

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

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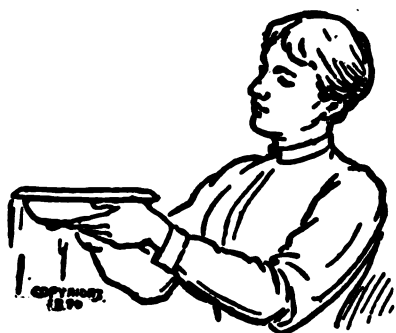


THE CROCUS

"Rest, little sister," her sisters said—
Violet purple, and wild-rose red—
"Rest dear, yet, till the sun come out,
Till the hedges bud, and the grass blades sprout.
We are safe in the kindly earth, and warm—
In the upper world, there is sleet and storm.
Oh wait for the robin's true, clear note,
For the sound of a drifting wing afloat;
For the laughter bright of an April shower
To call and wake you, sweet Crocus flower."

But brave-heart Crocus said never a word,
Nor paused to listen for note of bird,
Or laugh of rain-drop . . . In rough green vest
And golden-bonnet, herself she dressed
By the light of a glow-worm's friendly spark,
And softly crept up the stairway dark,
Out through the portal of frozen mold
Into the wide world, bleak and cold.
But somehow, a sunbeam found the place
Where the snow made room for her lifted face
MADELINE S. BRIDGES.

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WHAT A WIFE SHOULD KNOW

By **DARWIN W. ESMOND**

DO you women, who hold the destiny of the world within your hands, properly appreciate the monetary problems of your life and cares? Do you know whether your husbands could afford to buy those pretty jewels that sparkle at your ears; or even the new rocker for the sitting-room? Do you know whether he is living within his income or whether from his love for you, and the pain it would give not to gratify your wish, he is preparing to take his life, some day, with his own hand? If you do not know these things, lose no time in learning all about them; and some early night, after an exceptional good dinner, prepared with extra care, under your personal supervision; after he has read his paper and laid it down, go to him as you used to do, in the happy days of girlhood, and taking his hand and looking into his eyes, say: "Love, I want you to tell your wife just how much money you are worth; don't hesitate to be frank, for if you have nothing I shall love you all the more, and if you have much I mean to help you save it. Let me be your partner in the anxieties and savings as well as the peace and spendings of your days." Take no put off, no evasion, and let it be the last day of all your married life that you do not know whether your table should cost you five or fifty dollars a week.

Become the bookkeeper of your husband's fortune, and know, at least every half year, whether your bark has clear sailing or is to be wrecked in darkness by unknown disaster. In my early married life, I think the light of my home thought sometimes her spending money was needlessly limited. I remember well she brought a few clouds into a charming Sabbath by calling my attention to a beautiful seal-sack and muff, worn by a lawyer's wife, who sat across the aisle from us; there was a little sorrow in her voice, as she looked at her plain but becoming velvet wrap and mink hand-covering. But when a twelve-month after I mentioned what, perhaps, I ought not, that our lawyer friend had just been sued for the price of the seal-skin goods, she seemed, and has ever since seemed, fully content with her plainer things.

These wives of ours are very willing to truly fill the station in life to which God has assigned them, if they know just what it is, and the sooner there are no secrets between husbands and wives about it, the sooner safety will bar the door against ruin.

Each of us owe a greater duty to the household than to the world. Home is the most sacred gift of heaven. To make it heavenly and shield it from sorrow and destruction is the sacred trust committed to the women of to-day.

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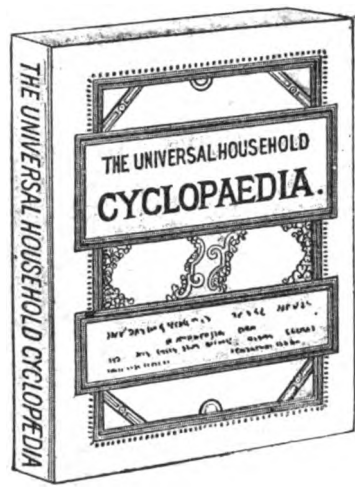
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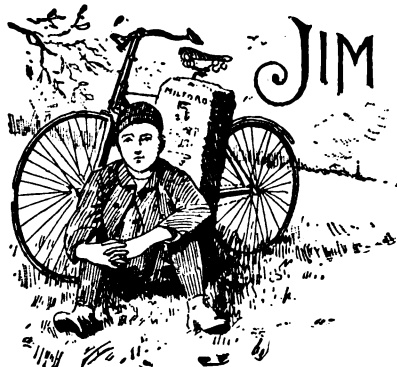
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SUPPLEMENT TO FEBRUARY NUMBER—1891.



JIM PRESTON'S BICYCLE

A STORY FOR BOYS
BY ELLEN LE GARDE

"I'm going to sell my bicycle, Jim. Want to buy it?"
"Sell your bike! What for?" cried the lad spoken to. "Why you've only had it six months."
"Father is taking me with him to Denver in June, and says it will be a bother there. I'll sell it for fifty-five dollars," answered Harry Spencer.

"Fifty-five dollars," echoed Jim. "That's not dear," while he inwardly thought it represented more money than he ever had or would possess.
"Well, if you'll take it," concluded Harry, as he walked away, "I'll give you first chance."
"Take it!" exclaimed Jim. "Take it! Guess I would, but where can I get fifty-five dollars?"

He thought of his available wealth, two dollars and ten cents; his acme skates, a set of carpenter's tools, a jig-saw, with books and school utensils which counted for naught. How he would like that bicycle, he thought. He knew it was "dirt cheap," for Harry was more careful of his possessions than he.



"Could you go into the city for me this afternoon?" she asked.

Jim Preston was the second son of Dr. Preston, of Wareham, a pretty country village in western New England. Wareham was too healthy a spot to make any physician rich, and a large and growing family with their various needs, kept money matters in the Preston household in a somewhat contracted

condition. John was at college; Mary fitting to be a teacher; and Jim, followed by others of lesser years, but of many wants, were still at school. To tell the truth, Jim Preston was not in love with the Greek and Latin of his first year's course in Wareham High School. His ideas were solely on making something that would "go." It was a fact that he had fashioned many "going" articles. A wind-mill, an alarm clock, a revolving coffee-mill for "the girl," and others of equal utility; but one thing the family noticed, but in deference to Jim's perseverance forbore mentioning, that as soon as these spurts of mechanical genius prepared to conjugate the verb "go," they reached the past participle "gone" in an incredibly short space of time. The boy's head was mechanically inclined. He was happy when tearing something to pieces and putting it together again. To own a bicycle seemed the sum of happiness to his fifteen-year-old idea of bliss. This proposition of Harry Spencer caused him to think, and think this way and that. All that night a safety bicycle, upon which was an image like himself clad in corduroy knee-breeches and blowing a bugle, danced before his eyes. When he did fall asleep, he was chasing a phantom wheel down the high road of Wareham, and the men in the shoe shops at the end of the town filled the windows of the large buildings, and jeered and laughed at him. He woke with his mind mentally weighing fifty-five dollars and that bicycle. He knew it was useless to go to his father, and his was a nature accustomed to hunt up ways and means. Jim went to school, still meditating. Usually more ready for a romp before nine than the rest of the boys, and with a large pond in the hollow behind the school filled with skaters, this morning he went directly into the building. Miss Goff thought this was a grand sign and wondered if her last admonition had not some effect at the ninety-ninth hour.

This term the freshmen class were deep in book-keeping, and when poor Miss Goff came to look at Jim's entry column, she found eggs credited at fifty-five dollars, a dozen, and bicycles and parts of these machines sketched on all the waste paper on his desk. She passed on in despair. Suddenly she heard Jim cry "I've got it! I've got it!"

"What, Jim?" said his teacher. "What is the matter?"

"Oh, please, Miss Goff, excuse me, but may I go out a moment?" the boy asked.

"Certainly," was the answer, and Jim's teacher thought she never should understand that boy of Dr. Preston's, and his father was such a steady man.

Jim raced up and down the yard for a few moments "just to blow off steam," as he said to himself.

"I know I can do it if father will only let me; and I think he will, for he said he wished I'd apply myself to something; and who wouldn't apply themselves to getting an eighty dollar bicycle? I ought to make ten dollars a month, and there is five months to do it in. It's a go, I know."

Talking thus, Jim went into school again. He worked like the proverbial Trojan, and astonished earnest Miss Goff, who left school that afternoon more perplexed with Jim than ever.

"Is father home?" shouted Jim as he entered the pleasant sitting-room, a little after two. He had ran the whole way only stop-

ping to tell Harry he was coming up to-night to talk about the machine.

"No, he's been called to Bristol," answered Mrs. Preston. "A man at the Reservoir was hurt and he was sent for."

Bristol! Ah, there lay Jim's fortune. Bristol was the large town five miles from Wareham. From it came the supplies and necessities of the daily life of the village. Jim ate his dinner and digested his idea with each morsel of food he put into his mouth. His father did not drive in till four, and never did time pass so slowly.

"Can I see you a moment, father?" he asked. "It's something important," and the face of the boy showed that to him the matter was of vital interest.

A long conversation followed, and Jim came out of the doctor's office with a rush, ran behind the barn and gave a yell that would have done credit to a Comanche warrior.

"What do you suppose that boy wants?" said Dr. Preston to his wife. "Harry Spencer has offered him his bicycle for fifty-five dollars, and to get this he proposes to go to the city with one of the men who carries the morning's milk to the dairies and bring back the early papers. It has struck him that he can secure many customers of the 'Herald,' since they do not receive it through the mail till after the ten train is in. You know there has been much grumbling over the lateness of its coming."

"And did you consent?" asked Jim's mother.

was in Wareham as the men and girls were hurrying into the shoe shops.

"Have a 'Herald'?" cried Jim. "This morning's issue. Needn't wait for the mail now. Take it along with you," suggested the new departure.

"Heralds! You've been to town after the papers? By Jove! That's a good idea. Yes, I will. Why can't you leave them at the house?" were the remarks that met Jim as his cries attracted attention.

"I will if you'll tell me where it is," and Jim produced a note-book and jotted down the name, and 27 Clarendon avenue. For Wareham was laid out in pretentious avenues, which were in reality charming country lanes.

"Take that to my wife as you go down, and bring me another to-morrow," put in one of the bosses, and turning to a couple of the men looking on, he added "I'll stop mine coming to the office. It's often irregular and my wife would rather leave off eating than not see her 'Herald.'"

Fortune favored Jim. He had one paper left, a "Star," and was forty-one cents ahead. That wasn't bad, he thought, for a beginning. But, oh! how hungry he was. Breakfast never seemed as appetizing, and his mother smiled at his third call for corn-bread muffins.

The next morning's sale netted him sixty cents, with ten regular customers. Jim imagined a gold mine ahead, for in two days he had earned a dollar, and but fifty-four more to get. Friday came and at the last house at which he left a paper he was told to wait a



"Have a 'Herald'?" cried Jim. "This evening's issue!"

"Yes," replied the doctor, "on the condition that it did not interfere with his school, that he went to bed early and that he did not give it up for two months. It will do him no harm and may steady him somewhat."

That evening Jim walked with a light heart to Harry's house and took a look at the bicycle. He gained a promise that none of the fellows should be told for three months. He was in bed at nine, and although full of thoughts which would come and he feared keep him awake, he dropped off and knew nothing until a shrill whistle in the air outside roused him to his new work. It was cold, but he dressed in a jiffy, and taking some hot coffee from the kitchen stove and which he gulped down as he pulled on his gloves, he soon joined farmer Smith's man and mounted the seat of the milk wagon.

Bristol looked odd in the darkness of the winter morning as they rolled over the pavements. Jim went directly to the "Herald" office, bought twenty-five and took five "Morning Stars." He was afraid to get more, not knowing how his venture would succeed. He met the wagon again at six-thirty, and

moment. A young girl came to the door and asked, "Could you go into the city this afternoon? I want some things from the Boston store so much, and I cannot leave home." Jim thought a second. Here was a new way. But he must first get permission, and telling his would-be employer he would bring her word before he went into school, he appeared at the breakfast table with the new request, and the additional one of the loan of his father's horse and buggy during the office hours in the afternoon.

"Well," said Dr. Preston, after he had heard his son's questions, "so you are adding general expressing and jobbing to your line of business? I have no objection if you don't over-drive Kate."

"Why don't you put up a notice in the post-office," suggested his mother, "stating you will take into Bristol whatever messages and orders you can get?"

"Mother, you're a brick!" cried Jim. "Why didn't I think of that before? I must get it up before any one else does," and Jim ran off, the rest of the family laughing at the thought of sleepy little Wareham waking to the new idea so suddenly.

Jim tacked up his sign in the post-office, and after school drove to match some dress goods and bring two books from the circulating library to the young girl of his morning's experience.

At the end of the week his profits were a dollar and eighty-six cents, and a quarter for his errand Friday afternoon. Monday morning was so cold Jim turned over twice in his comfortable bed and longed for another nap. But the thought of the bicycle and a package to be left for his Sunday-school teacher, came as suddenly as his jump on the floor.

"Ain't this a stinger?" said Smith's man, when Jim took his seat. "Bout coldest morning you've had."

"Why, yes," replied Jim. "It is cold and we're going to have more snow."

The wind blew and Jim's prophecy began to come true. The morning air was cutting as a New England north wind can cut. Jim found it far from fun, and his courage seemed to ooze away at each blast.

At the gate of the shoe factory he saw his first friend, the head boss, waiting for him.

"Why didn't you bring the Sunday papers?" he questioned. "I just thought we'd have them sure."

"I never thought of it," said Jim in answer to the interrogation. "I'll see another week," and he hurried on.

School affairs failed to move smoothly that morning. One of the boys called out, half derisively as he entered the yard, "Here's the new expressman. Carting and general moving by James Spencer, Esq. Why don't you put 'pianos and houses moved' on your buggy?"

"Put what I please," growled Jim as he went into the room.

The request for Sunday papers bothered him. He knew he could make double money on those, and he wished to please his first customer, who had really helped him a great deal. But what would his father say? Still, thought the boy, my father goes to see people on Sunday and why need I stop when the papers are printed? Jim for the time became a lawyer, and rather on his own side in favor of that which would increase his profits. He argued with his conscience for and against Sunday work. Saturday came and he was still undecided.

"Don't disappoint me to-morrow," said the reader of Sunday papers, and Jim answered his nod, which accompanied the question, with a perplexed look.

He summed up his gains that night and found he had a trifle over six dollars, with the question of the morrow unsettled. If milk was carried, papers printed and sick people visited, why could he not reconcile himself to sell the Sunday editions? As usual, Jim's decisions were like his mechanical works, sudden and violent in their movements. "I won't do it," he decided. "Bicycle or no bicycle. If it is wrong, and I don't really know whether it is or not, I should never want to see the thing if I didn't get it fair and straight. I am sorry about that man at the shop. I believe I'll go to his house and tell him I can't go for them."

Jim went to Clarendon avenue and stated his decision. His new acquaintance looked disappointed, and the boy nearly gave way when he was told that *Heralds* sold for seven cents in neighboring villages on the Sabbath.

"I'm very sorry," said Jim, "but you see I don't quite know whether 'tis right for me or not, and when I said I would not, I think I'd better stick to it."

He walked home feeling stronger and wishing he could talk it over with his father, but still knowing on which side the latter would be.

Every one in Wareham went to church. It was too old a custom to be broken, and no matter what the weather, from far and near, came the "carryalls" true to their name, for they brought whole households. Jim never listened very attentively to prosy old Mr. Robinson, but imagine his astonishment when the latter began his sermon with, "Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy." There was no stopping that Sunday to count panes of glass or watch the deacon in the pew before him, try to keep from dozing. Jim listened. The sermon seemed written for him. He learned, as the preacher went on from firstly through to the fourth and succeeding divisions of his discourse, that those things of vital necessity to the life and well-being of those around him, were not a breaking of the commandment. For the first time the thought was suggested to his mind that the gain he would get from the sale of papers on Sunday would be but for his own selfish ends, and not, as in many cases elsewhere, the source which helped in keeping boys with no other means of support. He saw that to have increased his money by work on that day would have been utterly wrong. Jim went out of church with these and other ideas, feeling better than when he entered, and glad the question of right and wrong was fixed.

Another week and he found some one had taken the Sunday *Heralds* and was doing finely. At school the boys asked Jim if he were too lazy to get up on that morning, and Jim let them conclude such was the reason. His profits mounted up slowly. His express business paid, for his fame at matching worsteds, chenilles and ribbons spread among the girls in the village. With pleasanter weather and the lengthening days, he brought out the evening editions, and by the first of May was the possessor of fifty-two dollars.

The middle of the month saw Jim astride the wheel, its delighted owner. Then the boys found out why Jim Spencer had worked so hard in and out of school. Miss Goff congratulated him and his father was equally pleased with his spring report and his knowledge that his early rising and out-of-door employment had made him grow physically and mentally richer.

The last heard from Jim, he was still carrying *Heralds* and thinking of a bicycle tour to Hoosac Tunnel.

THE handsome presents described in this issue can be obtained by any boy or girl, free of all charge, provided they will do a little easy work for us during this month. We ask you to secure as many of your mother's friends and neighbors as possible to take THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL for three months for the small sum of 25 cents. There is not a boy or girl in the country but what can, with very little effort, secure many subscribers for the mere asking, as THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL is so well known, and so extensively advertised, that the small amount of money asked for the JOURNAL would be cheerfully given to any enterprising boy or girl who wishes to earn for himself or herself any of the numerous Premiums described herein.

We are making special efforts to secure Trial Subscribers during the month of February, believing from past experience that any family who will consent to its monthly visits for a short time will become, in the end, permanent yearly subscribers; and with that object in view, we offer the boys and girls not only a number of valuable Premiums described in this issue, but some Special Prizes to those who will send us the largest lists of Trial Subscribers between February 1st and March 1st.

To the Boy or Girl who, during the month of February and before the first day of March, will send us the largest list of Trial Subscribers, at 25 cents each, we offer a Special Prize of \$100 in cash; to the Boy or Girl who will send us the second largest list of Trial Subscribers, at 25 cents each, up to March 1st, we offer the handsome present of \$50 in cash; and to the Boy or Girl who will send us the third largest number of Trial Subscribers, at 25 cents each, up to the first day of March, we offer a prize of \$25 in cash.

A Trial Subscription is a Three months' Subscription.

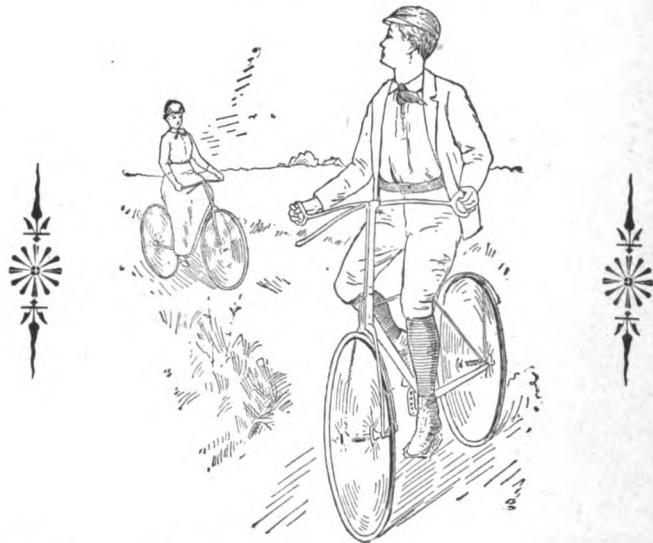
Only such subscriptions as are received by us during the month of February will be counted in this contest for the CASH PRIZES. The Premium offers are not subject to this condition.

These Prizes are in addition to any Premiums that may be earned for Clubs, and are offered as extra inducements for enterprising work. Whether you may be able to win one of these Prizes or not, you are sure to obtain for all subscriptions sent us valuable and handsome presents, such as are described in these pages. All that is needed is a sample copy of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, which, if shown to the ladies, will undoubtedly secure for you a subscriber in nearly every house at which you may call. It is not at all difficult, and in no other way can you so easily earn a Bicycle or a Silver Watch, Steamboat, an Engine, Scroll Saw, Fine Fishing Outfit, Hammock, Magic Lantern, or any of the splendid assortment of fine books we offer.

To any Boy or Girl who would like any of these articles, here is an opportunity to secure them as a free present with very little trouble.

We Offer any Boy or Girl a Present of A BICYCLE FREE OF ALL CHARGE

For a Club of 185 Trial Subscribers, at 25 cents each, for Three Months.



We have selected a machine which is in every respect a first-class Bicycle.

The retail price is somewhat high, but the manufacturers (who are extensive advertisers) tell us they realize the fact that, on account of our extraordinary circulation and the character of the JOURNAL, our Premium offer of their machine would result in an amount of advertising which would be to them of immense advantage. They offer us the Bicycle in question—"THE LITTLE GIANT"—at a price at which, under ordinary circumstances, we could not obtain an inferior wheel. This enables us to offer it for a Club of about half the size we should have to demand, if we bought it from jobbers.

Inquiry into the respective merits of various wheels convinces us we have secured

The Best Bicycle Made.

In making this statement we refer, of course, to medium-priced wheels, and not to that class of high-priced machines which sell for \$135.00.

This Special Price to us is not for an unlimited time by any means; this offer may not appear again, and we claim the right to withdraw it sixty days after the date of this paper.

Secure it now, if you want to be sure.

How to Secure One of these Bicycles Free:

To any Boy or Girl who will send us 185 Three months' Subscribers, at 25 cents each, we will send a "Little Giant" Bicycle, as described below in detail.

We will also send it as follows:

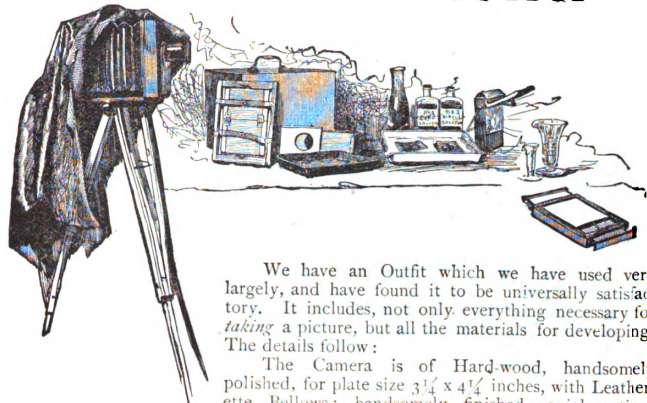
- For 150 Three months' Subscribers and \$4.40 additional
- For 125 Three months' Subscribers and 7.50 additional
- For 100 Three months' Subscribers and 10.65 additional
- For 75 Three months' Subscribers and 13.75 additional
- For 50 Three months' Subscribers and 16.90 additional
- For 25 Three months' Subscribers and 20.00 additional

The following is the description of our Bicycle, described in detail:

Adjustable sleeve-steering head, adjustable cone bearings to wheels, adjustable cone bearings to crank shaft, adjustable cone bearings to pedals, tangent spokes, crescent rims, 24-inch wheels, Torkelson patent adjustable saddle, the front and rear of which adjust independently of each other; saddle leather can also be adjusted to take up the slack without loosening saddle from the frame; all-steel Diamond Frame; cold-drawn-weldless steel-tube back bone; detachable from bar to frame; trimmed in nickel; spokes tied and plated up to knot, and spade handles; brake, direct plunger; weight, 35 pounds.

Any Boy can, in a few afternoons, secure enough Subscribers to obtain

A PHOTOGRAPHIC OUTFIT



We have an Outfit which we have used very largely, and have found it to be universally satisfactory. It includes, not only everything necessary for taking a picture, but all the materials for developing. The details follow:

The Camera is of Hard-wood, handsomely polished, for plate size $3\frac{1}{4} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$ inches, with Leatherette Bellows; handsomely finished, quick-acting. The details follow:

Brass-mounted Lens; a Hinged Ground glass, Double Plate-Holder, Improved Tripod Carrying Case.

The chemical Outfit for Developing and Printing, contains: Ruby Lamp, one-half dozen Dry Plates, 2 Japanned Iron Trays, 2 Bottles Developer, 1 Box Hyposulphite Soda, 12 sheets silvered Albumen Paper, Printing Frame, 1 bottle Toning Solution, 1 Dozen Bevel-edge Card Mounts.

We guarantee our Outfit to be satisfactory, and we will present it to any boy who will secure from among his list of friends 30 Three months' Subscribers to THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, at 25 cents each; or, 22 Subscribers and \$1.00 extra; or, 12 Subscribers and \$2.25 extra.

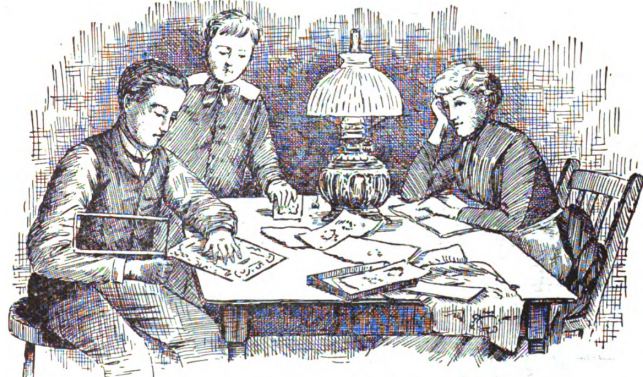
Who is there not willing to secure Years of Instructive Amusement for an Afternoon's Work?

Those who wish to purchase, can do so. The price is \$5.00. Sent by Express, charges to be paid by the receiver.



BRACKET SAW AND OUTFIT

Sent, post-paid, as a Premium for a Club of 6 Three months' Subscribers at 25 cents each; or, for 4 Subscribers and 25 cents extra.



The Saw Frame is made of spring-steel, and measures 5 x 12 inches. It is Nickled and has a Japanned handle.

The Outfit includes fifty full-size designs, for a great variety of fancy and useful articles; one dozen Saw Blades, one Drill Point, a Sheet of Transfer Paper.

One of these Outfits will be source of profit as well as pleasure to any boy who secures it. An infinite variety of ornamental articles for interior decoration can be fashioned from wood, and with a little practice, successful work can be done with a variety of materials, bone, ivory, brass, etc. This saw is not a toy, but a practical tool—susceptible of skillful handling, and requiring but little practice, for the successful production of artistic work.

We will send this outfit on receipt of 93 cents, 75 cents for the Outfit and 18 cents for postage and packing.

STYLOGRAPHIC PEN

We offer it, post-paid, for a Club of only 8 Three-months' Subscribers at 25 cents each; or, 6 Subscribers and 25 cents extra; or, 4 Subscribers and 50 cents extra.

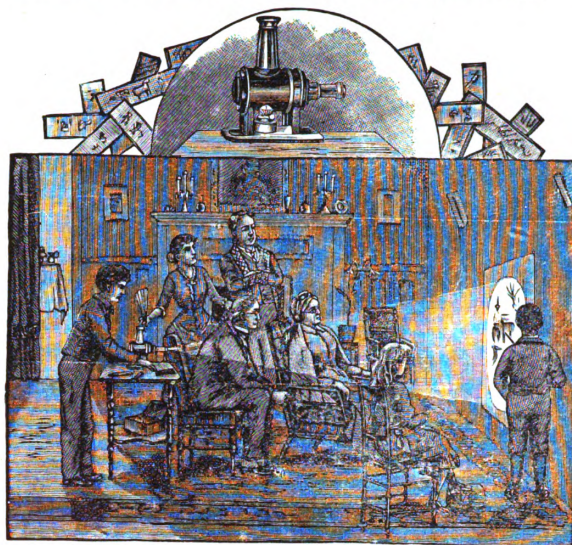


To those who desire a Stylographic Pen, we believe we can offer one as practical as any on the market, and at the same time the simplest. It has an adjustable needle which enables one to write at any desired angle. Any good fluid-ink can be used. The manufacturer claims that the materials used are of the best quality and absolutely non-corrosive. We furnish filler and instructions.

We will send this pen, post-paid, to any United States Post-office address on receipt of 90 cents.

MAGIC LANTERN

Given for only 8 Three months' Subscribers at 25 cents each; or, for 6 Subscribers and 25 cents extra. Sent by Express, charges to be paid by the receiver.



This Magic Lantern we import ourselves from Germany, and we think we have improved upon the one offered last season. It is mounted upon a wood n base, and packed in a neat wooden box with hinged lid. There are twelve slides, and the "Views" are not the wretched daubs uniformly sent with small lanterns—they are delicately painted, attractive pictures.

Home Entertainments.

Our illustration suggests the pleasant evenings, which may be in store for the boys and girls who obtain this instrument. With this Magic Lantern enjoyable entertainments can be given to friends and neighbors.

Money Can Be Earned

in this way. Become familiar with the use of the lantern and with the views, and undertake the part of exhibitor by arranging a lecture regarding the views on the slides. Select a convenient evening to give your exhibition—then, announce it and sell tickets to your neighbors and friends, or give an exhibition for the benefit of the Sunday-School or some charitable object, and thus induce others to sell tickets.

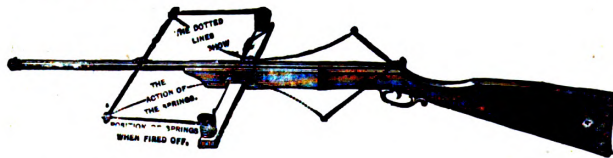
We furnish the Magic Lantern and slides complete, for a Club of only 8 trial Subscribers; any bright boy can surely secure so small a Club in an afternoon.

To those who do not wish to make up a Club we will send the Lantern and slides complete for \$1.00. By Express only—charges to be paid by the receiver.

GIVE THE BOYS A CHANCE A BREECH-LOADING SPRING-GUN

No Report; Cheap Ammunition; No Explosion.

Given as a Premium for a Club of 8 Three months' Subscribers at 25 cents each; or, for 4 Subscribers and 50 cents extra. Sent by Express, charges to be paid by the receiver; or, pre-paid on receipt of 70 cents additional. Price to any United States Post-office, \$1.75, pre-paid.



We make this offer for the express purpose of enlisting the sympathies and the services of the boys. Let them canvas for subscriptions for the JOURNAL amongst their lady acquaintances, if they will, and this Premium will pay for the time spent.

This Gun is as safe to its owner as it is possible for a Gun to be. The barrels are made of steel, and are sighted front and back. The trigger, sight and guard are of malleable iron. The stock is of poplar, the cross-bar of maple, nicely finished, and the Gun when complete is very attractive. The springs are made of the best English oil-tempered steel, and are warranted to stand the test satisfactorily. The cord is linen, and is the only thing about the Gun that will wear out; ordinary cord or twine will take its place, but we will send an extra one with each Gun. There are no wood-screws used in its construction, and the cross-bar is bolted on the stock, which prevents its being pulled out. The general construction of the Gun and simplicity of handling it makes it superior to the small guns usually sold.

The ammunition is placed in the barrel from the breech, so there is no liability of a boy having his fingers bruised, or his eyes put out, by a wearing down of the catch and a premature discharge. There is a concealed mechanical contrivance which retains the ammunition in the barrel when loaded, and the bullet will not become displaced or dislodged until fired.

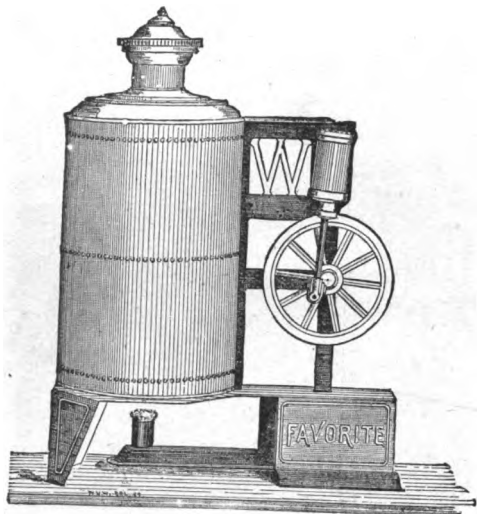
It is the only small Gun on the market having a trigger guard, without which no small Gun can be safe.

Ammunition can be procured at any gun-store, at the rate of 275 bullets for ten cents. (We send 50 with each gun without charge.)

Boys are bound to have Guns of some kind, by one means or another. Best accept this as a fact, and assist them to get one that is safe and that will at the same time please and satisfy them. As to shooting qualities, the Guns are unusually powerful, and in the hands of a good shot—in the shape of a vigorous boy with a clear eye and a steady hand—they are a terror to English sparrows, squirrels, and all small game. Price, \$1.75, pre-paid.

OUR NEW FAVORITE ENGINE

Sent as a Premium for a Club of 4 Three months' Subscribers at 25 cents each; or, for 2 Subscribers and 25 cents extra. 15 cents extra must be sent to prepay postage and packing, or we will send it by Express, charges paid by the receiver.



The Favorite is new this season, and is now ready for shipment. It measures 6 inches in height.

This is a smaller Engine than our Upright, and was designed expressly to fill the demand for a less expensive machine.

It is a model Steam Engine, complete and perfect, and all its parts are firmly connected, so that it can be readily moved from one place to another while in operation.

The essential parts are as perfect, and as carefully made as in our larger and more expensive Engines.

THE FAVORITE HAS SUFFICIENT POWER TO RUN SMALL TOYS.

Richly finished in red and gold colors.

Each Engine is thoroughly tested and fully warranted, and carefully packed in a wooden locked-corner box; ready for mailing or expressing.

Full directions for running the Engine will be found in each box, with price list of duplicate parts.

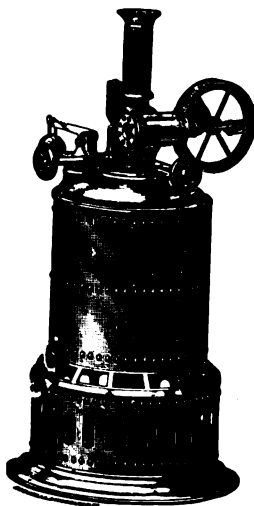
This Engine can be sent either by Mail or Express.

Price, including cost of packing and postage, 65 cents.

Price, by Express, charges to be paid by the receiver, 50 cents.

The Weeden Upright Steam Engine

Sent as a Premium to any boy who will send us 8 Three months' Subscribers at 25 cents each; or, 6 Subscribers and 25 cents extra; or, 4 Subscribers and 50 cents extra. Sent by Express, charges to be paid by the receiver. Or, if preferred, we will mail it to any United States Post-office address on receipt of 30 cents extra. We should commend that it be sent by mail if ordered from any distant point.



A real, complete working machine. You can blow the whistle, or start and stop the engine by opening and closing the throttle-valve, as in a large engine. It is a scientific toy, nearer in appearance and operation to a large engine than any heretofore made. It is both amusing and instructive. It is safe and easy to operate. It will run small toys and develop ingenuity. It is a simple and complete machine, which will practically illustrate to the youthful mind, that wonderful power so constantly at work on all sides, in this age of steam. There are 41 pieces and over 400 operations in the manufacture of this engine. Every engine is tested and warranted to be in every respect as described.

SAFETY-VALVE.—The engine has a perfect-working Safety-Valve, which makes it impossible for the boiler to explode.

STEAM-WHISTLE.—By referring to the cut you will notice the location of the Steam-Whistle. You will also see the valve by which the whistle is operated.

THE THROTTLE-VALVE.—One important feature of this engine is its Throttle-Valve. No other amateur engine has this feature.

THE POWER OF THE ENGINE.—The engine has sufficient power for running toy machinery. So perfectly and so accurately is this engine made, the screw-nuts on the cylinder-head and the rivet-heads on the boiler and fire-box are imitated (see cut).

A MECHANICAL CURIOSITY.—This engine is not only interesting to boys, but as an object of mechanical beauty and perfection, it has great interest to engineers and practical machinists.

Each engine is in good running order when it leaves the factory, and will be carefully packed. We feel confident that any boy who will study this simple explanation and follow our directions closely, can set up and run our little engine without difficulty, and we trust he will derive both pleasure and instruction from its use.

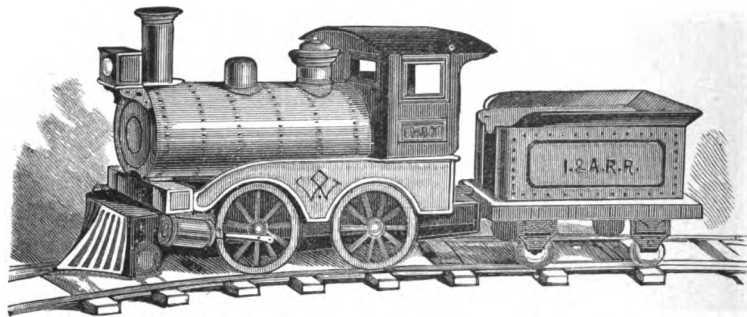
In the hands of a boy it is a constant and never-failing source of amusement, and no end of models of saw mills, machine shops, etc., can be constructed and placed in working order, the motive power to be supplied by the engine.

If you cannot secure subscribers (and we should much prefer that you should and that you receive the engine as a Premium, and EARLY it rather than pay for it), we can sell it for \$1.00, which is considerably below the price demanded in stores.

Remember, the receiver pays the charges for forwarding if sent by Express. If you desire it mailed send us 30 cents extra to prepay the postage.

A Real Steam Locomotive and Train

We offer the complete set—Locomotive, Tender, Track and one Passenger Car—for only 20 Three months' Subscribers at 25 cents each; or, for 16 Subscribers and 50 cents extra; or, for 12 Subscribers and \$1.00 extra; or, for 10 Subscribers and \$1.25 extra. We offer it for sale for only \$3.00. We have them so packed as to come inside the 4-lb. mailing limit, and they can be sent in this way. If you wish us to mail them send 65 cents to prepay cost of postage and packing. If sent by Express the receiver must pay the charges.



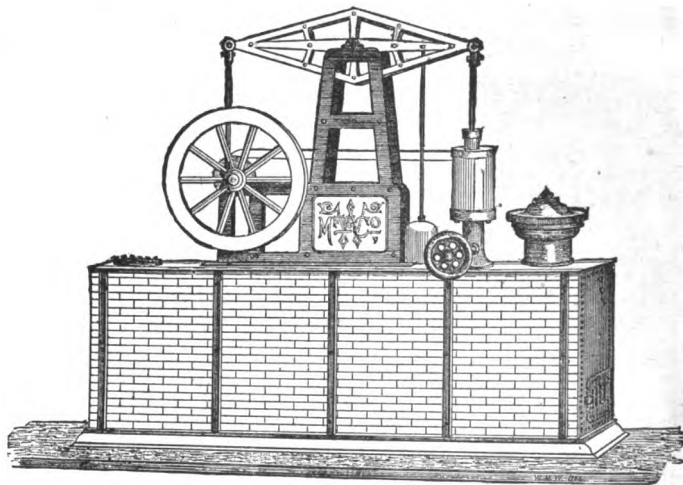
Length of locomotive 8 1/2 inches, height 4 1/4 inches. Length of tender 4 inches, height 3 inches. Length of car 10 inches, height 4 inches. Length of complete train 24 inches. Gauge of track 2 3/16 inches.

Runs on a track made of steel rails and wooden sleepers. Runs half an hour at each firing. Puffs the exhaust steam like a large locomotive. Runs eight times around the track in one minute. No danger from explosion, safety valve perfectly adjusted. A most fascinating and amusing steam toy. It will delight the old as well as the young. Richly finished in steel, bronze, and polished brass. Perfect in design and workmanship. Every one fully tested by steam and guaranteed. Complete train with track, securely packed in a wooden locked corner box. The cut above is an accurate representation of the locomotive standing on the track.

The locomotive is complete in all its parts, and has all the essential features of a large locomotive, as well as an ornamental wheel guard, headlight, etc. It will run on a straight or curved track equally well. The track packed with each locomotive is circular, and eleven feet around, but we can furnish any number of extra sleepers and rails, either straight or curved, so that any length of track may be constructed. The track can be placed on the dining-room table, on the floor, or on a regular railroad embankment built in the yard. We can also furnish truck frames with wheels and axles fitted to track, so that flat, dump or box cars can be made either from pasteboard or wood, and easily fitted at home.

BEAM ENGINE

Given as a Premium for a Club of 10 Three months' Subscribers at 25 cents each; or, for 8 Subscribers and 25 cents extra; or, 6 Subscribers and 50 cents extra. Mailed on receipt of 30 cents additional to cover cost of postage and packing; or, sent by Express, charges payable by the receiver. Price, \$1.75. Postage and packing, 30 cents additional.



This is one of the latest productions, and is modeled after, and has all the essential features of a

"Cornish Pumping-Engine."

The boiler is mounted in imitation of the usual brick setting, including iron stays and working furnace-door for the management of fires.

The top of boiler is provided with manhole, gallow's-frame with walking-beam, and filler with safety-valve. Instead of an oscillating cylinder, there has been arranged as a special feature a new device for the introduction of steam into a stationary, vertical cylinder, consisting of rocking-valve with valve-rod, worked by an eccentric on the main shaft, the inlet of steam to the steam-chest being controlled by a screw throttle valve.

The Engine is made entirely of metal; all the parts are carefully and accurately adjusted.

The whole constituting one of the most perfect Model Engines yet produced.

It is an excellent study for a boy who wishes to learn something of the nature of steam and its uses, and, in operation, it is highly interesting and instructive.

Each Engine is thoroughly tested and carefully packed in a wooden, locked-corner box, ready for mailing or expressing.

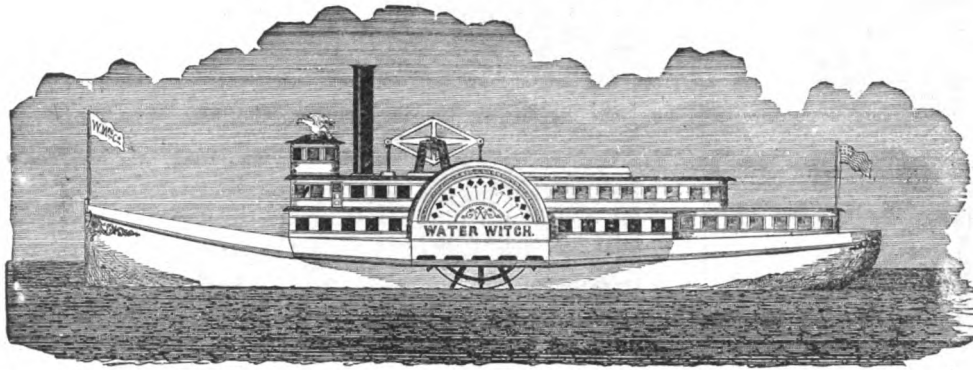
Full directions for running the Engine will be found in each box, with price-list of duplicate parts.

We will send it on receipt of \$1.75 and 30 cents additional to pay cost of postage and packing; or, send it by Express, charges to be paid by the receiver, on receipt of \$1.75.

ALL PREMIUM GOODS FOR SALE AT THE PRICES QUOTED.

OUR NEW SIDEWHEEL STEAMBOAT

Given as a Premium for a Club of 14 Three months' Subscribers at 25 cents each; or, for 10 Subscribers and 50 cents extra; or, 6 Subscribers and \$1.00 extra. Send 50 cents extra to pre-pay postage and packing; or we will send it by Express, the receiver to pay the charges.



Measures from stem to stern 12 inches, 3 1/2-inch beam, 5 inches high; runs one half hour at each firing.

Nearly all the steamboats heretofore made in this or foreign countries have been modeled after the simple type of the propeller. In our model steamboat the graceful form of the well-known sidewheel steamer has been adopted, and great pains have been taken to retain the proper proportions of all the parts and, at the same time, to construct a boat which not only will work properly, but will present a fine appearance when steaming in a tank of water or on a still pond. Unlike all former productions in which the lamp has been separate from and liable to get out of its proper place in the boat, our lamp is a fixture, it being a part of the hull, so that the flame is always in its proper position under the boiler and, at the same time, assists in steadying the boat, while it is readily filled through an opening in the deck at the bow.

In order to always secure the proper working of steam cylinder, crank, shaft and paddle wheels, they have all been secured to the top of the boiler, and the boiler is hinged at one end to the boat, so that it can be readily swung upward, to give ready access to lamp for trimming, lighting, etc., etc. The boiler can be readily filled with water through a filler in the pilot-house. The rudder is adjusted as usual. Unusual pains have been taken with the details, such as windows, molding eagle on pilot-house, etc., etc., while she is finished with coppered bottom and bright-colored upper works, like our handsome excursion steamers.

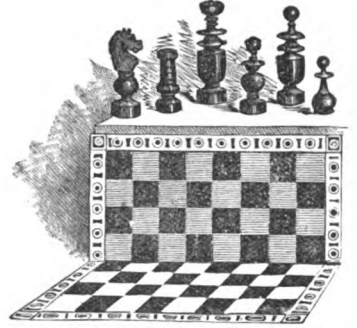
Every steamer is thoroughly tested and fully warranted.

Full directions for running the steamer will be found in each box, with price-list of duplicate parts.

We will send it on receipt of \$2.00 and 50 cents extra to cover cost of postage and packing; or, send it by Express for \$2.00, charges to be paid by the receiver. In ordering this boat be sure to specify that you wish the Sidewheel, as we also have a Screw Steamboat.

Set of Chessmen and Chessboard

Sent as a Premium for a Club of 8 Three months' Subscribers at 25 cents each; or, for 4 Subscribers and 50 cents extra. Postage and packing, 45 cents extra.



These Chessmen are of Boxwood, in black and yellow, well finished and highly polished. The pieces range in height from 3 inches to 1 7/8 inches. The pawns are 1 3/4 inches high. They are packed in a handsome polished box, with sliding lid. The board is strong and well made, and is 16 inches square. The squares are in red and black.

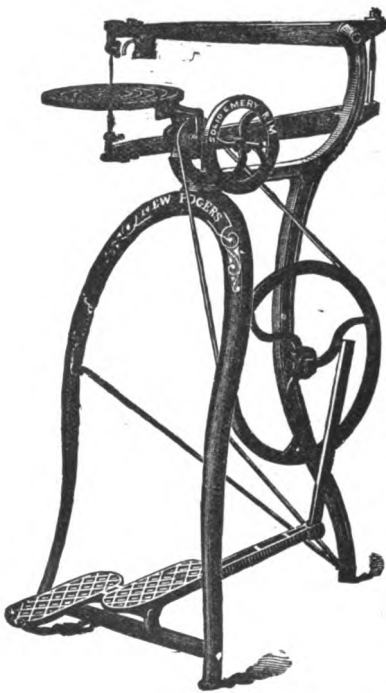
Price, \$1.00; postage and packing, 45 cents extra.

In raising a Club for a Premium, do not delay sending in those first obtained until the full number necessary for the Premium desired has been secured. Send them as received, and request that they be credited to you. Do not neglect to demand a credit in every case.

WE CREDIT NO NAMES UNLESS SO INSTRUCTED.

FOOT-POWER SCROLL SAW

Given as a Premium for a Club of 24 Three months' Subscribers at 25 cents each; or, for 20 Subscribers and 50 cents; or, 16 Subscribers and \$1.00; or, 12 Subscribers and \$1.50; or, 10 Subscribers and \$1.75. Must be sent by Express or Freight, charges to be paid by the receiver.



The entire frame-work is of iron, japanned black and striped with red. The arbors, etc., are of steel, carefully gauged and fitted to their bearings. The arms and pitman are of the best selected ash. The bearings to the arms are carefully sized, to bring them in perfect line. Jointed stretcher rod. The clamps have hinged jaws to overcome the raking overthrow which is found to be an objection common to most small jig-saws. The blades when set in a clamp of this description are not nearly so liable to be broken.

Each machine has an automatic dust blower, a rotary drill and a polishing and grinding wheel, with a heavy rim of solid emery.

The tilting table is arranged for inlaying work, and is a very desirable feature.

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

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

BOY'S SILVER WATCH

Sent, post-paid, by Registered Mail, as a Premium for a Club of 60 Three months' Subscribers at 25 cents each; or, for 40 Subscribers and \$2.50; or, for 30 Subscribers and \$3.75 extra. Price, \$8.50.

This is superior to any Watch we have ever offered for Boys. It has an Open-Face, with a Tinted, Enamelled Dial—Marginal Figures. It is Full Jeweled, Silver Cap, Bassine Engraved Case. This is not a mean, shoddy watch made up for "Gift Enterprises." It is a good, honest article, even if it is cheap.

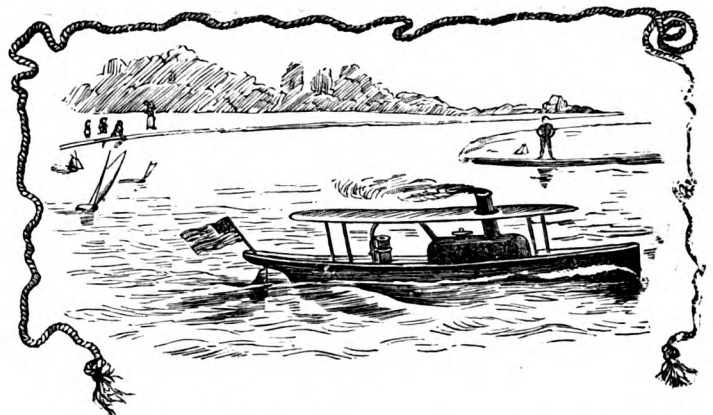
It is, of course, a Stem-Winder and Stem-Setter. The hands are very dainty and are Jewel-Mounted. It is one of the most attractive of Boys' Watches we have ever seen, and is a good time-piece too. Any boy may be proud and happy as its possessor, particularly if he has earned it himself. Price, \$8.50, post-paid.



ANOTHER STEAMBOAT

Screw Propeller

Sent, post-paid, as a Premium for a Club of 10 Three months' Subscribers at 25 cents each; or, for 6 Subscribers and 50 cents extra; or, for 4 Subscribers and 75 cents extra. Price, \$1.50, post-paid.



This is a real steamboat, 11 inches long, having a brass boiler, and steam engine to work the screw. Steam is made by placing a small lamp under the boiler, and filling the boiler with water. Will run half an hour without refilling. Perfectly safe; will not explode. Directions accompany each boat. The hull is of metal, handsomely painted. Has a nice cloth awning, and gaily painted flag floating at the stern. A fine model, sharp bows, a fast sailor. Great fun in playing ocean steamer. It will sail across the pond without any string to keep it from going astray. Your friend on the other side will turn it back again. You can call it a "mail" steamer by writing notes back and forth and sending them by the steamer safely tucked away in the hold. Will take light freight, such as penknife, or marbles. These boats are made in Germany to our special order, and we have sent out a great many thousands of them to our boy friends all over the country. Any boy who wishes to purchase one, instead of securing it as a Premium, can do so by sending us \$1.50, and we will send it post-paid to his address.

THE LATEST!

THE FOUNTAIN TOP

Sent, post-paid, as a Premium for a Club of 3 Three months' Subscribers at 25 cents each. Price, post-paid, 50 cents.

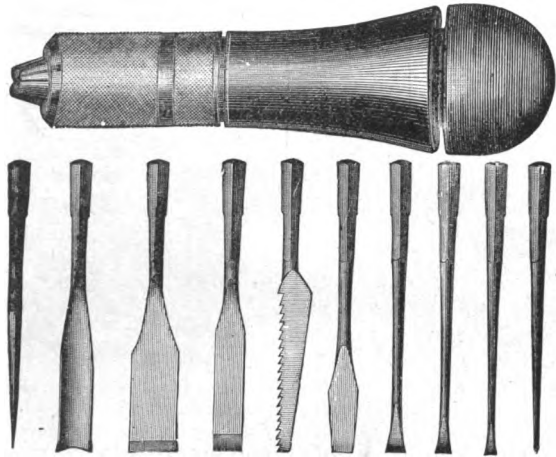
Made of solid metal. This is a decided novelty in its way. Guaranteed to play a jet of water, while spinning, to a height of 3 feet. Every one perfect. They will please every purchaser.

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One of the most useful articles ever owned by any boy.

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These tool-handles are made of rosewood, with lignumvitæ cap, highly polished and of beautiful appearance. The ferrule and jaws are heavily nickel-plated.

The steel jaws will hold perfectly, not only the tools contained in the hollow handle, but all other things from a needle to a mill file. No other tool-handle in the market will do this. It answers the purpose of a small hand vise.

These cuts are about one-half the size of the handle and tools which they represent.

The tools are made from steel of the highest grade, tempered by men of great experience, honed to a fine cutting edge, and are highly finished. They are made for service, and will give the greatest satisfaction. The jaws in the handle shut over the shoulders of the tools (as seen in the cuts) so as to make it impossible to pull them out when in use. The saw blade is 7 inches in length.

No. 4 handle and 10 tools, \$1.00. Sent by Mail, prepaid, on receipt of price.

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Given as a Premium for a Club of 10 Three months' Subscribers at 25 cents each; or, for 8 Subscribers and 25 cents extra; or, for 6 Subscribers and 50 cents extra. Price, \$1.50. Sent by Express, charges to be paid by the receiver.



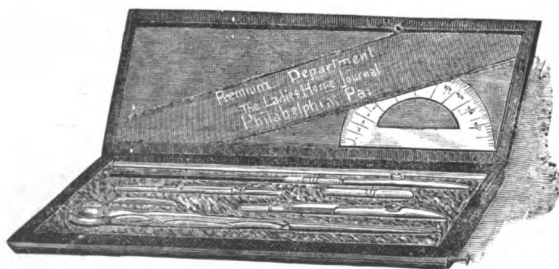
This Bank indicates, at all times, the exact amount contained. A coin cannot be deposited without being accurately registered. The first coin locks the door, which cannot be locked in any other manner, nor can it be again opened until full amount for which the Bank is set has been deposited; then it opens automatically, and no money can be removed until the door has unlocked itself.

This is one of the few Saving Banks which successfully defy ingenuity, and which refuses to be opened. No money can be extracted by any one until the full amount has been deposited, and no one can tamper with it without being detected by the figures. These Banks are sold by the fire-proof safe companies. Strongly made of cast-iron, handsomely nickel-plated. Packed in a strong wooden box.

Price, \$1.50. Sent by Express, charges to be paid by the receiver.

Drawing Instruments BRASS, NICKEL-PLATED.

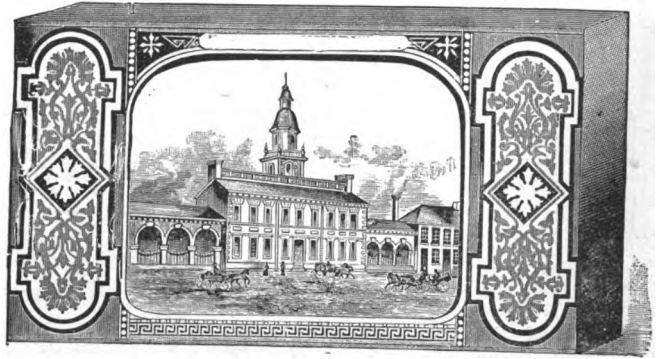
Given as a Premium for a Club of 4 Three months' Subscribers at 25 cents each; or, for 2 Subscribers and 25 cents extra. Postage and packing, 10 cents extra. Price, 85 cents, post-paid.



This set of Instruments is manufactured in Europe to our order, and put up specially for our use. We guarantee them to be very superior in every respect. They are of brass, nickel-plated. The Dividers are fitted with removable steel needle-points. The Pens are of a new patented variety. Adjustable lead-holder. Both pen and pencil parts are jointed. The set is packed in a velvet-lined box, of a special pattern, which is closed with a rod passing sideways through the box. The box closed is only 3/8 inch in thickness and 2 3/8 inches wide, and is made to permit of its being conveniently carried in the pocket. We offer it as the best low-priced set of instruments in the country. Price, 85 cents, post-paid.

