

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

PHILADELPHIA, JULY, 1890.

TEN CENTS A COPY

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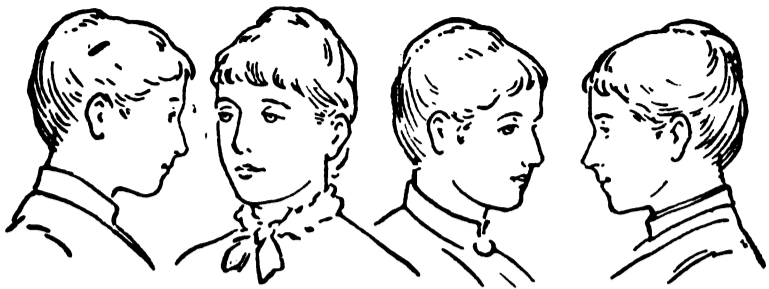


JULY.

Once more, bathed deep in sunshine, comes July—
 Historic month! to loyal hearts most dear—
 Ring loud the bells, and let the old flag fly
 From tower and battlement, each heart to cheer.
 Bright stars and stripes, for thee brave men have died;
 For thee to us was given one Washington—
 Through him our land stands free. On every side
 Let cannon mingle with rejoicing gun,
 And boys grow patriotic in their fun.

Yes, ring the bells—the earth is all aglow;
 The scent of new-mown hay is on the air,
 While huge loads meet us when abroad we go,
 And harvest-songs are echoing everywhere.
 Activity and fun in this month blend,
 And hope and thankfulness beam from each eye.
 With peace and plenty, friend smiles back on friend
 While loving hearts rejoice in glad July.

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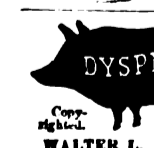
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COZY CORNERS FOR PARLORS.

I WONDER how many women know how to contrive a pretty corner for a large parlor. Take a long, narrow mirror, framed as cheaply as possible, and fasten it firmly against the wall corner-wise, with a corner shelf above it; then have India drapery silk, plain or figured, or the Oriental muslin imitation (the former is about seventy-five cents a yard—fifty cents if plain—and the latter fifteen cents), and festoon it across the top, tacking it to the edge of the shelf. On each side catch it here and there in a knot through which a tiny Japanese fan may be thrust, if you have not tired of this style of decoration. Continue the drapery across the bottom, and in front of the mirror stand a small table holding a palm, in a handsome bit of pottery, a figure or a pretty photograph. On the top shelf have a large Japanese jar, or a bright piece of bric-a-brac of some kind.

Another "cozy corner" is made by running a curtain pole diagonally across, and from it hang Oriental muslin, India silk, serge, and tapestry curtains, looping one high and far back, with a brass chain; spread a rug in front of the curtains, and behind them put a small divan, which I will tell you how to make, and you will find that this corner is about the first part of the room to be occupied. A corner bracket above the curtains, holding a tall vase or jar, is an improvement.

In regard to the divan: First, have a carpenter—or one of the men about the house, if he belongs to the "handy" tribe—make a strong framework about forty-two inches long, twenty inches wide and fourteen inches high, and put rollers on each corner; this should be of pressed pine and need not be painted. Now, make a comfortable mattress for it of husks or the filling called excelsior, first putting slats across the top of the frame, and cover with ticking. Over this have a plain-colored upholstery serge, or figured cretonne cover, and a ruffle around the four sides of the same, reaching to the floor. Two large, square pillows, covered with the cretonne, are then finished all around with a heavy cord or ruffle and placed against the wall at either end. If the divan is put flat against the wall, the pillows stand up at the back. These home-made divans become real luxuries when furnished with a wire spring or the size made for cots, under a wool mattress, though in such a case the frame must be made lower.

If possible, always have long curtains inside, as they furnish a room, almost. Even the printed scrim ones, at seventeen cents a yard, look cozy when hung. These are really artistic in deep ecru shades, with spider webs in brown, and a border on each side of brown flowers. If poles are beyond your means, put them up with a drawing-string run in at the top, forming an erect ruffle two inches wide. Let them hang loosely, or tie back with ribbon. "Where there is a will there is a way," and even ten dollars will do wonders in giving a room a cozy, home-like appearance.

HOW SHALL I MAKE MY DRESS?

THIS is another question which troubles thousands of women who make their dresses at home, and it is another point upon which we are going to do our best hereafter to help you. For our home-dressmaking department we have likewise the very best authority in that particular line. Miss EMMA HOOPER is, like Mrs. MALLON, a New York woman, who is regarded in the great metropolis as the most skillful home-dressmaking adviser and expert in the country. We have also enlarged her Department to a full page, and this month, as you will see, a question and answer column is commenced by her, wherein she will be glad to reply to any question on home-dressmaking which may perplex any of our readers.

THOSE of our subscribers who are interested in Fancy Work and Silk Embroidery, and who have not received a copy of our Art Needlework pamphlet, can do so by sending us a two-cent stamp and requesting us to mail a copy to their address. They will find it to contain plain and practical advice as to the suitability of design and character of work; the artistic blending of colors and the selection of materials. Stitches which are difficult of explanation are illustrated. It is altogether very chatty, readable and instructive. Any one who desires a copy of our new forty-page Premium Supplement may obtain one by sending us their name and address. Address THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pa.

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The Ladies Home Journal

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RUNNING from the main-land of the city of Newport, Rhode Island, into the west side of its harbor, is a log, staunchly built wharf. Were you to find your way to its end, you would ere long see from the light-house beyond, a woman appear and glance in your direction. Presently, with agile step, she runs down the narrow ladder fastened to the stone wall, jumps nimbly into a boat, unties it from its mooring, takes the heavy oars, and, with a beauty of stroke all her own, pulls with a long and a strong pull that sends her flying towards the steps of the pier on which you wait. Her back is as erect as that of a young girl, her powerful strength manifest in the great strides the row-boat makes, and yet, when she deftly turns it around and you get a good look at her face, it can be seen that it belongs to a woman in middle life, but upon whom time has left few tell-tale marks. She puts out a welcoming hand with a beautiful white wrist, adding a cheery smile and word of greeting as she makes ready to take you over to Lime Rock as her guest. You have cause for self-congratulation in being thus favored by the heroine—Ida Lewis.

It is not a long journey, nor is it apt to be a dangerous one, as it was that stormy day when I found myself a passenger with Miss Lewis, crossing choppy, white-crested waves in an open boat. The weather was a fickle damsel, mingling tears with laughter in short intervals of sunshine and rain. The pier left behind, down came the great drops, faster and faster as if in protest at the speed the boat was making, deluging its occupants before Lime Rock could be reached.

You have doubtless seen those cobwebby ladders adown the sides of an ocean steamer. You have perchance watched the sailors, monkey-like, run up them from the tiny boat that bobs recklessly up and down on the waves below. You have never envied them, nor wished to emulate their agility. Nor had I. But in like manner must I reach *terra firma*, cumbered with heavy, wet clothing, and with courage—a property hitherto vauntedly mine own—dripping away at the end of every trembling nerve. But timidity here was out of place; so summoning that reserve force which a woman can always command if she wishes, the ascent was made. How, can never be fathomed, for a gale of wind possessed itself of breath and hat on the lowest round and made havoc of whatever else I owned, until the topmost stone of the landing was attained and the lee side of a boat-house gave friendly shelter.

In the kitchen, on an oil-cloth floor so clean and white it seemed a sacrilege to put wet feet upon, Miss Lewis placed me to dry. To her the experience was nothing, and it was impossible not to catch her jollity of spirit and laugh over the adventure, forgetful of the feeling of personal danger hitherto uppermost in the mind.

The room was shining with that cleanliness that betokens the exceptional housewife. Everywhere that brass, tin or copper, and even iron, was in use, acted as a mirror in the

reflection of dazzling polish. A bird hung in one window, and plants were in another. Along the wall ran a lounge, with pillows all soft and downy, and thoroughly appreciated by Miss Lewis' dog, his nap undisturbed by the noisy arrival of a storm-tossed maiden. Tasty curtains over the dresser and above the sink made bits of color warm in their reddish tints. Closets are few in the light-house and its keeper must use all her ingenuity to find receptacles for her *lases* and *penates*. Such delicate bits of old glass and china; such fat, chubby pitchers and blue ware as would drive a collector wild with envy. Particularly rich is Miss Lewis in candlesticks, for when she was a girl oil was a luxury, and her solid silver snuffers, scissors and candleholders in all shapes are in the Lewis family by inheritance many years.

The kitchen leads into the sitting-room, where on every hand are books and flowers and sunshine. A bright Brussels carpet covers the floor, which, owing to the dampness that affects the house from its material and situation, requires renewal every two years. The deep-seated windows have pleasant outlooks towards Fort Adams, while opposite the garison, the picturesque villa of a millionaire is rising. Surrounded by comforts that she



IDA LEWIS IN HER ROW-BOAT. (From an instantaneous photograph).

has purchased or had added in the gifts of friends, Miss Lewis spends her afternoons here; but such an active body is she, that seldom does she rest long in any position. In winter she has the companionship of her brother Rudolph, one of those sturdy, warm-hearted fellows who go down to the sea in great ships. When he is acting as a pilot in summer, a young girl from Newport passes the night with the lone but brave woman.

The remaining room on the ground floor is the parlor, the best room of the New England home, sacredly kept for funerals and feasts alike. The fashionable watering place, with its many spires—earth's fingers pointing heavenward—its homes of wonderful architecture, its harbor with yachts of all nations, forms the beautiful vista from the lace-draped windows. The room is filled with trophies, treasures from foreign lands, as well as gifts from home. Ordinarily, a caller would be ushered in at the front door opening in a roomy hall, and thus reach the parlor.

At the head of the hall-stairs stands a conical-shaped recess. This is the upper part of the light-house proper, to which the dwelling was attached thirty-six years ago. The first

view of this recess suggests an oratory, and no devout worshipper at some favorite saint's shrine pays more frequent homage than is given to the glistening brass standard, draped in its shroud of clean linen during the day.

The covering thrown aside, there is disclosed the light, of which might rightfully be said,

"How far that little candle throws its beams,"

when it is learned that its rays are seen for twelve miles. An ordinary kerosene lamp with a red glass chimney, it is known as a common harbor, fixed light, but from its importance to mariners it ranks as a first-class light in the list of American light-houses. Cleanliness and godliness, the proverb says, are akin, hence the added force of the simile of an oratory. The utensils on a shelf near by rival the lamp in brilliancy.

Miss Lewis' sleeping-room is across the hallway, opposite the light. This is fortunate, for much of her duty comes during your sleeping hours and mine. Like herself the room is bright, hung with pictures everywhere, and full of the belongings of a womanly woman. There are other rooms, silent now, for all belonging to her are gone with the exception of her brother.

Life on a light-house, situated as is Lime Rock light, is not the gruesome thing generally imagined. With a six-roomed house there are cares that fill the day, and, like any other "gude wife," Miss Lewis has her pots, kettles and pans to attend to, rooms to sweep, beds to make, papers and magazines to read, letters to write, and all the various eceteras to manage which fill the time of a busy woman. A devoted church woman, she spends Sunday on shore whenever her brother is at home.

As the only woman light-house keeper in our country, and the last one that will be given a light—for such is the verdict of the powers that be—Miss Lewis has other duties that are unique. Exactly at sundown she must light her lamp, and precisely at midnight another must be substituted. All through the night it must be watched, and Miss Lewis likens this constant care to that demanded by an infant. The wick might flare or burn low, the chimney smoke or crack, or any of the hundred-and-one accidents happen that are ever taking place with the use of kerosene oil. She can but catch cat-naps; hence the nearness of her sleeping-room to the light. At sunrise the law requires her

light or lenses would bring a report from the first seaman who suffered by it. Lives hang on her vigilance, but to her credit no light on all the coast is as regularly or perfectly attended to, nor does any other gain from the Government Inspector so high a report. Miss Lewis keeps a daily expense book, noting just the amount of wick and oil burnt, and the time to a second of the lighting and putting



THE SITTING-ROOM IN THE LIGHT-HOUSE.

out of the lamp. In addition, a record of the weather must be entered daily. As Lime Rock light is a first-class light, no rations are allowed, the yearly salary being \$750, and two tons of coal.

Thirty-three years ago, in the little Newport paper, there appeared an item which stated that a sixteen-year-old girl had saved four lads from drowning in the harbor. She lived, the story went on to relate, in the light-house on Lime Rock, and had seen from its windows the boat capsized, and, unaided, effected the rescue of its occupants. Whoever in the gay city by the sea read the brief account doubtless deemed it a brave act in one so young and of the weaker sex, but gave it little further thought. Not long afterwards, however, there was printed another item, but this time a longer description of the saving, during a frightful storm at night, of a boatman by the same young girl, his cries for assistance coming to her in her watch-tower on the sea. Soon, again, it was told far and near that two soldiers crossing from the Fort to the city had fallen through the ice. With the same treacherous element cracking and swaying beneath her feet, this intrepid girl had thrown them a rope, both in their dying agonies grasping it and being saved.

Nothing more thrilling, nothing more grand has ever been chronicled than the next deed of this woman on that awful night when two drowning men owed to her fearlessness, life and happiness once more. It was blowing a north-east gale, and in March of a year that lives in history for storms and wrecks all along the Atlantic coast. Every blast cut and froze the flesh as the gale rose higher and colder. Ill and crushed in mind with a great trouble, Ida Lewis sat dejectedly before the kitchen fire, her shoes removed that she might get needed warmth in her aching body. All at once, cries for help were heard, far out at sea. All thought of self and racking pains, danger and home alike, forgotten, in the knowledge



A VIEW OF LIME ROCK LIGHT-HOUSE FROM THE WATER.

lamp, like the foolish virgin's, to have gone out, and from this fact she is an early riser. The responsibility is no small one, for the slightest neglect of duty or accident to her

that human life was in peril, she hurried a towel around her shoulders, the sleeves of her delaine dress, feet ran to her boat and p...

into the blackness ahead. Guided by the cries, growing fainter and fainter, from those clinging with freezing fingers to the up-turned skiff, she heard, as she neared it, a despairing voice wail, "My God! It's only a woman." Nothing daunted, she shouted encouraging words above the storm's fury, and, with that herculean strength with which she is endowed, soon had both in her boat, taking them bodily over its stern. A boy with them had gone down, exhausted, before she got the nearly fated trio. Was not this heroism sublime? As years went on like acts were performed, and men told of the tenderness of sympathy of this heroine for brute kind as well as man, as shown in another perilous rescue at night of two men, when she returned for a sheep, their fellow voyager, and the cause of their accident. The list rolled up and up, though many names were never publicly added to the fifteen acknowledged, and men and women began to ask who this woman was, and the name of Ida Lewis rang round the world coupled with that of Grace Darling.

Interest ever attaches itself to the life and personality of a heroine, and surely no greater than Ida Lewis has graced this century. Now nearly fifty years of age, she stands pre-eminently the noblest woman the world has known for years: courage, skill, independence of action, qualities not generally attributed to a woman, being hers by every right. When her father, Captain Hosea Lewis, was made keeper of Lime Rock Light, Ida was a thin, delicate girl of thirteen. The light-house is situated on one of the rocks of lime-stone abounding in Newport harbor, and contains but few hundred feet of space. Until Miss Lewis had loam brought to form a garden, not a blade of grass could be grown. As the only means of communication with Newport was by water, the young girl learned the use of the oars, and the water became to her as familiar as to any web-footed fowl. Ida grew fearless and strong, and, possessed as she is of that happy faculty of seeing sunshine back of every cloud, took care and trouble, a life inheritance, as lightly as she has her years. Her acts of bravery brought her into prominence, not at all relished, especially when in three months 10,000 strangers invaded her home.

The father of Miss Lewis becoming a paralytic the care of the light-house devolved upon her mother and herself, and in 1879 she was made custodian of the light for life. General Sherman, in conveying the appointment, said, "This appointment is conferred upon you as a mark of my appreciation of your noble and heroic efforts in saving life."

In July 1880, the Secretary of the Treasury, William Windom, awarded the gold life-saving medal to her, and she is the only woman in America who has been deemed worthy of such a tribute. Besides this she has been given three silver medals, one from the State of Rhode Island, one from the Humane Society of Massachusetts, and a third from the New York Life Saving Association. In the Custom House of Newport in 1869, before hundreds of its citizens, Miss Lewis was presented by General Grant, with the splendid life-boat "Rescue," which she now has. It was a gift from the people of the city in recognition of her acts of bravery. For it, James Fisk Jr. ordered a boat-house built, but the contractor never carried out the order to that limit of magnificence which the donor intended. Mr. Fisk also sent the heroine a silk flag, painted by Mrs. McFarland, of New York. After being made a member of Sorosis, Miss Lewis received from that body a brooch. It is a large gold S, with a band of blue enamel around it. Across is the name of the club in Greek letters, and engraved on the main part of the pin, "Sorosis to Ida Lewis, the heroine." Miss Lewis wears it every day. From the two soldiers from the Fort whom she rescued, she received a gold watch, and from the officers and men, a silver teapot worth \$150.

Sums of money have time and again been sent her by known and unknown parties, but of all the gifts poured upon her—each prized, but declared by their unspoiled recipient not at all deserved—none has pleased her so much as a keg of maple sugar and a box of oatmeal! From way out west they came, from an old gentleman of seventy, a farmer, who wrote that he had not his thousands to lay at the feet of the bravest of women, but he sent the best of what little he possessed. Miss Lewis dislikes both articles, but ate some of each, so much did the words of the sender touch her.

It was a day to be remembered, that day with America's Grace Darling in Lime Rock Light, a lucky moon-stone day, white and beautiful to treasure. To but one woman in this land has a monument been erected. But some day America will build another, and that to the memory of Ida Lewis, the heroine.

TO REMOVE BLEMISHES FROM FURNITURE.

REMOVE white spots on furniture by wetting a piece of flannel with turpentine and rubbing the spot hard.

To remove white stains have three woolen cloths; dip one in linseed or kerosene oil and rub the spot briskly; then wet a second cloth with alcohol and rub the spot quickly; finally, polish with the third cloth, slightly wet with oil.

For mahogany, if stained, use oxalic acid and water, rubbing it on with a clean cork, until the stain disappears. Mahogany may be polished with a flannel cloth dipped in sweet, or cold drawn linseed oil.

Remove ink stains from mahogany by putting a few drops of spirit of niter in a tea-spoonful of water; touch the spot with a camel's-hair brush dipped in the mixture, and then rub it out immediately with a cloth dipped in cold water. This may answer for other woods also.

Marks are taken from varnished wood by letting a sponge in alcohol or camphor, and using it freely to the surface of the spots.

Castor oil removes finger marks from varnished furniture, and kerosene will do the same.

Always be used quickly, or it will not express the oil.

PHOTOGRAPHY FOR GIRLS.

A LITTLE HELP OVER SOME HARD PLACES.

BY LAUREY MACHENRY.



GIRLS are naturally more observing than their brothers, and more appreciative of the beautiful; for this reason, if for no other, they should be encouraged to engage in the fascinating and instructive study of photography.

Then too, the out-door practice of this art is conducive to health—the exercise of tramping about with a camera is light, but invigorating. Enjoyable not only in the present, but in the anticipation of the future with its lasting remembrances of these photographing trips. If one can afford it, the best thing in the way of a camera is one which can be loaded with a roll-holder containing sensitive films enough for a number of exposures, thus avoiding the necessity of going into a dark room to change plates, etc. The "Kodak" is a most excellent little camera, and the smaller size carries film enough to take one hundred small, round pictures, say two-and-three-fourth inches in diameter. The great number of views which can be taken without reloading is an advantage. There are now seven styles and sizes of the "Kodak," so that if the size mentioned produces too small a picture for your purpose, you have six other sizes to select from. I would advise you to get a 4x5 detective camera; and, without advertising any particular make, there is one called the "Ferret," which is sold by all dealers in photographic goods, and which I find perfectly satisfactory. The advantage of a "Detective" camera I consider specially to be the "shutter," which is adjusted in such a manner that it does not protrude in any way, and by its use we can take instantaneous views, as well as time exposures.

For your outfit, then, I would advise a Ferret camera, \$15.00; three extra plate holders, \$3.00. Or the same camera, if fitted with roll-holder for forty-eight views, each 4x5 inches, \$28.00.

Then you will want a tripod—get a light one, and one which will fold up short. Two developing trays—get hard rubber or papier maché; sheet-iron is cheaper, but the japanning soon scales off, and your plates will be ruined by small pieces adhering to the film—one small graduated measuring-glass; one or more printing frames; one deep porcelain tray, for toning; one ruby lantern; one pound, or more, hyposulphite of soda, or, as it is commonly called, hypo; one package toning solution. (After you get a little practice, you will probably mix your own "toner"; but at first I advise you to get it ready mixed.) Two dozen 4x5 sensitive printing paper; two dozen 4x5 sensitive blue paper; one package eikonogen developer. I suggest eikonogen first, because you can get with it the best results with less risk; and second, because it is clean and will not stain your fingers, as pyrogallie acid does.

Then, too, eikonogen allows a greater latitude in the matter of exposure, and to the beginner this is of great importance.

In case you do not care to spend so much money on your first outfit, you can save a great deal in the matter of cameras. I would not advise you to buy anything cheaper than I have suggested in the way of chemicals or utensils, but you can get a good view-camera, well made of wood, with a fair lens, for from five dollars up. In buying a camera the main thing is to see that it does not leak light in any place or in the slightest degree.

EXPOSURES AND MANAGEMENT OF CAMERA.

Never point your camera toward the sun or so that the direct rays from the sun shine even obliquely into the lens tube.

Always have the light at your back, and upon the object to be taken. A cloudy day is best for portraits and groups out-of-doors; but do not have your subject under a dense tree or shaded by a piazza roof. The light must come from overhead as well as at the sides. When focusing use the largest diaphragm, or lens opening, but change it to a smaller one before making the exposure. The only guide for the length of time that the plate should be exposed is the strength of the light, and you will soon learn to estimate this by the clearness of the image on the ground-glass when focusing. Remember this, however—when taking distant views, you must give less time than for near-by pictures under the same condition of light, etc.

Focus carefully. Adjust the back until you have the sharpest possible lines in the picture, and raise or lower the front piece until you have the best arrangement of foreground and sky.

Amateurs too often slight the focusing, which with professionals is the most important part of the process. When you can depend upon your subject, or your sitter keeping still long enough, you will always get better results from time exposures; but for animals in motion, moving objects, such as a boat or a train of cars, or even when the wind stirs the leaves and shrubbery, an instantaneous view, or "snap-shot," is best.

Never try a "snap-shot," however, unless you have a clear, bright sunlight. Remember, in the matter of exposures you will be much more apt to over-expose than to under-time. Don't commence with too rapid plates. Forbes' portrait plates I consider the very best for either landscapes or portraits for the amateur, and I have used every kind.

HINTS FOR THE DARK ROOM.

This must be perfectly dark; a ray of light through the keyhole may fog (blur) your plates. The only light allowable is either a red or an orange. You may have plenty of light, provided it is either of these colors; but be careful that your lamp does not leak white or yellow light.

I usually do my dark-room work at night in the bath-room where I can have plenty of room and plenty of water.

When developing, watch your plate carefully and do not stop the process too soon.

You will be tempted to stop the developing as soon as the picture is out clear and distinct, but this will surely result in a thin, weak negative. Don't be afraid to wait until the sharpness fades away and the image begins to get dim, then raise the plate from the tray and look through it from the under side toward the red light: if the picture can be seen through a little (it need not, and should not show distinctly), your plate is ready for washing and fixing. Let me caution you to be exact about measuring your chemicals and water for the different baths; the beginner is more apt to be careless about this than about any other part of the process, and to this carelessness may be traced fully one-half of the amateurs' failures. Be very particular with the washing of plates if you want them to keep for any length of time. Unless every particle of "hypo" be eliminated, your negative will in a short time become covered with yellow blotches of stain, and an effervescence of white, minute crystals, rendering them utterly useless for printing purposes. It is worth remembering, that after the plate is out of the developing bath, washed and immersed in the "hypo," you may take it out of the dark-room and complete the fixing in the light. This you will find restful and will prevent the headache which is apt to come from the close air of the dark-room. While fixing the negative you can raise it occasionally and watch for the white film to disappear. After it is completely gone, leave the plate about two or three minutes longer in the hypo.

Be careful to keep the hypo bath gently in motion during all the time the plate is immersed in it; otherwise the negative will be mottled, and if the negative is mottled, the prints will be also.

It is well to remember that every speck of dirt or dust will show up plainly in the print, and from this we learn the necessity for absolute cleanliness in all dark-room work. Many a plate has been ruined by being put away to dry in a place where dust could settle on the fresh, moist film. Above all things do not allow a drop of hypo to get into the developer, or vice versa. If you get some hypo on your fingers, wash them before putting them into the developer; for even so slight an admixture as this will weaken or spoil either bath. For this reason, rinse out your graduate in clean water every time you use it.

BEST METHODS OF PRINTING.

I use blue paper for printing, a great deal. It is cheaper and quicker as it requires no toning. Simply print in a bright sun, until you get a dark bronze-blue, and then wash the print in clean water, and dry.

When printing regular white paper, let the process go on until you consider the print entirely too dark, for the toning process fades them considerably. It is not necessary to tone immediately after printing, as the prints, if put away in a tight box or a dark drawer, will keep for days without changing, and you can tone a number of them at a time.

It is well to remember this rule in printing:—If you wish sharp contrasts—that is, very white-whites, and very dark blacks—a strong, harsh, sharp picture, print in a diffused light; but for soft shading, the bright sun is the thing.

THE TONING PROCESS.

You will probably have trouble with your prints turning too red in the toning process; but it is easily avoided by soaking the prints thoroughly in clean water before putting them in the toning bath. The manuals say "soak four or five minutes in clear water." Let me advise you to soak them twenty or thirty minutes, rather than five. A toning-bath will do much better, even work if mixed the day before it is wanted for use. Place the prints face down in the toning bath, and keep changing them (transferring the bottom ones to the top). Unless you do this they will tone unevenly, and some spots may not tone at all.

Watch the prints, and the reddish-brown color will change to a dark, purplish tint. Transfer to clean water as fast as they assume the color you wish. If your toning-bath works slowly, warm it a little; it will do its best at seventy to ninety degrees Fahrenheit.

The prints tone on the surface first, and if not thoroughly done, the red color will assert itself in the final fixing. Hold them up and look through them toward the light and you can readily tell if they are toned through. An old toning-bath works better than a new, fresh one, and as it contains the most expensive of the various chemicals used, it is well to bottle and save it after using; for it can be reinforced by the addition of a little gold and acetate, and used indefinitely. This is worth remembering. In the final "fixing" the hypo may be quite weak, say half as strong as that used for fixing negatives, and the final washing cannot be too thorough. After this washing the prints are ready for mounting and as to this, I need only caution you to mount your prints when wet. If you attempt it dry they will wrinkle. In conclusion let me assure you that any girl can take good pictures. It is simple, fascinating and satisfactory, and failure is almost impossible, if you will bear in mind the following points:—

COMMON ERRORS OF AMATEURS.

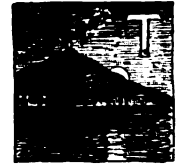
Careless focusing; over-exposures; under-development; careless measurements in mixing; insufficient washings; under-printing and under toning.

Overcome these errors and you will be far on toward success.

Success in photography calls for care, patience and good judgment.

A MOONLIGHT VIEW OF NAPLES.

BY MARY J. HOLMES.



O stand on the walls of the Castle of St. Elmo in Naples, and watch the moon as it rises in the direction where the smoke of Vesuvius curls up dark against the eastern sky, is a scene of remembrance.

This view of Naples, and the surrounding country from St. Elmo, is lovely, whether seen in daylight, with its thousands and thousands of houses stretching away to the east and the west, and up the vine-clad hills and terraces to the north, or whether seen by starlight, when the lights from the town shine out upon the sea and show the hundreds of boats moving hither and thither like shadowy phantoms in the semi-darkness. But as moonlight, like the snows of winter, softens and covers up whatever is unsightly or defective, so I think that the city—which is sometimes poetically called the "white rose of the sea"—is most beautiful when the moon is shining over it and hiding the defects upon its petals, for although it may be a rose, it is certainly, in some respects, a very soiled one, and lacks the perfume of the flower to which it is likened. But up at St. Elmo you forget the perfume and the soil and the narrow, dirty streets, and the broad quays, where crowds of people are jostling each other and filling the air with their discordant cries and shouts of laughter, and think only of the glorious panorama spread out before you.

To your right and the west, seen across the tops of the flat-roofed houses, are the hills of Posilippo, crowned with vineyards and gardens and orange trees and the beautiful villas of the nobility; while a little farther on is the wide-mouthed grotto, or tunnel, and near it to the left, on a vine-clad eminence, the so-called tent of Virgil. In front of you, looking south, lies a part of the great city, and at the foot of the hills stands the gloomy old Fortress of Castel del Ovo, whose walls are constantly washed by the waves which, however quiet they may be elsewhere, always beat angrily against the huge obstruction. Farther on, and still looking south across the beautiful bay, is Capri, distinctly defined against the sky, for the blue mist which veils it during the day is gone, and it stands out clear and strong in the full moon of the warm spring night; while beyond and miles away is Sorrento, the loveliest spot the sun ever shone upon, with its bold cliffs overlooking the sea, its gardens of roses and azaleas and its balmy winds, which always have in them a warm breath of summer, even when the skies are gray and the waves of the Mediterranean beat angrily upon the shore. To the left of it, as you look from St. Elmo, you can almost define the dark curve of the hills, with the broad highway which sweeps round the wooded point and along the bay to Castel-a-Mare. Here, trees and hills all blend into one gray background, but you know that the road leads on to where the roofless houses of Pompeii stand desolate and empty in the moonlight, which gives to them a weird-like beauty and peoples them with the ghosts of those who once went in and out between the crumbling walls, and lived and loved and enjoyed, just as we enjoy and love and live, and then, with their city, were suddenly swept from the face of the earth.

Between you and Pompeii, the great mountain, which wrought the ruin, is seen, occasionally sending up spits of smoke and flame as proofs that the volcanic fires are still smouldering inside, although the mighty forces which rouse them into activity may be quiet for a time. Vesuvius, on such a night as this, has a beauty of its own, for its scarred and blackened sides are covered with so soft a light that every jagged point of scorie and melted rock glisten like the branches of white coral which grow far down in the sea. And as the moon rises higher and higher and brings into greater distinctness the mountain, the hills, the city and the bay, you wonder if moonlight in Eden were fairer than this, and linger on the castle walls until your friend, more matter of fact than yourself, brings you down from the heights by asking if you have forgotten how late it is and that the cabman waiting for you charges by the hour!

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The way in which Hood's Sarsaparilla builds up people in run down or weakened state of health, conclusively proves the claim that this medicine "makes the weak strong." It does not act like a stimulant, imparting fictitious strength from which there must follow a reaction of greater weakness than before, but in the most natural way Hood's Sarsaparilla overcomes that tired feeling, creates an appetite, purifies the blood, and, in short, gives great bodily nerve, mental and digestive strength.

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MYRTLE'S MISTAKE

A STORY BY
KATE UPSON CLARK

PART II.

IN these years while Myrtle had been going to school, Desire Duffy had, as she had said, studied with her. The girl had not begun to reap the benefit from her work that her foster-mother had gained. 'Zire had sucked in culture from Myrtle's books and "topics," as the bee sucks honey from the woodbine, or a child its life from its mother's breast. Although her language would never be quite what it would have been if she had been earlier taught, she had still gained an insight into many things, and she had come to regret that she had ever named the girl Myrtle.

"May be," she said aloud, now as she finished reading the foolish, little letter, "may be if I hadn't named her Myrtle she wouldn't have been so silly. Seems to me she acts as 'most any girl named Myrtle might be expected to act.' But, perhaps 'Zire was too hard on herself. Possibly, no one could have withstood the circumstances in which she had been placed.

For years Desire Duffy had not wept, but when her first mood of bitterness passed, after learning how her cherished plans were frustrated, tears began to trickle down her hard, seamed cheeks.

The girl's bright, pretty face, with all her winning ways came before her mind. What hopes and aspirations Desire Duffy had woven into that long life! And now, her beautiful Myrtle—whom she had meant to make worthy of the greatest man in the nation, for whom she had fondly entertained, no one need know how many lofty ambitions—was chained for life to a common, drunken loafer!

"This," sobbed poor 'Zire, while the tears flowed fast over her coarse and wrinkled cheeks, "this is worse than it was for Desire Hartwell to run away with the young Irishman. At least he was sober and respectable."

Desire secretly felt in her soul that no one could possibly have loved that young, erring Desire Hartwell as her little Myrtle was loved.

"It has broken my heart!" she sobbed over and over. "I've tried to do my best by her and this is all it has come to! I've just saved and dreamed—and all for her. I've been makin' an idol of her; it was wrong—but I couldn't help it! Oh, I couldn't help it! And now, Dave Janssen may abuse her—he may beat her!"

As this thought, and the whole outlook for the future became plain in her mind, she resolved upon the course she ought to take. First, she would go out and find Jans.

He was in the barn, and while 'Zire leaned up against the empty mow, she told him what had happened. Rumors of it had already reached him.

"I sorry, 'Zire," he said, in his broken English. "Dave don't seem my boy. He seem like somebody else boy. I know notings about zis, 'Zire; I can give him work on ze farm. 'Zire, if you not object. I hope he take good care of Myrtle."

Jans, like everybody else, had always called his employer "'Zire," but his manner toward her was full of respect.

"I am going to have them come and live with me, Jans," said 'Zire, deeply touched by his distress. "I am in hopes Dave will turn over a new leaf, now; my house is big enough since I built on the new part." 'Zire's voice choked a little; she had been so proud to build this addition to her little cabin for Myrtle's sake—and I'd feel better to have Myrtle right with me. I am going to forgive her and Dave; you can take him to help you, and pay him just what you pay the others. You must forgive him; they are married now. I shall see that the marriage is all right and their papers all legal, and we must do all we can to make them live a good, useful life."

"That so," responded Jans, with touching appreciation. "Dave a man now. He only eighteen, but he man now. May be he be different."

"Yes, he's a man; and I can't help thinking he will be different." Thus the poor man and woman comforted each other.

"I am going to write to them, Jans, to come right home."

This the young people would have been obliged to do very soon, in any case, the bridegroom's funds not permitting any very long or distant flight from home.

They came obediently enough. They had been a good deal sobered by the three days' thinking since they had left Burton's. They were neither of them fools, and they began to dimly realize something of the life before them, and of the hopes which they had disappointed.

For three or four months matters moved along, very smoothly. Myrtle, whatever she felt within herself, kept her own counsel, and seemed to be perfectly contented to settle down as the wife of a handsome, lazy boy like Dave Janssen. Still, she could not fail to be troubled that 'Zire "took it so hard."

