short time, and the neighbors were flocking in to see her. I secured seven subscribers there, so it paid to rest awhile.

"Does canvassing for THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL pay?"

It does, if you take other articles in connection with it. I never speak of the JOURNAL at first, for I am pretty sure of that. I sell all

the articles I can and then talk up the paper. If my customers spend all the change they have, and have to borrow money to pay for the JOURNAL, it does not trouble me in the least; in fact I rather enjoy seeing the dear, little ones hopping across the street, like grasshoppers, after the money. I know, from experience, that it pays to take articles with the paper, for, many times, I have secured subscribers when I could not otherwise have done so. In one case the lady, who answered the bell, said: "If you have a paper we do not care for it; we have more papers now than we can read." I mentioned various articles I had to sell and when I said embroidery silks, found that that was what they wanted. She called her sister to help select the colors, and when the lady came into the room she had her palette and brushes with her. It was at the time that Lida Clarkson's studies were in the JOURNAL. I said to the artist: "I never urge any one to take the paper, but think you would find the articles on painting, interesting and instructive." She never selected a color, but did subscribe.

When I began to canvass I feared my disposition would be ruined. I called at a house and the lady said, "You are the very one I have been wishing to see." She looked at the various articles I had to sell, inquired the prices and made me think I had "struck a bonanza"; then she very coolly told me that she was going away to buy a quantity of things, and wanted to compare my prices with others. I left with a smile on my face, but she afterwards took the JOURNAL.

At one house the lady said after she had supplied herself with various articles: "Have you anything else you think I would like?" I said, "I have a paper." "Well," said she, sarcastically, "if it is that lovely LADIES' HOME JOURNAL keep it in your pocket." Then she added in words more forcible than elegant, "That JOURNAL has been eternally dinned into me by men, women and children. I haven't taken it and I won't; there, I won't. If a boy comes in to borrow a little yeast, its 'Miss Jackson, won't you take THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL? Everybody says its lovely.' If a little girl comes in to see my little girl, it's 'Miss Jackson, won't you take THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL? Mother does all her cooking out of the JOURNAL; says she couldn't live without it; it is just lovely.' I have heard of dolls and outfits and printing presses until I am sick of the sound of it. One boy carried me down to watch with a sick woman one night, who lives about a mile from here, and if he didn't begin to talk about it; but I shut him up, quick." "Well," said I, "I suppose you would shut me up quick if I should talk up the paper I have." She said, "Have you the JOURNAL?" I said, "I have that 'lovely HOME JOURNAL,' but I am going to keep it out of sight," and added, laughing, "No slanderers are allowed to look at it; but if you had taken it and had read the floral hints, your hanging-basket wouldn't look as that one does, and your heliotrope would not be in the condition it is in." I gave her a great many valuable hints and made her think the paper was really worth having. Finally she said: "Well, put my name down." I felt like patting myself on the head and saying, "Mary, you did that well!"

I have a wonderful parrot, and one day when I was making a call I repeated some of his bright sayings, when a gray parrot, who had been watching me intently, said, "You dry up." I imagine I hear the echo of that sepulchral voice coming from the Editor's sanctum, and will follow the bird's advice.

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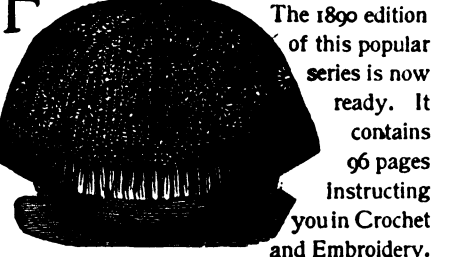
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EDITED BY AUNT PATIENCE.

A Department devoted entirely to an interchange of ideas between our band of JOURNAL sisters. Address all letters to AUNT PATIENCE, care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, 433-435 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Y introduction into your circle, dear Sisters, has been so pleasant that I feel myself at once at home among you, and am ready to pledge myself, with you, to make this the most helpful part of the JOURNAL. Let us stir one another up in every way which can enrich our homes, and I am sure we will find ourselves mutually benefited to a very large degree.

Here we come to the very busiest month in the whole year. The children must be got ready for school, the houses cleaned and put in order, and all the preparations made for the care of the family through the work-time of the year. More and more we are learning to take vacations, and they are growing longer. If we can learn to use them so that we come back to work really refreshed, they are valuable. Sometimes, I fear, we wear ourselves out, instead of building ourselves up in the beautiful summer days that might be so refreshing and inspiring. But this year, I trust, we have made a good use of the time, and shall be ready to exchange with one another, the helpful thoughts and valuable ideas which have come to us.

I have noticed, as I walk along the street, that if at one window there appears a specially attractive bit of drapery, it is not long before all the windows on the street have much the same; and if some one ties a bow of ribbon and adds a little color, one after another of her neighbors tie bows and add bits of color to their windows.

It is both fortunate and unfortunate that we cannot see further into each other's houses than the windows, as we pass along the street. We are glad to have that much of privacy and seclusion; and yet I sometimes think that if we could look into all the dwellings, even in our own neighborhood, and see how in this one the housewife has learned some ease of management, and how, in that, she has added some charm of furnishing, and in another some wholesomeness to her table, we should all gain immensely by the views and here, in our corner, we will try to do this, will we not? By question and by suggestion we will get the best our neighbors have, and we will give the best that has been given to us.

LET THE STRONG LEFT-HAND RULE.

DEAR AUNT PATIENCE—Allow an old reader of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL to express her pleasure for the new Department "Just Among Ourselves." I have been a constant reader of the JOURNAL since 1884, and I must say it grows better every month. I could not say which Department I like best, as it is so beautifully planned to meet the wants of all. In the June number we find for the first time, Essie Engleman, (God bless her kind heart). But for her I would not be writing this. Now, a word to "John's Wife." I will say to her if she lives to be fifty years old, she will find many theories exploded. I know I have not half so many as I had at twenty-five. I have had some experience in this left-hand business and think it is not a habit. I have two very intimate friends who are left-handed, one a lady of fifty years; she says her mother kept her hand tied behind her for days and compelled her to use the right hand until the mother was convinced she could not use the right hand to do anything well. She remembers that it was the hardest trial of her childhood, and she would never try to make a child use the right hand who preferred the left. She has two left-handed boys. The other, a lady of thirty, says all that her mother made her learn to do with her right hand, she does awkwardly. "John's Wife" speaks of the old mother's advice. I think it good and correct and I will add a grand-mother's observation to agree with her opinion. And here I will add what a doctor once told me when consulted as to the cause of right and left-handedness. He said one lobe of the lungs was always larger and stronger than the other, and naturally it was the right lobe; hence the right hand. If by some freak of nature the left lobe was the stronger, the left hand must be the one of cunning. Now, please, some kind doctor, don't explode this theory, for I have found in my experience in many years of nursing, that doctors love to pick theories to pieces. Now, dear sisters, if this does not reach the waist-basket and dear Essie gives the old folks another kind word, you may hear again from GRANDMOTHER.

To judge from the large package of letters received, I should think that the majority of people were born left-handed. Perhaps we have now accumulated all the advice which is necessary on this subject, and we will not give more space to it. Many of the letters urge that children naturally left-handed, should be allowed to remain so, claiming that only awkwardness follows an attempt to make the right hand the ruler. But there are others who, with gratitude look back upon early training which required the normal use of the right hand. Still others recommend that the right hand be trained where the left hand is naturally the stronger, so that the child should be ambidextrous. It seems to me that there may be a difference among left-handed children, and that some have that idiosyncrasy so strongly marked that it may be almost impossible to overcome it, while others can be easily encouraged to give the right hand the preference.

GRANDMA AND THE LITTLE ONES.

DEAR AUNT PATIENCE—In the family where I once spent the summer, were three lovely and interesting children. The oldest, a boy of six and a half years, has been from infancy most remarkable. When little more than two years old, he could repeat many of Mother Goose's stories, "The Two Rabbits," "Gastin's Adventures," and many verses from the Bible, one of which he learned every Sunday. It was his delight to sit on the floor, not only to stories, but books which you might consider far beyond his comprehension, and I wish I could picture to you the dear little fellow as he sat by my side, quietly treasuring up the big words for future use. Now, do not think that this little boy was one of the kind "too good to live." On the contrary, he was full of fun and mischief. In fact we never knew what he might do; and when we could think of no other way to restrain or amuse him, we were sure that a story would subdue and please. Often we would sit on the piazza with everything charming in Nature, and watch the varieties of insects around us. Sometimes, after the heat of the day was over, we, with the darling next in age, would walk up the road where there were charming willows and hedges, and gather flowers, or leaves of different kinds and size, and on our return, surprise our friends as well as ourselves, at the great variety obtained. How many tired mothers, who are annoyed when their little ones fret for want of amusement, would find relief and make the dear ones happy by ingenuously copying the little ways of interesting their active minds. I have not forgotten about the sweet baby, who was never so good as when in the open air in her carriage, or toddling around on the grass under the trees. To be sure, baby always wanted the very playthings her brothers had, and he often shut out unceremoniously from the play-room. She would, however, take active part when they played church, joining noisily in the singing as well as other services. On one occasion when Carl, the eldest, was at home, his parents and the other children having gone on a visit, we found him kneeling by his bed with folded hands and closed eyes, and this was his prayer: "Oh God, make haste, and make it seven o'clock so papa and mamma will come, and don't let it be dark. Amen." He had been promised a ride when they returned, provided he had been a good boy in their absence. GRANDMA.

How pleasant it is to have a "grandma" who is patient with the little ones and willing to lend her calm age to their impetuous youth! It is a blessing to any family to have the presence of an aged saint. Let us help each other so to grow old that we shall be a benediction to our children's children. And by our treatment of those who are older than we are, may we teach our children how we shall wish them to treat us. Does any one remember the fable of the grandfather and the wooden bowl?

EFFECT OF PLEASANT SMILES AND KIND WORDS.

MY DEAR JOURNAL SISTERS—How many there are in this world that need to be helped along by a little kindness. They are hungering for the little, kind words which are never spoken; a word spoken in season! If each one of us would resolve to do what little deeds of kindness we could, I think we would be surprised at the effect. We might be surprised at the pleasant smiles and kind words—and they cost us so little! There are plenty of sad hearts and heart-aches in this world; let us try to make one of these sad hearts happy. A kind word, a bright smile, and the happy heart will do an unpeakable amount of good. A dear friend said to me a short time ago: "If I only had the money I would do so much good in the world." Ah! my dear friends, money will not do everything, a pleasant smile and kind words are sometimes more acceptable than bags of gold. H. E. A.

This reminds me of a beautiful poem I have just read, in which are these lines:

"And let no chance by me be lost To kindness show, at any cost, In the narrowest of any case; Then let me now relieve some pain, Remove some barrier from the road, Or lighten some one's heavy load; A helping hand to this one lend, Then turn, some other to befriend. A larger kindness give to me, A deeper love and sympathy; Then, oh! one day, May some one, no matter how small, Remembering a lessened pain— 'Would she could pass this way again.'"

ACTS OF KINDNESS TO THE SICK.

DEAR AUNT PATIENCE—The June number of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL found me sick in bed. Oh! how anxious I was to open its pages and see what good things it had for us, as each number becomes better and better; and although I know it is injurious to the eyes to read while lying down, I thought, as a great many do, "I'll risk it," and read for some time, till I found my head and eyes aching. I write to give our sisters somewhat of an idea how we "shut-ins" appreciate a kind act shown us by our friends and neighbors, no matter how small. How we love to have our friends visit us, bringing a ray of sunshine with them, besides this, oftentimes a new book, to read, a bouquet to brighten our room, a plant to set in the window or a picture to hang on the wall. In my window sits a plant which was given me by a dear friend of mine. It has been a source of pleasure in my lonely hours, as I watch with tender care each tiny leaf as it first appears, then the bud, and at last a beautiful flower opens to my view. Little did my friend think how much joy that act of kindness would bring. Just so with other things. We can help to bear their burdens and make their lives brighter when we are least aware of it. If left to ourselves we often get discouraged and feel that we haven't the sympathy of our sisters who are blessed with health; but when the word is spoken, "I've done, our burden becomes lighter and our affliction much easier to bear. So, dear sisters, do not let your invalid neighbor droop and die for the want of your sympathy and kindness. H. L. F.

These two letters are very suggestive. The number of people that are shut within narrow walls and amid uncomfortable surroundings is much larger than we, who are active, have any knowledge of. There is danger of their being quite forgotten in this busy world, and it is well to remind ourselves of their existence. Perhaps Mr. Bok, who seems always ready to help the needy, will tell us from his Editorial chair about the shut-in society, which is organized for "social cheer and spiritual comfort." It rejoices my heart to think that some one was inspired to originate such means of consolation.

TREATING NERVOUS CHILDREN.

DEAR AUNT PATIENCE—I have wished many times I might, from my own experience, encourage the mothers of specially nervous children. It requires patience—heroic patience—to deal wisely and justly with a child whose overstrung nerves threaten to ruin its life; but this same patience works wonders. My youngest child, when but two years old, was attacked with a nervous trouble which threatened his brain. For nearly six months his sleep was always induced (at night at least) by the use of bromide. My physician's advice was this: "Let him eat and sleep and live out-of-doors; let him be a vegetable as much as possible; don't try to teach him anything. Thwart his wishes as little as possible. Of course, you must teach him to obey for his good and your own." It took two years to overcome the difficulty, yet, nearly three, but now he is, at six years of age, a bright, happy, vigorous boy, larger than most of the same age, and mentally very bright and engaging. Occasionally he becomes too tired, in spite of my watchfulness, and you guess how it shows itself? A little in peevishness, but principally in the aching of the great toe of the left foot. I never heard of anything before, and would not believe it until forced to it. But I never look at him without thanking the Lord for the strength and endurance which made it possible to give up everything for those two years, for the sake of the child, even though it resulted on my own head and helped to bring about a long siege of nervous prostration. MRS. T. H. D.

A HINT FOR CLEANING CARPETS, ETC.

I want to tell the JOURNAL sisters how I clean my cotton Ingrain carpet, as some of them may have such an one, although I hope not, and dare say you will not have another of that kind. It is, to say the least, very poor economy to buy one for any room. The colors in mine are red and a light yellow, and, although we are careful of it, it becomes soiled very quickly. Covering it with salt and sweeping makes but little difference; coffee, or tea grounds will soon ruin any carpet having light colors, and water fades it badly. I tried gasoline and the effect is magical. First, give the carpet a good thorough sweeping; then pour a little of the gasoline in a pan, and wipe the carpet with a soft cloth wet in the gasoline, using fresh gasoline as is needed. One-half gallon will clean an ordinary sized carpet nicely, and two persons can do it in a very few minutes. If you will open the room well, you will not mind the odor much, and, if left open, it leaves the room in a day or so, and you feel well repaid for your trouble. Gasoline so cleans ribbons and aid gloves nicely. Also, a full and woolen goods, that we have become accustomed to clean in flour, are much more quickly and thoroughly cleaned with it; and soiled, white feathers can be made "as good as new," and a good feather will curl very nicely without any curing after cleaning. Articles that have become too much soiled to be cleaned in flour, can easily be cleaned with gasoline. (MRS.) LULU B. RYMAN.

FINAL WORDS ABOUT COCKROACHES.

It would seem that all the cockroaches must have been exterminated, so many of the sisters have had unending success in destroying them, and yet the cry still comes, "How shall we rid ourselves of the plague?" Of all the specifics recommended none is so sure as absolute cleanliness; and the following note seems to go to the root of the matter more thoroughly than any other letters have done. With this final suggestion we hope the last roaches may be destroyed, and we shall hear no more of them:—

DEAR EDITOR—In answer to a subscriber, who asks for a reliable method to get rid of cockroaches, I will give my remedy, which was never known to fail. Have the soil removed from about the water pipes in basement or cellar where they mostly congregate. Throw in freshly-slacked quick-lime or carbolic acid; replace the soil. At the same time use daily applications of hot water, or brush them into a vessel of scalding water if afraid to mar the walls, using a turkey or chicken wing from which they cannot escape so easily as from an ordinary brush. I think you will find this remedy efficacious. MINNIE APOLIS.

THE MISTRESS AND THE HOSTESS.

To my sisters allow me to say:—If we have a teething babe let us give it the most watchful care; if a daughter, budding into womanhood, our tenderest sympathy; and if we are in the forties, let us consider ourselves. In this decade of our lives we owe to ourselves a duty bordering almost upon selfishness. We must transfer many of our accustomed household cares to others, and drop for a while the reins of social leadership. It is hard to deny ourselves to our children and friends when they urge us to share the pleasures for which we now feel so little strength and inclination; and it is not better to frankly say to them, my time of trial has come, I am weary now and must rest for awhile, and when strengthened and refreshed by a few years of comparative retirement, I will join you again. The strain of American life comes the hardest upon the mistress and hostess just in the years when she most needs rest, and if we can take life quietly for a little while, then we may be able to enjoy with calm serenity the long and peaceful score of years to follow. MRS. S. B. J.

FACES THAT SMILE AND HANDS THAT SOOTHE.

DEAR AUNT PATIENCE—"The Loveliest Face in the World," by Eben E. Rexford, recalls conversation I had with a little boy. One day last summer I was returning from a visit to the suburbs. When I got onto the train I met a gentleman and his little boy, who were three years old. The little fellow told me he was going home after a four weeks' stay with his grandparents. I said: "Robbie, I'm sure you must have forgotten how your mamma looks, if you haven't seen her in all that time." He looked up at me in wonder and amazement, and said: "Oh, no I haven't." Well then tell me how she looks. His eyes sparkled and his bright face dimpled in a merry smile as he said: "Why, my mamma's awful pretty! Don't you know my mamma? She's awful pretty. She's got red hair, and brown eyes, just like sister Madge. Oh, my mamma's awful pretty." Although I could not help smiling at his enthusiasm, yet I did wish that mother could have heard this child's sweet compliment, heralded forth in innocent defiance. Surely such "love-blind" love and faith, that cannot see the imperfections of the face, must be more precious to a mother's heart, than "Robbie's of great price," and I think children—especially boys—carry through life that idealized—by love—image of their mother.

In the same paper, an article by "Crosspatch" on "Pretty and Toll-worn Hands," catches my eye. If you will allow me to defend—with a few words—the article she refers to entitled "A Woman's Hand," possibly she will re-read the article more carefully, and be convinced. "Nothing more positively shows the gentleman than her hand!" To be sure, it is not so much the hand as what the hand does. Nature has not endowed us all with pretty, dainty, soft, white hands. But every lady should consider it as much a duty to keep her hands soft and clean, as she does to keep the rest of her person sweet and healthy.

I know two mothers—faithful, loving helpmates—born and brought up with as tender care as any Saratoga or southern Pennsylvania belle; one a perfect brunette, with dark skin, and not a perfect hair. Yet, after doing the housework, scrubbing, washing, ironing, sewing and all, yes, she even prepares vegetables for dinners, her hands are always perfectly clean and soft, the nails well manicured. "Crosspatch" may wonder how she does it. Her rule is simply this. She always keeps on the sink half of a fresh lemon and some common table salt. She washes her hands often and thoroughly with plenty of warm water, rubbing them with the lemon-juice and salt to remove the stains, and at night, before retiring, uses plenty of good soap and warm water, and, after partially drying, rubs in a few drops of equal parts of glycerine and rose-water.