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Given as a Premium for 6 Three months' Subscribers at 25 cents each; or, for 4 Subscribers and 25 cents extra. Postage and packing, 25 cents additional.



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Length, when extended, 16 inches.

Length, when closed, 6 inches.

The extension tubes are of polished Brass and the body is covered with Morocco. Packed in a neat cloth-covered case.

A handy companion for a stay at the seashore, or a trip to the mountains.

Price, \$2.00. Postage and packing, 15 cents extra.

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Every one recognizes in the Kaleidoscope an inexhaustible source of entertainment. The one we offer is especially convenient and desirable as a Parlor Ornament. The cells contain a varied collection of brilliantly colored Solid and Fluid Objects, presenting, by a revolution of the brass object cell, an everchanging number of elaborate designs.

The regular retail price of this particular Kaleidoscope is \$3.00. We offer it for \$2.25. Sent by

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FREE TO ANY BOY

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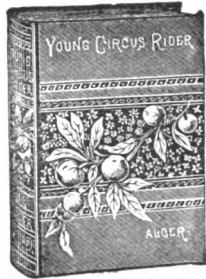


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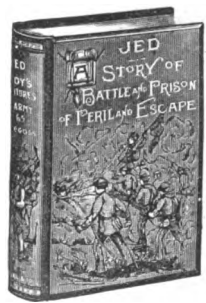
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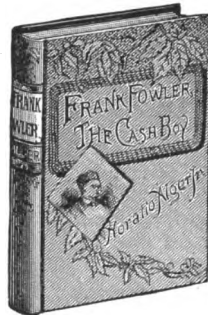


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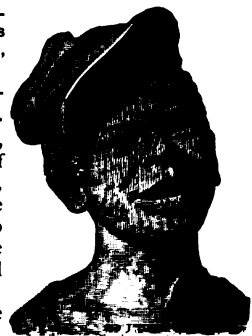
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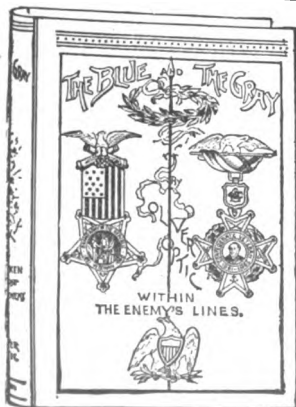
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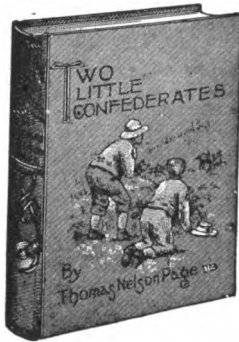
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How he prepared fresh water, how he made gunpowder, lucifer matches, edged tools, built houses and boats, is graphically told in these pages.

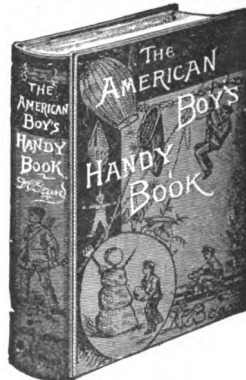
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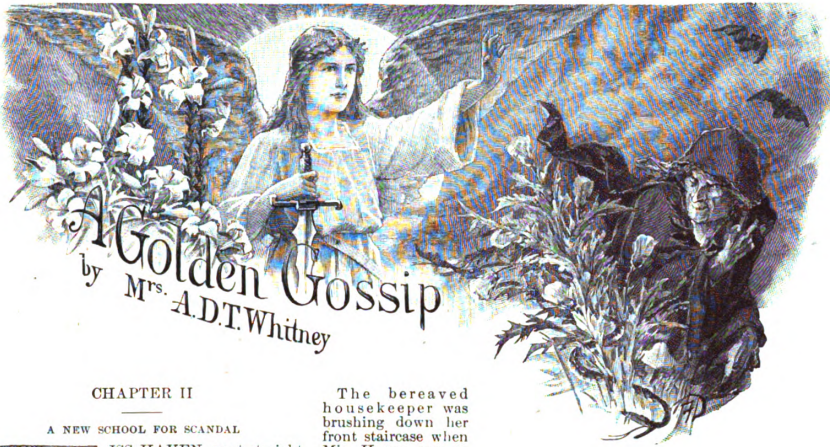
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CHAPTER II

A NEW SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL

MISS HAVEN went straight from Miss Bonable's over to Mrs. Rospey's. There was word in the village that Mrs. Rospey was left without a girl again. Girls at Mrs. Rospey's were always flaring up and leaving. The lady had a doubtful name among her acquaintances, as "one who was always changing," and a very decided and detrimental one in the kitchen constituency as "hard to get along with." "You won't stay a week at Rospey's," was the common saying in the solidarity. Prophecy fulfilled itself. Cause and effect acted and reacted, until you couldn't tell which began it. Girls went to Mrs. Rospey's as with loaded revolvers; all ready to fire at the first move. It was hands up! from the start. Poor Mrs. Rospey was helpless. Amiability itself could not save her. After a brief space of relief and of Christian hope that she was beginning to keep her temper and should keep her girl, down came the thunderbolt out of the clear sky, and the Katie or Annie of the time "gave notice." The secret which the mistress did not penetrate was, that not expecting to stay more than "a week at Rospey's," the incumbent was simply there in *transitu*, saving board and doing her washing, making ready for a place to which she had been pledged beforehand, and in which she did expect to stay as long as "things were agreeable." And if friends knew of any thoroughly good person to fill the duties, they thought it less than useless to make the suggestion in Mrs. Rospey's behalf, from the difficulty of persuasion on the one side, and the difficulty of knowing when she was well off on the other. "You can't stop a leak with water," they said. "What is it this time?" was the question that went about, when a fresh vacancy was reported. And this time—of Miss Haven's visit—it had been, as currently asserted, the throwing of a dish-cloth in the servant's face. "And you couldn't expect anybody to stand that," was the appended comment. What might have happened first, that Mrs. Rospey couldn't be expected to stand, was never inquired. One of Miss Haven's rules was "not to talk round a person." She knew very well she could hear the whole dish-cloth story at Mrs. Clackett's, or Mrs. Wisper's; but she did not care at all about the dish-cloth; she was a more thorough gossip, she sometimes said to Sarah Crooke, than to be interested in what everybody knew, and had repeated threadbare; the real zest of a subject was in the point unreached and hardest to get at. If she couldn't find out a little more than her neighbors, it wasn't worth while to gossip at all. When, therefore, a hearsay came trickling along to her, she did not drink of it with all that it might have gathered on its way; neither did she even paddle in it, or stir it up, to send it further a little more roiled than before. If she did anything, she followed it straight up to the springhead, and saw for herself with what quality it started. In this case, in the midst of the bubbling and boiling, she found a flavor sweeter than she had even hoped.

The bereaved housekeeper was brushing down her front staircase when Miss Haven rang at the door. Mrs. Rospey's face brightened as she let her visitor in, and led the way to a dainty little sitting-room. "I wish the Lord would give me a new set of nerves!" she said, after making due explanation of her employment and of her big morning apron. "Perhaps He will—by providing a good rest for the old ones," returned Miss Haven. "Ah, you know all about it," exclaimed Mrs. Rospey, gratefully, "and of course you know the old ones stand in the way of my getting it. It seems as if the Lord himself couldn't make out which end to begin at." "I came to tell you of a very nice woman who is just left out of a place. She never left one in her life."

"She'd better not come here, then. She'd break her record. She wouldn't stay. They never do. She wouldn't come if she's principled against leaving. The minute anything goes contrary, they tell me they know it would—they were warned they couldn't live with me—and all I want is that they should do things with some sort of conscience. If I liked to have the kitchen sweepings, dust and ashes and bones and lemon-skins, piled up behind the coal-hod, and half the breakfast thrown into the scrap-pail, and the glass-towels used to wipe the stove, and the napkins for oven-cloths, I could get along beautifully. I should be easy to live with; but I shouldn't live easy with myself. I found the last one washing out the soup-pot with a dolly, and I snatched it out of her hand and flung it across to the kitchen table; but it had to go past her on the way, and she knew it at her. I know it was temper, and it

wasn't dignified; but I don't believe Moses could be dignified—or meek—if he had to regulate such things with such creatures. When he *did* lose his temper, he smashed all the ten commandments."

Mrs. Rospey laughed hysterically; and then the tears sprang in her eyes and in her voice. It was partly the understanding look in Miss Haven's face, and the sympathy of her smile. "Why, I've prayed about it," she went on, putting her hand out and laying it on her friend's; "and then I've gone straight down stairs and

found something I couldn't stand, and I've upset the whole calabash again."

"You are too good a housekeeper, perhaps, to be easily a temper-keeper."

"Oughtn't I to be a good housekeeper?" demanded Mrs. Rospey, with earnest eyes. She was only thirty, yet; and thirty is young in the intricacies of experience.

"Set one ought against another," suggested Miss Haven.

"It's only double-ought, after all; it makes it just a hundred times as hard. I ought to take good care of things, and I ought to be kind to people. I can do them separately; but when it's people and things together, people that ought to help me with the things—"

She broke down with her speech in a tangle. "Yes; there's that ought on the other side," said Miss Haven. "Lucretia Dawse would fill it. She is at Shepaug. If I come for you tomorrow morning, will you drive there with me and see her?"

"Yes. And I'll tell her just what she's got to put up with. For I'm all nerves now, of the wrong sort; and I shan't be easy-going all at once. But you—what did you come for—to help me so?"

"O, I only came gossiping. But I guess it was an errand. We don't always know when we are sent—till we get there. I shall be glad if this turns out a comfort."

"It has turned out a comfort," said Mrs. Rospey. "And it's good to have somebody come gossiping into the sense of your affairs. It's a new way."

Before Miss Haven got home that day, she had added two more items to her budget of interior information.

She found out that the minister's wife did not spend a quarter part of that last reception present in new satin covers for her parlor chairs; but that she had re-seated them herself with the odd breadth of an ancient damask gown out of an old family trunk, of exactly the rich, sober brown that her eyes loved, and of an obsolete, honest, indestructible stuff.

And then the good lady met Colonel Sholto, who had married the pretty young widow March, riding with his stepson. He sent the boy on at a canter, and stopped Miss Haven to say something to her about a book-club. But first he pointed after the little fellow with his whip. "Takes to the saddle well, doesn't he?" he said, with as much pride as a real father could.

Miss Haven nodded, with a pleased look, along the line of direction. "You've made him happy with a pony, then?" she said.

"Yes. It's better than the stable yards. Jack's of good stuff, but good stuff might be spoiled in the handling. Do you know what he said to me at the beginning of our concerns with each other?"

Colonel Sholto had not the least idea that she could; his "do you know?" was merely preliminary. "Miss Haven surprised him by



"In the old orchard, under the apple trees, Miss Haven and Rill Raye were playing bezique, with Miss Crook lying back easily in a long chair"

saying she had heard something odd; but would he please tell her himself? She was fond of a good story, and always liked to get the whole of it.

"What did you hear?"

"That he marched up to you and stated that his mother might have a step-husband if she wanted to, but that he wouldn't be a step-boy to anybody."

Colonel Sholto gave a quick, big-chested laugh. "Nearly verbatim," he replied.

"What did you say?" asked Miss Haven.

Colonel Sholto's face grew graver and very pleasant as he answered: "I told him that was spirited; and good, in the best sense of it. I hoped there would be no half relations with any of us; I meant to be his friend, and should want him for mine; and we must both stand up for his mother. He had the quickness and honesty to take home that last hint; I could see it by his color; but his eyes gave me the right look, and—well, I think we are friends, Miss Haven."

"Thank you."

"I don't know why I have told you all this, right here in the street; but there was something in your face that went beyond the first word, and so you have it."

"Thank you," said Miss Haven again.

"There is always something beyond the first word. The first word hardly ever satisfies me."

There was that in her response which went beyond the word also. Colonel Sholto felt it, and was glad they had spoken. After all, he rode away, forgetting what he first had stopped for.

When Elizabeth Haven got home, she took off her bonnet in Sarah Crooke's parlor before going upstairs. She had a way of doing this; she knew that Sarah Crooke liked it.

"Well, what have you picked up?" was the stereotyped query.

"Some dropped stitches," said Miss Haven. "They piece out several things. Miss Bonable thinks pretty well of Rill Raye, to begin with. She says she's bright, and proud, and capable, and self-respecting. She can always influence her through her self-respect."

Miss Sarah opened her eyes wide.

"She has so much character, that it makes her anxious about dealing with her just right."

"Don't say!" interjected Miss Sarah.

"Yes; that's just what I do say, just what I wanted to have to say. It's a little more than most folks know."

This view of the matter evidently struck Miss Sarah, for she stopped knitting in the middle of her needle, and replied nothing.

"And I've been to Mrs. Rospey's," Miss Haven went on; "and the dish-cloth was a damask napkin that she took away in a hurry from the girl who was cleaning a kettle with it. The rest of the story was of the girl's authorship; and a sweeter, tenderer little woman than Mrs. Rospey—inside—I don't believe there is in Wewachet. I'm going to send Lucretia Dawse to her. She wants somebody of her own sort. Her house is like wax-work. When there are birds of a feather, there'll be peace in the nest."

"Well, I declare! You do seem to have got the inside track! I never had any objections to Martha Rospey; but she's been awful quick-tempered in her kitchen—always."

"It's good to know the whole of a thing," said Miss Haven, quietly. "And then I met Colonel Sholto, riding with Jack March. He has given the little fellow a pony, and he told me that he and Jack made friends from the minute they told him he wouldn't be step-boy to anybody. Colonel Sholto said he didn't want any half relations, and I guess it's a whole one now, at any rate."

"He told you all that—a horseback! I guess you followed him up pretty close. I thought you wasn't inquisitive."

"O, yes, I am; as inquisitive as Eve, only I like my information from the best authority. I shouldn't accept the serpent's account of a thing. It is remarkable how much more people know about themselves sometimes than you can tell them. Mrs. Pinceley's chairs are made out of her great aunt's old ironside gown; she seated them herself, and they look as if they were born so, with satin skins."

"Seems to me everything's got a satin skin, or you've new covered 'em. You're a dabster at pertickers, anyhow."

"Cousin Sarah," said Elizabeth Haven, very cordially, "you have a wonderful opportunity in your life, I think. Everybody comes to you, and you are interested about everybody. You could generally know more than anyone else; and you have a clear judgment, and chance to weigh and consider. You could set ever so many things straight in Wewachet."

"Can't make folks over. They will tattle, and they like things best before they're all explained. After they've wondered awhile, they'll take the explanation, maybe. That's something new, then. But they will have the new."

Miss Sarah said "ni-ew," and it was very effective. "I'm bound to say I like the ni-ew myself," she repeated, with the honest Miss Haven provoked from almost everybody.

"We all like it. We're made to like it. There wouldn't be any growing or getting on if we didn't. But in the matter of talk about other people, I think there are just three rules that make it safe, and leave us all the interest and satisfaction."

"I'd be pleased to know 'em. I'd be pleased to hear of any rules that folks would be likely to talk by. You can't even keep 'em to dictionary and grammar," said Miss Sarah Crooke.

"They are very simple," said Miss Haven. "To tell the best things; to make the best of the bad things, and to straighten the mistakes." "That's all very pretty; and very well for you, who can get about and root things out; but I set here in my corner and take what comes."

"It seems to me that is the opportunity. It seems to me it is like a call," said Miss Haven, in her way that went behind the word she answered.

Sarah Crooke twinkled. "Like Matthoo at the resale of 'custom,'" she asked.

"Something so, perhaps."

"I can't build up a ni-ew world—nor yet make a millennium—stuck here like a limpet!"

"I don't suppose we have to think of the millennium," Miss Haven answered; "only of each little million-millionth of the right at a time. When the Lord made the mollusk He didn't say, 'go to work and build a continent.' But every little mollusk grew his shell, his best and truest shape he could, and lived his life out; and the continent gathered together, and rose under the water, till the Lord's own time came, and He lifted it up into the light."

"You're a good talker, and you've got a good headpiece," said Sarah Crooke, as she fell to knitting again with a force that hinted a climax to the conversation. Miss Haven accepted both compliment and hint with a smile, took her bonnet, and went off upstairs.

Putnam King professed great delight in his aunt's shrewd reformatory proceedings. "How do you get along with your new School for Scandal?" he would ask, when he came out to Wewachet for a Saturday-to-Monday stay. "It is the greatest woman-movement yet. But it interferes with their dearest rights, I'm afraid. Doesn't it take the edge off life for Sarah Crooke?"

"Now, Putnam, look here! Sarah Crooke has a fine background to her character."

"Why does she keep it in the background, I wonder!" interjected Putnam; but Miss Haven went sturdily on. "If you were tied to an arm chair and four knitting-needles—no, we will say to a pipe and a newspaper—you or any man—would be a thousand times worse gossip than ever she was. Would be? You are now; and your newspapers are your condemnation. You men, you devourers of news, to despise gossip! when the daily columns don't suffice for you, with all their biggest capitals, and life is bare, unless the world comes to a partial end every day, to feed your voracity!"

"O, that's legitimate," said Putnam, laughing. "It's published news; it concerns the world; we don't want it upside down, but we must know if it is; it's important. And print is open to contradiction and refutation. It's responsible. It doesn't keep its tail in a hole, like an earthworm, ready to draw back if it sees danger."

"O, doesn't it? Putnam King, newspaper gossip is the very crown—no, abyss—of gossip! See here! Didn't I read only the other day, in one of your high-toned journals, a long screed on one side about what the American newspaper is doing to the bringing up of the American small boy in the way he shouldn't go; a virtuous, holy-horror article against the stuff with which the press had been bursting for days about a prize fight and the fighters; and didn't I turn over the sheet and come pat upon an Associated Press report from New Orleans of this same prize fight—a column and a half long—with every punch and bruise of every round in it? And over the top—in a line of the heading—'SHAMEFUL AFFAIR!' O, tail in a hole! As if that line, in such enormous print, weren't the very crier's bell to sell the paper by!"

The good lady paused for breath, just gasping for the third time, with triple-x scorn—"Tail in a hole, truly!"

Putnam King gasped with merriment. Then he put on a serene, judicial air, mingled with benevolent instructiveness, and said—

"Two different departments, Auntie! Two separate worms. The regular Associated Press takes its course; then the editorial comes in with comments. But you're right, in a way. It's like conduct and conscience. It's human wariou, that's all."

"It's masculine wariou. Women haven't got all the human nature. That's what I said. Anyway, the papers aren't fit to touch, and you have to read them with your eyes shut. If women's talk is any worse than that!"

"Aunt Elizabeth, you're a merciful-minded person, but when you do sit on a thing, you sit down hard!"

"I've got the slips. I cut them out and kept them," Miss Elizabeth persisted, calmly holding on to her facts.

"Never mind. Be good and change the subject. Tell me something about Miss Rill Raye," said the young man, audaciously.

"Won't you please give me your special definition of gossip?" asked Miss Haven, opening her eyes wide at him. "The thing old women are prone to, and men and the newspapers decline?"

"Personal talk, I suppose, without sympathy or necessity. But don't ask me to define the sympathy, or argue the necessity. Tell me about Miss Raye."

"She was here the other night to tea," Miss Haven answered, curtly.

"Why is it always the other night?" demanded the young man, with an absurd tone of inquiry.

Miss Haven found it difficult to distinguish between his chaff and his earnest; or rather, perhaps, to find out whether the chaff covered any bit of earnest she might deprecate. She had taken care not to bring these two young persons together, chiefly because she would not let another story be begun about Rill Raye; also because she wanted to have her freely to herself for awhile.

"I do not want all my company on the same night," she said. "We had a thunder-storm."

"Was that a foregone conclusion? Part of the company?"

"Do you ask from sympathy or necessity?"

"Both. I am really concerned for a young woman who carries such meteorological conditions with her, and I might guide my own arrivals by the weather bureau. Would it have been any worse if you had had more company?"

Aunt Elizabeth was pretty sure it was all chaff. The pretense of interest was too out-thrust and exaggerated to have in it any touch of dangerous reality. Here was where the limitation of her judgment showed itself, and played her false. She determined for a man upon feminine premises. So she fell into the snare again, and gave him, as she had done

on other occasions, all the little piquancies and illustrations of her latest study of Rill Raye. She brought the two together, all unaware, much more nearly than if she had invited them to tea expressly at the same time.

"Don't talk such stilted nonsense," she remonstrated; and forthwith launched into her little story; which, as Putnam did immediately dismiss his stilted nonsense and become an unobtrusive listener, I will put, if you please, in my own way, as a part of mine.

Miss Haven had two main principles in her system of social diplomacy which she was trying to work out here in Wewachet, and specially with Sarah Crooke. First, she believed in bringing people nearer to each other. She knew how either closeness or remoteness influences feeling; how a certain forced isolation gives a sense of injury and deprivation; how sympathy is warped to criticism, and criticism tends to cruelty. Social inaccessibility is like that which prompts the gunner's impulse to bring down the bird. The same hand which pulls the trigger might tenderly nurse a frightened, wounded thing that fluttered to it for help or shelter; but the thing beyond, in its own element, reachable by no direct and natural touch, is a mark for eager hunting down and bringing near as prey. Miss Haven often found, as her theory argued, that to fetch inside of range was to save from the weapon's aim.

In the second place, she reasoned and discovered that one may touch the very nerve of gossip's desire, the palate of its hunger, to some nobler satisfying by finding choicer, rarer bits than the common menu furnished. So she brought home to Sarah Crooke, eager and famishing in her deprived corner, both people and things.

Instead of letting Rill Raye go by, and Sarah sit wondering where she had been or whither might be bound, on what errand of madcapry—or mantrapy, as would better have expressed her idea of Rill's bits of fun and flirting—Miss Haven asked the girl in, and kept her to tea; letting her use her bright nonsense in amusing Miss Sarah, who, with all her animadversions, dearly loved to be made to laugh, and with her frank gossip about herself, anticipate and disarm all guesswork and tattle. Not infrequently some incident called forth a brave kindness, a gentle generosity, a ready service, which were in Rill's nature and which surprised a pleasure and gratitude from Sarah Crooke that were, at least, next door to affection.

On this summer afternoon in question, Rill had come up from the Point and stopped in to find Miss Haven just returned from town, and inclined to make scrap-holiday by some pleasant sort of doing nothing. "Come down into the orchard," she said to Rill. "Talk to Miss Sarah, and play bezique with me, and then take tea with us."

Miss Haven's steamer chair had been carried down among the apple trees, where she had beguiled cousin Sarah into a habit of sitting in the pleasant weather, under the low arches of the old boughs borne downward in the gracious shaping of their long fruit bearing. Three or four of these broad shelters were grouped in the hollow of the field, where the breeze moved more softly than on the land-swell; and here each lady had chosen her own customary place, apart, and yet near enough for talk and companionship. Hither, now, Miss Haven and Rill brought cards and lapboard. Nothing rested Miss Elizabeth like a simple game, she said; she could not sit still and fold her hands, there was too much main force in that; so with Sarah Crooke she played cribbage, or casino, or, with Rill Raye, the more intricate bezique.

The old lady, Sarah's mother, did not come out; she rarely left her armchair now; "She'd 'g'en up runnin' outdoor," she said, "long ago; she thought Sarah was most too old a girl for such capers." She was growing much more deaf, and "sence Radne came, and was so kind o' comfortin' and easy with her, she didn't seem to care for change, or even visitin'." She had established herself and her gray knitting-work within her little "kitchen bedroom," by the window at the bed-head. Often her only movement was from the one resting-place to the other. "Seemed some-way," she said, "as though she couldn't rest enough." Poor thing; she had done over-hours work in her life. Sarah was a good daughter; her "beautiful eye" was always turned upon her mother; she would go and sit by her the hour together, laboriously repeating to her the news, and answering her reiterated questions; but doubtless it was a respite to escape at intervals into the freshness and liberty devised for her by cousin Elizabeth.

Miss Haven had brought a bunch of flowers from Mrs. Sholto, with that lady's kind remembrance for Miss Crooke. Miss Haven and Mrs. Sholto had driven together from the station, and the latter had made the carriage wait at her door while she fetched a handful from some bowl filled with greenhouse blooms, vivid in beauty from their summering in open-air borders. "My cousin will so like them," Miss Haven had said with her thanks; and then Mrs. Sholto had answered graciously, "Give them to her with my kind remembrance." Sarah Crooke had taken them with a delight accentuated by the unexpected personal attention. "They drive by, and drive by," she had said to herself often, "and never know or care that there are any bodies in the plain old houses on the way, or any souls in the bodies." Now, unawares, by a simple, single act, a seal—or an anointing to charity—was laid upon the querulous lips again, and a new individual indemnity was secured against unfavorably "they says" with Sarah Crooke.

She had this sterling good about her; she could not talk, or think, two ways; though either of her only two ways was sufficiently decided. Miss Haven played carefully upon the right string; she talked herself, she liked to. "An old maid must chatter," she said; "but a Christian woman need not spatter." She talked a good deal elsewhere about cousin

Sarah; always "cousin"; and people knew better than they had ever done before what had got shut up and hidden away by her disabilities. She brought her own visitors over into Miss Sarah's room, and presently they began to inquire at the door for "the ladies." At first it was to please Miss Haven; then it pleased themselves to see how they could give pleasure to one so deprived; and the discovery of her harmlessness lent the fascination that is found in approaching some creature supposed dangerous, but proving gentle.

"It's a good, still afternoon for out-doors," said Miss Crooke, contentedly. Miss Haven had been to the bank and the broker's for her, in the city, and had brought out to her some mortgage interest, and the cash for a check, and her bank book. These Miss Sarah was looking over, as she lay back easily in the long chair, with her feet upon the rest under an afghan. "No wind to pester these things, or the cards."

"Four kings—eighty!" called Rill, in her clear, young voice, triumphantly.

"And four queens," responded Miss Haven, putting up her score.

"You always have the queens, and I the kings," said Rill, as they played on. "No; ten, and a royal marriage! You played right into my hand. But haven't you forgotten to put up your own bezique? A hundred for aces, and sixty for queens, and you were two hundred and fifty; yes, you ought to be at the ninety. You don't look out for yourself half the time." And so the deals and the game went on. Miss Crooke had read over her papers, and counted her bank bills, and put them back into the envelope; then she pushed all down carefully into a deep, brown silk bag, whose strings she drew close and tied in a knot, placing the whole under her cushion; after which, with a serene mind, she listened awhile to the bezique announcements, inwardly counting up a different set of figures which belonged to the comfortable little investments and deposits she had been reviewing; and so, gradually, fell fast asleep.

"How hot it grows!" said Rill Raye.

"Yes; this stillness is like a blanket; but it is quite shady; the sun has gone in."

"I should think it had! Miss Haven, turn round and look at that cloud!"

A low, black heap was rolling steadily over from the westward. A wind was behind it that would come here presently. Under the trees the shadow thickened fast. Every bird had hidden in some leafy nook. There was not a sound nor a stir, except their own movement and voices.

"It will be here in three minutes. We must get cousin Sarah in."

The cards were shuffled together, and dropped upon the chair from which Miss Haven had hurriedly arisen. As she came to Miss Crooke's side, a swift flash shot from the blackness that mounted overhead, a quivering dazzle of flame wrapped air and earth in an instant's frightful illumination, and a crash of thunder fell like an avalanche. Miss Crooke, startled from sleep—afraid of lightning even when under shelter, hardly able to gain her feet, and wholly helpless to hasten—was nearly paralyzed with the shock of terror.

(To be continued)

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whose quick brain
first caught the idea
of coasting down a
steep hill-side upon
the Red-man's
winter conveyance.

With what eagerness he must have mounted to the summit of his natural slide and what a thrill of hitherto untasted joy shot through him as his frail chariot slid over the crackling crust and plunged swiftly down to the plain, and then, having thus proved his discovery to be good, how impatient he was to have Juliet share in its inspiring ecstasies, and with what a superior smile he sought to calm her fluttering heart, and how merrily he laughed when she could not suppress a shriek as they dived over the rounded brow of the hill in their meteor-like descent.

For a long time the slopes, so liberally provided by the hand of nature, sufficed to satisfy the votaries of the toboggan; and there are places to be found where no artificial slides



have yet been deemed necessary, as at Halifax and Quebec, for instance. But in the majority of cases ambitious spirits arose who, becoming blasé of the natural provision, determined to create hills having special adaptation to their sport, and thus came into being the toboggan slide, whose gaunt, lofty structure may now be seen in almost every city, town and village.

As many of my readers may never have seen a toboggan slide I shall try to describe one. Wherever possible, a hill that slants sharply down to a good long level stretch, is selected for the site. The high bank of a river, for example, does admirably for the purpose. Upon the summit of the slope a wooden skeleton tower, from twenty-five to seventy-five feet in height, is erected with a platform on top reached by a broad flight of stairs, having at one side a sort of flume filled with snow over which to drag the toboggans. From the platform, far down to the level beneath, curves a huge cycloidal trough, the sides being of plank, the bottom of ice as hard and smooth as marble. This trough is the slide. Down it the toboggan plunges madly, gathering a speed that fairly takes one's breath away, and rushing out over the plain until its impetus is exhausted.

By the way, I should have previously explained that a toboggan is simply three strips of basswood, a quarter of an inch thick, eight inches broad, and from four to eight feet long, held together by cross-pieces lashed tightly with gut, having one end turned up and over like the dash-board of a sleigh, and then poles along the two sides for the hands to catch, and a thick cushion for the comfort of the limbs.

Where the formation of the ground is particularly favorable some of these slides are of great length. There is one at Montreal, on the shoulder of Mount Royal, which is full half a mile long, and which—lest the journey down might grow monotonous (although it takes much less than a minute)—has the smoothness of its course broken by two bumps that toss the toboggan high in air, and impart additional zest to the excitement of the descent.

Barring a drop from the clouds in a parachute, there is certainly no other such thrilling sensation to be had as a trip down this Montreal slide affords. Let us suppose ourselves members of a quartette, duly divided as to sex, awaiting our turn on the platform; for be it known, the toboggans must not follow each other too closely, as upsets will occur, and collisions are perilous. The way being clear we adjust ourselves on the cushions.

One of the men sits in front to bear the brunt of the keen wind, the two ladies curl up snugly at his back, the steerer having queried "All ready?" and being answered "Aye, aye," starts his load with a push, squats down behind with foot outstretched as a rudder. Away we go!

For a few yards there is a perceptible slant. Then we seem to drop right into space. If we have any actual connection with mother earth, we are not conscious of it, until with a startling crunch and rattle we strike the ice again and dart recklessly through the line of lamps that light our path. On

we fly with the speed of a hawk; the motion is so exhilarating we are tempted to shout in pure excess of delight, when suddenly our toboggan leaps from the ground, takes a brief aerial flight, and lands again with an emphatic bump that drives out of us the very breath we were about to expand in our shout. A little further on this performance is repeated, and then, all our vicissitudes over, we skim smoothly along for a couple of hundred yards more until at last our impetus is spent, and rolling off the toboggan we say enthusiastically, "Wasn't that splendid? Let us have another," and hasten back to the platform.

Tobogganing is essentially an amusement for both sexes. Indeed so much is this the case that, unlike snow-shoeing, the men would never keep it up if the ladies were to forswear it. A party of men tobogganing by themselves would look as oddly as if they were waiting by themselves. And there are many reasons why the fair sex should go in heartily for this fascinating sport. Whatever beauty a woman has will appear to the best advantage out tobogganing.

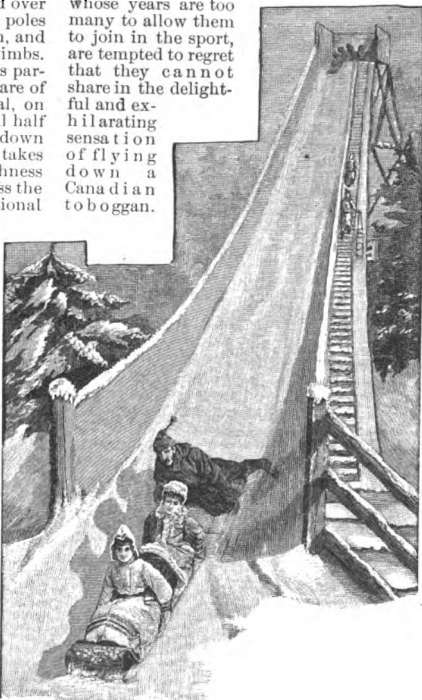
In the first place no more becoming costume has ever been devised than that which is sacred to snow-shoeing and tobogganing. The constituents are simple enough; a toque, a blanket coat, a sash, and a pair of moccasins. But there is limitless range for the play of taste and skill in the combination of colors. For the blondes a toque of dark-blue, having a saucy scarlet tassel, a coat of lighter blue cinctured by a golden sash, and moccasins trimmed with blue flapel points, make up a bewitching *tout ensemble*; while for the brunette, a crimson toque with tassel of blue, a coat of fleecy white with crimson sash, and skirt band of blue, and moccasins set off with crimson points leave nothing to be desired.

But these are comparatively simple symphonies in color. You may wander through the whole gamut of tones and tints, and, with so wide a choice, what damsel need fail to find that which becomes her best?

Not only do the jaunty toque, the graceful coat, the dainty moccasins enhance the figure, but the clear, cold air crimsoning the cheek; the delicious excitement brightening the eye, and the breathless motion tossing the hair in sweet confusion, lend beauty to the face, so that it is no wonder the Canadian girls are enthusiastic patrons of the toboggan slides.

Tobogganing has also its practical side. If not overdone it is exceedingly beneficial to the health. The men do all the hard work, even to gallantly dragging their charming companions part of the way back; yet there is ample exercise for the ladies.

It speaks well for the good sense, no less than the nerve of our girls, that they seem to fully realize this, and enter into the glorious amusement with a zest that knows no abatement. One of the most picturesque scenes to be found in Canada, is that presented by the toboggan slides at Rideau Hall, the Governor General's residence at Ottawa, on the occasion of the midwinter fête. The tall towers, their gauntness hidden by the kindly darkness, are bright with Chinese lanterns; the long slides stretching from them away into the depths of the woods, are lined with flaring torches; huge bon-fires crackle fiercely and cast a ruddy glow upon the radiant faces of young men and maidens, arrayed in beautiful blanket costumes, passing and repassing as they take their turn down the slide or make their way back more slowly to the summit. Youth and beauty are then at their best, and those whose years are too many to allow them to join in the sport, are tempted to regret that they cannot share in the delightful and exhilarating sensation of flying down a Canadian toboggan.



FEBRUARY 14

By DONALD R. MCGREGOR

A year ago to-night, I bent
Beside thy upturned face,
And while your sweetest smile you lent,
Some rosebuds found a place—
A place most worthy on thy breast,
That white, pure breast of thine;
And I vowed thee—as lovers vow—
My own dear Valentine.

To-night I go with one sweet bud,
And a heart with true-love warm;
With eyes that with the warm tears flood,
A duty to perform;
I go to kiss one treasured bud
Upon that grave of thine,
And swear thee still my own true love—
My own dear Valentine.

WOMAN IN THE YEAR

2000

By EDWARD BELLAMY
(Author of "Looking Backward," etc., etc.)



It is assumed that the year 2000 will see Nationalism fully established as the basis of the industrial system and of society, so far as dependent upon it. Judging from the signs of the times I think it would be quite safe to make the date seventy-five years earlier, but for the benefit of those weak in the faith it is set well ahead. As there are doubtless some who do not understand very clearly what Nationalism is, it may be well enough just here to explain, so far as may be done in a phrase, that it proposes turning over all the business of the country to a single firm, of which all the people, women as well as men, shall be employes, and in the proceeds of which all shall be equal partners. Leaving wholly aside, for the present purpose, all explanations as to the details of this plan, and all questions as to its feasibility, it is simply proposed to point out certain ways in which the position of women would be affected by its successful introduction.

We are to suppose that every adult woman in the United States—while required, like every adult man (except as modified by sex conditions), to perform some self-elected useful work—had coming to her regular annual income in the form of credit, to be expended as she pleased, equal, say, to the present purchasing power of \$1000, \$3000 or \$5000, more or less, according to the prosperity of the national firm, said income to be the same in amount with that received by her brother, husband or father, but not to come to her through them or through any other intermediary, but directly from the national administration, as a matter of constitutional right.

Now, considering the fact that woman, owing to her comparative physical disqualifications as a worker, has hitherto been, as a rule, wholly or partially dependent upon the favor or affection of men for the means of a secure and comfortable existence, it is evident that a system like that described, would, by rendering her entirely independent of men in this respect, make a great alteration in her position.

Obviously the most important single respect in which it would be altered would be as to her attitude toward marriage. She would no longer be obliged, as most women now are, to look forward to marriage as offering, if not absolutely her only means of support, yet at least as constituting her main hope of a secure and comfortable life. The only possible motive which would then impel her to give herself to a man would be that she loved him. May and December might still mate, Beauty might still wed the Beast, but the sourest cynic would no longer be able to attribute an unworthy motive to the bride. However sordid she might become under temptation, then there could be none, for not only would she be under no necessity of marrying at all, but the wealth of all her possible suitors being the same, she could have no motive, save love or admiration for marrying one more than another.

Not only, however, would Nationalism guarantee woman dignity and independence before marriage, but equally afterward. That event in no way would affect her rights as a citizen and a partner in the national concern. The humiliation of complete pecuniary dependence upon their husbands, of being obliged to ask for all they have, beyond bare bread and meat, which the best and noblest of wives now have to endure, the wife of the year 2000 would never know.

Let us suppose, on the other hand, that her heart, remaining untouched, she had preferred to remain single.

At the present time, a popular presumption exists that all girls wish to marry, and fail to do so only because they lack an eligible opportunity. This presumption exists on account of the obvious fact that women, being able with difficulty to support themselves, have in general a greater material interest in marriage than men have. Surely there can be few incidents of an unmarried woman's condition more exasperating than her knowledge that because this is the undeniable fact it is vain for her to expect to be popularly credited with the voluntary choice of her condition. She must endure with a smile, however she may rage within, the coarse jest or innuendo to which it would be worse than vain to reply. Nationalism, by establishing the economic independence of women, without reference to their single or married state, will destroy the

presumption referred to by making marriage no more obviously desirable to one sex than to another.

Would you gain a realization of the position of the "old maid" in the year 2000? If so, look at the lordly bachelor of to-day, the hero of romance, the cynosure of the drawing-room and of the promenade. Even as that bright being, like him self-poised, serenely *insouciant*, free as air, will the "old maid" of the year 2000 be. It is altogether probable, by the way, that the term "old maid" will by that time have fallen into disuse.

But while the unmarried woman of the year 2000, whether young or old, will enjoy the dignity and independence of the bachelor of to-day, the insolent prosperity at present enjoyed by the latter will have passed into salubry, if sad, eclipse. No longer profiting by the effect of the pressure of economic necessity upon woman, to make him indispensable, but dependent exclusively upon his intrinsic attractions, instead of being able to assume the fastidious airs of a sultan surrounded by languishing beauties, he will be fortunate if he can secure by his merits the smiles of one.

In the year 2000 no man, whether lover or husband, may hope to win the favor of maid or wife save by desert. While the poet, justly apprehending the ideal proprieties, has always persisted in representing man at the feet of woman, man has been, in fact, the dependant and pensioner of man. Nationalism will justify the poet and satisfy the eternal fitness of things by bringing him to his marrow-bones in earnest. But, indeed, we may be sure that in the year 2000 he will need no compulsion to assume that attitude.

It implies no disloyalty to the womanhood of to-day to believe that the personal dignity and moral freedom, unknown before to her sex, which will be the birthright of woman in the twentieth century, cannot fail to react most favorably upon herself, ennobling her graces, clothing with a new majesty her beauty and making her every way more worthy than ever before of the reverence and devotion of man.

There is another and profoundly tragic aspect of the relation of the sexes, which by no means may be passed over in considering what Nationalism will do for womanhood. The same economical pressure which brings the mass of women into a relation of dependence upon men, rendered more or less tolerable according to the degree of mutual affection, reduces a great multitude of women, who are not fortunate enough to find adequate masculine support, to a form of slavery more morally degrading than any other, and more complete in its indignity. This most ancient form of bondage, which has grown up with the race and flourishes to-day in the face of civilization and Christendom as widely and vigorously as ever, which no wisdom of the economist, no zeal of the philanthropist has ever availed to diminish, Nationalism, by the necessary operation of its fundamental principle, will at once and forever extirpate. Want on the one hand will then no longer drive the virtuous woman to dishonor, nor on the other will wealth, in the hands of unscrupulous men, tempt her frivolous sister.

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HOW TO TEACH THE BIBLE

A SERIES OF FOUR BRIEF PAPERS OF HELPFUL HINTS TO SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHERS

BY GEORGE W. CABLE

FIRST PAPER

PROVE THE BOOK BY TRUTH, NOT TRUTH BY THE BOOK



HEY say of some hearty shrubs that one may take them and invert them, planting their branches in the ground and leaving their roots outspread in the air, and the roots will become leafy and fruitful branches, and the branches will become roots, so like are the two in their essential nature. So like each other are study and teaching. Nothing has been amply studied till we feel we can teach it; and no teaching can keep its due freshness and energy once the teacher ceases to be a student. The right kind of study is a teaching one's self, and the right kind of teaching, especially of such inexhaustible themes as those of the Bible, is mainly a studying with others. To know truly how to study the Bible will itself show us how to teach it.

And this can never be rightly done by a system and method all the Bible's own. As in its study, so in its teaching, we must recognize and follow the great general principles of the twin arts of studying and teaching any and all things; the very first of which is that all sorts of truth are one sort at last, and that the only competent and final authority of truth and right is conviction in the mind and conscience of him to whom it is addressed. It is a sad perversion of the true art of teaching—and saddest when the things taught are those of the Bible—for a teacher, either directly or by implication, to ask his pupils to pay assents and consents in advance of convictions imparted. The Bible is not itself the truth. Grant that it is, somehow as no other book is, God's book, and that He made it; yet God did not make truth any more than He created Himself; and that teacher is far astray who accepts and teaches moral truth because it is in the Bible, instead of accepting and teaching the Bible because he ever more and more finds it the richest, purest vehicle of moral truth on earth. Hence this for a rule: Keep your teaching concentrated upon those few great simple truths to the understanding, and acceptance of which books and scholarship are only aids—not essentials.

There are those who claim that certain fundamental and preliminary truths must be accepted and taught on the pure authority of the Bible, or we cannot begin to teach the Bible at all.

Suppose a case. I bid a new pupil open the Scriptures and read:

"In the beginning God created."—He stops. What is the trouble?

"I do not believe there is a God."

What ought I to reply? That he must begin with that belief or we cannot begin at all? His blood would be on my head. I should say,

"Never mind that now; a great many men fancy they entirely and incessantly believe there is no God; and a great many who fancy they entirely and incessantly believe God is, have not even found out that such a belief is a thing of degrees. Those who entirely and incessantly believe or disbelieve in God are rare. Thoroughly and constantly to believe that 'God is, and is the rewarder of them that diligently seek him,' is a great achievement, and this Book offers to show that to do so is a possible and blessed thing. Let us open it reverently."

He interrupts: "Why should I reverence a book whose very first word I am not ready to accept?"

What shall I answer? Shall I try to show him how unreasonable he is? No; I will say, "Never mind reverence for the Book just yet. You have abundant reverence for truth, have you not?"

"Abundant," he replies. I doubt it; but I only say,

"Well, we will read on a little way and see if, right here on this first leaf, involved in a narrative of some sort—no matter just what, right now—we do not find one of the richest treasures of moral truth ever written or printed on one book leaf by the hand of man. We shall see whether the kind of God here described or implied is one whose existence and nature it is worth while to consider any farther." And so we begin again.

Conviction first, creed afterward. From his own experience a friend tells me this: He met on the highway traveling on horseback, as he was, and in the same direction, a stranger, but one known to him as an irascible and violent skeptic. Said he, by and by—

"Well, as the Bible says"—It was a red rag to the other.

"I don't believe the Bible! No, not 'some things in it' either! Not a line! Not a word! No, I don't! Name it! Name anything in that Book that I believe; I defy you!"

"Why, my friend, you believe 'A soft answer turneth away wrath.'"

"Yes, I do."

"Well, hereafter read the Bible for what you already believe in it. You will be astonished to find what a large and precious part that is of the whole Book and of every portion of the whole Book. That is mainly what the whole Book was written for." They went their several ways.

Years afterward, journeying in the same region, this chance teacher of an hour on the highway, found his pupil a devout and active member of the Church of Christ. He had proved the Bible by truth, not truth by the Bible. Hundreds of us unconsciously satisfy ourselves with trying to teach the Bible, instead of simply using the Bible to teach Christianity.

(Second paper in next Journal.)

GETTING READY FOR THE DRESSMAKER

BY HELEN JAY



AFTER the holidays, the housewife pauses to take breath for the spring campaign. If she be wise, the dressmaking is done before the warm, enervating days, when any exertion is an effort, and house-cleaning and summer outtings must receive attention. Many families, specially where there are growing school girls whose wardrobes need constant replenishing, cannot afford to have their sewing done outside the home. A dressmaker must be engaged for a week, at least, to do those thousand and one things which a stylish madame would consider quite beneath her notice. Dresses of the elder sister or mother must be made over into school gowns for the little maiden, and trimming coaxed to cover the record of a term's experiments with ink and nails.

Often I hear the complaint, "It does not pay to make over anything, and it is just as expensive having a dressmaker in the house, as it is putting the work out." This ought not to be the case, provided some member of the family works with the dressmaker, and, above all, if suitable preparations are made for her coming. Until you have tried this plan you have no idea how much solid time can be saved. First if there are dresses to be made over, rip, clean and press them. For the former purpose, use a small, sharp penknife; never scissors, which jag and tear. Then brush with a stiff whisk broom, giving the hems and seams an extra beating. This method takes away many of the threads, the picking out of which is such a tedious process. However, tedious as it is, it must be done after the brushing. To clean colored woollens use the following receipt:

Four ounces of white castle soap, four ounces of ammonia, two ounces of alcohol, two ounces of glycerine. Shave the soap in one quart of water over the fire. When dissolved add four quarts of rain water, and when nearly cold the other ingredients. Bottle and keep in a cool place. One cup of this mixture in two quarts of water will be sufficient for ordinary use. Now lay the goods on an old sheet, and iron rapidly and lightly on the wrong side, and then roll tightly on a curtain pole or any round piece of wood. If this is carefully done you do away with the creases made by folding. For black silk or cloth dissolve one tablespoonful of borax and one tablespoonful of indigo in one pint of warm water. Sponge the pieces well and lay smoothly one above the other, and, if possible, put in the sun to dry.

If you want to make the children's last summer lawn and gingham look bright and new enough to warrant the letting down of the skirts and the making of new waists, boil a quart of bran, enclosed in a bag, in a gallon of water, for an hour. Take out the bran and divide the water in which it was boiled, putting one-half to one gallon of warm water, in which the dress is to be washed, and the other half to a second gallon in which it is to be washed again. Dry in the shade, and iron on the wrong side. Use no soap and no starch. The extract of bran cleans sufficiently, stiffens and preserves the colors.

Now that your materials are in working order, have your dressmaker come in some evening and look at them and tell you what she will need in the way of trimmings. She cannot do this until she sees the shape in which the pieces are, and gets some idea of your wishes about their future form. Be considerate and don't visit the poor woman in her crowded working hours, thus borrowing (?) the time of employer and employée.

This consultation will help you both. No dressmaker likes to promise that a dress can be made over to advantage, and find on ripping it that her predecessor has so cut it that the garment will never be satisfactory. Neither does she like to have you buy more material than she needs. Her reputation is her capital, and she is just as anxious, nine times out of ten, to please you as you are to be pleased.

Make a list of what she needs, and, as you value the fit of your gown, never use an old lining washed or unwashed. That is a bit of economy costly in the end. If you are so situated that you cannot have this consultation, the following rules can be safely adopted: For every skirt, buy four yards of English cambric, the color of the dress; two yards of silesia for the waist, one yard of canvas, three whalebones uncut, one dress-braid, and shields for each sleeve. Sateen dresses should always be lined with a "piece of themselves," as Fat said. The important little things are thread, silk, hooks and eyes, belting, tape, crinoline, needles, pins and sharp scissors. Buy wound bobbins for your machine of the colored thread you will need. They cost the same as the ordinary spool, and save time and trouble. Two of these, with two large spools of silk for the upper thread, will be enough for any suit. Have two sizes of black hooks. Large ones for belts and smaller ones for waists. White hooks tarnish and are apt to stain the under-clothing. In these days when so few buttons are used you do not need twist unless for a jacket. Always dip the unwound braid in cold water till thoroughly wet, then hang by a hot fire to shrink. The puckered appearance, often disfiguring an otherwise pretty skirt, is caused by neglect of this simple precaution. You can make your dress shields, by buying rubber cloth and cutting them out, using an old one for a model. Pinked or bound with binding ribbon, they are better than you can buy, and cost much less.

Give your machine a good oiling with kerosene, and let it stand twelve hours. Then oil and clean in the usual way. If there is anything the matter with it have it mended; don't expect the dressmaker to get it in order for you.

USE AND ABUSE OF THE EYES

BY H. V. WURDEMANN, M. D.



TAKE great care of the eyes should be one of our foremost duties. Very many eyes might have been saved if the owners had only known how to care for them. A blind man is a charge upon the community at large. He is not a producer, as a rule, but is a consumer. The money annually spent in the United States for the support of the blind is sufficient to pay the interest on the public debt. "Pity the blind!" Pity we may, perhaps, for we cannot always help. We must also condemn; and whom shall we blame? Not the poor unfortunates themselves, but the ignorance of many parents and nurses; for they, in many instances, are the responsible ones.

The eyes of the new-born child are extremely delicate and very sensitive to irritants. Mothers and nurses should be exceedingly careful to avoid exposing the eyes of their charges to the light. Nature is aware of this and usually ushers in the new-comer at night. They should also be very careful when washing the infants, for matters from the body may get into the eyes and there set up an inflammation which, at this age, frequently results in entire loss of vision. One-half of all the blind become so through this cause.

Children under seven years of age have eyes which are too imperfect to admit of close application. If used at this age they are very apt to give way under the strain, becoming longer and hence short-sighted or, if there be any inherited trouble, it is readily developed. If only for this reason children under the eighth year should not be set to their books, and if sent to any school this should be a Kindergarten.

The normal adult eye, in a healthy person, can stand an immense amount of work if properly used; but many eyes are not normal: some are too long, some too short, and in others some part of the complex machinery is out of gear. The old eye becomes worn with use and is not fitted for fine work; the media, transparent in the adult, are clouded, and degeneration shows in every structure.

School-room desks should be of sufficient height so that the pupils will not have to bend over their tasks. In reading or writing, in either the standing or the sitting posture, the head and body should be erect. The act of bending constricts the veins of the neck, hindering the return of blood from the head, thus increasing intra-ocular pressure. This is one of the most common causes of myopia, or short-sight. Teach the children to read and to write without leaning on their desks. Bend the tree while it is young, and when it is old all the king's horses cannot straighten it. The book should be held not less than ten inches from the eyes. If it be noticed that a pupil habitually holds his work closer, the fact should be reported to the parents, who should take the child to an oculist.

The light should come from one side, preferably the left. There should be no windows in the wall of the school-room that the students face. That end should be a blackboard. Pupils should face the desk when writing, holding the paper with the edges parallel to the edges of the desk-top. Many systems of writing teach the false position of having one side of the body nearer the desk than the other. In such a position the eyes and body soon become tired.

The same rules should be followed in drawing and other close work. The best plan is to work continuously ten minutes or so and to look up from book or task at some distant object for a moment, then continue the work. The eyes are rested, the thoughts concentrated and the mind reviews what has been done. Thus more work can be accomplished without fatigue. Engravers, who follow this method, save their eyes; while others who do not, are invariably affected, sooner or later, by their fine work.

At home or in office a few more admonitions are needed:

Don't work by twilight or by a flickering light. The rapidly diminishing light between sunset and dusk is most fatal to the eyes. Fine needlework, especially colored embroidery, should be pursued only in a good light.

Don't read lying down, as then there is too much blood-pressure in the eyes and the external muscles become more readily tired.

Don't read in direct sunlight, as the glare is a direct irritant to the retina. In reading by artificial light, the back should always be turned to the source of illumination, allowing the light to pass over the shoulders. When working by artificial illumination, the light should either be high enough to permit shading of the eyes by the brows, else an opaque screen, or, better still, a translucent shade should cut off the glare of the light from the eyes, and yet permit illumination of the work. The light of an oil lamp is, as a rule, better than that furnished by the average corporation gas-burner; and yet the latter may be greatly improved by attaching one form of the incandescent wire apparatus that are now on the market.

By following these suggestions many congenital defects will never assert themselves, and many others will never be acquired. No time should ever be thought over than wisely employed which is given over to the care of the eyes. The eye is not only the light-house to the soul, but it is undoubtedly the most valuable member of the human body, and I except none. It therefore behooves us to exercise every possible precaution for its preservation, and no words are too strong to serve as warning to those who wrongfully use or abuse the eye.

HELPS FOR WOMEN STENOGRAPHERS

BY CARRIE E. GARRETT



THE watch-words here, as in every other trade or profession, are industry, patience and tact. The stenographer must be a slave to men of all minds and manners; must be a medium for thoughts base and sublime, wise and otherwise. It is a school in which one must learn with even casual attention to the outspoken thoughts of others. Never consider that you are past learning, no matter how proficient you may be in your art. If you stumble over a new word that you have never written before, as you often will, make a note of it and practice it as faithfully as you did your exercises in the beginning, and it will not surprise you again. Do not confine yourself to the technicalities of the work on which you are at present engaged, or to the rate per minute now required of you—specially if it is below par. Do not get into a rut which it will be difficult for you to get out of, should you have to change. Be equally ready with all the words of your vocabulary, and keep up your speed. It may be required of you at any minute. In the process of a very slow and laborious dictation, do not engrave your notes, putting in unnecessary vowels, etc., simply to kill time. It is dangerous to use anything superfluous on principle, no matter how much time you have. Always aim to be as brief as is consistent with legibility.

Don't copy glaring errors because they are so in the copy, or so dictated. I have heard it said that stenographers take a malicious pleasure in faithfully jotting down the most palpable mistakes, urging that they are not responsible—they only followed the copy or dictation. This is very vexatious. You will either have to re-write or correct the work, and erasures are an abomination. Errors are never quoted, except for the purpose of ridicule, and you will be expected to use your brains as well as your eyes in your work. If the dictate overtakes you, do not go blundering on from bad to worse (this is a common mistake of beginners), but ask for a second's pause. This will always be granted, and is far less humiliating than finding gaps in your work which you are unable to fill out. If you have any ability (and we will presuppose you have) do not turn out a crude letter which a little care may set aright. Turn into proper shape the bad grammar, tautology or involved expression. It will help the letter and help you. On the other hand, if too much is assumed, there is danger of a gentle reminder from your employer that he knows what to say and how to say it, better than you do. Happy is the stenographer who can delicately steer between self-assertion and intelligent appreciation of what is meant.

Do not always expect drawing-room courtesy in the office, for the chances are that you will be disappointed. A busy man in the preparation of an important paper forgets the little amenities of life, and regards you only as the medium for his thoughts, not as a young lady. Don't look over your shoulder in a withering manner when his directions are curt in throwing down a paper for copy. It will be quite lost on him, for he is not thinking about you at all, and would be amazed if you accused him of rudeness.