As the days passed on and the change that had come was more and more impressed upon her, her grief began sensibly to tell upon her health. Little by little she gave up the duties which she had been accustomed to take upon herself, and contented herself with superintending the farm affairs from within doors.

Before Myrtle had been married six months, Desire Duffy had taken to her bed, and seldom rose from it.

In this extremity, Myrtle showed herself to

contain real material. She did nearly all the work herself and waited upon 'Zire with a devotion which endeared her tenfold to the proud and disappointed woman.

"Hard work in the fields has worn 'Zire out before her time," the neighbors said. But Desire Duffy knew better; she knew that Myrtle's folly had broken her heart. Over and again she would say to herself, "To think what I was ready to do for her—and I had plenty to do it with—and this all she cared for it!"

Dave had kept away from Still Jim's pretty well since his marriage. He looked pale and thoughtful, and generally seemed very attentive to Myrtle. Sometimes 'Zire would imagine when he came in that there was an aroma of Still Jim's establishment about him, and she would watch him closely for signs of intoxication; but Dave, if he had been drinking at such times, managed to walk and talk very much as usual. But one night he came down the road very unsteadily. Myrtle was sitting by the window watching for him. She dropped the book which she had been reading and it fell with a sort of frightened bang to the floor.

'Zire started up. It was a beautiful April twilight, ten months after the young people had eloped together. She saw Dave coming and fell back on her sofa with a groan. Myr-

you think he'll come back, don't you, 'Zire?" 'Zire looked at her in disgust. She weakened a little.

"Oh, I dare say he will, child," she said contemptuously. "I shouldn't waste any tears on a man who had struck me. It seems as if you had more spirit than to do such a thing. I used to think you were proud enough. But since Dave came around so much, you've lost all the spirit you ever had. Sit down now, child, and eat your supper. I meant," she added with a gleam of her old humor shining through her still burning wrath, "I meant to scare him so that he'd never come back, but like enough we shall see him marching in to-morrow morning, as good-looking and lordly as ever."

Myrtle heaved a deep, relieved sigh. She sat looking at 'Zire, who was eating her supper as though she was half-famished.

"Why, you seem better, 'Zire," she said in a surprised way.

"I feel better," said 'Zire, with a strong, eager ring to her voice, "than I've felt before since you were married. I've tried to do my Christian duty to Dave, but I can't say I've relished it. Now I've said my say to him and I feel better. It seems as if there had been a weight taken off me. I should have thought this thing would have killed me, but it hasn't. It's done me good, I feel like myself."

She buttered a piece of half-cold toast and ate it eagerly. Her weakness seemed to be wholly gone.

The next morning Dave did not return, and 'Zire went out in the field to work, just as she had been used to do before Myrtle was married. She staid an hour. In the afternoon she went out for a while again. The days passed on; nothing was heard of Dave, and by a month more, Desire Duffy seemed as well and as strong as ever.

Two months passed. Myrtle moped and

shut her lips tight in the twilight. She would not utter any further reproach to the poor, bruised creature lying in her lap.

"I've been thinking," continued Myrtle, still dreamily, "that since—since—Dave doesn't come back, why—why can't I study some more?"

"Study some more?" repeated 'Zire in a dazed way. "Myrtle"—with a sudden leap at her heart—"do you want to study some more?"

"Oh!" cried the girl, "I'm just longing to, 'Zire! I want to play, too! I'm hungry for my piano, but I haven't played hardly any since—since I was married. I know how you have been disappointed in me, 'Zire; and haven't you seen that I—I'm different now?"

"Yes," said 'Zire, "you've been different for a good while now. You don't even say saucy things to me. You seem sorter staided down. I've been thinkin' that if I ever could hear you laugh again, it would make me ten years younger."

"I don't feel like laughin'," the girl sighed heavily, "but I do feel like work. I saw Stella Emmons ride by here the other day, and she was drivin' slowly, so I could hear what she said to the young man who was with her. She said, 'Yes, I like it so much at college. And just think! there's a girl lived here, who could have gone—she could have had almost anything—and she went off with a young fellow not much older than I am, and got married. Now he's run off and left her—and, oh my!—she's had an awful time, and she can't ever go to school any more, of course, though she isn't as old as I am.' That's just what she said. Oh, you don't know how it made me feel, 'Zire! And I'm only sixteen."

'Zire went to bed that night too excited to sleep.

The next day she said to Myrtle, "Child, it would do you good to take a journey. It would do me good. I never go anywhere. We will get our clothes fixed up and we will go east somewhere, and see if it won't do us good."

A week later, all Burton's was electrified by the news that 'Zire and her adopted daughter were going east for a health-trip; but 'Zire had money enough to pay her bills anywhere, and she needed no help from anyone. She gave Jans Janssen the address in Boston, of a dealer of whom she had sometimes bought supplies, and, after arranging the farm work for the month that she had planned to be absent, she and Myrtle set out on their journey.

In the lovely, old New England village of Dewhampton old Squire Hartwell, one of the most venerable and respected of its citizens, was dozing in an easy chair on his wide, elm-shaded piazza, at the close of a bright September day, when he saw a strange couple walking up the broad path which led to his door. One was a short, square-shouldered and somewhat stooping woman, with a brown and wrinkled face. She was plainly but well-clothed, and the tall, fair girl beside her was even elegantly attired. The older woman approached him rather stiffly, and began, as he rose courteously to greet her, "I believe your name is Hartwell, ain't it?"

He bowed and stood awaiting the announcement of his visitor's names.

"I," continued this strange, foreign-looking woman, "am Desire Duffy. My mother's name was Desire Hartwell."

The old man's elegant composure was somewhat startled.

"Is it possible!" he exclaimed in consternation, as he begged them to be seated. "I had a sister named Desire Hartwell. She was much older than I, but I remember her very well."

"She was my mother," said Desire Duffy, with pathetic dignity. "She died just after I was born, and my father brought me up. I have lived a solitary life, but I have been prosperous; and now I have come to you, not to ask you to help me in any way which will require anything hard of you, but for some advice."

Somehow, relatives who suddenly appear, with every evidence of prosperity about them, are never very welcome. Old Squire Hartwell, good man as he was, might not have especially enjoyed hearing that his sister's progeny were starving in vulgar squalor; or having them appeal to him in any guise for pecuniary aid; but this queer-looking, though evidently self-respectful woman, with her tale of independence and her appearance of comparative affluence, accompanied by this quiet and rather elegant-looking young person—this was not without a spice of agreeable romance. The old gentleman quite fancied it.

'Zire went on and told something of the history of her life, and of the child's life. That young as she was, she was a deserted wife, that her child was dead, but that Desire Duffy intended still to thwart what seemed to be the fell designs of fate, and to educate and develop the girl as she had originally intended.

(Continued on next page.)



"You are a brute! Leave her! You have spoiled her life and mine. Now, go!"

tle rose and began to get the tea things in order. Her face was very pale and her hands trembled, but she said nothing.

"I won't eat supper now, Myrtle," said 'Zire, "I'll wait till by-and-by."

She rose, partly closed the door between the rooms and lay back on her couch. The murmur of the voices in the other room fell indistinctly upon her ear. Then she heard Dave's becoming louder and louder. He was evidently very cross. Myrtle seemed to be reasoning with him very quietly and patiently. There was a moving of the chairs, and the dishes rattled. Then Myrtle cried "O, Dave!" and 'Zire heard the sound of a blow. Could it be that that worthless fellow had struck her child! Desire Duffy sprang up, forgetting in an instant all her weakness.

"David Janssen!" she cried, rushing toward him like a very tempest, her whole firmly-knit frame quivering with her wrath. "You have struck Myrtle. You are a brute! Leave her! Leave this instant! And do you never come back!" she continued passionately. "Never, until you can take an oath and keep it, to let liquor alone! You have spoiled her life and mine! Now go!"

The boy stood looking dully at her, completely taken aback by the intensity of her assault. He had always been afraid of 'Zire, and in her present mood, it would have taken a braver man than even Dave at his bravest to face her. A sudden pallor crossed his maudlin, beardless face, and he turned and hurried out the door.

"I'm a-comin' back though," he said doggedly as he passed her.

"We shall see," returned 'Zire, standing erect, and with a majesty of expression which neither he nor the girl had ever seen in her before. "We shall see!"

"Now, Myrtle," she went on, as the door closed behind Dave's handsome figure, "thank heaven! You see Dave in his true light at last! What kind of a husband is he for a delicate girl like you? What did you marry him for?"

Myrtle stood still, as she had been standing throughout this entire scene. Dave had struck her upon the shoulder, and he had not hurt her much. Even if he had, she could not have been very angry with him. She loved him too dearly.

"Do you really mean, 'Zire," she cried with quivering lips, "that you won't let him come back? What will he do?"

She sat down and began to cry.

"He will have to look out for himself, I reckon," said 'Zire, grimly. "I don't propose to have him mind around in such a state as he was in to-night. Why, he might have killed you!"

"Oh, no, he wouldn't!" cried Myrtle. "Oh,

pined for Dave, and seemed really ill. 'Zire hired a strong woman to come in and attend to the girl, and do the work. Then even 'Zire herself began to long to see Dave's handsome, young face again; but no inquiries for him brought any return. Still Jim professed entire ignorance about the boy, and it seemed as though he must either have killed himself or else have gone to some distant part of the country. One night, about two months after he had disappeared, a little daughter was born to him; but even when this fact was published far and wide, it failed to bring the wanderer home.

"May be," thought 'Zire, with secret joy, "may be he really is dead!"

And then she scolded herself for thinking such a thought, and rejoicing in it, when she remembered Dave's merry laugh, and his handsome face, which, weak though it might be, never looked vicious when he was himself; and, above all, the happiness which his return would bring to the frail, little snow-drop of a mother, lying on her pillow like a bit of down, which a breath of wind might blow away. How beautiful she was! What earnest questions she asked 'Zire about the books which the loving woman read to her during her illness!

"Oh!" thought poor 'Zire, "once she was like wax in my hands! I could have done anything with her; but I was too fond and too easy, and now it is too late! She might have made so much!"

The little babe was a puny, wailing creature, with Dave's great, blue eyes and straight brows. 'Zire could not mourn when, almost before the young mother was able to step about the house again, it faded and died; but poor Myrtle grieved and sorrowed for it bitterly, and all through the long August days, she sat with folded hands and with tears dropping down her pale face, looking, always looking, down the road for the boy-husband who never came.

She read a great deal in these days.

One night, 'Zire came in from going about the farm, and she found Myrtle sitting by the window, lost in a reverie. 'Zire sat down beside her. She was glad to see that Myrtle had not been crying, and gladder still when the girl slipped to a hassock on the floor, and laid her head in her foster-mother's lap.

"What have you been reading?" asked 'Zire, kindly.

"I've been reading Middlemarch," answered Myrtle, dreamily. "O, 'Zire, what a lot that woman knew—the woman who wrote it. We studied about her at the High School. Oh, I wish I knew more!"

"Well, you might have!" returned 'Zire, with a fierce flutter at her heart, while she

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Then the 'Squire took Myrtle into the house and introduced her to his daughter. He returned again, and then 'Zire, in her own straight-forward way, went on to tell him what she wanted to do for the girl; how little she knew about such matters; how ashamed she was to ask the people in Burton's, even if she had cared to; how she had made Myrtle promise that even if Dave should return before her year of study was out, she would still keep on.

"That is separatin' man and wife, I know," said Desire Duffy, "but it was his fault, in the first place, and now he must suffer something for it. For my own part, I don't believe he's ever comin' back. With all his faults, I always thought he was kind-hearted, and he did think the world and all of Myrtle. If he'd ever been comin' back, he'd 'a' come when he heard of the baby, and then that it was dead. So I think it's all right. Myrtle's goin' off to school, so now."

She went on to explain that Myrtle was very sensitive about having her name and experience known. She wanted to be called by the name which her Swedish parents had given her. It was Mary; and Desire Duffy confessed that Mary was a much better name than Myrtle.

"I thought," she said, "that may be it wouldn't be wrong for me to let her be called Mary Hartwell. That would be different enough from anything that folks at Burton's know about. I don't think anybody would ever find her if she was called Mary Hartwell; and then it would seem—stammered poor Desire Duffy, "as—as if she somehow belonged to you. You see, 'Squire Hartwell," she went on appealingly, "none of the Hartwells have ever done anything for me, and now it seems as if I had a sort o' right to ask for a little something for this girl of mine—that I love her as if she was my own. I want you to keep her secret; to tell me where there is some good, quiet school where she can study, and may be get ready for college; and then look after her some at vacation times when I am 'way off out west. I don't want a cent spent for her." 'Zire pleaded, haughtily; "I'm able to pay for everything she'll need. I just want some of the care and interest expended on my girl, that it has sometimes seemed to me." 'Zire could not help giving this thrust at the proud old man, who was listening to her with an absorbed interest which encouraged her to go on—"that they might have given to me. But I don't lay it up," she added with a forgiving sigh; "I suppose it was all right." Since Myrtle's escapade 'Zire had not been quite so hard in her thoughts of her mother's family, as she had been before. "I suppose it was all right; but I want Myrtle to live down everything she's done in Burton's. She's been foolish and headstrong, never wicked; but I want her to be looked up to, like the most respected folks we've got out there. She didn't use to feel like me; but she does now. All this awful trouble she's been through has made a woman of her, while she's young. She will study and do all she can. You will see."

"I am very much impressed by you, and all you have told me, my dear niece," the stately old man had replied to Desire Duffy's burning words. "I will think about it, and talk with my wife and daughters about it, and we will give you our best counsel."

He even asked her to come to his house and put up with them; but Desire Duffy thrust back into her bag her mother's and Myrtle's marriage certificates and some old letters which she had brought to attest to her identity and to the truth of her story, and, with Myrtle, marched back to the hotel whence she had come. She wished these proud people to understand from the first that she wanted no material aid from them. It was just their influence and their advice that she wanted, and these she felt they were ready to give.

The next day it was all arranged. Mrs. Hartwell knew a most accomplished lady who took a few pupils, and in whose family Myrtle, whose name they were willing to have changed to Mary Hartwell, could have a refined and congenial home. This good Mrs. Scanmon was at once visited. She was greatly attracted by Myrtle's beauty, her eager desire to learn, and the sad story of her young life, which 'Zire confided to her new protectress. No one should know of it from her lips, she promised; and by a few days more Myrtle was hard at work studying, practicing, drawing, and associations so different from any she had ever known before, that she could scarcely believe she was the same person who had lived and loved and suffered in that dull, far-off western town. Little by little, she heaped a grave over the memories of that pitiful youth of hers. They were buried. She sorrowed for the poor girl who had wept and broken her heart at Burton's, but it did not seem to Mary Hartwell—young, brilliant, beautiful, gaining new friends every day, invited often to the grand mansion of the Hartwells whose inmates were "uncle," "aunt" and "cousins" to her, and who were becoming greatly attached to her—it did not seem as though she and that bowed, blighted young creature at

Burton's had anything whatever in common with each other.

In the meantime, no one at Burton's knew where Myrtle was or what she was doing. Desire Duffy simply told people that Myrtle was stopping with friends in the east, that it had seemed necessary for her to have a change of scene, and that she should break off for a time all her old associations in order to regain her tone. Nobody dared to ask 'Zire just where Myrtle was. Desire Duffy had as much "manner" as a duchess, when she chose to put it on. All her letters passed through the hands of a firm in Milwaukee, with whom 'Zire had always dealt, and who, she knew, would keep her secret well.

She had worried a good deal during the fall lest Dave should come and spoil all these painfully-contrived plans. But fall, winter, spring passed on, and no Dave appeared. Jans Janssen and his family mourned the boy as dead.

"Mary Hartwell" had ceased to inquire for him. She, too, undoubtedly thought him dead.

(To be continued.)

A WEDDING AMID BARBARISM.

THE Araucanian people, inhabiting the northern part of Patagonia, are of medium height and great strength, the principal peculiarity of formation being in the narrowness of the front of the head and the size of the foot. Their marriage is an odd mixture of ceremonies. Theoretically, the bridegroom is supposed to steal his bride against her will, and in opposition to the wishes of her parents; practically, he buys her. Strange to say, match is generally one of affection. As in Spain, music is the method of expressing feeling, but, alas for sentimental ideas of civilization, the instrument is a Jew's-harp, without which no lover is ever seen. It



"He was dozing in an easy chair on his wide, elm-shaded piazza."

hangs around his neck. He seats himself near the object of his choice and produces a series of dreadful sounds, and after a few days of this infliction he proceeds to the marriage preliminaries. If wealthy, there is no difficulty, but if poor he goes among his friends and borrows an ox, a horse, a pair of silver spurs, until there is enough. It is a point of honor to so oblige a friend, and repayment is frequently deferred until a girl-child is born and grown old enough to be sold. Then he and all his friends, mounted on horseback, visit the father, when six of the best speakers dismount and in turn praise the groom and the marriage. Then the father gravely responds. In the meantime the lover is hunting for his girl among the houses, and the speeches are prolonged until he finds her. He seizes her by the hair, feet, or any available hold, throws her across his horse, and, like young Lochinvar, speeds away. She screams, and a general fight ensues between the friends of the groom and those of the girl, the latter being prevented from following woods. Deep in some glade a hut has been prepared, and they remain for two days after the abduction, when the marriage is considered consummated. In the meantime, the presents have been brought to the parents, and a cow horn is blown and the wedded pair return. But now the mother is dissatisfied. It is a point of honor for her to be highly outraged, and she will neither speak or look at the husband, but sits with her back to him. Here is a difficult point. In hospitality she is bound to entertain him, and as the son-in-law is the honored guest he has to be consulted first. So she says, "Daughter ask your husband if he is hungry," and carries on a conversation in this way until at last she gives an entertainment which exhausts her culinary knowledge. But not until the birth of the first child does she ever speak to the son-in-law except through a third person

MY NELL.

BY CORA STUART WHEELER.

THERE, where October sunlight falls
Aslant in yellow rays,
The radiant freshness of her youth,
Bright as the autumn days,
A picture, dear to mem'ry now,
She lingers, tall and fair,
With all the sunshine's golden glow
Snared in her wondrous hair

What penciled words can e'er portray
One whom our hearts hold dear?
And I must choose the words I say,
Lest she, perchance, should hear;
For, in her changing, hazel eyes,
I've seen a "red-light" shine,
That warns me off, who know her well,
Of danger 'long the line.

But safely may my full heart say
That, be she plain or pretty—
Dull, as proverbial circus-clown,
Or, like to Voltaire—witty;
Slight as a wind-swept harebell, pale,
Or, as she is, not slender—
For her, of all the world to-day,
My heart holds love most tender.

She's glad, and sweet, and fair enough
To drive a man demented;
I've seen no mark of angel yet,
And still I'm quite contented.
She makes me laugh, and that is half
That renders life worth living;
And, when some freak of passions speak,
'Tis easier far forgiving.

She swept into my room last eve,
Field-daisies in her hair;
On snowy neck, and fleecy train,
They nestled everywhere.
She turned a rosy, saucy face
To mine; and then—I kissed her!
You need not frown—for Nell did not—
Sweet Nell's my only sister.

HINTS FOR SUMMER TOURISTS.

BY WILLIAM A. HAMMOND, M. D.



HE desire to go somewhere in summer is a predominant characteristic of the average American mind, and this, in many instances, without any very well defined conception as to why a change of residence should be made. So far as health is concerned, it rarely enters into the calculation; neither has business anything to do with the matter. It seems often to be simply an irresistible impulse to go away from scenes and associations that have become familiar, to others that are few and strange, and thus to obtain the excitement, a love for which is so prominent a feature in the mental organization of our people. To the great majority of persons having comfortable and healthy homes, and who are looking forward to exchanging them for some summer resort to suffer its inconveniences and annoyances, and to participate in its so-called gaieties, I should be disposed to say, in the language of Punch in his advice to those contemplating matrimony—"Don't." But to those in search of relaxation and rational diversion, or for rest from long-continued and onerous labor, mental or physical, a few words of information, based upon the knowledge of what is good for them, will probably be of service.

In general terms it may be said that the change should be as complete as possible. Those who live near the seashore should go into the interior—the fields, the woods and the mountains—with their ozone and fragrant emanations. While those who reside at a distance from the ocean should repair to some quiet spot—not a grand hotel or a centre for balls and dinners and dress—where they can inhale the air that has passed over salt water and which brings with it constituents that are new to their systems.

In either place the habits of life should be thoroughly changed and as much time as possible should be spent in the open air, in such amusements as are associated with active, bodily exercise.

There are many places to be found in our country which fulfill all desirable requirements on the score of health and expense, and in which both body and mind can be thoroughly renovated.

As a type of the one class, the Adirondacks stand pre-eminent, and the Alleghanies, anywhere throughout their whole range, have almost equal advantages.

As representing the other, the south shore of Long Island leaves nothing to be desired. In that wilderness of northern New York, nature is almost as uncontaminated by the approaches of civilization as before the white man set his foot on the American soil. To the man, or woman, or child shut up in a ten months in the year and breathing no air that is not laden with a morbid effluvia from a hundred poisoned sources, the change is worth all the medicine in the world.

The south side of Long Island is peculiarly favored in that there is at a varying distance from the shore an almost continuous line of sand-deposit, broken here and there by inlets, and which encloses what is called the Great South Bay. In this bay, which is in some places five or more miles in width, the water is comparatively quiet, the series of sand-reefs serving as a breakerwater to the force of the ocean waves. It abounds in blue-fish, crabs and other salt-water denizens, pleasant for the palate and good for the body, and

which afford excellent sport in the catching thereof. Boating and yachting can here be indulged in with little or no risk to the landsmen or women for whom aquatic sports are agreeable or beneficial. The ocean breeze is fresh without being too cold and there are no noxious influences to lessen its healthfulness.

But there are seaside places other than the south shore of Long Island just as there are mountain resorts other than the Adirondacks, which in all essential respects leave nothing to be desired. All the way from Maine to Florida, through a coast-line of over two thousand miles, there are hundreds of quiet nooks of which fashionable people know nothing, and which, on that account, are additionally attractive to those in search of health and rational diversion.

The sensible summer tourist can scarcely make a mistake, no matter where he goes, whether on the rocky headlands of Maine or the sandy shore of Florida. The mere matter of temperature is not of much importance. Several years ago I spent part of a summer on the southern coast, from Hilton Head, in South Carolina to St. Augustine in Florida, and though the middle of the day was hot, as it is almost everywhere in the United States in the height of the summer, the early mornings and the nights were delicious. There was nothing enervating in the soft, balmy sea-breeze, and it was easy to keep cool even when the sun was at its hottest, by staying indoors and closing the house.

And more than thirty years ago I spent a summer at a place on the coast of Maine, near Saco, called "The Pool." I do not know that anyone goes there now for I have not heard of it since that time; but if it has been allowed to become unfrequented, somebody ought to rehabilitate it and make its virtues known to the world at large. I found the fishing extraordinarily good. Standing on a rock at the water's edge I caught a gamey kind of fish as fast as I could throw in my line and pull it out, and there was a woman there who made the best chowder that I have ever eaten, except that which I make myself.

The mountains of Virginia, North Carolina and Tennessee are beginning to attract deserved attention; there is no malaria there. The ultra requirements of civilization are at their minimum. The temperature is not too hot in the day or too cold at night, and the atmosphere, phenomenally clear, is loaded with the ozone which science tells us is good for our health.

And the great lakes of the north, with the Island of Mackinac as their salubrious centre, must not be overlooked. This is not a place for weaklings or cold-blooded people, for the days are never hot and the nights are cold, not cool. But for a person who has been so brought up as to feel suffocated in our eastern houses in winter, heated as they are to a temperature of from eighty degrees to ninety degrees by subterranean furnaces, and who wilts with the summer heat and humidity of our eastern cities, there is no place on the earth's surface that will renovate and rejuvenate like Mackinac. The island is a thing of beauty forever; the walks and drives are an endless source of pleasure. A large part of the island is reserved by the United States Government as a National Park, so that it is safe from the onslaughts of the defiler of the beautiful, who stalks abroad throughout our land at all seasons of the year. Excursions can easily be made to many other points of interest in the neighborhood. The sailing—and there are plenty of boats of all kinds to be had—is unsurpassed.

In fact there is only one objection to Mackinac which anyone in the east or south can raise against it, and that is its distance. But even this, by many persons—and I am free to confess myself among the number—would be regarded as an advantage.

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Bronzes may be plunged into boiling water until warm, then cleaned with soap-suds and dried with old linen cloths. If this is ineffectual try bees-wax and turpentine, rubbed on and off with clean, soft cloths, sweet oil, and polishing with a chamois, is another remedy



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AN UNTOLD LOVE
BY ANNE SHELTON COOMBS

LOPING to one of the gulfs that gently invade the beautiful southern shore of Italy, is a most lovely little town, many-colored and quaint, and rich in treasures hidden away in the chapel of its old Byzantine cathedral and in the rooms of the half-ruined castle that looks down from the hill and the galleries of the grim palace that frowns in the heart of the forgotten city. Once this place, now little more than a fishing village, was the head of a proud commercial empire; once it sent mailed knights to the Holy Land, to fight under the flag of the true cross for the possession of the Sepulchre; once it was the rival of Naples and Gaeta and the splendid cities away at the north; once it was rich and successful, and beautiful always. The riches and pride have long since passed away; it is only one of the numberless, happy little towns of free Italy to-day. But we shall say that success has left it—since the beauty that adorns its quiet, old age is to the full—as wonderful as in its gallant youth?

There is a beach of rosy sand at the foot of the deeply wooded hills against which the town nestles, and the gaily-painted boats rock gently on the blue and smiling water. It is the prettiest beach in the world—operatically, improbably pretty—and a line of picturesque old houses faces it, looking out from vine-wreathed loggia to the sea. One of these houses stands at the angle of a street that is scarcely more than an arched stairway of stone, and has a look of adornment and life not common to the others. It is covered with stucco of a deep pink, and has small-paned windows. There is a beautiful loggia set round with flowering plants in formally arranged pots of stone, and at the side, a broad flight of worn marble steps leads down to the beach, shaded by two laden and lusty orange trees, showing emerald leaves and golden fruit that nod from the little court over the richly-carved and sadly broken balustrade.

The house is nothing more than a *pension* for such *forestieri* as have been wise enough or lucky enough to discover this charming place. It was once a sort of dependence or half-way house for the old convent lying among the hills at the back of the town. There is no one in the convent now but a few old brethren, for it was a *convento frati*, who are permitted to remain by the new government because of a fragrant trade they ply in cordials and healing decoctions, which they are skilled in preparing. Now and then, in such parts of the grand, ruined, old building as are habitable, a few artists and writers, a jovial and happy company, are lodged. Who would not be happy in those green depths, with that view of the sapphire sea from the highest terrace, with pen and pencil and brush, tempted and inspired at every turn?

The *pension* on the beach has a far more staid and quiet household. It is sometimes invaded by a party of travelers who have heard of the hidden beauties in this little corner of the big world; but, for the most part, it is occupied by a sober band of "Inglesi" or "Fedeschi," who flee from the rigors of their northern winters to this balmy paradise on the Southern Sea. Of them all we have only to deal with two English spinsters and a beautiful old man, the proprietor of the house, who serves his guests with the calm dignity of an Arab chief attending the representatives of another desert monarchy in the shadow of his own tent.

When the first warm breath of spring comes, there is a general flitting from the *pension* on the beach; and the bronchial parsons, and the near-sighted professors, and the nervous matrons, return to their sea-washed island, or their Rhine village, or their New England town, as the case may be. All but two. The English spinsters, who are sisters, nevergo. They have been there for twenty years and have not come, and if they live twenty years longer they will not go. But it is doubtful if twenty more years await either of them, even in the soft air of Southern Italy, for they are not young. The younger is fifty, the elder past sixty, and neither is robust. They are the daughters of an English clergyman, long since dead. They are tall, thin, flat-chested, rather large of foot and hand, with straight, delicate, pinched features, mild blue eyes and fine blonde hair, with an air of timid, kindly authority in addressing inferiors, and of gentle, fluttering deference to every one else.

Clarissa, the younger of these gentlewomen, had been almost comely in girlhood; there

are some soft, faded roses in her thin cheeks, and some warm lights in her scanty, fair hair, as yet only touched with gray, that attest this. And there is a look in her little, blue eyes that must have made them very pretty when they were brighter; it makes them very pleasant now. Clarissa is, and always has been, romantic; perhaps that accounts for the look.

Of Harriet, the elder sister, there is little to say; she is quite an old woman in appearance, habits and feeling; she wears a cap, a knit shawl, and spectacles; she is subject to pul-



"She walked up and down, wracked by victorious remorse."

monary disorders, and a homeopath. But she is very fond of Clarissa.

The tresses under Harriet's cap are quite white now. They were flaxen brown when she came to the *pension*, though there was nothing else youthful about her twenty years ago.

But, Clarissa! What a girl's heart, beneath the prim exterior, she had brought to the old town! Younger in everything but the patience born of strict discipline, than any modern maiden of sixteen, though she was past thirty. It was but a dreary life she had led. Her father's parish had been an uninteresting one, and the clergyman's daughters had never had that sense of local angelhood which sometimes consoles such hard-worked creatures under the hopeless round of their daily task. They had been laborious, patient and singularly incompetent, nipped and subdued by an unsympathetic father, and their own sad consciousness—much substantiated by contemporary opinion in their little world—of the irrelevance of unmarried women to the general scheme of human affairs.

But, by the blessing of God, there was another world open to Clarissa, a world which her fluttering soul, small and white as that of an infant, could enter at will. It was she who, when the old rector died suddenly and his weeping daughters found themselves in the terrified possession of an income almost generous, opened the gate that led to this land of dreams, with a trembling hand and said, "Dear Harriet, let us go to Italy!"

Fate in the shape of a kindly professor from Hanover, directed the sisters to the little town where they were destined to end their days. It suited them completely, that little *pension* on the beach, then newly freed from

the monastery and adapted to its present use. Both their shrinking tastes and the old, instinctive hate of economy, led them to avoid large cities and huge hotels, and this loveliest place roused even Harriet to enthusiasm, quite aside from the fact that her cough had perceptibly diminished from the moment of their arrival. As for Clarissa—imagine a sensitive, romantic, inexperienced woman transferred suddenly from the dingy press of a hideous, damp, English village, shaken by the advent of a factory from rural simplicity, yet devoid of the terrible, if unlovely, interest of a genuine manufacturing town, a place where ugly faces, ugly buildings, ugly scenes met her eyes at every turn, to a quaint and most beautiful Italian town, built down the side of the lowest hill of a deeply-wooded range, looking off over the azure expanse of the incomparable Mediterranean, nestling in a bower of orange trees and rose-bushes and softly waving palms, fanned by a warm and fragrant air where the scent of the fruit and flowers, mingled with the salt of the sea, gazed at with kindly interest by dark and liquid eyes set in faces so beautiful in form and rich in tint that, for the first time the English ladies found themselves forced to regard the human beings about as something more than so many combinations of sinning soul and perishing body.

In the night when they took possession of their new quarters, looking over the little bay, and heard that music which is as common as sunlight in Southern Italy, Clarissa cried for joy. Harriet thought it was for fatigue, and petted her and gave her belladonna—five drops in half a glass of water, a teaspoonful every hour—the best thing in the world for disordered nerves, and Clarissa took the medicine meekly, and never told, never could have told, though her life depended on the telling, why she had cried.

The proprietor and manager of the house was signor Casola. Signor Casola was a Neapolitan; grave, handsome, statuesque and forty-five. He was unmarried, and attended to his duties with the familiar, common talk of absolute fidelity. No one in the town knew much more of signor Casola than that he had come there and taken the house, when it was offered for sale or to lease, as a *pension*; and Clarissa, looking on his dark, delicate face, soft with the peculiar pensive duskiness of the Neapolitan, and gently sprung with the instinctive dignity of a race that was in a state of finished civilization when her British ancestors were rude savages flying before the conquering Engles. Clarissa, beholding this extremely handsome and courteous man, immediately, and with a more vigorous flutter of her heart than it had yet known, began to weave a little history about him which would have filled the simple Neapolitan with speechless amazement had he been hinted to him, so exalted, so romantic, so astonishing was this first work of Clarissa's imagination. It was a very conventional little history for all that; the result of long years of devotion to the sentimental novels of the last generation. There were dukes in it, and an acruel rival, and a faithless nurse, and a benevolent peasant, and all the stock in trade of the dear, old story-tellers, who were so thrilling and so pathetic in their own day and are so absurd and laughably dull in ours. Now, signor Casola had his history, like the rest of us; but with him it was but the familiar, common tale of simple wants, small ways and means, honest work and modest results. I dare say the usual little episodes of love and sorrow had not been wanting, with the proportion of love to sorrow larger than with us, because he was of the south; but of tragedy, mystery and despair not one hint. He was born in humble, honest wedlock, and was made welcome, as Italian peasants make welcome even a seventh mouth to feed. He was the son of a coral-fisher, of Torre del Grecco; a man above the average among his companions in intelligence and ambition; frugal, like all Italians, and industrious like some, and he had saved enough at his trade—which flourished then as

delightful Italian studies, that the Italian, in whatever walk of life we find him, is nearly always a gentleman. He is almost never rude, aggressive or intemperate, and he is invariably affable. Signor Casola, though the son of a coral-fisher and the keeper of an inn, had such perfect manners as we rarely meet with in Anglo-American society, and a presence at once stately and gentle. Clarissa thought him the most beautiful human being she had ever seen; he was almost as agreeable. He attended to the wants of these unprotected sisters with soft solicitude; he took them out on the bay himself in the little *felucca* belonging to the house, because they were afraid of the boatman, a magnificent creature who looked like the most murderous of brigands and was the softest-hearted coward on the southern coast; he went to endless trouble about their little parcels of feminine importance which were always arriving from Naples and Sorrento, and placed himself absolutely at their disposal, as only an Italian can.

And Clarissa fell in love with him; it is just as well to state it boldly. The domestic surroundings, the music and moonlight and flowers had their way with her poor, little, half-frozen heart, that had yet always been filled with timid stirrings beneath the ice. In this soft atmosphere it melted without delay, and immediately Casola's image passed the rapidly disappearing barriers of the *pension* and took possession of the whole realm. Clarissa was only thirty. Only thirty? Yes, for thirty such years as hers count for less than half as many that pass quickly, filled to the brim with event each day. She was very happy. Was she not experiencing that supreme emotion of which she had read and dreamed? Did she not see daily, and nearly every hour, the unconscious object of her affections? It was by no means a desperate or passionate love; passion of any sort did not come within the range of Clarissa's nature; but it was very ideal, very sentimental, and, she thought, poor child, very intense. She had no distinct vision as to the rest of all this, though she was constantly picturing to herself dramatic, proper little scenes in which some word or look should reveal to her that Casola thought of her even as she of him. Beyond that, the gentle spinster's mild dreams never went. But no such token came. The winter went and spring came, and signor Casola was still devoted, suave, courteous, the attentive host always, and nothing more; nor did he even dream of being anything more, nor would he have desired it, could such a wild possibility have entered his mind.