The other is a perfect blonde, with almost transparent skin, the "blue-blood" runs in the veins of naturally beautiful hands. She is the mother of six children, four boys, hearty and healthy, and two young girls, just entering into womanhood. She, too, keeps no servant, but performs her household cares cheerfully and willingly, yet her hands are always clean and soft. I once asked her how she does it. She always looking so pretty; she, laughingly, turned the palms up for me to look at, and I was surprised to find them marked with many blisters and burns, yet for all that, they were so soft and white the most fastidious invalid would have welcomed them. She said for as her hair, and every afternoon when she sat down to her sewing, she took a few moments to rest and clean her finger nails, removing the traces of the kitchen and pantry that will accumulate and around the tips of the fingers. When one has acquired the habit of neatness about the person, it takes but little time. A. J. S.

TROUBLESOME CARPET-SWEEPERS.

DEAR AUNT PATIENCE—I would like to ask through your "special page" if every one experiences the same annoyances from carpet-sweepers as I have done; in spite of repeated fastenings with glue, the rubber bands to the wheels come off with every sideways turn of the sweeper, and need constant adjusting. I have used carpet-sweepers of the best make for ten years, and have always had this trouble after using them for a few months. My husband has then fastened them as securely as possible with glue, and after a short time they work loose. Can any one tell me how to fasten them on securely, and do all carpet-sweepers do this? I now have the "Grand," and have used other makes (always of the best). I think the JOURNAL is splendid and constantly improving. LOTTIE S. OWENS.

WORDS ENDING IN "CION."

Emma H. Thurber sends a list of seven words ending in "cion," with their definitions:—cion, a sprout; intercion, a massacre; suspicion, the act of suspecting; coercion, restraint; opinionion, a song of triumph; ostracion, a genus of rough-skinned fish; scion, a small twig. The first and last are essentially the same. Walker makes a distinction and Webster quotes both. To these Jennie C. adds two—cestracion, a genus of fishes belonging to the shark group; perniciion, destruction; the last quoted from Hudibras.

We must be careful not to make our letters too long. Let us have space for many and we shall all be gainers. Do you know how much you can get into a telegraphic message of ten words? It is marvelous what an amount of information can be condensed into a telegram. I could talk longer about not talking so long, but will use example rather than precept.

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IN LITERARY CIRCLES

THE GOLDEN LITERARY PATH.

By EDWARD W. BOK.



It is not to be wondered at that the author of to-day looks around him on all sides, and locates his best market. Successful books are scarce—successful, I mean, from a financial standpoint. Take the novels of to-day and see how many have sold 3000 copies. In the public mind there are scores of novels which certainly have reached that figure. But what the public thinks, and what the publishers know, are two entirely distinct things in the world of books. I venture the assertion that of all the novels published in 1889—novels, I mean, published by reputable houses, and there were several hundred—not fifty reached a sale of 3000 copies each. Any well-informed publisher, I think, will bear me out in this statement. And to the authors of the fifty which did sell that number, what did such a sale mean in dollars and cents? Granted that the author received ten per cent. royalty from the first copy sold—which is by no means always the case—the book sold at one dollar, he cleared exactly \$300. But this is when the circumstances are all favorable to the author. Suppose, as is very, very often the case, the publisher retains the entire income of the first thousand copies to pay him for manufacturing cost and advertising, then the author receives his royalty only on two thousand copies, i. e. \$200. And on very few novels published to-day is there a larger royalty paid than ten per cent. It may have taken the author the good part of a year to write his novel; it has cost another year to have the book read and brought out, and the third year will have nearly rolled by before his novel has sold 3000 copies and he receives his copyright statement and check. Thus he waits two years for \$200, or \$300 at its best, to repay him for a year's literary work perhaps. And even then his royalties may not represent actual profit. Let me illustrate how this can happen in two separate cases which came under my personal observation.

TWO friends of mine spent each of them the best part of the year 1888 in writing and revising a novel apiece. Both stories were published by leading houses during the early part of 1889. They were well advertised, skillfully handled, and both novels are, according to the popular acceptance of the term, successful—that is, they have been widely written about, paragraphed in the press from one end of the country to another; English editions have been printed of each, and to every literary person the names of both novels and authors are thoroughly familiar. Now, what have the authors received in hard cash for their year's work? I will tell you exactly: Of one, 1700 copies were sold; no royalty was paid on the first thousand to cover manufacture, etc., and upon the remaining seven hundred copies the author received the regular ten-per-cent. royalty. The book sold for one dollar. The net revenue to the author was, therefore, \$70. His type-writer's bill was \$61.50. Net profit, \$8.50, and the book has stopped selling. The other author was a trifle more fortunate in that his novel reached a sale of 2000, all but five copies. Like the first, he received a ten-per-cent. royalty only after the first thousand copies. Unfortunately, he bought so many copies of his books for friends, that when his publisher's statement came, it showed a credit in his favor of just \$39.50. Had he type-written his manuscript, the novel would have thrown him into debt! And these are but two of a score of instances within my knowledge that I could cite.

I KNOW a young verse-writer who is looked upon by the world in every respect as a successful poet. And she is. By that I mean you see her poems in all the leading magazines, and her acceptances outweigh the declinations. I have known her to have a poem in five of the best magazines in a single month. Every periodical reader knows her work, and she has her name on two published volumes of verse. Her success has been considered exceptional, and it is. Yet, I saw from her own memorandum book that, during the entire year of 1889 she received not \$500 for all her poetical work. Some will say, but that is poetry. Very well; here is an instance in biography. An eminent biographer spent nearly three years compiling a work which when published, only recently, excited the admiration of critics and public alike. It called forth columns of newspaper praise—in one case, a newspaper devoted one entire page to its review—and there was not a dissenting voice as to the accuracy, literary style and strength of the book. It dealt with a great subject and a great epoch, and the author is regarded as a great author. That man received exactly \$682 as the revenue of his three years' work, and the work has stopped selling. A London edition of 500 copies was sold—a large sale, in sheets, of an American work of biography. The foremost English journals gave 4 pages of review. It sold, in England, exactly 71 copies.

I DO NOT cite these instances to discourage any one inclined to literature as a profession. Far from my mind is any such purpose. I have quoted these cases with two

points in view: first, it will not harm budding authors who see fame and fortune between every line to know them; second, to show that the modern author is not so much to blame in looking at literature as a trade. He has been forced to it, forced to the syndicate, the progressive newspaper or weekly, or even to the "patent inside" boiler company journals. He has learned that his income from his work must be found before it is made into book-form, for in these days of overproduction in literature a book has but a very brief career.

WOMEN'S CHANCES AS JOURNALISTS.

By FOSTER COATES.



THE question is often asked of me: What chance is there for women in journalism? and during the course of a month, scores of letters reach me, as they probably do every other newspaper editor, from women in all parts of this broad land, who are anxious to do something for themselves, and who turn at once to newspaper work as the most promising. It is not a little curious that men and women, who have failed in every department of life, think it easy to write for the newspapers and edit great journals. It does not take some of them very long to learn their mistake. In a great many newspaper offices there is a prejudice against women. Why this is so, I do not know. I have employed them for a number of years, and have always found them to be painstaking, accurate and reliable. In many cases I have found that women do certain kinds of newspaper work more satisfactorily than men can, and vice versa.

One of the best Washington correspondents I ever knew, was a woman. She was keenly alive to all the exigencies of daily newspaper work, was quick of wit, a splendid news gatherer, and during the Garfield campaign and the subsequent complications that arose from his death, was an invaluable aid to me. I have employed women in office work in newspapers, with considerable satisfaction, and in numberless cases I have found that they could do some kinds of reporting far better than men. It is a mistake to think that women are only fit to write fashion articles. The editor of one of the great Sunday newspapers of New York is a woman. And she not only manages to keep her paper in full touch with the times, but she often leads in public thought and opinion.

All women, however, do not make good newspaper workers, nor do all men for that matter. They must have, what is technically known in the profession, "a liking for the business." Yet I have found that women of good education, and with a quick grasp of public matters, are the equals of men in doing newspaper work. But it will not do to send a woman who is a fashion writer to a great political convention, any more than it will do to send a man, who is a dramatic critic, to a gathering of ministers where some of the great questions of creeds are to be discussed. That would be unfair to the woman. Most editors give women a chance by being unfair to them. I think the day is coming when women will do a large proportion of newspaper reporting. In nearly all the big cities they are now doing a little of it. Even the House of Parliament has been forced to admit a woman to the reporter's gallery, very much to the disgust of the male reporters.

Women make splendid type-setters, good proof-readers, good reporters and fair editors. They do not make as good editors as men, for the reason, perhaps, that they are not so much in contact with public men; and this simply because their sex prevents them from gathering in hotels, clubs, cafes and places of like character, where men find it convenient to sit and discuss all sorts of topics. I see no reason why women should not in the near future, find daily journalism a very remunerative field. They will be brought into competition with men, to be sure; but I have little doubt that they will be able to successfully hold their own.

There has been a wonderful development, during the past five years, of what might be called "women's news," in the newspapers, and there will be more of it in the future. For the successful editor of to-day recognizes that his paper must apply to the home and the fireside. And each issue must contain matters about women and for women that shall be helpful and instructive.

As to the individual success of women and the compensation, nothing positive can be said. This is a problem that each must work out for herself. But there are not so many bright minds in journalism, nor so many good ideas, that, if presented by women, will not be eagerly put to use by newspaper proprietors, and their originators properly paid. There is no reason in the world why a distinction should be drawn in the matter of pay between men and women. There is, I know, such a distinction, but the future may be depended on to wipe that out. Women of brains and ability, who have something to say and know how to say it, have no reason to fear. The latch-string of every editorial door in this country is hanging on the outside. Woman has only to step boldly over the threshold and begin her career. There is fame and fortune for her there.

WRITING A FAMOUS POEM.

HOW "CURFEW MUST NOT RING TO-NIGHT" WAS WRITTEN.



THE poem of "Curfew Must Not Ring To-night" was suggested to me by the reading of a story called "Love and Loyalty," in April, 1867. I was then a plain country school-girl, not yet seventeen, residing with my parents at Litchfield, Michigan, and under the pretext of working out mathematical problems, with my arithmetic before me, I wrote the poem roughly on my slate. I was forced to carry on my literary work under these difficulties because of the opinion of my parents that my time could be better employed than in "idle dreams and useless rhymes." I wrote the first copy on my slate, between four and six o'clock in the afternoon; but much time has since been spent in correcting and revising it. I had no thought that I would ever be able to write anything worthy of public notice. The poem was first published in the Detroit "Commercial Advertiser," in the fall of 1870. The editor upon receipt of my manuscript, at once wrote me a lengthy letter of congratulation and praise, in which he predicted the popularity for the verses which they have since enjoyed. I had no literary friends, not even a literary acquaintance at that time, and did not know the simplest requirements for preparing my manuscript for publication. The poem seemed at once to attract public attention. It raised me from a shy, obscure country-girl into public notice, and brings to my side yearly hosts of new and delightful friends. Wherever I go, my friends are there before me, and the poem—which I gave to the public with no "right reserved"—while it has made a fortune for others and dropped golden coins in other pockets, has reserved for its author a wide circle of admiring friends. The first and only remuneration I ever received for the poem was three years ago when the editor of "The Brooklyn Magazine" reproduced the poem in a fac-simile autograph form, which I had given him. With a delicate sense of justice he sent me a most complimentary check for the simple privilege of reproduction. It was quite a surprise to me, but none the less pleasing. That editor is now the present editor of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

ROSE HARTWICK THORPE.

THE STORY OF A LITTLE BOOK.

THE recent death of Oliver Bell Bunce, in New York, removed one of the very best posted men in literary circles. Few men knew so many authors as did Mr. Bunce; for over forty years he came into continual contact with them. Mr. Bunce was the author of that clever little manual "Don't," which has reached a sale of over 150,000 copies in its different editions here and abroad. Few little books of its kind are better than this; in fact, I doubt if it has an equal in worth, although its imitators can be counted by the score. I recall Mr. Bunce telling me one evening how he came to write the little book. The idea seems to have occurred to him on a train, in June, 1883, while reading an article discussing at length various works on deportment, and in which the writer quoted a series of etiquette directions furnished to Madame Paterson-Bonaparte by Lord Chalmers, some fifty years ago. The negative character of the directions given, at once suggested to Mr. Bunce a work on etiquette and customs of deportment, in which each paragraph should begin with the word "Don't." Upon reaching home, Mr. Bunce began his odd literary task, ideas crowding upon him in rapid succession. In a month, the little work, which has since carried its terse morsels of practical advice and good sense into thousands of households, was written, printed and published. The *nom de plume* of "Censor" was placed on the fly-leaf, and for a long time public curiosity was piqued as to the authorship. Finally, it leaked out that Mr. Bunce was responsible for the authorship. The bright, little book has now been translated into several languages and sells as steadily as when first published.

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THE BABY'S "SECOND SUMMER."
ITS DANGERS AND HOW THEY MAY BE AVOIDED.

By LOUIS STARR, M. D.,
AUTHOR OF "HYGIENE OF THE NURSERY," ETC.
CONCLUDING PAPER.



In my two previous papers in the JOURNAL, I laid much stress upon the hours of feeding infants, and the quantity of food to be given. These are very important factors if bottle feeding is to be successful. Too frequent feeding and over-feeding are fruitful causes of illness which every mother can and should avoid. The annexed table is inserted as an aid in this direction:—

GENERAL RULES FOR FEEDING.

AGE.	Intervals of Feeding.	Average amount at each feeding.	Average amount in 24 hours.
First Week.	2 hours.	1 ounce.	10 ounces.
One to six weeks.	2½ hours.	1½ to 2 ounces.	12 to 16 ounces.
Six to twelve weeks and, possibly, to fifth or sixth month.	3 hours.	3 to 4 ounces.	18 to 24 ounces.
At six months.	3 hours.	6 ounces.	36 ounces.
At ten months.	3 hours.	8 ounces.	40 ounces.

The subject of diet cannot be left without a reference to the proper method of administering food, and care as to the source of supply.

From birth up to such time as broth, bread, and eggs are added to the diet (twelve to eighteen months), all the food should be taken from a bottle. Even after this, as the bottle is a comfort and insures slow feeding, it may be allowed for milk preparations, until the child, of his own accord, tires of it.

The bottle must be of transparent flint glass, so that the slightest foulness can be detected at a glance, and may vary in capacity from six to twelve fluid-ounces, according to the age of the child. Two should be on hand at a time, to be used alternately. Immediately after a meal the bottle must be thoroughly washed out with scalding water, filled with a solution of bicarbonate or salicylate of sodium—one teaspoonful of either to a pint of water—and thus allowed to stand until next required; then, the soda solution being emptied, it must be thoroughly rinsed with cold water before receiving the food. The tips or nipples, of which there should also be two, must be composed of soft, flexible India-rubber, and a conical shape is to be preferred as being more readily everted and cleaned; the opening at the point must be free, but not large enough to prevent the milk to flow in a stream without suction. At the end of each feeding the nipples must be removed at once from the bottle, cleansed externally by rubbing with a stiff brush wet with cold water, everted and treated in the same way, and then placed in cold water and allowed to stand in a cool place until again wanted.

While taking these precautions for perfect cleanliness, the nurse must satisfy herself of their efficacy by smelling both the bottle and the tip just before they are used, to be sure of the absence of any sour odor.

All complicated arrangements of rubber and glass tubing are not only an abomination, but a fruitful source of illness and death. Rather than use them, it is far better to feed the infant with a spoon.

PREPARING AN INFANT'S FOOD.

Next to cleanliness of the feeding apparatus, it is important to insist upon the separate preparation of each meal immediately before it is to be given. The practice of making, in the morning, the whole day's supply of food, though it saves trouble, is a most dangerous one. Changes almost invariably take place in the mixture, and by the close of the day it becomes unfit for consumption.

The proper plan is the following:—Some moments before meal-time, so as to avoid hurry, measure out the different fluid ingredients of the food, one after the other; add the requisite quantity of milk-sugar, and mix the whole thoroughly by stirring with a spoon, and pour into the feeding bottle. The food must now be heated to a temperature of about 95°F. This can be done by steeping the bottle in hot water, or by placing it in a water-bath over an alcohol lamp or gas jet. Finally, apply the tip and the meal is ready. When feeding, the child must occupy a half-

reclining position in the nurse's lap. The bottle should be held by the nurse, at first horizontally, but gradually more and more tilted up as it is emptied, the object being to keep the neck always full and prevent the drawing in and swallowing of air. Ample time, say five, ten or fifteen minutes, according to the quantity of food, should be allowed for the meal. It is best to withdraw the bottle occasionally for a brief rest, and after the meal is over, sucking from the empty bottle must not be allowed, even for a moment.

The graduated bottles, now readily obtainable, greatly facilitate the preparation of the meals.

For children residing in cities an honest dairyman must be found, who will serve sound milk and cream from country cows once every day in winter, and twice during the day in the heat of summer. The milk of ordinary stock cows is more suitable than that from Alderney or Durham breeds, as the latter is too rich and, therefore, more difficult to digest. The mixed milk of a good herd is to be preferred to that from a single animal. It is less likely to be affected by peculiarities of feeding, and less liable to variation from alterations in health or different stages of lactation.

The milk and cream must be transported from the dairy in perfectly clean vessels. To insure this it is best to provide two sets of small cans; one set to be thoroughly cleaned and aired while the other is taken away by the milkman to bring back the next supply. As soon as the milk arrives it should be sterilized.

After giving these general directions for feeding, which it must be remembered are based upon averages only and are not absolutely fixed rules, we may now pass to the consideration of the other hygienic measures, which, though of less importance, are of no small value in the prevention of the ills of "second summer."

NECESSITY OF FRESH AIR.

When circumstances render it impossible to permanently remove the infant from the city during the summer months, fresh air must be secured by taking it to public parks during the cool hours of the morning and evening, or by spending the day in some open suburban resort or on a neighboring river. The heat of the day must be spent in a cool, clean and well-ventilated room as can be had. Plenty of sleep is important, and it is of great moment that the infant rest upon a clean, fresh bed rather than on a hot lap or shoulder. When out of doors it should be wheeled in a coach rather than carried. Many a stout mother has caused her baby's illness, and even its death, by too fond and constant nursing. The clothing must be as thin as possible, provided always, that woollen be worn next to and over the whole skin. An exception to this rule may be made during days of excessive heat when the legs may be allowed to go bare.

RULES TO KEEP A CHILD HEALTHY.

Twice, or even three times a day, in very hot weather, the whole surface of the body should be sponged with water at a temperature of 80° F, and after, dried with gentle rubbing. The bracing effect of these baths is greatly increased by the addition of rock-salt or concentrated sea-water. Care should be taken to wet the child's head first, and to see that it is not in a current of air. The following rules—being a portion of those recommended by the Obstetrical Society of Philadelphia, and published by the Board of Health of that city—are concise and worthy of quotation:—

RULE 1—Bathe the child once a day in lukewarm water. If it be feeble, sponge it all over twice a day with lukewarm water and vinegar.