Take the home spirit of order and cleanliness with you to the office. Keep your own desk and other desks in the room neatly arranged, and supplied with clean inkstands and sponge cups, fresh ink, pens, bloters, etc. These little womanly offices will not be unappreciated.

It is a common complaint among the fraternity that the noon hour and the closing hour are invariably the hours of inspiration, when the flow of epistolary eloquence is absolutely wrist-aching. This phenomenon is as yet unexplained. "Their not to question why"; theirs but to sit and chew the end of a lead-pencil waiting for the advent of the divine afflatus, and wondering dimly whether it will arrive on the stroke of the lunch bell or the boom of the four o'clock whistle. You cannot always count on a strict observance of business hours as can the clerk with ordinary routine work. This is very trying, specially if you lead a busy life outside of the office. But when you are inclined to be discontented and rebellious at being "kept in," just think of the weary saleswoman who has perhaps your youth and intelligence and ambition, but who receives about one-fourth of your salary, and that, too, in the face of more petty trials during the day than you can manage. There is much wisdom in the motto Edison gave a young boy just starting out in the world, "Don't look at the clock." The hands of a clock are like the traditional pot that will not boil if watched. Undertake your task willingly and brightly, and not as if you hated it. Do your very best, and you will learn to like your work for its own sake and not as a mere means to an end.

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GOSPEL CHILD
 A STORY BY
ROSE TERRY COOKE



HOPE was not the name at all; it was really Huldah Elizabeth Ann; but the child was from her birth such a spark of gayety and brightness, such an indomitable bit of fun and cheer that she earned her nickname. Her father died before she could remember; her mother lay dying for years; poverty beset the house; Charity, with cold half-filled hands, kept Clarinda Ames and her baby alive; but nothing daunted the laughing child; she grew up in an atmosphere of cloud and storm, but she drank in every scarce sunbeam.

"I haven't a hope in this world but my baby!" said the emaciated woman to Parson Pitcher, on one of his professional visits of consolation.

"If twasn't for her I'd ha' died long ago; she's turned of six now, and it isn't in natur' I should live much longer, and I've got to leave her to Aunt Melindy; there isn't another livin' soul that's kin to her and me."

"Well, well, my friend, try and be thankful for that resource. The Lord is good to the fatherless; little Hope will be prospered no doubt. You must have faith. Yes, yes; according to your faith it shall be."

All this fell like hollow sounds on the sick woman's ear; she was worn and anxious to the last degree; her faith had faded, her flesh was exceeding weak; she made no assent to the Parson's official remarks; a few slow tears trickled out of her eyes, and a sorrowful despair invaded her tired face, but just then Hope's clear laugh came in through the window, and she smiled.

Parson Pitcher was at a loss what to do, so he took up his hat and came and said good bye.

"Be'n to see Mis' Ames, heve ye?" asked Deacon Tucker, whom he met as he turned from the green yard where Hope was building an oven of stones and mud, with shouts of laughter every time the edifice fell to the ground.

"Hope ye found her spiritual state satisfact'ry?"

"Well, Deacon, she is in straits no doubt; yes, in straits; she is in the depths, the spirit may be willing. I can't say, but the flesh is weak, exceeding weak. I do not think she is struck with death however, and she will be more reconciled in time; the Lord doth not give us dying grace to live by. I trust she will be led through the valley in peace."

Parson Pitcher was right. Almost four years went by before Mrs. Ames did die; years when she seemed to live by pure force of will, and her chief help was Hope's unflinching gayety and sweetness.

"Her pa hadn't any wuldly goods to leave her," said the anxious mother to Mrs. Tucker, who had called to bring her some blue mangle and lemon jell.

"No, Charley, hadn't a cent, and this house isn't much; it's mine, but I've had to raise money on it; but he left Hope his own sunshiny natur', and that's wuth everything to her; she'll always see the bright side. My! don't I remember when he was fetched in all broke up after that scaffoldin' giv' way; how he was whiter 'n writin' paper, but he looked right up in my face and smiled as pleasant; he died a smilin', and Hope is 'ractly like him."

"Well, Mrs. Ames, it's a proper good thing that kind of a disposition; ye know what Scriptures say—'A merry heart doeth good like a medicine'; and 'tis so. Ef she'd been a peaked pinin', whinin' child like Mis' Larabee's Juliet, I don't know what you would have done."

"Yes, I've got a deal to be thankful for; she'll get along a sight better without me when she has that sort of spirit, I'm afraid she'll need it all to Melindy's."

But tears and grief overtook Hope one day, as those hunters of men overtake us all sooner or later; she cried herself ill when her mother left her forever, and she knew that the dear tender face would never greet her again.

Still her indomitable courage and sweetness helped her, and when her clothes were packed in the old hair trunk, and all the furniture that would sell sent to its various purchasers, when the house was desolate to her eyes, and she was just about to pull herself up into Deacon Tucker's old wagon, she turned to say one more good bye to Mrs. Tucker, with as bright a smile on her rosy, dimpling face as had ever shone on her dear, lost mother.

"Keep up your heart, dear!" cackled the kindly old woman. "Remember me to Melindy; I dassay you'll be a real comfort to her."

"I'll try," said Hope, with a gay little laugh.

It was a long journey that brought this small maiden at last to Aunt Melindy, and her welcome was vague enough; she had not been expected till the next day, and she opened the kitchen door on a most lugubrious twain. A melancholy woman sat at the north win-

dow leaning her head on her rough, bony hand with an expression of distress and disgust all over her wrinkled face; beside her, on an up-turned butter-tub, sat an equally forlorn child leaning against her mother, who took no notice of her, though the poor little hand feebly grasped her dress as if to call her attention, and the great sorrowful light eyes, under a neglected fringe of tan-colored hair, seemed to implore one look or word of kindness.

Hope stopped on the door-sill. Could this be Aunt Melinda? She had always been spoken of as an old maid living by herself. Who then was this child?

Suddenly a door opened and out stepped a thin, wiry, sallow female, who did not see Hope, but proceeded at once to exhort the melancholy woman in the window.

"I wish't you'd kind of spunk up, Mrs. Nichols. This wuld's a wuld of 'fiction, and you've always said 'twas, and sort of lotted on it, so to speak, and now you don't bear up a

winters to care for themselves and the two or three old and infirm men who were useless for lumbering; forced by poverty and climate to labor for daily bread, and do the work of men in and about their houses; always lonely and anxious through those long winters about the husbands and brothers who were far away engaged in the dangerous and severe toil of chopping and logging, it was small wonder that the women were sad and severe in manner and aspect.

"Lay off your things, child," said Aunt Melinda, without a word of welcome or an attempt to embrace the newcomer. But Hope, nothing daunted, rushed at Melinda, threw her arms about the spinster's neck, and gave her a hearty kissing that brought a strange new light into those faded eyes, and a tinge of color to the deep-lined cheek.

"Mercy me!" cried Aunt Melinda. "if you ain't—I well; take off your bonnet and I'll help ye lug that trunk up charmer. You set still Mrs. Nichols, till I come down."

Mrs. Nichols was looking hard at Hope, instead of staring sullenly into space. That "wasn't Slabtown's manners" as she afterward said; a spark kindled in her hopeless eyes, she had a vague feeling that it must be pleasant to be hugged and kissed like that, but Loreny wouldn't do it! Miss Melinda stopped as she set down Hope's trunk in the bare clean loft, beside a cot spread with homespun blankets and a patchwork quilt, to say, in a lowered voice: "You no need to mind Mis' Nichols; she's heered from the woods that her Jim has be'n on a dreftful spree and come nigh to break his neck. He'd jest as good have did it, for he ain't no use to her, but she

like a ray of sunshine among them. To be happy had not entered into their scheme of life; to work, and wait, and endure was all they tried to do; that life could be easier and better for merriment and kindness had not occurred to them, but this happy, unselfish little creature was a real social gospel to the dreary folk of Slabtown. She taught the children games, she sung the cheerful hymns her mother had loved, to the old and sick people; she gathered the gay blossoms of the woods and hills, and showed her playmates how to brighten up their dull houses with the vivid or delicate colors of the flowers they had always disregarded; and in the school, that even Slabtown children were blessed with in summer, Hope was like a perpetual June day. There was among the scholars a great stupid boy of eighteen, a cousin of Lorena Nichols—Jesse Brown; one of those boys whom other children cannot assimilate with; a grown-up boy with a child's slow comprehension. All the girl's shrank from Jesse, and considered him a fool; while all the boys derided him, sure that his strength would never be used in revenge. Hope pitied the great dull fellow with all her heart; he, too, was an orphan, without a home; in winter, the drudge of the lumber camps, in summer the unwelcome guest of drunken Jim Nichols, his uncle, who was not quite unwilling, however, to give him his board for the chores he did about the house. Kindness had never come near Jesse till Hope showed it to him in a hundred little ways. She helped Jim with his lessons, she coaxed him to join in the games at "noon-spell," she asked him to go after wild flowers with the rest, and to join their berrying parties. Jesse knew where all these wild things grew, and the children, following Hope's lead, soon began to respect him for such serviceable knowledge. His pale eyes grew brighter; his heavy face began to light up too. Three years went by and Hope grew tall and pretty in their fight. Jesse was no longer called the Slabtown fool. He worked winters with a better will, for he wanted to earn more money having a purpose in his mind that he told no one.

Slabtown too was changed; this "little candle" of Hope had indeed thrown its beams far and wide. Kindness, cheerfulness, friendly words and deeds made life brighter to the women of the village.

The fourth winter of Hope's life with Aunt Melinda set in, but Jesse did not go to the woods with the loggers. He appeared at Miss Melinda's door one morning in a new suit of rough clothes, having the rest of his goods tied up in a silk handkerchief swinging at the end of a stick over his shoulder.

"I come to say fare-ye-well Miss Melindy," he explained, staring past her at Hope's dimpling face. "I'm goin' for to seek my fortun' down the country. I feel in my mind that I'm wuth more for somethin' else than lumberin'."

"Ain't you rather venturesome?" asked Melinda, sharply.

"Nothin' venter nothin' hev," he answered. Hope smiled from behind her aunt.

"Good bye Jesse! she said, slipping out to the step. "I know you'll do well. You're goin' to be a credit to Slabtown yet."

This was Jesse's accolade; now he could do or die since Hope believed in him. He wrung her hand and turned on his heel without one word to Aunt Melinda.

"Well! I hope that's manners!" was her only comment. Hope wore a grave face all day, but no one asked why.

Jesse had that indomitable will that makes its way; he found work at first in a saw-mill, then learned his trade in a carpenter's shop, and in five years had a good place in a builder's great workshop, and was earning steady wages. Now and then he was heard of in Slabtown; he sent a Christmas card every year to Hope, and once in a great while wrote to his cousin Lorena, who had grown into a stout, lively girl.

Hope was well past eighteen when Jesse came back to Slabtown; she had found lovers already, for the sweet wild flowers in the forest draw their bees even in their sunny solitude; but Hope did not care for lovers.

But Jesse appeared once more; a well-looking, brisk fellow, but in Hope's presence as shy as a trapped partridge. Yet he hung round her as one of the afore-said bees would hang about a comb of honey; gasping now and then as if about to say something, but never saying it. At last he fairly waylaid and caught her one soft August evening when she had stolen out of the siled door to get a pail of water from the spring; he stood in her path as she turned to go back with the dripping pail.

"Hope," he said, "I have thought about old times every day since I see you. I dono' where I should hev landed if I want for you. I kep' a thinkin' papetooral of the old sayin'; 'If twasn't for Hope the heart would break.'"

He looked at her with his heart blazing in his eyes. Hope colored, choked, but rallied with a toss of her head and forced herself to speak, saying, of course, the wrong thing. "I spose you don't call back the rest on't;—'Ef twasn't for fear, the fool would speak.'"

Jesse's face flushed—and the fool spoke. So now they live in a little white house in Portland, and Slabtown is left without its moral sunshine; but Mrs. Nichols has forgotten how to whine; Lorena laughs, and Miss Melinda is as "hullsome as a Bald'in apple." Jim Nichols says, when he is sober, "while Jesse still clings to his old sayin', and has written on his carpenter bench—'If twasn't for Hope the heart would break.'"

So much for the child who came to Slabtown, filled with the gospel of love and cheer!



"She opened the kitchen door on a most lugubrious twain."

nite. Why! Who's this? Who be you, child?" suddenly catching sight of Hope.

The rosy face laughed all over.

"Well, I'm Hope Ames. I guess you're Aunt Melindy, ain't you?"

"I expect I be. I never did! I didn't think you'd come to-day. Come by the Meddyhemp's stage, didn't ye? Look a-her Loriny Nichols, here's a mate for ye! Stop a clavin' of your ma's gownd an' look at my gal!"

Hope, with her happy instinct, held out her hand to the forlorn child; Lorena let go of her mother, looked up at the newcomer's sweet, sunshiny face and faintly smiled. Hope's unconscious mission in Slabtown had begun.

It was a queer place; just on the edge of the great Maine forests; a place almost snowed under in winter, and all barren fields in summer, for the men were lumberers and farmed their cold clay land only enough to raise hay and corn to feed their cattle through the short summer.

They had hard lives, these men; but the women's lives were harder; left all the long seems to set by him quite a little. Thank the Lord, I hain't never been no man's fool!"

With which pious aspiration Melinda turned back and went down the stairs, leaving Hope to arrange her possessions as best she could. A call to supper soon put an end to her work and she went down smiling and hungry, finding Lorena and her mother had stayed to tea. Hope was so merry and the food so savory that Mrs. Nichols really smiled once, and when Hope insisted on clearing the table and washing the dishes Lorena volunteered and her shrill little laugh came back from the sink-room now and then to her mother's great surprise.

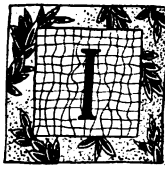
"Well!" exclaimed Mrs. Nichols, "if Loreny ain't a laughin'! That girl of yours is as chipper as a robin, now ain't she? I wish't mine was that make up; but she ain't, not a mite."

"Maybe she would be if you was more cherk," answered Melinda, dryly.

So Hope began her new life, she soon made acquaintance with the village people, and was

MY WORK AMONG THE LEPERS

By Sister Rose Gertrude



I have not before taken up the pen to comment on or answer the charges and attacks made upon my work in connection with the lepers of Molokai, and upon my personal motives and my own character, it is because knowing, as I did, that they emanated from unreliable sources, I believed they would not find credence with the great general public. I have all along considered these reports and attacks as beneath my contempt, and hence unworthy any public notice. But

"Magna est veritas, et praevalabit."

And now, for the sake of the lepers whose tears cry to Heaven for vengeance, I will accept the offer of the Editor of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL to speak, almost in the language of the lepers themselves, and, without comment on my part, relate some of the events which took place since my arrival here.

When I arrived at Honolulu, in the month of March, 1890, to devote myself to the care of the lepers at Molokai, the Board of Health informed me that they had great need of a trained nurse at the Kalihi Hospital, and asked me if I would relinquish the idea of going to Molokai for the present at least, and remain at Kalihi three miles distant from Honolulu. Dr. Lutz, the German specialist, who had come out to care for the lepers, was stationed at Kalihi, but had no one to help him in his all-important work, and had asked the Board of Health if I, as trained nurse, would not be the best person to work under his instructions. As my intention was to help the lepers in the best way I could, I assented.

The Hospital and Receiving Station consisted of several cottages, inclosed in about eight acres of ground, built on the hard coral rock, where nothing will grow but grass and algaroba trees. The ground was divided into three parts; one for "suspects"—that is, persons whom the doctors are not sure have the disease—one for the lepers under Dr. Lutz's treatment, and the third for the persons brought in for examination, and the unfortunate waiting to be shipped to Molokai.

The Board of Health vested the entire control of the hospital, apart from the medical and surgical work, in their agent who also acts as a sort of policeman to catch the lepers, and bring them up for examination. He in his turn gave over the authority to the Luna—a sort of general overseer—one of the leper patients, a man of no education, who confessed himself that before he "got the disease" he was fond of drinking and often "had the devil." This overseer retained all the keys of communication until the day I left, even of the "suspect" side which he ought not to have entered, as he was a confirmed leper. He kept the furniture of the hospital, went out into the town (which was also against the rules for lepers), made the people work, and, in fact, occupied a position very similar to that of the Master of a Work-house, in England. Besides the agent, the president of the Board of Health made frequent visits to the hospital, going round with this Luna, and approving or disapproving everything he did, as the Luna told it to him.

Now, when I entered the Hospital, among the suspect patients there was a white man of respectable family long established in Honolulu. How he contracted the disease no one knew. In these islands there are many such cases, some of white people, some of half-castes, who have never to their knowledge seen a leper in their lives, and yet who develop the disease sometimes in its most malignant form. This man Api, as the natives called him, had been three years at Molokai, but had been brought down by the former President of the Board of Health to Kalihi, to be treated by Dr. Lutz, and had vastly improved during his stay in the hospital.

At last came the examination day. In the morning he was going about in unusually good spirits, whistling and singing, and telling everyone he was sure to be allowed to go home, as most of the symptoms of the disease had disappeared, and many suspected lepers, with so little on them as he, were allowed to go out and report at the Government Dispensary every Friday, in case fresh signs of the disease should break out. The examination took place in a little room set apart for that purpose; all the patients to be examined sat outside in the yard, their friends remained weeping and trembling without the gate, until the people had been examined, and then the decision in each case was made known by the policeman of the Board of Health.

That afternoon I waited in the Dispensary, making medicines and preparing dressings for the evening work, with an anxious heart. Api had talked so about going out, had said over and over again that he would rather go to a dungeon than to go back to Molokai, where he had no occupation, no friends, no change, no society, nothing to make life bearable to a man of education.

Suddenly, hearing loud and angry voices without, I opened the door, and saw Api, the Agent of the Board of Health and the native Luna, engaged in a lively dispute. Api had pronounced a "leper" by the examining doctors, and was, therefore, either to be detained for treatment at Kalihi in the Lepers Hospital, or to return to Molokai. He was declaiming against the injustice of his detention when others were set free, and the agent and Luna were telling him that it was inevitable. He became more and more excited, poor fellow, he was so disappointed, and moreover, he so keenly felt the degradation of being subject

to the orders of men beneath himself in the social grade. The agent threatened to have him put in the prison, the cells of which were about four feet by seven, unventilated except by small openings over the door, the abode of millions of mosquitoes. Api talked of escaping. In fact, in his bitter grief and anger, he hardly knew what he said. He was removed to the makai yard—so called because near the sea—where there were many lepers waiting to be sent to Molokai. The Luna set two men to watch him, and threatened to hand-cuff him if he did not remain perfectly quiet. That was Thursday. During the next day, Api remained quiet, in a kind of stupor. It was useless to try to comfort him. What was there to be done? What hope pointed out for one condemned to life-long banishment in that drear island, where Death reigns supreme, working silently day by day on his victims, setting a hideous brand on the living, and torturing the dying by prolonged agony and suffering?

Between Friday night and Saturday morning, the Portuguese negro and the native—both lepers—who were on guard outside the door of Api's room, heard him crying, and going to the Luna, they begged him to go and fetch the Sister.

"I don't care," said the latter, roughly; "let him die."

"Let me go then," urged the negro. "Api is sick, and we ought to do something for him. Lend me the keys and let me go and fetch her."

The Luna refused, and went off to bed. Of course the others could do nothing without the keys of communication, and they sat down again. Soon Api became quiet and left off moaning, so they hoped he had gone to sleep.

In the morning they waited in vain for him to open his door and call for his breakfast.

"Perhaps he is tired, he was awake so late last night," said one.

"I am going in to wake him," said the native guardian of the makai yard. "Perhaps he is ill."

"Let him sleep," said the other. "Let us go and ask the Sister to come and see if he is sick."

The negro left to go to the Dispensary; the native opened the door softly to see if the white man was still sleeping.

He was sleeping—the last, long sleep, from which he awakened in eternity, his half-open eyes turned to the door as if to look for the noiseless shadow which would come to beckon him away! On his face he wore the sad, weary expression of a hopeless outcast—an outcast from his family, from his home, and from the society in which he had been brought up; and outcast from the very church in which his mother had led him to pray in those far-off days when he was as clean of body as innocent of soul.

By his bedside were three bottles, the first containing his internal medicine, the second containing some French bonbons I had given him, the last was empty, but it bore the label "Tinct. Opil.," and it was drained to the very last drop.

We, in the Hospital, wept for him; remembered him with pity and regret, and felt that he might have been prevented from hurrying his soul so rashly into the unknown. And yet the brother of that dead man was a member of the Board of Health who allowed the doctor to be maligned by the Luna with impunity, and suffered the doctor to leave the hospital, when his treatment was becoming more and more successful, rather than deprive the Luna of his office.

Those first three months at Kalihi were months of incessant labor and difficult problems; sometimes when there were many lepers waiting to be examined or to be sent to Molokai, we had more than sixty inmates, all requiring to be treated. Some had arms or legs covered with loathsome sores; some faces half eaten away by leprosy ulcers; some scarcely a wholesome patch on their body; and all these required daily dressing. Many had to be attended to two or three times a day. One old man had a pulmonary disease, and had to be watched day and night, for he had had hemorrhages twice and could hardly be got to obey the doctor's order of keeping perfectly quiet.

At the same time, in the makai yard, there was an old Chinaman, emaciated and decrepit, who had evidently been a confirmed opium smoker. Whenever I left him he would lie on the floor and cry "Make" (die), "Make," while the Luna and some of the men teased him laughing at him, and threatening to cut off his pig-tail, as sometimes in his ravings he would tie it round his neck, as if he were going to hang himself. For three weary weeks the nights were spent in walking back and forth from the old native to Ah Kong, the Chinese; while in the rainy season, the pools of water in the uneven ground were ankle deep. But by constant soothing, a judicious administration of Chinese tobacco, weak tea, and gradually diminishing doses of pills, I had the satisfaction of seeing Ah Kong improved no less in outward appearance than in the condition of his mind. Indeed, at the last, he grew quite merry over trying to teach us to speak Chinese, and correcting our pronunciation and accent. He afterwards went to Molokai, where he led an even, tranquil life; nor did he ever, I believe, return to his opium smoking. Here I may say that the few Chinese who came under my observation, were most docile, trusting, affectionate and grateful, as indeed were all the natives and half-whites, who were in, or passed through the hospital.

During the six months some one hundred and two lepers were sent to Molokai, and

therefore only stayed with us for a short time. But they were almost always most anxious to be treated by Doctor Lutz for the brief period of their stay, and were loud in their expressions of gratitude and affection when they went away. Indeed, those days of going to Molokai were the saddest it has ever been my lot to witness. For days beforehand, the friends of those going, gathered round the gates, and the tall, double fence which shut the lepers from the outside world, wailing and weeping as if there were no comfort for them. When the moment came for parting, the poor beings clung to us, faint with weeping, unable for the most part to utter a word of farewell, for the sobs that wrung their breasts. They realized that they were going to pass a bourn whence they will never return, nevermore look upon the faces that wore smiles to cheer them; nevermore hear the voices which spoke words of love and friendship to them; nevermore re-visit the home of their childhood; nevermore clasp in tender embrace those whom they loved more than life itself.

Ah! since it is necessary, perhaps on account of their very recklessness, to segregate these poor creatures, why not have—as the natives themselves are always petitioning—an enclosure on every island, surrounded by a double fence if needs be, but where, at least, they can look upon the faces of those they love, and hear assurances of undying affection from lips that have told them over and over again the same old story of love?

But space would fail were I to tell of all that took place during those six eventful months. In that time some of the patients, formerly pronounced lepers, were cured; the condition of all was ameliorated, and hope sprang high in the hearts of these hitherto despairing people. Then came a time when, in several instances, the doctor's wishes and mine were put aside; some of our patients were made to work by the Luna in an utterly unfit condition; one, indeed, who had had a strong fever was so thrown back that he nearly lost his life. Lastly, we heard from the patients that the Luna and the agent had been speaking against the doctor and myself, trying to prejudice the people and do us harm. We complained to the Board of Health, as the matter became more serious; they seemed unwilling to take any steps in the matter. A native gentleman, representative of the people in the Legislative Assembly, took up the matter and brought it before the House. A committee from the House visited the hospital three days, and took down voluminous evidence which was printed in a report. They found that the Luna was unworthy of his office, and should be immediately removed, as also the agent of the Board of Health. This was not done. The President of the Board of Health was removed from his office.

For some unaccountable reason of their own, they upheld the Luna and the agent, and there was nothing left but for the doctor and myself to resign, it being impossible to work any longer under the then existing circumstances.

And so, with an aching heart, we left the people, with all the more sorrow that their lives had been so bright with hope before, as one of them said in his speech before the committee of the Legislative Assembly, "There never has been such a doctor before in these islands; there never has been a woman who has cared so for the lepers."

They had been successfully treated; some partially, some entirely cured. Through the kindness of my English and American friends they had clothes—for the only allowance of the Board of Health in that hospital was a mattress, blanket and, I think, one pillow—tobacco, bed-linen, writing-paper, stamps, everything, in fact, they needed, both those who staid with us, and those who left for Molokai, for they often came in without a change of clothes; and they told me they had no clothes given them till they have been at Molokai one year. And they were so loving, so trustful, so confiding, coming to ask for counsel and consolation in everything, little as well as great; we were as one happy family, seeking each to please and serve the other.

And the "might have been" makes the reality all the more hard to bear. More "might have been" cured; more consoled in their sufferings; specifics for the different forms of the disease "might have been" given to the world, and every good that "might have been" done, "might have" spread like the widening circles where a stone has been thrown into the sea; but weeping is of no avail; it is useless to cry out: Why does God let such things be? We can only

"—say as we go,
Strange to think by the way,
Whatever there is to know,
That we shall know some day."

* * * The Editor of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL takes great pleasure in stating that he hopes shortly to have the privilege of printing a second article by Sister Rose Gertrude. This article will tell in a graphic manner "What It Is To Be a Leper," and give an accurate insight into the life of the lepers, the treatment of the disease, how contagion is avoided, why leprosy is incurable, under what circumstances there is a possibility of hope—in fact, the article will treat its subject fuller than any other previously published.

A CAUTION TO OUR READERS

THE JOURNAL readers will kindly bear in mind that no one is authorized to offer a subscription to THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL for less than the full price of one dollar per year. There are several subscription agencies who have, without authority from us, secured subscriptions at less than our regular price, and we have declined to receive business from them. Any one offering to receive a subscription to the JOURNAL for less than the full, regular price of one dollar per year may be regarded as irresponsible, and unauthorized to act for us.

CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY.

THE ART OF PRESERVING THE VOICE

By FOSTER COATES



HO has not heard of Sims Reeves? And who, that has heard the great English tenor sing "Jane, O Jane, my pretty Jane," can ever forget the matchless brilliancy of his song, his sweet delicious voice, entrancing in its rich melody.

He is now nearly seventy years of age, and since 1839 has been singing almost constantly, and yet to-day his voice, while of course not so powerful and sweet as twenty-five years ago, is still remarkable, for Mr. Reeves has devoted much of his time to preserving it. He has been heard in all the cities and hamlets of Great Britain, and in his younger days he sang in grand Italian opera at La Scala, in Milan. He has charmed millions upon millions of people with his song, and the announcement, even in these days, that he is to sing is sufficient to crowd any hall in London. He has received the full measure of reward. Mazzucato was his teacher, and Rubini, the great, his friend. He was always given a cosy corner in the Garrick Club, and he was on the most intimate terms with Thackeray and others who haunted the smoking-room of the Club in the old days.

Now Mr. Reeves is resting quietly. He is no longer a club man. He is living a quiet life just outside of London, in a comfortable old brick house with green lawns about it. There he sits and his friends visit him, and there he never tires of talking about music. For years he has stood firmly by his opinion that to sing with a sore throat is unfair to the composer and the public, and destructive to the singer. In appearance, Mr. Reeves is a square-shouldered, thick-set man, with gray hair and twinkling eyes.

He has told the story more than once, how he has preserved his voice, and yet the story is worth repeating.

It is entirely to the advice of Mazzucato that he attributes it. "The method may be explained in a few words," says Mr. Reeves. "When I took my boy over to study under him, he said exactly the same thing he said to me long ago: 'We must keep the voice in the middle.' This is the secret of really fine tone, of the facility of singing cantabile passages with effect, and of making a coup on a high note when it is wanted. Nothing is more destructive than perpetual exercise of the upper register. In singing a song written high, the voice becomes weary before the coup is attempted, and recourse must be had to the horrible vibrato—the note never being clearly sung out at all. It is all very well to talk glibly of the *do di petto*. Duprez had it—a true genuine note, very unlike the vibrato effects of our day.

"The voice should never be forced beyond its legitimate compass. I do not say that effort should not be used to produce an occasional high note, but it is the systematic straining upwards that is so objectionable. Various causes have contributed to bring about this unfortunate fashion, so destructive of the important middle part of the voice. Since the days of Handel the tendency of pitch has been persistently upwards, especially in England. Between Handel's time and the year 1818, when a kind of opposition was made to the perpetual elevation of pitch, it had gone up half a tone, and since then has been raised half a tone more. The effect of this is obvious. When a singer is called upon to produce the A in, say, "Sound an alarm," he actually produces the note which in Handel's time would have been exactly B, a strain on the singer compensated by no adequate improvement in the effect, at least of the vocal part. Instrumentalists and makers of musical instruments have favored this sharpening of the pitch, because it lends brilliancy to their work, but it is terribly severe upon the singer. High notes and full scoring produce a certain effect—call it electrical, call it contagious, as you like, but an effect undoubtedly. Of all men the tenor is expected to make great efforts. He does so, and the wrecked voices of the last twenty-five years tell at what cost."

FIVE CASH PRIZE WINNERS.

THE following are the names of the five prize winners who entered the competition offered in the August number of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL for the largest number of Trial Subscriptions, which closed on Sept. 1st, 1890:

MRS. J. H. WILSON (Colorado),	"	"	20
ARTHUR MORRIS (Missouri),	"	"	15
MRS. JULIA MARSH (Ohio),	"	"	10
MRS. ANNIE RICHARDS (Pa.),	"	"	5

These names are published in accordance with the offer printed in the August JOURNAL.

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VOCAL HELPS AND MUSICAL HINTS

CULTIVATING A VOICE AT HOME

By EMMA C. THURSBY

POSSESSING a fairly good voice and few or no opportunities for securing its cultivation, what must I do to retain it until such opportunities may arise? is a proposition which confronts a great many girls in this "land of good voices," as America might very properly be called. Before assuming to answer the question let us consider its exactness of statement.

How do you know that you possess a good, or even a fairly good, voice? Your friends tell you so, your family tell you so, your own judgment tells you so. Very well; but in most cases, let me say, the verdict of the first two of these is worth exactly the amount of breath required to give it expression, and, unless you are a girl of unusually good, practical common sense, your own judgment is scarcely better. A good voice is one in which the notes, be they few or many, are sweet, true and pleasing, and which, when employed in singing, gives pleasure to appreciative hearers.

Test your voice yourself, paying absolutely no attention to the opinions of your friends or family, relying solely on your own most severe judgment; and if you find your voice possessing these qualities, then consider the question of cultivating and developing it.

As the voice is the most delicate of instruments and one which resents at once any abuse of its powers, be sure, in the first place then, that you are not misusing it. It is the easiest thing in the world to detect such misuse when it exists. After singing for twenty minutes, stop and see if there are any feelings of weariness or evidences of huskiness about the throat. If there are, you are forcing your voice, and you will show your wisdom by not singing again until you have learned how to use it properly. Some people learn naturally how to use the voice, while with others it is a matter of necessity that they shall be taught. And as there is no surer way to lose a voice than to abuse it, if you find that it is not as easy for you to sing as to laugh, and if you desire to do anything in the future with your voice, cease singing until you can secure a good teacher. It will not hurt your voice to remain unused, though, of course, early training and constant practice are most desirable.

If, however, you find that you are using your voice properly and that your efforts are pleasing to your friends, sing as often and as much in your home and in your friend's parlors as you please, remembering always that it is better to sing half-a-dozen times a day for ten minutes at a time, than once for an hour. Never sing for a longer period than ten minutes, without resting. It is dangerous in the extreme to tire the voice, and this evil will take prompt and sure revenge by roughening its quality and spoiling its natural sweetness.

Another danger which hovers about girls who sing a little, is the great danger they are in of securing incompetent teachers. This is infinitely worse than no instruction at all, for a teacher without knowledge is the most fatal of all human beings. He will force your voice, give you—what is much worse than none at all—a bad style, and lead you into all the pitfalls which perhaps ignorance might have saved you from. If you have the innate respect for music peculiar to all genuine musicians, you will soon detect whether your teacher is one who is fostering your love for your work by aiding and strengthening your powers, or whether he is encouraging you in careless habits. If you find this latter to be the case, dismiss him as soon as possible. It is better that you should have no teacher than one whose instruction can only be harmful.

Hear all the good vocalists and music possible, and imitate the former as nearly as you can. Many a girl can learn to sing well in this way who has never been taught the principles underlying the manner in which she sings. But be sure that it is a good style you are imitating—and a good style is always a simple style in music as in other things.

Home cultivation and singing, while the source of much pleasure to your friends and yourself, will never make of you an artist. Only teachers—and the best of teachers, too—application, study and long years of labor can give that finish and beauty to the voice that can entitle its possessor to the appellation—artist. If you feel that it is your wish to become such an one, weigh all it will cost you against what it will give you, and if your final decision is for it, leave your home-singing and cultivation and seek a master. But think first what is before you. A life of simplicity—art will have no division of devotion; you must give yourself wholly to her if you will become one of her priests. A life where long years of arduous labor and study, of constant application, unlimited perseverance bring you, after much of discouragement and hopelessness to the position where you can say, "I know what I can do, and I do what I know how to do."

SOME HELPS FOR VOCAL SUCCESS

By EMMA ALBANI-GYE

WHAT is the best food for a singer?" is a question very often asked of me, and of all professional singers. I reply: "The plainest food is by far the best." Good, plain, but nourishing food; for that is the best for health, and to be well in health is to be well in voice, and good health is absolutely necessary for good singing. Some few things should be entirely avoided, such as nuts, for instance, which affect the throat as well as the digestion. To lead a regular life is also absolutely essential, and young—and, indeed, all—artists, if they wish to excel, must live for their art alone, and must give up a great many "pleasures"; but if this, as it should do, enables the artist to become great, then they will have their reward for all sacrifices. To be artists, they should live as artists—go, whenever possible, to hear and to see fine singing and fine acting; endeavor to see fine pictures, fine statues; read clever books and the biographies of great men and great historical characters; to live, in fact, in an atmosphere of art and of intellect, which will help them far more than at first they may be disposed to think in their own artistic career.

I would say to a student, "Study the notes, the words, the intention and meaning of everything; think these thoroughly out, gather it all up into one consecutive whole, and then add to it any genius you may have of your own." And in doing this do not be discouraged if you do not immediately attain the desired result; but persevere in your ideas. In studying a new work I have many times failed to reach the effect for which I was striving; but I have worked on, and perhaps at rehearsal, or perhaps at the first performance, it has come to me quite unexpectedly and as a great surprise, like an inspiration.

But all this must not also mean the shutting yourself up in the selfish contemplation of your own personal career alone, for you must remember that to act well you must understand human nature well; and to sing so as to touch others' hearts you must be in sympathy with those hearts yourself.

REACHING FOR THE HIGH NOTES

By ITALO CAMPANINI

Nature has endowed a singer with the power of producing high notes they will be sung spontaneously. Otherwise, they will neither be agreeable in quality or tone. All singers are not alike. Their voices are pitched in different registers. Some are pitched high, others low, and a great many medium. If a singer,

not naturally endowed with a high register, attempts to sing beyond his or her capacity by forcing the voice, he or she is in danger of injuring the voice. Any one possessed of a good voice may by study and culture produce higher notes than they otherwise could hope to do, but no professor of music, no matter how eminent, ever created a voice where it did not previously exist. Great singers are born, not made.

Too much study ruins the voice. Practice frequently, but not too much. If you practice consecutive hours the throat becomes weak or stiff. Practice for a short time, then rest and practice again. As far as I am concerned, I never think about how I produce my highest notes. With the breath in full or complete control, the highest notes may be produced without conscious effort. The breath should sustain the sound which is produced by the vibration of the vocal chords. It is the breath that should hold up the voice in a smooth, easy manner. The throat should never be contracted. The natural singer stretches the vocal chords without knowing what he does. The best illustration I can think of in regard to the importance of properly using the breath is in singing the *mezzo-voce*, or half-voice. In order to properly sing it and make it carry a long distance, one is obliged to employ double the amount of breath, although the sounds produced are exceedingly soft.

Many singers have temporarily strained their voices by trying to do too much. If the voice is naturally high, no matter what the pitch may be, the singing will be pleasant and agreeable to the ear. If, however, a singer tries to do too much the effect will be similar to a man who endeavors to walk up two steps at a time when he is only able to make one. It will prove ruinous. Do not strain your voice, or you may lose it.

THE ART OF PIANO-PLAYING

By ALBERT ROSS PARSONS



PLACING to the brevity of the allotted space, I shall in this article assume musical talent upon the part of the reader, and then proceed simply to treat of the prime requisite to the utilization of musical talent in piano-forte playing, viz—technic.

In piano-forte playing, first, each finger must be trained to stand upon its key and with perfect ease sustain the entire weight of both hand and arm. In so doing the finger must not push downward, but simply stand in its place. In standing upon the feet, an effort to push down upon the floor is not only tiresome, but needless; for without any such effort, one's entire weight rests there. In a normal condition of health, one is not conscious of one's bodily weight either in standing, walking or running, save in the form of a feeling of security of footing. When a finger stands upon its key, the elbow must not be raised nor held outward from the body, for otherwise it will act like a wing and keep back arm-weight which should form the natural ballast of the hand. At the same time, as the shoulders should never droop in walking, so the wrist should not sag but should be kept up to the level of the knuckle-joints and somewhat above both the elbow and the second-joint of the fingers.

The conventional position, with the back of the hand held flat and the finger rising so as to sink the joint into a hollow at the knuckle whenever a key is to be sounded, is ruinously false and artificial. In the hand, as everywhere, the line of strength and grace is a convex curve. The position of hand impressing the water out of a large sponge is a pattern for the right position of the hand for operating the levers of the piano-forte key-board. That is to say, the hand should curve over gracefully from the thumb side to the fifth-finger side, and at the same time there should be a still more marked curve from the wrist forward and over the knuckles to the finger-tips. Hold a sufficiently large ball of yarn in the hand with the palm and the fingers in contact with the ball at every point within reach, and the hand will occupy the position of greatest strength and ease. The uniform level of the keyboard compels a modification of this natural position of hand and fingers in playing, but the less the natural position is modified the greater are the possibilities of execution.

The prime requisite for a good technic, then, is to keep the hand and fingers sufficiently curved upward and outward to permit every joint to be seen at all times, without, however, suffering any joint to protrude awkwardly or clumsily. A gain in changing the weight of the hand and arm from one key to another, the fingers must not jump (*staccato*) nor overlap (*legatissimo*), but, instead, must relieve each other neatly and promptly, precisely as do the feet in graceful and elastic steps. The student who masters this analogy and puts it into practice in training the fingers, will in due course of time attain not only to walking and marching, but also to dancing, running and leaping on the keys by "Nature's own road," which is the only true road to art, for the highest art is only a conscious application of natural law. In all standing and walking upon the keys, the knuckles and the wrist should be raised somewhat above the second joint of the fingers in order that every motion of finger shall be made directly from the knuckle downward, since it is of crucial importance to prevent the knuckle-joint from ever sinking into a hollow below the level of the second-joint of the finger. The entire finger moves from the knuckle, and the entire finger from the raised knuckle should be applied to the manipulation of the key.

The art of standing and walking upon the keys having been mastered, the art of running and leaping follows. To this end, velocity exercises are requisite. Here the finger motions less resemble walking and running steps, and consist chiefly of extensions and contractions of finger. The extensions are performed by the extensor muscles with a relaxed hand, while the contractions are performed by the flexor muscles with a tightening of the hand, like the tightening of the muscles of the jaw—not in "lock-jaw," but, instead, in energetic mastication. One cannot thread a needle, much less play the piano-forte, with relaxed muscles.

For the lasting encouragement of readers who may have suffered the torture of any such public experience, let me say, positively, that if one but acquires in playing the piano-forte the natural use of the fingers as in using a pen or opening a door, nervousness can no more paralyze the fingers in playing a well-learned piece of piano-forte music than it can prevent the writing of one's name or the opening of a door. The nervous temperament is the musical temperament; nervous excitement is musical fire. A natural use of the fingers seats the pianist's hand securely in the saddle that it is not shaken off by excitement.

USE AND ABUSE OF CONTRALTO VOICES

By CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG



DISTINCT difference must be made between the mezzo-soprano voice, and the mezzo-soprano-contralto voice. Any competent instructor of singing can distinguish this difference and will gauge his or her training accordingly. While a woman who possesses the former kind of voice, may sing soprano parts with little difficulty, the possessor of the mezzo-soprano-contralto must exercise the greatest care in the selection of music suitable to her register. I have met many people who were ignorant of the kind of voice they had, if one could judge of their knowledge by their choice of songs; ignorant, also, I doubt not, of the incalculable harm they were inflicting upon their voices. Good contralto voices are scarce, but not any more so, I think, than good sopranos. The deep, pure contralto voice, has always been more rare than the more serviceable mezzo-soprano-contralto, which fills better the large repertoire required upon the operatic stage from the contralto. In home singing there is, of course, no occasion for this double service of voice, and a girl possessing a pure contralto voice will be wise if she use it simply in music suited to her register.

In its treatment the greatest of care should be exercised. As there are no two individual voices alike, so the course of training should be suitable to the natural construction of the voice, and a good teacher will realize and act upon this. With such training, lower or upper notes can be added to the voice without forcing it, and much will thus be added to it.

While it is a distinct advantage for girls to have good instructors, much remains with the pupil herself: application, perseverance, denial, and sacrifice she must bring to her work if she intends to accomplish anything with her voice. Careful study of the theory of music, and cultivation of the ear and taste cannot be too strongly urged.

But comparatively little is taught us; the highest accomplishments are self-acquired.

VIOLIN PLAYING FOR WOMEN

By MAUD POWELL



THERE are three essentials necessary to violin playing for a woman: Musical talent, health and application. The first is God-given; and unless a girl possesses perfect physical strength, she can never endure the extremely rigorous practice necessary in such a training—a training

which requires from two to four hours of practice daily, standing with the violin in position, in order to acquire even ordinary execution; and from four to seven hours, to attain to the highest artistic excellence. For a girl in good health the training is most beneficial if the position held during practice is the correct one. For then the shoulders are so thrown back that the lungs and chest secure proper expansion and development. As standing motionless, for even the space of five minutes, is so intensely wearying, the usual method of practising should be while quietly and gently walking about. This calls into play all the muscles of the arms and back. The exercise tends to impart a graceful carriage, a flexibility and grace in the use of the arms, wrists and hands, and a roundness and firmness to the flesh of the arms.

"But may I not sit to practice?" I hear some would-be student ask. You may indeed; but it is not wise to make a habit of so doing. The draperies of your gown are apt to entangle your bow, and the position thus taken is not one of equal freedom or grace. Women do sit in ensemble playing, i. e., trios, quartets, etc., but for ordinary practice and solo work the standing pose is the better one.

So much for the second essential, which seems to have led very naturally into the third and last application. In addition to the fatigues caused by the long hours of practice and study—back of which must be a genuine love for the work—devotion and sacrifice are necessary. Many social pleasures must be denied, and intense must be the application of the girl who would become proficient.

And to her who would become a professional artist, let me say with "Punch" when addressing those about to marry—"Dont." The life is one of such incessant work—at least to the true artist—of nervous strain, of such denial and loss of social life, of home and family, that the rewards are but lightly to be weighed against it.

THE BEST WAY

By MADELINE S. BRIDGES

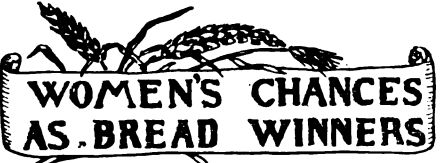
I've counted over all the long years, stretching Back to those first sweet years— When every thorn held up its crown of roses, And joy laughed over tears.

I've counted all the waymarks, sad or friendly; Springs with clear waters sweet; The fires that scorched—the briers that pierced so sorely; The stones that hurt our feet.

The resting places in the kindly shadow, With mossy cushions set; The rugged heights we climbed, the gulfs we traversed, The friendly eyes we met.

So looking bravely back, nor ever missing One ill, or loss, or pain; Dear, I would take my pilgrim-staff, and blithely Begin the road again.

Yea, step by step, and ever seeing, feeling This truth shine firm and clear, Or smooth or rough, God's dear will guides the weakling; It is the best way, dear!



WOMEN AS STENOGRAPHERS

By W. L. MARON

President of the Metropolitan Stenographer's Association



All the occupations which have, during the past few years, appealed to women, there is none that has proven so well adapted and so congenial to those of average education and moderate ability, as that of stenography and type-

writing. We use these terms together and speak of them as one, for they inevitably go hand in hand.

In our large dry goods and fancy stores, in our shops and factories, in our farm houses and tenements, there are young women who have received a fair public-school education and who have honest and reasonable aspirations beyond the atmosphere in which they find themselves, who would drudge their lives away behind the counter or at the sewing-machine, slaving for thankless employers, from eight in the morning till half-past six at night, with never a chance to sit down, if in a store, and with no rest for tired backs and aching shoulders if in a shop, but for the invention of phonography and the typewriter.

What is there for a girl thus situated to do? The pittance she earns as sales-woman or operator is scarcely enough to enable her to pay her board and live respectably, with little or nothing left for clothing. There is constant temptation in her path, and comfort, if not luxury, just over the line.

She hears of a night-school where she can receive instruction in shorthand and typewriting. She could devote an hour or two in the evenings to study; she would willingly do it to get away from her present surroundings and earn a living salary. She could catch a moment here and there during the day, or at lunch time, if she had some object in view. She seeks admission to the school. She is, perhaps, examined as to her knowledge of spelling, punctuation, grammar, etc. She has not forgotten what she learned at school, for she always stood high in her class. She passes with a good rating. She takes a lesson three or four times a week. She finds that by a couple of hours daily study she can keep up with the class. She becomes interested. The study opens out. It proves to be fascinating beyond what she had dreamed. Soon she can write very slowly from dictation, and there is an additional incentive to get up speed. Business forms are introduced. She is shown how to write legal documents. She finds she is learning something every lesson night, not only in shorthand or about the typewriter, but about mercantile correspondence or law work. There is a constant revelation. There is emulation among the members of her particular section. She has found a great number of other girls in her class all feeling as she does, one or two, perhaps, employed in the same or adjoining stores. They are enthusiastic. Firm friendships are made. There is a spirit of good-fellowship among the students, which lightens the labor of study and conduces to the general improvement of all.

The final examination approaches. Eight long months have been passed in this new and delighted occupation—for this is none of your three-months' schools; she will have thorough work or none. She feels a little nervous, but so sure of every step she has taken. Faster and faster the teacher reads; first at seventy-five words a minute; then eighty, then ninety, then one hundred words. Can she do it? Will her nerves remain steady? How her fingers fly over the

* This series of papers "Women's Chances as Bread-winners" was commenced in the January number with an article "How to Become a Trained Nurse," by Elizabeth Robinson Scott. Future papers in the series will consider—"Women as Telegraphers," "Women Behind the Counter," "Women as Dressmakers," "Women on the Stage," "Women as Artists," "Women as Doctors," "Women as Teachers," "Women as Type-setters," etc., etc.

paper! It is all new matter, too. These are not memorized sentences on which she is being tested. She writes out the documents at the different rates of speed. She hands them in, with her heart in a flutter.

In a day or two she receives a note, saying, not only, "You have passed at one hundred words a minute," but, in addition, "A gentleman has requested me to send him a good stenographer from my class, and I have recommended you. Please call at my office as soon as possible." She applies for the position. Can I ever summon courage to take dictation from a stranger? she thinks. She sits down with her note-book on her knee. How calm she is. How considerate her prospective employer. How deliberately he dictates. Surely what her instructor had said must be true—that the work of the class was actually harder than that which would be encountered in most offices. She goes to the typewriter. She knows she cannot operate it as rapidly as if she had had a week or so of steady practice; but she is accurate. Not a single mistake is made. Her notes are clear and distinct. She hands back the letter written out. A pleased smile comes over the face of the gentleman as he reads it, and when he has finished, he says: "That is very well done. Come next Monday, at ten dollars a week." She was only getting six dollars before, and she had been in the store three years, and, at the close of another three might receive an increase of a dollar a week!

Has it paid? Is she not just as well off, for all practical purposes, as if she had, during the winter, received by the will of some relative \$10,000, and it had been invested for her at five-per-cent interest? The work is not hard. The hours are from 8.30 to 5.30; in some cases less; in a few cases more; she has a reasonable time for lunch; she is treated with respect; her work is not arduous, and she can go home at night from her work with a light heart.

This is no fairy tale. It is but an outline of an experience which the writer has had with his own pupils almost daily for several years past. Letters from utter strangers are constantly being received, asking for assistance in procuring reliable amanuenses.

The demand for good, careful and accurate stenographers and typewriters is increasing, not decreasing. A girl needs to know how to spell and punctuate a letter, besides being able to correct one that is wrong grammatically. She must be possessed of that rare and priceless qualification—common sense. She must be observing, and she should have an average amount of intelligence. No prodigy is required; but plenty of pluck and perseverance, combined with the qualifications already mentioned, win the day.

As to wages, the average young girl can not expect to be paid as much as the average man. It is hard to say why this is so, for she is almost always just as capable. A young woman, for instance, will get ten or twelve dollars a week where a young man of the same calibre will receive fifteen to twenty dollars. Perhaps there is an indefinable feeling among employers that they can not exact so much from a woman as they can from a man. A man will be often required to do a great deal of miscellaneous work in connection with shorthand and typewriting, which would never be imposed on a woman.

But there can be no doubt that there is still room for those who will take the trouble to properly equip themselves for the work. The remuneration is ample for the needs of the average girl, and greatly in excess of that paid for other kinds of clerical work. No one should undertake to learn shorthand or typewriting who is not willing to do so thoroughly. As has been truly said, "Be one of the best, and you can not fail of success."

THINGS WORTH REMEMBERING

THE estimated population of the world is 1,450,000,000.

There is only one sudden death among women to every eight among men.

New York, Paris, and Berlin all together have not so large an area as London.

At present there are 218,000,000 Catholics in the world, according to figures furnished by Rome.

On July 6th the earth is farther away from the sun than at any other time.

This country has one million miles of telegraph wires; enough to reach forty times around the globe.

Of the white population in America eight per cent is unable to either read or write.

Farm lands in the United States, taking the country as a whole, occupy only 289 acres in every 1000.

To complete their growth, the nails of the left hand require eight to ten days more than those of the right.

A healthy adult, doing an ordinary amount of work, will require from ten to twelve ounces of meat a day.

England has more women workers than any other country, in proportion to population; twelve per cent of the industrial classes are women.

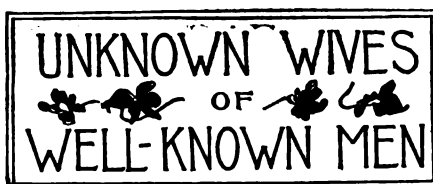
A grain of fine sand would cover one hundred of the minute scales of the human skin, and yet each of these scales in turn covers from 300 to 500 pores.

From 90,000 to 120,000 hairs grow in a human scalp.

Nine hundred and fifty submarine telegraph cables are now in operation, most of them in Europe; their total length is over 89,000 miles.

There are about 105 women to every 100 men; one quarter of the population of the world die before the age of 17 years; only one in a thousand lives to be 100 years old, and only six in a thousand reach 75.

A German biologist says that the two sides of a face are never alike; in two cases out of five the eyes are out of line; one eye is stronger than the other in seven persons out of ten, and the right ear is generally higher than the left.



MRS. PHINEAS T. BARNUM

By ALICE GRAHAM LANIGAN



OT many women are great-grandmothers at forty, and a still smaller number attain this relationship at any age, being childless; but Mrs. Phineas T. Barnum has, by her marriage to the great American showman, attained both of these rather unusual

honors, and, to her credit be it said, she carries them most gracefully.

Born at Manchester, England, in 1850, Mrs. Barnum is at present exactly half her husband's age; but this fact—because of their congeniality of tastes and enthusiastic sympathy in each other's interests and pursuits—has not in the slightest degree impaired their mutual happiness. Her father, a prosperous Lancashire cotton manufacturer, John Fish, by name, was one of Mr. Barnum's most inti-



MRS. BARNUM

mate friends, and for several years before meeting her future husband—their first meeting occurred in 1872, on the occasion of her first visit to America—Miss Fish corresponded with him.

The following year, Mr. Barnum's wife, Charity—who had been one of the most important factors in his success in life—died; and, in his sorrow and loneliness—his children all being married and settled in their own homes—his thoughts traveled with such persistency and effect to the bright young English girl whom he had met the year before, that in the autumn of 1874 their marriage was solemnized by the Rev. Dr. Chapin, at the Church of the Divine Paternity, on Fifth avenue, New York. The family into which the young bride was introduced, received her with cordiality, and were speedily adopted by her as her own. "My children," she says, speaking of them, with a smile, "are disrespectful; most disrespectful, for they call me 'Nancy,' and my grandchildren call me their 'Aunt Nancy.'" The great-grandchildren, of whom there are five, call her "Grandma," and it is on them that Mrs. Barnum lavishes her affection. "Ask my babies," she will say, "whether I understand l'art d'être grandmère, or not."

These same "babies," with her "children and grandchildren," spend their summers in a cottage adjoining the beautiful residence, "Marina," which Mrs. Barnum has planned and built for her home at Bridgeport, Connecticut. The house represents the fulfilled desire of its mistress, who, during her fifteen years occupancy of her husband's picturesque, but somewhat erratic home, "Waldemere," so named by Bayard Taylor, often its guest (a house whose hospitality had included Horace Greeley, the Cary sisters, T. De Witt Talmage, Matthew Arnold, General Custer, Kate Field, Mark Twain, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Leslie, Archibald Forbes, Joel Benton, Thomas Ball, the sculptor, Baron and Baroness Salvador, and the author of "America," Dr. Samuel Francis Smith)—longed for a smaller house of greater convenience and comfort. "Marina" was planned entirely by its mistress, and so well was her work done that, after a year's occupancy, its owners still consider it a model of perfection. It is built on the site of "Waldemere," a high bluff from which there is an unobstructed view, across eighteen miles of salt water, of the faint coast line of Long Island. The house is of red brick and stone, over which English ivies grow abundantly while the broad piazzas are draped and shaded by beautiful vines of honeysuckle. Couchant stone lions guard the entrance. The effect of the exterior of the house is one rather of older than of recent building, and this effect is more than maintained by its interior.

* This series of pen-portraits of "Unknown Wives of Well-Known Men" was commenced in the January number with a sketch and portrait of Mrs. Thomas A. Edison.

Future sketches will present Mrs. T. De Witt Talmage, the Princess Bismarck, Mrs. Chauncey M. Depew, Mrs. Will Carleton, Mrs. John Wanamaker, Mrs. James G. Blaine, Mrs. Gladstone, Lady Tennyson, and other women whose portraits and lives are at present comparatively unknown to the public.