Honest Casola, associating on friendly terms with these patrons of his house as no English innkeeper could, and never for a moment thought of placing himself on an equality with them, as an American would certainly have done under the circumstances, and never forgot that they were gentlefolks, and he the son of Giacomo, the coral-fisher.

One day in April Harriet looked up from her tanning and said to Clarissa: "Well, my dear, shall we think of moving? What do you say to Como?"

Clarissa turned very pale; all the pretty, rosy color that had been so much in her cheeks of late, vanished in a trice.

"Oh, Harriet! Do you want to go so soon?" "Not in the least. I like it here; but it is very quiet, and nearly everything is going, and you are young and need a change. It is time you had some amusement. You haven't had much."

"Oh, Harriet! Where could we go—what place could we find half so beautiful as this? I have not had half enough of it. There is so much left to explore. And besides, my dear, my dear little children, and the nice family who speak French, and the good, old priest who is so nice about my botany."

"Don't you be turning Catholic, child!" "Oh, I'm sure I never should after all dear papa's teachings and everything!"

But Clarissa blushed, consciously conscious of concealing in her desk up stairs a little French book called "The True Road to Rome," given her by a member of that family which spoke the polite language. Far from her guessless mind was any intention of adopting the Roman faith, but with a view to finding justification for the religion in the practice of which Casola was very devout. She was accumulating laboriously such scanty evidence as she could, as if it were a matter of evidence or conviction, or anything but simple inborn habit, accepted as one of the conditions of life, like the custom of wearing clothes, by the worthy man.

"Do you think you will feel better at Como, Harriet?" asked Clarissa in a trembling voice.

"I never felt better in my life than I do here."

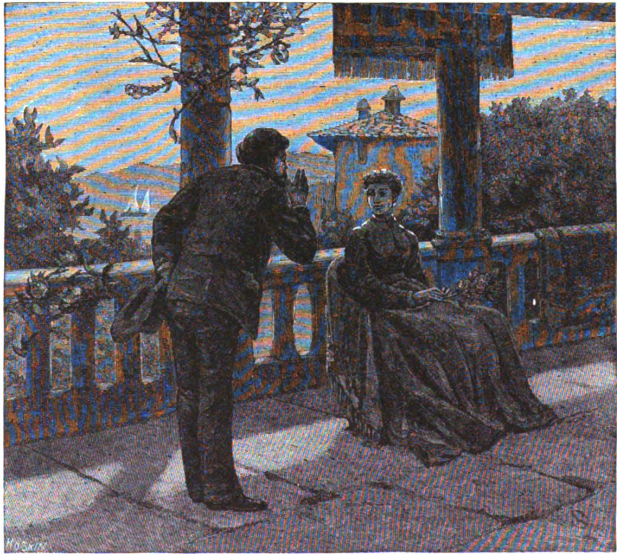
"I only wanted to give you a change."

"But I haven't become accustomed to this change yet," said Clarissa. "And I don't want to go anywhere else while you feel so well here," added this arch hypocrite in a pleading voice.

"And you are sure you don't mind staying?" asked Harriet. She was not an observing woman.

"Mind I want to stay."

"Yes, I'll then we'll say no more about it. Hand me my shawl, child."



"Do mio! How can you know," he said.

It does not now, as it never will again—to give this son a better education and start in life than his birth had promised. He was very proud of his child, his youngest and most clever boy.

Mr. Howells has told us, in some of his

Clarissa handed the shawl and stole out of the room and down the steps that led to the beach, and walked up and down wracked by a victorious remorse.

Signor Casola came out of the low, cavernous door that led to the kitchens on the side of the house which gave upon the narrow, stair-like street. He could speak French very well, and had learned English in the course of his trade, with Neapolitan readiness. He came up to the lady with his usual deep bow of reverence.

"And you, signorina," he said, "you too, will be leaving my poor house, now that summer comes?"

"No, oh no!" cried Clarissa, almost gaily, so does happiness animate and transform the soberest creature. "We are going to stay all summer if you will keep us, signor Casola. They say it is really cooler on the southern coast than in northern Italy, just as it is warmer in winter. And my sister is so well here."

"That is good to hear, signorina," said Casola. "We shall show you what *forestieri* so often miss, the beauty of a summer in Southern Italy."

He was truly glad, good man, to hear that his house was not to be deserted, and he liked these ladies with their unobtrusive, grateful, little ways.

So they stayed; and the winter and the following summer found them still there; a winter filled with strange, little thrills of jealousy, as passing bands of strangers, among whom were often attractive women, came to the pink *penion*, a summer gloriously free from these and other interruptions, when Clarissa proved the truth of Casola's words about the charms of a summer in Southern Italy.

Winter came again, and one day a dreadful thing happened. Clarissa, going into the tiny salon of the house, found Casola there, and with him a handsome, stout, smiling woman who cast an arm about his neck and called him "carissimo." She had the look of a peasant, but her dress implied prosperity exceeding that of the richest *contadina*. She seemed thoroughly, horribly at home with Casola, and she rose instantly and courtesied, with the winning grace of her nation, to the foreign lady, whose pale, scared face looked in for a moment and then vanished. Clarissa did not come down to dinner that night, and Casola, with his own hands arranged a dainty meal on the tray which he bade Giuseppe, the waiter, carry up to her room.

"Tell the signorina that I am desolated to hear that she is ill; the more that I have news which her indulgent condescension bids me hope she will care to hear," he said.

Giuseppe delivered the tray and the message faithfully, and withdrew with a cheerful "*Felicissima sera, signorina!*" as he placed candles on the table by her side.

News! Then it was true. Oh, the mockery of wishing her a happy evening! It was all over. That great, black, laughing creature would come and be Casola's wife and mistress of the house, and there would be no more sails and walks and talks. And, oh, to think that he could love such a woman!

In the morning she crept slowly down the stairs, after sending away her untasted coffee. She had not much pride, this sweet, forlorn, old maid, but she had enough to know that she must not shirk the hearing of that awful news. She would listen to what he had to say and tell him that she was very glad, and they would stay on for a little while and bear the presence of that terrible woman, lest it should look strange; and then, when the proper time came, they would wander out again into the wide world and leave this that had been their home for two happy years. If Harriet demurred she would tell her the truth. She did not care. What was the use of caring about anything any more? She sat curled up, a limp and chilly heap, cowering under her shawl in the full glory of the morning sunshine. She closed her eyes and leaned her head against the broken balustrade. For the first time she found the smiling sea too blue.

"Buon giorno, signorina!"

"Buon giorno," she answered, faintly.

Casola came up from the beach and stood before her.

"You are still ill? Yes, it is so," he said, solicitously. He certainly looked very handsome, standing there in the bright light, his beautiful, dark head uncovered, his kind eyes beaming down upon her. It is also certain that in all her decorous and respectable life Clarissa had never seen a man who was so fine a gentleman in manner and bearing. She recognized all his graces and virtues anew with a desperate pang, as we all perceive the charms of a vanishing blessing, and could only nod her gaunt, fair head.

"I am so grieved!" said Casola. "Is there anything I can do?"

"No, thank you. It is nothing."

Casola broke a branch from the vine that overran the balustrade, and laid it, heavy with fragrant blossoms, on her lap.

"You like so well the flowers, you English," he said. "Do me the favor to look on this, signorina; it has hues very beautiful. Now I will take the inconvenience of myself away and not intrude with my news until you are restored."

"No, no!" cried Clarissa, feeling that each moment which she spent in waiting for the final blow left her less able to bear it. "I—I suppose I am to congratulate you, signor Casola."

Casola looked at her in genuine astonishment. "*Di mio!* How can you know?" he said. "That is it, yes; but who has told you?"

"No one," said poor Clarissa. "That—that lady who was with you yesterday—I thought—that is, I supposed—that is, I fancied—that she stopped, overwhelmed."

Oh, it was worse than she had thought it would be! She had known it would be hard to bear this dreadful news; but, after all, it takes the plunge of the knife into the quivering flesh to teach us what pain is. We never really know until the stab comes.

Casola looked at her, gravely. "She is not a lady, signorina," he said, "though it is like your graciousness to use the word. But she will have a right to the name soon, since she is to marry the Syndic of the next town. We think that a fine thing here."

All the pale blood in Clarissa's meagre body rushed back upon her heart in a torrent of painful joy. She could not speak.

"I have always been as fond of Teresa as if she were my own sister," said Casola. "She was such a round, little thing, such a pretty baby when the padre married her mother, and she grew to be such a fine girl, though saucy and willful always. And then, she would marry Piero when she was but fifteen, and he a *bracciante* only, and a bad fellow at that. My father would have no more to do with her to the day of his death, and her mother cursed her. She was always so proud of Teresa, and it was a disappointment, yes, truly. I alone was friendly with her, and it was because I liked her so well that I did not knife Piero. I used to send her a little money sometimes, until she begged me not, because he would take it from her and cease to work. And one day they went away to America, and my brothers were glad, but I was sorry. He died there, *pooverino*, and she would have starved, not knowing the language or any trade, but that the padrone who took them over got her a place to sing in chorus in the opera there, the Italian opera. But oh, she was homesick, the poor, little one! You do not know what it is an Italian feels for the soil of Italy, signorina. We may go away to get a little money, but we come back, always we come back. Well, there is not much more to say. She soon came above the chorus, not far, for she has not many talents, but to a good, little place; and one day a member of the company, who was losing his voice, but was a good musician, was offered a position in the direction of the San Carlo, at Napoli, and he offered to Teresa and some others to bring them back and get places for them there. They came, ah, they came at the first word, signorina! And it is for two years that my Teresa sang in Napoli and never left me know, because we had parted in anger, and she knew I did not like the opera for women. And one day this Syndic of whom I tell you, being in Napoli, has heard her sing and has fallen in love with her. And he seeks her and tells her of it, and she strikes him, for she has a strong arm and the best virtue; but when he says he will marry her she cries for joy, and embraces him. And yesterday she comes to see me in my own house. When I went up to Napoli last week it was to see her for the first time in many years; but she has left the theatre now and I like better to have her here in my place. I beg many of pardons, signorina, that I have spoken so long."

"I am very, very glad, signor Casola," said Clarissa, raising her happy eyes to his own. "I hope you will let us—my sister and me—know your sister. Would she think it a liberty if we sent her a wedding gift?"

Casola expressed in flowery terms his sense of the honor offered to the bride of the Syndic and himself, through her. Clarissa found time in the midst of her delight, for a little thrill of dismay at the thought of her boldness in offering Harriet's acquaintance to an ex-opera singer; but she would not stop to reflect. Nay, it was so thoroughly lawless a moment with her that she then and there committed the most daring act of her life in asking a question which tortures would not have drawn from her on an occasion when things were in their normal condition.

"And you, signor Casola? They say one wedding makes another. Perhaps it will be for yourself that you will claim our congratulations next?"

Signor Casola shook his head.

"O, signorina. No, I shall never marry. Not ever."

Ah, now for the tale of an early and cruel disappointment, a faithless lady of high degree, or a gentle maiden dropping into a little grave!

"You cared for some one once?" she managed to say.

"For some one? For many, signorina. I am a Neapolitan. But never once it came to marriage. Now I am almost at fifty. I have no longer very good health. The love is for the young. I care now but for peace and to make my house go well. Ah, well! it is as God wills!"

A great peace fell on the fluttering little heart. How good and sweet and gentle he was! But he never would marry and bring a wife—detested thought!—to the little pink *penion* on the beach. Things would move on in the clear familiar way, and she and Harriet might indeed make this their home. Would it not be happiness enough to live in the same house with him and see his face and hear his voice every day?

And she and Harriet did make it their home. Now and then they took little trips to the nearest cities, but, as time went on, even these ceased.

Harriet became confirmed in her habits of invalidism, though her cough never grew worse, and kept her room much of the time, knitting and reading the "*Manual of Homeopathy*." She was a harmless hypochondriac, who always talked of going to the Baths of Lucca; but she did not long alarm Clarissa by broaching this subject, for Clarissa knew that she would never go.

Signor Casola became a most beautiful old man, serene and stately, apparently inscrutable, but in reality as simple and gentle as a child. He made the house pay very well, as tourists and boarders came and went, and would leave a pretty little sum to the children of the Syndic of the neighboring town and his buxom wife. He was always specially fond of his two constant guests, and it never entered his honest heart to dream of the part he played in the life of the younger—the signorina and love! It was impossible that the Italian, with his quick sense of beauty and fitness, should connect the idea of the master passion with that bony and awkward shape, those flat feet and hands, those fading cheeks and thinning locks, that shy and chilly manner.

So the roses went, and the soft hair, and Clarissa became a quiet old maid, with all the characteristics and peculiarities of her class in gentle exaggeration. "*La signorina antica*," the merry children began to call her. And this is all there is to tell about her. It is hardly worth looking at, this picture of an eventful life, save perhaps for the beauty of the frame in which it came to be set in that Italian town on the Mediterranean. But yet —I, who have seen Clarissa, yes, and Casola too, growing into contented old age in the little *penion* on the beach, cannot now remember, among all the crowd of brilliant and successful and beloved women who have passed in and out of my life, to have known one more completely and restfully happy. Perhaps it should be joy enough for one sensitive and unambitious life to have known Italy; it surely should be joy enough to have loved faithfully, if ever so faintly, and never have exchanged the love for that pathetic wisdom which is the best thing experience can give us in exchange for the illusions taken from us. It is a tranquil and passionless little idyl that is drawing near its close away there by the blue Southern Sea.

It is sunset now, in that little, lovely Italian town. Clarissa is sitting quietly by her window; she will not move lest she should disturb Harriet, who has fallen into one of the frequent dozes of old age. Her fair, faded face is turned to the west; the twilight is gathering about her placid life, and she cares more for sunsets than sunrises now.

There is a tap at the door, and signor Casola enters. He bares the evening lamp, glowing with a mild radiance in the darkening room. He casts a gentle look at the sleeping form of Harriet, and tries to step softly, thankful that old Giuseppe has taken to-day one of his innumerable holidays, since he would surely have disturbed the poor lady.

It is not so softly that he goes, after all, for kind Casola is growing a bit deaf, and does not hear the sound of his own footsteps well. But Harriet stumbers on, and at the door signor Casola stops and looks back very pleasantly at the quiet figure in the window, and speaks in a hushed voice:

"A happy evening, signorina."

For response, Clarissa only smiles, and the smile lingers when he has gone—or is it but a reflection from the after-glow shining on her pale face? The light dies slowly away from the reddened sky, and the thin hands draw the curtain as she waits patiently for Harriet's waking in the silent room. She is thinking of Casola's words—"A happy evening!" After a dull morning and a clouded noon it has come to her, and, closing down upon it—very near her now—comes the long and dreamless night.

[The editor of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL has the pleasure to announce that a serial story by Mrs. ANNE SHELTON COOMBS, author of the above, will begin in the October number. It is a beautiful story, full of Italian sunshine and sweetness, and told with an art at once perfect and engaging.]

MIDSUMMER MARTYRDOM.

By FELIX L. OSWALD, M. D.



THE chief objection to our prevalent styles of architecture is that they are too exclusively adapted to the winter season. Our domestic arrangements tend to mitigate the rigor of winter and aggravate the misery of the midsummer day. The ingenuity of our North American house builders seems devoted chiefly to the invention of new frost barricades. The reason is that nearly all our ancestors were natives of Northern Europe, and we have not yet been able to rid ourselves of our inherited northland customs. In Scotland, with its cool summers and wet winter, an air-tight dwelling may be comfortable the year round, but in some of our central States, that combine the summers of Syria with the winters of Norway, our compact houses doom us to a midsummer martyrdom that often becomes a direct cause of disease. There, too, country people have the advantage of city dwellers. A forest of leaf trees gives us a hint on the best plan of reducing the temperature of the summer days. The sylvan arcades exclude the sun-rays, but freely admit every breeze, or rather create a draught of her own, for at the outskirts of a shady grove the contrast of temperature often generates a brisk air-current, while in the open fields beyond not a blade of grass is stirring.

The air in the greenwood shade may be only twenty degrees lower than the sun-heated atmosphere of the treeless plain, but with its breezes it feels at least forty degrees cooler. The streets of a large city reverse that arrangement. The barrier of her continuous walls excludes the breeze (unless it should happen to follow the exact direction of the street), but freely admits the glare of the sun and aggravates it with the reflection of the white walls and the heat of a thousand kitchen fires. The process of moderating the heat of the summer season seems, indeed, to be one of the lost arts. For a series of centuries the social development of Europe and North America has presented the curious phenomenon of a civilization advancing steadily from south to north. The frozen plains of Prussia and Illinois are studded with prosperous cities, while the spontaneous fruits of the summer-land forests ripen mostly for the beasts of the wilderness. In earlier ages, however, when men lived nearer to Nature, the distribution of their homes, too, agreed more nearly with the original plan of creation. A thousand years ago Spain was the garden of the earth, while the shores of the Baltic were but sparsely peopled with fur-clad hunters. Peru was a land of stately temples and palaces, while the bear and the panther still disputed the hunting-grounds of the North American savages. The civilized nations of antiquity were not unac-

quainted with the climatic advantages of the higher latitudes. They could appreciate the invigorating influence of the Northland temperature and its immunity from insect plagues and climatic fevers; but, withal, they had found it incomparably much easier to counteract the thermal excesses of the tropics than to remedy the negative afflictions of a winter climate.

A curious concurrence of circumstances has now reversed the respective difficulty of those problems. The war-harassed burghers of the Middle Ages took refuge in walled cities, which in time of peace continued to doom their tenants to all the miseries of fortress-life, and in a similar way our frost-proof houses affect us in summer by the very arrangements that secure our comfort in mid-winter. The working people of our southern manufacturing towns either succumb to so-called climatic diseases, or their constitution adapts itself to the yearly repetition of a bake-oven term; but their children have no refuge but sleep, and, between May and October, their unsatisfied longing after the free forest-life of their ancestors is perhaps not surpassed by any other misery on earth. It is a suggestive fact that the mortality of city children under fifteen years of age is from forty to seventy-five per cent. higher in summer than in winter.

The records of the Patent-Office show that there are about a hundred improved varieties of parlor stoves, besides steam calefactors and hot-air registers. It is singular that we have so few contrivances for cooling our houses in midsummer. Professor Gasca of Toulon, has invented a refrigerating apparatus—a combination of ice-boxes and force-ventilators—pretty effective, though rather apt to scatter ice-water, as well as iced-air. Besides, his machine consumes as much ice as a New Orleans confectionary, and for people of moderate means a slight modification of a popular style of cottage architecture would practically serve the same purpose. The plan recommended by a British army surgeon, of East Indian experience, consists in arranging the halls in a way to create through draughts from four different points of the compass. In our southern country towns one-story frame buildings, of four rooms and a veranda, are more frequent than any other kind of dwelling-houses. The projector proposes to separate those four rooms by two halls, crossing one another at right angles in the centre of the building. The bedroom would be in the corner furthest from the kitchen, and in sultry nights the beds could be removed to the centre of the house (the crossing point of the two halls) where the air will always be, or feel, cool enough for a good night's rest. Half the dyspeptics who have been cured by the one-meal system are apt to abuse their regained digestive vigor by resuming their multifarious luncheons. But not one in a thousand converts from the superstition of the night-air dread will ever voluntarily renounce the benefits of his better knowledge. Breathing cool, fresh air all night almost atones for the hygienic sins of the day. Farmers who breathe all night the lung-poison of an unventilated cabin are saved by passing their days in the open fields, and indoor workers ought to indemnify their lungs at night.

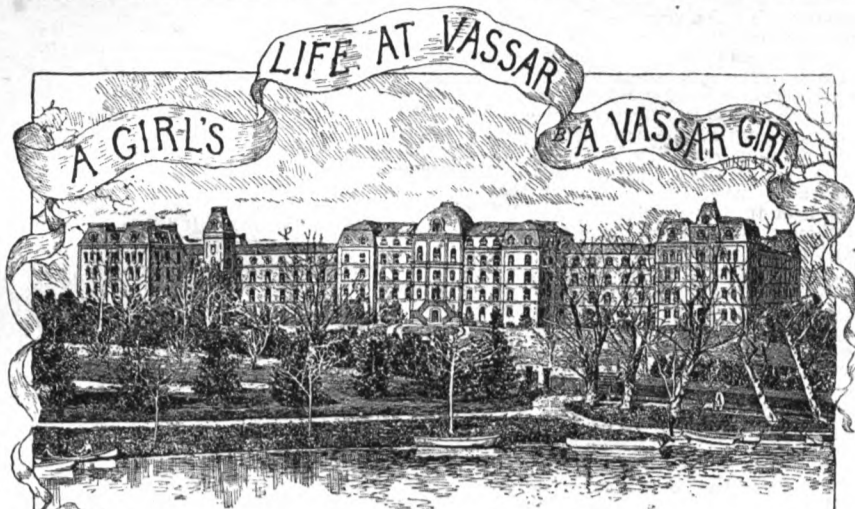
Besides, cool air is a powerful peptic stimulant; suppers which would otherwise result in a full-sized nightmare, can be digested in a cool draught—for the same reason that a Greenland car can assimilate a quantum of meat that would surfeit a dozen Hindoos. Moderate suppers, combined with the open-hall plan, will insure sound sleep in the warmest nights of the year, and it is an excellent rule to vary the bill-of-fare with the change of the seasons. In winter the perfect comfort of a northern family can be secured only by the independence of common-sense. One warm summer morning a lady physician of my acquaintance entered a veranda where the youngsters of a southern planter were struggling with a breakfast of steaming-hot milk.

"I see you are following my prescription," said the doctress. "But fresh milk would have answered the purpose much better; I did not mean that you should boil it."

"Not boil it!" exclaimed the mater-familias with undisguised amazement; "Why it stands to reason that a person needs something warm for breakfast."

"Would you please to specify that reason?" inquired the medical reformer. That question would, indeed, not be quite easy to answer. Why should we employ artificial means to increase the temperature of bodies already suffering from the combined influence of atmospheric heat and superfluous clothing? A refrigerating diet would, under such circumstances, seem more advisable; and Nature, indeed, contrives to board her summer guests on that very plan. Sir Emerson Fennert, in his "*Natural History of Ceylon*," calls attention to the curious fact that in warm weather the temperature of tropical fruit, plucked fresh from the tree, is several degrees below that of the surrounding atmosphere. Now tree-fruit, according to Genesis, as well as Darwin, formed the natural diet of our ancestors in the summerland of the south, and the lessons of instinct seem to confirm that conclusion. In warm weather cooling food is as grateful as cold drinking water.

In other respects, too, the martyrs of our midsummer climate could learn a lesson from the natives of the south. What strange prejudice can maintain the necessity of sending our children to bed just when the evening becomes pleasantly cool, when flowers breathe their sweetest perfume, and fawns and young rabbits leave the shadows of the thickets to play on moonlit mountain meadows? The *alamedas*, or public parks of the Spanish-American cities are almost abandoned during the hottest hours of the afternoon; but half-an-hour after sunset begin to swarm with promenaders and romping children, even youngsters of six and seven who can still be seen at half-past nine, chasing lightning-bugs or running races through grass and bush, but who are permitted to make up for short rest by a long siesta—an after-dinner nap of two or three hours.



THIRTY years ago there was not a woman's college in the world. Vassar took the lead. Others in America and Europe have followed, and to-day there are thousands of fully equipped college women.

Other colleges have profited by what Vassar has done, and very naturally some have finer buildings than we have. Yet a Vassar student always insists that the college building is beautiful as well as imposing. This is not altogether due to her well-known enthusiasm and loyalty, but to the fact that when she first sees the immense building, set in the midst of three hundred acres, it is literally covered with that magical beautifier, Virginia Creeper, in all its autumn glory. This first impression lingers after the vines are gone and the severe unornamental brick walls stare her in the face.

When the college was founded, the main building, the Museum and the Observatory were sufficient; but new needs have constantly arisen, and have been met by the erection of the Laboratory—which is the best equipped laboratory, for women, in the world—and the new Gymnasium, the gift of the alumni. Even the Museum has changed its character: it now contains many valuable collections, Music rooms, the Studio, the Art Gallery, and the Sculpture Hall which, with its dull old-rose walls and its wealth of statues and reliefs, intensifies the student's love of the beautiful and chastens her taste.

In the main building one of the most interesting rooms is the Library, not only on account of its twenty thousand volumes, but because it is such an excellent place to see the girls study. On Saturday, which is the busiest day in the library, the girls, armed with fountain-pens and note-books, betake themselves

stairs, up the stairs, down the corridors, out of the elevator, from out doors. Girls, girls, girls, from the north, south, east, west. They represent all classes of society, every type of beauty and ugliness, all degrees of physical strength, all types of mind. But if we could make a composite Vassar girl we should have a well-dressed girl with a moderate amount of beauty. She would be natural, companionable, self-possessed, independent, intelligent, modest, earnest, honestly good.

Here, as at all colleges, there are some who come because the stern papa so decrees; others for the prestige it gives them; a few for college fun; some to kill time; others as a matter of course; but the majority are those who have a love of study, a sincerity of purpose, a fearlessness of hard, unceasing work. Now by that I do not mean that the majority find—as some are pleased to think—their chief enjoyment in life in the solution of psychological, astronomical, or philological problems.

Nor do I mean that every girl here has planned for herself a brilliant career as a doctor, lawyer, teacher, poet or journalist. Many of them are ambitious, but many others love study for itself, and study earnestly without any thought of making their knowledge an agent in Coleridge's great "Bread and Cheese" problem.

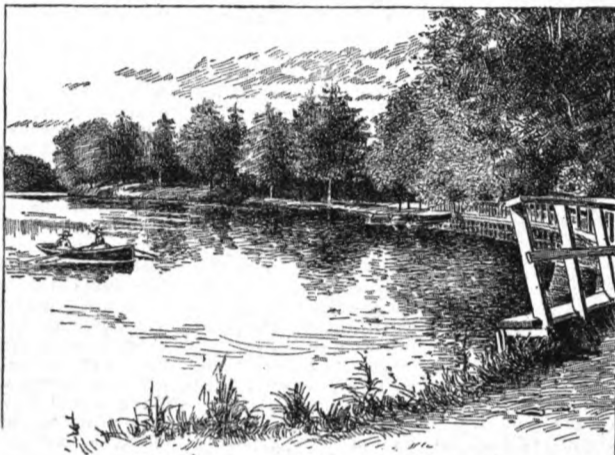
The instruction is given by lectures and recitations. The course is prescribed till the second semester of the Sophomore year. It is a difficult course and no one can get through with any honor without honest work. There are a few who, at the end of the semester, fortify themselves with strong tea, wind wet towels around their heads, and, by systematic cramming, skim through, get their degree but have minds little more disciplined than High-School girls. However, this number is small.

Vassar is, above everything, stimulating. There are few drones here. Moreover, students are not allowed to be absent, without good excuse, from recitation; a certain amount of work is demanded from each one. Standing is determined by the daily work as well as by examination. By the end of the course the best students have acquired accuracy of scholarship, thorough mental discipline, an idea of the value of time, power of concentration, and a ready command of their knowledge. The stupidest and most indolent have gained many facts, some mental discipline, and have been refined by the atmosphere of the place.

The college is a world in itself. Some people think that because three hundred girls live under the same roof there must be one eternal din, mad rush and confusion; that there must be a terrible strain on the girls' nerves; that she is always conscious of the fact that she is one of three hundred. Now really, she is no more oppressed with that fact than one is in a village or city. The students are never all together save at chapel, at meals and at an occasional meeting. Each girl has her friends, and of the other students she sees very little. Unless she has a double room there is never a time when she cannot be alone. This solitude may be gained by retiring to her room and putting up an "Engaged"; if she has friends who evince their friendship by knocking over her "Engaged," she may resort to a "Positively engaged to all." When you see one of these barricades you may generally conclude that the girl behind it is "digging," or having a "spread," or, perhaps—the "blues."

Vassar girls are an unanswerable argument against the preconceived idea that a woman's mind and body cannot both be developed. They do not look like young Amazons, nor like athletes. Being American girls they are slight, but are strong, wholesome-looking young women. The life here instead of being a strain is far more conducive to health than the home life of most of the students. Work in the gymnasium and out-door exercise is compulsory. Many hours are spent in walking, rowing, playing tennis in summer on a large circular court surrounded by pines—in winter in the gymnasium.

Despite the hard work there is an unlimited amount of college fun. Commencement is always a time of great excitement. Philalthea is the anniversary of Vassar's great society; Founder's Day, of Matthew Vassar's birthday. These have come to be large receptions, with music, dancing and refreshments. Philalthea has three Chapters—Alpha, Beta, Delta. Each Chapter meets twice a month. Three times a year they mass their stars and present a "Hall Play" in the gymnasium where an appreciative audience, plush curtain, and foot-lights inspire the actors to splendid heights. Nothing is beyond them and they courageously present such plays as "Merchant of Venice," "Engaged," "Lady of Lyons," "Rivals." The "Trig ceremonies" are an interesting feature of the stage. These plays are written by members of the Sophomore class, and are very clever. The Seniors are ex-



THE LAKE, LOOKING TOWARD THE PINES.

toled; the Juniors scored; the Freshmen patronized.

There are several small societies: "T and M," "Qui Vive," "Shakespeare," "Dickens," "Art Club" and "Thekla."

The festivities thus far this year, which is an illustration of all years, have been the lady Principal's receptions, Sophomores' reception to the Freshmen, opening of the Senior parlor, Juniors' party for Sophomores, Seniors' party for Freshmen, Y. W. C. A. reception, Christmas reception and Thanksgiving reception.

On Halloween the Juniors pour forth upon the Seniors the smouldering enmity of two-and-a-half years. To the joyousness and hilarity of the college in general on this night I cannot do justice.

In addition to these formal social pleasures are the "spreads." Now, "spread" is a generic term, and the different species included under it are legion—everything, from an impromptu affair with wafers and olives speared out with a hat pin, to the occasional one where the esthetic taste is gratified as well as the wants of the inner-girl supplied. Imagine that you see in a pretty parlor, filled with pictures and books, ten happy girls around a long table. From the pale pink candles in silver candlesticks that stand on the table, a soft light falls on the dainty linen, exquisite china and silver, and the pink roses loosely scattered on the table. The artistic little menus, ornamented by the hostess, tell us of oysters, salads, olives, cakes, fruits, ices, "Huylers," chocolate and coffee.

Then there are the after-dinner coffees, five-o'clock teas, cozy little breakfasts, "love feasts," chocolate-cream parties, taffy pulls and corn-poppings.

During class work the students dress very simply. Plain street suits are generally worn;



A NOOK IN THE COLLEGE LIBRARY.

sometimes the bodice gives way to the blouse or jersey. Tea gowns are a forbidden luxury save on Sunday mornings. Friday, Saturday and Sunday evenings some very pretty gowns, generally light wool goods, are worn. On Philalthea, Founder's Day and Commencement more elaborate costumes are seen.

The discipline at Vassar has been called

"perfect," but these models of docility are scarcely conscious of the fact that they are being controlled. There are few rules and on the whole these are not burdensome, but are such as courtesy, common-sense idea of propriety would prompt ladies to observe even if there were no rules.

The marvelous tales that have been sown broadcast over the land in regard to Vassar's "emancipation," are bitterly amusing to the emancipated. The idea that we recite, sleep, exercise according to our own sweet will and pleasure, with a happy disregard of the powers that be, is not, strictly speaking, true. Self-government simply means that some authority has been placed in the hands of the students who make and enforce rules, subject to the approval of the faculty. This system went into effect the Monday after last Thanksgiving. After a most exciting contest the following rules were adopted: (1) Each student must attend all chapel exercises: three cuts a semester. (2) One hour's exercise must be taken each day: no cuts. (3) Students must retire at ten o'clock: three "unlimited cuts" a month. A committee was chosen to which transgressors are reported. No one is excused from compliance with these rules save for excellent reasons.

The college is distinctly Christian. There are chapel exercises every evening, Bible class and church on Sunday mornings, prayer meetings Sunday and Thursday evenings. There is a Young Woman's Christian Association, and several private classes have been formed for Bible study.

If any one thinks that college is destructive to womanly grace, physical health, moral development, we point to some of our seniors. Vassar makes a young woman individual but not eccentric; independent but not aggressive; self-controlled but not unsympathetic. Not only is her mind disciplined and her body strengthened, but by catching glimpses of the knowledge to be acquired she learns her own ignorance and thus gains a true humility; and, above all, gains a truer idea of what life really means.

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(Continued from June number.)

"But I have not caught him yet," interrupted Phillida. "I am not angling for such a very big fish."

"That's the best part of it. He leaps out of the water and throws himself at your feet, without your having so much as cast a fly. Fiddle-Fiddle is a gentleman. I don't say that he's either very brilliant or particularly handsome; but he is a man of honor, and he adores you."

"Negative praises, cousin Pattie," murmured Phillida.

"My dear child, there are not many men of his position with so few drawbacks."

There was a long pause; the gray twilight had deepened into night, the stars were all out. At last Phillida spoke.

"Pattie, I shall never marry."

"O, of course not. I have known few girls of your age who did not say the same thing."

"And if I ever should, it would not be Lord Fiddle-Fiddle. I never could love him."

"Loving is a thing to be learned. *Il y a un qui baise, et un qui tend le fou.* It is much better to be the one who gives the cheek. The happiest marriages are those in which the man adores and the woman only likes. To keep a man's affection a woman must be a miser with her own, dole it out in morsels, never let him be sure that each one is not the last. No matter if you love him to distraction, never, never, never let him know it."

"I don't agree with you. I would a thousand times rather love than be loved. 'Tis more blessed to give than to receive."

"That is because you are young and don't know what you are talking about. You must have a husband; it is a necessary evil."

Phillida was silent.

"Speaking of husbands, I must go in now and read to mine. Don't stay out much later; it's growing damp."

Phillida, left alone, walked down the beach, towards the little town. Nine o'clock clanged the bells in the steeple of the wonderful old church—the only beautiful work of man now existing in the little hamlet, which was once a proud city, whose houses and public buildings are now crumbling ruins. The huts of a score of fishermen are huddled together at the end of the main street. These rude dwellings are built with fragments from the wreck of the old city. Over the door of one is a portion of the sculptured scutcheon of one of the great families of Brittany.