RULE 2—Avoid all tight bandaging. Have light flannel as the inner garment, and the rest of the clothing light and cool, and so loose that the child may have free play for its limbs. At night undress it, sponge it, and put on slip. In the morning remove the slip, bathe the child, and dress it in clean clothes. If this cannot be afforded, thoroughly air the day clothing by hanging it up during the night. Use clean diapers, and change them often. Never dry a soiled one in the room in which the child is, and never use one for the second time without first washing it.

RULE 3—The child should sleep by itself in a cot or cradle. It should be put to bed at regular hours, and be taught to go to sleep without being nursed in the arms. Without the advice of a physician never give it any spirits, cordials, carminatives, soothing syrups, or sleeping drops. Thousands of children die every year from the use of these poisons. If the child frets and does not sleep, it is either hungry or else ill, it needs a physician. Never quiet it by candy or by cake; they are common causes of diarrhoea.

RULE 4—Give the child plenty of fresh air. In the cool of the morning and early evening, have it out of doors for a little; take it to the shady side of broad streets, to the public squares, to the park, or make frequent excursions on the rivers. Whenever it seems to suffer from the heat, let it drink freely of water which has been boiled and cooled by ice. Keep it out of the room in which washing or cooking is going on. It is excessive heat that destroys the lives of young infants.

RULE 5—Keep your house sweet and clean, cool and well aired. In very hot weather let the windows be open day and night. Do your cooking in the yard, in a shed, in the garret, or in an upper room. Whitewash the walls every spring, and see that the cellar is clear of all rubbish. Let no slops collect to poison the air. Correct all foul smells by pouring chloride of lime into the sinks and privies. Make every effort, yourself, and urge your neighbors to keep the gutters of your street or of your court clean.

Should an infant be attacked with summer diarrhoea the prompt attention of a physician is imperative, and since these articles are intended to point out the methods of preventing the ills of the "second summer" rather than of curing them, I shall avoid entirely the therapeutical aspect of the subject.



I am glad the JOURNAL Mothers are beginning to show their warm interest in the "Council," and, before long, I predict that the column will not be long enough to admit all who wish to join.

"I want to say just a word in the 'Council.' I have three little ones. One word in the last JOURNAL about cholera attracted my attention. The lady recommended powder. Vaseline is far better than powder. And right here let me call attention to an article written in last year's JOURNAL. A young mother recommended 'Sapinelle' and added: 'Sapinelle will remove all the stains of the tanning.' Imagine washing baby's diapers in soapine! No wonder the poor little thing was chafed. I have nothing to say against soapine, or any of the other 'lines.' They are all good in their place, only keep the babies dildies away from them. Also, do not put them into bluing water. I have never had a chafed place on my babies, and never need powder."

"LOU NEWBERRY."

"A Troubled Mother" asks what will take warts off a child's hands. For a little girl, of whom I have charge, I have used a solution of salicylic acid, prepared and prepared by a druggist. In using, I cut the wart with a fine needle and then I have been very careful to have a soft cloth to dry the blood with as it comes, for wherever a drop of the blood from the wart gets on the hands it is apt to cause a wart to come. After it is through bleeding apply the solution by means of a splinter of wood, a half-dozen times daily for three or four days, a half-dozen drops at each application and in a week the wart has disappeared. There is no discomfort or pain by this means except that caused in cutting the wart. With sharp scissors that is slight. I have found this means uniformly successful."

"ALICE I. SCOTT."

"I have a small item which may relieve the mind of some anxious mother. When your baby is constipated, better than drugs is a simple injection of equal parts of pure glycerine and water, say a teaspoonful or so of each, used in a glass syringe, commonly sold at the druggists for fifteen or twenty cents. Glycerine is perfectly harmless and also soothing and always a safe effect, and if persevered with after day at the same hour, nature will step in and soon relieve you from further trouble. If I had known this fact, would not my other children were young it would have saved me much trouble and some doctoring."

"FROM A CONSTANT READER."

"To prevent young children from getting uncovered at night make night gowns for summer of thin muslin for winter of shaker flannel, three-quarters of a yard longer than needed; run a tape in the hem at bottom, turn up and tie at waist, they are made of some material like a bag when in bed, tucked in string carefully from middle of little fingers, then let the dear little feet kick, you will find this much more comfortable than any pattern for night drawers, and not so easily outgrown."

"MRS. M. N. FERLINE."

"I was so glad when I noticed in one corner of the Mothers' page that we mothers could have a place to talk over our troubles. I presume everything I shall say will be old to most of you, but perhaps it will help some young mother like myself."

"I have two little men, one two years and a-half and the other six months old, so I know something about babies. They have just had the whooping-cough, and, perhaps, I can help some one likewise afflicted. I think the only medicine that would do any good is something a little sickening to get the slimy substance from their throats. Fresh air is the best thing. My baby only coughed once, but I had him outdoors; while indoors he would choke and cough about every half-hour until the perspiration would stand in great drops all over his head."

"If one of the JOURNAL mothers knew the value of the old-fashioned goose-oil, or hens-oil if goose-oil cannot be obtained. These chilly evenings, after the hot days and draughts are more liable to give children colds than in the summer; then a good rubbing with the oil, especially round the nose and over the chest. I also give a spoonful to loosen the bowels, instead of castor-oil which is so disgusting even to older babies."

"Just one more word and then I will close. Nearly every household paper has something in them about teaching children to work. Perhaps these very ones never knew what childhood and a good play were; they are excusable. I believe in making them do a little, but not too much, work. For the children I say let them play, let them play, let them play. Let them do good comes but once and 'stern realities' come all too soon. Don't scold them for musing their clothes; put something on that they will not feel afraid of. Don't be fretful when if they do bother some coming in with an old weed—a bouquet for mamma. They soon notice it and soon learn that you do not care for their little wares that they can't play with."

"My boy has a sand pile to play in and every night his shoes and stockings are full; but he is brown and rosy, which sets off the soiled aprons; and every morning when he gets up, his chest and nose could have been kissed, mamma, birds are calling me to come out doors."

"Must close now; perhaps will call again sometime."

"ELIZABETH C. B."

"Often we have heard a young mother remark: 'Last night was so very warm, and baby nursed all night.' Now, why did baby nurse? Not because she was hungry; no; nature does not intend us to keep the mamma on duty all night. The poor little dear was suffering for a cool drink of water; and, as she could not make hot water herself, she kept nursing the hot milk, making herself and mamma both that much more uncomfortable, when a few drops of cooling water placed upon the little tongue would have soothed her and cooled her. And, next morning, she would have been rested, and awake in the morning feeling refreshed and invigorated instead of languid and miserable."

"So next time baby frets try giving her a drink of water instead of the dear old milk."

"If baby is fed last thing at night, she does not need to nurse more than once or twice during the night for the first three months, and after six months she does not need that."

"A MOTHER."

One word to the JOURNAL Mothers. Please do not write long letters. Be very brief and concise. This column is not very large and I want to accommodate as many as possible. So let us be helpful, but let us also be brief. Rather write twice, than once and then a long letter.

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MRS. MALLON will be glad to answer any question about woman's wear which may be sent to her by JOURNAL readers. She asks, however, that she be permitted to answer through this Department in the JOURNAL; though, if stamps are enclosed, she will reply by mail. Address all letters to MRS. MALLON, care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pa.

IT has taken many centuries to evolve from the loose, untidy wrapper the dainty, well-fitting tea-gown. When Pope lived and wrote about the ladies of fashion, there was worn what was known as the "bed-gown,"



A FALL BONNET.

which seems to have been a cross between a jacket and a wrapper; it was loose, usually made of rich brocade, or silk, trimmed elaborately with lace and ribbon, and it reached almost to the knees, a silk petticoat showing from underneath it. This my Lady Teazle assumed as soon as she stepped from her bed, wore it while she drank her chocolate, or had her hair done, while around her there sat the beaux and belles who had dropped in for a cup of chocolate and a dish of scandal. The bed-gown died a natural death! It belonged to the days of buckles and snuff-boxes, of dignified speeches, great rudenesses and, one is forced to confess it, of much untidiness and dirt.

After it came the long wrapper, loose and untidy-looking, which, after a long while, shaped itself in princess form and grew less careless in effect, until within the last few years the tea-gown, the apotheosis of the wrapper, appeared. When and where to wear the tea-gown is continually asked. A well-made, well-fitting tea-gown, whether simply or plainly trimmed, may be worn in the afternoon in one's own home; a little more elaborate one may be assumed for a dinner where no guests are present, only, however, by the hostess, and then she may, of course, wear it during the evening if no visitors are to be received. The tea-gown is not to be worn to breakfast; its very name should tell that it comes with afternoon tea, and allows certain freedom of movement to the lady who is mistress of the teapot, who controls the sugar and who measures out the cream. Silk, velvet, wool and crepe are all liked for tea-gowns, and no trimming that is prettily used in any other costume is out of place on this. Gold is most effective; lace and ribbons are good form, while fur and feather trimming give a quaintly picturesque air that is very desirable. A tea-gown in which the wearer looks like Marguerite of Valois, and which is copied from an old picture and has a nineteenth-century touch given to that which was a little bulky, is of black crepe de Chine, but could be developed in any sort of black material like cashmere, Henrietta cloth, crepe cloth, nun's-veiling or a light-weight serge.

A PICTURESQUE TEA-GOWN.

A curious effect is produced in this gown inasmuch as it is loose at the back and tight-fitting in the front. From the neck, at the back, down to the end of the short train is a double Watteau plait, which makes the necessary fullness. A wise precaution, for the crepe has a way of doing what the darkies call "slinking in." The front is like a princess, the straight line only broken by a very broad sash of the material, which starts from each side and is knotted and falls in long ends just in front. The throat is cut out round at the back and V-shaped in front, and a very deep collar of *point-de-Venise* lace outlines it; in shape it broadens so that the extreme point of all is just at the shoulders. The sleeves are very full and high, and have cuffs overlaid with lace, like the collar. With this gown the hair is worn low. Henrietta cloth looks especially well made up in this manner, and the coarse, black Russian lace can be used instead of the *point-de-Venise* if an all-black effect is desired. A gray gown, with silver passementerie collar and cuffs, or a golden-brown one with gold on it will be in good taste.



A HANDSOME TEA-GOWN. (Illus. No. 1).

GREEN AND BROWN TOGETHER.

These colors are most effectively used in the tea-gown shown in Illustration No. 1. The material of the gown is pale-green silk. It is a princess shape with a train, the received length, at the back. In front is set a long, full gilet of white Valenciennes lace, the width used being that which is forty-eight inches in depth, so that the pretty finish shows at the edge. The collar is a high one of green silk, fastening just at one side. Passing entirely around the throat and on each side of the lace is a band of brown feather-trimming which, by its deep hue, brings out the exquisite color of the green and the clear whiteness of the lace. At the waist-line is a brown velvet ribbon that is tied in long loops and ends, seemingly confining the lace. The sleeves are coat-shaped ones of silk, with a border of feather-trimming about the wrist. Outside them are long, angel sleeves of white lace that are fastened just at the top, and below that flare apart, resting against the skirt and forming a pretty back-ground for the arm.

STYLES IN FALL BONNETS.

The straw bonnet will be worn late in the season, it being no longer counted an unusual sight to see a fur coat with a straw bonnet above it. Indeed, last year very many fashionable women wore dark straw bonnets all the season. Of course, they were trimmed with velvet and had what might be called winter decorations upon them; but they were, after all, veritable straw chapeaux.

The lady-like capote will undoubtedly retain its popularity. The rather flat trimmings are still fancied and consist of ribbon bows, flowers, grasses, small fruits or berries and, indeed, whatever may be deemed becoming or adapted to a costume. A black lace straw has a puffed brim of golden-brown velvet. In front, mashed down almost to the level of the crown, are three brown velvet wall-flowers. The ties coming from the back are of brown velvet ribbon and are looped just under the chin.

A VERY PRETTY BONNET.

A dainty little bonnet that may be worn late in the season is the one shown in the picture at the beginning of this article. A very small capote, it is of dark blue straw, the edges are bound with blue velvet and across the front is spread out an Alsatian bow of blue moire ribbon. Above this are deep purple berries that look as if they might have been plucked from the hedges. The ribbons, coming in the usual manner from the back, are of blue velvet ribbon.

EARLY AUTUMN MATERIALS.

Among the materials shown for early autumn wear the special bodice is catered to. There has never been a time when Dame Fashion did not consider this as a necessity, for she realized how many skirts had always outlived their basques. Now she offers the most beautiful brocades imaginable. They are invariably of black silk, satin, or brocade, having upon them tiny flowers in their proper colors, at regular distances, and in the most conventional manner. A plain black silk shows a very wee violet, a tiny primrose, a yellow rosebud and a purple jonquil far enough apart for the colors simply to seem beautiful and not to object to the existence of each other. Another silk is striped with hair-lines formed of small, satin dots of black, and between each row is brocaded a bunch of scarlet poppies with the foliage in its natural green. Pink rose-buds, "ragged robins" and quaint wild-roses are shown on a background that has a sort of *mattelasse* effect. On satin that would reach the requirement of our grandmothers, being stiff enough to stand alone, are "four-o'clocks" in a pale mauve shade, and yellow dandelions as bright as gold. These materials are made up into coat-basques, or absolute coats reaching very nearly to the knees, and may be worn with black skirts of any kind from lace to velvet, or from cashmere to silk. During the autumn months it will be possible to wear them without any under-bodice, but later in the season if only a fur collar or muff are fancied with them, a chamois jacket, worn underneath, will give sufficient warmth for any except very cold days.

The buttons chosen for these long basques are usually very handsome. Tortoise-shell, steel, gold or finely cut-jet being used. There is absolutely no trimming except the collar, which may be of plain velvet. Buttons decorate the sleeves and are placed just below the waist-line at the back. But the beauty of the material and the style and cut are supposed to be decorations enough. Mouseline de soie, that soft, dainty material, is being extensively used on evening bodices where the skirt is of silk and the soft finish is liked about the neck and sleeves. Crepe de Chine, being heavier, is not fancied so much for this purpose. But the sheerness of the mouseline makes it desirable. Dancing skirts, like street ones, are made with great simplicity, the bodice being the one consideration of the dressmaker. The skirt is just sufficiently long to escape the floor and there is no danger of the high-heeled slipper catching in it. A typical evening bodice is pictured here (Illustration No. 2).

MADemoiselle in her Evening-Gown.

The skirt to this bodice is of pale-blue silk with narrow lines of white satin traversing it. About the edge is a ruffling of the same, and this is the only skirt trimming. The bodice is a round one, of silk, cut out in V's at the back and front. Two broad strips of mouseline de soie are gathered and sewed in at the back, and when the bodice is put on are drawn forward, crossed in front, and carefully pinned down so that the effect shown is achieved. Although it may be a little trouble to do this draping one's self, still it must be confessed that it is much prettier than to have it sewed down primly in place. The sleeves are of the mouseline gathered into a band and so full and cloudy-looking that they fully deserve the fanciful name that is given them, that is—"cream puffs." About the waist is a much-wrinkled belt of blue satin, that looks as if it had been put on with artistic carelessness, but is in reality arranged over a foundation of stiff net, and boned back and front. It fastens at the side, but overlaps a little so perfectly in line with the folds it is a mystery to those who don't know as to how the wearer got into it.

The gloves are white, undressed kid, long enough to go over the elbow, but a little of the pretty white arm shows between the sleeves and the glove. About the throat is a string of pearl beads, and that is the only bit of jewelry worn. The hair cut short? Certainly not; but having fine, fluffy hair and not very much of it, she has it arranged in the latest fashion, that is, in a way that suggests Madame Recamier, the famous beauty. The bang is curled as usual, and then all the rest of the hair is curled too and pinned up close to the head, so that it looks like a series of little curls and the shape of the head is shown at its best. By-the-bye, no woman can afford to arrange her hair in this way who has not a small head, for it has a curious effect of increasing the size of a large one and making it look as if an abnormal swelling had suddenly come about. An old-rose nun's-veiling would be pretty made after this fashion, for the thin, light stuff could be used with it, and the empire belt could be of pink satin. And now for a nice traveling blouse—

A TYPICAL TRAVELING BLOUSE.

(Illustration No. 3). This blouse is of golden-brown cloth, made as described. It is worn over a black silk skirt that has seen many days of travel (travail as well), but brushed up and mended about the edge looks as fine as the proverbial fiddle. The blouse fits with great exactness, and is belted in to give the favorite long-waisted look. A silver chataleine with pendants from here, there and everywhere—souvenirs of happy days and pleasant people—swings from one side, and on the head is worn a brown traveling cap of the shape that English women affect, and on the front of which is painted the name of the yacht in which her ladyship went sailing around Guernsey, Jersey, Alderney and Sark in search of adventures and good health. The gloves are of the heavy kid liked for traveling, and of a rather bright-tan shade.

When will people learn that to look well when one is traveling does not mean to be over-dressed or to appear fine, but to look trim and neat and to be comfortable is really what is most needed? While there is no use keeping your oldest things for wear on the train and boat, and certainly not your old finery, still it is just as well to look over your wardrobe, seek out the skirts that beg to be united to a bodice, and then get up a traveling costume that, while it is pretty and sensible, need not be expensive. There are so many pretty things in this world that need not cost much, and the American girl will in time learn to take a few lessons from her English cousins about this. First, she will learn not to throw any piece of wearing apparel away till she has looked it over and seen whether there are bits of ribbon, lace, or even a whole pocket that might be used again. She will remove the hooks and eyes and the buttons and put them all in the boxes intended for them. She will remember that an old skirt carefully ripped and put away may be used again for a bodice-lining, and everybody who has ever worn them knows how much more comfortable a silk lining is than a cotton one.



A TYPICAL EVENING BODICE. (Illus. No. 2).

To know what is worth keeping is wisdom that proves of great value. Not to keep old things hanging up in a closet simply because you think they might be of use some day, but to learn how to go over the old things, find out wherein their worth lies and gain more space—that is, more closet room, a something of which woman-kind has never enough—by getting that which is useless out of the way. Wrap fine trimmings up in soft paper, and always remember in folding a dress trimmed with jet, or passementerie of any kind, to lay a sheet of tissue paper between the material and the trimming. This will preserve the trimming itself and keep the gown from having its design imprinted upon it. Put feathers loose in an airtight box. Roll up ribbon over a regular ribbon block, or a small, round collar box, if you have not the block. Wrap lace in colored paper—there is something in the dead-white paper that yellows white lace. Put both



A BECOMING TRAVELING COSTUME. (Illus. No. 3).

white and black lace over a bit of pasteboard, folding them as is done in the shops and then wrapping either yellow, brown or pink paper about them. In darning lace use whichever shows least upon it, either cotton or thread, and remember you see you are being told this again, that long, sketchy stitches holding it in place are much more desirable than the fine ones that show so much and do not mend it a bit better.