Mrs. Barnum's pet hobby—at least, so says her husband laughingly indulgent—is her indefatigable pursuit of bric-a-brac, and most beautiful examples of her success in this pursuit, with the numerous mementoes of its master's varied career, make of "Marina" a home worth the having. It is the family home during most of the year, though a part of each winter is spent in New York for the purpose of attending the opera and theatres, of which both husband and wife are equally fond, and occasional visits are paid elsewhere.

Mrs. Barnum possesses to an unusual degree a liking for society and entertaining which makes of her the most delightful of hostesses. Her dinners are models, the easy grace and cordial hospitality of their hostess adding much to their enjoyment. Herself a brilliant conversationalist, she attracts, in turn, people of unusual intellect and brilliancy, and her most honored guests are apt to be either literary or musical people, as these she finds more specially congenial. For Mrs. Barnum, though modestly confessing only to a great liking for music, is a musician of some skill, and though no persuasion has as yet induced her to write over her own name, she is an able and fluent writer.

She proves a most valuable and efficient aid to her husband in his numerous charities, such assistance as she renders being always given anonymously or under cover of Mr. Barnum's name.

Although an Episcopalian by preference, Mrs. Barnum feels that a woman's religion should require her to worship with her husband and to waive her theological incompatibilities, and she therefore attends the Universalist Church of which Mr. Barnum is a staunch adherent.

In appearance she is a trifle under medium height, with a figure slightly inclined to matronly stoutness, which she carries with an erectness and poise gained from long years of physical culture. Her complexion is English in its purity and beauty, her hair dark and her eyes gray. She possesses also "that excellent thing in woman," a voice purely English in its sweetness and tone.

She has become so thoroughly Americanized that when shopping on the occasions of her frequent visits to England, she is always shown the most expensive wares, and is told the price in dollars. Her transplanting, which has been so complete, she credits entirely to her American home and family. Thanks are surely due to them for having made of an English woman a thoroughly harmonious and congenial wife to one of the most Yankee of all American products—Phineas Taylor Barnum.

* Since the above was written, Mrs. Barnum has been induced to waive her objection to writing for the public, and the first article ever written by her for publication will appear in the March number of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. Its title, "Moths of Modern Marriages," gives an idea of the scope of the article.

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One day last week Babe was a-setten in my lap, and I was tellin' her a story. — I had jest got to the thrillin' part of it, when the good little boy, who always minded his ma, had a hull pail of red apples gin to him. And Babe was a lookin' up into my face with her big, bluegray eyes a shinin', and her golden-yellow hair a-fallin' back from her little eager, happy, upturned face.

When all of a sudden the kitchen door opened and Miss Pixley came in, and before she had been there some time, she says to Babe, a-winkin' to me at the same time— "Your nose is broke now, young lady!" Babe put her little fingers up to her nose and felt of it. And I winked to Miss Pixley to not say no more, for I knew what she meant; I knew she meant that Thomas Jefferson's little new baby would crowd Babe, our Tirzeh Ann's little daughter, out of our hearts.

But Miss Pixley went right on. She is a old maiden, and has had five disappointments, and some say seven, and they have embittered her. And says she to Babe— "Little Snow, the new baby will take your place now, in Grandma's heart."

Babe looked troubled; on her smooth little brow I could see fall the first faint shadow of that great black shape that we call jealousy. Her big, sweet eyes looked as if they was cloudin' up nicely for tears.

And I wunk severer and more vigeleent winks, and wunk before at Miss Pixley to stop! If ever a wink spoke, them did, to stop immedijly!

But she kept right on. Poor cree-ter, I spoze them disappointments was the cause on't. She kep right on, and ses she—

"You won't be Grandma's baby any more now; she has got somebody else to love now."

And then the cloud did break into a rainfall of tears. Babe jest bust out a-cryin', and snuggled down into my arms, and laid her wet cheeks on my bosom, through the force of old custom, and anon! (how much like older human cree-ters accordin' to her size), she drew her head away as if sayin'—

"I can't lay my head there any more; if the love has gone out of the heart it won't rest me nor comfort me no more to lay there."

And pride woke up in her; she was too proud to make a fuss, or beg for love. How much, how much like big children! So she sot up kinder straight in my lap, with her pretty lips a quiverin', and the tears a-runnin' down her cheeks.

And I riz right up with Babe in my arms and went out of the room pretty quick, but not vigeleent.

Josiah was there. I wouldn't misuse Miss Pixley owin' to the six or seven things mentioned by me prior and before, this. But I felt that I must make it right with Babe that very minute.

I knew how she felt—wounded love, and pride, and jealousy, etc., etc., etc.

I knew that a few syllables of about the hardest lessons of life had come to Babe, and I must help her spell 'em; I must help her with her lesson.

So I took her right into the parlor and set down with her in the big chair, and never said a word for a minute or two, only held her close to me and kissed the shinin' hair that lay up against my cheek.

She a-strugglin' at first; jealousy and pride a-nagin' her; and she at first a-not bein' able to hear any voices only jest them of jealousy and pride—jest like older children exactly.

But after awhile, I held her so warm and stiddy, with my cheek a-layin' on the pretty head, the stiddy, firm clasp and contact sort of calmed her, and then, anon, she drew one little arm up round my neck, and anon the other one, and I looked down deep into her eyes, right into the little true soul, and that little true soul saw the truth in mine.

Words couldn't have convinced Babe so well as that look that she had learnt to depend on.

Love has a language that though may be it can't be exactly parsed and analyzed, yet it can be understood exactly, entirely understood, and Babe see that I loved her.

And then was the time that that sweet little cree-ter put up her arms and kissed me, and I says, sort o' low like, but very tender—

"Sweetheart, you know jest how much I love you, don't you?"

And then I kissed her several times in various places on her face, every one on 'em sweet places. And then I went on and talked drefful good to Babe about the new baby. I confided in her, told her all about how the little new soul had come, unknown to itself, here into a great, strange world, how helpless it waz, how weak, and how we must all help it, and try to make it feel itself at home amongst us.

And I tried to explain it to her, how that as she had come first, she owed a courtesy to the new comer, and that she must be ready and willin' to neighbor with her. I didn't use jest those words, but them was my ideas. I told her how blind the little cree-ter was, and Babe, if only out of politeness, must try to see for her, lead her straight over ways she knew nothin' about, and keep her from harm-in' herself.

How Babe Snow couldn't talk for herself at all now, and Babe must talk for her; good talk, that little Snow could learn of her bime-by. How she couldn't walk, and Babe must go ahead o' her and make a good path for her to follow when she got big enough.

I told her jest how hard it was for the little

For if you do a good helpful thing for a person, your hull soul feels comfortable, and you bring up unconscious mental reasonin's why you did it; it was because they were so good, so smart, etc., etc.

And so you keep on a feelin' good and comfortable, and you keep on a provin' up to your own self, till you get fairly in love with 'em. Bless you if you don't!

A very curious thing. But the way I do, when I get holt of a strange fact or truth, I don't expect to explain it to myself before I act on't.

No, I grasp holt of it and use it for my own then, and afterwards wonder at it to my heart's content.

So Babe got to thinkin' she was necessary to little Snow's happiness, and that tickled her little self-esteem, jest es if she was a older child, only accordin' to her weight.

She got to thinkin' she must watch over her or she would get hurt, which called out all the good protector's motherly impulses of her little soul which was in her—still accordin' to her weight, forty pounds more or less.

And day by day Babe's love for the little cree-ter grew till it was fairly beautiful to see 'em together, and so Josiah said, and Thomas J. said so, and Tirzeh Ann and Maggie and Whitfield.

And as for Miss Pixley, I thought to myself, disappointments or not, I have got to give her a talkin' to, and the very next time I see her.

She had gone when Babe and I went out of the parlor—the Babe with happy, bright eyes, and I with kinder thoughtful, pityin' ones, and all four on em kinder wet.

But the next time I see Miss Pixley alone, I tackled her, and she as good as promised me she wouldn't ever say to any woman's child what she had said to Babe.

And I don't believe she will either, for she's got good in her.

She haint such a bad cree-ter after all, and good land! what can you expect?—seven, right along, one after the other!

HOW TO CURE A COLD

By A TRAINED NURSE



HERE is not a more undignified ailment in the whole list of the ills that flesh is heir to than a cold in the head. Pocket handkerchiefs are at a premium, and the sufferer feels that silk ones are the one luxury in life worth having.

Vigorous treatment in the beginning will abort it if it is commenced when the first symptoms. Send to the druggist for a mixture containing sulphate of atropia one two hundred and fortieth of a grain; bi-sulphate of quinine two grains, and Fowler's solution, five drops, to each dose. Take a dose once in two hours for three or four times, or until the throat begins to feel slightly dry. If this does not entirely relieve the symptoms, repeat the treatment the next day. Copy this prescription carefully, and use it with care as some of the ingredients are poisonous. There is no danger in using it if the directions are followed exactly.

Before going to bed take a warm bath. The next morning sponge the body rapidly with tepid water, rubbing it hard until the blood circulates quickly and the skin is in a glow.

Take more exercise than usual, and do not sit in a hot room with the windows shut.

Mix a teaspoonful of cream of tartar in a tumblerful of water and drink it during the day. If there is constipation take a gentle laxative, as a rhubarb pill. It is very important that all the avenues of the body for carrying off waste matter should be wide open.

If a cold in the head is neglected it may end in chronic catarrh. The membrane that lines the nose becomes permanently inflamed and a cure is very difficult if not impossible.

The early symptoms of measles are like those of a cold in the head. This should be borne in mind, especially with children, and the rash watched for. It appears in small, dark red dots, first on the forehead and temples, near the hair.

A cold on the chest, as it is popularly called, is a far more serious matter than a cold in the head. This is particularly the case when the lungs are delicate and there is a predisposition to disease of the chest.

It begins with a feeling of tightness and soreness across the chest; perhaps now and then a sharp darting pain and some oppression, as if a weight were resting on it. There is slight fever and latter a cough.

The whole surface should be well rubbed with warm camphorated oil, and covered with cotton batting, secured in place by a broad strip of flannel. This should be worn both day and night and removed piecemeal by pulling off part of the batting every night.

The feet should be soaked in hot water with two tablespoonfuls of mustard to the gallon, and a glass of hot lemonade taken. If the invalid bears quinine well, five grains may be given and repeated twice in twelve hours. If there is much pain apply a mustard plaster until the skin is red; when there is a hard dry cough relief will be obtained by inhaling the steam from a pitcher of boiling water. As the cough becomes looser and the invalid begins to expectorate, a teaspoonful of a good cough mixture every two hours will help to soothe it; flaxseed tea, a warm drink of gruel, hot milk, or beef tea, is very grateful after a fit of coughing. A person with a cold on the chest should stay in-doors, and will get rid of it sooner in bed than out of it. If obliged to leave the house, warmer stockings should be worn than usual and the feet well protected against dampness.

The best way to get rid of a cold is not to catch it. Warm underflannels and stockings should be worn in winter and not left off until the weather is really hot. Then they should be exchanged for thinner ones. The feet should be carefully shielded from damp by thick solid boots, or India rubbers.

Draughts should be avoided, particularly a cool breeze on the back of the neck, a peculiarly sensitive spot. No one who values health should go from a hot room into the open air without an extra wrap for protection.

A flannel jacket should be worn over the night-dress at night, and the habit formed of sleeping with the window open.

If the top sash is let down one inch and the bottom one raised the same distance the ventilation will be better than if either alone were opened two inches.



"Babe, good little dear, put her little fingers up to her nose and felt of it."

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Philadelphia, February, 1891

AT HOME WITH THE EDITOR

Write in a busy editorial office, where each moment offers a fresh interruption, is not conducive to that domestic and sympathetic spirit which I am ever anxious shall pervade the JOURNAL pages. And so the thought has come to reserve "The Editorial Desk" in the future more for the busy daily routine of an editor's life, while these pleasantly familiar talks, which monthly I enjoy on this page with my readers, shall come from within the precincts of my own home. There, by my own fireside, I shall be better able to imagine myself seated at your heartstone. There, in my favorite chair, cheered by the glow of the evening home lamp, and with those around me who are man's best friends, I know I shall feel closer in sympathy with your interests and thoughts. Since home is the watchword of our JOURNAL, why is not the editor's home the best place from which he should talk to his readers?

AND during these past three or four months I have felt particularly at home with the JOURNAL readers. For ever since the invitation to write to me was printed in the October and December numbers under the title "Will you Favor the Editor?" I have become better and more personally acquainted with many. Several thousands of these letters have come from every part of our own great land, from across the seas, and from countries with which heretofore I have had only a geographical knowledge. Have I read them all, you ask? Every line you have written. Evening after evening have I sat within my family circle reading—often aloud—your messages of good cheer, your suggestions and your criticisms. All have been welcome. They have cheered far beyond your power to imagine. A greater pleasure has never been experienced by an editor than that which I have felt in reading what you have so generously written. The temptation was often strong to reply, and I began to lay many of the letters aside to send a hearty thank you, but they came too fast, your kindness was too great. And so here, to each and all, I tender my most grateful acknowledgments. Your encouraging words have had their effect; your suggestions, many of them, were excellent, and will be largely carried out. Several articles in the January issue, and more in the present number, will doubtless be recognized by many of you, and rightfully claimed. And more will follow. Certain special features, at once recognized as helpful when they were suggested, are now being prepared by the most skillful hands which knowledge and money can obtain. Outside editorial connections have been formed, and while these special wants of our readers are being brought into shape, the regular editorial staff of the JOURNAL will be busy in adding strength to the work under their charge. And thus will the JOURNAL show the sincerity of its one great aim to please its readers. Over two hundred suggestions have come to us, which we shall adopt; and our only wish is that our readers may send us two hundred more. The willingness to please you in all respects is ever with us: it is simply an indication of your wishes that we ask. The JOURNAL is made for you, and this fact I would always ask you to bear in mind. What you want in your JOURNAL you shall have, always provided it is feasible.

THE very general interest manifested in thousands of the letters which have come to us on the subject of musical and vocal training, has made a special impression. This is a demand which we shall fully meet, not only by articles—of which those on page 7 of this issue are the first of a series—but in even a more practical manner, placing it within the power of every girl and woman to secure for herself vocal or musical proficiency, without any cost to herself. Our plan in this respect will be told in fuller detail in the March JOURNAL, and to these offers we hope to direct the special attention of every girl or woman with vocal or musical aspirations. Music and song are undoubtedly the two most potent factors of refinement in our life to-day, and as such we shall encourage them in the nature of every JOURNAL girl and woman. We seek to make this possible in our proposed special offers—offers which will place, for the first time, musical training and perfection within the reach of the humblest American girl. Thousands of our young women have within them the basis of a beautiful voice or a musical skill, but its development has hitherto meant an impossible expense. This barrier will be removed. It will be a question of the girl or woman herself—no longer one of ways and means. And our hope is that thousands may take advantage of the offers we will make it possible to accept. The exertion which places these musical opportunities within the possibilities is very slight. A month or so of energetic and honest work will do wonders for the right kind of a girl in bringing these proposed offers very close to her. In the next JOURNAL we shall unfold the plan, and we hope thousands of young women may look for it and be profited by its possibilities.

A N editor's audience is naturally an invisible one, but because the JOURNAL's audience must of necessity be invisible to its editor, there is no reason why it should be unresponsive. We can at least have a pen-and-ink acquaintance even though a personal friendship is denied us, and a half-loaf, you know, is a great deal better than no bread at all. Hence I repeat my request for the benefit of those who have not written me, and who may have hesitated to do so:

- To know more definitely your tastes and wishes as one of my readers, I shall consider it a personal favor if you will send me a written reply to the following questions:— 1. What particular feature in the JOURNAL pleases you most? 2. What number of recent date gave you most pleasure and satisfaction? 3. Do you prefer more or less fiction? 4. Is there any present department or feature you would prefer omitted? 5. Is there any special field or subject you would like to see covered in the JOURNAL, not now included in its pages, or announced for the future?

Be perfectly frank in writing, and criticize just as you feel. Your honest opinion is asked for. Address, direct, to THE EDITOR, THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pa.

MANY of my readers write and ask: "If I address you by name, will you see my letter?" Most certainly I will. It may not always be possible for me to reply to you, but that is only because of the impossibilities attending a voluminous mail. But in some manner, depend on it, you will hear from your letter. It may be through the JOURNAL's columns, which is most likely, or it may be by some other hand, or through some special form of acknowledgment; but your letter will have attention, and where it calls for no reply its silent appreciation is oftentimes louder than written or printed words. I know it is a popular belief that editors are beyond the reach of their readers. From what I personally know, this is not generally the case, although in reading over the magazines of the day the wish is frequent that the two might be brought into nearer relations and closer sympathy. But do not get the idea that the editor of the JOURNAL is inaccessible to the humblest of his readers; he is as accessible as you choose to make him, and is as proud of the acquaintance which the poorest working girl may extend to him, as that of the wealthiest society belle.

AS I write of the working girl there comes to my mind a letter received last week from a sweet little heart of sixteen, in whose family reverses have come. It is the old story of a family living up to its income, and now there is nothing when the husband falls in a previously prosperous business. Her letter said: "I want an occupation suitable for a gentlewoman." Now you cannot receive a letter like that without sitting and pondering over it. "An occupation suitable to a gentlewoman!" In a great many old-fashioned houses, and, thank God, in a great many new-fashioned ones, too, gentlewomen make bread, wash dishes, dust, sweep, and keep home cheery and bright. In a great many others, gentlewomen sew with a tireless needle and get paid for it; work day in and day out at keeping accounts, and are happy when they balance themselves right and know that their work is good. My dear girl, there is no work that is not suitable to a gentlewoman. Work, whether done in the kitchen or in the artist's studio, in the counting-house or in the sewing-room, never yet made the right woman any the less gentle, and it never will. Too many women think that they lose their insignia of great busy world, or in the smaller but equally busy field of the kitchen. Work never hardens a gentle nature, but uplifts it and extends its my mind than a woman of genteel manner and nature met in the busy whirl of commercial activity. I have seen it soften and refine the entire atmosphere of an office, and to a girl who seeks success in the working-world a gentle manner is indeed a priceless possession.

A NOTHER young woman reveals her innermost desire. She is about to assume the position of wife, and she says: "I want to be a good housekeeper. How shall I learn?" How often do we hear that term, "She is such a good housekeeper," applied to some woman of our acquaintance. With your mind's eye you see bread as light as the proverbial feather, jars upon jars of sweets stored away, and loaves of beautiful cake, fairly inviting the visitor to come and eat them. You see a house well kept, where cleanliness reigns, and where everything that can add to the comfort of a human being has its special place. Now that, doubtless, is what our little friend, soon to enter into a home, means when she says, "I want to be a good housekeeper." But I believe that a good housekeeper must be something more. She should be that wondrous something else—a home-maker. I care not how light may be the bread offered at your table: it will be as heavy as lead unless you give with it a sense of ease to the guest who eats it. The sweets at your dessert will be as sour as lemon unless the housekeeper knows how to give a home-feeling to the one invited to taste them, and the cakes will lack the flavor of dry toast unless a generous heart, as well as a willing hand, offer them. Hospitality is a most wonderful virtue. The trouble is there are so few people in this world who know how to practice it. They have all the will in the world, but they lack the tact that makes the guest feel how glad they are to have her, how interested they are in her, and how pleased they are that she should not only have their best, but like their best. This is the hospitality offered by the home-maker, and until to the material virtues of a good housekeeper our women add the great art of knowing how to make a home, they will not be able to keep their boys and girls there; to make them feel that to bring somebody home "to meet mother," is the greatest honor that can be shown them.

O N the other hand, while we hear and read a great deal about the art of entertaining, very little is said about the art of being entertained. If your hostess has certain duties to fulfill, you, my friend, as guest, should have certain qualities which will make her duties easier. Some people are very hard to entertain, and they make the position of hostess doubly difficult. Now, my dear woman, when you are a guest, have a little consideration for your hostess. Be pliable. Enter into the spirit of things—no matter if they do not exactly fit your tastes like a glove. You say: that is acting a false part. Is it false to be considerate of the feelings of others? Just you take the chances of the false part of it, my friend; you can very easily afford to do it. What I want you to be is such a guest that when you have gone from the home of your friends you will leave a pleasant memory after you. If you go to be a comfort in some home which has been sadly afflicted, be a continual ray of sunshine from morn till night. Have a pleasant smile, a ready word and a quick and willing hand. Chase away a coming shadow by a stream of sunshine. Let everything dark melt away before a sunny nature. If you go to a home for a social visit, be merry, be easy of manner, ready to join in what has been prepared for you. Learn the great art of adapting yourself to your surroundings. Don't forever expect your friends to accompany you, or show you around. Go off by yourself, even though you have no special errand. Show your hostess that you do not expect her or her family to continually wait upon you. Enter into the family circle, be "one of them" in spirit, so that, when after a hearty hand-shake at the station, it may be said of you: "What a pleasure she has been! How easy to entertain!"

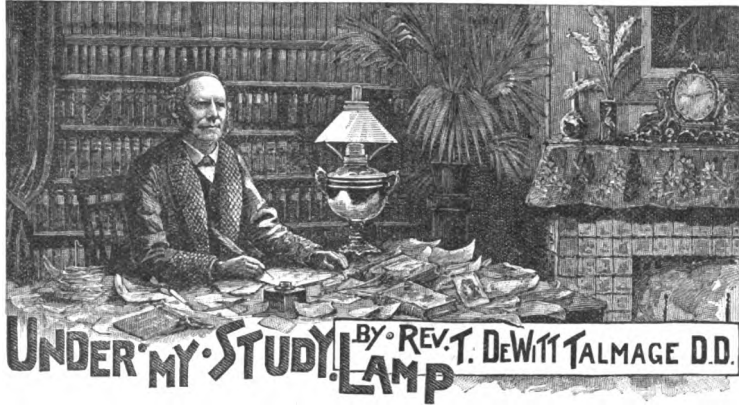
I N these days when common sense is such a ruling element in our lives, I wish we might go a little farther than we have by applying it to a certain custom which only a few weeks ago I saw carried out at a grave in beautiful Greenwood. It is the dangerous practice of standing with uncovered heads at ceremonies attending the burial of the dead at the cemetery in cold, wintry weather. I yield to none in a proper respect for the dead, nor in the customs which make beautiful the last hours of the dead on earth; but there are certain duties which we owe the living. It is a positive wrong to exact of our friends that they shall stand with uncovered heads at a grave in weather when, even with proper headgear, it is difficult to avoid contracting painful colics and maladies. I have personally known cases, and have heard of many more, where sickness—fatal in one particular instance—followed as a direct result from this fancied duty to the dead. Let the custom be confined to seasonable weather, if at all; but when the weather is cold or uncertain, let us use some common sense and think of the living as well as of the dead. To stand with bared heads as men do, or with a shawl lightly thrown over the shoulders, because it is only a step from the carriage to the grave, as women do, is a sacrifice to the health of our friends which we have no right to exact. Far rather let us be content with the services at the house, when the weather is unseasonable, than that we should endanger the health and lives of our friends, and specially the officiating clergyman who must, if he wishes to retain the respect of the bereaved family, stand with bare head or the scant protection of a silk cap, and perform the prescribed ritual. Let us be however beautiful at times, to control our better judgment. There is room here for a reform, and one which means not a tearing away of anything which we hold sacred or regard as beautiful, but the doing away with a custom which becomes almost barbarous when we allow ourselves to calmly and wisely think over its attendant dangers to those whose best interests should always be those of our own—our friends.

O UR women can do much in this. When you are called upon to lay away some loved one from your sight, and friends all that remains, let it be known as your wish that no one shall stand uncovered at the grave; and do not exact too long standing of your friends upon the moist or cold ground. Do not fear that you will be accused of heartlessness to the dead. There is a great deal of good common sense abroad in this world, which a woman of good motives is always safe to rely upon when she carries out an idea for the welfare of others. Don't dread misinterpretation. Your friends will silently thank you for your thoughtfulness and consideration. Rather, if you can, emulate the example of one sensible woman who, when the funeral party arrived at the grave, asked that, as the weather was so cold, no one should leave the carriages, but that they should watch the interment from the carriage windows. Wasn't that consideration for others? Amid her greatest sorrow that woman thought of the welfare of others. I do not wonder that the officiating clergyman, when that message was carried to his carriage, lifted his hat in deference to such a thoughtful act. It was a little thing to do, but how much higher it raised its author in the estimation of her friends!

O NE reason why many a good action is left undone in this world is because we stand too much in fear of outside criticism or misconstruction of our motives. "What will the world say?" is the first thought. "What will the world say?" My dear woman, it will say, Bravo! to every good action you may do. It is astonishing how much common sense there is among people, but you never know it until you test it. Of course, there are always people who will misconstrue our best motives. But, bless you, my friend, they are becoming fewer in number all the time, and if we were to mind them, why we simply would leave everything undone. Neither you nor I can afford to be reckless of the world's good opinion. It is necessary to our happiness, to our social relations, to our well-being, and to our success. But don't think that the world is comprised of just a handful of people whose view of a certain thing doesn't exactly agree with yours. This is a big world and a beautiful world, filled with sensible people and right-thinking minds, and a good action is never lost or misconstrued. Let your own conscience always be your first guide. There is born within each one of us a silent instinct which points to right or wrong, and the right sort of a man or a woman never goes astray who follows that silent voice of conscience. Around us are two worlds: one of vast dominion filled with people of pure minds and honest motives; the other world, a small pin-speck in which exist a handful of persons not quite finished in their creation, in that they lack one talent—the talent of well-thinking. My friend, do you live in the first world. There is more room there, the atmosphere is clearer, the flowers more beautiful, happiness is sooner found and success goes hand in hand with honorable motives and upright actions.

I OFTEN wonder by what right some persons construe themselves as judges of other people's actions and motives. I heard a remark the other day: "Think of it! His wife is dead only a year, yet he's going to marry again." Well, my dear woman, I thought to myself, what of it? So long as he is not going to marry you or your daughter, why make yourself uneasy? Why seek to sit in judgment upon his action? You know not his reason. There might, perhaps, exist no cause why you or I would do as another does; and probably our feelings would not permit us to do it in this case. But that is no sound or sensible reason why others should not do differently. We cannot, nor should we, judge others by ourselves. Our surroundings, our needs are all different, and what is necessary to the happiness of one is unnecessary to the other. I have known men to marry again six months after the death of their first wives—men of splendid characters. Certain people at once cried, Scandalous! But they did not stop to think that in three of the cases there were little children to be trained, little feet to be taught the paths of duty, obedience and love, and whose hand so gentle, and yet so firm as that of a woman for such a delicate task? Do not misinterpret me in my illustration; I have too high a regard for the sensibilities and the feelings of others either to intimate approval or disapproval of second marriage. I merely use the instance as a basis for what I do believe and what I do advocate: that no power or right is given us by which to judge the actions of others. We have never by any dispensation been made judges of the actions or motives of others: why, then, appoint ourselves as such?

T O use a terse and homely phrase, my friends, let us mind our own business. There is enough to decide in our own lives; let us be unmindful of the affairs of others, except in so far as we can be helpful and of real benefit. Let us be charitable in all our conclusions, mindful of the fact that we so often need the cloak of charity ourselves. As we would wish to be judged, so let us judge others—always with a kindly spirit, ever with a belief in the better part of self. Strew a flower where others throw a stone. Fill your life so full of sunshine that evil reports will find no place where you are. Stop a petty scandal by some pretty story of womanly kindness. Make your life a bright spot in this world, and where you see a frown there you throw a smile, and whether it be morn, dusk or night, let the sunny side of your nature always be at full meridian. Difficult? Ah, no! Be simply what you are—a woman! God's own chosen angel of brightness and of cheer. Woman was made after God's own image: and she is never so much like Him as when she follows His teachings of love and consideration for others.



THIS is a dark world to many people: a world of chills, a world of fog, a world of wet blankets. Nine-tenths of the men we meet need encouragement. Your work is so urgent that you have no time to stop and speak to the people; but every day you meet scores, perhaps hundreds and thousands, of persons upon whom you might have direct and immediate influence. "How? How?" you cry out. I answer: By the grace of physiognomy.

FACES WITH LANTERNS BEHIND THEM

THERE is nothing more catching than a face with a lantern behind it, shining clear through. I have no admiration for a face with a dry smile, meaning no more than the grin of a false face. But a smile written by the hand of God, as an index or table of contents to whole volumes of good feeling within, is a benediction. You say: "My face is hard and lacking in mobility, and my benignant feelings are not observable in the facial proportions." I do not believe you. Freshness and geniality of soul are so subtle and pervading that they will, at some eye or mouth corner, leak out. Set behind your face a feeling of gratitude to God and kindness toward man, and you will every day preach a sermon long as the streets you walk, a sermon with as many heads as the number of people you meet, and differing from other sermons in the fact that the longer it is the better. The reason that there are so many sour faces, so many frowning faces, so many dull faces, is because men and women consent to be acrid and petulant and stupid. The way to improve your face is to improve your disposition. Attractiveness of physiognomy does not depend on regularity of feature. I know persons whose brows are shaggy, and who eyes are oblique, and noses are ominously longitudinal, and the mouth straggles along in unusual and unexpected directions; and yet they are men and women of so much soul that we love to look upon them, and their presence is an evangelism. They get married sooner than the painted doll-babies that call themselves young ladies, and make home happy long after the curls have turned gray, and the foot of the dance has turned into a rheumatic shuffle.

THE EVILS OF SCOWLING

I HAVE a special message for women—*don't*—small as a word, but mighty in influence. It is this: Don't scowl. Scowling spoils faces. Before you know it, my sister, your forehead will resemble a small railroad map. There is a grand trunk line from your cowl to the bridge of your nose, intersected by parallel lines running east and west, with curves arching your eyebrows; and, oh, how much older you look for it! Scowling is a habit that steals upon us unawares. We frown when the light is too strong and when it is too weak. We tie our brows into a knot when we are thinking, and knit them even more tightly when we can not think. There is no denying, there are plenty of things to scowl about. The baby in the cradle frowns when something fails to suit. "Constitutional scowl," we say. The little toddler who likes sugar on his bread and butter tells his trouble in the same way when you leave the sugar off. "Cross," we say about the children, and "worried to death," about the grown folks, and as for ourselves, we can't help it. But we must. Its reflex influence makes others unhappy; for face answereth unto face in life as well as in water. It betrays our religion. We should possess our souls in such peace that it will reflect itself in placid countenances. If your forehead is rigid with wrinkles before forty, what will it be at seventy? There is one consoling thought about these marks of time and trouble—the death angel almost always erases them. Even the extremely aged in death often wear a smooth and peaceful brow, thus leaving our last memories of them calm and tranquil. But our business is with life. Scowling is a kind of silent scolding. It shows that our souls need sweetening. For pity's sake, let us take a sad-iron, or a glad iron, or smoothing tool of some sort, and straighten these creases out of our faces before they become indelibly engraved upon our visage.

COZY CORNERS IN LIFE

PEOPLE talk nowadays of "getting corners" in grain and in gold. Corners are good things to get and to keep, if of the right kind, and obtained in the right way. Chimney corners are cosy nooks. How expressionless some modern rooms are! Minus mantel-pieces, stoves, fire-places; heated by a register that you have to hunt for, unless it is red-hot. I confess that I am devoted to chimney corners,

provided they are corners. One can find fellowship with a fire, even shut in a stove. But sometimes, as you get nicely settled, you find a door opening on your back; a cupboard door swinging scarcely clear of your head, necessitating a running fire of apologies: "Excuse me," "Am I in the way?" "Not at all." "Let me move." "Don't be disturbed." And you conclude that corners are not always corners. Architects are not sufficiently considerate of such matters. Some rooms have no corners. I have lived in one such. It outwitted the dining-room of the father of his country in one particular. While that had seven doors and one window, this had seven doors and two windows, reducing by so much the chances for corners. I moved out of that house as soon as practicable, and I have adored corners ever since. In planning a house they are our first requisite. There is a charm about them. Comforts are prone to congregate there. The easy-chair, because the rockers will be out of the way; the baby's crib perchance, for the same reason; the family Bible, in easy reach; the knitting-work and the expressive little work-basket, with its burdens of buttons and spools, its shining tools and its cheerful contrasts of snowy sewing and gay needle-book. Who does not feel the magnetism of even the memory of some corner? But we must not monopolize this desirable situation. Somebody may be ill at ease elsewhere. Grandpa with his paper and grandma with her work should never be crowded out.

DIFFERENT KINDS OF CORNERS

THE poet's corner in a country newspaper is coveted by many a sentimental miss. Round corners are preferable to square ones. The latter hurt the children's heads if fables are in question, and people's hearts if the angels are in the temperament. A corner, in a large company, gives one opportunity for observation. Withal, it is not entirely pleasant to be completely cornered. "Puss in the corner" is a great institution with the children, and puss in the corner purring sleepily, a sedative for the grown people. What would a woman's letter be without these facilities for the inevitable postscript? Men laugh about it, and look for it, knowing that the items condensed in these happy after-thoughts are worth a dozen letters such as we prosy men write. But dearer than any of the aforesaid is that best of all corners, the one which you find has been kept warm for you, through years of trial and separation, in the heart of a friend. By-and-by the weary body will crave a little corner in some cheerful cemetery. Till then let us so live that we may not fail to secure a humble corner in Heaven.

GLIMPSES OF A COMING REVIVAL

SOME one recently wrote me and asked if I believed there is coming a day of great revivals. I do. There will be such a time as there was in the parish of Shotts, where five hundred souls were born to God in one day; such times as were seen in this country when Edwards gave the alarm, when Tennent preached, and Whitefield thundered, and Edward Payson prayed; such times as some of you remember in 1857, when the voice of prayer and praise was heard in theatre and warehouse and blacksmith shop and factory and engine-house, and the auctioneer's cry of "a-half and a-half and a-half," was drowned out by the adjoining prayer-meeting in which the people cried out, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" In those days of which I am speaking the services of the church of God will be more spirited if the ministers of Christ, instead of being anxious about whether they shall lose their place in the notes, will get on fire with the theme, and pour the living truth of God upon an aroused auditory, crying out to the righteous "It shall be well with you," and to the wicked, "Woe, it shall be ill with you!" In those days the singing will be different from what it is now. The music will weep and wail and chant and triumph. People then will not be afraid to open their mouths when they sing. The man with a cracked voice will risk it on "Wyndham" and "Ortonville" and "Old Hundred." Grandfather will find the place for his grandchildren in the hymn-book, or the little child will be spectacles for the grandfather. Hosanna will meet hosanna, and together go climbing to the throne; and the angels will hear, and God will listen, and the gates of Heaven will hoist, and it will be as when two seas meet—the waves of earthly song mingling with the surging anthems of the free. May God let me live to see that day!

Let there be no power in disease or accident or wave of the sea to dissipate my expectations. Let all other sight fail my eyes rather than that I should miss that vision. Let all other sounds fail my ears, rather than that I should fail to hear that sound. I want to stand on the mountain top to catch the first ray of the dawn, and with flying feet bring the news to my friends and my people.

FAINTING IN CHURCH

AN incident which happened in a church where I was preaching in the latter part of the past summer, made me resolve that just as soon as I returned to my study-lamp, I would utter a protest against a prevalent custom, and that is—when a person faints in church all the curious people go out to see what is the matter, and hinder the resuscitation by standing close around the sufferer, when his or her chief want is not a gaping crowd, but fresh air. Upon this recent Sabbath to which I referred at the opening, I do not know whether it was my sermon that sickened her, or the heat of the crowded church, but a young lady excited all our sympathies by getting faint. Her father and mother and sister and lover and the sexton went out with her, as it was proper for them to do. But in addition to that an old lady sitting beside the pulpit, and whose characteristic was inquisitiveness, glided down the aisle. This started all the old ladies, for it was uncertain now whether the old lady aforesaid had been taken sick herself, or whether she had gone out to administer to the first patient. The old ladies having departed, the old gentlemen felt as if it would be no more than gallant to go too, and so they joined in the procession. The middle-aged people in the congregation, seeing the elderly people going, felt that it was mean to let the old people put themselves to so much work while they, the middle-aged, sat indifferent, and therefore, many of them, urged by this piece of circumstance, went out also. As the middle-aged men were departing they met the old men coming in to get their hats, the latter promising in the aisle, in a low grumble of conversation, to rejoin the former on the grass. By this time the children in church had no one to look after them, and, as some of them had never seen anybody faint, they went out on a tour of discovery. I found out afterward that the maiden was only a little sick, but that they crowded around her so closely that she had no chance at all, and so, entirely succumbed to nervousness.

Let this be remembered—that six persons are all that at such times can be serviceable in the most urgent and painful case, and that beyond that the people who crowd around are a hindrance and a nuisance. After you find that enough have offered their services, better retire. There are inquisitive people who go to funerals, and go so early that they can see the family take leave of the corpse, and that kind of people love to stand round a sick person, telling afterward how pale she looked, how her fingers clutched, and what words in her momentary dementation she uttered. Don't do it, my friends. It is neither womanly nor Christian-like.

POINTING TO THE ROAD

THOUGH my early home was very plain, and my father and mother were plain people, they lived close up to God, and nobody ever doubted where they went when they died. Oh, I had a glorious starting, and when I think of the opportunities I have had for usefulness, I am amazed that I have done so little! It is with no feeling of cant that I express it, but with deep and unfeigned emotion before God. Oh, it is a tremendous thing to stand in a pulpit, or write in such a paper as this JOURNAL, and know that a great many people will be influenced by what you say or write concerning God, or the soul, or the great future!

Suppose a man asks of you the direction to a certain place, and you, through carelessness, thoughtlessly tell him the way, and you hear after awhile that he got lost on the mountains, and went over the rocks and perished. "Oh," you will say, "I will never forgive myself that I didn't take more time with that man! It was my fault. If I had given him the right direction he would have gone the right way." And, oh, the greater responsibility of standing in a pulpit, or sitting in an editorial chair, and telling people which is the road to Heaven! Alas, if we tell them wrong! The temptation is so mighty in this day to smooth down the truth, and hush up the alarms of the Gospel, and pat men on the shoulder, and sing them on down toward the last plunge, and tell them they are all right. Or, as the poet has put it—

"Smooth down the stubborn text to ears polite, And snugly keep damnation out of sight."



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T. De Witt Talmage EDITOR.

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A PLEA FOR MORE PULPIT ACTIVITY

WHAT is the use of telling men they are all right when they know they are not all right? O, brothers in the ministry—for, from the letters I receive, I believe there are many who monthly read this page—brothers in the ministry, we cannot afford to hold back any of the truth, and we cannot afford to lack in earnestness! If you fail in this, my brethren, you had better stand away from them in the last day—you had better stand away from that soul that you have neglected, lest he tear you to pieces. He will say to you, "I admired your philosophic disquisitions, and your beautiful gestures, and your finely formed sentences, multiform, and stelliform, and curvi-linear, but you never helped prepare me for this judgment day. Cursed be your rhetoric. I am going down now, and I am going to take you with me. Witness, all ye hosts of light and all ye hosts of darkness, it is his fault!" And many worlds came up in chorus, saying, "His fault, his fault!" Oh, that God with a torch would set all the pulpits of America on fire! If God will forgive me for the past, I will do better for the future.

"'Tis not a cause of small import The pastor's care demands, But what might fill an angel's heart; It filled a Saviour's hands. They watched for souls for which the Lord Had heavenly bliss forego, For souls that must forever live In raptures or in woe."

T. De Witt Talmage

Do you know that you can buy a chimney to fit your lamp that will last till some accident happens to it?

Do you know that Macbeth's "pearl top" or "pearl glass" is that chimney?

You can have it—your dealer will get it—if you insist on it. He may tell you it costs him three times as much as some others. That is true. He may say they are just as good. Don't you believe it—they may be better for him; he may like the breaking.

Pittsburg. GEO. A. MACBETH & CO.

Advertisement for PORTABLE BATHS, featuring a small illustration of a bath unit.

Advertisement for "PARTED BANG" hair product, featuring an illustration of a woman's hair.

Advertisement for "DON'T DYE" hair product, featuring an illustration of a woman's hair.

Advertisement for "ELITE" HAIR CURLER, featuring an illustration of a hair curler.

Advertisement for "THE ORIGINAL BOX IS ONE-THIRD LARGER THAN THIS ONE" featuring an illustration of a box.

Advertisement for LABLACHE FACE POWDER, featuring an illustration of a powder box.

From the charming little CINDERELLA in the "CRYSTAL SLIPPER." BEN LEVY, Esq., 34 West at BOSTON THEATRE, Oct. 4, 1888.

I n all my travels I have always endeavored to find your LABLACHE FACE POWDER, and I must certainly say that it is the best Powder in the market. I have used it for the past 10 years, and can safely advise all ladies to use no other. Sincerely yours, MARGUERITE FISH.

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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.

I WANT to preach a little bit to the oldest sister of a family, and I want to ask her to stop something that very often exists and which, under no circumstances, is never funny. And this is—the habit of chaffing, or guying, or making a jest of the faults or weaknesses of different members of the family. Now you, oldest sister, bear with me for a few moments.

A WORD TO THE OLDEST SISTER

THE sensitive child shrinks into a painful quietness when its little troubles are talked of in this way, while the less sensitive one plucks up sufficient courage to answer back, and then a quarrel ensues. For some unknown reason this wordy warfare is nearly always carried on at the table, and, unpleasant as it may be to other people, can't you see in what a horrible position it puts a visitor?

Now sister can stop it if she will. The word spoken in season at the time, the positive putting down and quieting the inclination to jeer, and the determination not to be drawn into any such controversy, will end it. Tom's first sweetheart is an ideal to him, and you have no right to laugh because he is copying poetry and writing long letters to her; he had better be doing that than a great many other things. The small woman's affection for a doll is as intense as if it were a flesh-and-blood baby, and you have no right whatever to laugh at her for it. In doing this you simply take from her the beginning of the sweetest and purest feeling in the world—motherly love. Of course, you all care for each other; of course you would stand by each other through anything, but the stranger within your gates knows nothing of the affection underlying the thoughtless words, and so concludes that you are an inharmonious, quarrelsome family. Can you blame him? Stop this, my dear girl, before the little rift has made all the beautiful music of home-life jarring and harsh.

WHAT IS TRUE SOCIETY?

A LETTER has come to me that seems very pitiful. It is from a bright girl who writes well, who is well educated, and whose complaint is that because she works to earn her own living, she fears she will never get "in society." She is not the only girl who writes in that way. She is not the only one who seems to believe that society consists of a few very fashionable people, whose names are recorded in the newspapers, whose marriages, balls and receptions are described, and who, as many—and, undoubtedly this girl—believe, constitute society.

Now, my dear child, you were never more mistaken in your life. Society is the gathering together of people who find pleasure in each other's company; good society is that where scandal is unknown, where men and women speak well of each other, where good breeding is more appreciated than fine gowns, and where the welcome, accompanying a cup of tea, is thought to be of greater worth than the formality of a superb dinner party. It is in your power to make your own society good or bad. You can surround yourself with such pleasant people that others will want to know you for the sake of knowing your friends.

The most charming society I ever knew was limited to five people. One a little artist, with the ambition of a Samson and a deal of ability, but who would do anything from a dinner card to a fancy letter-head that she might honestly earn her dinner. Two others were men who wrote for very well-known journals, but who had not yet come into incomes that gave them the power to send out wonderfully bound volumes of their own works. The fourth was a little gentleman who, day in and day out, kept the books of a great firm and at night worked away writing society verses. The fifth was a girl who could write anything that was wanted, to order, from a fashion article to an obituary, and from a dialect story to a poem on marriage. All of them hard workers. Every one of them with somebody else to take care of beside themselves, and yet, of an evening, when these five people met in the studio there was no brighter society in New York. A cup of tea, or coffee was made by one of the deft girls; and books, pictures and people were talked about and enjoyed. The story of how an evening gown was made possible; the ludicrous side of going for two nights without one's dinner and just getting bread and butter and tea, were told about; and everybody knew everybody so well that while the funny side was laughed at there was never a question asked that would hurt, and there never was a bit of chaffing that wasn't thoroughly good natured. When a well-known writer, whose reputation was world wide, came to the city, permission was world wide, came to bring him to the studio talk by one of the men: the hostesses consented; he came, he saw and was conquered, and when he went away he said: "That is what I call society." Now, take the moral from this, you workers who wonder if you can get in society, and make society for yourself.

ABOUT SOME WEDDING BELONGINGS

SOMEbody is going to get married to the man she loves. I wish the dear little somebody all the happiness possible, and I congratulate the man she loves on gaining her. This somebody wants to know what she shall get for her wedding belongings, and by them she means what kind of linen and how much. Funnily enough, a bridegroom in prospective who had been told of the enormous trousseau that his future bride was getting, said that it was not very complimentary to him, inasmuch as there seemed to be a doubt in the mind of the family as to whether he would ever be able to buy her a flannel petticoat or not. And you know really he told the truth; though it was in an odd sort of a way.

Pretty underwear, bought by the dozens, is packed away, and grows yellow and old. So that this is my advice to somebody: With what you already possess half a dozen of everything you are in the habit of wearing will be quite sufficient, and, if the money which you have is more than enough for that number, be wise and put it in the bank as a little nest-egg for the future—a nest-egg that will hatch out the dollars when you want to give somebody a present, or remember the birthday of the dearest man in the world, and don't care to ask him to give you the money to buy his own gift. And don't get too many dresses. They go out of style, and unless you are going to entertain and be entertained a great deal, you will really have very little need for them. I tell you a very good mantle to provide yourself with—that famous one of Charity. Don't leave it out of your trousseau, and use it continually to cover the little faults of husband and friends. It will be of more use to you than almost anything you can buy. And you certainly can not afford to be without it. God bless you, little bride, and take care of you and yours forever.

ONE KIND OF A TEMPER

DID you ever have an intimate acquaintance with a pretty white-haired dog that the children are rather given to calling the fluffy-haired dog? If you did you must have found out that his temper was exactly like his hair—extremely fluffy. He can never be relied upon, and is as likely to snap at his dearest friend as at his most bitter enemy; in fact, more likely, because he is with his friend oftener than in the company of his foe.

Now, that is what I want you girls to stop—being fluffy. You might call it being snappish, but I like the other word better; and so I say have your bang as fluffy as you like, but keep your temper smooth and even. The fact that somebody was snappish to you, that they showed extreme fluffiness doesn't excuse you one particle, because the whole affair would have ended if you had given a cool, quiet answer or else none at all. The inclination to be very positive and very assertive is peculiar to a certain type of girl—a girl who is clever, who is intelligent, and who is a little incisive in speech is the one who is apt to fall into being fluffy. She is always very positive in her knowledge and will emphatically tell you that a certain thing is so because she knows it. She is irritable when little worries come up, and is rapidly making wrinkles round her mouth, as well as offending her friends by this weakness. You see the worst of it, fluffiness degenerates into ill temper; so just stop it right away. Take the hot iron of common sense and, removing all the crinkles, make the fluffy answer a straight, pleasant one.

IF I WERE YOU, MY DEAR,

I WOULDN'T turn my head to look after fine frocks, or impertinent men.

I wouldn't forget to sew the braid around the bottom of my skirt, or the button on my shoe.

I wouldn't conclude that every man who said something pleasant to me, had fallen in love with me.

I wouldn't feel that I was an ill-treated person because, though I could play pleasantly, my friends didn't count me a modern Mozart.

I would not, when I could only have one frock, choose a conspicuous one that would mark me as the girl in the red plaid.

I would not, because I was tired and nervous give snappy, ill-natured replies to questions asked me by those who really cared for me.

I would not get in the habit of speaking in a familiar way of the men I know; when you make them Tom, Dick or Harry they are apt to consider you as Kate, Nell or Molly.

I would not permit any girl friend to complain to me of her mother—it is like listening to blasphemy.

I would not when I brush the dust off my hat forget the cobwebs of distrust and suspicion in my brain.

I would not tell my private affairs to my most intimate girl friend, nor would I ask her impertinent questions.

I would not write silly letters to young men, or permit them to be familiar with me.

I would not grow weary in well doing—instead, I would keep on encouraging myself by trying to live up to my ideal of a woman, and the very fact of my trying so hard would make me achieve that which I wished.

SHOULD GIRLS READ THE NEWSPAPER?

THAT'S a question that is short, sweet and to the point, and I am inclined to answer my girls in one word—"Yes!" And yet after that one word I want to add a little warning. First of all read a good newspaper; read what is going on in the world of literature, science, art and, possibly, if they interest you, politics. Read so that you may talk well on the subjects most interesting to men and women. Don't read descriptions of awful murders; don't read descriptions of vile intrigues, and don't read silly personalities. The girl who reads a daily newspaper properly is very apt to be the girl quick of wit and fully informed of what the world is doing. You see we want to know that, because we are in the world and of it. There would be no life and no animation in us if we were not. The woman whose world is a narrow one makes it for herself. She enlarges it when, instead of idle gossip, she can talk about the last new picture, the criticism on the book or the play, the wonderful gift that some charitable man has made to the poor, or the advantages to be derived by men and women from the passing of a law. I said choose a good newspaper, and I do not believe in the good newspaper there is anything to be avoided by the girls, and certainly very much can be learned from it.

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.]

L. H. D.—If a man friend asks you to write to him and you do not wish to, simply say that, which will be the best answer.

If your mother has no objection to your men friends visiting you, although you are so young, I have no right to question what she approves.

Sandwiches, ices, cake, lemonade and coffee, served from a sideboard, are sufficient refreshments for a small evening affair.

DELIA—I cannot sympathize with you in your desire to have for friends those whom your parents disapprove of. One can give up whom with anybody, and it seems to me, little woman, that you have a bit of a desire to pose as a martyr; the first person for you to consider is your mother and her wishes, and let everybody else, acquaintance or otherwise, be subservient to her.

TRUSTFUL GIRL—The best way to make your friend a Christian is to show him in your life just how beautiful Christianity is. Say a prayer for him whenever you can.

THE COUSINS—It is decidedly improper for young girls to give their pictures indiscriminately to their men friends. I do not approve of girls of fourteen and sixteen years of age going out alone with young men.

DENNY—It is not necessary to excuse one's self in passing people in the street unless you accidentally knock against them. A gentleman visitor should take care of his own hat.

FLORENCE G. F.—As you are not going to have any music why not have recitations and games? And then, after a light collation, let your guests amuse themselves by talking.

L. J. H.—When you meet one friend and wish the other to know that you think of them, simply say "Won't you remember me kindly to Alice?"

AN IOWA GIRL—The best cure for self-consciousness is work. If you are kept busy your thoughts will be far away from yourself, and the awkwardness that results from continually thinking about yourself will in this way be overcome.

A CANADIAN GIRL—You are very young to be engaged and I would advise you by all means to do what your father and mother suggest. You may regret your engagement, while if it is simply a friendship until you are twenty, experience will have taught you whether to practice duty or to marry.

If the mother of this young man invites you to visit at his home, some distance from your own, and your mother is willing for you to accept, there would be no impropriety in it.

AN INTERESTED JOURNAL READER—There is no impropriety in asking a man friend, who is in the habit of visiting at your home, to practice duty with you, and if you have tickets sent you for a concert, it is perfectly good form for you to write him a note, telling him this and asking him to accompany you. There is no necessity for your seeing or entertaining your brother's friend unless he asks for you.

H. M. C.—Bathing your chest in cold water and rubbing it vigorously will tend to develop it. It would also suggest that you walk regularly and make a great effort at holding yourself straight while you do it.

SLOWNESS—If you do your work well the fact that you do it slowly is not to your discredit. Only realize the difference between slowness and laziness; more bad work is done because of hurry than for any other reason, so that I cannot advise you, conscientiously, to do that which you have to do in haste.

ANXIETY—Nothing that makes the hair golden is harmless, unless a liquid sufficiently strong to make it change its color so positively, either deadens or dries the hair, or gives very terrible headaches to the woman who has been so foolish as to change the shades of her locks. Do not attempt to increase the thickness or darkness of your eyelashes, for in doing this you may injure your sight forever.

EMMA M.—If an invitation is written in the third person, answer it in that way; while one written in the first demands its answer in the same way.

H. W.—When I cautioned young girls about jesting with men I did not mean to exclude talk that was either interesting or entertaining. Personally, I am a great believer in laughter and fun, but I do not believe in young women jesting, even in the lightest way, on subjects that are either sacred or about which they are supposed to know nothing.

MARIAN MAY—Why don't you start your literary club with Jerome K. Jerome's "Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow," or "Three Men in a Boat"? These are all light and amusing, good for discussion and later on you can take up, if you desire, some heavier books.

J. J.—I have seen tan colored gloves made clean by being washed in naptha; but as the professional scourer charges so little for them I think it wisest always to submit a nice pair to him.

ETHEL—My dear girl, if you want to be kind, gentle and generous cultivate these virtues by being courteous, considerate and charitable, not only in word, but in act; not only to friends, but to strangers.

MAM—I do not think that girls of fifteen or sixteen should ask any men friends they may have to visit them. Girls of fifteen or twenty who are supposed to be out in the world are given this privilege, but it is always in much better taste when a girl's father, mother, or brother asks a young man to come to the house.

We've heard of a woman who said she'd walk five miles to get a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription if she couldn't get it without. That woman had tried it. And it's a medicine which makes itself felt in toning up the system and correcting irregularities as soon as its use is begun.

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But if you shouldn't feel the help, should be disappointed in the results—you'll find a guarantee printed on the bottle-wrapper that'll get your money back for you.

How many women are there who'd rather have the money than health? And "Favorite Prescription" produces health. Wonder is that there's a woman willing to suffer when there's a guaranteed remedy in the nearest drug store.

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The purpose of this Department is to bring the members of the Order of The King's Daughters and its President into closer relations by personal and familiar "Talks" and "Chats." All letters from the "Daughters," bearing upon this one and special purpose *only*, should be addressed to MRS. BOTTOME, care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, and she will be glad to receive them. Please do *not*, however, send letters to MRS. BOTTOME concerning membership in the Order, or business communications of any nature. All such should be addressed direct to the headquarters of the Order, 47 West Twenty-second street, New York city, and prompt attention will be given.

HEART TO HEART TALKS



WE were entering the New York harbor, last autumn, on our return from Europe, when I noticed people walking the deck that I had not seen before, and remarked it to a friend at my side. She replied: "Why, the rope is down." They were second-class passengers. During the voyage a rope had been drawn across the deck, and they were on one side of the rope; we on the other. But we were entering the harbor now, and in that moment I saw other ropes, and the time when the ropes would be down.



A THOUGHT FOR THE OPENING YEAR

IT is not only on ocean steamers that there are first and second-class passengers. A great many on the sea of life are in the second cabin, and the rope on deck is up. What a rope money makes! But the time is coming when the rope will be down. It will make 1891 the grandest year in your life, dear daughters, if you will start on the New Year with this thought: I am never greater than I am in God's sight. Get His estimate of greatness, and you will have no difficulty. If you have an old book called the Bible, find out for yourselves. It was said of the forerunner of Christ, "He shall be great in the sight of the Lord." Aim at this. Not great in the sight of people. Time is too short for that. We shall soon be going into the harbor and earth's poor distinctions vanish there. Don't think so much of the rope that divides you here, but think of what separates from God.



HOW TO HAVE A HAPPY YEAR

I FEEL for the people who say: "Why should they have all and I none?" The contrasts in life are very sharp and very painful. But, dear Daughters of our King, you know our glory is not in things but in character. The King's Daughter is all glorious within, and this glory is lasting. All else will fade and pass away. Will you not this coming year think less of what money would do than of what it cannot do? I see so much that it cannot do. I used to look at the second-class passengers on our steamer, and say, "Well, they have the same blue sky above them, the sea is no rougher for them than for us, and they will get over just as soon, on the homeward voyage." I admired the way they arranged their chairs. They placed them with their backs to the rope. They turned their backs on us, and before we reached the shore I heard one and another say, "Well, the second-class passengers have a much happier time than we." They had music, we had none. They sang on deck during the moonlight hours and we used to go and hear them. They might have made themselves unhappy because they were not first-class passengers and we were, but they did not.