Half-a-mile distant from the inn, a long spit of land, running far out into the harbor, forms a small, inner harbor, where in stormy weather, the fishermen's craft seek shelter. The dock, which is still in good repair, was deserted on this night; and Phillida, looking about for the group of old salts usually assembled there, saw that they were all congregated at the farther end of the quay, examining the white schooner which was anchored close by. That she was a yacht, even Phillida could see, from her graceful build, her beautiful lines, her tapering masts. She was as aristocratic in her make as unlike the common merchant vessel, as a dainty lady—the flower of an aristocracy—is like the rough, peasant wench, laboring in the field. The sailors were singing at their work, and the bustle and stir on board the trig yacht was very exciting to the loafers on the wharf. Phillida could make out quite clearly all that was going on aboard. The men were covering up all the brass fittings with their white canvas night-gear. In the stern some one was lying in a lounging-chair. As she looked at the figure, she idly wondered what manner of people were voyaging in this fair vessel. That figure in the chair was probably the owner. He might be some gouty, snuffy old worldling who sailed for his health—that the salt, sea air might help him to go on eating and drinking for another twelvemonth; or he might be some romantic boy, bound on a search for adventure, pursuing pleasure on the high seas. He was smoking. She saw the spark of his cigarette, and caught the faint aroma of the fragrant, insidious, Egyptian tobacco. Phillida was tempted to go near the vessel and spell out her name, as one of the fishermen was doing; but it was already late, and she returned to the inn, her fancy still busy with the owner of the strange yacht.

CHAPTER XX.

Phillida's dreams that night were full of the unknown on the yacht. She slept soundly until dawn, and woke to hear the matins of the birds; it was so early that no one in the inn was astir. She dressed, made a light breakfast on some fruit and biscuit, and went out to meet that first sweet hour of the day. She strayed alone through the desolate streets, down to the dock to see if the yacht was still there. There was no one on the wharf; the white boat lay rocking at her moorings; it was too early for her owners to be stirring, and Phillida walked down to the end of the dock to take a nearer view of the vessel. An awning was spread, and it was not until she was close to it that she saw a young man who was breakfasting on deck. At the same instant he saw her, he sprang to his feet and cried out a cheery "Good-morning." Phillida answered his greeting, and then, following her

first impulse of flight, turned and walked rapidly away.

"Please wait for me, Miss Langdon. I will be with you in a moment." She hesitated, and then walked on more slowly. Quickly, instantly it seemed to her, there came the sound of oars splashing in the water, then the grating of a boat's keel against the dock, and last, footsteps swifter than her own. She turned a corner, which hid her from her pursuer. Along the farther side of the street ran a high wall, enclosing a deserted garden, where she was free to wander. She knew the place well. A part of the wall was lower than the rest, and there were stepping stones by which she was able to gain the shelter of a grove of mighty trees, whose untrampled branches threw a deep shade about her.

The pursuer turned the corner and found the street deserted; but sailors are keen-witted and as light of foot as flying nymphs, and after a moment's hesitation, the young man espied the weak place in the fortress, leapt over the wall, and found himself in what might have been the garden of the sleeping palace. There is no loneliness in the wildest forest which compares to that of a neglected garden with its mournful traces of a departed grandeur; this had evidently been once the estate of some rich and noble family. He passed down a long path, bordered on either side with box higher than his head. The thick branches from either side were so closely interlaced that he was obliged to force them apart. The tender green of the newly-leaved branches touched him lightly on the cheek; it was almost as if they caressed him. When he emerged from this bath of living green, he found himself in a wide park, at the end of which stood the stately villa, crumbling to decay like all the rest of man's handiwork in Dounanay. In the midst of a cleared space, stood an old sun-dial, wreathed with a vine of honeysuckle. The graveled walks were overgrown with weeds, the beds were splendid with the tangle of brilliant flowers, and worthless weeds run riot together, in a lawless embrace. At the end of a long avenue of limes stood an old summer-house, over which the wild grape-vines had spread a close and fragrant canopy. The stranger's keen eyes caught the quiver of the mat of green which hung like a curtain over the entrance, and a gleam of something white between the lattice sides of the arbor.

He paused outside the crazy, little building and stood cap in hand—

"You do not receive me very kindly," he said, "and if you really do not want to see me, I will go away."

"No, now that you have been so clever as to find me, I will come out." She put aside the vine, and came out to meet him, fresh and smiling as the morning.

"Well, are you glad to see me?" he said, holding out his hands.

"I do not know. Are you glad to see me?"

"Yes."

The repressed feeling in that one word was more eloquent to her than any speech she had ever heard.

"Since we have met," he continued, "since chance has given us this interview, let us take advantage of it. This is perhaps the only hour which we can ever call our own; now tell me everything that has happened to you since we parted."

A new peace, a great calm fell upon Phillida after that feverish flight; she told him of everything that had happened to her since their parting; of her father's marriage, of their journey through Brittany, of the arrival of Armydis, and their skotching together; of the books she had read, the new music she had studied. He was hungry for every detail of her life; nothing was too trifling to interest him. Now that they were again together it seemed impossible that they should ever be apart. They discussed Stevenson's last romance as leisurely as if this hour were only the first of a lifetime of such talk. They paced up and down the overgrown paths as peacefully, as naturally as if this deserted garden was the home in which their lives should be happily passed together. The shadow on the sun-dial was at seven o'clock. In an hour her maid would wake Mrs. Ackers, and society, as represented by herself and the consumptive Count, would first acknowledge that the day had begun by going down at ten o'clock to take its morning sea-bath.

But before that time Lawton must tell Phillida of all that had befallen him; of his trip in Switzerland, of his walking tour, of his life on board the yacht of which he himself was the captain.

"You must see her yourself," he said, "and judge of her sailing powers."

"Yes, I should like to go on board the Ibis. Pattie has been longing for some one to turn up with a yacht." Sir John said nothing for a few moments.

"My dear friend," he began at last. "I may call you by that name, we are friends?"

"Truly," said Phillida.

"It's a great thing to me your friendship, more than you can imagine, and it is because it is so precious to me that I speak to you frankly. You now understand why I guarded the secret of this precious friendship so jealously?"

"Yes, I understand it all now."

"I do not think that any one knows of it, not even your cousin herself."

"No," answered Phillida, "no one knows it."

"Then, believe me, it is best to keep it to ourselves. You do not know how cruel and suspicious the world is. It will not let me see you again, even if I were willing to darken your life with my own griefs, as I have sworn not to do. You do trust me? You believe that I am not a villain?"

"Yes, I believe you and you are not at all like a villain. They always have black hair and dark eyes."

"True. But are you sure that I do not wear a wig?"

They laughed as lightly over their nonsense as a pair of children might laugh at their play on the very edge of Vesuvius, when it is trembling with the inward fire which, belching forth, carries destruction to the doomed dwellers in the plain below.

The shadow stole across the sun-dial. Seven bells rang out from the Ibis; they both started at the sound, the mirth died on their lips; surely no hour was ever before so brief. Phillida's breast heaved with a sudden, tearless sob, and it cost John Lawton one of the bitterest struggles of his life to keep his arms from folding about her. They walked back silently, he going before her down the path where the tall box-trees stood, and holding back the little branches so that they should not brush her hair too roughly; at the wall they paused and stood for a moment, Phillida looking seaward, her lover, who dared not speak of love, looking into her deep eyes. It was one of those moments which never are forgotten as long as they might live. Each must remember the passionate pain, the unspoken love, the kiss which was a spirit kiss of desire only, but which left an impress on both their souls which no mortal kiss of passion could ever efface.

Whether it were pain or pleasure, human endurance could not long bear such a strain. Lawton strode a few paces down the path with tightly locked hands, and Phillida reached up to pick a branch from a wild azelia which overhung the wall. When he was at her side again he did not look at her.

"I must leave you now," he said. "I shall sail immediately for a little bay three miles above here, on the way to B—. If you and Cecilia should be going on a sketching expedition to-morrow morning, why do you not drive in that direction? There is a wonderful view from the headland; in case the Ibis is there, perhaps you would come on board?"

"Do not expect us. It is so doubtful whether it will be a good day for sketching."

"I shall not expect you, but I hope that you will come. It may be the last time I shall see you for years."

"I will try to come," she said. "Now, good-bye."

"Let me help you over the wall."

In the open street they both felt safe; she gave him her hand in parting, and looked him frankly in the face.

"Good-bye—perhaps till to-morrow," she said, "and, perhaps, forever."

Her smile belied her words. They parted—each one living but in that hope of to-morrow, neither looking at what lay beyond it.

Mrs. Ackers did not make her appearance before the usual hour; at ten o'clock she joined Phillida on the beach, and the two ladies took their accustomed bath together; after which they walked, and drove, and sketched as if this day was like all other days, to be passed with a few moments of ennui, as might be. Pattie endeavored to bring her cousin to a different view of Lord Fiddle-Fiddle's attentions.

Phillida was deaf to all of her cousin's prayers, and persisted in refusing to consent to her plans. Mrs. Ackers's nerves were shaken by the interview, which closed with a storm of tears from her, and an expression of firm determination in Miss Langdon's eyes. Colonel Ackers was obliged to listen to a full recital of all that had been said between the two ladies. To his wife's indignation he sided against her.

"Fiddle-Fiddle is not good enough for Phillida," he stoutly maintained. "I would much rather see her married to Armydis."

"To Armydis! Nonsense; you might just as well say the Khan of Tartary; Armydis knows nothing about women; he is a savage in one respect."

"I thought that Phillida seemed to have tamed him."

"You never understand such things," cried Pattie, fiercely. "No one will help me, she said to herself, the Colonel is right. Armydis will win her, and she will lose a coronet. The disappointed little schemer passed a restless night, and awoke the following morning to the consciousness of an aching head and ruffled nerves. She did not get up, but sent word to Phillida that she should not come down all day. The Colonel brought the message and asked Phillida how she proposed passing the morning?"

"She should like to sit with cousin Pattie," she answered promptly, grasping at this straw of duty.

"She prefers to be alone. Nobody can do anything for her when she has one of these headaches. She spends the day in a darkened room and will not even let me come near her."

"Can I do anything to help you get through the day, cousin Frank?"

"No, my dear, I intend to take advantage of this opportunity to go up to Rouen. I am quite out of cigars, and there are several purchases to make for Pattie. Shall I order the carriage for you before I start?"

"Yes," said Phillida, hesitatingly. "I will take Cecilia and go out for a day's sketching."

"That is right. You must keep up your painting. You know Armydis will soon be back; can I bring you anything from Rouen?"

"No," said Phillida. She went indoors to prepare for the day's expedition; it seems to be written that I should go, she said, still hesitating. Then the memory of a pleading face came back to her, and putting on her hat she called her maid, and they started on their drive to B—.

CHAPTER XXI.

On board the Ibis everything was in holiday trim; the crew had been busy from dawn rubbing down the deck and polishing the brass; by nine o'clock everything was ready. It was known that ladies were expected, and the men were dressed in white duck trousers and shirts, with the bird, for which the yacht was named, embroidered upon the breast. They were fine men, a picked crew of strong, tall, handsome fellows. It had taken many years of judicious selection to get together such superb specimens of manhood. It had been a fancy of Sir John that his men should all be of the same type as himself. They were from every northern nation, Englishmen, Swedes, Russians and Danes; but they all measured six feet or more, and there was not a dark-haired one among them.

Sir John was his own sailing-master; the real captain of the staunch ship that lay rocking with furled sails in the deserted harbor of B—. He stood looking up at the high, jagged line of rock, which ran far out into the sea, and formed one side of the natural harbor. The high-road ran along at the summit of the cliff, which rose in a mass of high, red rocks from the little beach. There was very little passing on the road, and for a half-hour the skipper had seen nothing but the gulls, wheeling in their flight from the cliff to the sea. With every moment of waiting the suspense grew more painful.

Would she come? At last, when he had almost given up hope, the cover of an old-fashioned chaise was seen, moving slowly along the road. Would it stop? A boat was manned, and the moment the carriage came to a halt, Lawton laid down his glass, sprang into the gig and was rapidly rowed to the shore. There was a flutter of white garments from the top of the cliff, and the sound of a clear, ringing laugh echoed in his ears. There was a rude path cut in the face of the rock, by which the skipper of the Ibis soon reached the top.

"How good of you to come," he cried, cheerily. "I have been expecting you for hours; the wind is fair, and now that you have come, we must be off as soon as possible. How shall I get you down? Will you let me carry you?"

"Carry me! You Alpine tourists are too absurd; if you will help poor Cecilia, who is terrified at the very thought of a boat, I will find my own way down."

Without more ado, Miss Langdon began to make the steep descent; she was as sure-footed and graceful as a chamois. One of the sailors took charge of the maid, and Lawton vainly endeavored to help Phillida, who seemed entirely capable of taking care of herself.

She was a very different person from the Phillida he had found yesterday in the arbor of the deserted garden; that girl had been swayed by his lightest word, as a wind-flower is shaken by the wind. This girl was self-reliant, sparkling, defiant and captivating by turns. Yesterday he would have staked his life on her loving him; to-day she seemed provokingly indifferent, full of a captivating witchery, without a trace of any sentiment, save that of coquetry.

When they were on board, Lawton gave the word of command, and the sails crept up the halyards and spread out like great, white wings, as the sailors pulled at the ropes, keeping time to the "Yo-ho, roll a man down."

There was a fair wind, and the Ibis sped along swift and graceful as those other creatures of the deep, the gulls.

Phillida made herself comfortable with a pile of cushions, and watched the skipper of the Ibis, as he stood at the wheel. In his care of his vessel, he seemed to have forgotten her presence; he looked only at the sea and the sky, and the full sails, occasionally giving an order to let out more canvas.

When they were well under way, a young sailor brought a huge basket of roses, and laid them on the deck beside Miss Langdon.

"What! Flowers at sea," she cried. "This is almost too much luxury."

"I thought you liked them," said Lawton. "If you don't, they shall go overboard."

"Of course I like them; they shall do no such thing. The Ibis shall be decked with roses in honor of the day."

She took up a handful of the glowing flowers and began weaving them into a wreath. It was already noon, when Lawton called Bryce, the first mate, to take his place at the wheel. He came to Phillida's side and said: "One day is half gone, our one day, the only real day of my life, the day from which I shall hereafter date everything."

"I am enjoying it thoroughly," she said, holding up her wreath. "It is the day of roses for me; did you ever see anything so beautiful?"

"Yes, I see you."

"It does not agree with you to be a sailor, Sir John. Compliments from you, and such flat-footed compliments, I blush for you."

"I only wish you would," he said, bluntly.

"This wreath is to be hung at the mast-head, if any of the men can get it up there."

"There is only one man on board the Ibis to-day who will obey your commands; give me the wreath."

"Send one of the sailors; I am afraid to have you go."

"There is no danger."

"I have changed my mind. I shall make this wreath longer, and we will hang it from the prow."

"Very well; but you must make another for the mast-head."

The bowsprit and the scroll which bore the good ship's name, were garlanded with flowers; but the wreath for the mast-head Phillida would not make. Lawton was burning to go up the mast in her presence, and she was afraid to have him. Finally, he himself made a wreath, which he put around his neck and carried to the top of the tall main-mast. When he joined Phillida after this feat, he saw that she had grown quite pale.

"You were not really frightened," he said, remorsefully.

(Continued on page 16.)



(Continued from June number).

The muteness and the pause were deep and grand with meanings that no easy lover's talk could ever touch.

The gale began to catch its breath. As the sun went lower, and the air cooled over the sea, it came less impetuously down into the ocean spaces from its mountain heights.

At the first real check, Dr. Griffith moved. He had made cool calculation; he had mapped his track, partly following Sachem's instinctive lead.

And so he did get over. And down beside the dog he sat himself, on what length was left of the rock-shelf; his feet and alpenstock holding him against a break of the ledge below.

"Jane!" He said the little name boldly, and looked up at her face with something of fun in his eyes, now that he had found her and they were both safe, for he was sure, now, that he could help her across; now, he could do almost anything.

"Jane!" He said it twice. She looked at him, and a brightness broke all over her face. "Dr.—Hansell!" she answered, with a timid ripple in her voice.

"A high wind seems to be an essential element in our history." "It is growing calmer now."

"Yes; every moment. It will be beautiful soon. Come, will you trust yourself with me?" He got up as he spoke, braced with one knee against the rock; he put the strong oak staff into her right hand; changed his alpenstock into his left; reached up to her with his right arm, and lifted her along beside him.

"Go, Sachem!" he ordered. "Back, sir!" he could not point his command; neither hand was free. But Sachem knew well enough; the bright fellow set his plume on high, and was off. And they two followed.

Carefully, holding her close to himself on the one side as he bore against the still vigorous wind on the other, bidding her where to step and where to set her stick, he conquered the difficult way with her and for her, point by point.

He only spoke the few words of guidance that she needed, until he had her beyond the pass; then he seated her for a moment, took a handkerchief from his breast-pocket, tied it in a knot, and called Sachem. The dog, careering back and forth upon the broader height, came close. His master put the handkerchief between his teeth. "Go home!" he said. "Carry!" Sachem looked wistfully an instant, then turned and sped.

"That is to let Margaret know that you are safe," he told her. He had called her Jane; speaking to herself, he called his sister, Margaret. There was some quite new assumption, some strong, gentle claim, in word and tone.

"I shall take you by another path—a downward climb; we will go home by the shore, where it is still. A little further we shall find the way."

He held her fast again as they crossed obliquely to the seaward brow, and lifted her there into the entrance of a long gully, whose rough depth gave them shelter as they followed it down the broken scrag toward the narrow strip of beach where the hungry sea was lapping; alternately leading and lifting her, or giving her hands a strong grasp for a spring across from rock to rock, he piloted her safely till they stood upon the rim of sand behind which the whole towering ridge stood guard between them and the defeated northwest wind.

The warmth of the sunny day was sleeping here still; they had but to walk in the sweet stillness upon which the low whisper of the blow-curling comb was the only break, till they came to the spur of rock around or over which they would reach the sandy cove. Dr. Griffith did not mean to be in any haste. He made Jane sit down at the foot of the cliff, and stood beside her while she rested.

"Jane," he said again—"why did you do all this?" he asked, as if he meant to know. And Jane knew he never asked a question lightly. She looked at him with clear eyes, and answered with gentle bravery—"I wanted to get away."

"From what, please?" "I think—from myself, as much as anything."

"And did you?" "Yes. Myself was scattered into spray and carried off out of me, over that great sea." John Griffith looked down into her face, until her face looked down again, from him.

"Well—I forgive you—since it has given us this, together," he said. "This is nearly our last day with the sea, you know."

"I know." "It is hard to give the New England grandeur up, and go off to bury one's self in the heart of the continent."

"Except that there is, I suppose, a motive—a work to do that could not be done here," said Jane. "There are such strong motives for men—in a world that wants men all over it!"

"Can you think of any motive that would take a woman there—a woman who loved the sea and hills as—you do?"

Hesitation was committal. If this were an ordinary question, the answer must be instant. A color crept up over Jane's throat and cheek and brow; she dared not even turn her head aside, that the gypsy hat might screen it. She kept her eyes quiet and steadfast, looking out upon the level water.

"I can think there might be motives that would take a woman anywhere," she said, strong and low.

"I can think of but one woman that I would ask to go. Could you—will you—go to Sunnywater with me? Will you belong to me, Jane?"

Jane sat still; utterly silent. The greatness of that which had come to her, hushed her—held her motionless.

"Am I asking too much?" said Dr. Griffith. Then she rose up and stood before him, as Ruth might have stood before Boaz. "You are giving me more than I could think God ever meant for me," she told him.

They reached the cottage in the dim twilight, and Margaret met them at the porch. "She is your sister, Margaret," said John; and Margaret took her in her arms, and held her close, and kissed her.

The next morning was full of peace and sunshine. The Sunday blessedness was in and over everything.

"I am going to take you to the undercliff again, Jane!" Dr. Griffith said, after the breakfast was finished, and they were out in the fresh air before the door. "I want a clear, sure daylight talk with you—and I want it there." The last sentence was for her ear only.

The children caught the word of the walk. "May we go to?" cried Alice. Margaret took the little girl's hand. "Not this time, Alice. Uncle Hans wants your White Queen all to himself."

The child looked wonderingly from one to another, weighing the meaning of the answer. Her mother never made her an evasive one. Something—who shall say what—touched the hidden woman-heart in her, and gave her a vague, sweet apprehension. She came and stood close before the two.

"Uncle Hans," she said, "I'll lend you my White Queen. Queen, I'll lend you uncle Hans. But you must be very particular of each other, for I'm very particular of you both!"

The little rowboat came round into the cove, while Jane and Dr. Griffith were far out toward the lighthouse point. Matt had come to see Mrs. Sunderland, and he found her with her book in a sunny corner of the rocks.

"Do you know what I want to know?" he asked her. "Have you come to tell me?" "Yes, Matthew. We shall all be your friends, always. But you will have to give it up."

The young fellow crushed his hat as he held it between his knees, and said never a word.

"It has only been a few weeks," said Margaret, kindly. "All your life is behind it, and all that is to be your life is before. You must not let this one point be all to you, or spoil it all."

"It might have made it all!" exclaimed Matthew, bitterly. "And now—it may never be made. May I not say anything to her?" "It will make you more sorry if you do," said Margaret. "I am dealing truly with you, for I know." He felt that there was something behind her words.

"You have been kind to me, at any rate," he said to her.

"Yes, we have both tried to be kind—my brother and I. Whatever happens, believe that."

"What will happen?" he demanded quickly, grasping the truth that she would fain not have given him all at once. "Where is she now?"

Mrs. Sunderland laid her hand on his. "They are away—walking—to the lighthouse rocks," she said.

He sat still for several moments; he held himself so, for pride's sake and for the sake of that sweet, womanly touch, slowly withdrawn. Then he got up, and she stood also. The little boat, lying dragged up on the sand, lifted her pretty, painted bow toward them. The "Dragonfly," the name, and the winged creature named for, were on the prow, in brilliant, delicate color-drawing.

"You find such pretty things to call your vessels by," said Mrs. Sunderland, in the way one does say pleasant, irrelevant words, to escape a relevant one, or a hard silence.

Matthew Morse shot a glance at her, which she answered as she interpreted it.

"Don't think I don't care, Matt; you have a way of finding right things; you will find right things in your life."

A moment more and he had gone, with her words like arrows in his heart.

"Right things." And Dorothy Serle had found the pretty names for him; and Dorothy Serle had painted the slender, gauze-winged dragonfly for him, that no coarse, common workman could have done.

Jane went back to Ascutney Street. She fulfilled her ten days with Mrs. Turnbull. When she had sewed the last tape loop inside the waistband of the last completed garment, and had hung it in the spare chamber closet where Mrs. Turnbull kept the "poor sheep and silkworm" part of her as in a shrive—she said to that lady that she had finished.

"Well—what now?" was the rejoinder. Mrs. Turnbull had decided that she would keep Jane, on the old terms, manage it as she might; but she left it to Jane herself to say some word to lead to it. Jane's answer took her by surprise, now that the Sunderlands had gone home—"to the country" Jane had said—there was no other place she thought, for the girl; and she credited herself with magnanimity in holding her own door open—after all.

"I am going to Bay Hill," Jane said. "Where's Bay Hill?" "Out beyond Exham."

"Who lives there? Who do you work for?" "Myself, I think, this time. Mrs. Sunderland lives there. Mrs. Turnbull, I am going to be married."

"Married!" It was not a question. Jane said nothing to the mere explosion. "You!" The second exclamation had the sort of astonishment with much of the impossible in it, as if Jane must be making plans all by herself in life, which ordinarily took two to accomplish.

"I—and another person," Jane explained accordingly, with a smile.

"Of course. Who is it?" "John Griffith. He is Mrs. Sunderland's brother."

"H—m! H—m—H—m! That's it? I dare say you'll do very well, Jane; very suitably. I hope so, I'm sure. But you've been very quiet—where did you ever see John Griffith?" "At Leeport. And before that, two years ago."

"All that time! Well—it's unridled now," said Mrs. Turnbull, sharp-pointedly.

Jane did not open matters further by asking what was unridled. She thought she had been explanatory enough.

Mrs. Turnbull told the news to her husband, with her usual involutions.

"I suppose she thinks she's bettering herself. They all do," was her preliminary.

"It's a human delusion," said Mr. Turnbull.

"And it's been going on these two years, and she never said a word!" "Waiting for the last word, I suppose, so that she could put it in good shape first," responded the gentleman. "It wouldn't do to begin at the beginning."

"I wish you'd listen! It's Jane Gregory; she won't come here any more; she's going to Bay Hill, wherever that is, with Mrs. Sunderland; she's going to be married to Mrs. Sunderland's brother, a man by the name of John Griffith; there!"

"Wh—ew!" "Whatever are you whistling at? it isn't anything very extraordinary after all."

"Griffith! Sunderland! Bay Hill! ejaculated Mr. Turnbull. "Old lady, you've just missed the best chance you ever had in all your life; and Rebecca Louisa Rickstack's got it!"

Now Mrs. Turnbull had never been near Rebecca Rickstack since the latter came home from Leeport.

"Do you know—Jane Gregory's going right—slap—in—amongst the very first chop—A 1, registered at Lloyd's?" demanded Mr. Turnbull, who liked to be mercantile, but who mixed his phrases.

"No! How?" gasped Mrs. Turnbull, reduced to simplicity and directness. "Griffith and Sunderland. Old L—wharf, Griffith of Wall street, Boston and New York. Rich as thunder. Biggest swells going. What in time brought any of 'em to Ascutney Street?"

"I don't believe the girl knows it herself; I don't believe it's them," panted Mrs. Turnbull, losing both breath and grammar. "True as revelation. She's got the dead wood on you, Lorry-Laviny! And he left Lorry-Laviny to recover, and went off to bed."

Jane stayed all winter at Bay Hill. When it came to the trousseau, Mrs. Sunderland said that was to be her part. Jane put her arm round her, and thanked her with kisses, but declared there was no need. "I have nearly six hundred dollars for it," she told her; "and I'm so glad!"

But more than six hundred other dollars were dropped in, in casual contributions, besides the stated, stately bridal gift, in orthodox silver.

Miss Rickstack came to the wedding. The Turnbulls were invited; do you think they went? Mrs. Turnbull did; her husband could not leave his business in the morning.

"Of course; why shouldn't I?" the Ascutney Street lady said. "I was her first friend. I picked her up when she was nowhere. If it hadn't been for me, she wouldn't have been anywhere now. I shall send her a butter-knife."

So she did; and a week after the wedding-day, she went out to Bay Hill again, and called on Mrs. Sunderland.

Mrs. Turnbull really thought Ascutney Street did it; and that henceforth Ascutney Street might claim relationship with Bay Hill. Through Miss Rickstack it did; and she was never "set down" again, or forgotten, and through Miss Rickstack and the crocus crept an inner

influence that made a link of reality. The good ladies were gradually less afraid of the honest truths of their existence; less eagerly anxious about the visible aspects. "Miss Rickstack did thus and so," and Miss Rickstack stayed at Bay Hill days and days together, and had the Sunderlands to take tea or stay to lunch, without ever making either "teas" or "lunches." They began to find out that a mere shell of custom, precisely like that convenient to their own living, was not the thing these truly fine people always looked for, by which to fasten their best associations with the lives of others.

Mrs. Sunderland had caught the right one in her little "trap" of genuineness and had let her go to good result among her comrades. Miss Rickstack ruled Ascutney Street, and was uplifting it; but there was never a neeker, more unconscious potentate. Mrs. Turnbull thought things were growing very common there; it was a failure for her, and in a year or two she moved away. Mrs. Sunderland had received her wedding-party call politely, but had never initiated further civilities.

I had to come back to Ascutney Street at the end, for we began there, and it is there the little moral of my story lies, if it has one, but I should like to take you all the way out to Sunnywater. I should like to show you the long, low house from which the beautiful turf spreads away in slopes and swells under the great, black walnuts; I should like to show you the rooms inside, lovely with every touch and sign of heart-abidingness, but not "decorated" with anything. I should like to have you see Dr. Griffith come riding home at night on his fine bay that he calls Sagamore, for Sachem's brother—with Sachem bounding at his heels; see the doctor fling the bridle, on the horse's neck, while Bat Knutsen takes him by the bit to lead him to his stable; while John Griffith puts his arm round Jane, waiting for him at the door, and they go off together to watch the sunset at a certain point where it blazes across a distant, wonderful vista; while Mrs. Knutsen gets the tea upon the table—the yems and the yonny-cake and the yinyer, with a steak or a prairie chicken for substantial—to have all ready when the two shall come in again, happy with hunger, and hungry with happiness.

"Is it as good as it may have been among the islands, two hours ago?" asks Dr. Griffith, standing with his wife in the glory that sweeps from a far horizon line, over one knows not what between, into this noble woodland colonnade, to drop at their feet its long-spined, splendid shafts. "Is it as good for you as that, or must we go to Sheepscode river?"

And Jane says, in that peculiar way of hers as if thought felt itself carefully into the truest words—

"Everything is as good as everything. The day isn't over till it has all got lighted up; the world is round, and life is as round as the world, John!"

THE END.

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THE EDITORIAL DESK



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ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.



SOMETIMES wonder why it is that we all turn to fiction for romance, when the life which surrounds us has in it tales stranger than any plot ever woven in novel or story—little occurrences in which truth is indeed much stranger than fiction.

I was reminded of this recently by two stories, one that some of you may, perhaps, have heard or read of, the other which came under my personal observation and is known to only a few. Let me tell you the first, and, even if the story is familiar to you, perhaps I can tell it in a way which may make it new.

THE ROMANCE OF A CEMETERY.

DOWN near one of the southern cities where the flowers bloom nearly all the year round, and the oriole builds his nest and calls to his mate to come to him, for the home is prepared, is a cemetery famous for its beauty. Years ago it was the country-place of a very rich man; he was a widower with a beautiful daughter and three handsome sons. The daughter was a sweet girl, idolized by her father, which affection she more than reciprocated. A bitter family feud existed between the father and his nearest neighbor, who had but one child—a son. At a friend's house this pretty Juliet met and grew to know her Romeo. Naturally enough they fell in love with each other, vowed eternal constancy, and thought that, in time, the fathers of each might be won over by their children, and induced to give consent to the marriage. But the old men grew bitter and more bitter, and the two sweethearts found it very difficult to see each other. One summer night the little lady had an appointment with her lover at the foot of the hill that was just in front of her home. The moon was so bright that she dreaded going out in her own clothes, and so, in a spirit of frolic, she had her maid hunt up some of her brother's clothes and into them she got, laughing as she thought how her sweetheart would be surprised. A long, old-fashioned cloak was thrown over her, and a broad-brimmed, soft, felt hat crowned her head. As she went over the hill one of her brothers saw her, and told his father that he believed some one from the next place was on their grounds, possibly to kill some of their dogs, or poison their horses. Very quickly the old man rushed to the veranda, armed with a gun. He saw the figure moving along swiftly, but he took aim, aim so sure that it struck his own heart, and fired. Both arms went up in the air, the figure staggered and fell over. Hearing the shot, the waiting lover rushed to see what was the matter. In the meantime the others had gathered round. The hat had fallen off the pretty head which it had disguised, and there, pure and white, under the light of the moon, was revealed to the brothers the face of their own sister. She was carried back to the house, dead—not able to speak her forgiveness to her father, or give a word of love to her sweetheart. The scene can be easily imagined. The lover upbraided the father, but the younger brother said, "As she lies here let her be the peacemaker. She loved you in life; let us care for each other because of her death." So she was buried near her own home, and all the people for

miles around, knowing of her tragic death, came to show their respect and to line and cover her grave with the blossoms which she had loved in her life.

The beautiful country-place was sold with an express proviso that it was to be made a cemetery. The brothers, and the father and lover, all went away and never came back until each was brought there to be laid to rest near the one they had loved. Now the city of the dead numbers among its people Elizabeth Patterson Bonaparte, who has engraved on the granite bearing her name, "After life's fitful fever she sleeps well." Near by is the tomb of the Booth family, and that of Reinhardt, the sculptor, who died when fame had made his name a household word, is not far off. There are crosses erected to the memory of little children; there are tablets that tell of those who have lived and loved, suffered and toiled. But to them who know, most interesting of all, is the little graves tendered to the memory of the unfortunate girl who died because of her love. Somebody has caused to be traced on one of the stones near her, "And there shall be no more weeping, for God will wipe away all tears."

TWO HOMES ON THE BANKS OF THE HUDSON.

THE other story, which I tell from personal knowledge, is not so sad and tragic, yet about it clusters the romance of two lives.

Not far outside of New York city, in one of the suburbs whose shores are splashed by the waters of the Hudson, stands as tidy and attractive a house as it is possible to find. Its plate windows glisten brightly in the sun, the well-kept lawns are the comment of every one who rides by; in short, it is an ideal suburban home. It is occupied by a woman, now a trifle over forty years of age, with a face which still bears the marks of its singular beauty in youth. Early in life she was one of the belles of one of our great eastern cities. She became engaged to a young man of brilliant prospects and social standing; but a lover's quarrel broke off the match, and almost shattered the intellect and health of the beautiful girl. She left home, and living alone and in poverty, she determined to begin a career for herself. She had literary talent, and this she developed by writing stories. At first she met with poor success, but faced by starvation and too proud to return to her family, she resorted to writing sensational stories for the cheap weeklies. Success began to favor her, and she soon found her stories in greater demand than she could mentally supply them. Night and day she worked with the pen, however, and for eight years she toiled on, denying herself every pleasure and comfort, carrying ninety cents of every dollar which she earned to the savings' bank. Her goal was for a home of her own, nestled in some quiet place, somewhere away from the theatre of her youthful career, where, all alone, she might enjoy the peace and quiet for which her aching soul pined. At the end of nine years she chose the spot where she now lives, and, under her own eye, built the beautiful little home which to-day is her temple of rest. During the process of building, she kept on with her literary work, writing more industriously than ever to gain a competency on which she might live. Two years after the time she had purchased the ground, she moved from her humble city apartments to her country home. From that moment till the present day, she has never written a line for publication, although for a long time her publishers offered her large prices. She had accomplished the object for which she toiled so hard; and now, with a home of her own, and a small but comfortable income from her invested literary earnings, she lives in quiet and peace, her lot shared only by a young girl who runs her errands and does minor household work. Her neighbors never see her except when she is working in her garden during the open season. Her home faces the water and looks over to the opposite shore of the Hudson. There, directly opposite to her house, began to rise, two years ago, a palatial residence, now completed, the upper windows of which often throw the reflection of the setting sun into the open door or curtained windows of the more modest dwelling of the literary recluse. The handsome home on the western side of the river is that of a rich merchant, whose wife is a well-known society leader, and whose children are the admiration of their circle. The merchant knows not who lives in the trim little house on the opposite shore. The sweet-faced woman, whose life-happiness now is within herself and her home, is ignorant of the occupant of the mansion on the other shore. Only a few persons know the occupants of both houses, and they do not lift the veil, for peace and contentment dwell in the houses on both shores, and why disturb their tranquility?

ROMANCE IN OUR EVERY-DAY LIFE.