FOR WOMAN'S WEAR
EDITED BY MRS MALLON



It has always been supposed that silk was becoming to everybody. Black silk, specially, was given this reputation, and yet if you take the trouble to look at women who are dressed in silk, you will find, unless the material is very skillfully developed, that its shiny surface tends to bring out all the hard lines of the face, the flaws in the complexion and the angles rather than the curves of the figure. For that reason the artistic dressmaker gladly welcomes the combination of silk and velvet which is again introduced into the fashionable world. Silk and wool, while equally becoming, is not always as elaborate looking, and, after all, most of us do really like to possess one gown that is stamped as intended for visiting, reception or evening wear with bonnet in harmony.

The gros-grain silks now in vogue are much more pliable and drape more gracefully than the very stiff gros-grains that obtained awhile ago. They are indeed much more like the bengalines than the heavy gros-grain, and so have gained in the designer's hands beauty and special worth, for the soft silk never cuts as did the extremely stiff ones. All the brown shades are shown, deep garnets (the tone usually called grenat) army, navy and steel blue, a deep mauve, olive, pistache, apple and Lincoln green, mode, gray, and black as a matter of course. When velvet is the contrasting material it is usually of the same color and very little decoration is required when these two rich fabrics are brought together.

A WEDDING GOWN.

A gown intended for a quiet wedding in the early autumn has a long, full undraped skirt of mode silk, from under which shows a velvet box-plaiting that looks of course a shade darker. The bodice is of the silk and on it are square jacket fronts of the velvet outlined with gold cord. The sleeves are slightly full and of velvet, and the high collar of the same becoming material. With this is worn a small bonnet of mode velvet with a golden butterfly just in front, and ties of narrow mode velvet ribbon. The gloves are a light mode shade in glacé kid, and the bride will carry in her hand a bunch of white orchids.

Another combination of silk and velvet is shown in illustration No. 5.

A SILK AND VELVET COSTUME.

Deep garnet, a color that is almost as desirable for brunettes as for blondes, and which is rich and effective when made up, is that of the material used for this gown. The skirt is of garnet velvet. The foundation skirt being finished with a foot frill of velvet which shows from underneath. The drapery is of garnet silk. The long tablier in front is laid in plaits at the top that wrinkle in a pretty way, but it is quite separate from the back drapery. This is in full box-plaits and is fastened at each side to the velvet skirt by motifs of garnet silk passementerie. The basque is pointed in front and at the back; the point at the back being much longer the back drapery being drawn up and fastened to it by hooks and eyes.

The basque is really



A SIMPLE AND BECOMING CLOTH COAT. (illus. No. 6).

made of the two materials, the back being entirely of silk and the front of velvet. Over the front is drawn two folds of the silk that come down and fasten at the point in the centre. From each side a narrow band of pendant passementerie also fastens there.

The high collar is caught by a passementerie ornament, and one is on each of the sleeves which are gracefully, but not extremely, full. The bonnet worn with this is made of velvet like the frock, and has just in front a chou of rose-pink velvet, which contrasts very effectively and gives a light touch of color which is very Frenchy. The ties are of garnet velvet. The gloves are black undressed kid.

By-the-bye—with garnet, with any of the bright green shades, army-blue and some of the brightest golden-browns it is advisable always to wear black gloves, for the tan shades form rather too brilliant a contrast to be in good taste.

Black silk and velvet, gray and velvet, or, indeed, any shade liked, would be effective made in this manner. A design, which may be mentioned, emanated from the brain of the great Worth himself, and of which he distinctly approves. In making such a costume why not get a little more velvet and have a wrap to match? There is always something essentially refined about a suit, that is, a costume in which—perhaps the exception of the gloves, or the decoration of the bonnet—the one color is pre-eminent; and there is always, it must be said, an economy about this for it is something of which no one ever tires and it can be worn all the season through with out wearying either the wearer or the looker-on.

This "suit" is the costume that always meets man's approbation.



A SILK AND VELVET COSTUME. (illus. No. 5).

RICH IRISH POPLINS.

The impetus given to the Irish industries by some very fashionable women in London, has undoubtedly added to the popularity of Irish poplin. It is seen in the same line of colors as are the silks described, as well as in the plaids and stripes. The stripes seldom contrast, showing only a satin line upon a plain one; but Gordon and Stuart, Fife and Argyle plaids are well brought out in this silky-looking material. For close-fitting long coats the Irish poplin plaids are to be commended, and may be trimmed in the simplest manner having a turned-down collar and deep cuffs of velvet in harmony with the principal color. The plain Irish poplin is liked by people who do not care for either silk or velvet, and who find in the poplin an equally rich effect and one that is quite as becoming. Poplin used to have the reputation of never wearing out. One cannot but wonder if it is so about this present importation, for, if it is, the general woman will at last have gotten something that is at once in good style and durable. Army-blue poplin trimmed with black passementerie and velvet is very becoming, and the trying tone of the blue, by the skillful use of the black, is made possible to those who did not dare it before.

Women give too little thought not only to colors but to materials. A color that may be marvelously becoming to you in wool or velvet may make you look twenty years older in silk or satin. The old-time modistes used black satin only for very elderly ladies and in this they showed their wisdom, for it tends, unless skillfully

made up, to age any young woman. After Mrs. Manning, the wicked poisoner, was hung in it, it lost all prestige until the day of the blonde came and then she saw its possibilities when elaborately trimmed with lace and ribbon for bringing out her clear skin and intensifying her light hair. Again satin, stiff enough to stand alone, is presented to one, but it is to be used with care and—one is almost tempted to say—not without a doctor's certificate. If you conclude to get a long coat of black satin—a something, by-the-bye, which is the latest style—then you must have a shoulder cape of frills of plaited lace upon it; you must have cascades of lace down the front, a broad ribbon at the waist tied in long loops and ends, and only let it be severely simple in the back. The plain skirt has made this style of long coat possible, and while it is a style to be recommended, one must remember that the severity of the satin and the shape are too great for the average woman and that the frons-frou of the lace, the flots of the ribbon are necessary to achieve grace and beauty. Do not choose flat trimming, such as jet or passementerie, on your satin coat; the cold, hard lines of either will tend to make the satin look even more rigid; whereas lace, fur, or feathers will give it the coquettish air suitable to the slender woman who can wear a long coat.

Next to the long coat in favor, comes that which is known as the three-quarters and which, as the season advances, will increase in length until it comes quite to the knees. Light shades in smooth cloth, is liked for such coats. (Illustration No. 6).

THE FASHIONABLE CLOTH COAT.

This coat is made of gray broadcloth and is absolutely close fitting. It is double-breasted and buttons from the shoulder down and across. The buttons being large, silver ones curiously etched in black. The high collar is overlaid with a passementerie of silver that has rhine stones set in it, and the sleeves, only raised a little on the shoulders, have cuffs of the same passementerie. The gloves are of gray, undressed kid, and the oval, English-looking toque is made of gray velvet, draped over the frame in such a way that no trimming is required. The veil is of gray with fine silver specks upon it. In mode, army, pistache, billiard, olive, or old-rose cloth, such a coat is in good style. The passementerie may be black or metal as is considered best suited to the color; but the collar and cuffs should form the only decoration.



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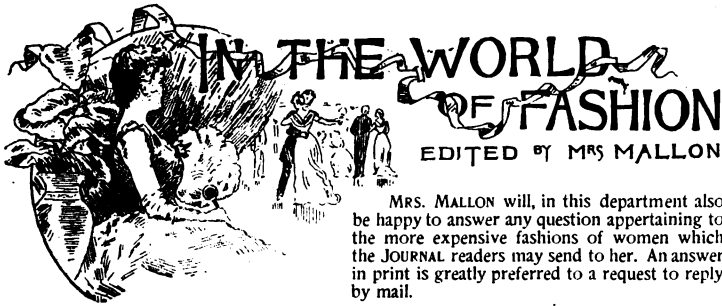
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MRS. MALLON will, in this department also be happy to answer any question appertaining to the more expensive fashions of women which the JOURNAL readers may send to her. An answer in print is greatly preferred to a request to reply by mail.

WHETHER the romance of the Princess Louise in marrying the Duke of Fife has impressed itself indelibly on the feminine mind, or whether they have a natural tendency to clannishness and the tartans that belong to each one, no man knows; but it is a fact that they are demanding, for out-door gowns, plaids and plaids, and again plaids. They want historic ones—the Stuart, Argyle and Gordon. They want ones that no clan ever possessed, and they want broken ones, that, pretty enough, only deserve to be called plaids because they began in that way and then grew irregular in their lines and design.



THE LATEST RIDING HABIT (Illus. No. 8).

Developed in the plainest way possible the plaids are very smart for entire gowns when you see there is an *if* in the way—the wearer is a slender woman. When she is not, then the skirt may be of plaid and the bodice or jacket of some plain fabric.

THE NEW PLAIDS.

Gray and white, brown and white, black and white irregular plaids are noted at Redfern's in a rough-surfaced cloth, that while it may be gotten for early autumn wear could really be used all winter under a warm wrap. A plaid which looks historic, but is not, though it may be claimed by the class of fair women, is of blue and white with a scarlet line running through it. It is made with a plain, full skirt, wrinkled just a little at the top of the front width. However, this plain skirt has that something most of us try to get—the "hang of it" is perfect. And when this is achieved decoration is out of place. A white piqué shirt is worn, closed with three white enameled buttons and having the usual high collar and narrow tie. About the waist is a belt of dark blue. The jacket bodice is of dark blue cloth, fitting the figure very closely and turned over in front in the usual masculine fashion. Below these lapels on each side are set four blue, bone buttons; the sleeves are raised on the shoulders and have two buttons at the wrist, an inch of white cuff showing below the dark cloth. The jacket is lined throughout with scarlet silk. The very oval toque is of the blue cloth with a wing-like bow of plaid ribbon. A blue habit-basque also belongs to this skirt so that a change can be obtained from the jacket and shirt if one desires it.

A simplicity marks the costume shown at illustration No. 7.

A LASSIE IN PLAID ATTIRE.

Brown and white plaid is used for this costume which is as Scotch looking as Macduff himself. The skirt is a veritable kilt—the plaits unbroken and hanging with great exactness, although a stiff effect is not given. The basque is pointed sharply at the back and front, arching in graceful curves over the hips. The edge finish is a piping of brown cloth. The front is brought over to one shoulder in double-breasted fashion and then buttoned down to the front with small, brown buttons. The coat sleeves are quite plain, the brown cloth piping outlining them at the wrists. The collar is defined with the plain brown and closed by two tiny buttons. A white linen collar shows above it and linen cuffs come below the sleeves. The gloves are heavy brown kid closed with four large buttons. The hat is a draped toque of brown cloth; on one side, quite near the back, are loops of plaid ribbon that seem to hold in place two brown quills that stand up high above the hat.

ANOTHER PLAID COSTUME.

A gray and white plaid is developed in an extremely smart fashion, and yet one that is very simple. The skirt is wrinkled a little in front, but is quite plain and full in the back. It is trimmed with black braid, nearly an inch wide; the design is a large decided Vandyke point, and three rows of braid are used in making it, just the width of the braid being between the rows. The bodice is very close-fitting; a round Zouave jacket is outlined on it by rows of braid, the collar is decorated with it and so are the coat sleeves, an elaborate trimmed look being given by this. The hat is a gray straw having a wide brim in front and none at all at the back. It is underfaced with black velvet, and blackbirds and gray ribbon form its trimming. Gray, undressed kid gloves are worn. In any of the neutral plaids or fine stripes this would be effective, for while the trimming is so simple it is yet artistic looking and seems in harmony with the cloth, something often difficult to get when one does not wish anything very elaborate.

FOR THE HORSEWOMAN.

The young woman who rides, and the number is daily increasing, is much more particular about her habit, the cloth, its cut and its fit than she is about a ball dress. And this is very proper. Except for the short time when she is still, the finest details of a ball toilette are unnoticed; whereas, from the minute she gets on her horse, the critical observer notes if there be a wrinkle, the slightest suggestion of a misfit, or a management of her horse as if the bodice was tight rather than close-fitting. The lady of the old-time, she who wore trailing skirts, rode a milk-white steed whose tail trailed behind him, and had a black velvet hat with a white plume caught by a diamond buckle, is no more—outside the novel. The rider of to-day must, according to the law of good riding, look a man from her waist up. Extreme exactness must characterize her habit, and not even a hair should be out of place. Although many different materials have been woven and shown, black Melton continues the cloth in vogue. A new cloth is ribbed exactly like that used for a man's coat, but it is doubtful if this will be given the preference over the Melton. (Illustration No. 8).

THE LATEST STYLE OF HABIT.

Black Melton is used for it, and the skirt is so well fitted that not a crease is visible. The waistcoat is of kersey, a fancy plaid pattern, and buttoned from the neck down with small, pearl buttons; it turns over at the top and shows the high, white collar and the puffed scarf which is of white silk. The basque is short and close-fitting; it has a rolling collar and lapels and is closed above the bust by four black buttons. Below that it is cut away to show the waistcoat. The gloves are the heavy kid ones chosen for riding, and above them is seen the white



FASHION'S PLAID ATTIRE. (Illus. No. 7).

The riding habit of to-day has not only reached the height of good taste but that of good sense, for it is comfortable while it is pretty, and the horror of long skirts that meant danger, if one happened to be thrown, is done away with and a tumble is no longer dreaded as it once was. Fashion and, that uncommon commodity, common-sense, go hand in hand much oftener than they are credited with doing.

As for having a bit of a masculine look, that is nonsense, for a lady never looks a lady as when in her riding habit.

THE LIKING FOR RED.

Somebody talks about people wearing red in the autumn because of the leaves and the dull skies. In summer it is said to look well against the bright background; in the spring against the soft greens, and in winter against the snowy whiteness. Truth being mighty and prevailing it must be confessed that it is worn because womankind like it at all seasons of the year. A special fancy is shown for it as contrasted with black, and these are the colors at illustration No. 9.

THE BLACK AND RED COAT.

Plain red cloth—the pure red which, while brilliant, is not glaring—forms this coat. At each seam and a little distance below the waist-line a piping of black cloth is visible, and beside this is a row of small, black buttons. In front the ends are turned back, as represented, and fastened down with similar buttons. The closing, which is slightly



THE LEADING FALL JACKET. (Illus. No. 9).

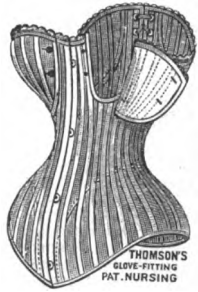
double-breasted, is done with large, black buttons. The rolling collar is of black velvet, and the fanciful cuffs are of cloth and velvet, with buttons set prettily upon them. The sleeves are quite high enough for grace. The hat is of black lace straw, underfaced with black velvet and trimmed with loops of red ribbon and a blackbird. The gloves are black kid. Worn with a black skirt of any material this jacket will look well, and certainly may be cited as one of Redfern's best.

In army-blue trimmed with black, in brown and black, or in mode and brown it would look well, but the feminine eye is best satisfied with the combination of red and black. In getting your coat for early autumn give a thought to its use during the winter. It is possible that you may select one of the styles that, not being too short, will with fur collar, cuffs and muff look as wintry as can be desired; or you may get a long cloak that will permit of these additions. However,

remember one thing—we only discover what is becoming by sad experience. We realize that some special shade is not suited to us after all the money meant for the new gown is expended in one just that shade. That is bad enough, but it may be counted a misfortune only. But is a crime against good dressing and when you make a mistake the second time. Once you know a color is unbecoming avoid it. Do not even let it appear in a blossom or a quill.

Would I have you remain true to one shade? Well, yes, to one, two or three. You can discover how many will be becoming and it is much wiser to be faithful to them. Who has not bought shrimp pink and looked like a lemon in it? Who has not bought dead white and appeared in a blue-white complexion? Who has not purchased one of the old greens and then looked the color of a mayonnaise? These are only a few of the sad results of not knowing just what to get. Find the shade that is your very own and then wear it, then you will be certain to hear complimentary tones about yourself and—dearest to a woman's heart—your gown.

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HINTS ON HOME DRESS-MAKING

BY EMMA M. HOOPER.

MISS HOOPER invites, and will cheerfully answer, any questions concerning home dressmaking which may be sent to her by the JOURNAL sisters. While she will answer by mail, if stamp is enclosed, she greatly prefers to be allowed to reply through the JOURNAL, in order that her answers may be generally helpful. Address all letters to MISS EMMA M. HOOPER, care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pa.

SOME ALLOWABLE COMBINATIONS.

IRTAN and novelty plaids with piece or ribbon-velvet trimmings, and sleeves of faille Francaise, Bengaline or velvet. Cashmere and camel's-hair, with sleeves of faille and a trimming of tinsel galloon. Small brocades, wide and narrow-striped silks for centre-fronts and sleeves with cashmere dresses cut in princess style; the stripes are cut to bring them all in V's. Fine woolen goods and the silk known as *peau de soie*. Brown is combined with Suède, mode, and green; gray with blue-green and a darker gray; two shades of heliotrope and the same in old-rose; pale-green and the deepest of bottle-green. Black may be worn with any color, and remains a fashionable note for the fall. The popularity of velvet cannot be over estimated. Tinsel galloon, plain, mixed with black or a color, and velvet ribbon will be notable garniture for at least another season.

NEW BODICES AND SLEEVES.

Many of these look like a low-necked waist put on over a high one of contrasting material. The body portion is gathered on to form an erect ruffle, which is doubled or put on plain, with a narrow gimp concealing the edges. The basque is without darts, having the fullness shirred or plaited, back and front, or in the front only, at the waist-line. The yoke is of velvet, silk, plaid goods, covered with netting, braided, of brocade, embroidery, shirred on cords, or simply gathered round or to form a point. Collars are worn high, with "broken" points in front, as turned-over frills, in the high-flared Medici style, and the dress-neck is also cut slightly V-shape, back and front, and finished with a collar pointed very deeply. The lower part of basques are cut with a short point, back and front, and very short on the hips; others have a flat coat-tail back, opened up the centre, which is of a medium or deep length and always trimmed with buttons up the centre. With this back the front may be pointed or rounded, according to the figure. The chief mystery surrounding a bodice is the getting in and out of it, which is invisible to the naked eye many times, though the opening is usually under the lapped fullness in front or along the left shoulder and side-seam. A few young ladies are wearing basques hooking up the back. An evening basque of China crepe is laid bias over the lining; the dart fullness is pinched in tiny plaits, the material pulled smoothly over the point, and then draped over the chest in folds from the shoulders and top of the arm-sizes. Ribbon, galloon, etc., is worn on the edge of basques, tying in the back or finishing under a rosette.

SKIRT EFFECTS.

Have a skirt as plain as possible, but made of a generous supply of material, which seems a paradox, perhaps, but while straight in effect, it must not be scanty. The fronts are frequently made now to set perfectly smooth, with the sides slightly gathered or laid in a triple box-pleat, and the back gathered—fan, box or triple-plaited. Skirts of plaid goods are cut on the bias, which means that they require nearly half as much again of the goods, viz., a design requiring four yards ordinarily, will take five yards and a half if cut on the bias; the seams will run across the skirt, so the plaid must be matched exactly. The front is plain, the sides nearly so and the back in plaits or gathers. Hems are often turned up on the right side and a piping of braid, or the contrasting material put on at the top. Full, round skirts may be shirred at the top on one to three cords about as large as an ordinary pen-holder. Skirts for very stout women should have a wide, front gore longer in the centre. Facing the lining skirt with a second fabric and lifting the outer material in a funnel-pleat on each side to show the facing, is a pretty fashion.