It may seem a little thing to ask you, dear sisters, to think more of the time when the rope will be down that divides you from so much here; instead of looking at the rope and asking why things should be as they are; but it will make all the difference between your having an unhappy or a happy New Year.



LOOKING INTO FRESH FACES

I WANT to extend a hearty welcome to the new members of our Sisterhood, who have come into our Order through this department in the JOURNAL. You have come so fast and stand now a great crowd beside me, so that I must ask old friends to wait for words to them, while I greet our new sisters of the silver cross—The Daughters of our King—and you have come to serve! I like to look in imagination at your young hands, your fresh faces, and it makes me young again to think of you and all that your young womanhood is to be and do. You will let me tell you over and over that the greatest service is to be. There will be no trouble about the acting out in some way your lovingness, your tenderness, your spirit of helpfulness. What is within will come out. Many of you tell me you are at school-school-days! The preparation for harder school-days when girlhood has passed into womanhood, and the real hard lessons of life are to be learned. I am glad you have put on the cross—"the eternal emblem of self-sacrifice"—while young. I am glad of the eager questions that come to me, "What shall I do?" I like your impulsiveness. Noble, generous impulses yielded to, may lead you into usefulness you little dream of. I was reading a few days ago of Mrs. Booth, who died lately. She was a remarkable instance of noble impulse. General Booth

says: "Courage and high spirit were allied in her with a deeply loving, tender nature. Her heart was drawn to everything that was weak or suffering. Once when she was a little child she saw a prisoner being taken through the streets. A rough crowd pressed him in on all sides, mocking his misfortunes and jeering at his trouble. For a moment she stood motionless, then the tears welled up in her eyes and breaking away from the person who was with her, she made her way through the throng and placed herself by the prisoner's side. "He seemed so lonely and there was no one to comfort him," was the explanation she gave afterwards. Suppose she had repressed this impulse, would the great movement which lately hailed her as the "Mother of the Army" ever have been hers? So true is it that "destiny lies at the cradle's foot."



CAN CHILDREN JOIN OUR ORDER?

AND this brings to my mind the question that has been asked me so many times, and still it comes: Can little children join the Order? The most hopeful part of our work as I see it, is the army of children that are coming in, and the Order is so simple a little child can understand it.

Oh, the blessed children who take in the essence of the thing, that it means to be like Jesus. Yes, bring your children or your Sunday-school children, and train them in the Christ-life, which is ever the life of unselfish love. Gather the children of the rich and the children of the poor.

Yesterday I met the daughter of a very honored name in the city of New York, and she said—"Mrs. Bottome, I have put on the cross." I said, "And what are you going to do in His name?" She said she had gathered a number of very poor children who lived in wretched tenement houses, and she wanted me to give her some ideas what to do and what to have them do. I found out that she was teaching them that little children of the King must be clean in body; and the mother of one of them told my young friend that she found her little girl one morning cleaning her nails with the scrubbing brush! Do you think this a small thing? Do you know what habits of cleanliness will save from? My friend had made a practical use of "Blessed are the pure in heart." She had told them that it meant pure in body as well. As great a man as John Wesley said that "cleanliness was next to godliness."



WHAT MONEY FAILED TO DO

I KNOW of a young girl, the daughter of wealthy parents, who could not be cured of a habit of not putting things in their right places. The father told her mother to offer her a large sum of money a month if she would be thoughtful and tidy; but it was of no avail. At last the child heard one tell all about the King's Daughters, and she said to her mother, "I am going to join." When her mother asked her what work she would do, the answer was "You shall see." The mother's habit was to go in and kiss the child good-night after she had gone to bed. So, as usual, she went in that night, but to her surprise the child had her wrapper on and was busy at fixing her wardrobe. "Now, mamma," she exclaimed, "You can see my work as one of The King's Daughters. And sure enough the gloves were in one place, pocket handkerchiefs in another, all her clothes she had brushed and hung up as had not been her habit before; and so what money had failed to do the wearing of the little cross had accomplished.



THE DOINGS OF LITTLE THINGS

AS long as I live to speak or write to the Daughters in our Order, I shall emphasize the doing of little things. That alabaster box of ointment, the washing of the dear, tired feet, all the stories told by our King himself in our New Testament, must not be lost on us. Nothing is small if we could see aright. O, how the little omissions of what you might have done for your precious mother will come up before you, after your mother has gone from earth, and the hot tears will spring to your eyes, and you will think, if not say, "Oh, if I had her back I would be more thoughtful!" Ah, be thoughtful now! I said something like this once to some young people, and there was a lovely girl present wearing the cross, who was deeply touched. On her return home, to her mother's great surprise, she threw her arms around her mother's neck, exclaiming: "Mrs. Bottomesaid we might not have our mothers long. Oh, mother, don't die till I have been thoughtful!" The mother laughed and told her she thought she was likely to live some time. Not long after as the mother unbuttoned her boots to put on her slippers, her daughter jumped up exclaiming: "Oh, mother, let me put on your slippers." A year after that I met the mother of that

girl in a railway train, and she said to me: "I thought my daughter was always lovely, but for the last year she has been perfect; her thoughtfulness of me is something wonderful." And then she added: "Go on teaching our daughters to be thoughtful of their mothers."

I think now I have answered the question—Can children come into the Order? And let me say just here that a bit of royal purple is just as much a badge as the little silver cross. One of our daughters has a circle in "The Home for the Friendless," and the little girls have their bit of purple on their uniform apron. One day a little girl had been at work, and my young friend said to her: "You are a little girl to work so hard." The child touched her badge, and answered, "I do it in His name."

Be patient, dear sisters, our new sisters, we will tell you as far as we are able what you want to know, but heed what the Editor has kindly put to help you get all the information you ask at the top of our page.

Again welcoming you into our Sisterhood of Service "In His Name," I hope you will join me in one of my favorite prayers:

"To be made with Thee one spirit
Is the boon that I longing ask;
To have no bar twist my soul and thine,
My will to echo the will Divine;
Myself Thy servant for any task.
Life! Life! I may enter through Thee the door,
Saved, sheltered, forevermore!"

A GLORIOUS KIND OF SLAVERY

WOULD you not be surprised if I should address you this month as "Dear Servants"? Perhaps some of you would say, "She is not talking to us this time, for we are not servants." But I am going to tell you something that is very real to me: Our true nobility lies in serving. Listen to these words from one of the grandest men that ever lived: "I, Paul, the servant of Jesus Christ." Now servant meant slave.

Did you ever really love any one with the intensity of your whole nature? Then you know something of what I am going to talk about. I heard it said to my mother over and over: "You make yourself a slave to those children." Yes! she was a slave to us, but it was the slavery of love. Now you are saying "Oh, I can understand that!" Well, what I desire that we should see is that we can become likewise servants—slaves of Jesus Christ. As He is represented in all humanity we cannot be one hour without the opportunity for service. The post of honor is "servant of all"; "your servant for Jesus' sake." We must specially show this service in our families. It is much easier to be a servant to the church, or a servant to society, than a servant to one's own family. I heard of one of our King's Daughters being so thoughtless and selfish at home, making such a "time" in getting off to some meeting, that they were all glad when she had gone. That daughter was not a true servant, as Jesus used the word; otherwise she would have made a good impression at home first. The trouble is down at the roots; we must get to know the real meaning of servants of Jesus Christ; not servants of our families; but servants in our families. I think as an Order we have just touched the edge of this truth in our motto "In His Name," but we must go down deeper. Only think what the Disciples could have done. But He has said "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of one of these, ye did it unto me."



THE LESSON OF A LITTLE WAIF

I TOOK a little forsaken baby in my arms the other day, and looked down into the beautiful blue eyes. Its father had left it, and its mother had given it up, so it was only God's child! And there was a meaning to me in the words I had never seen before—"The Father of the fatherless." Only think what a difference it would make if we could only realize this truth: "Ye do it unto me." I think if I had my babies back, that have "gone into men," I would hold them as if I held that Holy Child, who purified and uplifted all childhood. I used now and then to have glimpses of this truth, but I should have been less weary many and many a time, had I always realized it.



ONE NEED OF WOMEN

ONE need of our women to-day is to have their services more appreciated. A homely illustration of this fact comes to me as I write. I knew a woman once who never prepared a certain "dish" after her husband died. One day her children said, "Mother, you haven't made so-and-so for a long time." She smiled a sweet, sad smile, and answered, "No! I miss a voice saying 'Mary, no one can make this equal to you.'" O yes, we need to be praised. And as sure as we become a servant of Jesus Christ, down, deep within, we shall have what we need, the consciousness that He is pleased with us, and then life will be worth living, and never till then with many women!



WHEN LIFE IS LOVE AND LOVE IS LIFE

THERE is no better definition of life than love, and no better definition of love than life. With many the life spring is broken, the motive to do has gone, and though they go on it is a treat-mill affair after all. What we mean by our Order, by recognizing ourselves as Daughters of The King, is not to take on more work (may-be you have more than enough now) but to lift the work into connection with the Master. I have said this before and expect to say it again; it will be precept upon precept. We have had too wide a divorce between our common and everyday life and the God we profess to serve. We have thought too much of service as merely connected with the church. Make a service of all you have to do.

OUR LITTLE CROSS IN THE HOME

A YOUNG mother said to me "I would like to join the Order but I have two babies, and I must take care of them." "Well," I said "you have your work that is certain." She thought joining the Order made it necessary to belong to a circle or to form a circle. When I said to her, "Do you feel the need of patience?" her eyes filled as she replied, "Oh, yes, I have so little." "Then I would put on the cross to help me to be patient and to remind me that the Father says, 'Be patient with my children,' for they are God's children."

I am glad of all the service that is being done; of all the tenement housework; the growing nurseries, and kindergartens for the poor; but after all it is the work He has given you to do that is to be done. And instead of being public servants He may call you to be servants in the family. You have your field of service, and you know that the work of The King's Daughters is the duty lying nearest to you. So anywhere and everywhere be able to say with St. Paul: "I, the servant of Jesus Christ."

Margaret Bottome

- When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
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- When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
- When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

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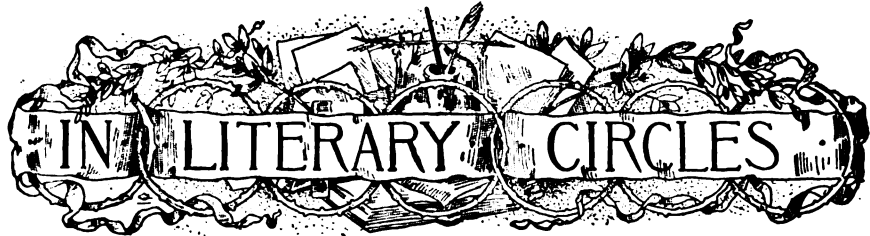
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"RETURNED, WITH THANKS"

By JOEL BENTON



NE of the most pathetic things in the relation subsisting between editor and contributor, is found in the brief, but expressive legend—"Returned, with thanks." To the literary aspirant who is just beginning what he hopes will prove a remunerative, if not a famous career, it comes as a stunning shower-bath, dashing his pretty dream to the ground, and sometimes deterring him from further pursuit of it.

That he who writes will be sensitive is not only certain; it is also a voucher, for one part at least, of the successful author's endowment. For the literary choir is not less irritable and discordant over things that yield dissatisfaction than is the musical one, concerning which this condition has been condensed into a proverb.

But editors do not wish to be cruel or hard-hearted, however much they may seem so to the unpurged and unfledged writer. The very best and most famous of them have often told me that one of the saddest and most thankless duties they have to perform, is to return a contribution that for some good reason does not prove to be available.

It is not you, Ralph, or you, Rebecca, he has said in effect, that are necessarily at fault. Doubtless your piece is of the very best description, and we publish often, as you so feelingly alledge, those no better, or not so good. But then, there are reasons and reasons which you would soon see if you were the editor.

It is a mistake, then, for the literary aspirant to imagine that his returned manuscript has committed any offence, or that his muse, if he has strided Pegasus, cannot soar. What he must do is to sail forth with it again and again, until it reaches a favored port, which it will surely do if it has the requisite merit, somewhere and at some date.

Does the literary aspirant suppose that the great names in authorship, whose fame is now secure and whose emolument he would fain covet for his own wares, were not also baffled as he is by "Returned, with thanks?" If he does, he supposes wrongly. These are words that were as familiar to Thackeray and Carlyle as they are to you.

Carlyle had treatment of the same sort. Upon his articles when used, even Jeffrey employed an editorial surgery of cutting out and writing in, that would have irritated a much less sensitive writer than he was.

Any number of writers besides these, both English and American, have seen their best

work ornamented by "Returned, with thanks." The decision it implies, therefore, is not necessarily a critical one at all. It may be critical, but the chances are that it is not. Only the other day, in speaking of poetry, the editor of one of our most famous magazines said to me: "You would be surprised to see the kind of poems I reject, and the number of them."

A friend of mine who writes well for various periodicals, keeps all the editorial refusals that have come to him in a special scrap-book. This may promote humility, or, if not that, good humor. It shows, at any rate, that the refusal is no cause for chagrin or discouragement.

LITERARY * QUERIES *

Under this heading, the EDITOR will endeavor to answer any possible question concerning authorship and literary matters.

M. J. R.—Mrs. Augusta Evans Wilson's books are published by Mr. G. W. Dillingham, West Twenty-third street, New York city.

NELLIE—Place the matter in the hands of some gentleman friend and let him correspond with the editor.

TIMID—All manuscripts accepted by THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL are paid for at the time of acceptance. The printed receipt card will, of course, not be sent where request is made to that effect, but no other form of acknowledgement can be made.

JOE—(1) Lord Tennyson's address is Isle of Wight England; the postage is five cents. (2) Have not space to answer your question. (3) Write to the congressman from your State.

MRS. G. A. G.—We have no sketch of the authoress you mention at our command.

S. K. R.—Write to the editor of "Treasure Trove," New York city, and he may assist you as you wish. The most complete list of periodicals which pay for what they accept, can be found in a book entitled "Periodicals Which Pay Contributors," by Eleanor Kirk. The JOURNAL can supply it for \$1.00.

MRS. M. E. P.—The right of translating any published book is open to any person. When the author is living, translators will frequently seek the desired permission which is, as a rule, generally extended. The JOURNAL publishes no translations whatever.

INQUIRER—Mrs. A. D. T. Whittier's "Homespun Yarns" contains, probably, the stories best suited to very young readers of any that she has written. Then would follow the "Real Folks" series, L. E., Leslie Goldthwaite, her famous "We Girls," "Real Folks," and "Other Girls." Next would come "Faith Gartney's Girlhood." Her "Boys at Chequesset" is, of course, strictly a juvenile. These selections, I may add, are Mrs. Whittier's own choice.

MAUD E. B.—The lines you quote are by the poet Whittier.

W.—Any limit of time which is reasonable for an editor to keep a manuscript, cannot be set. Everything depends upon the number of manuscripts in hand, and, in fact, upon so many circumstances that any definition of time would be impossible. Mr. Bok cannot undertake to criticize manuscripts; he only reads with one purpose in view, and that the availability of a manuscript for the JOURNAL.

E. B. F.—It is best always to leave the price of a manuscript to the editor. Attach your name and address in every case. Newspapers, like magazines, pay for all manuscripts which they accept.

S. L. H.—Will Carleton is not a *nom de plume*, but a proper name. A letter addressed care of the JOURNAL will be forwarded to him.

M. A. B.—It is always best, I think, to have but one manuscript in the hand of one editor at a single time. Unless peculiarly suited to the periodical which has your first manuscript under consideration, send the second to some other editor.

E. V.—The editor of "Literary Queries" has repeatedly said that answers cannot be given by mail. In reply to your questions: (1) There is no particular periodical for stories by young writers. (2) It is not necessary to omit a line between paragraphs. (3) Write in a clear hand, whether it be large or small; better still, have your manuscript copied by a type-writer.

S. G.—The periodical to which you refer, I happen to know personally, has hundreds of manuscripts accepted and paid for, in its safe awaiting publication. The editor has a perfect right to print your stories when it is most convenient. Very often manuscripts are not printed for five, six, eight and sometimes ten years after payment has been made. Never write to an editor asking when he is going to publish your story. As a rule, he has no more idea than you have.

S. G. S.—Munson's phonographic books can be obtained for you by any large bookseller.

Mrs. M. H. S.—I cannot now recall any published sketch of Celia Thaxter's life. Write to her publishers, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Company, of Boston.

SWEET VIOLET—A very excellent dramatic paper is "The Dramatic Mirror," published in New York city.

L. M. W.—Address a letter to Mrs. Rose Hartwick Thorpe, in care of the JOURNAL, and it will be forwarded to her. We can furnish you a copy of Eleanor Kirk's book, "Periodicals that Pay Contributors," for \$1.00, postage free.

AMY D. W.—The manuscripts received at the JOURNAL office are read by women and men alike—a regular staff, on which the sexes are about equally divided.

M. C.—There is no better guide, or a more invigorating stimulant, for a young writer than the magazine of the day. It represents what is best in modern literature, and three or four of them carefully read each month are the strongest and best literary tonics.

FRESH FLIGHTS OF FANCY FROM POETS WHO IN THESE BOOKS ARE AT THEIR BEST



VERY attractive in its handsome cover of green and gold, is Miss Edna Dean Proctor's revised and enlarged edition of her "Poems." Miss Proctor's verse is always fluent and correct, and is generally serious and dignified.

There are many fine poems in the present collection, and a strong religious feeling is evident throughout the volume. It is a devout, hopeful and helpful religion, too, the very best kind. The influences apparent in the author's charming "Russian Journey," have inspired many of her poems as well, and some of these are among her best. Altogether the book is a notable one.

We are all of us babies, big or little, and this is why every one must welcome Mrs. Laura E. Richards' book of child verses—"In My Nursery." Here may be found something to please all tastes, from the little tot of two to the big baby of ever so many times that age, for he can dip into this lovely book with a delight as keen as that of his youngest child.

GENIUS is a pretty big word to apply to a modern writer, but Eugene Field deserves it. His little "Book of Western Verse" gives evidence of this quality in more than one instance. "Little Boy Blue" is one of the sweetest, tenderest child poems ever written. "To a Usurper," "Mother and Child," and the several "Lullabies" show the deep love for children which is so seldom adequately expressed in verse.

WHILE Longfellow's master-poem—"The Song of Hiawatha"—can scarcely be classed as a "fresh flight of fancy," yet this poem by the favorite of all American poets has never seemed so fresh as when it comes to us in its new and magnificently illustrated dress. To no more skillful or sympathetic pencil could the illustration of this poem have been entrusted than to that of Mr. Frederick Remington, and that artist has certainly done his work well.



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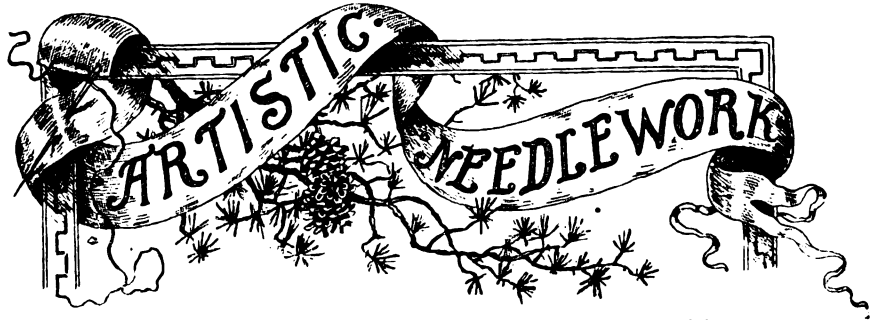
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EDITED AND CONDUCTED BY MARY F. KNAPP.

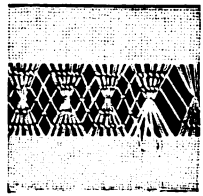
STUDIES IN DRAWN WORK—NO. III

(Continued from October number)

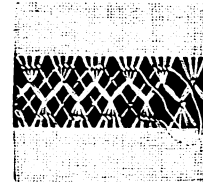
By SUSIE G. SOUTHERLAND



ONING on with our study we reach the point where we must learn to do without the straight thread through the middle of our work. It has been a great help, this dividing line, for if made right in the first place the rest of the pattern could not go very far askew. Perhaps No. 9 will be better than any other to try first without our old guide. Each group of six strands is tied firmly in the centre, as we have learned before, only on the wrong side in this case, and the working thread is carried up to the margin and down to the next group to be fastened, and so on across the frame. It might be easier, after trying each group, to cut off the thread, but that would leave raw ends which would be sure to show. There is nothing else about No. 9, I think, that needs explanation.



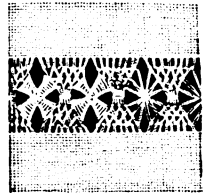
NO. 9



NO. 10

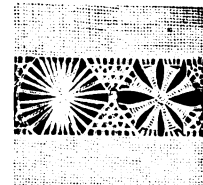
and working threads, it can be made as wide as you will, and this can be said of very few other drawn-work patterns.

No. 11 is merely a modification of No. 9, the groups containing eight strands instead of six, and the working threads crossing at one point instead of at right angles, as in No. 9. It is one of those patterns that look well on any material, and may be made almost any width not over four inches.



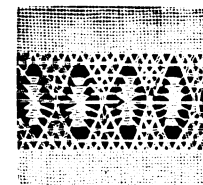
NO. 11

I would try drawing out a space about two inches wide for a sample. You see I am taking it for granted you have followed my advice about a sample. If I had not my own before me as I write, I should not be able to instruct you at all; for while I might still have a dim and general idea of drawn-work and might be able to do some pretty, haphazard work, I should long since have forgotten the numbers of inches and knots and strands.



NO. 12

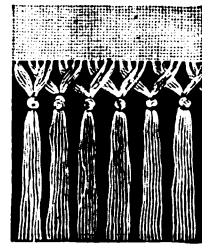
No. 12 brings us to something more difficult, but which amply repays any time and skill spent in learning it, as it is the most showy work we have considered. It is essentially a design for light, open-meshed material, such as linen scrim, and is never entirely satisfactory on heavier linen. I call No. 12 showy, but it cannot be made very wide, not much over two inches, and is always supplemented by something simple and narrow on each side. The great fault I find with people who try to learn No. 12 is that they are determined to make it wide, the effect is spoiled and the pretty wheel—anything but a wheel. But to go back for a little explanation. I take for granted we have a space about two inches drawn out, and groups of eight strands separated and tied firmly. Before this we have worked in the space between each two groups, but now, you will see by the illustration, we skip with our working threads entirely over each alternate group. No. 12 shows how this is done, and also how the wheel looks when finished. I need not explain that the spokes of the wheel are made by darning back and forth.



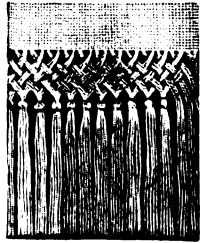
NO. 14

and also how the wheel looks when finished. I need not explain that the spokes of the wheel are made by darning back and forth.

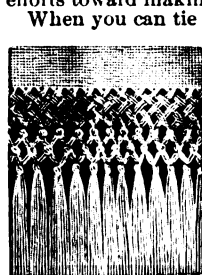
Nos. 13 and 14 I introduce without explanation, just to show you how almost every design is susceptible of endless variation according to the ingenuity, taste and fabric used by each individual worker. Doubtless there are others which THE HOME JOURNAL readers would wish added to these; but the scope of my plan in preparing these papers, only permits me to give such instruction as shall enable you to copy other designs you may come across elsewhere. And now just a word about fringes. The manner of preparing work that is to be fringed out has been described in the first of these articles. No. 15 shows the simplest kind of knotted fringe. No. 16 a plain woven fringe, and No. 17 a popular combination of the two. If you will use a crochet needle to draw the strands through in weaving or knotting, you can work much more quickly than without its use. Begin always at the right hand side of your work, follow carefully every detail of the pattern you are copying, and bend all your efforts toward making the rows of knots even.



NO. 15

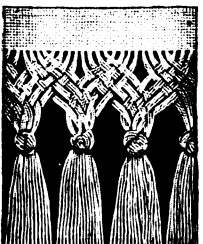


NO. 16



NO. 17

When you can tie a row straight across your work, and can do plain weaving well, then, but not before, try No. 18. In this the fringe is divided into groups of eight strands, and each group is woven into a square. Going back to the beginning weave a second row of squares below the first, and tie this group into a hard knot. That makes the broken-looking weaving just above each tassel. These tassels may be long or short, half a finger or quarter of a yard in depth, according to the article they are designed to ornament.



NO. 18

There are hundreds of other fringes, just as there are many other drawn-work designs. I have given these particular patterns because they seemed to me specially useful to beginners.

A neat and serviceable scarf for a butler's tray may be made of heavy butcher's linen, hemstitched on its two sides and fringed according to any one of the above designs.

An Ornamental Twine Bag

TWO shades of any pretty ribbon, one-and-a-half inch wide. It requires three-fourths of a yard of each shade. Then cut into nine-inch lengths and fringe deeply one end; then sew the ribbon together, lengthwise, all but two inches of the end. Gather the ribbon at the top below the fringe and again at the bottom, leaving the two inches free. Leave a small opening in the bottom to let the twine through. Open the ball of twine from the centre; hang up by baby ribbon same shade as one of the colors used. The bottom may now be finished with fringe also, or turned up at ends to form points and bangles fastened to the point.

A Pretty Ribbon Rattle

THIS very pretty and attractive rattle is made of six vari-colored, feather-edged ribbons, one quarter of a yard long and three-eighths of an inch wide each. We would suggest light blue, light pink, white, dark red, cherry, and corn, which harmonize well.

Of one of these shades, say light-blue, buy one yard extra for the handle, which is a rounded stick about one quarter of a yard long, and as thick as your small finger. Wrap the stick with this ribbon and fasten at one end with a brass-headed tack, that should just cover the end.

Take the piece of ribbon and turn each end into a point, then sew a small, brass, fancy-work bell on each end—twelve in all. Another tack completes the rattle. Put these six pieces of ribbon on the tack, piercing them, some in the middle and some of unequal length, then drive the tack into the unfinished end of the stick, thus making everything secure and safe for baby. The entire cost of this dainty little plaything is only about thirty cents. E. A. K.

NOVELTIES FOR THE NEEDLE

THE Editor gives below a few little things of woman's handiwork which she believes to have the merit of freshness as well as of pretty effect, if made according to directions.

A Fancy Chair-Scarf

A FANCY scarf, such as are sometimes used in millinery, makes a centre for a very pretty tidy or "throw." The prettiest are those woven with tinsel effects. They are about a yard long and five inches wide. The tidy requires, beside the scarf, twice its length in plain satin ribbon three inches wide. Peacock-blue combines well with the tinsel, and some gold-colored embroidery-silk or tinsel-cord. Fasten the ribbon with invisible stitches on either edge of the scarf, following the joining with feather-stitching, if desired. In each of the four ends of the ribbon, work a design with tinsel cord, or a vine-like spray in coral, or feather-stitch with gold-colored silk. Fringe the ends. O. E. D.

Pretty Table-Scarf

TAKE one-half yard of dark-colored felt—seal brown or dark-green is pretty—make flowers on each end as follows: Cut strips of card-board (old match-boxes are best) the shape that you want the stem. If you want a vine, cut the board in the shape of a vine, square at each end and hardly one-eighth of an inch wide. Now, wrap this strip with green zephyr quite thick (as thick as a machine will sew through), lay it on the felt and sew through it on the machine with a short stitch, being careful to sew in the centre of the stem. After it is sewed, draw the sewing-thread through to the wrong side, and tie to keep the zephyr from raveling or pulling out. With sharp scissors clip the zephyr right on the edge of the card-board, the machine-needle having cut the board through the middle it will come in two pieces which you can pull out very easily; the zephyr ought to fluff up so the machine stitches will not be seen. With the scissors shingle the stem till it is even and regular. To make the leaves and petals of the flowers, use the zephyr the same as for the stems, only cut the board wider and always a square at each end. To make the round centre of the flowers, cut board square, and wrap the same as above, mixing in a little tinsel. Bright bits of rags and strings (either cotton or wool) torn fine, will make pretty rugs used the same way. Hope some one will try it and see how pretty. ALICE.

Shopping or Knitting Bag

A SHOPPING or knitting bag is something the use of which will soon prove its value. Seven-eighths of a yard of plain tinted satin, twenty inches wide, will be needed for the foundation of the bag. The centre square is of stiff canvas or buckram, covered with plush or silk, with embroidered bands, or an arabesque done in outline. This is stitched to the centre of the satin foundation. The bag is lined with thin silk, or it may be left without lining and joined at the sides with a drawn cord effect. The hems are deeply turned at the top, and a casing for double ribbons put in to draw the whole together. For a shopping bag, the colors should be dark-brown or gray, embroidered with yellow silk or gold thread. An open canvas for the square to be worked with cross-stitch, can be bought at the art stores, and also small leather handles, or straps, which are fastened to the canvas. The bag should be made a good size, or it loses its purpose, as the receptacle for the many little packages that accumulate in a shopping tour, too small to be sent, but with a provoking habit of slipping away without notice. In a work-bag the colors can be brighter. Gold satin, with a centre piece made of the oblong Turkish pieces, richly embroidered on Turkish canvas, or blue, with the Oriental squares in blue and pink, are beautiful combinations.

A "Checker-Board" Pincushion.

TAKE a piece of muslin twelve inches square, and mark it off into sixteen three-inch squares.

For the top take a half yard of shrimp pink surah and one quarter of a yard of dark green velvet. Cut the velvet into eight three-inch squares and buttonhole-stitch the edges with arasene or rope silk, the same shade as the silk. Next, cut the silk into eight six-inch squares and immediately whip the edges to prevent raveling. There must be eight of these squares also. Sew the silk squares on the squares marked out, fulling in the edges to make them fit, being careful to sew exactly on the pencil lines or a little outside.

Begin at one corner to put the silk squares on, and keep on across to the opposite end of the muslin square or groundwork. Now you will have a row of pink puffs diagonally across the groundwork.

On each side of the two centre puffs, corner to corner, put another one. This will use the remaining four and you will have eight pink puffs, each touching the corner of some other one.

Now sew the velvet squares in the blank places between the puffs, adjusting them carefully so as to cover the edges of the silk. This finishes the top, and resembles a checker-board in design.

For the bottom take a square of chamois, about fifteen inches square.

Pink the edges and make a little knot in each scallop with pink arasene or silk. Lay the top on the wrong side of the chamois and make a light pencil mark around the edge as a guide in sewing together.

When fastened together this will leave an edge of the chamois about three inches deep. A bow of pink and green ribbons may be added at the corners which have no puffs. CENTERVILLE, Ia. ALICE COLLE.

WORK BOX QUERIES

[Under this heading, I will cheerfully answer any question I can concerning Artistic Needlework sent me by my readers.]

MARY F. KNAPP.]

E. C. S.—Work initials for hat crown on satin, using two strands—or threads—of flosselle. Cut a round, large enough to stamp initials, the size you wish. Then cut a band of the satin—straight or cross-wise as you like—and fill it on to the round piece. Place it in the hat and slip the band up under the sweat-band of the hat.

ADDIE M. YOUNG, Dixon, Ill.—You will find "Lamb's Knitting Machine" to do excellent work.

H. J. B.—You will find directions for hem-stitching handkerchiefs or dollies in the August number of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. With the aid of one of our stamping outfits you can stamp the initial wanted in one corner, and embroider it in either laid work, or in outline stitch, as you may prefer.

SUBSCRIBER, New York city.—You will find directions for crocheted long purse, with steel beads, in book No. 1, "Reliable Patterns." (25 cents). For sale by THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

H. L. M.—You will find directions for knitted slippers in two colors, in Book No. 1, "Reliable Patterns."

MAY.—To make a black satin bag, buy one half yard of satin, and double it widthwise. Use it with thin lining silk. Turn down a hem three inches and a half at top of bag, and fill it on to the lining. Run a welt, just above the felling, for draw-string.

ALICE.—To make wax for thread, buy ten cents worth of white wax, and a quarter of a yard of red ribbon one quarter of an inch wide. Melt the wax, and pour it into a thimble that has been dipped in cold water. Double the ribbon and put the whole end into the melted wax; let the wax harden, then tie a bow with the ends, about two inches from the wax.

SUBSCRIBER.—To make an orange twine ball, use Germantown wool, and medium-size steel knitting-needles. Cast up 28 stitches and knit 64 purls. Twice across make 2 purls. Sew the piece together, gather one end for the bottom, slip the ball of twine in with the end through the small opening. Gather top of piece. Cut 4 leaves out of olive felt, vein them in outline-stitch with crewel same color as the felt. Fasten them on the top of the ball. You can twist a cord out of the crewel to imitate the stem, and make a loop of cord to hang it up by.

M. L.—To purrl or seam: bring the thread forward, put the right hand needle through the front part of the stitch instead of the back part, then bring the thread round the needle (forward) and knit the stitch. When done purrling, put the thread back.

JENNIE.—To make a round watch-chain. Four ounces of small black beads, and 4 skeins of purse-twist are required. The amount of material varies according to the length. Thread the beads first. Make a chain of 7 stitches, join. Work round the ring in s.c. taking up a bead each time. Thus: insert the crochet hook in st, then push up a bead close to the work. Now draw the silk through the st. In this way the bead is kept tight. Continue on with these rounds until your chain is long enough. Attach a black swivel at the end where the chain is joined together. These are pretty chains for mourning.

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HOW I WRITE MY STORIES

BY OLIVER OPTIC



REGARDING this title as a sort of conundrum addressed to me, I am inclined to guess it by replying that if I have a story to write, I write it. I have no inflexible rules; I use no machinery but a typewriter; and have no patent apparatus of any kind for laying the foundation of the story.



OLIVER OPTIC

I am entirely willing to give the "modus operandi" of "How I Write My Stories," so far as there is any "modus" about it. I fancy that mine is substantially the same method that others use.

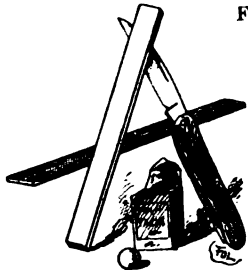
When I have to write a story I sit down and think. I may or may not have some idea as a basis of the plot. The publisher may have told me that he wanted a story on a certain subject, as the War of the Rebellion. Then the inventive power is so far circumscribed. But generally I am entirely free to follow the leadings of my own imagination.

I have been writing stories for forty years, and have the plot-books I have used for nearly all of that time, including all my books. I transfer to this book the names of the characters. With each one of them I have associated the part he is to play in the story.

I have before me the plot-book and a schedule in which appears each chapter and the page on which it begins and ends. I know where I am all the time, and my difficulty is not to stuff out these chapters, but to condense within the space allowed to each.

A CLEVER HOME-MADE TOY

BY GEORGE FOLSOM



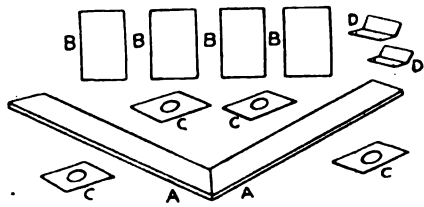
FEW evenings ago when the "mechanic" of the house was, in the opinion of the younger members of the family, doing nothing but thinking—an operation which, important as it may be to a grown person, is always associated with idleness in a youngster's mind—there suddenly arose a demand from the three younger members for a new plaything.

Although Jack's thoughts were very important ones just at this time, he tucked them away for future consideration and prepared to humor the boys.

Taking a pencil and a piece of paper he marked out the figures shown on our diagram, lettering them A, B, C and D.

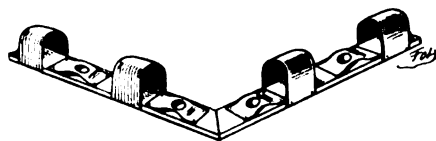
"Now boys," said he, "if one of you will prepare two smooth pieces of wood, each of them ten inches long, and one and a half inches wide, while another heats the glue, I will show you how to make a plaything which will afford you considerable amusement.

When everything was prepared, Jack cut one end of each of the sticks and mitred them together as they do a picture frame, so that they formed what may be described as two sides of a square. These are shown in the



diagram, and marked A. He now cut out four pieces of card, two by three inches (see B), and two pieces the same width as the pieces of wood (see D), and four pieces C, with a round hole about three-quarters of an inch in diameter in the centre of each.

"Now boys," said Jack, "get one of your agates, or a large marble, and we will see how the plaything works. Tom, who is the eldest of you, can have the first chance at it. First of all, Tom, place your marble in one of the end hoops, and take hold of the frame where the two pieces join; now let your marble come down as far as the first hill, and catch it in the hole. Then incline your frame slightly, so the marble will start again, and when it comes down to the second hill catch it in that hole. Now start it again, and have it turn the



corner—a proceeding which will require a very steady hand, Tom—and catch it in the third hole. In this way get it down to the end hoop, and then take it back to where it started from. Your marble will fall to the floor a great many times before you accomplish this, Tom, but practice will enable you to do it astonishingly quick."

After Tom had failed repeatedly, Jack did the trick at the third trial, and probably the younger boys are trying it yet, at intervals between supper time and bed time. Any bright boy can make this little plaything without its costing him a penny, and if he has a steady hand and a quick eye he can manage to successfully traverse what we have given the appropriate, but not copyrighted, title of "The hard road to travel."

A SIDE TALK WITH BOYS

BY THEIR EDITOR

AM glad, boys, that you have made such a success of this page. The original idea was to have it appear in the JOURNAL every other month, but so remarkably have you shown your interest in it, that hereafter the page will be in this place every month. The JOURNAL boys have for a long time had no page of their own in the paper. Now, they have and will have. And it will be made the best and brightest in the JOURNAL. Just you see if it does not prove so.

A CHANCE TO MAKE \$10.

Let every JOURNAL boy read this question:

If the JOURNAL should make you a present of Ten Dollars (\$10.), to be used as spending money, what would you do with it? How would you spend it?

To the boy not older than nineteen years who will send in the best (that is, the most practical and most sensible) answer to this question, we will send a Ten Dollar bill.

All answers must be not longer than 200 words; shorter if possible—and be sent in by or before February 20th, 1891, when the prize will be sent to the winner. No answers received after that date will be considered.

The winning letter will be printed in the April number of the JOURNAL, as well as the next best five—although a prize will be given only to the writer of the first letter.

Be sure to write plainly, on one side of the paper; give your full name and address, and direct your letter carefully to Boys' Editor, THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, 433-435 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Free Dollars for the Journal Boys

To the first five boys sending the correct solution of this problem, between the dates of February 1st and February 15th, the JOURNAL will send each a new dollar bill for his trouble. All answers received before or after the two dates given will not be noticed. Names of winners in this problem will be printed on this page in the April JOURNAL.

Address PUZZLE EDITOR, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Missing Word.

Three men who met at East bes hotel for purpose of holding a sort of ological discussion, were great ologians of three different schools, so to speak. Aism Panism and osophy. As re was great difficulty experienced in reaching desired understanding, y reupon agreed to leave matter to wise man of East bes y refore left East bes hall and carried ir respective arguments to wise man n wise man who was very wise refused to settle matter or even orize being occupied with a odolite and fur more as he was a ocrat mes given were out of his line.

A WRITER who had sent his manuscript to the printer, suddenly recollected that he had left out one word in a certain passage. He wrote the printer of the omission, but did not tell him what the word was. The printer replied to the effect that he could not discover what was the missing word. The author then sent him the above letter with the remark that if he would go over it and see what word introduced into various parts of the letter would make sense of the whole, he would have the missing word for the manuscript.

Other problems, some easier and some more difficult, will be given in following issues of the JOURNAL. Look out for them, boys!

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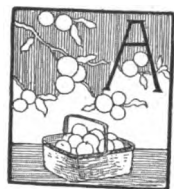
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FEEDING VERY YOUNG BABIES



YOUNG baby should not be fed for the first twelve hours, if possible. It does not require food, and it is a mistake to make it uncomfortable by overloading the delicate little stomach.

preparation to begin with, is good cow's milk, diluted with the same quantity of boiling water; three tablespoonfuls of one and three of the other is enough at first, sweetened with sugar of milk, which is very inexpensive.

If this is thrown up, smelling sour, or curdled, add one tablespoonful of lime-water. After three weeks, or a month, the quantity can be gradually increased and the proportion of water lessened, until at three months old, the child has pure milk. Half cream can be used from the first if the food does not seem to satisfy the baby.

Many of the artificial foods are good, and sometimes have to be tried one after the other when the digestion is delicate. If a child does not thrive, and cries perpetually, the food should be changed until something is found that does agree with it. Avoid giving any food too hot.

WHEN the front teeth have come, strained oatmeal gruel can be added to the milk twice a day. It can be made thin enough to pass through the rubber top, if a bottle is used.

AFTER six months a baby should be taught to take food from a spoon, in readiness for weaning, should the necessity arise. Milk can be used, or thicker oatmeal gruel.

A child should never be nursed for more than a year. If the mother is delicate, or her milk not sufficiently nourishing, the weaning may, with great advantage, be begun much earlier. Nine months is a good age to commence, if the child is well and it does not occur in the heat of summer when a change of food might disorder it.

IT need not be such a dreadful business if it is judiciously managed. If the child is accustomed to be nursed at regular intervals, as it should be, when the time comes feed it instead of nursing it. Perhaps only a few mouthfuls will be taken, or it may be refused altogether. Wait for an hour and try again. When the child is hungry it will take the proffered food, particularly if it has been accustomed to take water from a spoon. Feed it twice during the twenty-four hours, nursing it at the other times. The next day feed it three times and so on, gradually withdrawing the breast until it is entirely weaned.

WARM the food very slightly at first; soon it will take it cold. When babies are brought up with the bottle it saves an immense amount of trouble to have two or three filled with warm milk at night, and wrapped in a blanket. They are then ready for use when required without the trouble of heating the milk during the night.

WHEN a year old a child should have bread and milk, hominy, oatmeal porridge, a soft-boiled egg three times a week, cracked wheat, or any of the cereals; bread and butter, oatmeal bread and a little treacle, or molasses, if it likes it. When the double teeth are through it should have beef-steak, mutton-chops, or chicken finely-minced. The juice from rare roast beef, or mutton, on bread, is good for it. Baked or stewed apples, boiled custard, bread pudding, rice and stewed prunes, rice pudding, figs, etc., may be gradually added, as well as potato, and any well-prepared soup.

VARIETY in diet is desirable, but only wholesome articles of food should be given. Hot bread, pastry, uncooked fruit and vegetables, tea and coffee and rich-made dishes should be eschewed, as sure to disorder the digestion. A little pure candy is beneficial as a dessert after meals, and sugar should not be withheld.

IF there is constipation, give stewed prunes, baked apples, stewed figs, oatmeal and oatmeal bread for breakfast, with molasses instead of butter. When there is a tendency to diarrhoea, omit these and give rice boiled in milk, wheat bread, milk-toast, sago, or arrowroot, made with milk; cocoa made with half milk and half water, and let all milk to drink be boiled and allowed to become cold.

A VERY young baby should be fed every two hours, and oftener if it can take only a little at a time. When the food is made stronger, the intervals can be gradually lengthened until it is fed once in three hours. At a year old, when solid food is taken, the intervals can be slightly increased; but until a child can eat everything, it should have a lunch between breakfast and dinner. Feeding at night should be discontinued as soon as possible. A baby of three months old should not require food more than once in the night.

ELIZABETH ROBINSON SCOVILL.

A LULLABY

BY FLAVEL SCOTT MINES

Tiny rays of golden light Through the half-closed shutters stream, Shifting lines upon the night, Slender as the moon's first beam. Hearts are gladdened by the glow Shed upon the winter air, And a voice that's soft and low Steals from out the casement there.

Soft and low a mother sings To the baby on her breast; While the tender music brings Thoughts of loving hearts at rest. Years fly back; I look again Into two eyes sweet and deep; Hear a mother's low refrain—"Sleep, my little baby, sleep."

Pausing at the cottage gate, In the stream of golden light, For a little time I wait— Years have lived again that night. Days I thought had passed away, Came back to me with a sigh; Called up by a home-like ray, And a mother's lullaby.

Then the mother's sweet song dies; Through closed blinds I see the bed Where a sleeping baby lies— Smiling lips and curly head. Then a prayer I whisper low— Bless the little one unknown, For the sake of long ago— Then I go my way alone.

THE ECONOMY OF HAPPINESS

BY JANE ELLIS JOY



IT is so usual to associate economy with material things that one is in danger of forgetting that economic principles may be applied with equal advantage to matters of the mind and heart. This is too commonly the neglected realm in the jurisdiction of the busy American wife and mother.

Engrossed with economic measures to bring prosperity and happiness to her family, many a woman becomes too careless about her own comfort and convenience. She finds it easier to do without things that she wants than to ask for them; more congenial to serve herself, no matter how weary she may be, than to let her desires be known to husband, brothers or children. In fact, she reduces the habit of denying herself, to a kind of system, quite unaware meanwhile that in consequence happiness is slipping out of her life, and the sunshine leaving her face.

Such "economy" is a great mistake, and the pathetic part of it all is that it so often fails of its object. Indeed, it is a tolerably well established fact that the families of women who save everything except themselves, are more or less peevish, exacting and ill-natured.

Nor can this result be attributed altogether to ingratitude on the part of the subjects of mistaken kindness? Excessive unselfishness is inclined to react disastrously on the mind and temper of one who indulges in it. Especially is this true when those for whom sacrifices have been made, are undemonstrative in their appreciation. Human nature, it would seem, can only endure in silence to a limited extent. When the self-imposed burden becomes too heavy, or when consciousness becomes active, as it is almost sure to do sooner or later, the self-sacrificing wife, mother, or sister, economic of everything except her own heart's coin, realizes the vanity of her endeavor, and in her helplessness succumbs to irritability, super-sensitiveness, and other morbid states of mind that tend to make her presence anything but a pleasure to those with whom she comes in contact. She cannot make people happy: for happiness must be possessed before it can be bestowed.

"Zeus hates people who try to do too much," was a current saying among the Greeks, and there is a deep and sound wisdom beneath the apparent cruelty of the idea. Doing is not the whole of life, though so many people appear to think it is. We must be, as well as do, and often it is not so much what a mother can do for her children as what she can be to them.

Children are not naturally indifferent to kindness, or ungrateful for favors. If they become so, it is usually owing to the mistaken kindness of parents who ignore or discourage the first efforts of the little ones to reciprocate kindness. Mothers do well to accept all little offices of help, and to encourage by open and loving recognition every little kind act and word. Benevolence is developed in a child just as its intellectual faculties are developed—by appealing to it in a way to bring it into activity. The mother who never wants anything done for her, who thoughtlessly says "Never mind me," does not act for her child's true interest.



PATENT MEDICINES AND A WINTER WARDROBE

A young matron who is living far from her mother and relatives would like to have a few questions answered. Is the medicine called "Mother's Friend" a fraud? Would you advise its use? What are the necessary articles for an infant's winter wardrobe, the kind of material and the amount required?

Could such a wardrobe be bought ready made? And if not, I will be so thankful and no one knows how relieved if you would be so kind as to answer my questions. AN IGNORAMUS.

Patent medicines should be avoided, as their composition can not be known, and they may contain some ingredient that would be very injurious to the delicate stomach of a baby.

Will any of the members of the Mothers' Council supply the desired information for a home-made wardrobe?

Babies' clothing in every variety can be purchased at any large establishment for the sale of such articles, and price-lists will be furnished on application.

HOW TO REMOVE DANDRUFF

It is a very repulsive sight to see a baby well dressed and otherwise well cared for, with a black scurf of dandruff on its head.

The excuse so often is "I am afraid to remove it for fear of making the head sore or giving the baby cold." Just heretel me tell you a little of my experience which may help you. In the first place, its head should be soaped and washed as regularly as its body, and that should not be neglected for a single day, from the time of its birth. If dandruff begins to form in spite of the bath, oil it a little at bed time and by the next morning it will come off by using the fine comb very gently, as rough combing might injure the skin. I would use a little borax in the bath, if you have not very soft water. Have the water tepid. I hope these hints may help the mothers as they have helped me in keeping my eight little heads nice and sweet. MARY.

Compound camphor liniment, which can be purchased at any druggist's, will remove dandruff from the hair of older persons. It should be well rubbed in three times a week.

A REMEDY FOR STOOPING

I wish some one would tell me through this column what I can do for my little girls to make them straight. The oldest is seven, the other two years younger and both are inclined to stoop when they sit down; their shoulders will be rounded, I am afraid, if something is not done soon. I have tried one pair of shoulder-braces, but think they were not a very good kind. ALICE S.

SUNDAY OCCUPATIONS

A perplexed mamma, through the "Mothers' Council," asks for hints on Sunday occupations for the children. Perhaps my experience may be of some benefit to her. I am the mother of five ever-active children, and this matter has caused, and still causes, me much thought.

The question reminded me of something I have found interesting and helpful to my children, although my plans are not so elaborate. For six years so that it may not lose its interest. Take any Bible narrative, preparing yourself for it beforehand, and then help them to illustrate it in some way. Sometimes I spread an oil-cloth on the kitchen table, let them use sand, chalk, bits of trees, grass, etc., anything which may help to illustrate the lesson talked about. I am preparing such a lesson now on the cause of the defeat of some of the kings out of sticks covered with red and blue. I shall use the Sixth Chapter of Joshua, telling them it bears on what we are going to talk about tomorrow, and that I wish them to prepare for me during the day some of the things that I shall use in my lesson. This will lead them to be looking forward to something. Then, on Sunday morning, I shall read with them the Seventh Chapter of Joshua, and in the afternoon talk with them on the subject.

After (or during) our talk they will build Jericho with blocks, placing soldiers in the act of going around it, put up a tent, and something under one of them; then a pile of something to represent the silver and gold devoted to the Lord, and perhaps in the distance illustrating the flight of Rahab and her family from the city.

When one is in the habit of representing these Bible truths, it is easy to pick up here and there little things which will come in play, such as soldiers, toy trees and animals, which should always be put aside to be used on Sunday only. H. M.

SILK SCRAP PORTIERES.

Having just finished off two silk rag portieres, I can give some practical advice regarding their making. You will need one and one-quarter pounds of rags for each yard in length, one and one-fourth yards (forty-five inches) wide. Mine are three yards long. One yard at the lower part is formed of stripes of shades of red, blue, green and brown, with a mel of black, edged with yellow, and some tinsel between them; then a yard and a quarter of black; then a bright stripe, a black stripe, a bright stripe—and several inches of "hit or miss" which is sewed to the warp, and then cut out for fringe; it twists around and resembles chenille. Any silk, that is stout enough to wind when sewed, will do, and bits but a few inches long can be used with good effect. For the fringe, use light silk dresses or treasures, for they will "take" color—red, blue, yellow or orange—nicely. Some steel, with black lines through, give a good red stripe, checks of blue or black and white weave, as they are the object, indeed, is to have as many shades of a color and as many colors as possible, each in its own ball.

Cut selvages off. Velvets and satins must be run double, and with the wrong side out, for a stripe of mixed colors, sewed by themselves. Half an inch is about the width to cut the rags, unless they are very poor. My warp is red linen, and I paid sixty-five cents per yard for weaving, which included warp. It is a good firm piece of goods, not nearly as some I have seen. After weaving the curtains, each three yards long, the weaver made five strips of hit and miss, each a yard and a quarter long, to make fringe for edge of the curtain; it is tedious to make, but pays for the trouble, and would be suitable for table scarfs if desired. ROSAMOND E.

The Editor of the "Mothers' Council" has several circulars from different persons, who weave scrap portieres. If any one who wishes further information on this point will send her address and postage stamp to prepay reply, she will be glad to forward them.

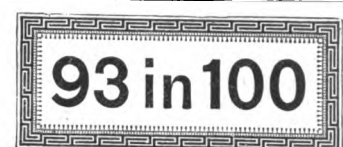
ANSWERED IN FIRST COLUMN ARTICLE

My baby is now thirteen months old. She still nurses the bottle, and I have fed her very little, but think she is now old enough to take something besides milk. Please tell me how to feed her, and when. She will not touch bread and milk, milk toast or oatmeal, but is very fond of soft-boiled egg. Is one egg a day too much to give her? ANXIOUS MOTHER.

CLEANING A BABY'S CLOAK

How can a baby's white cashmere cloak, embroidered in silk, be cleaned? A. B.

Buy powdered magnesia, which is very cheap, dip a clean rag in it, and rub the cloak well with it. Brush the powder off with a clean brush. Washing it in naphtha will cleanse it, but this is apt to turn the silk yellow.



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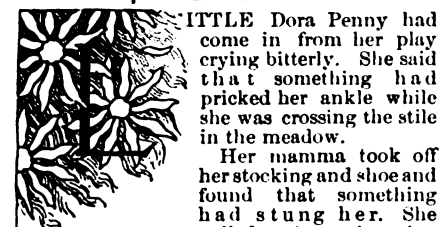
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GRANDPA'S HORNET'S-NEST

A TRUE STORY: BY KATE UPSON CLARK



LITTLE Dora Penny had come in from her play crying bitterly. She said that something had pricked her ankle while she was crossing the stile in the meadow.

Her mamma took off her stocking and shoe and found that something had stung her. She pulled a hornet's sting out, bound some soda on the place, and kept it wet for some time, taking the pain away.

Just as she was beginning to feel better, Annie Page, who lived in the next farmhouse to the Penny's, and was Dora's best little friend, came in. She said that her brother Bert had been stung while crossing the stile, too.

"There must be a hornet's nest down there," said Mrs. Penny. "You children had better keep away till the haying is over. Then we will get the men to smoke it out."

"Oh, why can't I smoke it out?" cried Robin, Dora's elder brother. He was nine, while Dora was eight, and there was a dear little sister of five, whom they called Daisy.

"Yes," piped Daisy, on hearing Robin's enthusiastic cry, "I want to 'smoke out the hornet's nest with Robin.'"

They all laughed, even Dora, who was feeling quite comfortable by this time.

"I shouldn't think of letting you do such a thing!" exclaimed Mrs. Penny to Robin, while she smoothed Daisy's little head.

"Oh, dear!" pouted Robin, "I can do it just as well as the men."

"It is absurd!" returned his mother, "Why, people get stung to death by hornets sometimes."

"Oh," put in grandpa Penny at this point, "I don't think Robin and I should get stung to death if we undertook to smoke out a hornet's nest."

Grandpa had been sitting by the window apparently reading, but he had really heard every word that had been said.

"It would be a different thing if you went with Robin," admitted Mrs. Penny, who knew that grandpa never tried to do anything that he did not fully understand.

"In the first place we should have to make sure there is a nest," suggested grandpa. "Suppose we all stroll down to the stile, and see what we can see."

Mrs. Penny was quite willing that the children should go anywhere with grandpa, so he started off, and with Robin on one side, little Daisy on the other, and Dora and Annie following hard after them, in the track made by the hay-carts, they went gayly across the meadow toward the old stile.

Cautiously they explored the high fence in the vicinity, and Dora's bright eyes soon spied a great, round hornet's nest, fastened in a corner beneath the very steps.

"We'll fix 'em!" cried grandpa. "We'll show those fellows that they can't sting our little folks with impunity. We'll do the way that the Indians do out in California. I've seen 'em many a time, and I've done it myself, too. But I don't eat the eggs as they do."

"Eat the eggs!" cried the children together.