AND there are other stories equally romantic which I might tell you to show you that our every-day life is not altogether the same hard and grinding wheel-turning and routine existence which it seems to us at times. On all sides of us, in every nook and corner of this great, big world of ours, are growing little flowers of romance, blossoming so quietly that we do not even smell their fragrance or know that they are there. But I think it is well that we should know that there is an element of romance in our every-day life; for what takes us more completely out of ourselves and lifts us higher into realms into which an occasional flight will do us no harm, than just these little evidences that our life, after all, is not so cold, hard and practical as, in gloomy moments, we are apt to believe? How tired we all sometimes become if we let our feelings control us. We allow ourselves to believe that the world means nothing but work, work, work; that what is around us, above us, below us, is naught but labor and worry. But, you see, it is not so; life is not so prosaic as you think; and if we will but look for it, we shall find blooming in life's garden the flowers of romance side by side with the beautiful blossoms of hope, cheer and happiness.

WOMEN WHO ARE UNCROWNED HEROINES.

THE last story I told you, also leads me to a point on which altogether too little is said or written, and that is—the modern tendency to belittle or deride those women who go through life, unmarried; or, as the world calls them, "old maids." There are, by far too many careless jests made of this class of women. In the minds of many it seems a settled fact, that because a woman reaches the age of forty, fifty or sixty unmarried, that at some time in her early life she was the victim of either disappointed love or unreciprocated affection. This is a common mistake, as thousands of instances, both in history and in our every-day life can prove. There are hundreds of women to-day who have never married because of some special mission in life, either in their own families, or to the world-at-large, which they felt they could better accomplish if untrammelled by domestic cares. By their self-sacrifice, these women are heroines; and the very last persons on God's footstool of whom jest should be made. Two of the sweetest women who have ever honored me with their friendship, and with whom to come in contact is like a benediction of goodness and grace, are addressed by the title of "Miss." From their life-histories have I drawn many a lesson; and to the sweet fragrance of their lives is due many a gracious act of charity, and many a harsh word has been left unsaid. Should such women be ridiculed? Ah, no! let us rather be the scholars of their teachings, adapting the lessons they can often give us to our own lives. You and I may believe that it is for the greatest happiness of all women that they should marry; but that it is no reason why we should not respect those who by their lives show that they have decided otherwise. Some of the noblest women of the past, whose very names recall the greatest triumphs in the world's history, never married, and it needs no stretch of the imagination to believe that as good and great women are living right among us to-day as have ever figured in history. There are countless families to-day who will lose their brightest and most comforting members when the breath of her who never uttered the marriage vow, returns to its Maker. Angels of comfort are these "old maids" of American homes, every day of their lives teaching us anew some noble trait of self-sacrificing and ever glorious womanhood.

WRITING FOR THE NEWSPAPERS.

I AM very frequently asked whether the newspaper is the best starting point for young authors, and in this question lies, in nine cases out of ten, a grave misconception. Many young writers believe that work rejected by the monthly magazine will find a market with the daily newspaper. It seems to be taken for granted that the same degree of care is unnecessary for newspaper work as for magazine writing. "The newspaper dies with the day, the magazine lives for a month," is the general feeling, and hence the impression that ephemeral work will find a more ready market with the newspaper. It has been my pleasure to write for the newspaper press of America for six or seven years, and I give young writers a leaf from my experience when I say to them—Do not allow yourselves to believe that minor work will find favor with the modern American newspaper. There is just as much demanded of a writer in the newspaper editorial office, as in that of the monthly magazine. A writer commits the greatest mistake of her life, when she looks upon the newspaper as a graduating-school to the magazine. The same standard of grammar and expression set by the magazine holds good with the newspaper.

If anything, the newspaper editor is a harder master for young writers to please than the magazine editor; for he cannot give the same time, thought and consideration to a manuscript, as he who has thirty days in which to prepare his periodical. The newspaper editor must see the "availability" of an article upon its face, while the magazine editor has time if he chooses to delve into its depths and see whether good can be made of the bad. I do not mean to say by this that the newspaper editor is less willing to encourage young writers; but he has not the same amount of time as his monthly contemporary, although his intentions may be equally as good.

Where the newspaper offers to the young writer an advantage over the magazine, is in its wider field, and its larger capacity. Publishing thirty times against the single issue of a magazine, the newspaper naturally absorbs more material, and a writer's chances are correspondingly better. Then, too, subjects which are out of the range of the magazine, fall directly within the scope of the newspaper. This is specially true of timely articles. The magazines of to-day with their large circulations, and the necessary slower process of printing, are prepared so far in advance as to make it impossible for them to get close enough to timely happenings to make their discussion of them fresh and interesting. With the newspaper this, of course, different, and it is precisely in its ability to treat of what is latest and freshest wherein lies its strength, and in these respects the field is necessarily broadened to the writer.

But, bear in mind, this advantage is only one of greater capacity, not of less requirement. Disappointment can be no more certain than when a manuscript is sent to a newspaper editor with the belief that he is less critical, or that his constituency is less exacting than is the case of the monthly magazine. Newspapers are not a whit more easy to write for than magazines; this is a fact of their careers, cannot have too forcibly impressed upon them. The established author need not be told this fact; she has learned it for herself by experience; but I have written these words for the benefit of the rising school of writers, who, if they heed what I have said, will save themselves much unpleasant disappointment.

A FEW PERSONAL WORDS OF DIRECT INTEREST TO OUR READERS.



FOR the protection of subscribers, or intending subscribers, to THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, the management would impress upon all the important fact that a premium of any sort is never given direct to the subscriber. Our premiums are offered to those who secure one or more subscribers for us; they are intended for the one who gets the subscription, not for the subscriber. We would therefore warn all our readers of certain fraudulent agents who are traveling round different parts of the country offering from one to a set of twenty-five chromos with a year's subscription to the JOURNAL. We have never offered either a single or a number of chromos with the JOURNAL, nor can the JOURNAL be secured by clubbing with any other periodical. We club with no paper in this country, either daily, weekly, or monthly. It is a safe rule to be cautious of any agent who offers to give you anything more, no matter what it is, than a year's subscription to the JOURNAL for one dollar.

ARE OUR ADVERTISEMENTS SAFE?

WE are continually asked if we can vouch for the reliability of some special advertisement in the JOURNAL. In answer to these questions, we can only repeat what we have said before. Before we insert an advertisement in the JOURNAL we always exercise special care and pains to ascertain that the man, woman, or firm so advertising is reliable, and is financially capable of carrying out what is offered in the advertisement. Where a doubtful report is obtained, we omit the advertisement. As for the reliability of the goods advertised, or that they are all which is claimed for them, we cannot vouch. This no periodical can honestly do for its readers. Such a claim would mean the personal examination of every article advertised, and this, of course, is impossible with a periodical of a large business patronage. We believe that our advertisements are reliable, and we base this belief on our efforts to print only those of clean and honorable firms. We are more careful in this respect with each number, and now exclude everything which even looks doubtful.

TO THOSE WHO ASK US QUESTIONS.

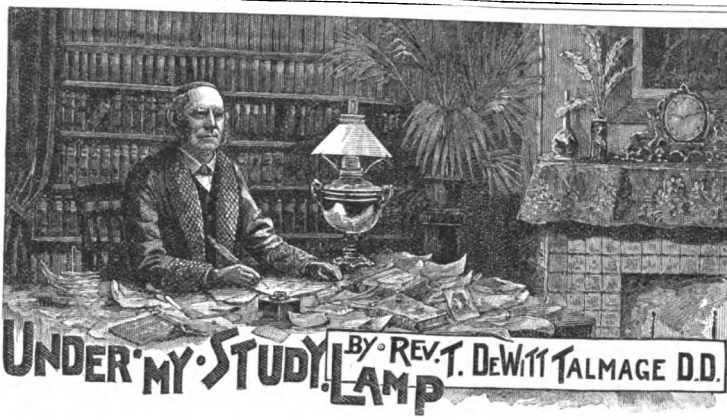
WE want all our readers to feel free to send us any question upon which they wish information, and we will do everything in our power to answer them to the very best of our ability. But—and we want to lay special emphasis on that word, and what here follows—please allow us to answer you in the JOURNAL, just so far as you possibly can. If you cannot wait, and must have an answer by mail, very well; in that case we will reply by mail if a stamp is enclosed. But kindly exercise this privilege only in special cases. Our editors are all very busy persons, and during the month just ended there were received altogether over 850 letters asking mail answers! Any one who stops to think will see what labor this means. So let us repeat:—Ask us any sensible question you want, and we will answer it, but please allow us to do so through the JOURNAL, wherever you possibly can. We always wait until the last possible moment before going to press with the "Questions and Answers" portion of the JOURNAL, so that we can give you an early reply through the paper.

WHAT SHALL I WEAR?

THIS is a question which every woman at some time of the year asks herself. And this is the very question we are going to answer for you through one of the best, chattiest and most practical fashion departments ever conducted by a general magazine. We have, as you have doubtless noticed, greatly enlarged this department, and secured as its editor a woman who in all the great shops of New York is acknowledged to be the best of all writers and authorities on woman's dress. MRS. MALLON has for years written on everything that is best, most durable and practical for women to wear. Her facilities for securing the latest most sensible styles are of the best, and what she accidentally fails to tell you about your wardrobe she will tell you through the "Questions and Answers" column, which she begins in her Department next month, if you write to her.

ANOTHER NEW JOURNAL EDITOR.

THE best evidence of our efforts to give our readers a periodical which shall be complete, so far as it affects every question appertaining to woman and home, is the constant and notable additions to our editorial staff. During the past six months, as you have noticed, we have made three important editorial additions, i. e., DR. TALMAGE, MRS. MALLON, and RUTH ASHMORE. Next month, we make a further addition when Mrs. LYMAN ABBOTT becomes one of the editors of the JOURNAL. MRS. ABBOTT holds an affectionate place in the hearts of thousands of women through her helpful work a few years ago on "The Christian Union," as the "Aunt Patience" of that sterling periodical. For the JOURNAL she will continue her work of helpfulness for women, writing under the same nom de plume. She will have entire editorial charge of our new department "Just Among Ourselves," beginning with the August number. As the wife of one of the foremost clergymen of Brooklyn—the successor to Henry Ward Beecher, as pastor of Plymouth Church—and who is also editor-in-chief of "The Christian Union," MRS. ABBOTT comes in contact with thousands of girls and women; she thoroughly understands the needs of her sex, and can sympathize with their every sorrow and perplexity as well as join in their merriment in moments of happiness. The addition of Mrs. ABBOTT to its editorial staff is one in which the JOURNAL management takes great personal pleasure, and we feel confident that our readers will share in this feeling.



ORDINARILY I do not desire any covering for my head during the somnolent hours; but sleeping in a palace car, rushing ahead at the rate of forty or fifty miles the hour, there will be draughts of air which make the night-cap a very important, if not necessary, traveling adjunct.

PHILOSOPHY OF A NIGHT-CAP.

ON one occasion I remember the conductor had punched our tickets and closed the curtains, and I proceeded to prepare a night-cap. My only resource was a handkerchief, in the corners of which and along the edges thereof I tied five or six knots, and having adjusted this hasty crown to my head I lay down. After somewhat excited speaking for a couple of hours, it took a little while for my thoughts to get quieted, and then, under the cover of my night-cap, I fell asleep. For some reason my dreams were of the roughest and most uncomfortable sort. I was falling over embankments; I was knocked on the head by marauders; I was dying of brain fever, and, in bewilderment as to where I was, I woke up. All this was so different from my usual quietude of slumber, I rubbed my eyes and said, "What in the world is the matter?" The fact was, I had got one of the knots of my night-cap in the wrong place, and the pressure of it against my temple had caused this dislocation of things.

I said to myself—how little a thing will upset the comfort of a sleep. I was at peace with all the world save that one twist in my handkerchief. And at that very moment, I suppose, up and down the world, there were people as restless because of some infinitesimal annoyance. People under the exhaustion of some great trouble sleep so soundly, you wake them up almost fearing that they are dying or dead; but a little twist in their domestic or social or financial affairs kept them wide awake so that they heard the clock in the morning strike one, two, three, four. I have known merchants vexed beyond somnolence by a mistake in their cash account. Women have been restless because of a grease spot on their new silk dress. The provoking remark of some one, whose opinion was not worth consideration, has spoiled a good sleep. Hours that ought to have been given to physical invigoration have been ruined by a twist in the night-cap. The mistake which I made in the aforesaid rail-car ought to have been corrected before attempting slumber.

WHY OUR HEADS OFTEN LIE UNEASY.

BEFORE retiring we ought to get the knot in our affairs disposed of. But suppose we cannot do so? Then shove the knot further along. Let it take you in some other place. Shove it along to the next morning. Do not put upon one day the burdens of two. If I had moved my night-cap an inch or two I should have been undisturbed. Besides all this, if we cannot by our will get our affairs arranged as we would like, supernatural aid is offered us for turning the night-cap in the right way. There is always a place between the two knots of care and trouble in which to rest. But how prone we are, instead of looking for that smooth place, to put the knots together and lay our head on the accumulated discomfort. It only took a minute for all this to pass through my mind, then I got up on one elbow, re-adjusted my head-covering, threw myself back on the pillow of the Pullman sleeping car, and knew nothing but roseate and heaven-descended dreams for seven hours. May the good Lord take the knots out of all your pillows, and make your every sleep between this and the last as sweet as that of Jacob when he saw the ladder clustered with celestial visitants!

A MODERN NEED FOR SLEEP.

THERE is not one man or woman in ten thousand who can afford to do without seven or eight hours' sleep. All those stories written about great men and women who slept only three or four hours a night makes very interesting reading; but I tell you, my readers, no man or woman ever yet kept healthy in body and mind for a number of years with less than seven hours' sleep. Americans need more sleep than they are getting. This lack makes them so nervous and the insane asylums so populous. If you can get to bed early, then rise early. If you cannot get to bed till late, then rise late. It may be as Christian for one man to rise at eight as it is for another to rise at five. I counsel my readers to get up when they are rested. But let the rousing-bell be rung at least thirty minutes before your public appearance. Physicians say that a sudden jump out of bed gives irregular motion to the pulse. It takes hours to get over a too sudden rising. Give us time after you call us to roll over, gaze at the world full in the face, and look before we leap.

PALM BRANCHES OF VICTORY.

THE arbor of Christian grace ought to have in it a good many palm branches. You know that is a favorite tree at the East. The ancients used to make it into three hundred and sixty uses. The fruit is conserved; the sap becomes a beverage; the stones are ground up as food for camels; the base of the leaves is twisted in rope; baskets and mats are made out of it, and from the root to the tip-top of the palm it is all usefulness. It grows eighty-five feet in height, is columnar, its fringed leaves sometimes four or five yards long, and the ancients used to carry it in processions as a symbol of victory. O, for more palm branches in our Gospel arbor! Usefulness and victory! Head, heart, tongue, pen, money, social position—all employed for God. We want palm branches, for victory. By nature we are serfs. The devil stole us. He keeps his eye on us. He is afraid all the time that we will get away. He has been watching us a great while, and keeping us under constant supervision. But one day that if we would like to break away from our taskmaster, He will keep us. Some day we rouse up and look at the black tyrant in our way, and we fly on him, and we wrestle him down, and we put our heel on his neck, and grind him and grind him into the dust, and then we leap on him with both feet, crying, "Victory! through our Lord Jesus Christ!" Do not men want palm branches to celebrate that victory? O, what a grand thing it is to get sin under foot, and a wasted life behind our back. "Blessed is the man whose transgression is forgiven, and whose sin is covered." Is not that so? Many of you, my readers, have been long in the race and know, nod your heads "Yes, it is so." Yes, let us go into the mount and get palm branches.

CONCERNING OURSELVES WITH THE FUTURE.

"BUT how about the future?" you say. O, you dear souls, do not bother about that. St. Paul says that you are to be more than conquerors. Did St. Paul write that merely for the purpose of saying something poetic and high-sounding? No. It means that there is nothing between here and Heaven that by the grace of God, we cannot beat. "How about sickness?" you say. More than conquerors. "How about slanderous abuse?" More than conquerors. "How about poverty?" More than conquerors. "How about death itself?" More than conquerors. "Well," that seems to take all troubles away," you say. I want to gather your troubles in a great pile and set them on fire, and ask gales from heaven to blow even the ashes away. What is the use of your fretting and stewing about the present and about the future when God has promised to take all your affairs in His hands, and manage them for the very best. Do you think He can do it? Or are you so conceited that you think it will be better if you take care of your own matters? Do you want to drive and insist upon God taking a back seat? "No," you say. "I want the Lord to be my leader and guide." Then you are going to be more than conquerors. Your last sickness will come, and the consulting physicians in the next room will be talking about what they had better do for you. What difference will it make to you what they do? You are going to be well, anyhow. Everlastingly well. After the breath has gone from your body, your friends in the next room will be consulting as to where they had better bury you. What difference will it make to you where they bury you, for the Lord of the resurrection would as lief pick you out of the dust in one place as in another, and all the cemeteries are in God's acre.

I remember in the old country meeting-house my father sometimes led the singing, and he would take his tuning-fork from his pocket and strike the fork upon his knee, and then put the tuning-fork to his ear to catch the pitch, and then start the song. Oh, that all the daughters of God who these words reach, may catch the pitch of the eternal song of victory before the throne. You ought to be getting ready. Come to the rehearsal.

THE VESTIBULE OF HEAVEN.

THE health of a great many people makes an annual visit to some mineral spring an absolute necessity; but, my dear people, take your Bible along with you, and take an hour for secret prayer every day, though you be surrounded by guffaw and saturnalia. Keep holy the Sabbath, though they deride you as a bigoted Puritan. Stand off from gambling places and those other institutions which propose to imitate on this side of the water the iniquities of Baden-Baden. Let your moral and your immortal health keep pace with your physical recuperation, and remember that all the sulphur and chalybeate springs cannot do you so much good as the healing, perennial flood that breaks forth from the "Rock of Ages." This may be your last summer. If so, make it a fit vestibule of Heaven.

OUR GOOD HEALTH IN SUMMER.

THE modern Bethesda was intended to recuperate the physical health; and yet how many come from the watering-places, their health absolutely destroyed! City simulators boasting of having imbibed twenty glasses of Congress Water before breakfast. Families, accustomed to going to bed at ten o'clock at night, gossiping until one or two o'clock in the morning. Dyspeptics, usually very cautious about their health, mingling ice-creams and lemons and lobster-salads and cocoanuts, until the gastric juices lift up all their voices of lamentation and protest. Delicate women and brainless young men dancing themselves into vertigo and catalepsy. Thousands of men and women coming back from our watering-places in the autumn with the foundations laid for ailments that will last them all their life long.

You know as well as I do that this is the simple truth. In the summer, you say to your good health: "Good-by; I am going to have a gay time now for a little while; I will be very glad to see you again in the autumn." Then in the autumn, when you are hard at work in your office, or store, or shop, or counting-room. Good Health will come in and say, "Good-by; I am going." You say, "Where are you going?" "Oh," says Good Health, "I am going to take a vacation." It is a poor rule that will not work both ways, and your good health will leave you choleric and splenic and exhausted. You coquetted with your good health in the summer time, and your good health is coquetting with you in the winter-time. A fragment of Paul's charge to the jailor would be an appropriate inscription for the hotel register in every watering-place: "Do thyself no harm."

SUMMER LITERARY POISON.

ALMOST every one starting off for the summer, takes some reading matter. It is a book out of the library, or off the bookstand, or bought of the boy hawking books through the cars. I really believe there is more trash read among the intelligent classes in July and August, than in all the other ten months of the year. Men and women, who at home would not be satisfied with a book that was not really sensible, I find sitting on hotel piazzas, or under the trees, reading books the index of which would make them blush if they knew that you knew what the book was. "Oh," they say, "you must have intellectual recreation." Yes, there is no need that you take along into a watering-place "Hamilton's Metaphysics," or some ponderous discourse on the eternal decrees, or "Faraday's Philosophy." There are many easy books that are good. You might as well say, "I propose now to give a little rest to my digestive organs, and instead of eating heavy meat and vegetables, I will, for a little while, take lighter food—a little strychnine and a few grains of ratsbane." Literary poison in August is as bad as literary poison in December. Mark that. Do not let the vermin of a corrupt printing-press jump and crawl into your Saratoga trunk or White Mountain valise. Are there not good books that are easy to read—books of entertaining travel; books of congenial history; books of pure fun; books of poetry, ringing with merry canto; books of fine engraving; books that will rest the mind as well as purify the heart and elevate the whole life? There will not be an hour between this and the day of your death when you can afford to read a book lacking in moral principle.

CITY MEN AS FARMERS.

JUST at this time of the year there is always a number of city men who get an itching desire to be farmers—not farmers for health or pleasure, but farmers for profit. Now, farming is a grand occupation; but to the average city business man who goes into it for profit, it holds out nothing but failure. The city farmer, for example, never considers, as does the wise and knowing farmer, that there may be disappointment in crops. He thinks whatever he sows will come up and yield profit. Even a stupid turnip knows a city farmer as soon as it sees him. Marrow-fat peas fairly rattle in their pods with derision as he passes. The fields are glad to impose upon the novice. Wandering too near the beehive with a book on honey-making, he gets stung in three places; his cauliflowers turn out to be cabbages; the thunder spoils his milk; the grass-butter, that he dreamed of, is rancid; the taxes eat up his profits; the drought consumes his corn; the rust gets in his wheat; the peaches drop off before they ripen; the rot strikes the potatoes; expecting to surprise his benighted city friends with a present of a few early vegetables, he accidentally hears that they have had new potatoes and green peas, and sweet corn for a fortnight; the bay mare runs away with the box-wagon; his rustic gate gets out of order; his shrubbery is perpetually needing the shears; it seems almost impossible to keep the grass out of the serpentine walks; a cow gets in and upsets the vase of flowers; the hogs destroy the watermelons, and the gardener runs off with the chamber-maid. Everything goes wrong and farming is a failure. It always is a failure when a man knows nothing about it; if a man can afford to make a large outlay for his own amusement and the health of his family, let him hasten to his country purchase. But no sensible man will think to keep a business in town, and make a farm financially profitable.

THE SECRET OF PROFITABLE FARMING.

THERE are only two conditions in which farming pays: The first when a man makes agriculture a lifetime business, not yielding to the fatal itch for town, which is depopulating the country, and crowding the city with a multitude of men standing idle with their hands in their own or their neighbors' pockets. The other condition is when a citizen with surplus of means, and weary of the excitements and confinements of city life, goes to the country, not expecting a return

of dollars equal to the amount disbursed, but expects in health and recreation, and communion with nature to find a wealth, compared with which all bundles of script and packages of Government securities are worthless as the shreds of paper under the counting-room desk in the waste-basket. Only those who come out of the heats of the town, know the full enchantment of country life. Three years ago, on the prongs of a long fork, with which I tossed the hay into the mow, I pitched away my last attack of "the blues." I can beat back any despondency I ever knew with a hoe-handle. Born and brought-up in the country, I have ever since I left it, been longing to go back, though circumstances have kept me most of the time in town. The most rapturous lay of poet about country life has never come up to my own experiences. Among the grandest attractions about the heavenly city are the trees, and the rivers, and the white horses. When I had a place in the country, the banquet lasted all summer, beginning with cups of crocus and ending with glowing tankards of autumnal leaf. At Belshazzar's feast the knees trembled for the finger that wrote doom, but the handwriting on my country wall was that of honeysuckle and trumpet-creepers.

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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.



FOR A GIRL'S TOILET TABLE.

IT is your duty, as a woman, to look your best, and there is no reason why you should not use for this purpose the means that are certain to do you no harm and may do you a great deal of good. Of course, you have the soap which you have tested and which suits your skin; for using it have a flannel wash-cloth, of a cheap quality of flannel which will not shrink as much as the kind that has more wool in it. Do not hem this square, but pink it out with scissors. Equally, of course, you have the paste, liquid, or powder which you use for your teeth.

You want some good, strong ammonia to soften the water when necessary, or, if your skin is stained, to aid in taking off the spots. You want a little bottle of camphor, to inhale in case you have a cold in the head; one of myrrh, to use in water for rinsing your mouth when it may feel dry or feverish. Then a bottle of eau de cologne, some of which may be thrown into the water when your skin has a dull, dead feeling and needs invigorating. In a box have some small lumps of charcoal; one of these may be taken at night, when you think your digestion is out of order, and this will prove a broom to the stomach, as the French people call spinach, sweeping it out well and thoroughly. Some vaseline or cold cream, whichever you like best, should not be forgotten; and a bottle of alcohol to fill the lamp on which your curling tongs are heated, is also desirable.

You think this will make your table look like a chemist's shop? Well, what if it does? In times gone by great ladies all kept their own chemists to prepare for them the washes which they thought they needed. Nowadays the chemist is the public benefactor, and the wisdom which you have teaches you to get just what you need.

My dear girls, keep yourselves looking as sweet and dainty as possible. Never undervalue the charm of an agreeable appearance. It is the most delightful letter of introduction that can be given to a stranger, and there is no reason in the world why every woman should not be pleasant to look upon. A famous woman once said, "There are no ugly women; there are only women who do not understand how to make themselves beautiful." This is absolutely true. So the right thing for you to do is to sit down, think it over and make yourself the charming example that points the moral of this.

SHOULD SHE WRITE TO HIM?

KATHARINE (I love that name, with its sweet Kate and Kitty, the bonnie girls in Christendom) is in a bit of quandary. She has known a certain young man all her life. They went to school together; as they grew up he always helped her, always saw her home from party or service, took her side at tennis or croquet, and now he has gone off to a great city to make his fortune, and he asks that Katharine will write to him. And she is puzzled. Shall she write? Certainly not, unless her mother knows all about it, and unless she is sure she is going to say only what all the world can see.

That boy has gone out into a new world where he will find a hundred interests, a hundred diversions, and Katharine would not want the answering of her letter, or, perhaps, the reading of it to be a bore to him. She would rather he would remember her in a pleasanter way, and earnestly wish to hear from her without being satisfied. But, if he and Katharine have exchanged vows of constancy; if he has gone away to work for dear love's sake, to make a little home, a nest in which two love birds may live there always with the knowledge of the dear mother there is no reason why the white-winged messenger of affection may not fly to him through the common-place medium of the post-office every week. But—one hates to think there are ways is another thought—let Katharine be careful how she puts her soul upon paper. People are not of necessity false, but a great many are fickle. Most American men are gentlemen, but there are a few cads, and sweet Katharine would not like her letter to be shown to people as an evidence of the power over one woman that an undeserving man had. You don't suspect him of this—you wouldn't love him if you did—but every time that pen of yours feels that it must tell him how much you care for him, stop a second to think if he wouldn't like to hear your opinion of the last new book, of how the trees and flowers are looking, and if this won't make him a bit more anxious to ask you the question as to your love again and again. Coquetry? Perhaps so; but a laudable kind. This coquetry is like the thorns surrounding the rose—it makes one more anxious to reach it, and there is a certainty that the rose is so sweet and so modest that even the bravest must observe due deference and care in approaching her.

HOW TO WRITE A LETTER.

THE art of letter writing has had numerous books written about it and yet a few simple rules are, after all, the ones needed. You girls who write letters enthusiastically, and delight in receiving them, must study these simple laws and follow them:—

Write the date distinctly, the day of the month and the year—not just the day of the week.

Write on plain, unlined paper. There is a fancy just now for writing on the first and last page, and then across the second and third; as this makes easy reading there is no objection to it.

Write your "q's" and "y's" differently, their tails turned in opposite directions.

Write your "t's" with a cross and your "i's" with a dot; while your "e's" should be looped and your "m's" and "w's" not made alike.

Write an answer to your friend's questions; if she had not wanted to know she would not have asked you.

Write the address plainly: the street, city and State as clearly as possible.

Write with black ink—pale or faded ink has broken off more friendships and love affairs than one would imagine.

Write your name distinctly. If you are a married woman sign it, for example, "Virginia Andrews," exactly as if you were not married; but if it is a business letter the Mrs. should be put in parenthesis before your name; or, better still, the letter may be written in the third person. This same rule applies to an unmarried woman.

Write a short, crisp letter; a concentration of brightness. It will be much more appreciated than one longer drawn out.

Write as little as possible on the subject of love. Words of love are much better said than written, and do not stare one in the face a long time afterwards. There is nothing so dangerous as a letter which allows of misconstruction as to the sentiment expressed. Don't infer things; say what you mean, and then be ready to stand by them.

Write in answer to a business letter at once; to a friendly one you may allow more time.

Write yourself down a bright, sensible girl, and you will then have written the very best letter that a girl can possibly write.

HER SHOES AND STOCKINGS.

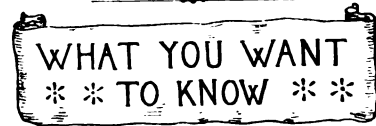
THAT dear, old English poet, Sir John Suckling, never would have written about the famous feet that, like little mice, peeped in and out from under a petticoat, unless those same little feet had been neatly clad. Whenever the shoes or stockings of a character in romance are mentioned, it is always in a most picturesque way, and one always thinks of that willful coquette, Beatrix Esmond, with her high-heeled, red slippers and clocked stockings; of Mary Stuart, with her black satin slippers and black silk stockings, and of Anne of Austria, with her gold-embroidered shoes and lace stockings, rich in the same bright thread.

Down South the darkey mammy quickly tells the little maid whom she has in charge, that "a really lady never lets her stockings crinkle, or her shoes look rusty"; and, after all, the old darkey believes in the same rule—that of being *bien chaussées*—that the French consider the requisite to good dressing. No nice girl ever went with a hole in her stocking; but sometimes one will grow a little careless, and the stockings will be allowed to wrinkle and look untidy; growing more careless, the buttons will be left off the shoes, it will be counted a great trouble to keep them bright and glossy and a pretty woman will be, like a peacock, very lovely until the feet are seen. Now most of us have to take care of our own shoes, but there is always an easy way of doing even an unpleasant thing. This is it: No matter whether your shoe is kid or patent leather, do not attempt to get the dust or mud off with water; instead, for cleaning implements, have a soft rag and a jar of vaseline; don't be afraid of soiling your hands; for while you are using the vaseline, it is really protecting them, and a hot-water bath afterwards will make them as smooth and white as usual. Just put your finger in the jar and daub a little vaseline here and there and everywhere over the boots; then take your cloth and rub it in well: it will remove every vestige of dirt and dust, and your shoe will come out shining like new, and as soft as possible. Give the buttons the same treatment and do not trust to anybody noticing that one button is off. Don't let your shoes get run down at the heel; the very minute they begin to show it, march them off to the cobbler, who for a few pennies will make them stand square and straight on the world again. The feeling that comes when your feet are properly dressed, gives a curious sense of being costumed properly; and I know a bright, little girl, who declared that after she had freshened up her boots and sewed on three buttons, she always went out feeling like new. Just remember that it is as easy in the end to be neat, as it is to be slovenly, and that nothing so entirely betrays the lack of thought, or the lack of refinement in a woman as the sad and solemn sight of stockings drooping from very shame, shoes dull and dusty, and buttons that, to commit an Irish bull, attest their presence by their absence.

THE GIRL WHO KNOWS EVERYTHING.

NATURALLY it isn't you or your friend; but you certainly know her, and just as certainly you dislike her. When you dislike people there is always one thing you should do, and that is—look well at their faults and make up your mind that you are not going to fall into them. This girl, who is quite too general to be pleasant, is the girl who, having learned something yesterday, knows everything. She makes herself obnoxious by flaunting recently acquired knowledge, concluding always that the people who are quiet, are ignorant; she has no hesitancy in contradicting anybody; she makes an entire luncheon disagreeable by giving her opinion on the last pronouncements, forgetting that custom makes many things correct, of which the dictionary has no mention.

She is more than certain as to dates; she can tell you exactly what you ought to do, and she fails herself to see that she is a living example of how disagreeable one person can be. Young men dread her; she tosses her head, utters contempt for her; she tosses her head, says she doesn't care for the opinion of men. Well, she is losing her womanliness when she feels that way. Every girl ought to care for the opinion of men. She has her father to look up to, her brothers to be an inspiration to, and some day, please God, she ought to marry one and make him happy for life. The girl who knows everything is seldom cultivated either in mind or manner; she throws out her bit of information as a naughty boy would throw bricks, and the one fired is always the one just gotten. My dear, don't get into the habit of concluding that the world at large is ignorant. Instead, make up your mind that it can teach you much; intelligence is never lost. Even if absolute information is not given by the intelligent woman, the look of cultivation shows in her eyes. Contradiction and ignorance are the combination that forms the knowing girl, and, as you love everything good and well-mannered, beware of drifting into being this type of girl.



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

J. J. B.—A pretty and inexpensive graduating gown would be one of white nun's veiling, made with a full skirt, a round bodice, and having a girde of broad white moire ribbon and sash ends to match. The sleeves could be full, with deep cuffs of moire. Have a high collar with a stock of moire. On page 100 you will find a description of how to make a ribbon stock.

FLORENCE.—Your position is a difficult one—to fill "mother's place," to have her patience and thoughtfulness, and to try and "make both ends meet." The only advice that can be given to you is to tell you to do your best, and ask God to help you, and to look on the bright side of everything and believe that you are not the only girl in this world who has a struggle before her. Be brave and have patience.

M. R. G.—Do not stand aloof from the people among whom you are living. If you feel that you are better educated and have higher ideals, it is possible to be better than them, and to help them to gain from you. And then, may there not exist more fine feelings among them than you think? The husk does not always tell of the sweetness of the corn enclosed in it. Look for the best in everybody, and do the best you can for your own sake.

Mrs. M. H.—The only way to get a place among the workers in this busy world is to search for it. If you have had experience in a special line of writing why not send more of it to the papers interested, and published to further these special views? Copyrights are almost entirely superseded by type-writers, so that it is doubtful if such a position could be gotten.

M. T. L.—Why not read a little about your own country? Vary the history with Thackeray's "The Virginians," with Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter," Mrs. Beecher's "Old Town and New Town," and the stories of life in California in its early days. These books will give you pictures of life in positively different parts of the country, and are conceded to be very correct.

ISABELLE ARCHER.—It may be doubted if making paper flowers is a lucrative business. If it is necessary for you to work, go out into the world and do some thing of worth. Work that is "done at home" is seldom work that is well paid for, and it is certainly not work in which there is much chance for promotion.

IDA F.—Your letter was extremely interesting and I cannot tell you what pleasure it is to me to find a girl who believes not only in her mother, but that any work well done is honorable. The very word "lady" comes from the old Saxon "loaf-giver," and she who is mistress of the art of making bread is really of more use in the world than the one who knows how to paint on velvet or dabble in poetry. The "anti-slang" band ought to prove a success. Why not have a box and every time a member says a slang word let her drop a penny in it. At the end of the summer see how much money there is, and do some pleasant, kindly thing for somebody who doesn't often have pleasant things done for them. You stand as much chance as any other girl of getting the college education offered by the JOURNAL. Try your best; remember, it is the one who gets the most, and unless everybody tries it may fall to some girl who will get the two or three hundred that you specify as possible to you. Go ahead, which is the only way to succeed in anything.