HERE AND THERE.

Make over cashmere dresses for the fall with large sleeves of silk, and accessories of velvet. Fit basques to have a long-waisted, tapering effect. Traveling dresses, cut with a V at the throat for a white chemisette. For a dressy, India silk gown, have a black ground and green, heliotrope or red figures, with a trimming of black, or green if of green designs, velvet-ribbon, colored China crepe or silk-muslin vest, and sleeves of black lace over colored silk. Evening frocks of the soft, lovely draping crepon, may be trimmed with silk or velvet-ribbon, or tinsel galloon. The material is excellent for a full basque, as it is so soft that any amount of material may be put in a small space. Low-necked, evening bodices are laced in the back, gathered round the top to form an erect frill, and the fullness then brought to the point, back and front. The sleeves are gathered into the arm-size, shirred to form a frill on the lower edge, and are about five or six inches long. Red India

silks, figured with black, will be bright, dressy gowns for home wear through the cold season. Black lace and velvet-ribbon tone down some of the gay effect. Heavy laces, like embroidery, are used on India silk gowns for collars, cuffs, yokes, corselets and skirt-panels. For a fall traveling and general walking dress, have a blue or brown serge made with a jacket-basque, high-topped sleeves and slightly draped skirt, over a shirt front of striped wash-silk worn with a belt. An iron rule for the much-to-be-worn plaids, make them up bias, and have silk or velvet sleeves of black, or a dark color.

DRESS AIDS FOR MOTHERS.

UNDER three years of age, boys may wear one-piece dresses of woolen goods, piqué, gingham or muslin, cut like a jacket and a kilt skirt, which consists of a plaited skirt sewed to a round waist, buttoning in the back and having round or square second or jacket-fronts, with a rolled collar and coat or shirt sleeves. Plaid vests and skirts, cut on the bias, look well with plain-colored waists. More mannish boys are dressed in a box-plaited blouse, opened in front, having an outside belt, and sewed permanently to the skirt. After this age they done kilt skirts, sewed to a silesia waist, with a long blouse and shirt sleeves under a short jacket, over which the blouse collar is laid, and the blouse shows below the waist-line all round. This for dressy wear is of cashmere, brown or blue, with a white muslin, serge or cashmere blouse. Plainer suits have longer jackets, pointed vests and kilts of cloth or velveteen. Frequently the kilt is of plaid, woolen goods, having the broad, box-pleat in front, usually held down with a row of buttons on each side, and kilt-plaits turned toward the centre-back for the rest of the skirt, which is then worn over knee trousers. Sailor-blouses, with kilt skirts are worn of plain or striped "Allen" flannel that washes well, and at this time they also wear the "middy" suit of blue or white flannel, with the full, sailor trousers. Double-breasted reefing-jackets are worn when a wrap is wished. Over eight years boys may wear long, or knee trousers of striped or checked cloth and a belted Norfolk, or single-breasted jacket. Round and Vandyke collars of linen or lace are worn until ten years old, or the former are kept until the youth is thirteen. A square knot of surah or plaid silk is worn for every-day cravats and those of white China silk or brocade for best occasions. Black hose, ribbed or plain, are worn with all suits. Rolling sailor, Tam O'Shanter, pork-pie, polo and many nameless shapes of hats may be worn with good taste.

FOR LARGE AND SMALL GIRLS.

What can be prettier for a blonde girl of fifteen years than large sleeves, pointed yoke, collar and left side of the skirt of blue plaid cut on the bias, with the full body portion of plain blue shirred on to form an erect ruffle, fitted in at the waist with several tiny plaits at the centre of the waist-line and opened below to show the panel? The dress opens in the back and affords an excellent model to make over by. For a school dress have a round skirt hung almost plain in front, gathered thickly in the back and in a large triple-pleat on each side. Have the hem on the outside and piped at the top with silk braid, doubled. The large sleeves are close-fitted at the wrists, with cuffs having piped edges. The jacket basque has square cut fronts and a rolling collar over a belted blouse-vest of striped wash surah laid in box or side-plaits. A girl of ten years may have a frock out of some woolen goods, plain or striped, and a remnant of surah, which answers for the pointed yoke and leg-o'-mutton sleeves. The skirt has a fan-plaiting in front, of several fine silk-plaits turned toward the centre and is gathered the rest of the way. The round waist buttons up in a point on each shoulder, leaving a V of surah back and front, the fullness gathered at the centre of the waist-line, and a shaped belt of the woolen fabric buttoned on the left. The cuffs are of wool buttoned over on the outside. Mothers' India silk may be made over for little ones, adding velvet-ribbon trimming and a white gimp.

Round gingham waists are bias from the shoulders, leaving a V of tucked muslin or embroidery between, laid in two folds and lapped at the waist, while the back is straight with a side plait outlining the buttons. The full sleeves have a bias puff at the top, the bias or straight skirt is gathered, and sash-ends of the material sewed in the side seams and tied in the back. Plaids will be very fashionable for children; for the fall cashmere, serge, chevot, Scotch plaids, India silk, surah, challis, piece and ribbon-velvet trimming. Striped flannel will be more popular than ever this coming season, as it has been tried and found durable. White gimpes of tucked and feather-stitched nainsook are sufficiently dainty for any dress, though they are seen of surah and China silk.

A FEW HINTS ON MENDING.

WHILE I do not approve of putting girls down to a stint of sewing when they ought to be out-doors, at the same time if they are taught the art, for it is an art, of mending when young, it will save many a penny when they are women; and mending must be learned in childhood or never known. Thousands of neat sewers cannot darn stockings, and the neatest plain sewer I know cannot make a buttonhole. The other sewing she was taught in early days when fine needle-work was an accomplishment, for which we need not now try our eyes now as the machine does this and more.

MENDING TABLE LINEN.

Use the shiny flax embroidery cotton, first basting the ragged edges of the rent over a piece of stiff paper. Then make a net-work of stitches back and forth, running the needle fully an inch beyond the tare into the linen. If an expert in embroidery, the pattern of the cloth or napkin might be darned in. This makes a neater finish than to patch the hole with a piece of the same, though this may be neatly done by matching the pattern and darning over the raw edges of the larger part, which is laid over the scrap and basted smoothly. The moment a break is discovered in table linen, mend it, as this is a certain case of "a stitch in time saves nine." By the bye, all table linen must be hemmed by hand, turning the hems as narrow as possible. Towels are mended with flax or linen embroidery cotton as well, using a number to agree with the quality of the towel and running the stitches each way, as usual. In darning use a long, fine needle and make the first row of threads as close as possible. The second row is simply over and under one thread, with the second line alternating, under one, over one.

"As though we did not know how to darn!" Of course, you know the theory, my dear sisters; but what means the many "cobbled" pieces of mending turned out every week by the family mender?

DRESSMAKERS' CORNER

Under this heading I will cheerfully answer each month any possible question on Home-Dressmaking sent me by my readers.
EMMA M. HOOPER.

DORCAS—Crepon in white or cream will be about as cheap as any evening dress can be made. It is forty inches wide and ninety cents a yard; seven yards will answer for a full skirt, large sleeves and full-fronted basque, pointed, and opening in the back. Trim with a sash of No. 12 ribbon round the edge and tied in the back; ribbon on the sleeves and down one side of the skirt as a braid and on the other side as a length ending in a large rosette. Turn-over frill of lace at the neck; velvet-ribbon may be used if preferred. A very pretty quality of albatross is sixty-five cents a yard, but this material is not as new as crepon. For a low-necked, evening dress, China silk and ribbon are charming. The silk at seventy-five cents, Brussels net over satin is also pretty, and not so very expensive when satin is fifty cents and the net ninety cents, and two yards wide.

MRS. DIANA W.—Percaleine at twenty cents is a lining of very fine French cambric, which is eighteen cents and fifteen for a commoner quality. You will not be satisfied with a satine lining to the lace, which needs a silky background. Run dress braids on saty and projecting below the skirt.

MISS MAMIE J.—The striped flannel wash if care is taken to do it properly. Do not rub soap on the goods, but make a lather. Yoke-shaped trimmings are very fashionable, but are not becoming to a short figure. Line the sleeves with French cambric to the bodies. The lining of high-topped sleeves is without the fullness.

SEWER—Cut the facing for the lower edge of the basque bias, and have an interlining of crinoline to keep the edge in good shape. Cabage rosettes, called a *chou*, are made of velvet or ribbon No. 12 or 16, gathering one edge of about a yard-and-a-half and pulling it up in rosette form, when it will be loose and fluffy.

MIDGE—In buying a black silk, select one of a reliable American make, as faille Francaise weave, with an even lustre, soft, feel and no imperfections from the loom in the weaving, which show on the surface.

LARA—New basques and ribbon garnitures are written of in this issue of "Home Dressmaking."

TWO SISTERS—A lace gown is certainly lighter with only the satin lining, but the skirt will set far better with the usual foundation, having a twelve-inch reed set in twelve inches below the belt. The latest lace costumes for dinner and demi-toilette wear have yokes of lace, with the body portion gathered up over the edge.

MRS. MARGUERITE V.—Read answer to "Sewer."

MAYBELLE—Your letter was too late for the August issue, and you did not enclose the address, so I fear that this is too late to be of service. The only way to use the narrow satine is to make a skirt of two deep ruffles, each fully four yards wide, with a round bodice and large sleeves having cuffs, rolling collar and belt of the border. You need eleven or twelve yards of the goods.

THE BRAID THAT IS KNOWN



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THE PRACTICAL HOUSEKEEPER

EDITED AND CONDUCTED BY MRS. LOUISA KNAPP.

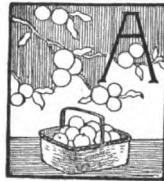


MRS. KNAPP cordially invites the JOURNAL sisters to send her any new receipt or idea for kitchen or table. All such accepted will be paid for at liberal rates. Questions of any sort, relating to housekeeping, may be asked without hesitation, and will be cheerfully answered in this Department. Address all letters to MRS. LOUISA KNAPP, care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pa.

A BASKET OF APPLES.

HOW TO PREPARE THEM FOR THE TABLE.

By ANN APPLEBEER.



BASKET of apples has in it great possibilities for a series of delightful additions to the table. Like a basket of potatoes, the uses of apples are almost unlimited, yet, as in everything, there are uses and uses. I think, however, I can place the following receipts before the JOURNAL housewives with full confidence.

DOMESTIC QUERY BOX

[Under this heading I will gladly answer any domestic question sent me by the JOURNAL sisters—LOUISA KNAPP.]

MRS. A. C. PIKE—To make fruit-ices the following is a good rule. Two quarts water; three pounds sugar; one quart fruit juice. Squeeze the water, strain any kind of fruit juice; add it and freeze. It is a longer time to freeze than other ices. It is an improvement to stir in, when the ice is half frozen, the whites of three eggs, beaten stiff. The juice of currants, cherries, and raspberries is delicious for this.

TO CANDY FRUITS—Peel and stone plums, peaches or cherries. Have ready a thick syrup, made of sugar together one pound of sugar to one cup of water. Put in the fruit, and boil very slowly till tender. Do not leave it on the stove after this; it will spoil the shape of the fruit. Set away the preserves in a jar, as just as it is, in a cool place. Leave the fruit in the syrup for two days, to absorb it. Take out the pieces then, and drain them. Sprinkle each one thickly with granulated sugar, covering every side. Lay them on clean paper and set in the air (but not sun) to dry. Turn them often. Pack in paste board boxes, with paper laid between the layers. Keep in a cool place.

MRS. J. E.—To preserve pineapple—Remove the skin and eyes. Grate the pineapple, or prepare thus: holding the pineapple in the left hand, with the sharp fork, tear out small bits, beginning at the stem end. Throw away the core which is left. To each pound of pineapple thus prepared add three-fourths of a pound of sugar. Put the sugar on the fire with one cupful of cold water to every two pounds of sugar. Heat slowly and let it just begin to boil, adding the fruit, which should be made very hot first by being set in a sauce-pan into boiling water at the back of the stove. Heating the fruit in this way before adding to the syrup prevents the bitterness which is often disagreeable in preserved pineapple. Boil all together slowly for fifteen minutes. Then put into jars, seal with wax, and use medium-size pineapples will fill two quart jars and one pint.

A SUBSCRIBER—Voreostabro Sauce. Take one gallon of ripe tomatoes, wash, simmer in three quarts of water. Boil down and strain through a sieve. Now add to the juice two tablespoonfuls of ginger, two of mace, two of whole black pepper, two of salt, one of cloves and one of cayenne pepper. Let simmer until reduced to one quart. Pour in half a pint of the best vinegar, strain through a hair sieve; seal tightly in half-pint bottles.

MRS. P. M. WALL—A Journal sister gives the following directions for canning corn, promising it as sweet and fresh when opened, as when cut from the cob. Cut off the corn and pound or press it with a potato masher until the juice or milk of the corn will cover it, then place in the jars. Pack the jars tightly, and cap lightly, and set them in a water bath, separating each jar, by a few corn husks or some hay to prevent breakage. Fill the boiler with cold water to nearly the top of the jars and boil four hours. Then take out and tighten the caps and set away in a dark place.

Rich ice-cream may be made by the following receipt—Five cupfuls cream, one and a half cupfuls of sugar one and a half teaspoonfuls vanilla. Mix all and freeze. Good ice-cream may be made by substituting milk for half the cream.

SUBSCRIBER—The Philadelphia "Record" is responsible for the following:

"Fruit preserved without sugar.—One of the newest California methods of preserving fruit whole and without sugar is as follows: Fill clean, perfectly dry fruit jars with fresh, sound fruit; add nothing, not even water. Be sure that the fruit is closely packed in. Wrap a little hay or a cloth around each jar, and stand them in a pan or a boiler of cold water. Let the water reach not quite to the shoulder of the jars. Bring the water to a boil over a moderate fire, and then boil gently for ten minutes. Seal the jars and replace, setting them upside down in the water. Boil fifteen minutes longer. Take pan and jars off the fire, and let the jars cool in the water. If the fruit shrinks too rapidly, less time may be allowed in boiling. This is a receipt every housekeeper will require to test in small quantities, to become familiar with the necessary length of time for different fruits before using it extensively."

DAINTY AND DELIGHTFUL DISHES.

By ANNA ALEXANDER CAMERON.

ONE of the daintiest dishes I can recommend to the JOURNAL housekeepers is "apricots in jelly," and the subjoined receipt will, I think, be very satisfactory if carefully followed:—

Select fine, perfect apricots, pare very thin and stone. Sprinkle with equal weight of fine, white sugar, and set away in a cool place. The next day boil very gently in the syrup until they are clear and tender. Remove to a bowl and pour the syrup over them. Have ready the next day one quart of apple water such as you make apple jelly of; add to it one pound of loaf-sugar, pour into it the syrup from the apricots and let it boil quickly until it will jelly. Beat it now and then in a saucer set in the refrigerator. When it will jelly put the apricots in and let them just come to a boil. Skin carefully and seal up in small, glass jars, or jelly tumblers.

MUSHROOM SAUCE FOR FOWLS.
Peel a pint of tender, young mushrooms; put them in a saucepan with a little salt and pepper, a small blade of mace, a pint of rich, sweet cream, and a gill of butter rubbed up with a teaspoonful of flour; boil up once and serve in a gravy-boat. This is very fine.

MUTTON HAM.
In the autumn select a fine, tender hind-quarter of mutton and trim it in the shape of a ham. Hang it for two days in a cold place; mix half a pound of bay salt, two ounces of saltpetre, half a pound of common salt and half a pound of brown sugar. Pound the saltpetre fine and mix all together and heat nearly hot in a pan over the coals. Rub this well into the meat; turn it over in the liquor that runs from it every day for four days; then add two more ounces of common salt. Let it remain twelve days in the brine, turning it daily. Then take it out, wipe it perfectly dry, and hang it in the smoke-house to smoke for one week. Slices of this ham broiled and buttered are delightful, very much resembling venison.

PICKLED MUSHROOMS.
Young mushrooms (or buttons, as they are called), must be peeled, sprinkled with a little salt and pepper, and put in a saucepan with a blade of mace. Set them over a gentle fire, and as the juice runs from them, shake them about well in the pan. Keep them over the fire until all of the juice is dried into them again, shaking frequently to prevent burning. Now put as much good cider-vinegar into the pan as will just cover them. When it comes to a boil, put at once into glass jars, screw on the tops tightly and set away in a cool, dark, dry place. This pickle is delicious and will keep for two years.

WAFERS.
One pint of flour made into dough with a fresh egg, pinch of salt, large spoonful of butter, and sweet milk sufficient to mix. Knead well; make into small, round balls, the size of a hickory-nut, and roll as thin as letter paper. Prick all over and bake a pale brown in a quick oven.

STUFFED TOMATOES.
Select ripe tomatoes, round and of an average size. Cut off the stem end and with a spoon carefully remove the pulp and seeds, leaving intact the walls of the tomato. Mix up a rich stuffing of equal parts of bread crumbs and finely-minced cold chicken and cold ham. Add melted butter, pepper, salt, a teaspoonful of mixed mustard, some of the tomato pulp, the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs chopped fine, a saltspoonful of finely minced onion, two cloves and two grains of allspice pounded fine. Mix all together thoroughly and let it be moist, but not too soft. Into each tomato before stuffing sprinkle a pinch of salt and sugar; stuff them full and set them close together in a pretty baking-dish. Pour over each a little melted butter, sprinkle lightly with bread crumbs and bake for half an hour.

VEAL CUTLETS.
Steam the cutlets for a few minutes, so as to partly cook them, then wipe them dry. Have ready a dish with finely-powdered cracker-dust. In another dish have four egg yolks beaten light and mixed with two tablespoonfuls of rich, sweet cream. Season cutlets and egg mixture with salt and pepper. Have ready a frying-pan half full of boiling lard. Dip the cutlets first one side and then the other in the eggs and then in the cracker dust, after which put them in the boiling lard; do not disturb them until the under side is brown, then carefully turn, and when the other side is brown, remove to a hot dish and serve at once while crisp. Do not attempt to serve gravy with cutlets.

FLANNEL CAKES.

One quart of flour, one gill of cornmeal, four eggs, one tablespoonful of butter melted in a pint of fresh milk, salt to taste, and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, or half a pint of sour cream and one level teaspoonful of soda. The eggs must be beaten separately, very light. Bake quickly, as you would buck-wheat cakes.

GREEN PEA SOUP.
Put a fat, full-grown chicken to boil in five quarts of water. When it has boiled slowly for two hours, put into the pot two quarts of green peas. Let these boil until soft, then remove and mash them thoroughly.