"Yes," said grandpa, "they eat them, and consider them great delicacies. Now we will let the little girls pull some grass and some green leaves for us, and then they had better go up to the house. Robin, you go down to the river-bank and gather some driftwood."

For a few moments they all worked briskly, and soon gathered a large pile of green boughs, grass and leaves.

"Now," said grandpa, "hurry up and run home, little girls! Hornets will be after you, if you don't make haste!"

Dora, Annie and Daisy ran shrieking and laughing across the meadow, and when they were fairly out of sight, grandpa tied a handkerchief around his own neck and one around Robin's. Then he took some matches and paper, which he had thoughtfully provided, from his pocket, and cautiously piling the paper and driftwood as near the hornet's nest as he thought prudent, and so that the wind would blow the smoke directly into it, he started a fire. As soon as it was well burning, he and Robin threw the green twigs and grass on the flame. By this means all danger of burning the fence and stile was avoided and a good "smudge" was secured. Thick fumes of smoke rose into the hornet's nest, and the inhabitants began to grow very lively. Grandpa and Robin retreated to a safe distance, occasionally coming up, throwing a pile of "combustibles" on the "smudge," and hurrying off again.

For fully two hours, they sat upon the meadow-grass, watching the excited hornets, who, little by little, seemed to give up to fear or smoke, and depart for unknown regions. At last, they seemed all to have gone or to be stupefied by the smoke.

Robin, who had been greatly elated by their

success, wanted to take the nest down. So grandpa let him do it, standing closely so as to direct and take care of him. Then Robin found a long stick, and on top of this he bore the nest in triumph to the house.

It was now dinner-time, and the men came trooping in from the hay-field. Robin was very proud to show them his treasure. He hardly gave grandpa his share of the credit when telling the thrilling story of the nest, but grandpa only laughed when Mrs. Penny mentioned this. He said that Robin had showed good pluck, and deserved a great deal of praise, and as Robin uniformly alluded to the nest as "Grandpa's hornet's-nest," he considered that honor enough.

After dinner they all examined the nest, admiring the layers of fine, pretty paper of which it was composed. In the very bottom of it there was a system of little cells like honey-comb. In each of these there was something white. At first the children thought it was honey, but when Dora touched one of the white points with a long pin, it drew itself back. It was alive! Dora gave a little scream, and rushed away, but grandpa assured her that it was only a baby hornet, and that it could not possibly hurt her.

"I don't understand why they did not lose all life, with that smoke blowing in on them



"They went gayly across the meadow toward the old stile."

for so long," said grandpa. "They cannot probably live much longer with nobody to care for them."

This reassured the children; and after looking at the nest all they wanted to, it was put upon the whatnot in a corner of the parlor, where their special treasures were all carefully preserved.

Now comes the funny part of this story.

Two or three weeks after grandpa's hornet's nest was taken, and when everybody had almost forgotten about it, Mrs. Penny went into the parlor one morning to open the windows, as she usually did, when she found it full of buzzing hornets. She retreated in a hurry, and having found Mr. Penny and Austiss, the maid, she brought them back to help her. They covered their heads, necks and hands, and armed with brooms and brushes, they sallied boldly into the haunted room. They managed to open the windows, and after a vigorous fight, the last intruder was finally driven out.

"Where could they have come from!" cried Mrs. Penny, then so flushed and weary she sank into a chair in the sitting-room.

"I have a theory," said grandpa, laughing. "But as I shall have to own to making a mistake myself if I tell you what it is, perhaps I hadn't better."

"What is it grandpa?" inquired Robin. "You don't suppose those little hornets in that nest could have come to maturity and flown out, do you?"

"That's it!" cried Mrs. Penny. "Oh, dear! I wonder if there are any more!"

"Oh, there couldn't be," said grandpa. They went and looked into the nest; the little cells were empty.

But Mrs. Penny said she would worry about it all summer, if the nest was left around. So grandpa's pretty hornet's-nest was burned.

LITTLE BEE'S FIRST VALENTINE

BY VALENTINE MARCH

BEAUTIFUL beyond description; lovely in the superlative degree, gorgeous with gay cupids bearing bows, quivers, arrows and all the paraphernalia belonging to the little god of Love—a thing of beauty indeed! This was the window of Fritz Meister's little store on Teuton Square. It was February. The auspicious fourteenth was fast approaching, when birds begin to couple, and fair-haired lassies eagerly wait the coming of loving white-winged messengers.

How beautiful it was! And no one knew it better than Herr Meister, for the good mother Gretchen, Jacob, and even Fritz, Jr., had told him so.

The arduous task of arranging the window had been completed after great painstaking and care, for truly it was a difficult matter to arrange such a multitude of *wollentines*, as Mr. Fritz said, when they would insist upon clinging lovingly to his great warm red thumbs and fingers. The morning was very cold, and the dear little cupids and blue cherubs in lace-like and summery attire, were so chilled through that they naturally sought warmth somewhere.

Fat, jolly Mrs. Fritz, with a critic's eye, was the first to view the artistic window, after which she returned smiling and exclaiming: "Ach himmel! Das ist schön!"

Then having sufficiently complimented her liege lord, she departed to put the cabbage on to boil for the family dinner.

This worthy frau had adopted "the land of the free and the home of the brave" as her own, but she affectionately clung to the language of the dear Fatherland, especially when her heart was deeply touched—as now.

The old *grossmutter*, who knit red and blue stockings for Heinrich's long, active legs, was the next to take a look at the bright window. "Ach, so schön, so schön!" was her verdict rendered to her son Fritz, who greatly enjoyed all the praise.

Finishing a handful of stolen sauerkraut, Jacob next rushed out on the street for a view. Still smaking his lips he pronounced the display "tuffly," as if each cupid were a delicate morsel to eat.

The baby crowd, Gretchen smiled from ear to ear, while even Snyder, the old house-dog, gave three vigorous wags of his tail in honor of St. Valentine.

A few hours later, as little Bee O'Flynn and Micky O'Flynn, her brother, passed by, they too beheld the rainbow-hued window. Bee was transported with delight, and stood spell-bound. Micky was older, of a more practical nature, viewing his sister's extravagant love for the beautiful with a very disdainful eye. "Come on, Bee," said Master Micky, as he saw a look of rapt admiration on her young happy face. He had seen it before, and knew that she would remain until her eyes had sufficiently feasted on the newly-found beauties.

Often had Bee stood for hours at a time, gazing with loving eyes at the art windows up in the great city.

"It's a goose ye are," continued Micky, without any effect; so, confiding the basket he carried, into Bee's kind keeping for the morning's marketing, he trudged off to school.

She was such a little mite of a body, with bright blue eyes, terra-cotta hair and a small family of freckles on her little nose. Micky said she was small for her size. Ensnared within a huge blue sun-bonnet, that once had seen brighter days, but never mentioned the fact for fear of wounding the sensitive feelings of the wearer, little Bee looked even smaller than her size.

Eight years before, when this wee maiden made her entrance into the O'Flynn household, and happy Patrick O'Flynn discovered a striking resemblance to his better-half, he was beside himself with joy, and said: "Shure an we'll call it Bridget." So one Sunday morning Father Burke announced to the congregation assembled in the cathedral, that the roseate-hued speck of humanity before him, with tipped nose and blue eyes, hidden in white embroidery, would henceforth be known to the world as Bridget Ann O'Flynn.

The name, signifying strength, was a misnomer. Her lungs were not strong, and never, but once during her babyhood, did those organs give vent to heart-rending howls, such as practised by the average infant.

One day when Micky was left a guardian angel to hover over the little wooden cradle and see that no harm came to its sleeping occupant, he started on an exploring expedition into the inner recesses of his wee sister's mouth to discover, if possible, what she had done with her teeth. A soul-stirring shriek caused him quickly to withdraw his grimy looking little fingers and beat a hasty retreat, just as Mrs. O'Flynn rushed to the rescue.

Grandmother Banan, who always wore the whitest of ruffled caps, always called her grand-daughter Bridget Ann, but in the bosom of her family, and very limited circle of friends, she was little Bee.

"Hello, little Bee," the old gardener would say when he met her going to market with her mother, gallantly presenting an offering—sometimes a bunch of fat, red radishes, or a beautiful green cabbage, often a bright bouquet of flowers, or an apron-full of yellow apples.

"Take this to little Bee," Mrs. Longwood often said, as she gave Mrs. O'Flynn a small basket sending forth delightful suggestions of cold turkey or plum-cake, after the weekly cleansing of the family linen was finished, and that worthy daughter of Erin departed for home.

On this February morning Bee's big blue eyes were fascinated by a very angelic-looking cupid seated on a golden moon, showering down hearts, purple and pink. A great longing to possess one of these beautiful creations filled her whole being. No one had ever sent her one, or even dreamt of such a thing. It seemed so very improbable that it would ever come by *natural* means; so almost before she knew it, there came a voice from the depths of the blue sun-bonnet, as the small fingers clasped together, saying: "Blissed Saint Valentine, please send me one of 'em—one with the angel wings."

Then, as a jolly little fellow with white, fleecy wings, smiled kindly on the suppliant, the tiny maiden tripped lightly on her way to purchase the small basketful of potatoes and mackerel for dinner, and await the answer to her prayer.

Turning quickly, she almost ran into the arms of Judge Howard, on his way to his office, who, having paused a moment at the window had caught the words of little Bee's petition. Entering the store the Judge purchased three of Herr Meister's most beautiful valentines for his golden-haired lassies at home, and then—added one more.

On the evening of the fourteenth, as Micky's red head was pouring over his slate, gazing dependently at a row of figures that positively refused to be added together, and act properly, he was aroused from his gloom by a knock at the door. Little Bee, who was helping her mother, washing dishes, flew to open it, as if expecting some one—and Bee was right. Joyfully she exclaimed: "Sure, Micky, its come!"

As with nervous fingers she carefully drew from a great white envelope the most beautiful cupid ever seen—he of the angel wings. A dainty perfumed lace surrounded a picture of two lovely doves, bearing between them a heart of gold on a bed of crimson roses, whose delicate petals fell on their pathway. Inscribed on the golden heart, in letters of heavenly blue, were the words:

"Would you know who sent this valentine to thee? I will tell you truly, if you'll call on me."

The sender of this valentine always remained an unfathomable mystery to Micky; but in little Bee's mind no doubt ever existed but that her prayer was heard and answered by the good St. Valentine himself.

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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.

WHERE TO USE VELVET AND RIBBON

VELVET and ribbon trimmings are the most useful adjuncts that we have, but the difficulty is that they are not used as much as they might be, and thus help the family contriver out of many a dilemma. Black velvet may be used with any color, though brown looks better with brown, or a darker shade than the dress may be selected, and then the home dressmaker may apply it according to the needs of the gown and the wearer's figure. Use it for entire sleeves, the uppers, lower half, or V's inserted in the top. It answers for all kinds of collars, V's, bodice pieces shaped to the basque point from the side seams, pointed girdles, straps from the side seams, two on either side meeting at the point; bias belts edging the basque, cabbage-rosettes, yokes of many forms, bretelles, vests and pointed Swiss waists beneath a yoke of the dress material; as well as for one front, with the other one of silk or woolen goods lapped over it. On the skirt it forms a border cut on the bias, or only a cording at the head of a border of some other goods. A front or side panels are in style; also long points on either side reaching nearly to the waist-line; a gathered ruffle or box-plaited ruche across the front and sides of the dress; the centre back width, facing on the underskirt, binding on the edge and lengthwise; trimmings in the way of bands pointed on one side, narrow scarf pieces edged with fringe, etc.

USING VELVET ECONOMICALLY AND WELL
 THE judicious use of velvet enriches a gown, is universally becoming, and is the one material that can be used with lace, silk, wool, cotton, etc. Ribbon velvet and gros-grain ribbon having a satin edge, are the favorite trimming ribbons, which are put on skirts in cross and lengthwise rows, as bridle bows, binding on the edge of the drapery whether it be slashed, in tabs, or plain; trim panels, hold a bit of drapery here and there in a rosette, edge the basque ending in rosettes back and front, hold the lapped basque fronts with rosettes, trim collars in one-pointed tab on each side, form bretelles, trim the wrists, hold the fullness of sleeves in tight little bows on the outside of the arm, and trim the front of the basques irregularly, as three straps on one side and two or four on the other, coming diagonally across the front. The cabbage-rosettes spoken of are used on ladies' and children's dresses and hats. They must be loose and fluffy to be a success. If made of ribbon, take thirty inches of No. 12 or No. 16 ribbon, gather along one edge and pull it up to form the loose rosette, catching it lightly here and there in place. If made of piece silk or velvet, cut a bias strip two inches and a half wide when doubled, gather the two raw edges as one, draw the fullness up and form the rosette as described for the ribbon, and take a strip the width of the velvet.

ODD WAISTS OR JACKETS
 THESE convenient garments are growing daily in favor with us, as they long have been in England, and are worn in the afternoon at home, and to the theatre, under the name of tea and theatre jackets. Black silk, lace and nice woolen skirts are worn with them. The jackets are of surah, lace, crepon, chiffon, China silk and brocade, with a trimming of lace, ribbon or passementerie. Turquoise-blue, cream, black, Nile, tan, pink, mauve, old-rose and cardinal are the colors selected. If in possession of a short or demi-trained black silk skirt, a young woman can with a couple of these jackets present quite a change of toilette at a small expense. The necks are V-shaped, or high in front, with a high, rolling or flared collar. The sleeves are high at the top, the back is pointed, round or in folds from the shoulders, and the fronts are loose over a close-fitting lining, with feather-stitched plaits in place of darts, shirtings, single darts or a fancy belt. Puffs of chiffon prettily ornament the neck, wrists and top of the sleeves of silk jackets. The Pompadour brocades are stylishly finished with a loose vest of crepe the color of the flower prominent in the brocade. Ribbons and lace may be put on *ad lib.*

NEW BODICE FEATURES
 THE round bodices are pleasing to young ladies who are slender enough to dispense with the tapering basque point. One new one has a plain back, high collar, and fronts in two easy folds from the shoulders, leaving a V space to be filled in with the sleeve material, which is also used for a girdle laced in the back, where it is two inches and a half wide, and pointed in front, where it is fully nine inches deep, with a blunt point below the waist-line and a sharp one above. It has side and front seams upon which crochet buttons are sewed in a close row. The sleeves have a row of buttons up the inside seam nearly to

the elbow. The coat back rivals the pointed one, and many gowns are made with a princess back and basque front. Sleeves of two or more contrasting materials are worn. One has a puff of one material at the top, and has the rest of the sleeve of a second fabric, buttoned up on the outside of the arm to meet and lap over this V-shaped puff. Many bodices button on the left shoulder and under arm seam; but, unless accustomed to fitting, this is a difficult design to follow. For a slender figure a neat cashmere-and-velvet basque, has the left front of velvet, also the collar and upper part of the sleeves, with the pointed back and right front—which is without darts and lapped over to the left side—of cashmere. A cabbage-rosette of velvet ornaments the back point, and holds the fullness of the lapped front at the waist-line and just above it, the front taking a round appearance. Pointed basques may be trimmed with bretelles of velvet, ending in rosettes on the shoulders. Stout figures look well in the pointed bodices made with closely set, tapering darts, and a good length over the hips. For plain suits a round basque cut in square tabs and bound with inch-wide silk braid, stitched with "E" silk, is very *chic*. Basques, or hip pieces, are added to short bodices for young and slender women, as large, flat pieces shaped similar to a square pocket and trimmed with passementerie; or a box-plaited ruffle of the dress goods, or velvet, which stands out in the Elizabethan style, and gives a quaint appearance worn with the flaring collars, which, by the way, must flare enough to leave the neck free, or they will utterly fail in the desired effect.

STYLISH SKIRTS
 PRINCESSE gowns have a separate drapery to form a square apron and Grecian plastron, which is draped on the left shoulder, right hip and trimmed all round. The edge of skirt fronts and sides are slashed in slender tabs, trimmed with a gathered ruffle, a box-plaited ruche, a flat border, or embroidered in a scroll design. Flat fronts, and fronts slightly draped over the hips in cross folds, from the belt, running down toward the front, are the styles oftenest seen, with gathered and plaited backs. In Paris they are working steadfastly to bring genuine draperies in vogue again, and the modistes there are making some fanciful effects in light evening materials, but the idea has not taken root here yet. House gowns lay on the floor in the back for four inches, but street dresses continue to escape the ground, except when some one imagines it will be stylish to drag her gown through the dirty streets. Cloth sleeves and skirts are worn with velvet basques. Fur garnitures appear on cloth and velvet costumes. Cloth gowns will be worn until late in the spring, and, when making one, remember to have a tailor sponge it first, unless you wish it to spot; cut the pieces to run the same way of the cloth, and try to save a piece eighteen by twenty-four inches for a toque. A pale tan, light gray or old-rose cloth trimmed with black velvet, makes a lovely suit for a young woman, with a toque and cape to match.

ODDS AND ENDS FOR GIRLS
 BLACK Oxford ties or slippers, and hose may be worn with all kinds and conditions of dressy frocks. Yellow and black is very fashionable for little ones. The skirt should touch the shoe tops of a child of three years, and come half way between the ankles and knees when six. Finish the necks of dresses with folds of scrim, the plaited ribbon, tourist's-plaited lawn ruching, or peot-edged ribbon. Have waists on girls' skirts until well grown, and use a corded corset-waist for misses, and a similar under-waist for smaller girls, which has shoulder-straps and hose supporters. There are knee protectors and heel ditto that afford a wonderful saving with children's hosiery. Handsome gimpes are of nainsook tucks, and embroidered or Valenciennes insertion, through the meshes of which narrow ribbons are to be threaded. The front hair is worn in a slightly-waved straight bang, with wavy or curling locks in the back, until sufficiently large to wear the back hair in one Marguerite braid. Girls over fifteen usually wear the hair braided and looped up with a shell clasp or a ribbon. Two-buttoned dressed kid or jersey gloves are worn by these tiny women. Jaunty, broad felt hats have a soft crown of velvet, bunch of tips and a velvet knot in the back. Misses wear turbans and broad shapes, trimmed with birds or tips and velvet. Elegant coats of black velvet for little ones are lined with pink, blue or yellow silk, and trimmed with ostrich feather ruches. Ermine, chinchilla and astrakhan are the furs worn as trimmings by small girls. Velvet bonnets for small girls are faced with contrasting silk. Black jackets for misses are trimmed with astrakhan, and their school coats are of plaid, in shades of blue, brown or gray.

DRESS AIDS FOR MOTHERS

GIRLS' BEST FROCKS

THESE dresses are intended for children's parties, dancing-school and for company use at home. For a girl of fifteen have a light turquoise-blue, pink, tan or pearl-gray cashmere made with a gathered skirt, full topped sleeves and a high bodice slightly pointed back and front, shirred at the neck and waist-line, and trimmed with bretelles ending on the shoulders in rosettes of black velvet. For another girl of this age have a pink or blue China silk, fashioned with a gathered skirt, edged with a box-plaited ruche of the material, full sleeves, and a round, full bodice, with a frill of lace turned over from the round neck to match the wrist frills. Then have a black velvet bodice or girle, round and laced in the back and pointed in front. If the miss—"standing where girl and womanhood meet"—is a rosy brunette, try a frock of yellow cashmere, China silk, wool crepe or bengaline, having bretelles, shoulder rosettes and rows on the skirt of No. 7 black ribbon velvet. Pale blue gowns are tastefully surah with gilt or silver galloon. Plaid surah frocks are finished with large sleeves and V-shaped yokes of black, blue or red velvet. Cream-colored dresses for girls over fourteen years of age, have the universally worn gathered skirts, slightly pointed, low necked, full waist, with puffed sleeves and a full gimpes shirred at the neck, and full sleeves of plain, colored or polka-dotted silk, as yellow, pink, blue or mauve. The younger sister wears cashmere, bengaline, crepon or China silk gowns in yellow, with a high waist, shirred around the neck, and waist-line under a belt of black velvet ribbon, finished with cabbage rosettes on either side of the centre of the waist, back and front. The sleeve puffs on the shoulders, and collar, are of the velvet ribbon. Half-low, round waists are made with a velvet yoke, or may be worn with a lace yoke drawn up with tiny ribbons, knotted in rosettes here and there. Pale blue surah has a shirred skirt, shirred half-high waist and full sleeves, with a gimpes of Valenciennes threaded with blue ribbon No. 1. Pearl-gray cashmere frocks are made up with clear, dark-green velvet trimmings. Large buttons covered with velvet are worn in place of the rosettes for a change. Velvet jacket fronts are dressy for girls from four to sixteen years of age. One shade of bright stem-green velvet ribbon is exquisite with pink, and is much worn by little girls.

THE GERTRUDE DRESS

THIS is a name given to the infant's dresses that open in front, which fashion was first started in London, and is fast spreading here, as its utility at once impresses any mother. The dresses and skirts are all shaped as usual, only they are opened in front instead of in the back, which is at once more convenient for the dresses and must certainly be more comfortable for the infant who is usually turned back and forward during a dressing until he or she must wonder if all the world is one continual "go-round." Mothers believing in natural wool for undergarments, clothe infants in it from the commencement, using the shirts, socks, skirts and even the dresses, which are of a fine camel's-hair, wool tafetta, which is forty inches wide and one dollar and twenty-five cents a yard. Physicians now do not advise linen, so use fine muslin sheets and pillow slips if anxious about the future health of the baby. Hair pillows, lightly stuffed, are also recommended by the health seekers. Finely-woven Shetland wool veils are worn over a very young infant's face.

DRESSING BABY BOYS

IN the way of headgear, white felt hats, having a ruche of lace dotted with ribbon rosettes, are worn by boys of one to two years. Later on they wear turbans of cloth or velvet, having a full crown; Tam O'Shanter, sailor shapes, Scotch caps, pork-pie hats, etc. Their first coats are of white tufted cloth, astrakhan or eiderdown. Then they have pea-jackets of blue cloth, or box-plaited skirts, single-breasted waists, coat sleeves and single cape overcoats. Beaver and astrakhan trimmings take well. When a year old a boy may wear cambric, nainsook or gingham dresses, having a gathered skirt, shirt sleeves, rolled collar and round waist fastened with pearl buttons in the back. The waist may be box-plaited or tucked, and the gingham dresses may have the collar and wristbands of embroidery. After dressing in this style for a year and a half, these small men arrive at the dignity of yoke dresses made with kilt-plaited skirts, having a flat apron in front, or, if small for their age, they still wear gathered skirts of two breaths of double-width goods. The waist may have jacket fronts, box-plaits, or a yoke and belt of velvet or a contrasting woolen material. A lovely best suit for a boy of three years is a kilt and jacket waist of cream serge, with a China silk blouse. A sailor hat of cloth to match is worn, and a white lamb's wool coat. Leggings of white leather keep the legs warm.

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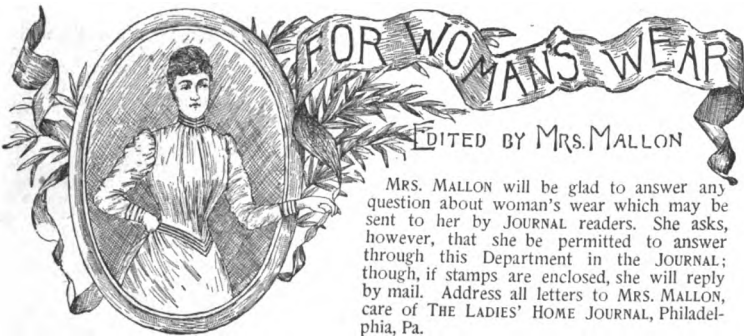
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HERE has never been a season when the evening gowns were so exquisitely simple in design and so artistic in effect. Mothers have learned of the beauty of simplicity and realize that stiff brocades, heavy velvets and rustling silks belong to women and not young girls; while delicate chiffon, silk muslin or mull, and soft, fine crêpes, daintily made, are best suited to the young girl. Skirts are made with great simplicity, a border decoration frequently being the only trimming, while as often as not there is absolutely no garniture on the skirt; the bodice being draped and decorated either

it. The gloves are long, white, undressed kid. The hair is drawn up high and softly twisted, while a decoration consisting of a rose feather pompon with three rose buds standing up from its centre, is placed just on top. Developed in any of the colors fancied, this gown will be in good taste, and, by-the-by, if one did not care to go to the expense of chiffon it would be quite as pretty made up in silk mull; then the frills could be of chiffon and all the belongings of white. If it were preferred, a lace frill could be used instead of the gauzy one, though it must be confessed that the thin material is more effective and rather more girlish.

FOR YOU AND ME

You and I, my friend, who have passed the happy days of girlhood, while we admire all its pretty belongings and are unselfish enough to want to the young people to have them, still realize that they are not for us, and wisely enough we give a great deal of thought to the house gown. It is essentially becoming to a woman who is close to, or has gone far beyond her thirties, and it may, of course, be made as elaborate or as plainly as is liked. When a little care is taken with it, it is perfectly suitable for home evening wear, and as it looks pretty and saves the street costume, it fulfills two important duties in life.

Cloth is specially liked for the tea-gown, and as it may be gotten in every shade in vogue, as it is wide and cuts well, it is not so expensive as at first it would seem to be. Crepon, crêpe or any soft fabric liked, may be used for the long front and sleeves, and either a positive contrast may be arranged, or the colors may be those in harmony. The golden browns combined with different yellow shades are specially liked and as they form a rich combination it is easy to understand why the wise homemaker chooses them.

A SYMPHONY IN BROWN AND GOLD.

A symphony that would have delighted the soul of Mr. Whistler is noted in a very simple, but very artistic home dress of golden-brown cloth and pale yellow crepon. (Illustration No. 1). The cloth is used to form the gown proper which is in Princesse shape, and which has just sufficient train to be graceful. It is fitted in to the figure, while the long gilet extending from the throat to the edge in front is of yellow crepon. This is gathered in at the waistline and a girdle of golden-brown ribbon crosses it and is knotted in long loops at each side. The high collar is of the cloth except just in front where the gilet comes up and fills in that part. The sleeves are full, high ones of yellow crepon, with a finish formed of a frill of yellow chiffon with a scalloped edge. On the head is perched a coquettish little cap made of a chiffon frill, with golden-brown ribbon bows on it. These tiny caps have always been appreciated by English women, but the American woman has only assumed them lately. Her wisdom in doing this cannot be doubted for they will make a young face look younger, while they will soften the lines on one that has looked on the world for many years.

THE IMPORTANT BODICE

As skirts are made so very plainly, just how to decorate the bodice is the continual thought of the dressmaker, the one at home or the professional. Nothing seems to have the same vogue as the Zouave jacket, and the best modistes are showing it on a great number of their gowns. At first it merely consisted of jacket fronts, but now it is an entire jacket in itself that may or may not be fastened to the bodice; it must be confessed, however, that it retains its position better when it is firmly sewed to position. Velvet jackets are elaborately trimmed with gold passementerie, are outlined with gold braid, or buttons, and are made rich by application of gold lace. When the jacket is a short one the girdle which is worn with it is of rich gold passementerie, with imitation jewels set in it.

A VELVET ZOUAVE JACKET

(Illustration No. 2). Here is shown one of the smartest of the Zouave jackets. The costume is a combination of cloth and velvet, in color a dark hunter's-green. The bodice fits very closely and is quite plain, being closed down the front with small, gold buttons, thickly set together. The velvet jacket, which extends all across the back, is lined with the color of the cloth, and outlined with tiny gilt buttons. A high collar comes up from the back, and extends slightly to each side above the jacket, but in front the cloth collar is seen. The sleeves are high and full, and are

caught in below the elbow to deep cuffs of velvet decorated with a line of the mess buttons. The girdle, which starts from the side seams of the bodice, is gold passementerie with stones imitating emeralds set in it. The hat is a Toreador of green beaver, with decorations of gilt and pompons of dark green. The gloves are of tan undressed kid. This bodice would be very effective developed in black. The Zouave could be of black velvet outlined with small, silk crocheted buttons, while the bodice proper could be of black cloth. The belt would then be of black silk passementerie with jet jewels. This would be in specially good taste for any one wearing complimentary mourning, which is, of course, black for one month.

COLOR AND MATERIAL CONTRAST

Where one has a sufficiently good figure, or where there is a little too much flesh to stand an added trimming, an air of decoration is given to the bodice by a contrast, either in materials or colors. But this is something that must be very carefully managed to be effective. The French dressmaker gives the preference to the contrast between a plain and striped material, and she manages to arrange them so deftly that all the advantages of the stripe are gained, without its disadvantages accompanying it. A portion of the bodice made of the striped stuff simply running up and down, is neither picturesque or becoming, and, for that reason, the clever modiste makes the striped material form the side sections of the bodice.

A NOVELTY IN BODICES

(Illustration No. 3). Just how this is done is shown here. The material is a soft black bengaline, and that used to contrast with it is of striped bengaline in black and yellow. In front and at the back the plain material is draped to position, the gathers coming down to a fine point which, in the back, is finished with a rosette of black velvet ribbon. The striped material is cut out to form the side portions and carefully fitted so that V-shaped outlines are obtained, the result being that while an apparent width is gained across the bust, the waist is made to look much smaller. The sleeves are of the plain bengaline, very full and high, and the collar is a simple curate one of the plain fabric. The bonnet is the low, oval toque most in vogue, of black velvet with yellow Prince-of-Wales feathers at the back and front, and with velvet ribbon tying it under the chin. The gloves are of black undressed kid with a heavy stitching on the back.

In black and scarlet, in black and white, in black and blue, or in any of the colors that contrast well with black, such a bodice could be arranged, and as its chief virtue is that it is becoming to a stout woman it ought to have a wonderful vogue. It must not be believed that there are not many beautiful bodice decorations that are quite suitable for the general woman, nor must she think that they are only adapted to the extremely young girl. American women, more than those of any other nation, are willing to grow old soon. And this is largely due to the fact that they dress too old. All the elaborate decorations, all the frocks made with an air of great richness are intended for women and not for young girls.

The woman over thirty is the woman who

handsome frame to bring out her best points. The moral of this is specially addressed to my dearest friend, the general woman, as she may dress young enough to have people believe, as does her oldest son, that she is ten years younger than is recorded in the family Bible.

It is really the duty of the mother of children, especially of sons, to dress well and look her best. She should be the ideal woman to them, and ideality and dowdiness never went together. When a boy finds that his own mother is the most tastefully gowned, the most hospitable and the most delightful to look at, he feels a pride, a loving pride in her that shows in his eyes, and should repay her for all the trouble she has taken.



A SIMPLE AND ARTISTIC HOME DRESS. (Illus. No. 1)

with chiffon frills, feather bands, or ribbons. The elaborate passementerie set with jewels, is not liked as a decoration on gowns intended for young girls, as it is somewhat heavy in effect, having, as it does, the appearance of jewels; and the best jewel that a young girl can wear, and the only one permitted her, should be that of innocence.

Old-rose, Nile-green, pale blue, clear yellow and white are the tints most in vogue. The odd shades—such as the sapphire-blue, the curious grays, the queer greens and the deep golden-browns—being dedicated to older women.

A TYPICAL EVENING GOWN

This dainty confection—for it deserves that name—is to be worn at an afternoon tea given "to introduce my daughter." The material is pale pink chiffon; the skirt is quite full and is finished about the edge with very narrow rows of rose-colored ribbon, while the finish is a dainty scallop in silk instead of a hem. The bodice, made of chiffon over silk, is prettily draped, of the closing, by hooks and eyes, extending over one side and being quite invisible. The neck is cut out in the round outline which was so much in vogue fifty years ago, and which, while it shows the throat and neck, is absolutely modest. The finish is a full frill of chiffon with an embroidered edge. The sleeves are elbow length, full and gathered into a frill of chiffon, with a coquettish ribbon bow placed just on the inside.

At one side at the waist is fastened a decoration consisting of very long loops and ends of rose-colored ribbon. The slippers are rose-colored satin and the stockings are rose silk. The fan is a rose-colored gauze one, having cupids chasing after rose buds painted upon



AN ELEGANT VELVET ZOUAVE JACKET. (Illus. No. 2)



AN ATTRACTIVE NOVELTY IN BODICES. (Illus. No. 3)

is catered to by dressmakers all over the world, for they realize that the young girl is best gowned when you forget just what she wears and remember only that she possesses the attraction of youth; while the other woman, like a fine picture that needs study, requires a

influence in the home are not so difficult of attainment as some are apt to suppose. The first is gained by giving due thought to your being gowned as becomes a gentlewoman; the next because you wish all the world well and happy.



THE day has gone by when the French people gave to the jersey the abominable name which they thought so well suited to it, i. e. "cache-misere," which, freely translated, means "slut cover." They thought of the jersey as a something to be assumed in a hurry, that was more or less ill-fitting, usually more, and which was the refuge of the dowdy woman who was too lazy to get herself into a properly-boned and properly-fastened bodice. But the Parisian is nothing if not an improver, and after months had gone by and he saw the possibilities of the jersey for morning or home wear, its use for assumption with skirts that had outgrown their bodices, and its advantages when one did not wish to have a bodice ruined by wearing it under a heavy coat, he determined to make it well-fitting and pretty. So it has come out in dark colors with hair-lines upon it, but made up to be becoming, although the original stockinet is still used. American women have always looked well in jerseys, and it cannot be doubted they will receive the new jersey, the idealized jersey, with open arms.

A FRENCH JERSEY

(Illustration No. 4). The jersey shown in this illustration is of dark-blue stockinet, striped with scarlet. It is fitted in exactly as a basque would be, having a couple of plaits in the back to give a graceful fullness, while an inserted vest, closed with small, blue buttons, is made of the material out so that the stripes runs across and so forms a pretty contrast to the rest of the jacket. The coat sleeve has a cut cuff, and over the collar is a broad, blue ribbon looped and tied in a manner that, oddly enough, gives breadth to the shoulders.

I cannot say too much in commendation of these jerseys for women who have to wear heavy coats. Experience teaches one that a nice bodice is rubbed, even if the coat has a silk lining, and as the life of a bodice anyhow is a short one, every economical woman feels that she wants to prolong it as much as possible, for the day always comes when she wishes to wear her entire gown without an outside wrap.

SOME VELVET COATS

Twenty years ago no bride thought her trousseau complete unless she had in it a velvet coat; oftentimes this was a loose ill-fitting jacket, elaborately covered with jet and trimmed with Mechlin lace, and in it the happy bride appeared like her own grandmother. However, she felt that she had the right thing, and notwithstanding it made her appear so much older, she had that intense feeling of satisfaction that comes from the knowledge of possessing just what La Mode demands. Gradually the velvet coats sank into disfavor, but now, improved and made beautiful, it is given a decided vogue. Black, golden-



THE NEW AND GRACEFUL JERSEY. (Illus. No. 4)

brown, hunter's-green, a blue that is almost black, and gray, the silver-gray shade, are the colors fancied for velvet coats, and the decoration is either fur or feathers. Frequently a very high collar of velvet, lined with feathers, is about the throat, but quite as often the collar is of fur.

A few coats have been seen intended for driving, that have the outside of the Medici collar made heavy with gold passementerie,

thickly set with imitation topazes; this is most effective on a golden-brown velvet, though, curiously enough the collar gains an Elizabethan air from it. Others that are all-black have a feather trimming for the collar, and the heaviest and most elaborate of jet to make gorgeous the outside and add to the general effect.

BLACK VELVET AND PERSIAN COAT

(Illustration No. 5). Black velvet is used for making this coat. It is carefully fitted in the back and has a double-breasted, semi-loose front, closed with curiously enamelled buttons sufficiently handsome to form a decoration. The Medici collar is of black Persian lamb, wired to remain in position, and a piping of Persian extends the entire depth of the edge that laps over. The sleeves are full and high on the shoulders, fit in more closely below the elbow and have a narrow Persian cuff finish. The hat is black velvet with a tiny black feather just in front, and a full cluster of them at the back. The veil is one of the extremely thin tulle ones, with tiny velvet stars fastened on it. The gloves are of pale-gray dressed kid with a heavy black stitching.

Propos of veils it may be said that the veil is every day of more and more importance, and the one to be worn with a large hat is increasing in length until it seems very probable that it will be worn like those of our grandmothers, falling loose on the bodice and flying across the face as every passing wind directs. A gray velvet jacket, made after the model shown, is trimmed with gray trimmer, a brown one with mink, a dark-green one with Persian lamb and a blue one with mink. This is a shape that, with fur or feather trimming, will look well developed in cloth, care being taken that the buttons are absolute novelties.

THE FANCY SLEEVES

A rival to the full velvet sleeve has arisen in the form of those made of heavy silk. That is, not necessarily heavy in weight, but the silk that shows a heavy cord. These are noted on cloth frocks and are usually the same color as the material, though on quite young girls a bright plaid, forming a decided color contrast, is fancied.

Braided sleeves can be bought already to put in a gown, and so can those that are made entirely of jeweled passementerie. A very smart pair is made of gold and silver cord in a veritable spider-web pattern—a design that would show well over the bare arm, or might be put over some delicate color in silk or chiffon. The baby sleeve fancied with a low bodice is just now made a little deeper by founces of chiffon.

THE ARRANGEMENT OF THE HAIR

How to wear one's hair is really a most important question, for on its being becoming or not depends so much. A low arrangement of the hair is given the preference for daytime, although the woman who does not find this suited to the shape of her face should not permit herself to wear it under any circumstances. However, as the oval face is much more general in this than any other country, the low arrangement is possible to almost all. Smooth waves are very much liked, and these waves are produced, not by putting the hair up in pins, but by using an iron specially made for that purpose. This is heated, the tress of hair is laid between, the iron closed and the hair when taken out is in a beautiful, natural-looking wave to which the epithet of "fuzzy" could never be applied. However, one would always have to get some obliging sister to do this, inasmuch as the iron is rather difficult to manage by one's self, and a burnt set of tresses is not desirable.

The woman who can part her hair in the centre, wave it and draw it back over the tips of her ears, and then coil it in a loose knot low on the back, is the woman who really has her hair arranged in the most fashionable manner. Pictures of Mrs. Kendal, or Jane Hading, show this arrangement so perfectly that a deft-fingered woman can easily adjust her coiffure after them.

A PICTURESQUE GREEK COIFFURE

For evening, when the open-crown bonnet is worn, or when very full dress is obligatory, an effort is usually made to dispose the hair after some of the pretty Greek fashions that permit the use of a fillet or a fancy comb. A style very much liked, is where the bang is not a heavy one, rather short and is soft and not

frizzily curled. The hair at the sides and back is slightly waved and drawn up very high, the ends all being curled and fastened down with lace pins so that the effect of short hair is attained. About the hair is a band of gold set with turquoises.

The woman who is wise enough to know that the first mark that the years set upon her is just back of her ears, will be wise enough to draw her hair down, unless it grows very low and conceal these lines. By doing this she may add a little age to her face, but she will entirely obliterate the very certain marks of time. The wise woman is she who having found a coiffure that absolutely suits her face, remains faithful to it, and though styles may come and go she retains an individuality that less fortunate women, who have not discovered just the right mode of arranging their locks, can only envy.

Where the hair is not very long, and yet one does not wish to wear a braid, a coiffure may be attained. Arrange the front in a soft bang and then draw the longer hair to the back, brushing it until it is very glossy. Just in the centre draw it together and tie with a narrow, black ribbon; curl the ends and then comb them out, and the small quantity of hair will look like a great deal, tied to keep it within bounds. This mode is becoming to all women who find a low knot suited to their faces; the fluffy bunch does not come far enough forward to give the impression of short hair.

To the girl who writes and asks me about dyeing her hair I want to say "Don't," in the most emphatic way. The unnatural color will not be suited to your eyes or your skin, and you will not have deceived any body, while you will have convinced a

number of people as to your folly.

My dear girl, stamp yourself as foolish in some other way, but do not, under any circumstances, permit yourself to make your brown tresses a meretricious gold.



A VELVET AND PERSIAN COAT. (Illus. No. 5)

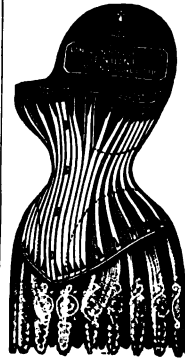
THE BRAID THAT IS KNOWN



THE WORLD AROUND.

BLACK CORSETS.

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GENUINE
THOMSON'S GLOVE FITTING



The utmost perfection in the art of Corset Making has been reached in our

STYLE B CORSET

cut on the latest French designs, in SHORT, MEDIUM and EXTRA LONG waists.

These Corsets will satisfy the most fastidious.

MADE IN ROYAL FAST BLACK, WHITE AND FRENCH GRAY.

INITIAL HANDKERCHIEFS.

There is an entire change in the style of Initial Handkerchiefs this season, the initial being smaller and better sewed, making the handkerchief more attractive in every way.

We placed our order for these goods early last spring, long before an advance in duties or prices was talked of, and consequently own them very cheap.

We have made a specialty for years of Initial Handkerchiefs for the Holiday season, such a really suitable and acceptable Christmas present do they make. We do not believe such value and assortments can be found anywhere. Ladies', 25 cents each, or six for \$1.50; Gentlemen's, 35 cents, or six for \$2.00. Postage, 6 cents. Where six handkerchiefs are purchased, they are mailed in a pretty box, the only additional charge being the 3 cents for postage. Send at once, mentioning THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

WOODWARD & LOTHROP,
WASHINGTON, D. C.



Garments GUARANTEED TO FIT PERFECTLY without Trying on.

FREE
by return mail full descriptive circulars of MOODY'S NEW TABLE SYSTEM OF DRESS CUTTING. Any lady of ordinary intelligence can easily and quickly learn to cut and make any garment. In any style, to any measure for lady or child. Address MOODY & CO. CINCINNATI, O.

A TAILOR SYSTEM FREE
ANY ONE WHO CAN READ CAN LEARN TO CUT PERFECTLY FITTING GARMENTS IN HALF AN HOUR. FULLY EXPLAINED FASHION FITS ANY FORM—SEND FOR CIRCULARS AND TESTIMONIALS. EXCELSIOR SCALE CO., 16 N. W. CORNER OF BROADWAY, ALBANY, N. Y.

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Will C. Rood's Magic Scale is the best, most perfect and simple Ladies' Tailoring System now in use. Over 15,000 sold. Cuts all garments worn by Ladies and Children (including under-garments and sleeves), to fit the form perfectly, without trying on or refitting. It is easily learned.

30 DAYS ON TRIAL.

If you will send us this advertisement and \$3.00 we will send you the Magic Scale and Instruction Book, post-paid, and if not entirely satisfactory you can return it to us within 30 days, and we will refund every cent of your money. We refer to the Ricker National Bank; agents American and Pacific express companies and the postmaster, all of this city.

\$1.00 PER MONTH.

If you are poor, and will furnish good references as to your honesty, you can send \$1.00 with your order, and \$1.00 per month until you have paid \$3.00 in all. If you return the scale within 30 days, we will refund the \$1.00. Good agents wanted everywhere. Descriptive circulars free. Address ROOD MAGIC SCALE CO., Quincy, Ill.

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For Balls, Weddings, Receptions, Amateur Theatricals and the like, we have an unrivalled assortment of Crepes, Tulle, Grenadines, Veilings, Cashmeres, in all the delicate shades; and every desirable weave in all-silk fabrics, adapted to the present style of drapery.

We make a special point of furnishing to our Mail Order trade, Bridal Outfits, Bride-maids' Gowns, Graduation and Ball Dresses, in as satisfactory a manner as when purchases are made in person.

Requests for samples, to receive proper attention, should state clearly the kind and quality of fabrics desired.

James McCreery & Co.,
Broadway and 11th Street,
New York.



IN PLAIN COLORS AND FANCY STRIPES

THE CHEAPEST AND MOST DESIRABLE FABRIC MADE FOR

Summer Wear

Send for Samples to Box 3052, N. Y. City.



MRS. SARAH J. SCHACK'S
DRESS REFORM
ABDOMINAL AND HOSE SUPPORT

Corpulent figures reduced and made shapely in from three to six months. By wearing this Supporter women need no longer suffer from weakness of their sex. For circulars and information inclose two-cent stamp. Agents wanted. Address EARL MANUFACTURING CO., 261 State Street, Chicago, Ill.



THE small toque-like bonnet has certainly been given the supremacy this season, and it has triumphed far beyond what even its most ardent admirers hoped for. It has made sitting behind a woman with a bonnet on, a pleasure rather than a misery; and it is given to the heads of the average woman the taut, trim look that never comes with a large hat, no matter how picturesque it may be. Velvet, cloth, and, for evening, crepe and chiffon are used for these small bonnets; a band or coronet decoration,



A PINK AND GOLD BONNET. (Illus. No. 6)

or the few flowers fancied, while the material is draped, never adding very much to the height, although it may to the elaborate air. Those intended for evening wear usually have the crown left open, permitting the high coiffure to show through and quite incidentally risking the possession of a neuralgic headache.

Almost every woman has among her belongings sufficient material to make a small bonnet, and velvet may be steamed, cloth pressed, and gauze freshened over the tea-kettle for use on the tiny chapeau. Pale blue, old-rose, deep pink, light olive, gray, and, of course, white are used for evening bonnets. Where chiffon is the material it simply constitutes a puff between fillets of gold, oftentimes jeweled or jet. When velvet or cloth form the bonnet proper it is draped lengthwise, the bands are put on in oval shape and the decoration is just in front, or just at the back, oftentimes in both places at once. Although it seems more harmonious to have ties the color of the bonnet, yet when a very light tint is worn it will be found that dark strings are more becoming; for this purpose black may be used on any bonnet no matter how light it may be.

A PINK AND GOLD BONNET

(Illustration No. 6). Pale pink velvet is used for this little bonnet, which is in reality only a draped toque, open at the top. From the back come forward two Greek fillets of gold; in front, just where they meet, is a knot of the pink velvet, and above it a tiny tip of a pale yellow that is the nearest color to gold imaginable. At the back are three larger tips of the same shade, that stand up in rather a pronounced fashion. The ties are of very dark golden-brown velvet, so dark that they look almost black; they come from the back and are arranged in loops and ends just under the chin.

Another pretty bonnet of this style is made of pale blue crepe; the Greek bands are thickly studded with tiny rhine stones, and the small feathers that pose themselves as if they belonged to the Prince of Wales, are pure white. The ties are of black ribbon velvet. A bonnet made of chiffon is of pale yellow. The shape rather inclines to the Marie Stuart. There are three decided bands of jet that fit closely on the head, and between each is a low puff of the chiffon. At the front is a jet star, very large and very brilliant, that stands up far above the band and makes a most effective decoration. Although light colors are chosen for evening bonnets they may be worn at that time

even with a dark gown; but it must be remembered that they are in extremely bad taste for day-time wear.

The nearest approach that we have to light colors under the sunshine is the very general use of velvet flowers, either on large hats or small bonnets. The violet, with the persistency that would be accredited to a more assertive flower, is greatly liked, and any bunches of it are put wherever they are most becoming, on either large hats or small bonnets. The French fancy for combining dark blue and violet is obtaining, and is noted very often where the bonnet is of blue cloth, for then a tiny little bunch of violets nestles either just among the decoration in front, or a cluster one is placed conspicuously at the back.

A FANCY FOR CROWNS

Every woman may be queen in her own household, but every woman has not the right to wear a crown. Consequently it is the one thing to which she aspires, and which, if she cannot assume by right divine, she does through the ingenuity of the milliner. Many of the coronets are fac-similes of those belonging to barons, counts or dukes. Those most liked are in jet or steel, though some very elaborate ones made of gold and set with imitation gems are exhibited for evening wear. The jet coronet is adapted to all times and places, and is equally effective on cloth or velvet. At illustration No. 7 is shown a most charming cloth bonnet, on which is a finely cut jet coronet.

A CORONETED BONNET

Dark-blue cloth forms this bonnet, the material being softly draped over a toque shape that is a little more round than oval. The edge has a soft frill finish of black lace that rests against the hair. The coronet is about an inch from the edge and stands up as pictured. From the back come forward the pointed loops known as "donkey's ears," which are held in position by long, cut-jet pins. The ties are of blue velvet ribbon, come from the back and are looped slightly on one side. Of course, such a bonnet could be developed in any color that is becoming, or which harmonized with the gown.

In putting away a bonnet that has an elaborate jet decoration upon it, continual care is the price of its appearance. The jets have a very undesirable way of falling off if due respect is not shown them, and the wise woman is the one who keeps plenty of tissue paper, has a sufficiently large box for her bonnet and, when it is put back in its home for the night, she sees that plenty of soft paper, well crumpled up is about the crown. No crown looks well that has suffered from the loss of jewels, so that if one of the little jet facets falls off, either replace it yourself with some good gum, or if it has been lost on the street, go to some large trimming establishment, where a specialty is made of jet, and have them put it in order for you.

By-the-by, this rule about tissue paper is applicable as well to the decorations on your gowns. The bodice that is folded and put away should have several sheets of tissue paper laid between its trimming and the material itself, else the jet will lose its glitter and the imprint of the pattern will be found on the fabric opposite.

To know how to put things away means to know how to have your clothes look well. The best modistes do not advocate folding skirts; instead they prefer that they should be hung by the loops that are on each side. Regular bags the full length of the skirt, made of a cheap quality of muslin, are in use for evening, or light-colored frocks. The string is drawn at the top, and the fancy skirt is shut out of the way of dust, and yet is not accumulating wrinkles. Coats are best hung up, but hung, however, on a frame, and not by a loop at the back of the neck. Bodices should be laid out flat, the sleeves stuffed with paper and crossed over the front. If the bodice is one that is not worn often, paper should fill in between the front and the back, and all delicate trimmings should have a tissue-paper lining over them.

All furs that are not coats should be kept in the boxes in which they come, nothing being so destructive to a muff as the hurried putting it in a bureau drawer. Women are surprised that their furs flatten, and yet they never seem to think that the cause might be found in the care given them. Shoes should be in a temperate atmosphere, the extremes of heat or cold being bad for them. Veils should be lightly folded and thrown in a large box, and, every now and then, they should be looked over that it may be discovered as to whether their edges do not need trimming.

All the little belongings, brooches, handkerchiefs, lingerie, etc., should have their places and, most important of all, be in them, so that when the hurry-time comes there will be no necessity to send out a search-warrant for a pair of gloves or a handkerchief.

This is the sort of eternal vigilance that makes a wardrobe not only a success, but allows the woman who possesses it to always look well-dressed



A CLOTH CORONET BONNET. (Illus. No. 7)

ABOUT BLACK SILK DRESSES

What woman does not desire to look nice, and what dress is more universally becoming to a woman than a nice silk?

A woman who has in her wardrobe a really good black silk, has the pleasant consciousness that she has something in which she will always be well dressed, and which will be appropriate to every occasion.

Women with but little money, are very apt to feel that a good dress of this kind is beyond their means. THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL offers a plan whereby their readers and subscribers may obtain dress-patterns of the best black silks without the expenditure of any money whatever. Send for an explanation and request samples of the goods. Address LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia.

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Warranted not to break or roll up with

ONE YEAR'S WEAR

If they do we will cheerfully return the money paid for them, if the Corset is not

Satisfactory in all respects

After Three Weeks' Wear, It may be returned to us and money will be refunded.

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PERFECT FITTING DRESSES. DRESSMAKING SIMPLIFIED.

Any Lady Can now Learn to Cut Perfect-Fitting Dresses.



No one using a Chart or Square can compete with The McDowell Garment Drafting Machine in Cutting stylish, graceful, and Perfect Fitting Garments. Easy to Learn, Rapid to Use, Fits any Form. Follows every Fashion. An Invention as Useful as the Sewing Machine. Free 30 days to test at your own home. Send for Illustrated Circular. THE McDOWELL CO., 6 West 14th St., New York City.

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They are Better than whalebone and Cheaper. Will not Rust, Split, Break, Splitter or Cut Wearing Apparel. Are Pliable and Highly Elastic. If your dealers have not Amber Bone, insist on their procuring it for you. Sample set (10 pieces) by mail, 30c. AMBER BONE MFG. CO., South Bend, Ind.

See Name "EVER READY" on back of each DRESS STAY you buy. Take none but them. YPSILANTI DRESS STAY MFG. CO., Ypsilanti, Michigan.

B. PRIESTLEY & CO.'S SILK WARP HENRIETTAS AND ALL THE PRIESTLEY FABRICS ARE STAMPED EVERY FIVE YARDS, On the under side of the selvage, with the manufacturers' name (B. PRIESTLEY & CO.) in GILT Letters. Unless so Stamped they are not Genuine.

LADIES, DON'T FAIL TO SEND A TWO-CENT STAMP FOR SAMPLES OF KING PHILIP Cambric, KING PHILIP Lawns, KING PHILIP Nainsook. — ALSO — IMPERIAL Cambric. Above goods are unequalled for LADIES', CHILDREN'S, and INFANT'S wear. Orders easily filled by mail. KING PHILIP MILLS, 85 Worth Street, New York.

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By the Tailor Method. WAIST, SLEEVE and SKIRT CUTTER. Simplest and most practical ever made. Any lady can become a practical dress-cutter in half an hour. Early Price to introduce it! Send for circular. B. M. KUHN, Inventor, Birmingham, AL.

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WE WANT A LADY AGENT In every town in the United States to sell our M. E. Adjustable Form Corset, and the X. L. REFORM WAIST. They are recommended by Physicians, Dressmakers and hundreds of ladies wearing them. For particulars, address ELGIN CORSET CO., 62 River street, Elgin, Ill.

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Your health is a citadel. The winter's storms are

the coming enemy. You know that this enemy will sit down for five long months outside this citadel, and do its best to break in and destroy. Is this citadel garrisoned and provisioned? The garrison is your constitution. Is it vigorous or depleted? How long can it fight without help? Have you made provision for the garrison by furnishing a supply of **SCOTT'S EMULSION** of pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda? It restores the flagging energies, increases the resisting powers against disease; *cures Consumption, Scrofula, General Debility, and all Anæmic and Wasting Diseases (especially in Children)*, keeps coughs and colds out, and so enables the constitution to hold the fort of health. **Palatable as Milk.**

SPECIAL.—Scott's Emulsion is non-secret, and is prescribed by the Medical Profession all over the world, because its ingredients are scientifically combined in such a manner as to greatly increase their remedial value.

CAUTION.—Scott's Emulsion is put up in salmon-colored wrappers. Be sure and get the genuine. Prepared only by Scott & Bowne, Manufacturing Chemists, New York. All Druggists.

DRAINAGE FOR HOUSE-PLOTS

By SHIRLEY DARE



T ought to be fixed by law that all land for building purposes should be first laid with drains fifteen feet apart, in good working order to last a lifetime. The ground once drained and clean should remain so.

We will all probably live to find sink and cesspool as obsolete as the old leach-barrel and dye-tub are now. Till cesspools are abolished health will be practically unknown. The old English custom was to keep the waste-heap beside the door, where all "left-overs" were flung indiscriminately. They were not much better indoors, for Charles Reade tells us that "the English gentry in velvet jerkins and chicken-toed shoes, trod floors of stale rusks, foul receptacle of bones, decomposing morsels, spittle, and all kinds of abominations." Our manners have improved as regards the interior of the house; but it is not so much an improvement to dig a hole and sink the wastes within a rod or two, as the usual custom is.

In olden times, the plague raged and the spotted fever. In our time diphtheria and scarlet fever desolate families, and if as many died by cholera weekly as pneumonia and diphtheria sweep off each spring, a panic would seize the country.

Nor is this all. The majority of women rarely know what it is to be well and strong. They work like galley slaves till they break down; but they seldom know the tireless energy which delights in work. The reason is, they are poisoned from childhood. The air they breathe, if not the water they drink, is charged with decomposing waste. How should they have any but bloodless cheeks, blue lines round the eyes, and languor unspcakable?