LETTERS TO BETH.

NO. VIII.—GREETINGS AND GUSH.

MY DEAR BETH:

"What do I think of the effusive greetings and kisses common among young girls?"

I could not possibly tell you all my views upon the subject in a brief letter; for I have been considering this matter for some months and have had some interesting conversations with physicians about it. There are people one feels impelled to kiss because they are near and dear, and I must always think that the salute on either cheek, of my German friends, is far from meaningless. Some physicians tell me, that the instances where disease has been transmitted by a kiss are of frequent occurrence. For this reason I should forbid such salutes in cases of contagious diseases, and I should seriously object to kissing the lips of most people. The custom is very old, and has the sanction of scriptural authority, when the Apostle bids them "salute one another with a holy kiss." Not long ago I listened to a lecture by a woman who denounced all kissing, and even hand-shaking, as barbarous. I could not agree with her. Actions often speak louder than words, and a friend who has experienced a heavy sorrow

may find intense sympathy expressed in a simple caress. How could we ever forget the last kiss of some dear friend, or the touch of baby lips? I admit that one should have some medium of exchange reserved for friends alone.

We have all known people who repel us to such a degree that a familiar salute would be utterly impossible; we have also felt so irresistibly drawn to some sweet-faced motherly woman, or some bright, lovable girl, that our affection is naturally expressed by a kiss which tells all we feel without words.

I have seen two aged men, who had been separated for years, meet with a hearty embrace and kiss, which positively cheered the hearts of all observers. The action said plainly: "The world has battered and scarred us, life has sapped strength and vitality, sorrows have overwhelmed our hopes, and now, as we near the end of the journey, we confess to the world that all the hardships, trials and temptations could not destroy the boyish regard of long ago!"

The survival of such love is worth witnessing even by strange eyes. There are greetings and greetings. You remember, of course, the old saying, "That a kiss on the brow denotes veneration; on the cheek, profound respect, and on the lips, love." The indiscriminate kissing of people with whom you are slightly acquainted cannot be too severely denounced; it should be banished with the hypocritical salute of society women. Young women are prone to kiss upon the streets, in public places, and even daily. If sore throats and kindred diseases are given and taken in this manner, as some of our wisest physicians assert, the custom should no longer continue.

A very gifted American woman, who is so practical that her word is authority, often says: "There are some women I am so drawn towards that a kiss is inevitable; others, would have no more attraction for me than an ox, or an elephant."

Temperament has much to do with greetings. A poor, battered soldier, who had lingered for months in the hospital, told the writer that the doctors had given him up and he had no hope whatever, until one day, a good woman visiting the patients, bent over and kissed his brow. He said it recalled his mother, and home; took his thoughts away from gloomy topics, and kept his mind so occupied that he relished his nourishment that day, for the first time in months, and from that hour began to recover.

A beautiful child of my acquaintance could never rest at night until he had received his mother's good-night kiss. The kiss should be a mark of the highest esteem, or an evidence of devoted affection; for this reason I would not have it cheapened or belittled by foolish custom or careless pretense.

The girl who gushes over her school friend to-day may be her bitter enemy next week, and it can never be pleasant to think of having kissed with tenderness the lips of a treacherous person.

The girl who keeps her lips sacred for nearest and dearest ones will generally prove to be a girl worth winning and loving.

As to handshaking, that also has its drawbacks. At one of the White House receptions I once saw a hand and arm so swollen that hot applications were necessary. This is not so much due to the time-honored custom as to its abuse. A woman can express her regard for you without crushing the bones of your hand; so a man can shake the hand gently if he will, and not leave wearied ligaments and muscles to suffer.

How to shake hands gracefully, is a fine art; how to express regard without inflicting pain, or the dread of some insidious disease, is a study in etiquette which I commend to all young women.

No well-bred woman ever gushes; and a modest girl will never bestow her caresses without due care. Yours faithfully, KATE TANNATT WOODS.

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FOURTH OF JULY.

BY NELLIE K. KELLOGG.

A little lad listened and laughed with delight At the noise of the crackers, the rockets swift flight

As he wondering gazed at the brilliant display Which honored America's great holiday.

Soon after, when gathered a storm, grand to see, With lightning and thunder, he shouted with glee,

"O look at those fire-crackers right in the sky! I guess up in heaven it's Fourth o' July."

GOOD JUST FOR SPITE.

BY EMMA C. HEWITT.

(Continued from June number)



WHEN Marie went off with Reginald, Sallie walked slowly towards the house. She passed around at the back and went up on the porch. Her eye lit up. There lay Joe's bridge. A second later, her eye fixed on some imaginary object down the road, her foot was planted squarely on the thing Joe had worked so hard to make and it was crushed beyond repair. "Well!" she said aloud, answering an obtrusively questioning conscience. "I couldn't help it. I wasn't looking where I was going,



"Do you want to go fishin'?" asked Joe.

and mamma said something would happen to it if he left it round, and something has."

If one might judge by the looks of the wreck "something had" indeed. Having obtained her apple from cook, Sallie went out and sat in the swing, filled with emotions that were not entirely pleasant, for apart from the prickings of a conscience that was not entirely dead, she could not help dreading the effect of Joe's anger when he should discover the effect of her awful deed.

Directly she heard him come in the gate and go towards the house. A moment later he returned and called her. Being assured from his tone that he had not yet found her out, she ventured to reply by an ungracious "What?"

"Say! do you want to go fishin' with that fellow next door and his sister?"

Amazement for a moment kept Sallie silent. Then incredulity took its place, and a smile of derision followed.

"Get out!" she answered forcibly, if not elegantly. "You can't fool me."

"I mean it," answered Joe, roughly. "He wants you to go. It aint me that's askin' you."

"I don't believe it!" "O, all right! I'll tell him you don't want to go," answered Joe indifferently, and he started to move away.

"Say, Joe!" exclaimed Sallie, earnestly, catching him by the arm, "do you mean it? Honor bright? No trick?"

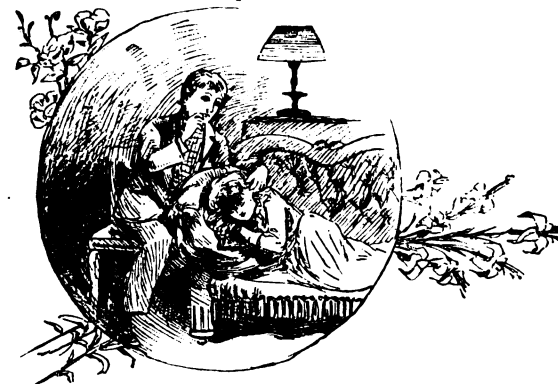
"Yes, I mean it," answered he impatiently. "I told you before. He won't go without his sister" (in a tone of contempt). "Just wait till he sees mine! Well, are you going or not?"

Fired by anger and a desire to show this unknown youth that she was not the hateful one, Sallie promptly accepted the ungracious invitation with a "Yes, I'll go just to spite you. 'Cause I know you hate to have me go."

The matter having been thus amicably settled, Joe went to report, while Sallie hurried

round the back way, and hastily pushed the broken bridge under the bench out of sight lest Joe should too soon discover it, and dire vengeance fall on her before she had an opportunity to display to the strangers her superior virtue.

So everything was arranged, and at half-past two the four children passed down the



"He laid his hand on the head of his forlorn little sister."

road to Willow Brook, where the most delicious fish were to be caught for the trouble. The two boys walked together and the two girls followed, chatting gaily about the town country, the people, the amusements, the schools—anything or everything that children find to talk about.

Once Sallie tripped and fell, and Joe, remembering the role he had undertaken, went to help her up, feeling sure that she would repulse him. But Sallie, struck with amazement as she was at the unusual attention, was not unmindful of the "showing up" she meant to do, and she therefore received the attention graciously.

Soon they were all at the brook and having a real good time. Nothing that Joe said aroused Sallie to action, nothing that Sallie did provoked words from Joe. Once, Sallie was strongly tempted to give a jog to Joe's elbow, as he was hauling in a fine fellow, but fortunately she bethought herself in time, and desisted.

Many a harsh, sarcastic word rose to the level of her lips, but force kept it back; many a teasing sneer came into Joe's mind, but his determination to show his new friends that he was not in the wrong, proved stronger than his desire to tease, though it took a mighty effort on his part.

Fish were caught, cakes were eaten, funny stories were told, and the Wickham children showed themselves up as model children in such a bewildering way that the Reynolds hardly knew what to make of all they had said of each other. Such pleasant companions as they proved to be, so many things to tell, so much information to give to the city-bred children about the country, of which they knew so little; while Joe and Sallie listened with open eyes and ears to the tale of city life, with its bustle and sights.

However, the pleasantest afternoon must end, and the four gaily tripped their way home. Regie and Marie to find a loving, interested mother awaiting them; Sallie and Joe to find a grief-stricken father sitting in the lonely



"Such pleasant companions as they proved to be."

parlor, with his head buried in his hands. They soon heard the dreadful news. Mrs. Wickham had not been quite so well in the morning, but there was nothing alarming about it. She had at last dropped into an uneasy sleep when something woke her suddenly, and she set to crying, and grew so nervous

and unstrung that they couldn't do anything with her, and she had grown rapidly worse ever since.

Sallie started guiltily. She knew only too well what had waked her step-mother, for nurse had "grabbed" her by the arm, to use her own expression, and had threatened to lock her up in the barn, if she screamed that way again. That was when Joe boxed her ears in the morning. Why nurse hadn't told her father of the cause of her mother's awakening, she could not guess. She did not know that it was only at Mrs. Wickham's earnest entreaty and tearful pleadings that nurse promised not to carry into execution her threat of dire vengeance.

The two children sat down to a cheerless supper. They knew that their step-mother was sick; but to die, that had never entered their heads. They both loved her dearly in their own fashion, and the bread choked them, and the milk refused to be swallowed, as the awful thought passed through their heads again and again.

Silently, Sallie crept away from the table to her own room; silently, Joe crept from the table to the library to listen to the footsteps of his father and the nurse and the doctor overhead.

Presently a miserable little figure crept into the library also, and directly a sob burst forth from the tortured, little heart that was torn with a remorse that made the grief almost too hard to bear.

"Say, Sal-lie," said a voice from the other end of the sofa.

A stifled shriek from Sallie was her first reply, a common sorrow having softened him towards all mankind.

"O, Joe! don't say anything to me now. I can't bear it."

"I wasn't going to say anything," answered Joe, a common sorrow having softened him towards all mankind.

"O, Joe, if she dies it's all my fault!" And she almost ended in a howl of grief; but fortunately she bethought herself in time, and hid her head in the sofa pillow.

"Your fault? How?" "Why when I screamed this morning, it waked her up sudden, and she's been getting worse ever since. O—"

"Well, I boxed your ears, so you ain't the only one to blame," answered Joe, moved by the forlornness of the little figure beside him.

"Well, I was ugly first," said Sallie, not to be outdone in generosity.

This taking blame on their own shoulders, was such an uncommon thing that the novelty of it kept them silent a moment. Then Joe spoke—

"Say, Sallie, what made you so kind o'—kind o' nice, this afternoon?"

"What made you?" asked Sallie, giving question for question.

"Well, to tell the truth," said Joe shamefacedly, but frankly, as confessions seemed to be the order of the day. "I did it just for spite."

"Why so did I, Joe!" exclaimed Sallie "How did you know?"

"I didn't know. Only that fellow next door there, said I was to blame when we fought, and I was just going to show him that I wasn't."

Sallie began to giggle hysterically.

"That's what the girl told me," said she. "And I was good just for spite too."

"Sh-sh," said Joe, warningly. "It'll make papa feel awful if he hears us laughing down here, while mamma is so ill upstairs."

In a moment all Sallie's torturing fancies had returned, and the wretched little creature flung herself on the sofa-pillow and sobbed herself out.

"Joe," said a husky voice after awhile.

"Well?" said Joe.

"Don't you think it was kind o' nice this afternoon?" "What?"

"Why you and me being so—being so—good," and another hysterical giggle threatened her destruction—"even if we did only do it to spite each other. I had an awful good time."

"So had I, Sallie," answered Joe, soberly.

"Better than if you'd gone by yourself?"

"Yes."

"Truly?" asked Sallie, who could hardly believe her ears.

"Yes, truly" belied by the eagerness in the tone of the little questioner, and the many different thoughts that had been aroused in his breast since morning.

"Well, Joe," began Sallie, again, after another silence "don't you think—say, don't you think that if we did it 'for spite' you know, and found it so nice, you know, don't you think—don't you think—we might do it for really? It would please mamma so. She has been so worried about us. O—" Remorse again seized her and she buried her head in the cushion.

Joe crept nearer and a tender impulse, of which he was more than half ashamed, led him to lay his hand on the head of his forlorn little sister, an attention that was received with more than gratitude by that forlorn little creature.

"We'll try it, Sallie," he said soberly. "I am

too big to tease a child, and I'm not too small to be a gentleman, I guess."

"Well, I'm too big to be such a baby!"

"I s'pect we'll fight lots yet," said Joe.

"Well, we'll try anyway, and we'll remember this night."

"I don't think we're likely to forget it very soon," said Joe, sadly.

Another silence ensued, then Sallie spoke up bravely—

"Joe, I broke your bridge to-day because I was mad."

"Never mind, Sallie," said Joe, gently. "When mother gets well, so she can stand the pounding, I'll make another. If she don't—" but an expressive silence finished the sentence, a silence broken only by renewed sobs on Sallie's part, while a large lump threatened to choke Joe.

Presently the little girl sobbed herself to sleep, but Joe sat on listening, dreading, the sounds he heard overhead. After what seemed to be ages, his father came into the library and sinking into a chair with a dry sob, exclaimed, "Thank God! it is over."

"O, not dead, papa!" exclaimed Joe, in entreaty.

Mr. Wickham started. He had believed himself alone.

"No, my son, not dead. The Doctor says she will live. Where is your sister?"

"She cried herself to sleep. She's over on the sofa, there."

"Poor little tot!" said Mr. Wickham, tenderly. "Take her up to bed Joe, and be very gentle with her. She must have suffered much to look like that," as he lighted the gas that the children might see their way out.

"Good-night, my children," and he kissed them tenderly. Sleepy, tired, dazed, little Sallie was leaning up against Joe for support. Some new impulse moved him and he stooped and kissed her, and, strange to say, he didn't feel half as ashamed of himself as he expected to.

I suppose you think these children turned into saints during the next week. Well, they didn't do anything of the kind. But they did honestly try to improve, and they succeeded so well, that about a year later, as Mrs. Wickham was setting out in the garden with them one morning, she felt called upon to say something about it. A word of praise from mamma was very sweet, but the children looked so shamefaced when she spoke of it to them, that she wondered and finally said, "What was it, children, that first made you try to be kinder and pleasanter to each other?" and then the whole story came out how they had been "good" one whole afternoon "just for spite," and they had liked the experiment so well that they had concluded to try it for really."

THE END.

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HELPS TO LITERARY SUCCESS

By EDWARD W. BOK.



ASSUMING that you have applied the rules of common sense to the preparation of your manuscript, as I tried to outline for you in the last JOURNAL, the next question is the natural one "What shall I do with it?" First and foremost, spend a few days in carefully looking over the principal magazines and periodicals of the day, and notice the particular class of articles, poems and stories printed in each. This will teach you the great art of correctly applying a certain manuscript to the right periodical. To know this will save you time, postage and disappointment. If you see, for example, that a magazine is partial to poetry, that is the market to which you should send a poem. If you notice in another that it publishes a number of travel sketches, that is the place for your travel article. If still another prints popular stories, send your story there. Make your application correctly, according to your best judgment, and half the battle is won.

Don't send your manuscripts around indiscriminately. It hurts your reputation among editors. Exercise common sense. If you had a handsome piece of silk to sell, you wouldn't go to a hardware store to dispose of it. And it is just as foolish to send a story to such periodicals as "The Forum" or "The North American Review," which never print fiction. Having satisfied yourself that you have selected the most available periodical for your manuscript, then address it to the editor. Don't go to the trouble of learning his name; if it is not printed in the magazine, address it simply to "The Editor," and be careful to write the directions fully and plainly.

Enclose with your manuscript a simple note saying that you send the material for his reading and report, and sign your full name and address, which it is as well also to do on your manuscript in case it should be separated from your letter.

Don't tell any editor how long you have subscribed to his magazine; what has that got to do with you as an author? Don't give him a long list of other periodicals for which you have written; because your writings have pleased readers of other periodicals is no positive assurance that you can please his constituency. Don't tell him what your friends think of your effort; family and friends are very practical critics, and besides they are not the editors of the magazine to which you have sent your manuscript. In other words, don't try to prejudice an editor's opinion. It is always a poor policy, and never succeeds. Let your manuscript stand on its merits. Always remember one thing:—an editor is just as anxious to see good in your manuscript as you are to have him, and depend upon it, your work will receive careful reading. Don't believe the popular outcry of a few disappointed authors, that editors do not read the manuscripts of other than famous writers. They read all, or have them read.

Never try to strengthen yourself by getting some friend who knows an editor to give you a letter of introduction. Take my word for it—editor's don't like it, and you weaken your chances instead of strengthening them. Don't try to enter an editorial office on some one else's back. Go in alone, or stay out. All this talk about editors being "bears" and "stony-hearted" is all bosh and rubbish. They are men and women, just like you and I—nothing more, nothing less.

Be careful that you enclose postage with your manuscript, no matter how confident you feel of its acceptance, or how regular a contributor you may be. It is, at least, an act of civility, and shows the editor at once that you have not taken his decision for granted. Don't say that if the manuscript is found unavailable you will send stamps for its return upon being so advised. Why ask an editor to take this trouble for you? Remember, too, that some editors will not do this for any writer. Be on the safe side and send stamps with your manuscript. And don't put in the stamps loosely. Stick them on by one of the corners on your letter or manuscript. Stamps loosely put into a letter often drop out upon opening.

And now having sent your manuscript, abide your time. Don't, above all things, after two or three weeks, begin writing the editor whether he has received and read your manuscript yet. Well-regulated magazines acknowledge the receipt of manuscripts, and thus you will be advised that it has reached its destination. When the editor has reached your manuscript, you will hear from him, but don't try to hurry him. Remember that yours is not the only manuscript he has. In these days of voluminous writing, the popular magazines require two or three months after receipt to reach a certain manuscript. Authors, as a rule, I think, fail to appreciate the point that manuscripts are examined by editors in the order in which they are received, and each must wait its turn. Therefore, be patient. Give the editor a chance. He will reach your manuscript just as quickly as he can, and then you will hear from him. But don't try to hurry him on. You can't do it, and you may irritate him.

Should your manuscript be accepted, don't write back and ask when your article will appear. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the editor doesn't know himself. Acknowledge his remittance, thank him if you will,

and then buy his magazine and watch for the birth of your brain-child in its pages.

If your manuscript comes back to you, don't write back to the editor and ask him why he returned it. Depend upon it, there is a good reason, and no editor, however much he might personally like to do so, can take the time to explain to you the why and wherefore of his declination. To do this he is asked a thousand times in a year, and you can see yourself into what a correspondence he would be involved. Sometimes an editor will, unsolicited, point out a defect or make a suggestion in a manuscript in which he sees some promise. If he should do this in your case, consider yourself fortunate, but don't think it is a general custom or ask other editors to do the same.

The fact that a manuscript is returned should never discourage or dishearten an author. Some of the very best books were rejected a dozen times before they were published, and many of the autobiographies of the world's most famous writers disclose the fact that some of their most successful articles repeatedly came back to them from editors. The lives of Thomas Carlyle, Anthony Trollope, Wilkie Collins, Charles Dickens, George Eliot, and, in fact, of nearly all the great writers living and dead, substantiate this assertion. Many considerations enter into the availability of a manuscript for publication, and frequently an article entirely unsuitable for one magazine will be eagerly accepted by another. You may have a manuscript returned by six editors; the seventh may accept it. This is a common occurrence, and discouragement should therefore never be felt because a manuscript comes back to you.

Success in literature calls for patience above all virtues. To the majority it comes slow, but depend upon it there has never been a time in the history of the world when the chances are greater of achieving literary success—provided, of course, the work is meritorious. People are reading more than ever, new magazines appear like mushrooms, competition is keener, the demand for good writing is greater, prices are better—all these are, and should be, stimulants to those capable of doing good literary work.

THE STORY OF MY FIRST NOVEL.

By THE DUCHESS.



MY FIRST novel! Alas! for that first story of mine—the raven I sent out of my ark and never saw again! Unlike the proverbial course, it did not come home to roost, it stayed where I had sent it. The only thing I ever heard of it again was a polite letter from the editor in whose office it lay, telling me I could have it back if I enclosed stamps to the amount of twopence halfpenny, otherwise he should feel it his unpleasant duty to " consign it to the waste-paper basket."

I was only sixteen then, and it is a very long time ago; but I have always hated the words "waste-paper" ever since. I don't remember that I was either angry or indignant, but I do remember that I was both sad and sorry. At all events, I never sent that twopence half-penny, so I conclude my first MS. went to light the fire of that heartless editor. So much comfort I may have bestowed on him, but he left me comfortless; and yet who can say what good he may not have done me? Paths made too smooth leave the feet unprepared for rougher roads. To step always in the primrose ways is death to the higher desires. Yet oh, for the hours I spent over that poor rejected story, beautifying it (as I fondly, if erroneously, believed), adding a word here, a sentiment there! So conscientiously-minded was I, that even the headings of the chapters were scraps of poetry (so called) done all by myself. Well, never mind. I was very young then, and as they say upon the stage, I "meant well."

For a long twelvemonth after that I never dreamed of putting pen to paper. I had given myself up, as it were. I was the most modest of children, and fully decided within myself that a man so clever, as a real life editor must needs be, could not have been mistaken. He had seen and judged, and practically told me that writing was not my forte. Yet the inevitable hour came round once more. Once again an idea caught me, held me, persuaded me that I could put it into words. I struggled with it this time, but it was too strong for me, that early exhilarating certainty that there was "something in me," as people say, was once more mine, and seizing my pen, I sat down and wrote, wrote, wrote, until the idea was an object formed. With closed doors I wrote at stolen moments. I had not forgotten the quips and cranks uttered at my expense by my brother and sister on the refusal of that last-first manuscript. To them it had been a fund of joy.

In fear and trembling I wrote this second effusion, finished it, wept over it (it was the most lachrymose of tales), and finally under cover of night induced the house maid to carry it to the post. To that first unsympathetic editor I sent it (which argues a distinct lack of malice in my disposition), and oh, joy! it was actually accepted. I have written many a thing since, but I doubt if I have ever known again the unadulterated delight that was mine when my first insignificant check was held within my hands.

AMONG THE NEW BOOKS.

[As a convenience to our readers, THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL will supply any book reviewed in this column to its subscribers, at the price named in each case, the JOURNAL paying postage.]



REARLY great books are at present few; but the month has, nevertheless, brought us some very good reading, profitable alike to young and old. Well adapted, too, are some of these for reading in hot weather when we wish more to be amused and entertained in what we read, than taught, or made to think.

A delightful book of this class is "The Wife of the First Consul," translated into English by T. S. Perry, from the French of Inbert de Saint-Amand. Josephine, the first wife of Napoleon Bonaparte, is always a pleasing character about which to read, and here in this modest little volume, we have many side-lights thrown upon her character. The home-life of Napoleon and Josephine is shown, although not always to the credit of the potentates, for French royalty often rested on pillows of thorns in the days of the Napoleonic Empire. But the gentleness of Josephine pervades the work, and, though she was not without faults, it is not strange that her life has a fascinating interest, nor that her name should be wreathed with memoirs of personal romance. (Charles Scribner's Sons: cloth, with portrait, price, \$1.25).

There is a chatty interest about Mr. A. P. Russell's clever little book "In a Club Corner," which is well expressed in his sub-title: "The Diary of a Man Who Might Have Been Sociable." His book betrays unusual qualities of sociability; his easy recollection of innumerable bright sayings and interesting doings would furnish an apposite quotation on almost every subject. The fruits of wide reading and careful selections are here presented in a series of chatty papers on a great variety of matters, and interesting views of the same subject by different persons, ancient and modern, are found on every page. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: cloth, price, \$1.50).

A book much of the same character, but brighter in that each page bristles with pungent sayings, is Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's "Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow." That 100,000 copies of this book should have been sold in England is not so strange as it might appear at first. Mr. Jerome is something more than a clever humorist; he has the rare faculty of combining wisdom with his mirth; you are alternately made to laugh and then struck with some nugget of wisdom, more palatable because it is sugar-coated. There is much true humor in these pages, and the jocular essays on "Being Idle," "In the Blues," "Hard Up," "In Love," "Vanity and Vanities," "Dress and Deportment," etc., have a life and snap in them which make the book as richly entertaining as it is readable. (Henry Altenuis: paper, price, 50 cents).

In whatever Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett writes there is ever a sympathetic feeling which goes direct to the heart of the reader, and in her new book, "Little Saint Elizabeth," she demonstrates again her art as a writer. Little Saint Elizabeth is a lovable little maid, not unlike the author's Sara Crewe, of French birth, who is educated among priests and by relatives who are devout adherents to their church. She is brought to New York, and her adventures in the home of her uncle there, make up the fascinating story of this girl's creation. There are four other stories in the book, and through them all one comes in constant touch with that delicate sweetness which makes Mrs. Burnett so charming a writer, especially for the young. "Little Saint Elizabeth" may not be another "Little Lord Fauntleroy," for so sweet a story cannot easily be repeated, but it certainly adds another charming story to the juvenile literature of the day. (Charles Scribner's Sons: illustrated, cloth, \$1.50).

No daintier book has for a long time been issued from an American press than a beautiful little volume entitled "Pastels in Prose." In binding and typography it is a model, and the numerous illustrations by Mr. H. MacVicker are as artistic and delicate as the text. The "Pastels" are fanciful impressions of nature, or episodes of life, translated from the French, mostly reflective in tone, and are genuinely poetic in design and execution. They are generally very brief, and often seem as if told in one breath, and that breath a sigh. The translation is generally excellent, and Mr. William D. Howells supplies a commendatory introduction. (Harper & Brothers: illustrated, cloth, \$1.25).

The innumerable catch-penny books which seek to tell American housewives to live well on nothing, have become such a burden as to make one look askance at anything approaching that class of domestic literature. But if any one takes up Mrs. Christine Terhune Herrick's new book, "Liberal Living Upon Narrow Means," with such a feeling, it is soon dispelled. Mrs. Herrick is a practical housewife, who inherits from her famous mother, Marion Harland, the rare art of successfully telling others what she herself knows. Her book is in every respect practical and sensible, her receipts are reliable and economical, while her domestic suggestions are of the wisest kind. In a condensed form, Mrs. Herrick has provided for housewives a domestic manual which stands conspicuously out from among its class for its common sense. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: canvass cover, \$1.00).

A new system of physical culture is interestingly described by Mr. Edwin Checkley, its originator, in his new book "A Natural

Method of Physical Training." Mr. Checkley claims that the building up of a robust body is not due to dieting and gymnastic apparatus, but "is in the air," and shows how the human system may be developed and made healthy by simple movements requiring no apparatus, and calling for no interference with any daily routine or employment. His chapter on the physical training of women has a special interest, and if, as many claim, the "Checkley system" of physical training becomes the thing of the future, the author will prove a benefactor to the race. The book is a thoroughly safe one, well written, and contains innumerable physical facts and hints which will be new to thousands. (William C. Bryant & Co.: cloth, illustrated with drawings, price, \$1.50).

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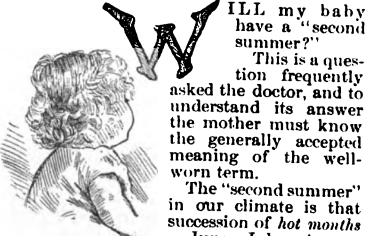


MOTHERS' CORNER

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

BY LOUIS STARR, M. D.,
AUTHOR OF "HYGIENE OF THE NURSERY," ETC.

FIRST PAPER.



WILL my baby have a "second summer?" This is a question frequently asked the doctor, and to understand its answer the mother must know the generally accepted meaning of the well-worn term.

The "second summer" in our climate is that succession of hot months—June, July, August and early September—during which, in the case of a teething infant, one looks for sick stomach; loss of appetite; abdominal pain; diarrhoea, with green evacuations; more or less fever, exhaustion, and rapid loss of flesh; in other words, for the symptoms of that most dangerous disease—"summer diarrhoea."

THE FIRST CAUSE OF "SECOND-SUMMER" ILLS.

The twenty primary or milk teeth, as they are called on account of their extreme whiteness, are cut in distinct groups and at distinct periods. Thus the first group—the two lower central incisors—should appear between the fourth and seventh months; the second group—the four upper incisors—between the eighth and tenth months; the third group—the two lower lateral incisors and the four first molars—between the twelfth and fifteenth months; the fourth group—the upper and lower canines, or, as they are termed, the eye and stomach teeth—between the eighteenth and twenty-fourth months; and the last group—the four posterior molars—between the twentieth and thirtieth months.

Now, the cutting of these teeth is a natural process, and ought to be accomplished without difficulty or appreciable evidence of ill health. But this is rarely the case in our state of civilization, especially in children who have to be fed artificially and brought up in cities. Practically during the advance of teeth there is always pain, heat, redness and swelling of the gums, increased flow of saliva, fever, thirst, pallor, loss of appetite, disturbed stomach and bowels, and more or less weakness.

HOW TEETH-CUTTING AFFECTS INFANTS.

The direct piercing of the gums by advancing teeth is quite enough to account for the disturbed condition of the mouth; but to comprehend the reason for the general evidences of ill health it is necessary to understand that there is an intimate, though indirect, connection between the nerves of the teeth and those of the stomach and bowels; and that the process of primary dentition, which extends from the fourth to the thirtieth month of life, is an era of great and widely extended physical progress. Thus while the teeth are advancing the follicular apparatus of the stomach and the intestinal canal is undergoing development in preparation for the digestion and absorption of mixed food; the cerebro-spinal system is rapidly growing and functionally very active, and the organs and tissues of the whole body are in a state of active change. This period of normal transition is also one in which there is great susceptibility to abnormal change, or disease, provided there be a casual influence at work. Such an influence may either originate outside of the body—as when there is exposure to excessive cold or heat—or come from within, in the form of some perversion of a physiological process. Difficult dentition stands prominent in the latter class.

The cutting of the teeth, then, must be recognized as one factor in the causation of the troubles of the "second summer," but it is rather an element of predisposition than of direct causation.

Some teeth are cut with more difficulty than others, and it is with the third and fourth groups that the most trouble may be expected. If a baby be born at such a time of year that the third and fourth groups may be looked for during the winter months, little anxiety need be felt; however, should the infant be born in April, the most disturbing teeth should come about fourteen months later or in the beginning of June of the following year; consequently the troubles of a "second summer" may be expected. On the other hand, if a birth occur in July, the worst of the groups of teeth are not to be looked for until October of the succeeding year, and the child may be expected to have no "second summer."

This brings us to the consideration of the second causal factor:

TROUBLES ARISING FROM SUMMER HEAT.

It is well known to medical practitioners that about the middle of May or early in June, according to the character of the individual season, cases of summer diarrhoea (entero-colitis), develop and as the summer heat is established the number, in cities and towns, is augmented to the proportions of an epidemic. In the cool weather of late autumn and winter, only isolated instances are met with. Again, during the summer the number of cases and deaths varies with the range of the thermometer; several successive days with a temperature above 90° being attended by a great increase, while a similar period with the mercury below 80°, is followed by a decided decrease. When dampness is associated with heat more cases are developed. Of all months, August is the most productive and fatal, because in addition to a damp atmosphere a high temperature prevails both night and day.

Statistics show that infants between the ages of six and eighteen months are the commonest sufferers. From the eighteenth month to the end of the second year only one-fourth as many cases occur, and next, in lack of susceptibility, comes the period from birth to the sixth month. Children over three years are rarely attacked. This brings me back to the predisposing cause already mentioned—the sympathetic irritability of the stomach and bowels attending the cutting of teeth, and the increased tendency to inflammation produced by rapid development of the various digestive glands. Experience also shows, as a curious fact, that residence in large cities is almost an essential causal condition.

The vast majority of cases occur where streets are narrow, where the houses are overcrowded and filthy and the people poor, ill-fed and unclean. In the open country, immediately surrounding affected cities, where the mercury ranges nearly as high, children get along as a rule perfectly well. There must, therefore, be another factor at work in addition to, but dependent upon, heat; this is pollution of the atmosphere by poisonous gases and countless organic germs (bacteria), the result of the decomposition of organic matter.

Other powerful exciting causes are: bad food; overcrowding in living or sleeping rooms; want of personal cleanliness; insufficient bathing, and lack of clean and proper clothing. It is far easier to prevent the ills of the "second summer" by proper hygiene than to correct them after being once established. Let us begin, then, the consideration of the preventive measures, taking up, first, proper feeding.

WET-NURSE, OR ARTIFICIAL FEEDING.

Many women, are unable to nurse their babies, and must resort to a wet-nurse or to artificial or bottle feeding.

When attempting artificial feeding it is essential to remember that there is no food for an infant equal to the milk of a robust woman, and that, therefore, in selecting a substitute, healthy breast milk must be taken as the type, and imitated as closely as possible.

Cow's milk is usually selected as the best substitute; but, though they each contain the same classes of constituents, there is considerable difference between cow's and woman's milk.

Without going too deeply into the matter I will say that the disparity is so great that it is foolish to try to substitute cow's milk for human milk without first bringing it nearer, by proper preparation, to the latter in chemical composition and physical properties.

HOW TO GIVE COW'S MILK TO INFANTS.

In preparing cow's milk for an infant the objects to be accomplished are to reduce the proportion of albuminoids, to increase the proportion of both fat and sugar, and to overcome the tendency of the albuminoids to coagulate into large, firm masses upon entering the stomach.

Dilution with water is all that need be done to reduce the amount of casein to the proper level; but as this diminishes the already insufficient fat and sugar, it is essential to add these materials to the mixture of milk and water. Fat is best added in the form of cream, and of the sugars, either pure, white, loaf sugar or sugar of milk to be obtained at any chemist, may be used. The latter is greatly preferable, as it is little apt to ferment, and contains some of the salts of milk, which are of nutritive value.

Firm clotting may be prevented by the addition of an alkali or a small quantity of some thickening substance.

USES OF LIME-WATER.

Lime-water is the alkali usually selected. It acts by partially neutralizing the acid of the gastric juice, so that the casein is coagulated gradually and in small masses, or passes, in great part, unchanged into the intestine, to be there digested by the alkaline secretions. As it contains only half-a-grain of lime to the fluidounce, the desired result cannot be obtained, unless at least a third part of the milk mixture be lime-water. The quantity often used—one or two teaspoonfuls to the bottle of food—has no effect beyond neutralizing the natural acidity of the milk itself.