Put them in a colander and pour the soup through it, rubbing the peas about so as to let all of the pulp mix with the soup while the hulls remain in the colander. Return the soup to the pot, adding a quarter of a pound of butter, salt and pepper to taste, and a tablespoonful of chopped parsley. Rub smooth a tablespoonful of flour into some of the butter, add that and let it boil up briskly for a minute or two. Remove the chicken and serve hot. This is the nicest way to make green pea soup. If you want the chicken nicer and the soup not quite so elegant before adding the peas to the soup, you can remove the chicken and serve it for dinner with egg-sauce.

SPONGE BISCUIT.
Beat twelve eggs very light; add one pound of soft sugar, twelve ounces of flour and the grated rind of a lemon. Beat well and drop by spoonfuls on buttered sheets of tin, and bake in a quick oven.

DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER
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APPLE CUSTARD.

Pare and grate two large, tart apples; add four tablespoonfuls melted butter, eight of sugar, juice and grated rind of one lemon, yolks and whites of six eggs, separately beaten. Line dish with puff paste, fill and bake like custard.

APPLE CREAM CUSTARD.

Bake five apples and then remove cores and skins; beat whites of three eggs to a froth, add apple and beat. Serve with boiled custard made of one quart of milk, yolks of three eggs, small cup of sugar, quarter of a cup of flour, little salt.

CREAMED APPLES.

Select thin-skinned apples, such as the "Fameuse," or Snow, core, without paring; fill with sugar and bake. While cooling, whip one and one-half cups cold sweet cream till smooth and firm; add two tablespoonfuls powdered sugar, a little vanilla or lemon. Place apples in sauce-dishes, cover with cream and serve at once.

BAKED APPLE DUMPLINGS.

Pare and core tart apples. Make a good pie-crust. Cut out (with puff-cover, if you have no large cutter) rounds, in which wrap each apple. Bake; serve with cream and sugar.

APPLE CHARLOTTE PUDDING.

Butter a pudding dish; line bottom and sides with slices of bread, one-half an inch thick, buttered and dipped in cold water. Fill dish with sliced, juicy apples, one cup sugar, one cup cold water, little spice. Cover with slices of buttered bread, cover and bake very slowly, four hours.

SAUCE FOR PUDDING.

One cup sugar, one-half cup butter, beat to a cream; add one beaten egg, teaspoonful of flour wet with cold water. Add one-half pint boiling water and let all boil a few moments stirring constantly.

SAVORY SNOW-BALLS.

One cup of rice, soaked over night, and steamed or boiled in slightly salted water as for plain rice pudding. Pare and core, without dividing, a few good, sour apples. Fill them with some of the rice. Take some soft, white cotton cloth, divide into small, square pieces, proportioned to size of apples. Wet each piece in cold water; spread about one-half inch thick with the rice; wrap in each, an apple, and tie securely. Boil or steam one hour, steaming being preferable, I think. Dip in cold water before attempting to remove cloth; serve with plain cream and sugar or with pudding sauce. They are very delicious.

A WORD ABOUT APPLE-PIES.

Of course, we shall make a few pies, and, of course, we all know how to make them; but, let me suggest to those who have never tried it, the method of sweetening them with sugar, molasses and judgment.

The judgment is necessary, as the molasses and sugar, in equal parts, must vary with the acidity of the apples used. It is well to quarter the apples and core each quarter; then, divide it into two or three slices. Put a layer of these close to the edge of plate-rim, having allowed under-crust to extend nearly an inch from edge of plate. Lay one end of each slice, upon slice last placed; fold crust up over, when pie is filled, and wet it. After pressing upper crust down, firmly, around the edge, pare it.

By this means there will be no trouble with pies running out at the edge, neither will there be three-fourths of an inch, or more, of crust in which there is no apple. A little cinnamon and a few bits of butter are good in apple-pie, and very tart, juicy apples should be selected.

APPLE CAKE.

Away down in the bottom of the basket, we find a few strings of real, old-fashioned "dried apples," which the sunshine and wind of last autumn did not, while drying them, rob of their orchard flavor. So, to-morrow, we can make some of grandma's good apple-cake. Two cups of dried apples soaked over night, then chopped a little. Place in stew-pan and add two cups of good molasses. Boil slowly two hours; add two-thirds cup melted butter and allow mixture to become cool. When cool, add two well-beaten eggs; scant cup or sugar; one cup raisins, stoned and chopped; one-half cup of grated, sweet chocolate; two cups of buttermilk or sour milk; two teaspoonfuls soda and two of cassia, one of cloves, and one of allspice. Flour enough to make it about the consistency of fruit-cake dough. If desired, the chocolate, raisins, or both, may be omitted, and the cake will still be good. This recipe makes two loaves.

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THE PRACTICAL HOUSEKEEPER

EDITED AND CONDUCTED BY MRS. LOUISA KNAPP.



MRS. KNAPP cordially invites the JOURNAL sisters to send her any new receipt or idea for kitchen or table. All such accepted will be paid for at liberal rates. Questions of any sort, relating to housekeeping, may be asked without hesitation, and will be cheerfully answered in this Department. Address all letters to MRS. LOUISA KNAPP, care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pa.

SOME JELLIES AND PRESERVES

BY ANNA ALEXANDER CAMERON.



HERE is no "royal road" to nice things. To have them a housekeeper must take trouble and a great deal of it, and during the summer she is a busy woman, if to be that she means to provide her family with dried and canned fruits and vegetables, preserves, jellies, etc.

Although very nice pickles, preserves and jellies can be bought by the denizens of cities, the perfection of those articles are found only on the pantry shelves of those homes where such things are made and not bought.

And in villages and rural districts, the old-fashioned housekeeper would scorn bought preserves, etc. They must all have been made under her own eye, by the time-honored receipts used in her family far back in the dim past.

The fragrant strawberries and raspberries must have been well looked over to see that none with flaws were suffered to escape detection. The peaches must be barely ripe; the pippins for jelly just the right degree of acidity, and so on up the long scale of fruits.

Pound for pound of the purest sugar, no fast boiling, the most careful skimming, and afterwards the most patient sunning. All of these things non-essential, and the result was very satisfactory to those who had the good fortune to partake of these incomparable sweetmeats.

DELICIOUS POTTED CHERRIES.

The following receipt is for what the ancients called "potted cherries." They are, in reality, when prepared as directed, one of the most delicious conserves, far superior to any of the conserved cherries that I have seen from the most noted confectioners.

Any cherry can be used, but the very nicest is the Morello. Its thick pulp, high flavor and delicious acidity making it superior to the other varieties.

To every pound of cherries allow half a pound of the best white sugar. Stone the cherries in the evening, put the sugar on them and set them away in a cool place until the next morning.

Remove the cherries and put the sugar and juice on the stove in a preserving kettle and let it boil gently for half an hour. Put in the cherries, part at a time, so that the kettle will not be too crowded; cook them in the syrup for twenty minutes, then remove and spread out on large dishes. After all of the cherries have been cooked in this manner and spread out on dishes, boil the syrup down until it is very thick. Put the dishes out in the bright sunshine, covering them with a wire gauze screen or thin muslin, tacked to frames. This is absolutely necessary to protect them from dust and insects and from the pilfering of birds, who are very fond of cherries prepared thus and will eat up incredible amounts of them.

Every day pour over all of the cherries some of the syrup. Scoop them up from the dish and turn them over, so that they will dry the faster.

When all of the syrup has been used up and the fruit is well dried, pack it in stone jars, sprinkling sugar between the layers if you choose, although it is not at all necessary. Cover closely and keep in a dry place.

It requires about ten days to dry cherries in this way.

TO MAKE PEACH PRESERVES.

In making peach preserves, if you wish them to be pale amber, use white peaches; if a deep color, use those which are yellow.

Select large, firm, perfect cling-stone peaches. Pare them evenly and thinly, cut in large slices and weigh. To every pound of fruit allow one pound of white sugar; put the peaches and sugar in alternate layers in the preserving-kettle, letting the last layer be sugar. Cover the kettle and set it away in a cool place until the next morning. Set the kettle on the stove and when the syrup is getting hot, remove all of the fruit; let the syrup boil gently for half an hour; then put in about a quarter of the fruit and let it cook for ten minutes. Remove it to a dish, draining the syrup from it. In this manner proceed until all of the peaches have been cooked ten minutes. Then begin at the first dish and repeat the ten minutes' cooking for the contents of each dish; set the fruit in the sun while it is awaiting its return to the kettle. In this way proceed until the preserves are done and beautifully clear. When they can be easily pierced through with a straw they are sufficiently done. Again set the dishes in the sunshine and boil the syrup down until it is rich and heavy; then set the kettle off of the stove and let the syrup cool somewhat.

Put the fruit in the jars and fill up with the syrup - screw on the tops close and set them away in a dry place. Every day for ten days set the jars in the sun, then stow them away; they will require no further care.

CRAB-APPLE JELLY.

To make the most exquisite jelly, both in appearance and flavor, use genuine crab-apples. Wash and select those without flaw or blemish and cut them up, skins, cores and all. Put them in a preserving kettle, cover them with water, and set them on the stove to boil. When the fruit is perfectly done, strain out the juice through a jelly bag, and to every pint of juice add one pound of white sugar. Return to the kettle and boil it gently for half an hour; take out a spoonful and put it in a saucer in a cool place, and if it jellies, remove the kettle from the fire. If not, continue to boil it until it jellies. Be careful not to cook it too long, or the jelly will be too stiff. Fill the glasses while it is warm, but do not seal up until perfectly cold. Before sealing up the glasses, put on the top of each a circle of paraffine paper which just fits in the mouth of the glass, then fasten on the top securely, or paste thick paper over the glass. Jelly should be kept in a cool, perfectly dry place.

At this half-way station put in some salt and pepper. Then add the rest of the fish, potato and tomatoes, more salt and pepper, and cover with water. Let it simmer along for half-an-hour on a moderate fire. Let the quart of milk come to a scald. Put a pinch of soda into the chowder, and stir for the first time. Add a little of the hot liquor to paste made of the butter and flour, and mix till quite smooth. Stir this in next, then add the milk, stirring gently, and remove from the fire. Serve very hot. A few sprigs of parsley may be used when desired. Hot crackers and small pickles or gherkins accompany this dish nicely.

THREE VIEWS OF CUCUMBERS.

BY ANNA ALEXANDER CAMERON.

IT is not very often that one can cry "Eureka" and rejoice over a valuable bit of knowledge that has come after careful thought and anxious search.

Yet twice over cucumbers has this *pean* been sung by myself, and this is why I rejoice. First, how to raise them with but little trouble and with great success; next, how to keep them imprisoned in brine without the loss of the tiniest one. These two things are my own discoveries and have brought me untold comfort and satisfaction. The third view is an adopted one, by which I made cucumbers into pickle that a friend—a bronzed and hardened traveler who had been going to and fro throughout the civilized world—pronounced "the most glorious pickle made in any country on the globe!"

Imprimis, how to raise them—but you, who live in cities where the convenient markets solve all questions of supply, can skip over this and, as some one else has raised yours for you, can go at once into the brine with them, while the village housewife, who has a small garden in which she wishes to raise a great deal, will discover that by the following method she can have an ample return of cucumbers from a very limited area, say a square about the size of a large Persian rug:

The ground must be rich and the seed planted two feet apart each way, four or five seeds to a place. Work well and keep free from weeds. Thin out to three plants to a place, and when the vines are six or eight inches high, and just about to start to run, work the ground well and then cover it five or six inches deep with straw, hay, leaves, or packing moss, anything that will make a lazy bed and keep the earth moist. That is the secret of raising cucumbers—perpetual moisture.

Do not bruise the vines at all, but put the straw close up to and around them.

The whole square should be well covered, so that nothing but the vines appear. In a very short time there will be a perfect wreath of blossoms and innumerable cucumbers. The vines will yield all that can be used on the table and a quantity for pickling. I know of no method of raising them as simple and as thoroughly successful as this.

A ten-gallon keg of strong brine on which an egg will float, a bag made of one yard of sleazy, white cotton into which to put the cucumbers, a string to tie up its mouth, a clean stone to keep it in place under the brine, and every cucumber is safe and sound until you wish to pickle them. When that time comes—which it should not do for six weeks—soak them in fresh water for twenty-four hours, then put them in a preserving kettle with vinegar enough to cover them. Set them on the stove and boil gently, until a straw can easily pierce them. Have ready a jar that will hold them; remove from the kettle and throw the vinegar away. Put into the kettle nearly twice as much vinegar as they were boiled in, and set it on the stove to boil. Now, weigh the cucumbers and allow a quarter of a pound of sugar to every pound of cucumbers. In every ten pounds of pickle, allow three onions and half an ounce each of mace, cloves, allspice, ginger and two three-inch sticks of cinnamon, a quarter of an ounce of turmeric, a quarter of an ounce of black pepper, a quarter of an ounce of mixed mustard, one ounce of white mustard seed, one ounce of scraped horse-radish. Slice the onions, crack the spices, mix the mustard and turmeric together into a smooth paste. Put all of the sugar and half of the spices into the vinegar that is in the kettle; sprinkle the rest of the spice with the other ingredients in alternate layers between the cucumbers as you put them in the jar. When the vinegar has been boiling just ten minutes, stir into it the mixed mustard and turmeric and remove it instantly from the fire and pour over the pickles. Cover it up close and set it away. In a few days it will be ready for use, and is really very elegant pickle. The traveler was not far wrong when he pronounced it "glorious pickle."

THREE PALATABLE RECEIPTS

BY THE JOURNAL'S SKILLED HOUSEWIVES.

A ROYAL CHOWDER.

NOTHING is more tempting to a delicate appetite than a fish chowder well prepared.

The one I shall tell you how to prepare is thoroughly good. For its foundation I should select halibut or fresh cod, for obvious reasons. First, the delicacy of the meat, and second, the fact that there is scarcely any boning to do. With shad, whitefish, or kindred *genus*, this operation would be apt to occupy several hours.

You will want two pounds of fish, a quarter pound of breakfast bacon, four good-sized potatoes, one small onion, four tomatoes, (or half a can) and a quart of milk. Butter the size of a walnut, and a dessertspoonful of flour, to be used in thickening. First pick the fish to pieces nicely, removing every sign of bone or skin; peel the potatoes and cut into dice; cut or chop the bacon into quite small bits; and have the tomatoes also cut up. Rub the butter and flour into a smooth paste. All the ingredients being ready, the preparation now becomes an easy task. On the bottom of your graniteware or porcelain-lined kettle, spread half of your potatoes like a layer, then half of the fish in the same manner. Then sprinkle in the onion (cut fine) and the bacon, then half of the tomatoes.

At this half-way station put in some salt and pepper. Then add the rest of the fish, potato and tomatoes, more salt and pepper, and cover with water. Let it simmer along for half-an-hour on a moderate fire. Let the quart of milk come to a scald. Put a pinch of soda into the chowder, and stir for the first time. Add a little of the hot liquor to paste made of the butter and flour, and mix till quite smooth. Stir this in next, then add the milk, stirring gently, and remove from the fire. Serve very hot. A few sprigs of parsley may be used when desired. Hot crackers and small pickles or gherkins accompany this dish nicely.

SUPERIOR COOKIES.

One pound of flour; three-quarters of a pound, each, of butter and sugar; three eggs; one teaspoonful of rose-water. Drop one spoonful of the well-beaten batter for each cookie into a well-greased bread-pan, and bake in a quick oven.

LEMON SHERBET.

Six lemons; four eggs (the whites); two pints sugar. Make a thick syrup of one pint of sugar and about one pint of water. When cold, thin with the juice of six lemons, and water enough to make it a rich lemonade. When it is about half frozen add boiled icing made as follows:

One pint of sugar moistened with water and boiled until it is a soft candy, whilst hot add the stiff beaten whites of the four eggs. Flavor with vanilla and a little citric acid or cream tartar, and beat hard until thick and smooth, and add to the half-frozen lemonade. S. G. HUMPHREYS.

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ALL ABOUT FLOWERS

EDITED AND CONDUCTED BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

A BEAUTIFUL CLIMBING PLANT.

The *Allamanda* is one of the finest of all climbing greenhouse plants. In late winter and early spring a well-grown specimen will be literally covered with trumpet-shaped flowers of the richest yellow, which show to fine effect against the rich, shining foliage. It produces the best effect when the branches are trained along the rafters. It can be trained to a trellis, but in order to secure best results from it, it must be given a good deal of root-room, therefore it is best to plant it out in the greenhouse border and train it to pillars or along the rafters where it can have all the room for both roots and branches that it desires.

It likes a rich soil, in which there is a good deal of turfy matter, and considerable sand. Drain the pots well, and give plenty of water while the plant is growing and flowering. Shower often to keep the red spider down. If this pest is allowed to take possession of the plant it will soon ruin it. After blooming, cut the branches back well. While inclined to be a somewhat rampant grower, under favorable conditions it can easily be kept within proper limits by careful training. If you have a greenhouse, by all means get a plant of *A. Hendersonii* or *Nerfelia*.

RULES FOR STUDYING PLANTS.

I wish to repeat what I have often said before: If you want to grow a plant well, study it. Teachers know that they have to study the individuality of the children in their charge if they would make their work among them effective. The same method of teaching will not answer with all. Methods must be varied according to the peculiarities of the pupils. It is the same in floriculture. While the same general rules apply in most cases, there are little variations and modifications which may seem unimportant, but which are not so. These modifications of general rules and the proper application of them can only be understood practically by loving and intelligent study of each plant requiring attention. The same rules will not always apply to plants of the same kind, because plants are greatly influenced by conditions under which they are grown. These conditions can only be fully understood by the person caring for the plants. Take an interest in your plants, and they will appreciate it and respond. Always aim to grow your plants well, and do not be satisfied with "passable" plants. The majority of plants in windows are only "passable" because only general rules are applied. Find a fine collection of them, and you will be pretty sure to discover that its owner studies her plants and so modifies general rules as to practically give each plant the particular treatment which it requires in order to do its best.

GARDEN HINTS.

Let neatness characterize your garden. If it is not neat, the choicest plants will fail to make it attractive to the lover of the beautiful, for neatness is one of the prime elements of beauty. When you remove faded flowers and dead leaves from plants in the beds, add them to the compost heap or get rid of them in some way; never throw them down, as some persons do, to disfigure the walks or sward. And be sure, be very sure, if you want your beds to look their best, never let anything else—to keep weeds out of them. One big weed will spoil a bed, because it will be self-asserting enough to take possession of the greater part of it, elbowing the flowers aside, eating up the food which ought to be reserved for your future annoyance. A stitch in time saves nine, they tell us, and pulling up a weed at the proper time will save you the labor of pulling up hundreds of its kind next season.

Have your vines growing on trellises or trained to the pillars of the veranda, which have to be laid down in the fall, and covered? Then do not allow them to twine about their supports in such a way as to make it impossible to detach them by-and-by without breaking or otherwise injuring them greatly.

PANSIES FOR SPRING BLOOMING.