Briefly, all house slop should go on the grass or about the roots of trees till the ground freezes. Plants filter it safely, and, as horticulturists tell us, they are able to use in growth ten times as much water as comes in the heaviest rainfall, there is no danger of overfeeding them. All sweepings and garbage that can be burnt in stove or furnace with open drafts, should be so disposed of, and the earth system, weekly if not daily renewed.

So long as towns and houses are planted on the graves of effete and decaying substance, so long life will be cut short, and its best strength will be ache and exhaustion.

In winter, cemented cisterns, ventilated and disinfected with copperas, may receive slops; or, better still, by a new invention which filters them at the sink, they may be run off as clear water, to be used in spring for irrigating the garden, to the great saving of "town water."

When this is done, and not before, we may hope to keep food pure and homes safe. Without such searching reforms, clean life and pure air are simply impossible. Dulled senses, used to contamination from their first breath, do not perceive it.

The owners of the pig-farms about cities cannot realize the effluvia which desolates miles around their places, yet women have been known to die of such odors. Country people recognize the sickly house smells of city dwellings, unfeeling by the residents, and country folk in turn are unconscious of the back-door smells which rise in village streets over the scent of apple blossoms and fruiting orchards. But bad air kills as surely, whether recognized or not.

THE LIP-RING OF THE MANGANJA

By W. P. POND



T is a very curious study to note the variety of feminine ornamentation in the different nations, and how what may be considered as a beautifier by one race becomes a positive monstrosity and deformity in the eyes of another. One of the most curious decorations in the world is adopted by the women of the Manganja tribe, inhabiting a country in Africa near one of the northern tributaries of the Zambesi. It is called the "pelele." This is a ring, but it is fixed neither in the ear nor the nose as with other races, but in the upper lip. It is a ring made of ivory, metal, or bamboo, according to the wealth of the wearer; is nearly an inch in thickness, and varies in diameter at the will of the wearer, many being nearly three inches in diameter from outer edge to edge. When the girls are very young they have the lip pierced with two holes close to the nose, and a small wooden peg inserted to keep the wound from closing. When the wound heals, two small holes are left in the lip, into which larger pegs are successively introduced until, in about two years, the full-sized "pelele" can be worn. Its effect, when worn, is indescribable. When at rest it hangs down over the mouth; when food is taken, it projects horizontally, like a small shelf, and when the dusky maiden smiles upon her admirer, it elevates itself, turning upside down until its lower edge rests against the bridge of the nose, the tip of the nose appearing through the centre, and the eyes looking round each side. As the teeth are generally filed to sharp points, until they resemble those of a crocodile, the effect may be better imagined than described. Chikanda Kadze, wife of the great chief, had a "pelele" that hung below her chin.

The origin of this horrible ornament (?) is unknown, and the reasons given for it are amusing, the natives saying, "What kind of a creature would a woman be without a pelele?" She would have a mouth like a man and no beard to cover it." In different districts it varies slightly in shape, being cylindrical, instead of round; or like a flat dish, instead of a ring.

SOWING THE WHIRLWIND

NAUGHTY, naughty chair, to bump baby's head! We'll whip the bad old chair!" And the young mother forthwith strikes the dumb thing several sharp blows. The baby crows with delight over the castigation that the chair receives; tears from joy, not pain, chase down his little cheeks, and the troubled mother is satisfied, since she prefers laughter, to tears, in her offspring. Does she realize that under this regime she is fostering a vindictive spirit in her child that may, perchance, grow with his growth, and strengthen with his strength, till in later years he may strike a murderous blow when angered by a companion's injury?

The spirit of retaliation is, alas! too painfully natural in our little ones; hence the necessity of inculcating the Master's teaching, when he said: "But whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn the other also." FANNIE L. FANCHER.

WE SELL DIRECT TO FAMILIES

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ORGANS
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Yes, my dear, your Marchal & Smith Piano is a delightful one, the tone is so sweet and pure, the action so fairy-like, and the finish so elegant that nothing is left to wish for. Their Organs, too, are as sweet and beautiful as their Pianos.

I wrote and told them just what I wanted, and they sent it to me, agreeing to take it back and pay the freight both ways if I did not like it, but I could not be better pleased if I had a thousand to choose from. They send their catalogue free to every one who wishes to buy.

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It is a Combined Shoulder-Brace and Suspender. It provides new and improved suspenders for men's pants, and supporters for ladies' undershirts which do the double duty of holding up and bracing up.

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Will Not Cut through.

SEE NAME "EVER READY" ON BACK OF EACH STAY. TAKE NONE BUT THEM. Ask for them.

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ROSES SHRUBS

Finely Grown Stock. All the Best, New and Standard Varieties of Roses.

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20 Roses, fine variety, all labeled \$1 18 Chrysanthemums, all labeled \$1

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12 Varieties of Begonias. \$1 12 Hybrid Roses. " \$1

12 Fancy Roses \$2, worth \$2.50, something new.

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ALL ABOUT FLOWERS

EDITED AND CONDUCTED BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

A GOOD HOUSE PLANT

THERE is always an inquiry for plants adapted to shady windows, or for use in room decoration where they will be out of direct light a good share of the time, for days together. The list of plants which do well under these conditions is limited. One of the best—if not the best—of the number is the *Aspidistra*.

This plant flourishes under conditions that would be death to most plants. It will do well in rooms where a ray of sunshine never reaches it, and at a considerable distance from a window. It stands the fluctuations of temperature like a stoic, and a dry air does not seem to affect it much. I have never known any insect to attack it. All it requires is a somewhat deep pot, and plenty of water when grown in full light, but much less when it is kept standing in a shady place, because there evaporation takes place slowly. Drain the pots well. It does well in any good soil.

The *Aspidistra* has leaves about a foot in length, by six inches across, and these leaves are borne on stems six or eight inches long, sent up from the soil. It never sends up a stalk. A plant a year old ought to have a dozen or more leaves of full size, with many smaller ones, and form a mass of foliage sufficient to cover the surface of a seven or eight-inch pot, and spread out well on all sides of it. The foliage is a very rich dark green, thick and leathery in texture. A *variegata* has leaves marked with ivory white, the variegation running the length of the leaf. Some leaves will have narrow stripes, while others will be broadly marked. The contrast in color is very striking. A better plant for amateurs who desire to grow a few plants for parlor use, it would be impossible to find. It is increased by division of the roots.

A HINT ABOUT BUYING SEEDS

WHILE it is possible that you may get good flower-seed of a local dealer who sells on commission, it is generally the case that you do not. The most reliable seed-firms do not send out seed in that way. If you want their seed, which is warranted to grow, and to be exactly what they represent it to be, you must buy directly of them. It always pays to do this. Good seed costs no more than poor. Therefore when you invest money in flower or garden seeds, send to some firm which has a reputation for square-dealing, and you will be sure to get your money's worth every time. Dealers who have a reputation to make, or to keep up, cannot afford to handle poor or



THE ASPIDISTRA PLANT

worthless seed. There are, fortunately, scores of reliable houses in the seed business,—as many honorable men as in any other trade or commercial channel, if not more.

HOW TO ROOT SLIPS OF PLANTS

JUDGING from the number of inquiries I receive about the best method of rooting slips of plants, many find it a difficult branch of floriculture. But it is not. It is really one of the easiest things to do, when you know how. I find that in nine cases out of ten, where failure is reported, cuttings are put in ordinary soil, often in the pot the plant is expected to grow in when it becomes large, the soil is saturated with water, and the pot is put in some dark corner, and under these conditions the cutting is expected to root. In nearly every case it will fail to do so. The leaves will turn yellow and drop, and in a short time the cutting will rot off close to the soil.

My plan—not an original one, by any means—is to use nothing but clean, sharp sand, for striking cuttings in. I use a dish that is not very deep—a soup plate is as good as anything, where there are but few cuttings to start—and fill it with the sand. I water the sand well, applying all it can absorb without becoming of the consistency of mud. It should be wet all through, but there should not be enough water given to settle in the bottom of the vessel, and become stagnant. You can easily tell when the sand is in proper condition by inserting your finger in it until you touch the bottom of the plate. If water fills into the bottom of the hole you have made, it is too wet. But if the sand seems just moist enough to remain in any shape you put it, it is in the proper condition. Insert your cuttings in it squeezing it well about them. Then place the plate in some warm, light place. If the sun shines on it, no harm is done. Indeed, I think some of the vigorous kinds, like the geranium, abutilon, fuchsia and heliotrope, root more readily when exposed to the sun than when kept in shade.

Keep the sand moist all the time. This is very important. If you allow it to get dry—and you will observe that water evaporates very rapidly from sand, because of the freedom with which air circulates through it—your cuttings will be likely to fail you. But if you keep it evenly moist, you will notice new leaves starting on many kinds in about a week. Some kinds make root slowly. When four or five leaves have grown, remove the young plants to small pots. You will find, on taking them from the sand, that they have made strong, healthy roots. I seldom lose a cutting when started in this way. The whole "knack" consists in having clean, sharp sand, which must be kept evenly moist all the time. This is the most important item—warmth and light. Cuttings root much more surely and rapidly in a warm place than in one of ordinary temperature. If those who have tried other methods and failed, will try this one, I am confident that they will succeed. Be careful, however, that the two great essentials to success—warmth and light—are not lacking, and then the results will be good.

ABOUT HARD-WOODED PLANTS

OLEANDERS, olives and other plants of a similar character are often difficult to grow from cuttings. If taken when the wood is in just the right condition, the slips will generally start in sand; but if they have gone beyond this "just-right" stage, they will refuse to do so. I have often succeeded in rooting them in water when I could root them by no other method. Fill a wide-mouthed bottle or fruit-jar with rain-water, and drop the cuttings into it after removing the leaves at the bottom. Allow the tops to project above the water, always. Place the vessel in a window where the sun can strike it. Add water as evaporation goes on. In two or three weeks' time you will generally notice tiny white roots starting from the base of the cuttings. When these have grown to the length of an inch-and-a-half or two inches, crumble soil into the water and let it settle among the roots until they are covered. Then pour off most of the water and allow evaporation to go on before more water is given until the soil is of about the same consistency as that in pots of growing plants. After a week or two the young roots will have filled the soil, and the plants can be removed by breaking the bottle without the least injury or setback, and potted off singly. Ivy is rooted in this way with much more certainty of success than by any other method.

THE BEST HALF-DOZEN ANNUALS

A CORRESPONDENT asks which I consider the best half-dozen annuals. She has but a small garden, and the time she can devote to the care of flowers is limited. She wants something that will give profuse and constant bloom, if possible, throughout the season, and something that will do well without coaxing. Many others want to know the same thing, and I am glad the question was asked, for it enables me to give some hints which might otherwise have been forgotten.

As the best six annuals, I would name the following: Sweet-peas, petunias, phlox,



THE DELIGHTFULLY FRAGRANT SWEET PEA

calliopsis, balsams and asters. These will give more general satisfaction than any others, as they bloom with great freedom through the greater part of the season if care is taken to keep seed from forming; they are brilliant in coloring, and require the minimum amount of care. The aster is an exception, as regards blooming, as it does not come into flower until August or September, continuing till frost.

If six other good annuals are wanted try ten-week stock, dianthus chinensis, mignonette, sweet alyssum, glia and morning-glories. The latter ought to have been included in the first half-dozen, but as that list included a climber—the sweet pea—the morning-glory was omitted. It deserves a place in every garden, and is only given second place because the sweet-pea is so delightfully fragrant. If you select the kinds named on the first list, add a package of mignonette seed. No garden is complete without this deliciously fragrant flower.

A HOME-MADE SOIL FOR PLANTS

T. writes from North Carolina:

"My pit was perfectly lovely all winter. It was a marvel to the neighborhood. One could scarcely realize that it was winter by looking at my dining-room. We have a large yard with many trees in it. In spring I have the leaves raked up and put in a little pen. Then I scatter leached ashes over them, and mix well, and add fine soil from the wood-pile, made up of decaying chips, bark and the like; manure from the hen house, sweepings from the house, old soil from pots, and so forth, and pour over it all house-slops every morning, with suds from the family wash. I stir the mixture often, and in time it all rots, and gives me a fine compost for use among my flowers."

Those living in cities would do well to adopt this correspondent's plan, if they want good soil in which to grow plants, and find it difficult to obtain it.—Editor.

TIMELY WORDS AND HINTS

ABOUT this time of the year the catalogues of the florists begin to pour in upon us. They are always attractive to the lover of flowers, and at the same time they are quite bewildering to the person who does not know just what she wants, and is in search of needed information. The fact is, she wants all the charming flowers the catalogues describe so attractively, but she knows a line must be drawn somewhere. But where? That is the puzzling question.

Let me give some advice, which I know to be good because it is founded on my own experience. Do not try to have many kinds. Certainly not more than you can take care of well. Do not select from the "novelty" list. Some of the new ones may be good, but you don't know—you have to take the catalogue's say-so for it. There are enough time-tried, always satisfactory kinds for your garden.

I would advise the amateur florist to adopt the following plan if she feels it necessary to economize: Get up a club.

Each package of seed generally contains more than one person cares to use. If but half is used the other half is wasted, unless exchanged with some one for other seed, or given away. Suppose you want a ribbon-bed, or one in which some design is to be worked-out in colors. You must have packages of seed in which each color is by itself. Now to buy a package of seed of each color may require more money than you feel able to afford. If but a portion of the seed in each package is required in working out your design, you have money invested from which you get no return. This waste of seed and extra expense is avoided by getting up seed-clubs. Let half-a-dozen ladies who intend to order seeds get together and talk over their plans for the summer campaign. Make a list of the seeds required by each member of the club, and put these individual lists into a general one. As many will want the same kinds selected by their neighbors, but will not care for all that a package contains, one package can be made to answer for several persons, and thus money is saved, and greater variety can be secured. In this manner half-a-dozen ladies can secure half-a-dozen distinct colors of a flower at the cost, to each, of but one color, if their orders were sent in independently. If but one package were ordered, very likely it would be one containing mixed colors, and these are never as satisfactory as separate colors. "Mixed" seed gives too "bizarre" an effect to be pleasing to a person who has an eye for harmonious combinations of color, and with it no special design can be worked out, because you never know what you are going to have.



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.

TO MR. REXFORD'S READERS

THE Editor of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL is pained to announce to the many readers of this Department that on the night of December 9th, last, Mr. Rexford's house, at Shiocton, and his greenhouses and entire collection of plants and flowers, were destroyed by fire. Mr. Rexford is, however, as he has always shown in his writings, a true philosopher, and he has set immediately to work to repair his loss.

What he cannot, however, replace, is his scrap-book, which contained a copy of each poem written by him—a collection from which he was, at the time of the fire, compiling a volume for early publication. He has therefore asked the Editor to make request of all the JOURNAL readers and friends to send him (Mr. Rexford) a copy, printed or otherwise, of any poem written by him which may be in their possession. Please address all such directly to Mr. Rexford, at Shiocton, Wisconsin where he continues to reside.

The Editor takes pleasure in adding his own thanks to those of Mr. Rexford for any assistance which our readers may find it possible to render to the JOURNAL's popular floral Editor in his efforts to replace a complete file of his published poems.

A GOOD WINTER BLOOMING FUCHSIA

MOST persons who grow the Fuchsia are under the impression that it is, or ought to be, a winter bloomer. But such is not the case except with a very few varieties, and of all the sorts which bloom in winter there is but one really good one to my knowledge. This is *Speciosa*.

This variety is a very strong grower, often reaching a height of six feet in a season, if given proper culture. It has very large, rich foliage which forms a fine background for its flowers. These are produced in wonderful profusion through several months in the year. They are borne in clusters, or more strictly speaking, pendulous racemes at the end of the branches. The sepals are pink, the corolla red. It is a single variety; the flowers are large and long, and there will often be twenty or more out at a time with buds in all stages of development on the end of each strong branch of a well-grown specimen. A large plant in vigorous health is a strikingly beautiful sight to the flower-lover. The brilliancy of color characteristic of other varieties may be lacking, but there is sufficient beauty to make it a favorite plant with all who love flowers. It is the best of all varieties for the amateur because it is of the easiest possible cultivation. It is a very strong, robust grower—the most so of any Fuchsia I have ever seen. It requires a large, stout trellis for support, or it can be trained to a post in the greenhouse. If bedded out under glass it can be trained to the rafters, and made to reach a height of ten or twelve feet. When grown in this manner it is most effective, as its pendant flowers are most pleasing when seen from below.

I have spoken of proper cultivation. This consists in a soil made up chiefly of leaf-mold with some sand added. Nothing else suits the Fuchsia as well as leaf-mold, and it will make surprising growth in it. If you cannot get it, substitute scrapings from the underside of old pasture sods in which grass-roots grow plentifully. These roots contain enough vegetable matter to make the soil a good substitute for leaf-mold. Always have the pots in which Fuchsias grow, well-drained. By doing this you avoid the danger of over-watering. Re-pot the plants as soon as the roots fill the soil. This makes frequent shifting necessary, but it is an important item in the successful cultivation of this plant. If allowed to become pot-bound, plants often drop their leaves and buds. Water should be given in liberal quantities, and care must be taken to give it when needed. If the soil is allowed to get dry, the plants receive a check from which it often takes them the greater part of the season to recover. Failures to grow the Fuchsia well generally result from neglect to give enough water, too small pots or lack of drainage.

The Fuchsia is fond of water on its leaves as well as at its roots. It should be syringed daily, taking care to throw the water well up among the foliage, as well as over it. This checks the red spider which often does the plant great injury in a dry air. It likes a good light, but is injured by strong sunshine. An east window is well suited to this plant.

When blooming profusely it is well to give a weekly watering with liquid manure.

FEBRUARY FLORAL HINTS

LITTLE HELPS AND AIDS FOR FLOWER LOVERS

PLANTS which have been at a stand-still through the late fall and early part of winter, will, if in a healthy condition, now begin to make vigorous growth. They seem to be conscious of the approach of spring, and anticipate the season. Such plants should have careful attention given them. They should be looked to, at least once a week, to see that they are making symmetrical specimens. Allow no one or two branches to get the start of others, but pinch back all branches which bid fair to make more vigorous growth than others. This will interfere with their development, and check them considerably, and by the time they get ready to go on growing, the weaker ones, will, in most cases, have caught up with them. Do not say, as so many amateurs do when they notice branches making a rapid growth at the expense of other branches, "It's a pity to pinch it back, because its growing so nicely," but remember that now, while the plant is developing, is the very time to get it into proper shape, if you want to make a fine specimen of it, and this can only be done by giving such care and training as may be required to bring about the desired result. It does seem hard, I admit, to cut back a healthy, vigorous branch, but it is for the good of the plant that you do it, and therefore it is a mistaken kindness on your part to let a portion of the plant develop at the expense of the rest of it. So, if you want fine specimens, give all the branches a chance alike, and this can only be done by checking some until others get "caught up."

One reason why so many plants are poorly shaped is, that they are not turned often enough. It is natural for the leaves to face the light. The leaves will soon draw the branches with them, and the first you know you have a plant all drawn to one side. Such plants look well when seen from outside, but their appearance from the room is highly unsatisfactory. It is easy enough to have plants looking alike from all sides, if you are particular to turn them once or twice a week. Give each side a chance at the light. Once allowed to become one-sided you can never correct the fault, which is always the result of the owner's carelessness.

When plants begin to grow, give fertilizers to assist a vigorous and healthy development, but be careful to give in small quantities, at first, and not oftener than once a week. Too strong a dose forces the plant to make an unnatural growth, and it soon becomes unhealthy.

Never give any fertilizer to a plant until it begins to grow. If it is not growing, it is because of one of two reasons: Either the plant is resting, and has not got ready to begin growing, or it is not in good health. A plant grows when it is ready to grow, and when it begins to do so, assist it by giving nutriment, not before. A sickly plant is always injured, and often killed, by being stimulated at a time when it is not in condition to make use of the food given. It is like a person with dyspepsia; food cannot be properly digested, and rich food, or too much food, only increases the trouble. Therefore, if a plant seems diseased, or doesn't begin to grow when you think it ought to, examine into its condition and nurse it back to health carefully, instead of gorging it with what it cannot make use of.

Fuchsias which were not cut back when put in the cellar, in fall, should be attended to now. Flowers are always borne on the new growth, and in order to secure plenty of blossoming surface, you must aim to secure free development of branches. This is easily done by cutting off most of the old branches. This plant "breaks" readily—in other words, branches freely—if cut back, and in a short time after cutting it back, any amount of new branches will start. Allow only those to grow which will give you branches where you want them. This plant is very tractable, and you can make it take on almost any form desired by proper training.

When you prune your geraniums, do not throw away such branches as will make cuttings. Start these in sand, for garden-use next summer. One will be surprised at the number of plants which can be obtained in this way. A geranium cutting, rooted in February, can have its top cut off in March, and of this top another cutting can be made, and the first plant will put forth several branches, each one of which can be removed and rooted, and each young plant will be as large by May, as those sent out by dealers for bedding-out. In this way, from a very few plants, it is easy to grow enough to fill quite a bed in the garden.



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FLORAL HELPS AND HINTS

REX BEGONIAS

M. L. R. writes that she has two Rex Begonias whose leaves curl and dry up. She waters twice a day freely, and gives them morning sunshine. She asks if it injures the foliage to moisten it. She also wants to know what to use to kill the "white bugs" on Coleus—Rex Begonias do not require much water at the roots, are fond of shade and are always injured by water on the leaves when sunshine is allowed to fall on them. Kerosene emulsion will rout the mealy bug.

PROPAGATION OF CLEMATIS

I. S. K.—This plant is increased by division of the roots and by layering.

PEONIES, SYRINGAS AND CALACANTHUS

Miss L. S. asks when to transplant the above.—I would move the Peony in September and the shrubs in spring. Roses can be transplanted safely in spring, and most kinds can be divided easily. Slugs can be kept from Roses by the liberal use of hellebore dusted or when the bushes are moist.

MOLES—LILIES-OF-THE-VALLEY

EFFIE asks how to get rid of moles, and if the Con-wallaria likes a shady location, and protection in winter.—If she will read up late numbers of this paper—will find some answers to the first question. The flower named likes shade, and should be covered with six inches of leaves in fall.

HOT BEDS.—TENDER ROSES.—FORGET-ME-NOTS

Hot-beds are constructed on a cheap scale by making a box of boards a foot or eighteen inches deep. Dig out the soil and put in about a foot of fresh horse-manure. Cover to a depth of six inches with fine soil. Cover with sash. Tender Roses are best wintered in the cellar. Take up after the coming of frost. Cannot say why your Forget-me-not failed to bloom.

LOTONIA BORBONICA.—PLANTS FOR OFFICE WINDOW

L. A. B. writes that her Palm seems unhealthy, the leaves turning yellow. It may be from lack of water, or from red spider. Keep the soil in which it grows moist all through, and shower freely, daily. *Aspidistra Ficus elastica, Pandanus utilis* and *Draecena indivisa*, are all good plants for the location named.

OLEANDER LEAVES TURNING YELLOW

ALICE writes that the leaves on her Oleander are turning yellow and dropping. This plant requires a good deal of water when growing. Give it in liberal quantities, daily. It may be that the scale is at work in leaves. If so, apply kerosene emulsion.

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TWO PACKETS, the elegant Mistleflower and New Mexican Fire Plant, or Summer Poinsettia, the best of all annual foliage plants, 3 feet tall, the leaves blotched with scarlet, both free for trial to all who send three letter stamps (6c.) before March 1st, for my new Floral Cat. which contains an elegant colored plate of rare Blue and Pink Water Lilies. For eight stamps (16c.) will send Cat. and ten packets (worth 85c.), all choicest new crop seeds, viz.: 35 varieties Mixed Double Asters; 50 vars. Prize Sweet Williams; 35 vars. Improved Double Poppies; 30 vars. New Giant-fl. Phlox; 50 vars. Japanese Plinks; Fire Plant, Misc-fl., etc. GOODELL'S FLOWER FARM, Pansy Park, Dwight P. O., Mass.

ALLEN'S SEEDS.

None better. Large Catalogue. Free if you name paper. C. E. Allen, Brattleboro, Vt.

THREE GRAND BERRIES.

SHUSTER'S GEM, LOVETT'S EARLY, GANDY

All are fully illustrated and described in Lovett's Guide to Horticulture. Also all good old and choice new varieties of Small and Orchard Fruit, Nut and Ornamental Trees and Plants, etc. It is a book of over 80 pages, finely printed and copiously illustrated. It states the defects and merits, gives prices and tells how to purchase, plant, prune and cultivate. Mailed free; with colored plates 10c. Trees and Plants by Mail a Specialty. J. T. Lovett Co., Little Silver, N. J.

\$500 FOR A TOMATO

This Prize Tomato is the largest ever offered. The photograph shows one plant grown by O. R. Foster, Florence, Mass., height is 11 ft. 5 in., and completely loaded with large, smooth, bright red tomatoes. Hundreds of my customers have had equal results. The quality is excellent; after you once test it you will grow no others. Two plants if well cared for will produce all Tomatoes one family can use. If started early, fruit ripens from July 4th until frost. Single Tomatoes have grown 6 inches in diameter and weight nearly 3 lbs., and as hard all through as a hard-boiled egg, with only a few seeds in a Tomato, and entirely free from rot. This mammoth strain can only be obtained from me. I want to get a tomato weighing 3 lbs., and will pay \$500 cash to any person producing it. Plant some, you may get the 3 lb. Tomato—grow rapidly and are very ornamental for garden or lawn.
SURE HEAD CABBAGE Is all head and sure to head, very uniform in size, firm and fine in texture, excellent in quality and a good keeper. Single heads have weighed over 6 lbs.
EARLY SNOWBALL TURNIP Is the earliest in the world, easy grown, good size, excellent quality. Will be far ahead of your neighbors.
I will send a packet each of Prize Tomato, Cabbage and Turnip for same, for only 25 cents, with my catalogue of bargains, for only 25 cents. Every person sending silver for above collection and addresses of 3 persons who buy seeds, will receive free a packet Silver Ball Lettuce, finest variety ever grown, and a fifty cent certificate for seeds, your choice from my catalogue, free. Address F. B. MILLS, Rose Hill, Onon. County, New York.

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If you are particular about Seeds—Flower and Vegetable—ROSEMONT SEEDS will satisfy you. ONE QUALITY, grown, selected saved and cleaned for the best retail trade. Our regular customers plant these seeds. We want you to try them. OUR NEW GUIDE—124 pp., illustrated—the most complete edition ever sent out, is FREE TO ALL interested, on application. No doubt you know we lead in Roses, Hardy Plants, Popular Flowers and Summer Bulbs—especially ROSES. Acres of glass. We send orders by mail, postpaid, to all Post Offices, and guarantee safe arrival and satisfaction. The DINGEE & CONARD CO., West Grove, Pa.

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WE WILL MAIL ALL THESE 5 Finest Flowers FOR 26 cts. together with our complete NEW FANCY GERMAN PANSIES. Special selection of only the brightest and best, superbly spotted and stained, striped and margined, Imperial Prize Pansies, of striking beauty. Flowers of perfect form and large size. The illustration shows only one of the many beautiful types. FRINGED STAR PHLOX. An odd novelty of surpassing beauty; 40 varieties of elegantly edged and fringed flowers of star-like form. GOLDEN GATE POPPIES. A grand novelty. Entirely unique in wondrous variety and brilliancy of bloom; myriads of most gorgeous flowers of every conceivable shade. CROZY'S CANNAS—New Large Flowering, Ever-blooming Dwarf French Cannas, with immense clusters of magnificent flowers, as richly colored as Orchids, and more profuse flowering than Gladioli. See colored plate in Catalogue. Neat, dwarf growth, with handsome foliage. They bear their beautiful, large flowers, of many colors, all summer, the first year from seed. ECKFORD'S NEWEST SWEET PEAS. Embracing the latest novelties, largest and most beautiful named varieties in superb mixture. Never before equaled. Pkt. 10 cts.; oz., 20 cts. For 26 cts. (13 two-cent stamps) we will send all the above—FIVE FINEST NOVELTIES with full directions for culture printed on each packet. If you do not want all of these seeds, you can select any Three Varieties for 16 cts. If you want any other Seeds, ask for BURPEE'S FARM ANNUAL for 1891, With colored plates painted from nature, tells all about the BEST SEEDS including RARE NOVELTIES, which cannot be had elsewhere. It also tells how to get Valuable Premiums, including FREE! MRS. RORER'S NEW BOOK, just out, FREE! Name this paper, and write to-day. W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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All the above sent, post-paid, for \$3.00. Order now, and MENTION THIS PAPER. ROBT. SCOTT & SON, Philadelphia, Pa.

SEEDS GIVEN AWAY!

Send 10 cents for 3 months' trial of Park's Floral Magazine, a charming monthly, and we will send you as a FREE GIFT
1 package Mixed Flower Seeds, nearly 1,000 kinds, yielding an astonishing variety of flowers, all sizes, forms and colors, value 15 cents
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1 Copy Park's Floral Guide, enlarged, new and instructive, value 10 cents
All of these with MAGAZINE for only 10 cents! The Magazine is "bright as a Marigold," and a welcome guest to every flower lover. You'll be delighted. Send 10 cents at once, and tell your friends to send. Don't wait. This advertisement will not appear again. GEO. W. PARK, Seedsmen and Florist, Libonia, Pa.
P. S.—Park's New Rose Budget, all about Roses, superbly illustrated, only 10 cents. 15 splendid Roses, \$1.00.

Perfect Flowers and Healthy Plants can be raised without trouble and comparatively no expense, with Powell's Liquid Fertilizer

For FLOWERS, which is clean and inodorous. Price 25c. (by mail 35c.) For sale by Druggists, general stores and Seedsmen. Write for circular, telling how to Raise Flowers Successfully. W. S. POWELL & CO., Baltimore, Md., Manufacturers.

GRAND NEW FLOWERS.

The Wonderful Marattia Vine—the most magnificent flowering vine in cultivation—price 20c. Fuller's new Giant Pansy Seed, 10 packages, magnificent sorts, 25c. Selection of 12 choice packages of flower seeds, 25c.; 12 packages Vegetable Seeds, 25c.; Fuller's Grand New Seedling Gladioli, 12 fine mixed bulbs, 20c. The Excelsior Pearl Tuberoses, spikes of pure white, double flowers of great fragrance, 6 large bulbs, 25c.; 12 packages of beautiful Catalogue sent free. J. ROSCOE FULLER & CO., Floral Park, N. Y.

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Containing a complete list of Garden, Farm and Flower Seeds. Gardeners and Farmers should send for it before purchasing. Lowest prices. Stock pure and tested. Address, COLE'S SEED STORE, PELLA, IOWA.

SEEDS!

6 packages Prize Aster, double white T-R. Begonia-Pansy and Mam. Passion Flower, Starlight Carnation, Fanny Pansy and Mam. Verbenas, 10 cents. 6 Chrysanthemums, 25 cents. Catalogue free. A. C. ANDERSON, Leigh, Neb.



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.

HEALTH AND MONEY FOR WOMEN THE CARE OF FLOWERS AS A VALUABLE HEALTH-MEASURE

Mrs. E. Young, of New York State, writes: "Two years ago I had just the same experience 'Pattie' wrote about, in regard to Geraniums. I took cuttings too late in the season. Last year I took my cuttings from old plants early in spring, and the result is that this last winter I had more blossoms on my plants than ever before. In my collection I have a number of geraniums in three-inch pots and cans. None of them are more than seven inches high, and they have but one or two shoots each, yet they have blossomed all through the winter. I have one in a small can on which four clusters are opening. Would you advise me to transplant to larger pots by-and-by, give water moderately through the season, and keep buds pinched off, in order to have them in condition for winter blooming? Or would you start new plants in spring?"

"I have never seen any mention of the vegetable garden in the JOURNAL. I have made quite a little money from mine. I have two cold-frames under the kitchen window south of the house, in which I plant lettuce early in March, transplanting about one hundred plants, when large enough, to the garden beds. Last year I realized ten dollars, and the year before about seven dollars from the sale of this plant, which was sown broadcast, cut and tied in neat bunches and sold at my husband's market. Don't think I am a country-woman. I am, or rather was, a New York city girl, and have only resided in the country since my marriage, five years ago; but I take to garden-work as a duck takes to water, and take great pride in my vegetable garden."

All women who love flowers would find it a health-measure to begin and take care of a garden. It would bring back lost color to many a cheek if more time was spent among the flower-beds and less among "society." In reply to the query in the above letter, I would say that the old plants are much preferable, for winter use, to the young ones, as several years of experience proves. I know that many writers on flowers and their culture, always advise starting plants in spring for winter-blooming, but I insist that their advice is not good. An old plant, if healthy, is worth a dozen year or six-months-old plants, as a trial of the two will certainly prove.—EDITOR.

BEST FERTILIZER FOR POTTED PLANTS

I AM often asked, "What is the best fertilizer for pot plants?" My reply is, the best, where it can be obtained, is, judging from my own experience, liquid manure obtained by leaching old cow-manure. This seems perfectly adapted to the wants of all plants, and produces a vigorous and healthy growth, and is immediate in its effects. But it is impossible for most growers of house-plants to make use of it, and something else must be substituted. I have tried many of the preparations put up by florists, and recommended as being "superior to everything else of its kind" in almost every instance, and I have found nearly all unsatisfactory. Some suit certain plants well enough, but injure others. Some force the plants unnaturally for a short time, and then a reaction sets in, and the plant becomes weak and diseased.

The one fertilizer, prepared expressly for use on pot-plants which I have entire confidence in, and which I do not hesitate to recommend to all amateurs, is the Bowker Co.'s "Food for Flowers." This preparation is put up after the formula of a scientific man, who has studied plants and their requirements, and seems to contain nearly all the important elements of plant-growth. It will never injure plants if used according to directions accompanying it. It is easily applied, agreeable to use, and satisfactory in its results. In one way it is superior to liquid manure. It never breeds worms in the soil.

HELIOTROPE FOR WINTER

Mrs. J. A. G.—If your old Heliotrope has been growing in open ground during summer, it will hardly pay to pot it for winter-blooming. Better start a young plant. If you lift it, it should be cut back almost to the soil. Loam and old manure suits it. It requires warmth, sunshine and plenty of water.

GROWING THE IVY-LEAF GERANIUM

Annie Baker, of Texas, writes about her experience with the Ivy Geranium:

"Last year I had an Ivy-Leaf Geranium. I re-potted it in May, putting it in a bucket that would hold about two gallons. I set it on a box at the side of the kitchen door, where we kept the wash-basin, so it did not fail to get plenty of water. It soon began to grow rapidly. As soon as a branch was long enough to fasten up, I took bits of cloth and wound them about the stems, and tacked them against the end of the kitchen. It grew till it reached the roof. I went North in October, and left it setting by the door. I do not know how much higher it would have grown if it had been taken care of. I came back in December, and cut it off, and have been giving it a rest through the winter."

It always pays to give a plant good care.—EDITOR.

PERSEVERANCE ALWAYS PAYS

Miss E. L. Sutton, of New Jersey, sends this bit of experience:

"My Perle des Jardin Rose was a small plant last spring. I kept it in a pot at first, but finally put it out in the flower-bed. It gave me two flowers during the summer, but they were not very large and I was somewhat disappointed. In September I put it in a larger pot, but owing to sickness and moving it was left on the piazza exposed to long, cold, fall rains. During the winter it seemed to stand still. The red spider began to trouble it. I determined to take the poor plant in hand. I dipped it in strong soap-suds in which I had put a small quantity of sulphur, heating it after mixing, but allowing it to cool before using it. This drove the spider away for a time. I burned some bones in the oven and powdered them as fine as possible, and mixed the meal with the soil on top of the pot. I also mixed in some charcoal. Each morning when the sun shone I carried the pot from the west window to the south one of my bedroom. At last patience and perseverance had their reward. A bud made its appearance. The latter part of March it bloomed. The flower was very large, and of most delicious fragrance. It remained perfect about seven days. I also have an Hermosa. It is a constant bloomer but variable as to size and color. It seems more susceptible to amateur culture than the Perle. I find camphor-gum very effective in driving away flies and white worms. Scatter it over the soil."

IN A SMALL CITY YARD

May Lockwood, who has a small city yard in New York city, writes:

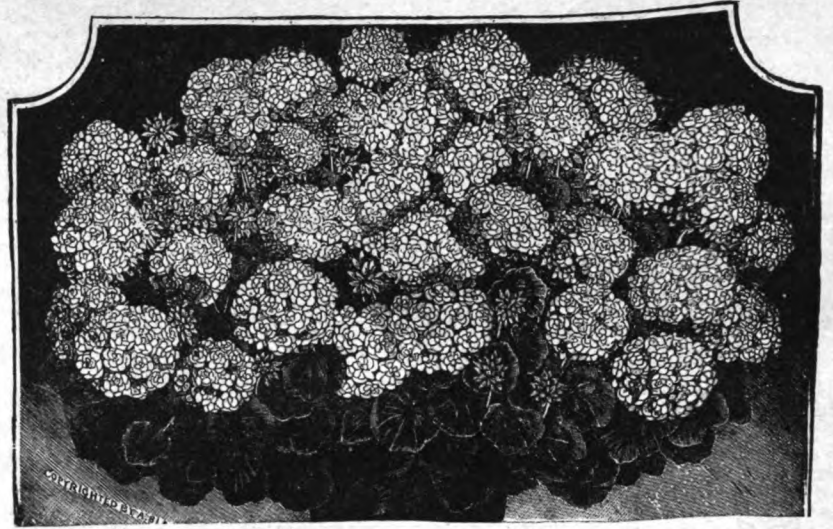
"Mine is but a small city yard, but by careful selection I have constant bloom from early spring until frost. During my summer absence I feel it gives my neighbors pleasure to see the flowers. My window-garden has been a perfect success the past winter. So much so that I find our house is known in the neighborhood as 'the house with the flowers.' Of all winter plants nothing has given me more pleasure than an Ardisia. It is about two feet tall, and straight as an arrow. In September tiny green berries began to grow, and soon turned a brilliant scarlet. They still remain on the plant, as fresh and beautiful as ever. The berries are like a coronet, half way up the plant, and new buds are forming for pretty white flowers. Soap-water has kept away the honey-dew which sometimes troubles this plant. My ferns, in rolling basket, are quite a success, as I have learned to use only such kinds as can stand gas and furnace heat."

"Many persons say to me, 'What do you do to your plants to make them grow so?' I presume you have had the same question asked of you, time and again, and doubtless have made the same reply: 'I love and watch them, that is all.' Whoever heard of treating all the children in a nursery alike? Dispositions vary, and so do plants, and one ought to know all their little whims and coaxing ways by heart. Of course you must study your plants. Make them your friends. Get perfectly familiar with them, and treat them as you treat a human friend, and they will grow for you and do their best to please you."

VARIEGATED ROSE GERANIUM

E. B. AND SEVERAL OTHERS—The variety of Rose Geranium asked about can be procured of James Vick, Hill & Co., McGregor Bros., and, in fact, almost all leading florists. Its price is twenty-five cents, with most dealers, I think.

"Of all the bonny buds that blow in bright or cloudy weather, of all the flowers that come and go the whole twelve months together," there are none that you cannot obtain at Vaughan's Mammoth Plant and Seed Store, Chicago. The 1891 Catalogue, with Photo Views, Colored Plates complete, artistic, mailed everywhere free. VAUGHAN'S SEED STORE, 146 AND 148 WEST WASHINGTON STREET, CHICAGO.



A well-grown Plant of the New **THE FAVORITE** Double White GERANIUM

In the new Geranium, we have the finest double white Geranium ever introduced, and unlike other double white Geraniums, it is suitable for bedding, and flowers as profusely as the best single varieties. It is a dwarf, compact growing variety, with handsome, banded foliage, of a light, healthy green. The perfect double flowers are unsurpassed for cut flowers; they are borne in large trusses, and are spotless, snowy white, retaining their pureness even in the heat of summer; in the fall the plants can be taken in the house, where they will again bloom profusely. Unlike most illustrations of highly lauded novelties, the engraving does not exaggerate the profuse flowering character of a well grown plant—104 trusses and buds have been counted upon a single exhibition. For cut flowers it can best be described as "an ever-blooming Geranium, of the greatest value for the production of white flowers at all seasons." Price, 25 cents; 3 for 50 cents.

75 CENTS FOR TRIAL—A MAGNIFICENT OFFER!

10 Continuous Flowering Roses for only 75 cts. In order to induce thousands of new customers to give my plants a trial (knowing that they then become regular customers), I make the following very liberal offer for 1891. This list of Roses are all gems in my large collection and at the usual retail price would cost you much more than the above amount, but I will send the entire collection to any address, prepaid by mail, for only 75 Cents. Cath. Mermel, one of the finest Roses grown, delicate shade and beautiful. Md. Schwallier, Salmon Rose, petals finely edged with violet carmine. Mlle Kruger, a treasure for those who are fond of rare shades of yellow. Queens Scarlet, a magnificent dark red rose. The Bride, the finest white Tea Rose, the buds are large and of exquisite form. Etiole de Lyon, a charming shade of yellow, each bud a gem. Md. C. Kuster, large, handsome buds bright lemon yellow. Md. Margotten, citron yellow, peach shading in centre. Safrana, bright apricot yellow, beautiful buds. Bon Silence, dark rosy carmine, flushed with purple, a charming rose. ALL THE ABOVE are strong, vigorous Plants, suitable for immediate flowering. Each labeled. From summer. For 75cts. I will send the "Gem" (in ordering, simply say "Gem") Collection of Roses to any address, or six complete collections, ordered at one time for \$3.75. Get up a club for five of these collections, and have one for yourself without cost.

FOR 75 CENTS I WILL SEND FREE BY MAIL, 12 Ever-blooming Roses, or 12 Double Flowering Geraniums, or 12 Single Flowering Geraniums, or 6 each Single and Double Geraniums, or 12 Choice Chrysanthemums, or 12 Colors, or 12 Basket or Vase Plants, or 12 Assorted Flowering Plants, or 25 packets beautiful Flower Seeds, or 20 packets of choice Vegetable Seeds. Catalogue of Seeds and Plants Mailed Free. CHARLES A. REESER, INNISFALLEN GREENHOUSES, SPRINGFIELD, O.

NEW Garden Pink "Little Gem"



This is one of the most beautiful flower novelties of the season. It forms a perfect, cushion-like plant only six inches high, which is almost smothered with charming flowers, each 2 1/2 inches across. The color is an exquisite combination of wine-red, suffused and veined with rosy carmine, and broadly margined with white. The cultural directions, sent free with every packet enables the most inexperienced to raise and flower it the first season from seed.

Price 25 cents per packet; 5 packets for \$1.00, free by mail. With every order for a single packet or more, will be sent, gratis, our superb catalogue of "EVERYTHING FOR THE GARDEN" for 1891 (the price alone of which is 25 cents) on condition that you will say in what paper you saw this advertisement.

PETER HENDERSON & CO. 35 & 37 Corlandt St. NEW YORK

OVER 30,000 READERS of the Ladies' Home Journal have sent us orders for PANSY SEED in the past two years—WHY? Because it gives satisfaction. This year, we have still a better and more magnificent strain of this, EVERYBODY'S FAVORITE, flower, the pansy.

NEW GIANT FANCY Largest in size, most perfect in form, richest in color, or of any strain in the world. The individual flowers measure from three to four inches across, and in colors they embrace the most brilliant shades known; and is without a question the grandest strain ever offered. Never before has it been possible for the lover of PANSIES to obtain in one packet **PANSIES** of seed so many distinct strains and types of the GIANT FANCY PANSIES; and at such a low price, that everybody can afford to give them a trial. On RECEIPT of 14 cts. (in cash or stamps), we will send one full size packet, 100 seeds, of "NEW GIANT FANCY PANSY" including a copy of our eighty page CATALOGUE OF NORTHERN GROWN TESTED SEEDS with over 650 illustrations and a colored plates. The only seed catalogue published in the world illustrating EVERYTHING in Seeds, Bulbs and Plants TRUE TO NATURE. Northrup, Brasian & Goodwin Co. 10 and 12 Bridge Sq., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

THIS ADVT WILL NOT APPEAR AGAIN



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



FROM one member of our circle there comes a vigorous declaration of opinion. She says: "Allow me to express my indignation at that hateful word 'servant' so often quoted in papers and magazines," and, she imagines, "the feelings of sadness and regret that their lot is cast in so lowly a sphere, and that they are only servants."

THIS word *servant* is not a hateful word to me, and I cannot share our sister's feelings about it. What is there higher or nobler in this world than service? Surely we, who profess to be the servants of Him who came into this world "not to be ministered unto but to minister," and who taught His disciples that whosoever of them "will be the chiefest shall be servant of all"—we cannot use the term with any contempt. If there are in our homes those who have been less favored than ourselves, let us remember that he who is faithful over a few things has the promise of being ruler over many, and, if in the varied, and often trying, duties given to our "hired-helpers" to perform, they are trustworthy, they may exceed us in authority when the final adjustments are made.

AND this reminds me of the complaints of another sister who feels aggrieved because she finds so much said about "nurses" and "cooks" and "housemaids" in our papers and magazines, and she asks for a "code of rules" suited to the simpler living of home workers. She must be a new-comer amongst us, or she would know that we have exchanged many hints intended to make the necessary work of a household easy and at the same time efficient, whether it is done by our own hands or by those to whom for good reasons we delegate it.

WHEN it is possible for the members of the family to divide the necessary labor among themselves so that no one shall be overtaxed, and no stranger need come into the charmed circle, that is a condition happy indeed. The house-mother rejoices in the assurance that the corners are clean, that her food is prepared with neatness, and that no prying eyes, no meddling fingers intrude upon her feminine treasures. She does not fear that itching ears are catching bits of talk to be distorted and retailed to gossiping neighbors. She is free from all danger in this direction. For, alas! though there be many faithful women who come into our homes to be ever-watchful to do what is right and kind, there are some who are but eye-servants and who make life a burden to those who must be subject to their malice or their follies.

THE burdens of a true house-mother are not lightened by many servants; her duties are changed, but are often much heavier thereby. She may not strain her muscles with the load, but her nerves and her brain are often taxed beyond their endurance. To direct a large establishment, to wisely control the untrained and ill-bred who come into it from every evil environment, to keep each wheel and cog in the household machinery fitly moving in its place, to bring order out of the confusion born of rebellion, to make the home a tower of defense to the tempted and the erring—this is not an easy task. If we are spared this responsibility, we may not speak contemptuously of those who have it to endure. We may not pride ourselves in our exemption from the cares of authority. It is not particularly to our credit that we do not hire help, neither is it admirable to employ numerous servants. Whatever it is right and best to do one should do willingly, however

menial and irksome the task. If your kingdom is a small one, manage it wisely and be grateful; if it is a large one, administer its affairs with discretion and humility. You are not entitled to credit because of the place you fill, but because of the way in which you fill it. The pride which despises a woman because she has servants, is as contemptible as that which despises another who has none.

WE ought not, my dear sisters, to judge one another in these matters. We may be sure that into the lot of every one of us come some great burdens and perplexities. We may not know what they are. Be grateful, those of you who live in quiet homes, and vex not yourselves with fretfulness and envy. And to you, upon whom larger responsibilities are laid, may God give strength to accept them with courage, to stand in the midst of exasperating distractions with a divine calmness, and to do the work of your hands, whatever it may be, with earnestness and with fidelity.

AUNT PATIENCE.

THE VALUE OF A DOLLAR

DEAR SISTER:—In the elevated car one day I became interested in the remarks of two gentlemen opposite. One talked about his children until Tom and Marian appeared individually before my mind's eye.

"I can get along very well indeed with Tom," said he, "and Marian is a dear little thing. But girls are queer! I can't understand them. She'll come and put her arms around my neck and say 'Poor papa! I'm so sorry you have to work so hard. It's too bad!' Then I get ready. I know something is coming. May be, after a while, I'll hear—'Say, papa, I think I might have a red ulster, like Mattie Grey. All the other girls have them! Can't I have one, papa?' Well, what can you do? You know, she'd keep on, and you'd have to give in, and get the thing at last whether you can afford it or not."

All this was said half laughingly, in perfect good humor, yet with an evident belief that this spirit was necessarily a feminine characteristic. I felt "mad" but I could not relieve my feelings in any way. After a little calm reflection, however, I was forced to acknowledge to myself, that this opinion was not entirely unfounded, that this child is no more a myth than the woman who lays small plans to obtain extra money from her husband. There is something certainly painful in such a spectacle, and we blame the woman; but what can we expect if she originates in the little girl who teases her father for a thing until she gets it?

Various jokes upon this feminine failing fly continually in the papers. If their origin is considered at all, it is taken to lie in the vanity and love of ornament possessed by women. But it is not partly the fault of the parents who neglect to teach their children the true value of money?

The sooner a child learns to appreciate the cares relating to money whether arising from lack or possession, of that useful article, the easier for itself, and, of course, a grown woman cannot be taught by this or any other method. If her previous education has produced in her a determination to buy parlor ornaments for her husband's Christmas presents, because she wants them herself, it isn't likely that he can do anything about it. And this woman actually lives outside of the funny columns.

I am not offering an infallible remedy for this evil. My mental estate is interrogative. Some where—one feels instinctively—there lives someone who has solved these minor social problems. Of that wise individual I would ask—"What is the answer to this one?"

A. M. L.

This is a most important question, and it would be well for us to talk about it. I believe that every child should early be taught by experience how to keep "within an income," just as I believe every woman who is dependent on her father's or her husband's purse should have her stated allowance from it. The child may have some sad disappointment because she has spent her money foolishly, which will save her from a more distressing calamity when she is mistress of larger funds. The "allowance" plan is one I have seen tried in many families with excellent results and I can recommend its efficiency. Let us exchange experiences in this matter.

PIANO-TUNING FOR WOMEN

DEAR SISTERS:—I WAS much interested in an article in THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, for October, entitled "An Opening for Young Women." As piano tuning has been my business for three years and a half, and though far from "having a monopoly," I think I have made a good beginning.

It seemed to me that while some of the points were well taken, a somewhat different view of the case might be given.

I thoroughly believe that women make successful tuners. Also that a fairly accurate ear, to start with, the ear can be cultivated as well as the fingers—and faculty for handling tools, are necessary. The item about the weight of required tools should be qualified. In addition to tools, new strings are often necessary; polishing materials and various collections of pieces of action; and the tuning hammer and mutes—or wedges—are a small part of the required tools. The hammer includes long, short, and double heads, and tips of various sizes to fit all the kinds of wrest pins that have been used during the last fifty years. It is very easy to use a tuning hammer, for with few exceptions the pins turn easily; the trouble lies in stopping them in the right place. That only takes a line on paper, but with jumping pins, and pins that twist on themselves so that the string is raised a quarter of a tone before the bottom of the pin starts, it is not so simple as it seems, and one trial would be convincing that long and faithful practice is needed, instead of "six months with a first-class tuner." Unless that tuner has at his disposal a variety of "square," "upright" and "grand" instruments, which he is willing to sacrifice to the student's experiments, where can the student get the necessary practice, unless at the expense of owners of pianos? First attempts at tuning are very injurious to an instrument, and many pianos have been ruined by unskillful tuning.

At the Boston School for tuners there are fifteen or more rooms fitted with all kinds of instruments, for the exclusive use of the students. Teachers of experience arrange the course to make progress as rapid as possible, and accompany sound theory with abundant practice.

In addition to this, lady students are allowed to accompany the regular tuners in their daily rounds through the immense Conservatory building where nearly three hundred pianos of every style are undergoing the constant strain of many hours daily practice.

After one year of study I received my certificate for satisfactorily completing the work required. The second year I studied reed and pipe organ tuning, and began to tune outside pianos as well as in the Conservatory. I received in June, 1888, my diploma for a full tuning course. For the two years following I had charge of between sixty and seventy pianos at the Conservatory, and my outside list kept growing. This year I am devoting myself exclusively to private work, my list of pianos being now over two hundred and rapidly increasing.

Polishing, which is included in the tuition, is a remunerative business, if one has the strength for it.

Not only in the study of piano-tuning is honest, hard work essential, but I believe the thing upon which women most need "line upon line and precept upon precept," is the importance of thoroughness in preparation for the industry by which they mean to earn their livelihood. The long procession of incompetent workers which has passed before me, is a sad one. We do not want any more women who have taken the short and superficial road to dress-making, type-writing, piano-tuning or anything else.

A SISTER-MOTHER'S EXPERIENCE

DEAR AUNT PATIENCE:—Four years ago my mother died and I had to be mother to six motherless children, three brothers and three sisters, ranging from two to thirteen years of age, I being fifteen years old at that time. It was indeed a very hard battle for me at first, but I gave myself up to the dear loving Saviour's care, from whom came my help and strength. I knew He would help me, if I would only ask Him, and ever since I have come daily seeking His advice and help. I have tried various ways in bringing up these children, and none has worked so well as love alone; children must be chastised at times, but never punished.

When my oldest brother was about twelve years old, he was quite often punished because he was always careless and good-for-nothing, as others said. At last it went so far (that was shortly before mother died), he would not go to school, and would loaf around during school hours; mother was almost broken-hearted, and shortly after she died; then my brother was left in my care. You cannot imagine how I felt when I knew that I would be responsible for his future life, and it pains me to tell you that I had him punished for his faults, and tried to make a better boy of him in that way, but, as you may well know, it did no good, and I was almost in despair, and ready to give up trying altogether when I thought I would try to win him once more with love alone, and never strike him, doing the best I could, receiving my help from God. It has worked wonders. Now he is an affectionate and bright boy, obeys nearly always. He is at work now, and attends evening school, and I think he will grow up to be a good man. All the children love me, and do all they can for me. I keep all the children away from evil influence and evil companions, and guard them carefully. Mothers who have trouble with their children, bring them up in a loving and tender heart, and you will surely succeed. I hope some mothers will find comfort in reading these lines.

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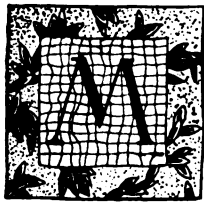
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HOUSEWORK AND HYGIENE

By Mrs. M. P. HANDY



AUCH of modern medicine hinges upon exercise, and many of the "cures," such as the new massage treatment the health lift, and the rowing machine, for example, depend entirely upon giving the various muscles proper play, and bringing the blood into healthy circulation. The latest of these cures has just been devised—it can scarcely be said to have been invented—by the court physician of Sweden, for the Queen. Her royal highness has been a sufferer from dyspepsia and nervous troubles. He calls it "The Chambermaid Cure." The patient is ordered to rise at seven o'clock, make her own bed, sweep her room and dust it, and afterward to work among her flowers in the open air, for two or three hours. The "Court Chronicle" reports the happiest results from this regimen; the Queen is no longer troubled with insomnia, has a good appetite and is gaining flesh and color.

There is little doubt that the new medicine is a good one, and that most of our fashionable invalids would be the better for a thorough trial of it. There is no course of gymnastics better adapted for developing the chest and rounding the bust than bed-making; and a vigorous course of dusting parlor or sitting-room, with open windows before breakfast, would be found an excellent prescription for producing a healthy appetite. As for the out-door part of the regimen, no one will question its efficacy.