When lime-water is constantly employed, it becomes quite an item of expense if procured from the drug shop; this outlay is unnecessary, for it can be made quite as well in the nursery. Take a piece of unslacked lime, as large as a walnut, drop it into two quarts of filtered water contained in an earthen vessel, stir thoroughly, allow to settle, and use only from the top, replacing the water and stirring as consumed.

Thickening substances—attenuants, such as barley-water, gelatine, or one of the digestible prepared foods—act purely mechanically by getting, as it were, between the particles of casein during coagulation, preventing their running together and forming a large compact mass.

In the next JOURNAL, I will give a list of weekly and monthly diets to be given a baby during its first year.

CONFIDENCE IN OUR CHILDREN.

By Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher.

YN the last JOURNAL, I said a few words on "Trusting Our Children." An instance of what a mother's confidence may do for a child is among the brightest and, to me, the most beneficial of all my childhood experiences:—

It was a season of much severe illness—both at home and throughout the town. My mother was ill, the older children either on the sick-list or away at school. An important errand must be done at "Sheertown," twelve miles distant. My father, a physician, had made out a list of things to be bought and was just ready to start when he was summoned in great haste to a patient. Here was a dilemma! The purchases must be made! The patient must be cared for! Dressmakers and tailor would be on hand the next day, and if not ready we should have to wait long before we could have them again. My childish ears heard the hurried talk as to how my parents could manage, with a kind of dreamy wonder, but feeling no personal interest, when I was startled by mother saying:—

"Write out the full directions, and send our little girl."

How my heart leaped like an electric bell! The long ride was nothing, for we were all trained from earliest years to manage a horse fearlessly and, therefore, safely. But I was but a little girl—not twelve years old—yet mother could trust me to attend to such important errands! I felt half-a-head taller to know that mother—bless her!—thought her little girl capable of doing this. But my father replied to my mother's remark:—

"Send that child! What does she know of buying anything! And this, you know, is very important."

Ah! how sad these words made me. I did not want to go; the work seemed so great—but I was mortally grieved that father had not the confidence in his little daughter as mother had.

"If you think it safe for her to drive so far, alone, you may safely trust her, I think, to do the errands well. Besides, Mr. ———, the storekeeper, will select the goods for her."

"Well! It's the only thing we can do," said father with an anxious, disturbed tone. And so I was entrusted with my first errand!

How much I thought in that twelve miles' ride! How full of anxiety, yet hopefulness, were the thoughts that shortened the long ride home! I seemed to have sprang at once from a laughing, frolicsome girl, into a staid, care-taking woman. But under all was the dull pain at the heart, remembering that father did not trust me as mother did. When I reached home father had returned from his patient. My purchases were laid out beside mother's sick bed, and carefully examined. The money was all counted, and no mistake had been made. I knew by the smile on mother's lips that she was satisfied, and father drew me to his arms exclaiming, between the kisses, "Well done, my brave girl! Why, mother, she is a little woman!"

How much good that day's work did me who can ever estimate! Its effects have followed me through the many years that have since passed, giving courage when cares and troubles pressed heavily, and abiding hopefulness that, however dark and uncertain the way might seem, light would come in due time to sweep away every cloud, and success crown every earnest endeavor. But with all this, the most precious thought, then as now, was the parents' approbation and confidence.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

TO THE JOURNAL MOTHERS:—

In the next number—when the announcement of this column in the last JOURNAL becomes more generally known—we shall doubtless have some very helpful things to present to the JOURNAL mothers. We invite every JOURNAL mother to send us some little hint or leaf from her experience—something which she thinks will help some other mother. Will not the mothers respond? There are a great many little things about the care of babies and young children which, if you would tell, might be of great help to the thousands of young mothers who read this department each month. So, let all the JOURNAL mothers join "The Mothers' Council," and let us exchange ideas. Let us all be helpful to each other and relieve motherhood of many of its trials and worries, which often can be done by a little hint. Be very brief; so that we may find room for as many ideas as possible.

WHO CAN HELP THIS TROUBLED MOTHER?

"An some mother tell me what will take warts off a child's hands? I have tried caustic and made her hands sore and black, but they have more warts on than before."

Also, what is good for a child's complexion when yellow? Would you advise medicine? She has plenty of fresh, pure air and seems well.

A TROUBLED MOTHER.

TWO HOME-REMEDIES FOR CROUP.

In reading "A Home-Remedy for Croup" in April number, I would like to give the JOURNAL mothers another home remedy for croup. It is a bottle of equal parts camphorated oil and turpentine; apply to the throat and chest with your hand, then hold the same hand near a stove until it gets as hot as you can bear, and apply to the congested parts; press lightly, and repeat the heating until you have the patient thoroughly heated. The effect is almost instantaneous. I have used this remedy many times, and fully believe it impossible for a case of pneumonia to develop when these directions are followed.

Mrs. S. C. ROBERTSON.

I have had several children, nearly all of whom have had the croup at various times, and my youngest a sturdy boy of eleven years, has it occasionally yet. The quickest and surest remedy to start the phlegm, I have always found, is the old, old medicine—alum and sugar. I mix about half a teaspoonful of pulverized alum with same quantity of sugar for a dose; and if that does not relieve, repeat in thirty minutes. The second dose invariably causes vomiting; but if not I give the third, which I never knew to fail. My boy often declares he would rather die than take it, but always changes his mind when an attack comes on, and I am sure he would prefer it to kerosene oil. I know he would if his taste agrees with his mother's, she having taken a dose once for sore throat. I think the hard and camphor receipt of "Careful Mother," as an outward application, an excellent idea.

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LADIES by the MILLION

Read and study what is of interest to them in the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL; but nothing is of more importance than to know how to get rid of the vexations and annoyances arising from the unsatisfactory laundering of the collars and cuffs worn by the male members of the household. This can be done by substituting the famous LINENE goods, which are perfect-fitting, fashionable and always ready for use. They are in six styles, turn-down and stand-up. If your dealer does not have them, send six cents for samples (naming size and style), with catalogue.

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JOHN MEDINA A., 412 Washington St. Boston, Mass.

PHILLIDA--By Maud Howe.

(Continued from page 8.)

"No," she answered, "not really frightened; only a little nervous."
 "You must never be nervous about me, when I am on board the Ibis. Nothing could happen to me here; you know she is my own boat; I helped plan her myself, and chose every plank that went into her. I am more at home here than anywhere on land."
 "How you love the sea; I think I never quite understood you before; you ought to have been a real sailor."
 "Do you think me such a bad imitation of one?" asked Lawton.
 "Of course not; you are a sailor."
 "I have decided to go around the world this year on the yacht."
 "What a delightful trip!"
 "Do you really think so? Would you like to go?"
 "Yes; I should like it much."
 "Well, as we have already started, why not keep on? We can stop at Marseilles and lay in a stock of needles and thread, and whatever other feminine toggery is necessary for you and Cecilia; we are well provisioned and well manned. What do you say my Princess; shall we sail away together?"
 Phillida laughed, and said that they must ask Cecilia's permission.

The girl who was sitting near by, caught her name, and asked if anything were wanted. Phillida sent her to fetch her water-colors, and began to make a sketch of Sir John. While she was still at work, luncheon was served on deck; the skipper and his guest sat down opposite each other at the small table.
 "How charming everything is," cried Phillida. "I never was so hungry in all my life."
 There were roses everywhere; on the table, in Phillida's hair, in Sir John's coat; the smell of them was even stronger than the salt brine. Phillida's boasted appetite proved to be genuine. For weeks she had eaten very little; but to-day the delicate dishes were done ample justice to.
 "How bracing the sea-air is," she said. "I never felt so much alive before, in all my life. Is it" she said suddenly, looking at him "because I ought not to be here, that I enjoy it so much?"

"But you ought to be here; this is where you belong. You are a Viking's daughter, and I am the wild horseman who has stolen you. Have you forgotten? To-day you are not Miss Phillida Langdon; I am not Sir John Lawton. I am the real I, you are the real you; there was no yesterday to this day, and there will be no to-morrow. What am I saying? Tears in the eyes of the Viking's daughter? I take it all back. There is no yesterday, because we were always as we are now; there is no to-morrow, because you and I can never part."

Phillida said nothing; she was looking out over the sea, into the blue distance, as if she had forgotten the reality of the moment, in the picture he had conjured up. The table was carried away, and Sir John's guitar was brought.
 "Shall I sing for you?" he said, touching the chords. "I made you a little song this morning while I was waiting and wondering if you would come."
 "Yes; music is the one thing we lack. Sing me the song you made for me."
 Phillida went back to her place among the cushions, under the shadow of the sail, and the skipper threw himself down beside her, and sang his whole heart thrilling in his voice:

Swiftly, through Time's hour-glass, do Love's rosy moments pass,
 While the leaden grains of care, fall with cadence dull and rare.
 From each moment let us press all its joys with fond caress;
 Hold me close within thine arms, turn aside Love's sweet alarms—
 For to-morrow waits without.
 Kiss me sweet, and kiss once more, thou, whom my soul doth adore;
 Fill the cup with golden wine, let thy fair limbs all entwine;
 In the measure of the dance, while thy white feet swiftly glance
 O'er the shining sea-washed sand, joy to-day reigns
 And to-morrow we must die!

As he ceased singing, she stretched out her hand for the instrument.
 "Thank you," she said. "Let me see if I have caught the music, and if I can fit another verse to it."
 She was silent for a few moments, trying the chords, and making sure of the air; and then she sang softly, tenderly, with a pathos new to her, the following words:
 Swiftly, through Time's hour-glass, do Love's rosy minutes pass,
 While the leaden grains of care, fall with cadence dull and rare;
 But when years have passed away, and life's gold has turned to gray,
 This one moment, fraught with bliss, which was blessed by thy first kiss,
 Will outweigh the years of pain
 Heart that next my own doth burn, thou to dust must surely turn,
 But the fire that doth thrill thy pulses through the night so true,
 Is not fashioned of clay, and with Death must pass away
 To an atmosphere more pure, through dim eons, to endure
 Love's eternal ecstasy!

The afternoon was passing even more rapidly than the morning had done. The ship's bells rang out the half-hours remorselessly. The order to "go about" had been given long since, and the Ibis flew faster and faster toward the dark shore. Already the rough outline of the headland seemed to frown down upon them. They were quite silent; the brilliant gaiety of their day's pleasuring was at an end, and the terrible pain of parting was drawing near. The roses at the mast-head drooped, from the blown flowers dropped into the sea, and the wake of the vessel was marked by a line of bruised rose-leaves. They both looked into the west, glowing with the colors of the sunset.

"Let us sail always west, my lady; see how cold and gray and forbidding the cast is! What a barren, desolate coast you ask to land upon!"
 "It is more steadfast than the sea."
 "When shall I see you again?" he asked.
 "You forget, I shall not exist to-morrow; I shall be nothing but plain Phillida Langdon. The Viking's daughter will have no part in your life, to-morrow."
 "You must let me see you again, to say good-by. The Ibis is your boat now, you cannot give up all your responsibility in this way. I shall sail for St. Elmo to-night, and that will be my headquarters during the rest of the season. You have but to make known your orders to me there, and wind and weather permitting, the Ibis will meet you here, or at Douanay, twenty-four hours after you write. If you do not send for her soon, I shall feel obliged to bring her to her owner for inspection, without orders."
 "You have broken your own rule; you have spoken of what does not to-day exist for you and for me—the future."
 They were already in the little bay; the white sails dropped down from the masts, the anchor was hove, and the gig manned to carry them ashore. Phillida did not disdain Lawton's assistance in climbing the rough path to the summit. She was very tired, and his strong arm supported her tenderly and firmly. She hardly looked at the uneven footway, though a misstep would have been dangerous enough. She felt that sense of safety that a woman only knows when the man she loves is beside her. He may be weak, he may be timid, more afraid than she herself of whatever peril may threaten them; but she does not know it, his presence is more reassuring to her than that of a Hercules.

At the summit they found the carriage waiting; Pierre, the driver, asleep, and the horse tethered to a tree, munching the salty grass. The man was roused, and Phillida, without a word, took leave of the skipper. She gave him her hand, and then turned and left him standing there, the one bright object in the gray twilight, the one reality in the misty dreaming of her life.
 They reached the inn just before Mrs. Ackers made her appearance for the first time that day. She wore an injured air, and when Phillida tried to interest her by telling her of the unsanctioned sail on the Ibis, the little lady silenced her.
 "Of course, I know all about it; you have had a lovely day, B— was perfectly delightful; you have made the best sketch anybody ever saw, and have had a series of exciting adventures. I sometimes think you enjoy going off with Cecilia and Pierre, all by yourself, more than anything else."

"That's not quite fair, Pattie, though I believe that they are the two most faithful friends I have in the world, after yourself."
 "Oh, if you put them *after*, I have nothing to say. Come, let us go in to dinner. The Colonel cannot be back for a half-hour yet, and I have eaten nothing to-day. It has been a *dies non* to me, and I don't want to hear how good a time anyone else has had."
 I will tell her to-morrow, Phillida thought, glad of an excuse to postpone a matter which she knew would arouse a storm of reproof from her cousin.

CHAPTER XXII.

When the Ibis reached St. Elmo, her skipper, who had for days been out of the reach of communications from his family, found himself again confronted with all the cares and responsibilities of his complex existence. A pile of letters and telegrams were brought on board before the men had furled the sails, and while he was still reading them, he was hailed by some one in a small boat, which was being rowed towards the ship.

It was Armydis. Lawton waved his cap, and called out a hearty greeting.
 "This is good luck, dear old chap. I was just going to telegraph to you to join me at St. Elmo," he said, as they shook hands in the old, affectionate way.

"Where are you bound for, and where are you from?" Armydis asked.
 "I am from B—, and I do not yet know what port we shall make next; but I have decided to sail around the world on the Ibis."
 "Where are you from?"
 "From a wild goose-chase after you. You have heard how ill your boy has been?"
 "Only just now. I had the good luck to open the latest telegram first; he is all right again, and better than he has been since he was first hurt."
 "Poor Rosamond! She seems to have been very anxious."

"She naturally would be; but she has my mother and Esther with her, and there is a first-rate doctor in the town. I could have done nothing, if I had been there."
 Armydis was silent. There is no need to accuse a man who feels himself enough in the wrong to make excuses for his own conduct. The role of mentor is a disagreeable one, especially when the subject for whose benefit it is played, is very dear to us; Armydis disliked nothing in the world more than that part of mentor, which he had been so often forced to assume towards his best friend.
 "Are you in earnest about this trip to the uttermost parts of the earth?" Armydis asked, as they sat down to dinner in the cabin.

"I think I am, this time. I never had such good men before. There is no particular reason why I should not go."
 "Who shall you take with you?"
 "I have not decided," said Lawton, flushing. "I may ask you, I may go alone and incognito. There is a native war going on somewhere on the coast of Africa, and I have thought of going down and taking sides with

one party or the other, and finally gobbling up the whole state for myself, and becoming a Maharajah. I should like to see a little fighting."
 "Don't you think tiger-hunting would be better sport on the whole?"
 "We will have plenty of that, too. We will drink tea in the tea-gardens of Japan, and coffee in the bazaars of Alexandria. The Nautch girls shall dance before us. We will even peep into the dream paradise of the hashish-eaters. The world is before us, Armydis; we know the pleasures of Europe well enough; let us taste the delights of the older world."
 "It was the New World we spoke of last, Jack; the Rocky Mountains, moose-hunting and Indian fighting."
 "You think one scheme as wild as the other; but I am in earnest this time. I must be doing something—life is passing; it is better to wear out than to rust out. I know what you are thinking about, and I am thinking about it too—my family, my wife, Robert."
 "No," said Armydis, "I was thinking of myself."
 "Think about me, please. But no, we will wait till we have finished dinner, and you shall talk about yourself till we go up on deck."
 "Well, to begin with, I did not get the gold medal."
 "But you sold your picture; that portrait of Teresita too, made a great hit; if you stay in London, your fortune is made. You can go on painting pretty women until you die, or go blind."
 "I could not spend a whole summer in London, even for that; I have made a lot of sketches since I saw you."
 "Then you are in a good, working mood? How I envy you, your power of work."
 "How I envy you, your power of play."
 "Really, Armydis?"
 "Yes and no; I have never been able to decide whether I am glad or sorry that I do not belong to the ornamental class."
 "Let us go on deck; we are losing a wonderful sunset."
 "By the way, I suppose you know that the Kardenspins are here," said Armydis, as they paced up and down, smoking their cigars.
 "No. I knew they thought of coming. Have you seen them?"
 "Yes; I only came this morning. I was on my way back to Douanay, and stopped here because I found you had telegraphed to have your sisters meet you at St. Elmo."
 Lawton sighed.
 "Those letters! Ah, Armydis, how right you were. I made the fatal mistake of my life when I married."
 "I never said so, Jack."
 "No; but I knew how you felt at the time. I have never spoken of this to any living soul before. I have borne my trouble alone, but the time has come when you must share it with me."
 "I have known something of it, dear boy; will it mend matters if I know more?"
 "Matters are past mending. You know whether I loved Rosamond, whether I tried to make her happy."
 "Yes, I know."
 "You know, too, I fancy, why she married me. She did not love me, she never has loved me; and now that I no longer love her, I have determined to put an end to this living lie."
 "It is the living truth that she is your wife, that she is the mother of your son, that your lives are now indivisibly joined."
 "There is more to it than that; the fetters that bind us together are as hateful to her as to me, for I now know that she loves another man."
 "Hush, Jack! You shall not speak so of your wife, before me; you are mad. However she may have wronged you in the old time, Rosamond loves you now."
 "You must think I am a fool, if you believe that I would speak as I have, unless I knew that it was the truth. Remember, I make no charge against my wife; I believe that she is what is usually called innocent. I only say this: she does not love me, she does love some one else. Here, you shall read it in her own words."
 He handed a letter to Armydis, who read it through, and without a word of comment, returned it.
 "How did you get that letter?" he asked, presently.
 "I found it on my wife's desk."
 "If it is what you think, would she have left it there?"
 "I was away, and came home unexpectedly, late at night."
 "It was never sent. Perhaps she never meant to send it."
 "Possibly. I am not trying to make out a case against my wife; it is the fact that she felt these things, not that she has put them down on paper, that affects me."
 "I can't understand it all," said Armydis. "There is some dreadful mistake."
 "The mistake was made years ago; the question now is—is there any remedy?"
 "Yes," said Armydis. "You must help your wife; she is in danger. You know better than I how much you are to blame if she seeks this man's love. You have been as unkind to her for the last year, as you were kind during the first years of your marriage. There is but one thing for you to do, now. Take Rosamond with you on your trip; you cannot desert a woman, your own wife, just when she needs you most."
 "Rosamond on the Ibis! No, no Armydis. It is too late for that sort of thing. Rosamond and I are as much divorced as if our case had been tried and a decree granted. Listen to what she says to this old lover:"
 "I love you now, with every fibre of heart and brain. I give you back all that you have given me, and ten times more. Shall I have the courage to tell you so when we meet? Shall I dare even to send you these words? Can you forget the long waiting, can you forgive my lovelessness, will you believe that these last years have been only a dream, and that I am again the girl Rosamond, who

never knew, as I know, how precious your love was? Let us forget all these miserable misunderstandings. Come to me, or let me come to you. Let us go away together, you and I, and begin life over again; you must love me, you do love me!"
 "Bah, why should I read it over? What can be the outcome of this miserable business, but disgrace? Now, if I disappear, go away, and stay away long enough, I can be sued for desertion, I should make no counter-plea and Rosamond would be free, and I—I should again be my own master."
 "And your son, Robert Lawton, eighth Baronet of that name—what of him? What of your mother? No man is his own master; there is no freedom such as you dream of."
 "I am free as air; do not try to frighten me back into bondage. I will give up everything, houses and lands and money. I paid that price for my bondage, I renounce it gladly for my freedom. That letter was my reprieve from a living death, it is my passport to a new life, to a new hope."
 "Dreams, Jack, dangerous dreams. There is no such thing as divorce—Whom God hath joined together, can no man put asunder." Because she is weak, because she is tempted, so much more are you bound to keep and cherish her."
 "You don't know what you are talking about, Armydis."
 "You are glad to believe that your wife is in love with this man? This is the worst of it all!"

Neither of them had noticed a boat which had put out from the shore, and was now close to the Ibis vessel. The look-out warned them of its approach.
 "Great heavens! It is the Kardenspins," murmured Lawton. "Can't we jump overboard and escape them?"
 "It is too late, she has seen us. She is waving her handkerchief. Jack, is that little devil at the bottom of all this?"
 "On my honor as a gentleman, I should not care if I never saw her again."
 "Are you at home. May we come on board?" cried the lady in the boat. And a moment after, the skipper of the Ibis handed Mrs. Kardenspin up the companionway.
 Armydis was in no mood for these visitors, and soon after their arrival, he left the Ibis. At first he had been almost stunned by what his cousin had said. Lawton was standing on the verge of a precipice, from which no hand but his could save him; and even he seemed powerless to help him; he recognized a certain savage strength of purpose in his cousin that he had never felt before. The years of repression, the conventional restraint which had been forced upon him for so long, had only served to intensify the lawless spirit of adventure, which now reasserted itself, and threatened to wreck the future of a whole family. Armydis felt a desperate need for action, while he realized that he, himself, could do nothing.

No external influence could turn John Lawton back from the course he now contemplated. No plea from mother, wife, or friend could avail against the great temptation which assailed him. Friendly allies cannot help us in the great battles of life. They are won or lost through our own strength or weakness. The good physician may sympathize with and soothe the sufferer. He may assuage something of his pain, but when the crisis comes, he can do nothing but watch the struggle between the insidious disease, and the vitality of the patient.
 One thing only, seemed left to Armydis; to see Rosamond and clear up the mystery of her letter. Though his name had not been mentioned, Armydis knew that captain Terris was the man to whom Lawton believed it was written. He at first thought that he could write to her, but he found it impossible to do so. He was still at work trying to frame a letter, when a message was brought from the yacht, asking him to come on board early the next morning. The note was from Teresita, who signed herself—"Commander of the Ibis, *pro tem*." They were going for a trip of several days, and they counted on his joining them.
 Armydis wrote a brief note of excuse, and that very night started for Switzerland. He did not let himself think of Douanay and Phillida, until he was in the train traveling in the opposite direction; then he gave rein to his fancy, and the dull night sparkled with thoughts of her. When he fell asleep, it was to dream one of those half-painful lover's dreams, which now came to him, almost at his own command.
 That night Phillida dreamed of Armydis, and the following day she spoke of him continually.
 "I expected Armydis back long ago," said Mrs. Ackers in reply to a question of Phillida's, "but one never can foretell what he will do next."
 "He is like Lawton in that," said the Colonel. "Did I tell you that he was at St. Elmo?"
 "No," said Mrs. Ackers, "you never tell me anything. How did you hear it?"
 "The day I was in Rouen I met Shuttle Kardenspin. He told me that he and his wife were to meet Lawton at St. Elmo, and go for a trip on his yacht."
 Pattie gave a scarcely perceptible glance at Phillida, who was sitting stitching at her embroidery frame.
 "So that affair is still going on? How that woman does fascinate every man who comes near her. She has Jack Lawton as much under her thumb as her big booby of a husband."
 "She did not seem to fascinate Armydis very much," said the Colonel, who never lost the opportunity of putting in a good word for his friend. "The Colonel has few ideas," his wife had once said of him, "but when he gets one, he holds fast to it."
 The Colonel's latest idea had been that Phillida and Armydis were made for each other, and he assumed the role of the fat and good-natured fate, which should assist in bringing them together.

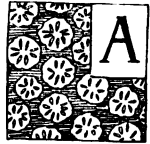
(To be continued.)



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.



Since it is nearly three years since I commenced these articles on "Home Dress-making" I fancy that some of the many readers have never read how to put a garment together, judging from several letters received lately, in which the writers complain of seams being askew, and two parts just alike coming out uneven when joined. For the special benefit of these, and of those who may not have read my previous article, I repeat my suggestions:

PUTTING A GARMENT TOGETHER.

An askew seam will never appear if the garment is properly cut and basted. One cannot cut too carefully; and use long, sharp scissors to keep even edges.

Always hold bias seams toward you, and commence at the top to baste, first putting pins in at short distances to keep the material straight. Do not cut out the darts of a basque until it is fitted, and then taper the points to nothing unless you wish an ugly pucker. Hold the back of the basque toward you when basting the shoulder seams, and full in the back part the slightest trifle. When fitting a basque, smooth it gently, but never pull and jerk it into shape. Another important point is to sit down during the fitting, to see if the garment fits when sitting as well as standing. If inclined to bag in front take it up on the shoulders, which should fit snugly at any time, as this is the first part to stretch. In fitting sleeves take them up at the outside seam if too large; if too small, make the alteration at the same place. The front edges of a basque must be rolled out over the bust, in at the waist-line, and then out again over the abdomen. If you do not follow this plan you will never have sufficient room over the bust for comfort, or a stylish fit.

NEW SLEEVES AND ACCESSORIES.

The most stylish sleeve at present is very close fitting below the elbows and full at the shoulders; the material standing erect with the help of a few stitches here and there. At the wrists the outer seam may be left open for a couple of inches, or the inner seam is opened for five inches, a fly made on one side and the wrist buttoned over small buttons when the garment is on. Sleeves are unusually long just now, and the cuffs are of the plainest description. One, three or several rows of silk or velvet ribbon, galloon or one large point, trims the wrist portion. A tiny pointed cuff of velvet gives length to the arm, while round rows of ribbon from the elbow down shortens it. Contrasting colors and materials are used for sleeves, though the heyday of velvet for this purpose is over with exclusive people. Belts of ribbon, passementerie or velvet are shaped to fit the basque edge all around, or only from one side seam to the other, the width agreeing with the wearer's figure. This may finish under a *not* bow, rosette or buckle. Corslet and jacket pieces of vandykes, velvet, etc., are dressy, and becoming to a slight figure. The fashionable galloon and passementerie trimming may be manipulated to form almost any garniture if one has deft fingers and tasteful eyes. The best plan is to put the bodice on, and then arrange the trimming becomingly. Yokes of velvet, silk, passementerie, embroidery, etc., are shallow, and square in the back and either square or pointed in front. Jacket pieces are round or square. Collars are high as usual, many having an inch at the upper part turned over and faced with a contrasting material. Those of embroidery on cotton dresses are frequently rolled over; others consist of a turned-over frill in toby style. Persons having double chins require more room in front, which is given by bending the collar points back, lightly catching them, and facing with contrasting material.

THE BEST SKIRT EFFECTS

Are straight and yet full; the idea conveyed is that the style is plain because such is the wearer's wish, but no material is saved by thus adopting severe simplicity. The front is generally slightly lifted on one or both sides, or may be slashed on one side to show a bit of a second fabric. The sides are usually of different styles of plaits, flat panels, draped effects, or gathered widths, and the straight back may be fan, kilt or box-plaited, gathered or arranged with two Arab folds dropping over the centre. Handsome woolen gowns are lifted toward the front to show a silk skirt sham beneath, which is edged with two gathered, overlapping frills. The border idea of trimming is still fancied, and Parisian modistes are sending over gowns having the lower edge of the material cut in vandykes, which fall over a silk facing and frills on the lining skirt. Ultra-fashionable women are again wearing their street costumes not only to touch the ground, but even to lie on it for an inch, which uncleanly fashion it is hoped will die a natural death for the want of advocates, which will certainly never be found among sensible women.

FAVORED BODICES AND BLOUSES.

Both round waists and pointed basques are fastened along the left shoulder and under arm seam, with the full fronts arranged in tapering plaits above and below the waist line. Many of these invisible opening garments are cut at the top of the front to form a V, which is filled in with a contrasting material and edged with small buttons. This style requires a snug fit and must have the buttons set closely or there will be decided gaps along the opened seams. India silk basques of last year may be trimmed with a collar, cuffs, belt and corslet of velvet, or the jacket pieces often described. Let out any drapery, except in the front, that such a dress may have, and trim the sides with three lengthwise rows of velvet ribbon ending near the lower edge under velvet rosettes at unequal heights. To wear with odd skirts in the house, for a tennis or outing dress, or as a waist to a plaited skirt and cutaway jacket for traveling, use a blouse of striped flannel or wash silk, made with a shirt yoke in the back, box-plait in front, turn-over collar and shirt sleeves. They may drop over the shirt in sailor fashion, or tuck beneath the belt.

SOME WHITE DRESSES.

White woolen dresses are of an ivory or cream tint, that trims well with amethyst, sten-green, or black velvet ribbon, gold or silver passementerie. One of last season's gowns, having a pointed basque and full skirt, may be remodeled by collar, jacket fronts or corslet and skirt-facing of velvet, the latter showing where the front is lifted on the sides under large rosettes of velvet ribbon. The sleeves may be of the gauntlet shape, wrinkled from the elbows to the top where there is a large puff, the lower part of velvet and the puff of the albatross, veiling, etc. Gilt cord vandykes trim prettily as jacket fronts, or a yoke, cuffs and a girdle across the front. Dressy gowns of French veiling, or the lovely crepe, have round bodices and gathered skirts, with a V back and front, high sleeves and a sash, knotted in the back, of light green, yellow, amethyst, poppy-red or old-rose velvet. White cotton dresses of last year may be left alone after adding a turn-over frill of Valenciennes lace for the wrists and neck. Empire sashes and belts, of No. 16 ribbon, are worn with these. Have round skirts four yards wide, full skirt sleeves shirred at the wrist to form a deep cuff, or a wristband and a frill over the hand. Ribbons are used in profusion on these cotton and woolen gowns; gros-grain for the former, and velvet for the latter.

DRESS AIDS FOR MOTHERS.

ONE perplexed matron writes that she has two half-worn dresses, a checked fawn and blue and a plain blue, and does not know how a decent frock for her twelve-year-old maid can be contrived out of it. Very easily, if one only gets hold of the necessary "know-how." Out of the plain blue make full sleeves, high at the shoulders and gathered into turned-back cuffs of the plaid to match the plaid collar. The plaid answers also for a one-piece, low-neck slip, shaped to the form at the waist-line by tapering pleats, back and front, then falls in a round skirt hemmed on the edge. A guimpe of the blue, shirred at the collar, and a sash of half a width of blue, knotted, not bowed, in the back completes the frock. A misses' pointed basque and full skirt of white cashmere may be dyed pink and remain in the same shape, with sleeve puffs, shaped belt, collar and jacket fronts of golden-brown velvet added, and three rows of ribbon-velvet around the skirt. Jacket basques are becoming with plaid or plain surah vests. Blouse waists of wash-surah and striped flannel are recommended for girls of twelve to sixteen years. The striped flannel dresses may be fashioned with a gathered or plaited skirt and sailor blouse. White muslin, and plaid or striped gingham dresses for these embryo women have shirt sleeves, full skirts and kilted yoke-waists, trimmed with embroidery.

LITTLE GIRLS' FROCKS.

Outing suits of plain and striped flannel have the full skirt of stripes sewed to a muslin underwaist, with the sailor blouse of plain goods, having cuffs and large collar of the stripes, and shirt sleeves of the plain fabric. Some one has a kilt skirt and round waist of brown cashmere to be made over. Put a border of brown, cream and red plaid, cut bias, on the edge of the kilt to lengthen it, facing with cambric beneath. Have full sleeves also of the plaid, and little jacket fronts, and you have a fashionable frock. The small-figured chailli or India silk belonging to mother last season, may be made down for the seven-year-old tot, using a guimpe of white India silk or nainsook, with high sleeves, baby-waist, and full skirt of the material. Scotch ribbons trim woolen frocks. A lovely guimpe is of nainsook in fine feather-stitched tucks, with a turn-over collar and cuffs, also feather-stitched.

CHILDREN'S GINGHAM DRESSES.

Half low "baby" waists are gathered to a belt of embroidery, and shirred at the top to form an erect ruffle over a yoke of embroidery. The sleeves have a band of embroidery below the puff at the top, and at the wrist. Skirts are of medium length and very full, and gathered for cotton dresses. Three breadths of thirty-inch gingham are used for girls of eight years. Simulated guimpes are merely white nainsook or embroidery square plastrons. Sashes of half a width of gingham are sewed in the side seams and tied in the back. Sleeves are full and high. Embroidered edgings are used as bretelles from the centre of the waist-line in front to a similar point in the back. Both high and guimpe waists are in vogue, and one pretty style has four box-plaits in front, divided by three lengthwise rows of insertion. Plaid, striped and plain ginghams are worn according to the order they are named.

DRESSMAKERS' CORNER.

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

F. L. M.—I would gladly have complied with your request for a personal letter had you sent your address, which was forgotten, unfortunately. Your seamstress probably does not roll out the front edges of your bust over the bust, which gives a curved appearance to the front instead of the old-fashioned straight edge once used. If this is done and the arm sizes not cut out too much, you will have ample room. Commence the rolling out at the top of the edge, and curve it in at the waist line, where the turned-in part is cut to make it lie flatly.

MRS. CHAS. D.—Try a binding of velvet, cut on the bias, on the edge of your skirts in place of a braid. It wears better and does not rub the shoes as a braid will. Cut the bias strips an inch wide, double it, allow the edge just to peep from beneath the dress edge, and then hem the other part down on the facing, turning the outer edge under.

COUNTRY DRESSMAKER.—Place your buttons three-quarters of an inch apart, and make the buttonholes one-eighth of an inch back from the edge. Well-made, hand-worked buttonholes are preferred to those made on a machine, but poor hand-work is the reverse of elegance.

BETSY G.—The full fronted basques have the lining made in the usual manner with darts, but the outside material has the dart fullness laid in tiny pleats, or drawn to the centre front under a long, curved buckle.

FASHION.—You may have new sleeves of velvet or silk, according to the ribbon, silk or velvet that you decide upon for a trimming. Have a coat-shaped sleeve lining, and cut the outside material for the top part longer and wider than usual; gather it into the arm size and tack the fullness here and there, so it will stand erect.

MRS. GEORGES.—Stout figures look well in a princess back, draped skirt front and pointed vest effect. Put whalebones in the ready-made dress casings, which will prevent, in a measure, the bones from working through on the outside.

WRINKLES.—The belt of a basque should be from a quarter to a half-inch tighter than the basque, in order to remove the strain from it, and is tacked to the back and side from seams half an inch above the top edge of the waist. This keeps the back of the basque down and prevents the "unsightly wrinkles."

MISS IRENE E.—Read answers to "Wrinkles" and F. L. M. French ailesa, at twenty-five cents, is very simple for a basque lining. French cambric is delightful cool, but if lightly strained it will stretch. Line a French veiling with lining sateen.

MRS. DORA C.—Your questions in regard to long skirts are answered in this issue. You can hide the worn places around the arm sizes with round, jacket pieces of velvet matching the collar and cuffs. Use a very small pad bustle.