If you want fine, strong pansy plants for next season, sow seed in late summer or early fall. Transplant the plants when they have made five or six leaves in the beds where they are to blossom, giving them a rich, mellow soil to grow in. By the coming of cold weather they will be strong, healthy plants, many of them well set with buds. In the latter part of October, or when really cold weather sets in, it is well to throw a covering of evergreen branches over them. Such a covering is much preferable to one of straw or litter, as the weight of the snow packs these snugly down about the plants, and often smothers them to death. The pansy must have plenty of air in winter, and branches of evergreens afford all the protection required, and prevent the snow from compacting itself about the plants. Leaves are also good, but it is impossible to obtain them in many instances. In order to obtain best results from pansies, it is important that plants should be started the year before they are expected to do their best, and in late summer or early fall, as earlier sown plants will come into bloom in autumn, and be somewhat exhausted before winter sets in. Late sown plants are full of vitality at winter's coming, and almost always go through the season in good shape, specially if given such protection as I have advised.

FLOWERS IN NORTH CAROLINA.

A. M. R. Bush Hill, N. C., writes:—"I have been thinking about telling you of my success with flowers last season, for some time. I grew forty-two plants from one packet of double-petunia seed, and thirty-seven plants from one packet of verbenas seed. The petunias I set too close in the beds and part of them seemed to smother. Several were double, and all were very pretty. I took up two of the finest in the fall, and they have been in bloom in my sitting-room window all winter, where they have received the admiration of all who have seen them. In summer, one of them was red with little spots of white. Now it blossoms out white, with stripes and blotches of red. It is some of the choice kinds the scribe so attractively, I should be delighted."

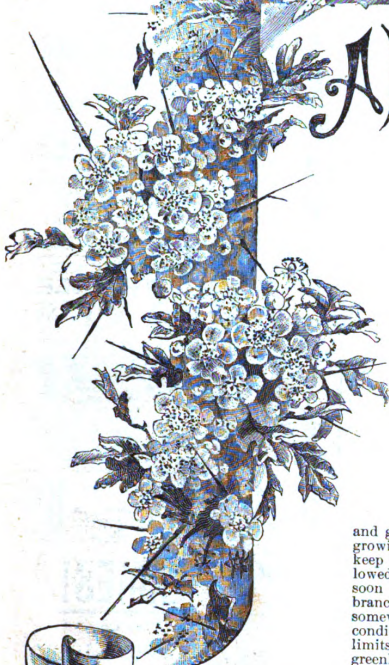
and is as fragrant as a carnation. It has often had twenty and thirty flowers on it at one time. All the care it has required is a daily watering and an occasional cutting back to make new branches start. It nearly fills a window.

"My pansies make a most wonderful show. They did not bloom much the first season, and when fall came I covered them with pine boughs. When I took off the covering last spring I found that the plants were thickly set with buds, and in a short time they were literally covered with great flowers that looked like a flock of butterflies. I looked a great many times to find two that were alike, but I never succeeded. Each flower had something in it different from any other. I did not know till then what a marvelous range of colors this truly royal flower comes in. There was blue and purple and brown, copper and yellow and mahogany, white and maroon and sulphur, with 'eyes' and 'blotches' and 'stripes' and 'splashes,' too numerous to mention. My pansy-bed was a thing of beauty for months, if not a joy forever, and people came from miles away to see and admire it. It afforded me a great deal of pleasure to show it to them, and hear their 'oh's' and 'ah's' over it. I took almost as much pride in it as if I had made it myself. The great difficulty here is extreme draughts and a hot sun. The ground often becomes so dry that with all the watering we can give, seeds fail to germinate. I find that the only way to make sure of success with seeds is to sow in boxes and lay glass over the plants while young."

"Have been so pleased with my last year's success that I intend to 'branch out' more the coming season. I shall try several kinds which I have never seen growing here. Roses are superb with us in ordinary seasons. The hybrid perpetuals are hardly without any covering, and the tender teas come through all right with a few leaves thrown over them. Chrysanthemums ought to live through the winter with us, and I shall procure a few plants and give them a trial. If I could grow catalogues de-
delighted."



THE GRACEFUL ALLAMANDA.



PLANTS FOR WINTER FLOWERING.

ONE of the most cheerful little plants I know of for the sitting-room window in winter, or any time of year, for that matter, since it is always in bloom, is the Zanzibar Balsam, or *Impatiens sultani*. It is not a flower of striking beauty, but haven't you among your friends some persons whose faces are not particularly handsome, but whom you are always glad to look at because of the steady cheerfulness which beams from them? Their cheerfulness is contagious. This plant gives one very much the same impression. Its pretty magenta-colored flowers smile up at you in the most winning way and you can't help noticing them, though they are the most unobtrusive of all flowers. You get to thinking of this plant as a friend after a little. I don't know of any plant which has more of a "knack" in winning friendship. It is of the easiest culture, requiring a light rich soil, and a good deal of water. It will do very well in sun or shade. Being tender it must be kept from all frost.

THE CHEERFUL OXALIS ROSEA.

Another cheerful plant is *Oxalis rosea*. It is admirably adapted for basket culture. Its clover-like leaves are borne on the end



OXALIS ROSEA

of long and slender stems, and droop in such a manner as to cover the pot. Above these its rosy flowers are lifted in great profusion. The contrast between foliage and flower is very pleasing. It is a most excellent winter-bloomer. A well-grown plant of it will make the window bright and gay all through the season. Give it a light, rich, sandy soil, and not too much water. It is fond of sunshine. Shower it twice a week to prevent the red spider from injuring it. Its flowers are not only beautiful, but have a delightful, spicy fragrance. A few sprays of it, with half a dozen of its leaves, in a slender glass vase, make a charming bit of brightness for the breakfast or tea-table. Its roots are tuberous, and new plants are obtained by division of these roots. In spring, get dry, without disturbing the roots. The foliage will turn yellow and die off. After resting a few months, take the roots out of the old soil and re-pot them in fresh compost, and start the plant into new growth by giving light and water. There are several varieties which are well adapted to window culture, but none of them are quite as good as *rosea*, which is the most prolific bloomer of the family.



IMPATIENS SULTANI.



ALL ABOUT FLOWERS

This department is under the editorship of EBEN E. REXFORD, who will take pleasure in answering any question regarding flowers and floriculture which may be sent to him by the JOURNAL readers. MR. REXFORD asks that, as far as possible, correspondents will allow him to answer their questions through his JOURNAL Department. Where specially desired, however, he will answer them by mail, if stamp is enclosed. Address all letters direct to EBEN E. REXFORD, Shiocton, Wisconsin.

FLORAL HELPS AND HINTS

SPOTS ON GERANIUM LEAVES.

"Josie" says that spots are appearing on the foliage of her Geraniums, but she can find no insect.—It may be that an examination of the underside of the leaf will show the red spider. If so, use water thrown up under the foliage. Apply daily. It may be that the spots come from showering the leaves and allowing strong sunshine to fall on the plants while the water stands on them in drops. They are often scalded in this way.

NON-BLOOMING WAX PLANT.

Mrs. M. C. M. has a Wax Plant which she has had eight years, and it has failed to bloom. She says it is thrifty, and wants to know what to do with it to get it to bloom.—I don't know. It may be that it has too rich a soil, which would have a tendency to encourage production of branches rather than of flowers. It may have too large a pot, which would give same result as too rich a soil. Have patience, and you will be rewarded with flowers in time.

PLANTS FOR SMALL GREENHOUSE.

D. V. D. asks what plants will do for a small greenhouse.—In a greenhouse of the size you name, I would use geraniums, fuchsias, heliotropes, begonias, coleus, bouvardias, ageratums, chrysanthemums and the ordinary trailing and climbing plants. All these are of easy cultivation, and will afford more satisfaction than the more exacting kinds. It would be well for you to get a book treating on the cultivation of these plants and study up on them.

PLANTS FOR WINDOW BOXES.

W. W. S. asks what flowers to plant in window-boxes. She wants something which will give a profuse and constant bloom.—Petunias, phlox and geraniums are excellent for this purpose. Pansies would not be likely to do well in a window having a southern exposure. Heliotropes are fine, and very sweet. Morning-glory vines can be trained about the windows with good effect.

SOAP-SUDS ON PLANTS.

E. M. P. writes that he finds strong soap-suds will kill aphids on plants; also, that they will force the worms in soil to come to surfaces, and asks if they will injure the roots of the plants.—I am of the opinion that very strong suds, applied too often, might be injurious.

NON-BLOOMING YUCCA.

E. C.—This plant cannot be depended on with certainty as far north as you are.

FLOWERS IN SHADE-VINES FOR COVERING WINDOW.

An amateur asks what flowers to grow in shady place; also, what vine will grow on north piazza, and what one will grow rapidly and form a screen for sunny window.—I have answered a correspondent in this column about plants for shady locations, and this will apply in this case. Madeira Vine will do well for north side of house. For the sunny window use Morning-glories.

PLANTS FOR A SMALL COLLECTION.

"Bittersweet" wants me to give her the names of a few plants for winter-blooming.—Abutilons, achania, begonias, geraniums, callas, plumbagoes, heliotropes, primroses, primula obconica and stavia. Othonna for basket. Speciosa is the best winter-blooming fuchsia.

POLYANTHA ROSES AND CARNATIONS.

"A Subscriber" wants to know about the Polyantha Roses as house-plants.—I do not admire the first introductions of this class as much as I do the teas; but it is plain to be seen that they have merit, and that they are much better adapted to house-culture than any of the older varieties. Give a rather stiff soil of clay and manure, and pack the soil firmly about the roots. Cut back each branch after it has bloomed, and keep the plant producing new branches if you want a steady supply of flowers. J. C. Vaughan, of Chicago, introduces a new variety of this class, which he calls Clothilde Souper, which is far in advance of other varieties. It has larger and finer-shaped flowers, white, with rosy centre, with a most exquisite fragrance. It must become a favorite. When Carnations are received from the florist, place the plants in lukewarm water without removing the moss or paper in which they are wrapped, and leave them there for half an hour. Then pot in small pots and keep in shade in a cool room for several days. This is a good rule to follow with all plants received by mail.

LILY-OF-THE-VALLEY—CALLA.

Mrs. J. H.—The Lily-of-the-Valley will do well in any rich, light soil, if partially shaded and well drained. Callas are not good plants for the garden. Too late to have the reply to question about seeds of any value.

BEDDING OUT BEGONIAS.

C. K. J.—The only Begonias worth bedding out are the tuberous kinds. The others do better when kept in pots.

ROSE-CULTURE.

Mrs. C. E. S.—The Rose mentioned is not hardy enough to stand our winters out-of-doors, at the north. Pinch off the top if you want it to branch. Don't water with liquid manure till it begins to grow. Be sure to get rid of the red spiders if you expect it to do much. A few spiders will damage the plant greatly. I would not try to keep the Lily over for next season, as a bulb, once forced, is never to be depended on afterward.

LEMON VERBENAS AND HIBISCUS.

G.—Both plants are deciduous, and should be wintered in a dry cellar. In using double-glass, have two sets of sash, the outer one being put on with screws. Remove it in spring; in making a bay-window, it would be better to have the roof of glass, too. The exposure you speak of, is better than one with a western aspect.

LICE ON ROSES—CLEMATIS.

R.—If there are lice on your rose-bushes, I presume the curling of the leaves is due to them, rather than to cold weather. Sprinkle with hellebore when moist with dew, being sure to reach every part of the plant with the powder. The Clematis does not require a great deal of sunshine.

STAR LIST ROSES.

C. M. G.—The list of Roses named is a good one. The firm offering them is perfectly reliable; one of the best in the trade.

FUCHSIAS IN CELLAR—MANNETTIA VINE.

"Elsinore" asks when to put Fuchsias in cellar in fall.—November or December. I know nothing about the Mannettia vine.

TROUBLE WITH PANSIES.

B. S. M. writes that she has tried to grow Pansies on north side of the house, where it is very damp, and something eats the flowers before they open.—I presume it is the thrip which likes a damp place. I do not know what can be done to get rid of the pest if she cannot remove the dampness.

PANSIES RUNNING TO "TOPS."

E. E.—I presume your soil was too rich. If that was the case, it will explain why your plants made a strong growth with few flowers.

LEMON TREE.

Mrs. D.—I think it would be better to ter your Lemon in the cellar. Give fresh soil when it starts into growth; water well in summer. To bring it into proper shape, cut back all unruly branches and when new ones start, nip and pinch them in till you secure the shape desired. Patience and perseverance and pinching will accomplish this.

TROUBLE WITH ORANGE TREE.

Mrs. J. B. G.—The sticky substance on small branches of Orange is from some insect which is working on the plant. Wash in strong soap-suds, after which rinse with clear water. If the leaves are dropping it may come from lack of root-room, insufficient nutriment in soil, or from gas.

PALM FOR NAME.

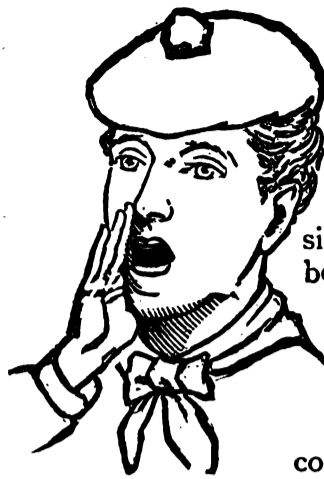
Hattie K.—I presume you enclosed the specimen which you speak of sending, but I fail to find it. The Palm requires re-potting about once a year. It likes a deep pot to grow in, moderate supply of water, and plenty of moisture on its foliage. Re-pot in spring. You will find article on greenhouses in July number.

WATER LILIES.

C. E. S., writes from northern Minnesota that the common, white Water-Lily is not found in any of the lakes of that section, and he would like to attempt their introduction.—This can be done very easily. Get strong roots and tie a stone to them and sink them in the muck on the edges of ponds and lakes, and they will soon start into growth. It is necessary that the roots should be kept from getting dry in removal. E. D. Sturtevant, Bordentown, N. J., makes a specialty of aquatic plants, and sends out a catalogue from which much information regarding their culture can be secured.

HELLOBORUS NIGER.

Miss M. L. H. asks about the culture of the plant named.—I am sorry that I cannot give the desired information; I have never grown it.



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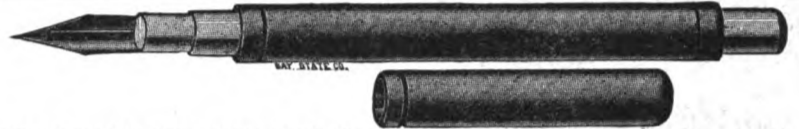


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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

TO ALL CORRESPONDENTS: Any question from our readers, of help or interest to women, will be cheerfully answered in this department. But please bear in mind: Write your questions plainly and briefly. Don't use unnecessary words: editors are busy persons.

Mrs. J. D. H.—It is very bad form for a gentleman to take a lady's arm, unless, indeed, she should be a very old lady who needs assistance.

ELAIM—We cannot recommend such a medicine as you desire, for, unfortunately, all are more or less dangerous. The use of borax in the water in which you bathe your face will do much to remove the oily tendency referred to.

Mrs. W. B. D.—By writing to Charles Scribner's Sons, 743 Broadway, New York, a book on kindergarten method can be had.

MAY FLOWERS—The fruit jars referred to can doubtless be gotten at any of the large house-furnishing stores.

MAY—Nothing will so certainly whiten the neck as the use of lemons; divide one and use it exactly as if it were soap.

LUCY E. O.—A woman never loses caste by doing her work, no matter what it is, honestly and ably. It is only when she is ashamed of it and does it facetiously that there is cause for any unhappiness.

MISS F. F.—Stop using the soap on your face for a while, and try almond meal. You will find that its tendency is to remove the spots and roughness on your forehead.

Mrs. B. B. C.—P. P. C. written on a visiting card is "pour prendre congé," the French for "to say good-bye." It is considered in better taste to write it in English and make it "To say farewell."

VICTOR—Unless the young man conducts himself respectfully to your mother, avoid him. A man who does not reverence age will certainly make a very poor husband.

C. R. Q.—Combine black velvet with your black silk; it will freshen and give it a richer appearance than would moire. An undressed kid glove may be worn with all costumes except gray and a vivid shade of green.

ALICE—It is certainly in very bad taste to accept an invitation from a man friend to enter a restaurant on the Sabbath, or indeed any other evening, without the companionship of your mother or some suitable chaperon.

MARIAN—The use of the toothpick should be confined exclusively to your dressing-room, and nothing excuses its use in public.

JENNIE—We would advise you not to allow any man, except your betrothed, and those bound to you by ties of blood, to kiss you. A woman always regrets actions of familiarity.

FREDERICA—Plain black ink is always good form; violet or any fancy shade is counted vulgar. The monogram is still used by those who like it, but there no longer exists for it the prestige that did at one time.

OLD SUBSCRIBER—The received length for a skirt is that given in the illustrations of the Fashion Department in this month's JOURNAL.

YOUNG WIDOW—You cannot be married in white; any of the pearl, mauve or dove shades will be in best taste. Remove the wedding ring you formerly wore, and if you have a daughter by the first marriage give it to her.

Mrs. WINTHROP—Have your hair brushed with regularity and washed twice over in borax and hot water. See that it is thoroughly dried. The brushing will not only cleanse it but make it glossy. By giving one hundred strokes every evening yourself there will be a natural development of the bust and arms.

RENNY—There is no reason why the artist may not be visited at his studio, provided you are accompanied by a chaperon. In your devotion to art do not forget the laws of society, which, after all, are the gentle rules that do protect a woman.

ELLA F.—After you have given the newcomer sufficient time to get "settled," it is proper for you to call if you have a monogram of the kind, with rich tones. Lace is not necessary, indeed it is rather out of place.

L.—Louisa Alcott is buried at Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, Concord, Mass.

QUINN W.—Usually if the skin is very much spotted and rough there is some internal reason for it, and it will be found by entrusting the case to the family physician.

K. H. I.—If the gown is a pretty one, the one thing advisable is to entrust it to the French process of cleaning, when it will come out entirely.

HOOSIER—The year at Vassar would, undoubtedly, do you a great deal of good; it would throw you among the class of people you wish to meet, and enlarge your ideas of what constitutes good society.

L. B. K.—The prettiest finish for a crazy quilt is a broad border of plush in one of the dark, rich tones. Lace is not necessary, indeed it is rather out of place.

HILDA—A large bag made of quaint brocade is a pretty present for a debutante; for it will be of use at parties to carry her slippers, fan, muchoir, etc.

EXPECTANT BRIDE—Tiny brooches representing two hearts; narrow bangles, with gold hearts or fans, upon which a monogram of the bride and groom are engraved, are all suitable and inexpensive presents for the bridesmaids.

YOUNG WIFE—There is no better diet for children than milk, not cream, which is apt to be a little too rich for the stomach. As a soporific nothing equals a glass of milk taken just before retiring.

SWEETHEART—My dear, we never regret kindly words, and if your friend loves you and you love her never mind who is in the wrong; go to her, and with your most loving greeting begin your friendship over.

V. W. C.—It is not customary to ask for more than one helping at dessert.

MARY ANN—Unless the man has asked you to be his wife do not consider that his courtesies are any more than those of one friend to another.

ESSIE B.—The gray kid shoes may be quaintly worn with the black gown in the house; and if you wish to add to your picturesque appearance wear gray kid undressed gloves.