American mothers, more than any others, err in not teaching their daughters the proper care of a household, and every year sees hundreds of girls marry with no more idea how to cook or keep house than they have of Sanscrit. They learn through many failures and heartaches—if they are the right sort of women, as they usually are—the knowledge their mothers ought to have taught them long before, and very probably live to send their own daughters into the world just as badly equipped. "If only my parents had taught me to make bread, in place of one of the seven languages they made me learn," exclaimed a brilliant woman in the writer's hearing the other day, "it would have done me a great deal more good!" Not that higher education for women is not a good thing, but that the household training should supplement it, and that every mother when her daughter leaves school, or during her school-days, if practicable, should give her a thorough course of instruction in household management. There are few households of moderate means where there is not a young baby, in which it would not pay to dispense with the second girl and let the young ladies of the family do her work, and divide her wages. The cost of her keep would pay for a washerwoman at least one day in the week. Unfortunately the idea is abroad in the land that menial labor of any sort is degrading, and the number of servants kept in a family is regarded as a measure of gentility. For this reason servants grow more and more inefficient, and housekeeping more difficult. But she who can clean her own house, and cook a good dinner at need, is practically independent of servants, and, providing she has some one to do the rough work, need never be dismayed. The sooner that we are disabused of the notion that to sit in idleness and take care of one's fingernails is the height of gentility, the better. German women of all ranks are instructed in cookery as carefully as in any other branch of education, and English people traveling in this country, and American women visiting in England, give it as their opinion that English girls of the higher classes, are far better trained as housekeepers and nurses than are American girls of much more moderate means. Queen Victoria places high value on all housewifely accomplishments, and has had her daughters taught them as carefully as though the knowledge had been necessary.

As for cooking, no woman ever regretted the time spent in acquiring a mastery of that. The market may be over-crowded with typewriters, telegraph operators, seamstresses and the like, but there is no fear of a surplus of first-class cooks. The number of women who make a comfortable income from teaching cooking is steadily increasing, while all over the country others are making more or less money by the practice of some special branch of cookery. The proprietress of a fashionable boarding-house in a Southern city, gained the money to buy her house and start business by baking Maryland biscuit for ocean-going steamers. There are two maiden ladies in the interior of Pennsylvania whose income derived from the sale of home-made preserves and pickles, runs into the thousands, and is growing every year; while we might mention not a few others who support themselves comfortably by the same means. Any expert cook who has a kind friend or relative in the grocery business can easily arrange to

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have him act as her agent in their sale. And oh, how welcome a guest in any family is the aunt or cousin whose cakes and pies fairly melt in the mouth when she can be coaxed to make one!

No woman has any right to call herself a good wife until she can make her husband comfortable—which includes the sending him to his work in the morning with a good breakfast, and giving him a good dinner on his return—and unless she knows enough of domestic economy to understand whether her servants do their work honestly and well. The man who with only a college education as a preparation, should attempt the conduct of a printing-office would be ridiculed; he who should apply for the place of foreman in a factory, knowing nothing of mechanics, would be suspected of lunacy; yet every day girls without the least knowledge of housekeeping take upon themselves the direction of some man's home without the faintest idea of the accruing responsibilities.

MAKING AND APPLYING WOOD STAINS.



WITH the spirit of home-decoration that in these days is so general, much is missed by lack of knowledge in regard to wood stains and their preparation. This ignorance is not confined entirely to housekeepers, but prevails with many so-called professional painters. Many articles of furniture, as well as floors, can be materially enhanced in appearance by the use of stains.

A beautiful stain, when properly prepared, can be made from any of the following pigments, viz:—Raw and burnt sienna, raw and burnt umber and Vandyke brown. Besides the foregoing, carmine, crimson-lake and American vermilion can be used to an advantage, when prepared as directed below.

To properly make a stain from any of the materials named above, it is best to buy it "ground in oil," for the reason that when mixed in the dry state it is liable to be gritty and does not produce as good an effect.

The writer's experience in making stains of any shade is, that if the material is first mixed with a sufficient quantity of raw linseed oil to make it the consistency of thick cream, and then slowly brought to a boil over a moderate fire, and, while boiling, add a piece of yellow bees'-wax, (in the proportion of a piece about the size of half a nutmeg to a pint), and allowed to boil until the wax is melted and thoroughly mixed with the material, the stain has a better effect and wears longer. After removing from the fire allow the mixture to stand a few minutes, and then thin with turpentine to whatever consistency you desire. Under no circumstances, however, should the turpentine be put in until after the boiling, as the presence of the latter would make the mixture very liable to take fire, and probably endanger the maker's safety.

Raw sienna, as a stain, produces a beautiful shade of yellow. Burnt sienna, when properly thinned, produces a very nice mahogany shade, and in combination with red oxide of lead, does very well for a cherry stain. Burnt umber or Vandyke brown, either, will make an excellent black walnut stain. Raw umber makes a stain that some persons prefer to all others for floors. Carmine, when combined with burnt sienna, produces a beautifully brilliant stain between a mahogany and cherry. Crimson-lake produces a beautiful rose color when properly diluted, and has an admirable effect when applied to the floor extending out from the wash-boards about eight inches around a room, having all the balance of the floor inside of this border stained with raw sienna. It makes everything look cool and refreshing even on a sultry day. American vermilion when used as a stain should be very thin, and produces, on a new even surface, a lovely deep pink.

To obtain the best results from any stain, it should be varnished, but never until it is thoroughly dry. To apply any of the cheap ordinary varnishes, which are made from rosin and other inferior material, is a waste of money as well as time and labor. A No. 1, Hard Oil Finish is the proper varnish to apply. If you desire a very brilliant-gloss thin the finish with about a gill of raw linseed oil to a quart of the varnish. It is a quick dryer and in twelve hours, in warm weather, it will be dry. Never apply the finish just as you buy it, as generally it is too heavy (thick) to spread evenly. Floors that have been stained and varnished with hard oil finish can from time to time be freshened up, when the gloss begins to die away, by going over the floor with some raw linseed oil, in which has been melted, by boiling, some yellow bees'-wax, in the proportion of half an ounce of wax to three pints of oil.

Many persons use asphaltum varnish, thinned down with turpentine, as a stain. The writer after unlimited experience with asphaltum, considers it as only fit for outside work such as iron fencing and the like. It is uncertain in drying at times, and, therefore, anything but desirable for inside work.

LITTLE THINGS WORTH REMEMBERING

By SARA SEDGWICK



HOT cakes, pies, etc., need not be removed from the pans in which they are baked, if precaution is taken to set them up on small supports, so that the air can circulate under them. This effectually prevents the moisture from steam in the bottom of the pan.

Hot tallow is said to remove machine oil from white goods. Repeated applications will also remove ink stains, if exposed to the rays of the sun.

Boiled eggs, to slice nicely, should be put over the fire in cold water, and should remain fifteen minutes after the water begins to boil, and allowed to cool in the same water. If cooled by dropping them into cold water they will not feel smoothly.

To keep glassware bright, wipe directly from the hot suds. Tumblers used for milk should be thoroughly rinsed in cold water before being immersed in hot suds, as hot water seems to drive the milk into the glass and give them a dingy appearance.

Fruit stains of long standing on white goods, or fresh stains that refuse to yield to ordinary treatment, may be removed by dipping into a very weak solution of chloride of lime, and spreading in the sun or on the grass, if possible, to bleach. As soon as the stains disappear, rinse thoroughly, as the lime is apt to injure the fabric. Use soft water both in making the solution and in rinsing afterward.

Use soap bark for cleansing woolen dress goods. Soak ten cents worth over night in a pail of warm—not hot—water. In the morning strain and add two-thirds of it to the water in which the goods are to be washed, and, if very much soiled, a teaspoonful of ammonia, also. Pour the rest of the water in which the soap bark was soaked, into the rinsing water, wring well and hang out-of-doors where they will dry rapidly. When nearly dry, iron on the wrong side. The soap bark not only cleanses, but gives a little body to the material, such as new goods have.

Cistern water, that has become black and oily, may be, it is said, clarified with powdered borax and powdered alum. Four ounces of each will suffice to clear fifty barrels of water.

The spice poultice is a growing favorite in the sick-room. It is pleasant to use and easily made. Mix together dry, one heaping teaspoonful each of ground ginger, cinnamon, cloves and flour. Moisten with hot water until of proper consistency to spread. Double and heat a piece of old cotton, spread the plaster on it and cover with cheese-cloth. When cold, moisten with brandy or whisky and reheat.

Black walnut furniture is quickly cleaned by rubbing with a flannel cloth moistened with kerosene. Rub dry, then apply the following preparation: Mix together equal parts of linseed oil, vinegar and turpentine. Shake well, apply with flannel cloth and rub in well. Let the furniture stand a short time, then rub vigorously with dry flannel. Unless bodily stained and marred, furniture will look better treated in this way, than when coated with the heavier dressings.

SOME GOOD HOUSEHOLD RULES

CREAM and acids do not curdle, while milk and acids will.

—In roasting meat turn with a spoon, instead of a fork, as the latter pierces the meat and lets the juice out.

—If sponge-cake is mixed with cold water, it is yellow; but if the water be boiling hot the cake will be white.

—If doughnuts are cut out an hour before they are fried to allow a little time for rising, they will be much lighter. Try cutting at night and frying in the morning.

—Gravy will generally be lumpy if the thickening is poured in while the pan is over the fire. Set the pan off until the thickening is well stirred in, then set it on the fire and cook thoroughly.

—A teaspoonful of corn-starch mixed with a cupful of salt, will remove all possibility of dampness in the shaker.

—When making white cakes use one-half teaspoon more of cream of tartar than soda as this extra quantity of cream of tartar makes the egg whites stiffer.

—Scald the bowl in which the butter and sugar are to be creamed for cake; the hot dish heats the butter so that it will blend much easier with the sugar.

—Icing for cake may be prevented from cracking when cut, by adding one tablespoonful of sweet cream to each unbeaten egg. Stir all up together, then add sugar until as stiff as can be stirred.

—To prevent layer cake from sticking, grease the tins and dust in a little flour.

—Solution for cleaning silver and brass:—To one quart of rain water add two ounces of ammonia and three ounces of precipitated chalk. Bottle and keep well-corked, and shake before using. Wash silver in hot, soapy water and rinse in clean hot water.

—A good cement for mending for broken china: Dissolve a little gum-arabic in a little water so that it is rather thick, put enough plaster of Paris into this to make a thick paste. Cement broken pieces of china together, and in half an hour they cannot be broken in the same place. Hot water seems to make it more firm.

—A valuable salve for cuts or wounds of any kind:—Boil one-half cup of thick, sweet cream ten or fifteen minutes, stirring constantly; when cold, beat it thoroughly, when it will be a creamy paste. Bottle and cork tightly or make fresh every time.

—To keep the bread-jar and cake-box sweet, rinse after washing, with boiling water in which a little common soda has been dissolved; then set out of doors in the sun for a few hours.

—Keep sewer pipes, connected with stationary stands, clean and wholesome by scalding once a week with boiling water in which washing soda has been dissolved, remembering that many a case of diphtheria have been attributed to foul sewer pipes.

—Sponge carpets occasionally with hot water in which either common salt or powdered alum has been dissolved. This not only brightens the carpet, but prevents moths.

—A cotton-flannel bag, made up with the downy side out, is a great convenience on sweeping day. Slip it over the broom and dust walls and wood-work with it. The bag is convenient also for dusting hard wood floors. For this purpose, dampen it slightly, and the floor may be kept clean a long time without washing.



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THE PRACTICAL HOUSEKEEPER

EDITED AND CONDUCTED BY MRS. LOUISA KNAPP



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SEVEN PALATABLE DISHES

WHICH CAN BE HEARTILY RECOMMENDED TO GOOD HOUSE-WIVES

By ANNA ALEXANDER CAMERON



THE seven dishes for which receipts here subjoined can be conscientiously recommended to housewives as palatable adjuncts to any meal. With that exercise of care which is necessary to all culinary success, the dishes will amply repay the time spent in their preparation:

BREAKFAST CAKES

Grate cold, dry biscuits until you have a pint of crumbs; put them in a bowl and pour over them one pint of fresh milk. Separate the yolks and whites of three eggs, and beat very light. Sift into the bowl half a pint of flour, add half a teaspoon of salt and half a gill of melted lard. Mix perfectly smooth. If more milk is needed add it, as the batter should be about as thick as buttermilk. Stir in the egg yolks, and when you are ready to cook the cakes stir the whites in thoroughly. Have the griddle very hot, grease well with pure lard, cook quickly, butter well and eat at once. These are delicious.

DELICATE STEWED CABBAGE

Chop small one gallon of hard, white cabbage. Have ready a pot of boiling water salted to taste, and with a tiny pinch of soda in it. Put in the cabbage and let it boil until tender. Then drain it through a colander, pressing out carefully all of the water. Put it in a saucepan with four ounces of nice butter, a teaspoonful of sweet cream, and salt and pepper to taste. Mix thoroughly, and let it stew until the cream is all absorbed. On no account let it burn, which it is apt to do if not constantly stirred. Serve immediately. Cabbage is never nice when it remains some time after it is done. Indeed, it is a rule, essential to the perfection of all vegetables, that they should never be cooked and allowed to stand. Thereby to a greater or lesser degree they are impaired. It is a great mistake to suppose that "they can set back on the range until it is time to serve them." The proper time to serve them is just as soon as they are done.

BAKED EGGS

Line a baking dish with finely-minced cold fowl or veal, about two inches deep; sprinkle over with bread-crumbs about an inch deep. Over these strew many bits of butter, sprinkle with salt and pepper and pour over it a teaspoonful of cold gravy. Break carefully into the dish eggs enough to cover the crumbs, and set in the oven to bake. Serve as soon as cooked.

ONION PICKLE

Select one gallon of small-sized silver-skin onions. They are nicest when just grown to the size of a May cherry. Peel and wash them nicely. Put two quarts of fresh milk and two quarts of water in a granite kettle, and make it quite salt. When it boils put in the onions, and boil them until a straw will readily pierce them. Drain through a colander, pour fresh water over them and drain again. Select for them glass jars with glass tops. It is not well to put pickle in jars that have metal tops lined with porcelain, for the vinegar acts on the cement that holds the porcelain in the top, and pickle and top are both ruined.

Do not fill the jars quite full, as horseradish, celery and mustard-seed have yet to be put in. Fill one of the jars with vinegar to see how much will be needed for all. Measure it and put into a porcelain kettle. Put into it four tablespoonfuls of cracked allspice, two of cloves, two of mace, one of ginger, and one of cinnamon, and let it boil about ten minutes. Mix in a bowl one tablespoonful of mustard, one of turmeric, four of sugar. Stir to a smooth paste with cold vinegar, and then stir it into the boiling vinegar and remove it at once from the fire. Into each jar of pickle put one tablespoonful of scraped horseradish, one of celery-seed and one of white mustard-seed. Pour the vinegar into the jars boiling hot, stirring it so that some of the spice will be in each jar. Seal close and set in a cool, dark place.

A DELIGHTFUL PUDDING

Peel and chop fine six acid apples, grate six ounces of stale bread, add six ounces of sugar, six of currants, washed, picked, dried and dusted with flour. Add six ounces of chopped citron, six ounces of butter, one gill of flour and eight eggs beaten light, whites and yolks separately. Season with half a teaspoon of pounded cinnamon and half of a nutmeg grated. Boil for three hours and eat with cream sauce made as follows: Whip one pint of very rich cream with one teaspoonful of sugar and the grated rind and strained juice of one lemon.

** In the March and April numbers of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL we shall devote a column to dishes suitable for Lenten lunches. You will tell us how you like them.

SWEET-POTATO JOHNNY-CAKE

Take one pint of best corn meal, salt to taste (half a teaspoon is the ordinary seasoning). Rub into the meal a large tablespoonful of lard, next add to it one pint of smoothly mashed sweet-potatoes. If the potatoes are not very sweet add a tablespoonful of sugar. Mix thoroughly to a rather soft dough, but not too soft to handle. Have the middle stave of a barrel head (oak wood) washed clean, rinse it, leaving it wet, and on this evenly spread the dough not quite out to the edges of the board. Dip a knife blade in cold water, and with it smooth over the surface of the Johnny-cake, and stick with a fork as you would biscuit. Set it before the fire with a brick or flat-iron to support it. Let it brown nicely, then loosen it from the board by means of a coarse thread passed between the Johnny-cake and the board, close to the latter. Turn the board over and lay the browned side of the Johnny-cake down on it, again setting it before the fire to brown the other side. When that is done cut it in three-inch wide pieces—there will be about five of them. Send to the table hot from the board, butter well and eat immediately. This is a delicious bread for a winter supper or breakfast. But it must be cooked by the reflection of the fire to have the genuine Johnny-cake taste. In the stove? No! Before the fire!

FRIED SPINACH

Take cold spinach left from dinner, pre-mising that it was boiled tender in properly salted water, and that there were three or four poached eggs left also. Chop the eggs thoroughly into the spinach and sprinkle with pepper. Put into a frying-pan a large tablespoonful of butter, and when it is sufficiently hot put in the spinach and eggs, and fry nicely.



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

SUBSCRIBER—Endive salad is made similar to lettuce. Choose the crisp centre leaves of the endive. Wash them and dry thoroughly and carefully with a soft towel. Break or tear the leaves into convenient pieces with a silver fork. Cover with a French dressing, turn the whole upside down to mix well, and serve immediately.

DRESSING—One tablespoonful of vinegar, three tablespoonfuls of olive oil, one-half teaspoon of salt, one-fourth teaspoon of black pepper. Put the salt and pepper in a bowl, add gradually the oil, rub and mix until the salt is thoroughly dissolved, then add by degrees the vinegar, stir continually for one minute, and it is ready for use.

Mrs. E. W. R.—A good pie crust is made as follows:—One-fourth of a cup of lard to a cupful of flour and a little salt. Mix the salt with the flour by sifting; cut the lard into the flour in small pieces, at the same time mixing them with the knife. Add the cold water gradually, wetting only the dry flour, never stirring twice in the same place. Then cut and mix together until you can lift it from the bowl with the knife. Dredge the board lightly with flour, turn the paste out on this dredge with flour, and roll lightly and quickly from you into a long, thin sheet. For the top crusts spread with butter, fold and roll again. Have all the materials as cold as possible; mix and roll quickly, using as little flour as possible.

A SUBSCRIBER—For Saratoga potatoes take four large ones, pare and cut into thin slices, put them into salt water and let stand, while breakfast is preparing. Then have ready a skillet of boiling lard. Take a handful of the potatoes, squeeze the water from them and dry in a napkin. Separate the slices, and drop into the lard, being careful that the pieces do not adhere to each other. Stir with a fork until they are a light brown color. Take them out with a wire spoon, and drain well before putting into the dish. Do not put more than a handful into the lard at a time, nor cover the dish when served. New potatoes are the best.

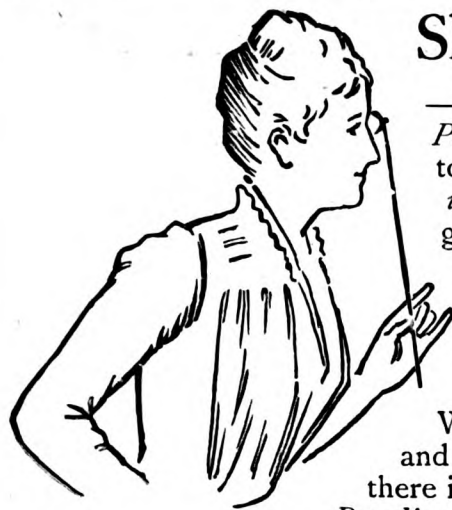
Mrs. A. J.—To make a boiled graham fruit pudding use the following ingredients: Two cupfuls graham flour, one teaspoonful of salt, one cupful raisins (chopped), one cupful of milk, one cupful of molasses, one egg (beaten light), one teaspoonful of soda (dissolved). Mix all together, and do not add more flour, though the batter may look thin. Put into the pudding pail, leaving room for it to rise. Boil three hours without stopping. Serve hot, with sauce. Huckleberries might be used instead of raisins.

S. M.—The best lemon pie in the world. Grate rind and juice of one lemon on as much sugar as the juice will moisten, four eggs (reserve two whites for frosting); bake crust and cook juice, sugar and eggs in an oatmeal boiler; when it is firm, like custard, put in baked crust, put on the whipped whites and sugar; return to oven to slightly brown. As some lemons are large, others small, no exact rule can be taken for sugar.

DELICIOUS LEMON PIES—Six eggs, separate and beat thoroughly; one cupful of butter, two cupfuls sugar, beaten to cream, then mix yolks of eggs, juice and grated rind of two lemons; lastly add half the whites; bake in moderately quick oven. With the other half of whites, beat one cup of powdered-sugar, spread on top, and brown slightly.

SUNFLOWER—To make black cake, take one pound of butter, one pound of sugar, beaten to a cream; stir in twelve eggs, beaten well; sift in one pound of flour, add three pounds of stoned raisins, three pounds cleaned currants, five nutmegs, one half ounce of cinnamon, one teaspoonful of cloves, one pound of citron cut in small, thin slices; these must be well mixed; bake in a moderate oven. This improves by keeping. Use brown sugar to make the cake.

The peculiarity of Dobbins' Electric Soap is that it acts right on the dirt and stains in clothes and makes them pure as snow, at the same time it preserves the clothes, and makes them keep clean longer. Have your grocer order it.



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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 STAND-UP SUPPER

BY MARY BARRETT BROWN



DURING the winter season when everybody, as a rule, feels impelled to open their doors a little wider than usual, and when a spirit of true and generous hospitality seems everywhere to predominate, a "stand-up supper" forms a most charming, and, comparatively speaking, inexpensive means of passing a delightful evening. This sort of entertainment is, nowadays, decidedly more popular than the elaborate and ceremonious supper parties which used to be the order of the day; and, deservedly so, for after all it is not what we eat and drink, nor the costly appointments of the table—however beautiful these may be—that constitutes our purest enjoyment, but rather the free and cordial expression of warm-hearted, sympathetic friendship, and the joy of happy reunions which these unpretentious little gatherings so often represent.

Perhaps the term may not mean exactly the same thing in America as it does here; so I should like just to briefly describe how we manage our stand-up suppers, and mention a few of the dishes which we always find "go off" well. First then, we invite our guests—the number of which must, of course, be regulated by the means of accommodation at our disposal—to come about seven o'clock, when, if the guests are young, dancing and games occupy the time till about nine, or half past; if the party is composed of older people, music and conversation are generally preferred. An adjournment is then proposed to another room—the door of which has, up till now, been kept carefully closed. This apartment should be well lighted and rendered as pretty and dainty-looking as possible, and at one end there should be placed a long, narrow table covered with a cloth of pure white damask, and tastefully decorated with flowers and ferns. Upon this table must be arranged such dishes and drinks as the hostess may deem suitable, each separate dish being garnished and decorated in an appropriate style. Heaps of small plates should be placed at intervals down the table, with a liberal accompaniment of forks, spoons and glasses; knives are not necessary as the viands are all such as can be eaten comfortably without their aid. A number of seats are generally scattered about, with here and there a tiny table, if the latter can conveniently be had; if not, it can very well be dispensed with.

As perfect freedom and individual comfort are the chief points aimed at in these little entertainments, the gentlemen of the party are expected to help the ladies to whatever they wish for, without waiting to be invited to do so by the host or hostess. Then when everybody has been supplied, they are at perfect liberty to stand at the table and eat their supper, to do so while walking about the room, or to seat themselves in little groups just according to their own sweet will, the latter plan generally being adopted as the most enjoyable. After supper, a return is made to the other rooms which have meanwhile been thoroughly cooled and aired. The games, dancing, etc., are then resumed until the evening comes to a close, when the guests separate with a pretty general feeling of wishing it was all to go over again. As I said before, these supper parties are very inexpensive affairs; yet when managed with good taste and a sincere desire to make every one present as happy as possible, they never fail to give satisfaction all round.

The dishes for a supper of this description should all be served cold for the sake of convenience, and the dishing up ought to be as artistic as possible. Various colors may be introduced in the garnishing, etc., but these must be blended with due care so that the effect of the whole may be perfectly harmonious. Any number of ornamental jellies, custards, creams, trifles and fruit, are always welcome, but as my space is limited, I must leave the selection of these to the good taste of each housewife, and pass on to mention a few of the most suitable savories, as the latter are generally found more difficult to decide on than the sweets.

CHICKEN AND HAM PATTIES.—Make the mixture for filling the patties in the following manner: Mince half a pound of cold, dressed chicken—previously freed from skin and bones—very finely with half its weight in cooked ham or good bacon, and put the mince into a saucepan with one ounce of fresh butter well kneaded with flour, a small teacupful of cream, an equal quantity of white stock, a liberal seasoning of salt, pepper, grated lemon rind, and lemon-juice, then stir over a gentle fire until quite hot, but not boiling. Line out some small patty tins with light, rich pastry rolled out very thin, and bake them in the usual manner—filled with a piece of bread cut to fit, or dry rice, and covered with lids of the pastry. When sufficiently cooked, remove the filling and rather

more than half fill the patties with the savory mince, brush the edges over with a little white of egg, replace the covers, and press together gently to make them adhere. When quite cold, arrange tastefully on a folded napkin, and garnish with an abundance of fresh parsley. A tiny sprinkling of minced parsley may also be employed to ornament the tops of the patties.

FISH ROLLS.—Take about one pound of cold, boiled fish—any kind will do, but, of course, the richer the better—free it entirely from bones and skin, and put it in a mortar with four ounces of butter, a pleasant seasoning of salt, pepper, pounded mace, and lemon-juice, and pound the whole to a perfectly smooth paste, moistening the preparation, from time to time, with a little good white sauce. Procure the requisite number of small rolls, about four inches long, and wide in proportion; cut them in two, lengthways, scoop out nearly all the interior, and fill in the cavities thus made, with the fish mixture. Put the rolls together again in their original form, brush them over entirely with a coating of glaze, and set them in a cool place until the latter is quite firm. Arrange the rolls in transverse rows on either a neatly folded napkin, or a fancy dish paper, and garnish round about with crisp, well-seasoned watercress, or finely chopped lettuce. If preferred, the rolls may be filled with a savory mince composed of veal and ham, game, or any other sort of finely minced meat, seasoned with appropriate seasonings when, of course, the name must be altered accordingly.

SANDWICHES A LA PARISIENNE.—These delicious little "tidbits" can be made with either fish, poultry, game, or ordinary meats, but we will suppose that the first named is being used. Free the fish from bones and skin, mince it finely, season rather highly with salt and cayenne, and put it into a basin with two hard-boiled eggs finely chopped, some minced capers, and sufficient fish-sauce of some kind—"Tartar" to be preferred—to moisten the whole. Mix all these ingredients well; then spread the preparation between slices of thinly-cut brown or white bread and butter; stamp out in small rounds, squares, or finger shapes, press together, and butter the tops. Sprinkle on half of the number of sandwiches a little, very finely-chopped mustard and cress, and hard-boiled yolk of egg rubbed through a fine sieve; and on the other half, the mustard and cress, and the white of the egg chopped very fine. Arrange the sandwiches in twos—one of each color—on tiny plates, and garnish with a little tuft of mustard and cress at each corner.

SANDWICHES A LA PRINCESSE.—Pound the flesh of a freshly boiled lobster to a smooth paste, adding, while pounding, a sufficient seasoning of salt, pepper and pounded mace; moisten with a little warmed butter, and mix thoroughly. Spread the preparation between some small, daintily prepared croûtons, and mask the top with thick béchamel sauce. Decorate the surface of the sandwiches with alternate patches of lobster coral—properly prepared—egg yolk rubbed through a sieve, and finely-chopped tarragon; then arrange two or three on each tiny plate, and surround with a border of roughly-chopped aspic jelly.

SAUSAGE ROLLS.—Take some pure, home-made pork sausages, plunge them into fast-boiling water and let them boil gently for a few minutes; then remove the skins, cut each sausage in two, lengthways, and set them aside until cold. Make some light, rather rich pastry, roll it out very thin, and cut it in squares of five inches. Lay a half sausage in the centre of each square, then fold the pastry over very neatly and gently press the ends together—previously moistening them with a finger dipped in cold water. Brush the rolls over with beaten egg, place them on a baking sheet, and bake in a good oven from fifteen to twenty minutes. Serve neatly arranged on a napkin, and liberally garnished with sprigs of fresh green parsley.

SMALL SAVORY MOLDS.—These are very popular little dainties, and, when carefully and tastefully made, are pleasing alike to the eye and the palate. If there is sufficient cold game at hand, left over from a previous meal, it will answer the purpose admirably; if not, some must be cooked specially. Free the meat from bones and skin, season it to taste with salt, cayenne and pounded mace, and cut it into small neat dice; cut also in like fashion about two-thirds the weight of lean, cooked ham, and have ready some clear, nicely-flavored aspic jelly in a liquid form. Take the required number of small dariole, or cup molds, and pour a little of the jelly in the bottom of each; when this has stiffened, put in some of the game and sprinkle it over with a little roughly-chopped parsley and hard-boiled egg, then cover with part of the ham, and repeat in this manner until the molds are sufficiently full—always remembering to put in the meat quite loosely. Fill up the molds to the very top with jelly, and set in a cool place until quite firm. Turn out carefully and arrange tastefully on a pretty dish; lay a dainty little shape of red currant jelly on the top of each mold; garnish plentifully with fresh parsley, and serve.

Note.—These molds are equally delightful

if made with a mixture of veal and ham, ham and chicken, or lobster—only, in the case of lobster being used, the hard-boiled eggs would be dispensed with, and the seasonings employed must be appropriate.

ANCHOVY FINGERS.—Rub two ounces of butter into six ounces of fine sifted flour until quite smooth, then add a teaspoonful of anchovy essence, a pinch of cayenne, a well-beaten egg, and as much cold water as will form the whole into a nice, light paste; roll this out very thin, prick it closely with a fork, cut it in strips about two and a half inches long, by one and a quarter wide, and bake on a baking sheet, in a moderate oven until done enough. When quite cold, put the fingers together in twos with a layer of anchovy butter between, and brush the top over with a little liquid aspic jelly; before this has time to set, sprinkle part of the fingers very lightly with some very finely minced parsley; part with the yolk of a hard-boiled egg rubbed through a sieve; others with lobster coral, and the remainder with the white of the egg very finely chopped, or cut in tiny strips. When the jelly has become quite firm, dish up the fingers in twos, on small china plates, taking great care to make the colors contrast prettily; garnish tastefully with sprigs of fresh parsley or tarragon, and serve.

ANCHOVY CANAPES.—Have ready a number of daintily-prepared croûtons, about the third of an inch thick; spread one side of each with a layer of anchovy butter, and arrange on the top some neat fillets of anchovies in the form of open lattice-work. Sprinkle lightly with finely-chopped, crisp celery, and garnish round about with small turnip-radishes cut to imitate tulips, and sprigs of fresh, pleasantly-seasoned watercress. These canapes may either be arranged several on one dish, or they may be placed in twos or threes on small dishes as already directed.

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AGENTS LOOK

and Farmers with no experience make \$2.50 an hour during spare time. A. D. BATES, 164 W. Robt. Ave., Covington, Ky., made \$21 one day, \$24 one week. So can you. Proofs and catalogue free. J. E. SHEPARD & CO., Cincinnati, O.

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. The right to answer or reject any question is reserved by the Editor. Answers cannot be promised for any special issue. They will be given as quickly after receipt as possible. All correspondents should be accompanied by full name and address, not for publication, but for reference.

Miss H. L.-When a young woman is engaged to be married, she is supposed to be satisfied with the attentions of her betrothed, but she does not need to refuse an ordinary civility from a man friend.

C. K.-A young man usually appreciates, when he has a bachelor apartment, a large sofa-pillow. A pretty one would be most suitable for you to give your friend.

MARY L.-An old recipe for removing freckles is this: One ounce of alum and one ounce of lemon-juice in a pint of rose-water. Apply to the skin just before going to bed, and wash it off with a soft cloth and warm water the next morning.

H. O. F.-A preparation said to keep the hair from falling out, is made of vinegar of cartharides, half an ounce; eau de cologne, one ounce; rose-water, one ounce. After giving the hair a good brushing apply this to the roots with a soft brush twice a day.

SCOTTS-In any of the large public libraries may be found the book with colored plates descriptive of the plaids belonging to the different clans.

JENNIE S.-At any one of the large cleaning establishments the pile of the plush, which has been matted by folding, may be raised.

PORTFOLIO-It is always polite to ask an evening visitor to remove her hat and cloak, but it is not necessary to insist upon it. On paying a visit after six o'clock, a formal one, a man should wear a dress suit. White gloves are worn to the theatre and will be quite proper with the old-rose gown that you intend to wear to the box party.

A. R. W.-The wife of a clergyman, or of a doctor is "Mrs. John Smith." She has no right whatever to her husband's title. An only daughter has "Miss Smith," engraved on her visiting card.

ALICE R.-To cure yourself of stooping just remember that it will not only make you unbecomingly, but will ruin your personal appearance. Determine to hold yourself straight and you can do it.

LUCY L.-In remodeling your black silk have green velvet sleeves made high and pushed on the shoulder, a high green velvet collar and a pointed vest, also of the velvet. Let the hat be of black felt trimmed with green velvet and black plumes, and wear black undressed kid gloves.

A. E. I.-I would advise submitting the gown, which is rain spotted, to a practical cleaner, who can tell at once whether the stains can be removed.

PAULINE R.-It is perfectly proper to send "at home" cards to your men friends, for it tells them just when they may be certain to see you. The visiting card, with the day engraved in one corner of it, is all that is necessary when the "at homes" are to last throughout the season.

HAZEL-As you do not care to be married in white then have the color that is known as silver-gray; a soft china silk will be prettiest. Have it made with a full skirt and pointed bodice; wear gray kid slippers, gray silk stockings, and gray undressed kid gloves.

MARIAN-If an engagement bracelet is locked on the arm, it is quite proper to wear it not only during the wedding ceremony, but it really ought never to be removed. Gray undressed kid gloves should be worn with a gray silk gown. A veil is only in harmony when the real bridal toilette of pure white is assumed.

JEREMY GIRL-Mark the linen for your wedding outfit with your maiden name. You do not use even the initial of your future husband until it is yours by absolute right.

GOLDEN ROD-Gentlemen keep on their gloves at the opera or church. The fan is carried in the hand, especially when it is a very fine one, for destruction is usually its fate when it is entrusted to a man's care. While you dance leave it with your chaperone or some woman friend who is not dancing. Slippers are proper with an evening toilette. Mitts are no longer in vogue.

A LOVER OF THE JOURNAL-If your friend's husband is introduced to you simply as "My husband," and you know that he is a doctor, when you meet him it will be proper to address him as Dr. Brown; do not commit the vulgarity of simply calling him doctor.

PUZZLED-Commence your letter, "Dear Mr. Brown," no matter what you have been in the habit of calling the young man. Spoken words are very different from written ones.

B. B.-There is no "Will Carleton, Novelist," the poet being the only one of that name known to fame.

IGNORANCE-There is no impropriety in sharing your hymn-book with a man friend who is sitting next to you in church.

HECTOR-A gentleman may ask permission to call on a lady friend who has been courteous to him, and the request will be perfectly proper.

GEORGIA AND OTHERS-The best remedy for black-heads is to steam the face and then press out a few at a time, for if many are removed at once a bruise is apt to result. Avoid the places that have been treated either with vaseline or strawberry cream.

A. Z.-In leaving your husband's card with your own the same courtesy is expected when your visit is returned, & if your hostess is married she should also leave her husband's card.

ANGELA-It is extremely rude for any one taking part in a concert to use a pair of opera-glasses to distinguish friends in the audience. A leader should not permit such a gross act of impoliteness.

Mrs. G. E. S.-Mahogany furniture would not look well in a white-and-gold room; that decoration always demands white wood, or else brass. White draperies embroidered in gold, such as muslin fans, slippers, gloves, purse, handkerchiefs and any other little trappings which may be required during the evening.

"ONE OF YOUR READERS"-It is in better taste to say "A man who is a friend of mine," than "a gentleman friend." It is presumed that your men friends are all gentlemen. The "gentleman friend" has been used in such a way that it has become vulgar and undesirable.

ETHELIE-Vaseline is probably more healing to the lips than anything used, but if you object to the odor of it try strawberry cream to keep them from cracking. Just before you go out in the air put a little of the cream on your lips, not enough to show but enough to protect them from the cold air touching the sensitive part. Then apply it every night before going to bed, and your lips will soon be in good order and a good color.

ADMIRER-When your face and ears burn so terribly, bathe them in very hot water, as hot as you can bear. This will be more apt to cool them than any cold application.

INQUIRER-Many ladies who have been widowed still retain their husband's names, although it is not correct. If you have done this for ten years, it would however, seem equally improper to assume either your first name, or to call yourself "Mrs. Smith," when you have been known as "Mrs. John Smith." It would cause endless and unnecessary complications.

BLONDE-A deep clear scarlet is much more becoming to a blonde than is blue, which color, though it has always been dedicated to her, is really best suited to the clear olive skin of the brunette.

A SUBSCRIBER-A party bag is prettiest when made out of a piece of dull, rich-looking brocade, and lined with a plain color. As far as size goes it can scarcely be too large, for it should accommodate fans, slippers, gloves, purse, handkerchiefs and any other little trappings which may be required during the evening.

A SUBSCRIBER-Almond meal should be washed off the face after it has been used, exactly as one would remove it by the application of clear water.

E. F. H.-The best cure for dandruff is a continued and systematic brushing of the hair. If there are spots which it seems impossible to remove, put a little vaseline on them letting it remain all night, and then brush the dandruff out with a soft brush. A soft brush is suggested because with a hard one you are apt to make the skin bleed.

Mrs. A. J. B.-Monsieur Worth does not publish a fashion book, but he is going to write an article which will be published in a forthcoming number of the JOURNAL.

NELLIE C.-A girl should tell her mother immediately when she has accepted a proposal of marriage made her by a young man, and even if her marriage is not to take place for several years, the engagement should be generally known.

K. R.-When announcement cards giving the bride's address are sent, a call in person is demanded. If there is no address nothing is expected from you. If the people live in some other city, then send your visiting card by post.

PAULINE- "P. P. C." in a corner of a visiting card means "Pour prendre congé," that is, "to say good bye," and the card means that whoever has left it is going out of town for a long visit.

A lady who will do writing for me at her own home will receive good wages. Address, with self-addressed stamped envelope, Miss Flora M. Jones, South Bend, Ind., Proprietor of the Famous "Blush of Roses" for the Complexion.

WILBOR'S COMPOUND OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND PHOSPHATES OF LIME, SODA, IRON.

For the Cure of Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Debility, Wasting Diseases, and Scrofulous Humors.

TO CONSUMPTIVES-Wilbor's Cod-liver Oil and Phosphates has now been before the public twenty years, and has steadily grown in favor and appreciation. This could not be the case unless the preparation was of high intrinsic value. The combination of the Phosphates with pure Cod-liver Oil, as prepared by Dr. Wilbor, has produced a new phase in the treatment of Consumption and all diseases of the Lungs. It can be taken by the most delicate invalid without creating the nausea which is such an objection to the Cod-liver oil when taken without Phosphates. It is prescribed by the regular faculty. Sold by the proprietor, A. B. WILBOR, Chemist, Boston, and by all Druggists.

BARGAINS IN BICYCLES
Easy Payments.
with no extra charge. **Mrs Price** **Our**
30 Crescent Safety, ball bearings \$90 \$70
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Others as cheap, all makes new or 30 day lowest prices
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LARGE VARIETY.
AT FACTORY PRICES.

Best quality, without gold, - 4c. to 5c. per roll.
Gold paper, - 8c. to 10c. "
Finest Embossed paper, - 15c. to 20c. "
Samples sent to any part of the U. S. on receipt of 10c. postage. **CORO PAPER CO., 222 Kinzie St., Chicago, Ill.**

BEAUTY.
Wrinkles, Blackheads, Pimples, Freckles, Bittings, Moles and Superfluous Hair permanently removed. Flesh increased or reduced. Complexions beautified. The Form developed; Hair, Brows and Lashes colored and restored. Interesting Book (sealed), 4c., with sample Cremola Powder 10c. **Mrs. Veloso, 414 W. 47th St., N. Y. City.**

DYSPEPSIA
I have a positive remedy for this disease, its use the world kind and most unyielding cases of all forms have been cured. I will take pleasure in sending you a sample of my medicine every sufferer who will send at once on a postal card, name and address. (Mention this paper.)
WALTER L. DAY, 23 West 12th St., N. Y. City.

MUSIC SALE
To reduce our stock of music we will send by mail, post-paid, 70 pieces full sheet music size, including songs, marches, waltzes, quadrilles (with calls), etc., by Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Mozart, etc. for 20c. Satisfaction given or money refunded. Q. L. Hathaway, 329 Wash. St. Boston, Mass.

ESPEY'S FRAGRANT CREAM
Cures Chapped Hands, Face, Lips or any Roughness of the skin, prevents tendency to wrinkles or aging of skin, keeps the face and hands soft, smooth and plump. It is also highly recommended for applying and holding face powder. One tried always used.
For Sale by all Druggists and Dealers in Fancy Goods

MOTHERS' PORTFOLIO. Instruction and amusement in kindergarten lessons, stories, games, etc. Best helps for parents. Grand book for agents. Circulars free. Prepaid, \$2.25.
Alice B. Stockham & Co., 161 La Salle St., Chicago.

AEOLIAN Improved Construction. Exquisite Music. HARPS catalogue, free. G. J. HOLBROOK, 88 5th Ave., N. Y.

ALL LADIES WANT A SET OF FLANNEL TUCKERS
For any sewing-machine. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of 50c. Chicago: Nickel Works, 125 Ontario St., Chicago.
\$25 A WEEK TO AGENTS
500 Grand, Toledo, Wash, Cincinnati, Asta, Baltimore, Jersey City, Newark, Philadelphia, St. Louis, St. Paul, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Minn., Syracuse, N. Y., Toledo, O., Troy, N. Y.

TEETHING MADE EASY

The Remedy described in the following terms was known in the practice of the physician who prepared it as "T. M. E." "Teething Made Easy," or "Tooth-Food." To protect its rights, and also to secure a name by which this remedy may be known to, and asked for, by the public, The Reynolds Manufacturing Co., has adopted and acquired the title of

Tooth-Food.

TOOTH-FOOD was prepared by a physician of well-known skill and experience, and used by him in his own practice, with marked and unvarying success, for more than a quarter of a century. An extensive practical knowledge of the diseases of childhood called his attention to the preparation of this remedy. The suffering and mortality incident to the first five years of a child's life led him to give much thought and study to the subject of teething. In this he was aided by his reflections on the structure of civilized society, and on the immediate and remote consequences of its habits and customs upon the health of his fellow-men. He recognized that because of forces inherent in the very structure of modern society, men and women, in almost every station of life, are subjected to a strain, both mental and physical, which can not but react with grave results, not only upon their own physical integrity, but upon that of their offspring. The legitimate conclusion reached by such a course of reasoning was, that many of the difficulties and dangers of dentition date back to and even ante-date the child's pre-natal existence. The law of cause and effect suggested to the doctor the suffering and mortality incident to dentition could be reduced to the minimum by judicious treatment of the mother, during the period of gestation, and by giving to the infant, after birth, those elements of nutrition necessary to the evolution and growth of the teeth. How best to accomplish these results was the question that the doctor happily solved by the preparation of TOOTH-FOOD.

Such was the origin of this invaluable agent. The manufacturers bring it before the public with pleasure and confidence, feeling assured that if given for a few weeks it cannot fail to win from an intelligent people the recognition its superior merits demand.

WHAT IS TEETHING?

Teething is the growth and appearance of the teeth in the jaw. It is not necessarily a morbid process, but it is frequently rendered so by conditions existing before and after birth. These conditions, happily, with their effects, can be largely counteracted by the intelligent use of appropriate remedies and by the exercise of proper hygienic care.

CAUSES OF DIFFICULT TEETHING:

There are several causes for difficult dentition:-
1. The high degree of nervous susceptibility of the mother, in consequence of the demands made upon her by the requirements of modern society, men and women, in almost every station of life, are subjected to a strain, both mental and physical, which can not but react with grave results, not only upon their own physical integrity, but upon that of their offspring. The legitimate conclusion reached by such a course of reasoning was, that many of the difficulties and dangers of dentition date back to and even ante-date the child's pre-natal existence. The law of cause and effect suggested to the doctor the suffering and mortality incident to dentition could be reduced to the minimum by judicious treatment of the mother, during the period of gestation, and by giving to the infant, after birth, those elements of nutrition necessary to the evolution and growth of the teeth. How best to accomplish these results was the question that the doctor happily solved by the preparation of TOOTH-FOOD.

SYMPTOMS OF TEETHING:

The ordinary symptoms of teething are salivation, swelling and heat of the gums; slight fever, redness of one or both of the cheeks, fretfulness and disturbed sleep. In severe cases these symptoms become so intensified that they might be termed complications. There may be inflammation of the gums, soreness of the mouth, high fever, catarrh of mucous surfaces, as indicated by puffiness and swelling of the eyelids; cough, vomiting, diarrhoea and disturbance of the urinary system, eruptions of the skin, swelling and suppurating of lymphatic glands and nervous troubles, as shown by squinting, startings, twitchings, convulsions, etc. TOOTH-FOOD assists nature in her nutritive processes, thus preventing the occurrence of such distressing symptoms. It should be given winter and summer, all through the first and second teething periods, and at puberty. If given faithfully, according to directions, it will conduct the child, with safety, through the perils of the teething period.

USES OF TOOTH-FOOD:

Tooth-Food is especially suited to children during the first and second dentition periods. Tooth-Food assists in the development of the teeth, hence is called for in late cutting of the teeth. Tooth-Food, by furnishing the blood with the necessary tooth material, not only promotes the painless growth of the teeth, but prevents their early decay, thus insuring to the child immunity from the numerous ills attendant upon soft, brittle or decayed teeth. Tooth-Food is curative in defective formation and nutrition of the bones, and is, therefore, particularly suitable to children who are slow in learning to walk. Rachitis or rickets is especially a disease of childhood, and arises from defective nutrition and perverted functions of the tissues from which bone is formed. Its most common cause is innutritious food, or, if nutritious, food that is ill-adapted to the weak digestive powers of the child, as thin, innutritious mother's milk or badly selected artificial food. TOOTH-FOOD, by enriching the blood, will lead to the cure of rachitis. Tooth-Food cures scald head and other skin troubles due to the process of teething. Tooth-Food will prevent convulsions, spasms of the glottis, St. Vitus' dance, spasmodic retention of urine, etc. Convulsions are of frequent occurrence during the teething period, and are due to the fact that dental evolution makes the nervous system more irritable. Tooth-Food, by furnishing the blood with the nutritive elements necessary to the development and growth of the teeth, gives tone to the nervous system and thus wards off convulsions. Spasm of the glottis is commonly due to an excitable state of the nervous system, often associated with impaired digestion. Tooth-Food, by improving the health, will prevent its occurrence. St. Vitus' dance is, as a rule, a disease of childhood, and is commonly due to a disturbance of the equilibrium of the muscular and nervous systems. Tooth-Food, by restoring the equilibrium, will cure the disease. Spasmodic retention of urine is due to nervous irritation, and will, therefore, yield to the curative power of Tooth-Food. Scrofula may be congenital or acquired. When acquired, it is caused by imperfect digestion, innutritious food, foul air, lack of sunlight and lack of pure water. Tooth-Food is the best anti-scorfula remedy known. The importance of eradicating the scrofulous taint from the constitution of their child can not be impressed too strongly upon parents. This can be done through the agency of pure air, pure water, plain, healthful food, and the faithful administration of Tooth-Food. Tooth-Food should be given in scrofulous diseases of the joints and vertebrae. Tooth-Food should be given in all cases of scrofulous ophthalmia. Tooth-Food is a first class tonic for children with large heads and pale skin, with chalky look. Tooth-Food should be given to children whose heads sweat a good deal. Tooth-Food should be given to children with large abdomens. Tooth-Food should be given in otorrhoea. Tooth-Food is of inestimable value in all forms of mal-nutrition or defective cell growth. Tooth-Food should be given in anaemia from growing fast, and in pains dependant upon anaemia. Anemic pains are usually accompanied by irritation of the skin, numbness, and feeling of coldness.

CONSTITUENTS OF TOOTH-FOOD ARE:

- Calcarea phosphorica.
- Calcarea carbonica.
- Ferrum phosphoricum.
- Magnesia phosphorica.
- Silica.
- Chamomilla (a trace).

These remedies are not mere drugs designed to produce some startling, sudden effect. Were this so, their use would be fraught with danger. They are simply nutrient elements, whose presence in the blood is necessary to tooth evolution, or unfolding and growth. They act efficiently and benignly from the moment they are introduced into the system, but as their object is nutrition and growth, time is required to demonstrate their effects. We would particularly impress upon the minds of parents the absolute safety of Tooth-Food. It contains none of the forms of opium, no mercury, no arsenic; nothing but nutritive elements.

DIRECTIONS FOR THE USE OF TOOTH-FOOD:

One teaspoonful a day when the baby is apparently well. If peevishness or irritability is shown, increase to two or three teaspoonfuls a day, according to severity of symptoms. After the first or milk teeth are cut, one teaspoonful twice a week will be sufficient to insure the symmetrical growth of the second or permanent teeth, and to meet the constitutional treatment for scrofula.

PACKAGES AND PRICES:

TOOTH-FOOD is put up in one size large bottle, and is sold by druggists at one dollar a bottle. If your druggist does not have Tooth-Food in stock, and is not willing to send for a bottle, you can get it from the manufacturers direct, as The Reynolds Manufacturing Co., Cincinnati, O., will send a single bottle to any address, all charges prepaid, on receipt of price, one dollar. No indication of the character of the medicine appears on the outside cover, but around each bottle is wrapped a circular containing full directions for use. Directions are printed also on the label of each bottle.

It is not quite safe to send money or stamps loose in envelopes. The best way to remit is by postal note, express or post-office order, or draft payable to the order of

THE REYNOLDS MFG. CO., Cincinnati, Ohio.

- Druggists may obtain supplies of Tooth-Food from any of the following jobbers:
- | | | | |
|--|--|--|--|
| D. H. Fonda Drug Co.,
McPike & Fox,
The Lamar Drug Co.,
Gillpin, Langdon & Co.,
Wm. W. Marmor,
Carter, Carter & Kilham,
Moore & Hubbard Drug Co.,
Lord, Owen & Co.,
Hale, Justis & Co.,
Benton, Myers & Co.,
Orr, Brown & Price,
Meyer Bros. Drug Co.,
W. R. Torbert,
Hazeltine & Perkins Drug Co.,
Talcott, Frisbie & Co.,
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Cleveland, O.
Columbus, O.
Dallas, Tex.
Detroit, Mich.
Dubuque, Ia.
Grand Rapids, Mich.
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Portland, Me.
Portland, Or.
Portsmouth, O.
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AND FROM
The Reynolds Mfg. Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.



SKINS ON FIRE

With AGONIZING ECZEMAS and other ITCHING, BURNING, SCALY, and BLOTCHY SKIN and SCALP DISEASES are relieved in the majority of cases by a single application of the **Cuticura Remedies**, and speedily, permanently, and economically cured, when physicians, hospitals, and all other remedies fail. **Cuticura Remedies** are the greatest skin cures, blood purifiers, and humor remedies of modern times, are absolutely pure, and may be used in the treatment of every humor, from the simplest facial blemishes to the severest diseases of the blood, skin, and scalp, whether simple, scrofulous or hereditary.

CUTICURA

The great Skin Cure, instantly allays the most intense itching, burning, and inflammation, permits rest and sleep, clears the scalp of crusts and scales, speedily soothes and heals raw and irritated surfaces, and restores the hair. **CUTICURA SOAP**, an exquisite Skin Purifier and Beautifier, is indispensable in cleansing diseased surfaces. **CUTICURA RESOLVENT**, the new Blood and Skin Purifier, and greatest of Humor Remedies, cleanses the blood of all impurities and poisonous elements, and thus removes the cause. Hence the **CUTICURA REMEDIES** cure every disease and humor of the skin, scalp and blood with loss of hair, from pimples to scrofula, from infancy to age.

WHAT CUTICURA IS DOING EVERY DAY:

After twelve doctors failed, I was cured in three weeks by **CUTICURAS**. My son in California had a bad humor three years. Three doctors failed; told him to go home or die. I wrote him to try **CUTICURAS**. In four weeks he was entirely cured.
HARRISON STEVENS, East Jackson, Me.

Boy nine years old. Troubled all his life. Very bad humor. Body covered with scabs. Treated by two physicians. Continually growing worse. Tried **CUTICURA**. Humor disappeared. Cure thorough.
GEO. F. LEAVITT, North Andover, Mass.

Psoriasis twenty years, body a mass of disease, suffering fearful; all thought he must die. Every morning dustpanful of scales taken from his bed. Cured in six weeks by **CUTICURA REMEDIES**.
HIRAM E. CARPENTER, Henderson, Jefferson Co., N. Y.

Dreadful skin disease; wife's whole limb became as raw as a piece of beef; doctor could not name it. Consulted three specialists. Returned home worse than ever; awful to behold. Tried **CUTICURAS**. Benefit immediate. Eleven dollars cured her.
J. H. RINDLANT, Cassville, Pa.

A minister and his little boy cured of obstinate skin disease by the **CUTICURA REMEDIES** when all other remedies failed. Praises them everywhere, in the pulpit, home, and in the street.
REV. C. M. MANNING, Box 28, Acworth, Ga.

Baby two months old. Doctor called it eczema. Head, arms, feet, hands each one solid sore. Doctors and everything else did no good. Without faith tried **CUTICURAS**. In one week the sores were well. Now fat baby. Sound as a dollar.
MRS. BETTIE BIRKNER, Lockhart, Texas.

Scrofula develops on a boy six months old. Five months later running sores covered his head and body. Bones affected. Mother dies, boy grows worse, a year passes, then **CUTICURA** cures.
MRS. E. S. DRIGGS, Bloomington, Ill.

Eczema from head to feet seventeen years. Body a mass of sores. Hair lifeless or gone. Limbs contracted. Utterly helpless. Doctors and all remedies useless. Tries **CUTICURA**. Relief instantaneous. Completely and permanently cured in eight weeks.
W. J. McDONALD, 3732 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Was covered with scrofula sores. Suffering intense. Could not sleep. Could not wear a hat. Was a disgusting sight. Best doctors six years. Getting worse all the time. Four sets **CUTICURA REMEDIES** entirely cured me.
GEO. A. HEINSELMAN, Plainfield, Ill.

The foregoing brief extracts from unsolicited testimonials show what **Cuticura** is doing every day. We earnestly desire all who suffer from torturing and disfiguring humors and diseases of the skin, scalp, and blood, and who have lost faith in doctors and medicine, to fully investigate any and all of our references, simply inclosing stamped envelope for reply. These testimonials in full, with many others, published in "ALL ABOUT THE BLOOD, SKIN, SCALP AND HAIR," which will be mailed free to any address—64 pages, 300 Diseases, 50 Illustrations, 100 Testimonials. A book of priceless value to every sufferer.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are sold everywhere throughout the civilized world. Price: **CUTICURA**, 50 cts.; **CUTICURA SOAP**, 25 cts.; **CUTICURA RESOLVENT**, \$1.00. Prepared by **POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION**, BOSTON.

PIMPLY SKIN,

Red, rough hands, painful finger-ends, and shapeless nails are prevented and cured by **Cuticura Soap**, incomparably the greatest of skin purifiers and beautifiers, while rivaling in delicacy and surpassing in purity the most expensive of toilet and nursery soaps. *The only medicated toilet soap and the only preventive and cure* of inflammation and clogging of the pores, the cause of pimples, blackheads, rough, red, and oily skin, and simple humors of infants and children. Sale greater than the combined sales of all other skin soaps. Sold everywhere. Price, 25 cents.