H. D. I.—A book on "Breakfasts and Luncheons" is published by us, and costs 25 cents.

L. V. C.—You will be wise to submit your fine lace to a professional scourer.

W. E. O. AND OTHERS—We have no exchange department either for letters or for those desiring to exchange goods.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER—An all-white bed is considered in best taste. The heavy coverlets are no longer liked; those of bottom sheeting or fine linen decorated with drawn work being liked. Round bolsters are on the bed during the daytime and taken away at night, pillows, square and soft, taking their place. Shams are no longer in vogue.

MINNIE—Lemon-juice, slightly diluted with water, is said to remove freckles.

R. R. B.—Peroxide of hydrogen, diluted with ammonia, will lighten the hair, but we do not recommend its use. Bleached hair always gives to the face a very undesirable look.

W. L. D.—Nothing can be advised for the eyelashes; they are so close to the eyes that it is dangerous to attempt to increase their growth.

Mrs. B. L.—The pleasantest reading party is one when a course of books is taken up, and after an hour's reading, conversation on the subject follows. But it should not be enforced; simply let it be understood, and then the conversation will take the direction you desire. Do not begin with books that are too heavy; take a good work and gradually read up to a different line.

IGNO RAMUS—The spots on the kid gloves will undoubtedly be best removed by a professional scourer.

Mrs. C. F. H.—We would advise your applying directly to the magazine that has not kept its compact with you.

ELEANOR—Portieres are better liked of some wool or wool and silk materials imitating brocade, or the old-fashioned brocade.

Mrs. M. C. K.—One of the simplest and best methods of preparing a rose-jar is given in the "Side Talks to Girls," in the column entitled "What I Want to Know."

A. M.—The bride must be shown a little charity in regard to returning her first calls, as she usually has to take in the order in which they are made. There is no impropriety, if you wish, in your going to teas given in her honor, even if the visit has not been returned.

ANTIQUITY—A string of gold beads, exactly imitating those worn a hundred years ago, may be obtained at any of the large jewelry shops.

MINNIE C.—No, a ribbon stock is folded to fit over the collar, and no stiffening is put in it. When a lady is leaving her husband's cards also, they are carried in the same case with hers.

H. E. B.—Knitted neckties are not worn by men who are supposed to dress well.

CHICKENS—In regard to a henry write to "The American Agriculturist," New York city.

AMATEUR—If your paintings are of worth send them to some of the exhibitions, and then the general public will have an opportunity to decide as to their value.

H. S. C.—For an oily skin use borax in the water intended for bathing the face. A few drops of alcohol used occasionally will be found to give tone to the skin and remove the objectionable oily look.

J. M.—At a full-dress wedding it is perfectly proper to go in an evening gown with the bodice decollete and the sleeves short.

A. A. G.—The address of Mrs. Mary J. Holmes, Brockport, N. Y.

Mrs. E. M. M.—All information in regard to the "King's Daughters" will be given in the Department conducted by Mrs. Bottoms, and devoted to their interest.

Mrs. M. J. G.—The address of the Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic—General B. A. Ager, Detroit, Michigan.

C. B. J.—In passing a friend twice in a short time on the street it is most graceful to bow each time.

Mrs. M. W. V.—A few drops of ammonia in a basin full of hard water will soften it quickly.

A SUBSCRIBER—Giving your face a Russian bath every night, that is, soothing it first with hot water and then with cold water, will tend to remove the acne. As you do not wish your crocheted jacket to stretch it will be wisest to submit it to a professional scourer.

DAISY—If you wish to see your old friend it is quite proper to write a note asking him to come and see you. At a wedding congratulate the bridegroom and wish all happiness to the bride.

Sis—You are only one among many who finds it difficult to keep your bangs in place during the warm weather. The best way to do is to cut the bang rather shorter and then brush it until it is fluffy.

Mrs. K. O. W.—The knowledge of plain sewing will do, is only attained by practice, and it may be doubted if any book could teach one "just how" it should be done.

IOWA—If your sketches are clever submit them to a publishing house that makes a specialty of illustrating its books. An honest opinion of their value will then be placed upon them.

C. S. B.—Write to the Scott Coin and Stamp Company, East Twenty-third street, New York city, for information about your old coin.

A. B.—The only way to test whether your work is worth publication or not, is to send it to a publisher for examination.

E. M. F.—It is always wise to submit silk to a practical scourer, for then if the stain can be got out, the effect will be the best.

MADRELINE—In complaining over your lack of conversation you are wrong because it is your fault—do not be too heavy with the stranger. Chat about the room, the music, the pretty women and all the delights that go to make up a student's promenade concert. "And shall I keep on repeating myself?" If you like, the fire of conversation may be light, but it is always innocent, and for that reason should not be slighted.

B. E.—Such violent contrasts as violet and blue are fashionable, but unless the colors are very carefully blended, are not desirable. Undressed kid gloves are in good taste with either a gray or black gown.

READER—There are schools for telegraphy in almost any of the large cities where it can be learned in a practical manner.

R.—It is impossible to answer any questions that simply speak of illustrations by their numbers, when mention is not made of the JOURNAL in which they appeared.

The Editor of this Department has to say that she cannot answer questions in regard to advertised articles.

A CAUTION TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

We presume it is well known by this time that the price of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL is \$1.00 per year, and yet there are some who will pay to a total stranger 60 cents, or 60 cents, and in some cases 25 cents, and expect to receive our paper for one year, and then severely censure us because we do not send it. It ought not to be necessary for us to say that money so paid never reaches us, and the first intimation we have that any one has subscribed in this way, is their letter of complaint. There has also been sent to us a receipt upon a printed form called, a "Publisher's Guarantee to Subscribers," which printed form has not the name of any publisher upon it, and of course, as a guarantee is of no value. Such receipts are intended to deceive our subscribers with the idea that this is a guarantee from us. Had we not received such receipts from subscribers who considered such a "guarantee" from us, we should think it entirely unnecessary to make such a statement as this. Any agent presenting such a printed receipt may justly be regarded with suspicion. Our subscribers generally have better means of knowing who is soliciting their subscription for us to have, but it may be set down as a fact, that any stranger soliciting subscriptions at less than \$1.00 per annum, does so upon his own responsibility. It would be much better in such a case, if you should give the agent your name, of the agent, in which case, he could get his commission from us. We have already said in a previous number, that we give no premiums, chromos, or anything of the sort directly to a single subscriber; we give premiums only to such persons who secure subscribers for us, to pay them of their trouble, but we do not give them to a single subscriber, as we feel that the paper we are furnishing is richly worth \$1.00 per annum.

103 VARIETIES OF SOAPS adapted to every taste and use, are made by Colgate & Co. Some unscented, and others scented with rare and fragrant Oriental balsams and perfumes. Of this superb variety, CASHMERE BOUQUET holds foremost place as the most widely sold and highly esteemed superfine soap, not only of this country, but of the world. COLGATE'S SOAPS and PERFUMES

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THE LEADING SHOE OF TO-DAY. It allows all the freedom of a lace shoe, without the trouble of daily lacing and unlacing, and prevents undue tension of the elastic. It has the merits of both congress and lace, without their faults. It is made of the best material, in the best manner, is nice fitting, stylish and serviceable, and costs \$2.00 to \$7.00 a pair. An indispensable luxury for FAT MEN. If you cannot get these shoes to suit you in shape or quality, take no other, but write to H. T. MARSHALL, PAT'D. MAY 13, 1884. H. T. MARSHALL, BROCKTON, MASS. Manufacturer of Men's, Boys' and Youths' Fine Shoes and The Best Lawn Tennis Shoe Made For Ladies' and Gents' Wear.

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PORTABLE HOUSES. Made of Corrugated Iron. Air space, wool felt and canvas inside. Light, strong, handsome and comfortable. For campers, contractors, miners, boomers, pre-emptors, etc., etc. Send for catalogue and prices. IRON COTTAGE CO., 137 Fulton Street, Grand Rapids, Mich.

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LADY Agents Wanted. New Rubber Undergarment. Rapid seller; good pay. Address Mrs. B. N. LITTLE MFG. CO., Chicago, Ill.

BRILLIANT PIANO POLISH. Makes old Pianos look like new, and improves new ones. Try it! 15c per bottle. AGENTS WANTED. Address L. U. JOHNS PIANO CO., GREENVILLE, OHIO.

MUSIC GIVEN AWAY! Write to WILLIS WOODWARD & CO., 842 and 844 Broadway, New York, for particulars. \$230 A MONTH. Agents Wanted. 50 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample free. Address N. A. MARSH, Detroit, Mich.

Fill Your Own TEETH with Crystalline. Stop Pain and Decay. Lasts a lifetime. Circular free. T. F. TRUMAN, M. D., Wells Bridge, N. Y.

LADIES wanted to sell our large Shrubs, Roses, etc. J. E. WHITNEY, Nurseryman, Rochester, N. Y. ESPEY'S FRAGRANT CREAM. A soothing lotion for sunburn and tan.

WHAT ONE WOMAN DID.

EDITOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.—Ella Rodman Church's articles on "Money Getting," have incited me to tell the JOURNAL sisters a little of my experience.

"The second year of our married life brought us misfortune in the shape of fire. Our dwelling and all our household goods were destroyed. Our farm and stock were uninjured, but as we stood by those smoking embers we felt that we were poor indeed. A smaller house with scanty allowance of furniture, were soon ready for us to begin again.

"Among other things destroyed by the fire, was a small but well selected library, the result of economy and careful thought for years, and the question came to me, What can I do to replace that library without appealing to the "god man" for help, for I knew full well that there were already two places for every dollar of his, and that money for this object must come from some other source. I turned the subject over in my mind but could find no answer to the problem. I consulted all the papers and books that I could get hoping I would gain a little light on the subject, but in vain. Every plan suggested seemed to me, in my circumstances, impracticable. It was useless to talk about denying myself a dress or ribbon in order to buy books, for the dress and ribbon had to be sacrificed anyway.

"Through the summer and autumn and winter I pondered the subject, and found me with low spirits and broken health. I had reviewed and rejected many plans, because they were impracticable. But when spring came I decided on a plan of action that I had mentally rejected perhaps a dozen times, and that was market gardening. The reason I had thought this impracticable was that our only market within twenty miles, was a little town of between two and three hundred inhabitants, most of whom did their own gardening. I knew there were only three or four families who depended on buying their produce, and I decided to furnish them with it.

"As soon as spring opened I had the ground prepared and put in my seeds at the risk of having my first plants destroyed with frost. I hired my housework done, and spent the greater part of my time in the open air, and I found that market gardening was a delightful task. Frost did me no injury, and my first produce was ready for market by the time other people's were coming through the ground. My first produce met with a quick sale, and brought an exorbitant price, and enabled me to contract to furnish produce to those who depended on buying. All through the season my vegetables were from two to three weeks earlier than anyone else's, and brought a fine price.

"Here in the west the prairies, especially along the sloughs, are overrun with wild strawberries, large and fine, and of a delicious flavor. I had never seen them in the cultivated varieties. When the strawberry season came on, my little girl and I went up and down these sloughs gathering the berries, for which I found a ready market.

"During the summer I put up cucumbers for two dozen families, and in the early autumn I made the year's supply of jelly for those same families, from the wild plums and grapes that grow here in such great abundance, and are free to everyone who will gather them.

"I kept two fine milk cows that summer, but butter brought so little in the market that it was cheaper to buy than to make it; therefore I bought my butter, and made cream-cheese from the milk and cream we had; it brought a good price and I could not supply the demand.

"Late in the autumn, when my outdoor work was over, I began to count my gains, and my account stood something like this:—Received for produce, \$12.85; for cheese, \$27.80; for cucumber pickles, \$30.00; for jelly, \$28.80; and for strawberries \$10.00; total, \$135.25. From which deduct \$40.00 paid for hired help, leaving a balance of \$95.25. Did not my summer's work pay? Autumn found me with a body as strong and healthful as a child's. And I had imbibed a feeling of independence that had no money value. The one hundred and eighty dollars went into my library, and I had a number of those shelves of nicely bound books are personal friends of mine; they cheer me when I am sad, they rest me when I am tired, and they are a perpetual reminder that even a farmer's wife in the west can make a little spending money; and to my eyes they seem to sit independently on their shelves in a way that no other books ever possessed.

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IN order to introduce our new line of goods, upon receipt of 25 cents we will mail, post-paid, a handsome Cellar and Cuff Box, oak grained, beautifully embossed and bound with metal. NATIONAL METAL EDGE BOX CO., 401 Appletree Street, Philadelphia.

Ladies! Send your full address and one 2-cent stamp for **INGALLS' Illustrated Catalogue of Stamping Outfits—Fancy Work Materials—Stamped Goods—Fancy Work and Art Books—Lida Clark's Color Studies—Bond Goods, etc.** Address J. F. INGALLS, Publisher, Lynn, Mass.

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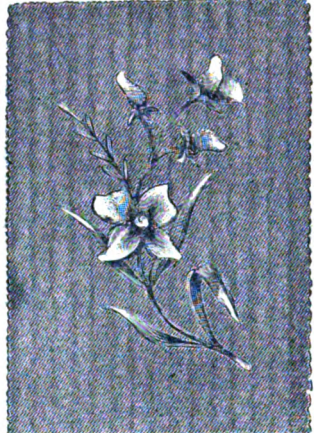
By JANE S. CLARK, of London.

We shall be glad to mail this catalogue and a sample copy of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, to any one who will send us a two-cent stamp.

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Felt Tidies.

We show two Tidies of felt, handsomely embroidered. We carry in stock a large line of designs, two of which we show. In measurement they are 12x17



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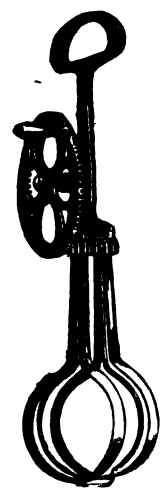
Salt or Pepper Sprinklers.

These Sprinklers are unusually pretty. The body is of white porcelain, attractively decorated in gold and colors. The top is Gilt over Silver-plate. One of these Sprinklers will be sent to any one sending us a Club of 3 three months' subscribers, at 25 cents each. Cash price, 40 cents each, post-paid.



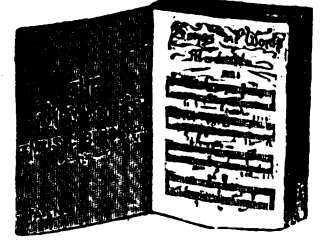
Double-Action Rotary Egg-Beater.

No housekeeper need be told that the Egg-Beater we offer is superior to any other, and is preferred by all who have ever used it as being the most desirable and effective, and easier to operate than any other mechanical egg-beater manufactured. It is a labor-saving implement that no housekeeper should be without, and while doubtless the most of our subscribers are already supplied with one, to those who are not, we offer it as a Premium for a Club of 2 Three-months' Subscribers at 25 cents each. Cash price, 30 cents, post-paid.



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Given as a premium, for a Club of 4 three-months' Subscribers at 25 cents each; or, for 2 Subscribers and 25 cents additional. Postage and packing, 35 cents extra.



This Music Binder differs from all others now in the market, by reason of the entirely new method employed in the binding. It has many advantages. The music opens perfectly flat on the piano. Music can be taken out and replaced, from any part of the file without disturbing the other contents of the Binder, and thus preserved, Music cannot be lost, torn or soiled, and each piece can readily be found when wanted. With each binder we send strips of Gummed Paper, to repair old and torn music when necessary. Price, 50 cents. Postage and packing, 35 cents extra.

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IN every town in the United States we want a live, energetic, pushing Agent to work for us. We are willing to pay—and to pay well, for the services of any who are willing to enter into the work of canvassing for THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

Our Special Cash Prizes and Confidential Terms to Agents, have not been published in the columns of the JOURNAL, nor will they be. To any one who wishes to become a Subscription Agent for THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, and will send us his or her name and address, we will, by return mail, forward our schedule of Agents' Rates

Address DEPARTMENT OF AGENTS, CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.

MY IDEA OF A MODEL HUSBAND.

BY MRS. EDWARD P. FOSTER.

IN the April number of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, there was an able article entitled "A Man's Idea of a Good Wife." Now, it is only fair to inquire from a feminine standpoint, What constitutes a good husband?

In the first place, is marriage "simply a lottery?" Granted the uncertainty of matrimonial ventures, into what can a mortal enter with absolutely assured success? The most promising business schemes often, like brilliant bubbles, burst. Lottery is wholly chance, not choice. In marrying, we choose our mates: if wisely, heaven itself is ours; if foolishly—well, anyhow, no mercenary scoundrels can laugh at our folly and pocket the proceeds. In a lottery also, not the slightest glimpse, much less inspection, "of the draw" is given. Were this true of tying the knot, Tusser's admonition

"Look ere thou leap, see ere thou go,"

would be needless.

Young people nowadays hear so much about falling in love at first sight, that they often seize upon their first tender sentiment as the sure key to conjugal bliss. Do not fall in love, but walk into it with your eyes wide open. Then there will be fewer divorces.

Allan Eric may not be able to judge a pudding without eating it, but if all women had no idea of what food they were cooking, or its quality until they ate it, what a woful amount of dyspepsia there would be. Any good cook knows, in spite of the proverb, that a pudding can be proven without the eating. So much for the lottery theory.

I have been married nearly eight years, and my husband is a minister. What wonder, then, if he is the model?

The exemplary man does not, when Sunday comes, tell his wife that she can go to church if she wants to, but that he will stay at home and read the paper; and in the evening say he is too tired or does not feel in the notion and that she can go with some of the neighbors. With a beaming face he just puts on his hat, walks proudly by her side—not a yard or two ahead—and still manifests all the small, sweet courtesies of a well-bred courtship.

His conversation with her is not made up of frivolous trifles, as if believing that a woman's brain can grasp nothing save housework, children and dress. He talks with her on equal terms as with creation's lords; he confides in her wholly, and asks her advice.

He shows due appreciation of her efforts to make home attractive, praises her handiwork, commends her economy and thrift.

He does not take occasion to warn all youthful acquaintances not to hang themselves in the hymeneal halter.

He never complains about family cares or unavoidable interruptions, nor looks the martyr, as he lays aside his book to put down carpet or soothe a fretful baby (providing, of course, that there is one). He compliments and caresses "just as he used to," overlooks faults and never mentions them before company.

If an impatient word ever escapes his lips, he speedily atones for it by a kiss.

He does not discard all social pleasures and dolefully declare that they are "old folks now and have settled down."

He disdains that which is effeminate or foppish; dudes and deluded women may paint, powder and lace—but not he. He spends money judiciously and trusts his better-half to do the same.

He never speaks of Mr. So and So's "lady" instead of "wife"; and when sickness comes he does not employ the cheapest quack in town and tell everybody in her hearing how she is always ailing and how hard it is to manage.

In short, the model husband utterly contradicts Shakespeare when he says: "Men are April when they woo, December when they wed."

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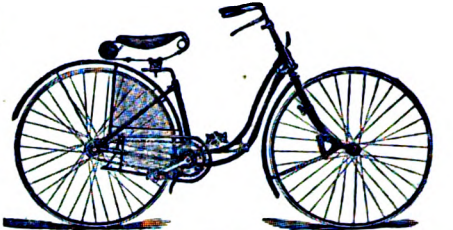
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