CAROLINE V.—Your white dress of hemstitched founcing should be four yards wide, at you are so very tall, though many are made three-and-a-half yards in width. Always gather a full skirt twice at the top. Have a twelve-inch dress extender fifteen inches below the belt, and wear a small pad bustle.

KITTY CLINE.—Your round gathered skirt does not need a dress extender or bustle. Line your sleeves with the basque lining, as undressed cambric will stretch out of shape. Eight to ten inches in depth is ample for a canvas skirt facing; buy a yard of it and cut it bias.

COTTON GOWN.—Your yoke of embroidery may be square or pointed in front, and square and very shallow in the back. Have turn-over cuffs and a turned-down neck frill of the vandyke edging. Wear a belt of No. 16 ribbon and a pearl buckle.

A POOR GIRL.—The prettiest of cheap, white wool gowns is made of albatross, at sixty to seventy-five cents a yard, forty inches wide. Trim with velvet ribbon or gilt cord passementerie, and make after the albatross gown described in Home Dressmaking of this issue.

MRS. E. D.—Get a figured or cross-hatched sateen to match what you have, and use for the second material. It would answer for a yoke, large sleeves and gathered skirt panels. A full skirt, large leg-of-mutton sleeves and a yoke basque, with collar and cuffs of velvet, heavy lace or embroidery, is a pretty style. Have yoke square, with body shirred on to form a ruffle and fullness, then plaited or gathered to points, back and front. The lining is of the usual shape.

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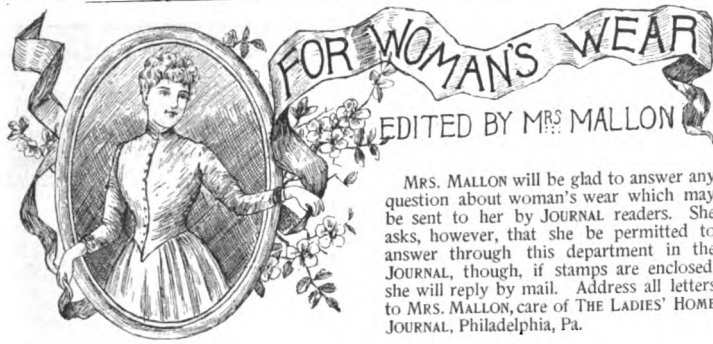
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MRS. MALLON will be glad to answer any question about woman's wear which may be sent to her by JOURNAL readers. She asks, however, that she be permitted to answer through this department in the JOURNAL, though, if stamps are enclosed, she will reply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



THE announcement is again made that skirts that just touch the ground, or, as the dressmakers say, "dip in the back," are going to be worn. Now this is an announcement that may be taken with an enormous grain of salt.

Worth and Felix have never approved of an awkward short dress, neither do they believe artistic a skirt long enough to collect the dust of the streets. Those shown at the numerous openings, and which have a demi-train, are intended for carriage dresses, and carriage dresses alone. The French dressmaker who designed them would be horrified if they were seen in use for any other purpose.

Mistakes are very often made by the purchasers of the pretty French gowns, who forget that life here and there is entirely different; that the frock which is in perfectly good taste in a carriage—and few women in Paris walk, except when they are quietly dressed in black—is in extremely bad taste for church, street, or out-of-door wear. Wonderful combinations in tulle and flowers that form hats or bonnets are, by the French milliners, intended for driving, or for wear at a country-seat. Generalizing, the English idea of dress is much better suited to the American woman, although there is no reason why she should not glean the best from each nation and add to it her own originality.

All the soft wool stuffs are desirable in white and pure gray. Women who do not care for cotton costumes know that these look beautiful and cool, and they will be in good form all summer. The fine Henrietta cloths that come in white, with their silky surface and the soft artistic lines into which they involuntarily fall, are specially liked. Henrietta cloth can be gotten in either dead, or ivory white, and it has a curious advantage over cashmere, which is, that the graceful fabric that in any other color is commended, will suggest a shroud when made up in white; for that reason in an all-white costume, either Henrietta cloth, alpaca, or nun's veiling obtain.

Gray, of the clearest, most perfect dove color, is elaborately trimmed with white, and worn by women who do not care for all-white costumes and who yet feel they want something that is so very near it that the same colorless effect is produced. Gray belongs essentially to the brunette, and no blonde, except a rosy one, can wear it without making herself look ghastly; however, as the blonde is usually catered to, it seems only fair that the brunette beauty should have her turn.

AN ALL-WHITE GOWN.

A very graceful all-white gown is made of claret cloth. (Illustration No. 1). It has the usual softly-draped front, and on one side is a panel of the material laid in close accordian plaiting. The back is in full folds, not draped but made to stand out a little by the single steel that is in the foundation skirt. An Empire effect is given to the bodice, which is laid in soft, full folds, back and front, a high-fitted Empire belt of white moire ribbon encircling the waist, and two long, straight sash-ends falling in the back. The sleeves are raised on the shoulder and slightly full, but fit the arms closely enough to keep one from calling them full sleeves. The collar is a very high one, of the moire ribbon. The hair is softly curled in front and then knotted and fastened with amber hairpins, almost on top, but in such a way that it does not form a lump, but permits the outline of the well-shaped head to be visible. The stockings are black silk, and the slippers black patent leather. This bodice fastens down the front, the closing being hidden under the numerous folds, while the belt carefully hooks to its place on the side. By-the-by, a fitted girdle means one that is cut to fit the figure, and boned exactly as a peasant-waist would be; only the thin bones are set on the seams and no lining is required. In choosing broad ribbon for it, this is the advantage gained—that a bulky hem does not interfere with the artistic effect at the top and bottom.



AN ALL-WHITE GOWN. (Illustration No. 1).

A VERITABLE PICTURE HAT.

One of the prettiest of the picture-hats is here shown. (Illustration No. 2). It is one that is essentially becoming to the woman who finds the toque and oval bonnet, or the much-derided but often very suitable Tam O'Shanter, adapted to her face. The foundation has a narrow brim of yellow straw and a crown of stiffened net. This crown is overlaid in the full way shown, with brown velvet, its joining to the straw brim being hidden under a wreath of small, pink roses that fully encircle it. Worn slightly off the forehead, the curled bang is permitted to show, and the back hair arranged in a loosely-plaited knot is also visible. A first look at this hat makes



A PICTURESQUE HAT. (Illustration No. 2).

the woman who is past twenty-five think that it is utterly unsuited for her. In this she is mistaken, for, given colors that are in harmony with her style, it will prove extremely becoming. There is no reason why the pretty and picturesque confections that the milliners show should be dedicated to the extremely youthful, for youth does not need much to bring out its beauty.

A woman will, without any hesitancy, assume a stiff, sailor hat, while she fears that a picture hat will not be adapted to her. Nothing in the world is quite so trying as the sailor-hat, which demands that there should be under its brim, not only youth and good looks, but a certain jaunty air to modify its hard lines. On a woman who has passed immediate youth, it is more than hardening in effect; it brings out every imperfection in her features, it intensifies every line in her face, and is never, under any circumstances, becoming. As the hair does not show from under it, that softening attribute is lost and a curiously aggressive and offensive look is all that is obtained. The power of woman will be felt in the land when a law is made that nobody past eighteen shall assume such a chapeau.

A hat with a brim is always looked for when the sun begins to shine, not only all the day long, but all the long day, and there is no reason why it should not always be made becoming. Have the courage, if necessary, to cut the brim a little; have the facing a becoming one, and put the decoration where it is best suited to your face. Have it at the back if you like; arrange it in a mass just in front, or let it encircle the entire hat. Put ties on if you look well in them, leave them off if you do not; but remember always that on a large hat, more than any other, individual fancy may show itself.

Fine English straws, lace straw, chip, Milan, Tuscan and Neapolitan braids are all liked. The black Neapolitan hat is likely to be given more prominence later in the season, but just now big hats of lace straw are specially fancied. The white Neapolitan is liked with a trimming of crepe, either lavender, bright red or yellow being chosen for the colors. Yellow is given a special vogue, and really, the dead white of the braid and the sunny tone, form a most artistic contrast. Small capoties of white Neapolitan are draped with yellow crepe, have a knot of it just in front and forming above this a butterfly, which imitates the real one so well that it is difficult to believe it is made of gauze. The ties may be of such colored crepe as one's complexion will permit.

THE PRETTY, LARGE HAT.

This hat (Illustration No. 3) is of lace straw, so well finished that neither binding or facing is necessary. The decoration is strongly suggested of the sweet, old-fashioned pictures one sees in the Books of Beauty, in which our grandmothers took so much delight and which decorated centre-tables for half-a-century. A wreath of white roses extends all around the hat quite close to the brim, except just in the back where the straw is turned up and green velvet-ribbons are knotted and fastened, to be brought forward and looped under the chin. In front, just back of the wreath, are two high loops of broad, white ribbon, that has tiny, gold dots upon it. These loops are stiffened by a rounded wire that makes them stay exactly in place. The face to which a poke bonnet is best suited will find this hat very becoming and, indeed, so well are the colors blended and so effectively is the trimming placed, that it would be difficult to find a face which it did not frame well.

To get a hat that makes a perfect framing for a face is an art, and that is really the art of the good milliner. She should be not only the woman who knows just what colors will suit you but she should be as well the one who knows how these colors are best disposed. Once a becoming shape is obtained, there is wisdom in modifying it to suit the style, but still not absolutely changing it. Extremes of any kind are bad form, and for that reason the extremely new hat, the shape which suggests the factory rather than the artist, is not likely to be becoming to the woman who needs as much attention paid to her bonnet as she does to her manners.

A DAINTY DUST CLOAK.

A dust-cloak—for this is what they call them—of wood-colored wool crepe, has a yoke of velvet a shade darker, which forms the high collar; gathered to it are full widths of the crepe cloth that fall straight down exactly as they do in the peasant cloak. A short distance from the lower edge are set two rows of white insertion, the lace being a good imitation of point de Venice. The broad hem is the edge finish, and a wide satin ribbon that ties in long loops and ends, is the fastening which is at the throat.

With this wrap a gown is perfectly protected, as it can be drawn about one, after the fashion of that worn by the well-known and respectable Mother Hubbard. In black, these wraps are made of crepe cloth, and worn by people in mourning. It must be said that the black ones show the dust very plainly and become almost as troublesome to take care of as one's dress would be. Black surah really makes a much better traveling cloak for people who must have black, as the dust is very easily shaken off it.

SOME FASHIONABLE HATS.

Picture hats, as those specially arranged for individual types and made of colors and in shapes suited for the face they shade, are gaining the popularity here that has so long been given to them on the other side. Because a stiff bonnet suits your neighbor, that is no reason why you, who needs one that gives a softer effect, should choose it. Because a wide-brimmed hat is becoming to someone else, there is no good cause for you, with your tiny face, to look extinguished under it. The hats of the season are as many in number, shape and color as the flowers of the field, and quite as dainty. Ties used to indicate the bonnet, but now, wherever they are becoming they may be put on a round hat. Large hats have almost invariably rather low, square crowns, and show their trimming spread well over the brim, while they are turned up at the back, and permit the knot of hair to show from under. An extremely picturesque hat is one of yellow straw, having a broad brim narrowed at the back, and the usual low, square crown. It is under-faced with pale lavender crepe, and the trimming consists of a very broad, double bow of the crepe laid flat on the crown and stretched back, while from just in the centre of the knot, stand up two straw lace wings; narrow, lavender-velvet ties come from the back and are knotted just in front. A hat copied from this is of white chip, trimmed with rose crepe and white lace wings, while another shows a demure Quaker effect, being of white chip, with gray crepe and white wings. These hats are for wear during the season, at watering-places for driving, or for garden-parties. If one tires of the crepe, the same effect could be produced by using broad ribbon, the soft quality being selected; and if the wings showed an inclination to droop or fall from their proper position, they can be removed and two or three roses substituted for them. Never put on wide crepe or tulle ties unless your throat is long and slender; and even then do not wind the thin material, else it will look as if it were bandaged for that most unpleasant malady—a sore throat. White tulle is permissible when one's hair shows the glow of youth or the honor of old age, i. e., a pure white.

A POINT OF ECONOMY IN DRESS.

It is just possible that you are one among the hundreds who have a pretty, white dress-skirt left over from last season. You remember how nice you looked in it. You gaze at the skirt which, in its simple, pretty make, is as good as new, and then you look at the bodice which is—well, to speak of it in the mildest term possible—forlorn. Even if you could get the new stuff to match it wouldn't



A PRETTY LACE STRAW HAT. (Illustration No. 3).

go with the skirt, and the chances are that you can't get the stuff. But you can do something that is just as good; you can send that skirt off to the cleaners, and then, like the dear, general woman does so many times, you can possess your soul in patience until it comes home. Then is the time to match it in surah silk. Naturally you won't get exactly the same shade, but where there is a difference of material this doesn't matter. With your silk make yourself a pretty, tucked blouse—no, it's not to be one of those blouses that look as if they were meant to do gymnastics in, but one that fits you well and looks very smart. Here's the picture of it:—

A TUCKED SILK BLOUSE.

(Illustration No. 4.) This blouse is of white silk, finely tucked by hand, to the top of the bust. There the fullness is in soft folds that are drawn in at the waist. Of course, the skirt part is hidden under the dress skirt, but allow that to be long enough so that it may not jerk up—a something that has spoiled many a toilette. The sleeves are tucked, as pictured, to the elbow, where they are allowed to form a loose puff, and they are then tucked below this to make the cuff. Tiny lace buttons are used for the closing and the collar is a curate one of white silk. About the waist is a sash of surah folded in so that it does not give a bulky look, and arranged in long loops and ends in the back.

Now, if you want your blouse just for house wear and you have a pretty throat, take off the high collar, cut it out a little about the neck and put on a deep, toby frill of finely plaited crepe lisse. Have lisse at your wrists as the finish, and you will look as picturesque as any one of the young women that Millais paints. A black silk blouse of this sort will be found very useful for general wear, and, indeed, one of any color to suit one's skirts, would be in good taste. As red is so much approved of, the blonde, who looks well in it, will choose a scarlet-silk blouse to wear with the various black skirts which have outlasted their bodices; but, instead of a sash, she will wear either a black ribbon belt, or a girdle formed of jet.



A PRETTY TUCKED SILK BLOUSE. (Illustration No. 4).

If frills are fancied on this, they should be of black crepe lisse. Occasionally it is said that there is economy in buying the lisse and making the plaiting yourself, but who ever tells this story is theorizing, and is not good authority. Experience has taught that crepe lisse is most difficult to manage, troublesome to hem, and willful as far as plaiting is concerned.

FOR WOMAN'S WEAR EDITED BY MRS MALLON



WHEN you were a little woman did you ever have a delaine dress? And, remembering it, do you see how it differs from the chailli of to-day? Nobody does. But, undoubtedly, the importers think that to change the name of a rose occasionally, adds to its value.

Wider and not as expensive as the printed silks the chaillis are yet shown in the same design and trimmed in much the same way. The endurance of this material is wonderful; it does not wrinkle easily and has a cool, dainty look, specially suited to July days.

Other patterns show Persian stripes, like Joseph's coat "of many colors," curious "set" designs in bright reds, browns, blues and greens on neutral grounds, and a line of navy blues with white figures upon them.



A BLUE CHAILLI COSTUME. (Illus. No. 5).

A DRESS FOR A SCHOOL GIRL.

A pretty dress for a school girl is made of navy-blue chailli that has a hair-line stripe of white upon it. The skirt is full and plain; a border, of the rather coarse embroidery that imitates point de Venise lace, being about the edge, with the point upward and sewed so well to its place that it looks as if it were appliquéd on.

Just remember this, loving mothers: you can only err in dressing your little people too much; never, on the side of simplicity. Dame Fashion, wise old woman, dictates that cottons and wools are for the nursery folks, and that anything else is an evidence of a lack of sense on the part of the mother.



A FASHIONABLE RIBBON STOCK. (Illus. No. 6).

once so fashionable and so suitable as the stitches placed there by the deft fingers of a mother. We are all apt to sew in great ambitions and loving wishes, and isn't it possible there may be greater hope for all we pray for coming to the little people if work and devotion are combined?

Let us try it, at any rate, and see the results.

BLUE CHAILLI COSTUME.

But you want a navy-blue chailli, too? Very well. Here is one that you ought to like:

This blue chailli (Illustration No. 5) has a tiny polka-dot upon it, a figure that nobody tires of. The skirt has an almost plain front while the back is gathered and allowed to fall without being looped at all.

This decoration is very easily made at home; the shape must be cut out in stiffened net, or crinoline, the plain material smoothly put over it, and then the braid put on by hand.

The light chaillis are elaborately trimmed with lace and ribbon; a white one, on which is that anomaly—a green rose—has two frills of lace on the foundation skirt, that show from under the drapery; the bodice is plain, but a vest is simulated by jabots of lace, and green velvet jacket fronts make it look more elaborate.

AN EFFECTIVE HAT.

A smart hat properly put on (Illustration No. 7) is this one. It is of English straw, of a light wood color and in shape the "spoon" or "shovel" hat, a modification of that worn by friars of long ago.



AN EFFECTIVE HAT. (Illus. No. 7).

For trimming hats the velvet or silk rosettes are much in vogue. They are easily made—after one knows how. You must conclude how large a rosette you want, and widen or narrow your material to suit the size.

THE SIMPLE, DAINTY WRAPPER.

A wrapper intended for room wear, or an invalid, is of white chailli with a pink flower upon it. It is shirred just in the centre at the back and front, and then falls its entire length, which is, by-the-by, just to touch the floor.

Speaking of trimmings suggests how often we hear the cry "How shall I finish the neck?" The answer might nearly always be, "With a stock." Most of the French modistes prefer this, and as it is suited to all styles and its picturesque there seems a positive reason for its existence.

A PRETTY, GRAY GOWN.

Gray Henrietta cloth is made up in a jaunty fashion for a dark-haired lassie. The skirt is almost entirely plain, being drawn up slightly

at one side and fastened by a large, stiff rosette of gray velvet. The bodice is a short basque, with a point in the back and a rounding front. From the left shoulder come two strips of gray ribbon, one disappearing into the seam under the arm on the opposite side, while the other reaches the edge of the basque and is fastened by a rosette.

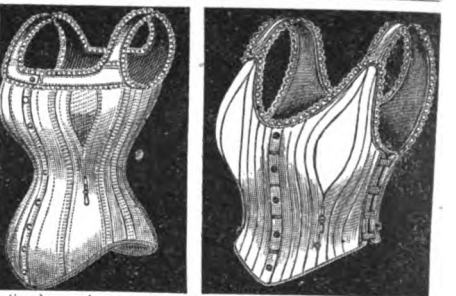
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FOR WOMAN'S WEAR
EDITED BY MRS MALLON



If you are thinking with what you can trim a cotton, a wool, or a silk gown, the question invariably comes up, "Why not ribbons?" And really it does seem as if every week made them more and more popular. They so readily adapt themselves to all styles and to all figures that the liking for them is explained; and then, too, they seem so essentially feminine that a womanly woman cannot but choose to admire them. Probably their history as a decoration extends as far back as the time of Eve, who might have worn ribbon-grass, but if it did not go that far it was very near it.

As early as there is an account of a gallant knight doing great deeds of valor, we read that the lady of his heart tied a "ribbon faire" about his arm or on his shield. Cockades and rosettes have been chosen, in odd shapes and colors, to represent different factions, and, wherever the ribbon has appeared, one may be sure that women have been ardent supporters of what they believed to be right. So history itself gives to the ribbon a position that is undeniable.

The same vogue is not given narrow ribbon that it had last season; the rows upon rows of "Tom Thumb" ribbon, that interlaced net or lace, have disappeared, wider having taken its place. In using ribbon as a decoration you must first of all think a little about your figure, and whether the lines of it are such as to permit long or round effects. If you are tall and slender do not add to this by having long, straight ends of ribbon on your skirt, but, instead, have it go around, *en bayadere*, as the modiste, fond of French phrases, will say. If you are short-waisted do not wear a broad ribbon belt; instead, by choosing the proper corset and having a basque, let a belt of any sort be the property of a woman whose figure is different. The sash ends, the long ones without loops that are now in vogue, do not particularly affect the figure and may be worn with a sense of their being in good taste. They are fastened to the skirt belt and fall over the plain drapery, seeming to be a part of it. About midway these ends should be caught together and to the skirt, but not in such a way as to suggest stiffness, only to make sure that they will not fly around and separate. Velvet and gros-grain ribbons are preferred.

then allowed to flare. The bodice is laced down the front, the lacing being hidden under a full jabot of plaited net. With this are worn black satin slippers and silk stockings, black undressed kid gloves and a black gauze fan is carried. The hair is softly crimped, drawn back and knotted low on the neck, a silver dagger seeming to hold it in position. A duplicate of this gown made in brown net and brown velvet is very artistic, and so is one of green, the velvet being a shade darker than the net itself.

POPLIN DRESSES FOR SUMMER.

Slowly, but surely, poplin is regaining its former fashionable position. It is shown in all the quiet shades and none of the extreme ones, which would seem to suggest that it is expected to be worn by people of good taste. In the dainty heliotropes and grays, it is especially liked, as it seems to have a silvery look then that is very artistic. Poplin, in the light-weight quality shown for summer wear, is simply developed, a perfect fit and suitable decorations, if any, making the gown smart, rather than numerous drapings, shirrings or plaits.

The woman who feels that she cannot dare the simplicity of a tailor-made gown, will be wise to select a poplin inasmuch as it can be made very simply and yet have a soft waistcoat, a jabot of lace, or some effect with ribbons to take away from the severity of the bodice. Velvet sleeves look very well in contrast with this lustrous material, and if one wishes to be a little ahead of the fashion, a cloth jacket, matching the gown material in color and without sleeves may form part of the get-up. Then, have a cloth toque, draped with velvet and a couple of velvet, rosettes just in front. This is not absolutely a summer costume but one must remember that there are cool summer days when the spring or autumn gown is greeted with joy.

In choosing a heliotrope poplin get one of the pure shades; that is, one without a pink tone in it. When the undesirable shade is gotten, and sometimes it is by mistake, it proves tiresome to the eye, and then, too, is shown in cheap cotton stuffs, the last a special reason for avoiding it.

A HELIOTROPE COSTUME.

This costume (Illustration No. 8) is made of heliotrope poplin, the pure shade that, having in it no tint of pink, is suited for all occasions when one wishes to be dressed a little more than usual, and yet does not care for too elaborate a toilette. The foundation skirt is quite plain. Over this is the long, full skirt, that forms the drapery and which is trimmed with four rows of velvet ribbon a shade darker than the material. It is looped, in box-plait fashion, on one side, which gives a wrinkled effect to the front; but that is the only looping, straight full lines being formed by the remainder of the skirt. The basque is extra long, and very sharply pointed. It is closed down the front with small, velvet buttons of the shade of the ribbon. A Zouave jacket is simulated by heliotrope passementerie, that is shaped to fit the figure and sewed well to its position. The sleeves are slightly full and have deep cuffs of the passementerie. The high collar is also covered with it. A velvet ribbon starts from each side at the waist, is brought forward and knotted just at the point of the basque, and then the loops and ends decorate the front. The bonnet is a capote of black lace straw; its brim is draped with heliotrope velvet, in front is a cluster of mignonette, and the ties are of heliotrope velvet. Pale heliotrope, undressed kid gloves are worn.

SUGGESTIONS TO THE AMATEUR.

It is always a question with the amateur dressmaker as to how the point in the back of the basque, specially when it is a long one, is to be kept down. It has an unpleasant habit of curling up, that is not conducive to the air of perfect smoothness that should belong to a basque. Small whalebones will not be of much use, but a corset-steel set in will keep the longest point in its place. Apropos of finishing a gown, do not forget that the best finish for a skirt, a foundation skirt, is a knife-plaiting of the dress material. It should not show below the skirt proper, but it will protect it and give a dainty look. No braid is required when this is used. Thoughtful women, in having the plaiting made, usually have enough done to go about the skirt twice, so that when the first becomes soiled the other can be put on at once. On the inner side of the skirt of an evening dress put several rows of lace and muslin plaiting. This not only makes it look dainty, but also keeps the skirt from falling in too much. An expensive quality of the muslin plaiting need not be gotten, and on a skirt at all dark it is quite proper to use black.

Basques are growing longer rather than shorter, as was predicted at one time. Nothing is really uglier than a very short basque; no matter how carefully it may be hooked on to the skirt-belt, it will ride up at the sides and look untidy. By-the-by, no matter how long your bodice is, never rely on its staying in place without that desirable union—the absolute wedding together of Mr. Hook and Mrs. Eye. Have the hook on the skirt-belt and the eye on that of the bodice, and before you begin the process of buttoning it down before, unite these two.

THE POSTILION BASQUE.

Somebody, some very nice body, has asked about a postilion basque. It is the one of all others that seems always in style, and it is adapted to any material, though, as a matter of course, when in its perfectly simple state, it looks best in cloth. Many postilion basques of green, claret, brown, black, or gray are being made for wear with black skirts, or, as occasionally seen, with cotton ones. A postilion basque must fit well and smoothly; it must dread wrinkles as a woman does. Fitting well does not mean a close fit, which is one that is shaped exactly to your figure as a glove is to your hand. Everybody knows how ugly a tight glove is—now, a tight bodice is equally ugly. A real postilion basque is here shown. (Illustration No. 9).

This basque is of black diagonal cloth, lined with the cotton satin sold for that purpose, and which is liked, by many, as well as a silk lining. Pointed in front, the arches over the hips are gradual though decided, and the long, square tails of the back are in positive contrast. The centre seam at the back is left open almost to the waist-line, and on each side is a row of small, black buttons. The front is closed from the throat to the point with similar buttons, and on the outer side of the coat sleeve are four of them that may be unbuttoned if one wishes. The collar is a high, plain curate. With this is worn a large hat, wreathed with roses and having two high loops of gauze ribbon standing up just in front. A postilion basque must have, to be a success, "truth in its innermost parts." The seams must be well sewed, the whalebones perfectly placed, the buttonholes well worked and the buttons looking as if they were fixed for life. A green cloth of this description is to be worn over a black lace skirt, and with it a bonnet of black lace, decorated with the green velvet roses, on which Dame Fashion—not Mother Nature—has set her seal of approval.



A WELL-FITTING POSTILION BASQUE. (Illus. No. 9).

SOME THINGS NEVER IN FASHION.

There are some things that are never in fashion, although the enterprising shopman may fill his windows with them. One is green gloves; if one green glove can be worse than another it is that kind with V-shaped sections of white kid set in them. These never were and never will be fashionable, and do not let anybody induce you to spend your money upon them.

Then there are the very wide striped silks in very assertive contrasts, that are advised for you to make you look taller; in one you will look like a zebra and nothing else. They are only intended for court trains, and when it is found that, even for this purpose, they do not disappear quickly enough, then they are marked "unique," and certainly they are that. But a woman does not want to look unique.

she should be willing to leave that descriptive adjective to the animals in the Zoo. Her wish is to look attractive and refined.

Then while scarlet crepe bonnets and scarlet trimmings are in good taste, leave all red hats, specially the large ones, to the people in the nursery. Arrange your red coloring in some other way and do not have it all in a hat. La Mode never approves of them.

Then do not believe that blacks, grays and browns are to be forgotten for some odd shade of green, pink, or blue; the first are always in good taste. Peculiar tints are never to be desired unless one has a wardrobe in which gowns are very numerous.

Then if only one parasol is to be yours let it be a silk one, with a pretty handle and of a color adapted to all your gowns. A tulle one may be most effective, but it cannot be worn with a cotton frock, nor is it suited for the people who walk.

Do not be persuaded into buying anything. Think out before you start what you want, and endeavor to get it. The penance of wearing unbecoming and unsuitable costumes, or adjuncts, is a trying one; so be wise, and by choosing judiciously do not put yourself in a position that will involve your having to undergo it. Sackcloth and ashes mean happiness as compared with silk and tulle for all hours and occasions.

THIS IS THE CLASP



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

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- 1st. The remainder of all the lines that are to be discontinued.
- 2d. The over-stock or surplus of any shades in every line, also all the shades that are to be left out and new ones in their places.

This is truly an opportunity that should not be passed by a single reader of this advertisement, for a large portion of these silks are sold in this sale at far less than they cost to make, to price is put on each lot that will close it out about as fast as they can be cut; then the broken lines, odd pieces and surplus is soon out of our way.

- LOT 1, PRICE, 28 CENTS.**
Colored Surahs, plain and printed.
Indias, Satin Surges, cheap Gros-Grains and Black Cotton-back Satin and Armure Stripes, etc., etc.
Usual price of such goods from 30 to 50 cents per yard.
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Colored Satin Rhadamés, Gros-Grains, Satin Duchesse, Armures, India and China Silks, Plaid Silks, Fancy Silks, Black and Whites and odd pieces of Black Silks.
Real value of the silks in this lot range from 75 cents to \$1.00 per yard.
- LOT 3, PRICE, 30 CENTS.**
Colored, 24-inch fine Surahs, Rich Plaid Surahs, 20-inch Armures, Fancies, Gros-Grains, Rhadamés, beautiful Brocades and fancy Silks, extra fine China Black Armures, Peau de soie, Falties, Gros-Grain, Brocades, Black and White silks, etc.
The actual value of all the silks in this lot is from \$1.00 to \$1.50 per yard.
- LOT 4, PRICE, \$1.00.**
Fine Black Silks, Black and White Silks, Black Brocades and Novelities.
Colored Falties, Armures, Mascottes, Brocades, Novelities and fancy Silks, some odd pieces from lines that sold as high as \$2.50.
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CUT THIS ADVERTISEMENT OUT and mark the lots you wish samples of, and send with your knowing that it was these lots you desired. The samples from each lot are put in an envelope to themselves, samples at once, and get your order off promptly, and you will get some of the greatest bargains in good silks you ever saw.

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A PRETTY, SERVICEABLE COSTUME. (Illus. No. 8).

VELVET AND NET COSTUME.

For a simple evening dress, velvet ribbon is effectively used as a decoration. The skirt is of fine net, laid in accordian plaits; but before this has been done a two-inch velvet ribbon has been sewn around the very edge, and is plaited in with the thin stuff. At the back are two long, straight sash ends of very wide velvet ribbon. The bodice is of black velvet, an adaptation of one of the picturesquely "Early English" styles. It is pointed at the back and front, and cut out round and rather low at the neck; although "low" is said, a decolleté effect is not produced, the line being round from the shoulders. A toby frill of the net outlines the neck, falling well forward. The sleeves are of the net laid in accordian plaits, held in by a ribbon band at the elbow, and



A Department devoted entirely to an interchange of ideas between our band of JOURNAL sisters. Edited by AUNT CATHARINE, to whom all letters should be addressed, care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, 433-435 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa.

My second greetings to you, dear sisters!

The JOURNAL goes to press so much in advance of the time you get it that I had hardly written my first message to you before I was asked for this, my second. But the near-by sisters have already come forth with their sweet messages of comfort and encouragement, and in a month or two from now how many delightful letters I shall have to let you read.

I have a feeling that this Department is going to draw the JOURNAL sisters closer together than any other in the paper. Perhaps I am egotistical in saying this, but it does seem to me as if here we shall come close together, although, goodness knows, anybody can reach any one of the JOURNAL editors, they are all so ready to help and come forward to each and every JOURNAL sister.

Anyway, I am just going to feel within myself as if this were the best Department in the JOURNAL, and by doing so I shall take all the more interest in my work and be more interesting I hope. Once we all get acquainted with each other, what a sympathetic circle we will all make. At least, that is my hope, and what I can do to make it so, will be done, take my word for it.

How do you like the new heading for my department? I think it is far more suitable in feeling, and I hope we may always be as pleasantly seated together as the picture shows.

You will see, too, that I have changed the word "Between" in the title to "Among." On thinking it over, it occurred to me that the word might be literally construed, and, of course, I did not want to limit the circle of sisters. Dear, no! I want all the sisters to join, and the more the merrier. Why, bless you all, I cannot come close enough to you. I only wish I knew you all.

Two or three sisters write that for next month they will send me a letter, each telling something which they know will be helpful to all the sisters. That is right, my sisters, let us all help each other as God helps us. Life is rugged, and a little help over stony paths is oftentimes a blessing!

I shall not say much to you this month for I want to wait and see what you all have to say to me, and besides I want to leave room for those dear sisters whose letters are many of them so good, noble and helpful.

So, once more, I say—not good-by, but good evening. My evening lamp stands burning before an open window which brings to me the sweet scent of the fragrance-laden lilacs. As their delicious odor fills all my senses, so may the brightest and happiest things of this world fill the lives of my sisters!

AUNT CATHARINE.

WHAT SOME SISTERS WOULD LIKE TO KNOW.

A. R. M. asks: "Can any one tell me where I can obtain copies, either new or second-hand, of the songs 'Orange Blossoms,' the chorus of which is as follows: 'False was he, false was he,' etc., and 'The Night Birds' Cooing,' a part of which runs as follows: 'List to the echo of my heart beating, beating in ecstasy?'"

Mrs. J. W. WILLSON—Would like some sister to tell her how to wash white flannel, so as to keep it soft, and not shrink.

TO CLEAN KID GLOVES.

MARGUERITE M. sends the following directions for cleaning kid gloves: Boil a handful of flaxseed; add a little dissolved toilet soap; then, when the mixture boils, put the gloves on the hands and rub them with a piece of white flannel wet with the preparation. Do not, however, soak the gloves through, but rub lightly over the surface.

LEFT-HANDED CHILDREN.

EDITOR OF THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL—I notice a letter in the June number from "John's Wife" in relation to left-handed babies. She seems rather inclined to take the advice of the "old mothers," as she calls them, in permitting her child to remain as she is; but it would be well for her to look a little further. First, from a physiological point of view, it is a mistake in teaching a child to grow to adult age with this peculiarity uncorrected. The heart lying upon the left side, the lesser strain should be brought to bear upon that side. If the child be left-handed all the strain and weight of lifting will fall upon that side, which is a matter for grave consideration. Another point of view. No teacher will permit her pupils to make use of their left hand in using pen or pencil. Nor should a mother desire her to do so, for nothing in the world looks more awkward than writing with the left hand. The paper should be held perpendicularly, and the writer move the pen up and down the page, instead of across.

It is a well-known fact that no matter to what degree a pupil may be left-handed, a teacher is always successful in teaching it to learn to write with the right hand like other people, and without showing any trace of awkwardness. If parents would be as careful, as painstaking, as firm, there would be no difficulty. I know from personal experience, both as teacher and parent. And if "John's Wife" permits the child to learn to use her pencil with her left hand the mother will most assuredly regret it, as will the child also, in later years.

PRUDENCE PARSONS.

TEACHING LITTLE GIRLS TO SEW.

DEAR LADIES' HOME JOURNAL—I was so pleased to see again the correspondence column open to the sisters. I have been a reader of your rather esteemed pages for three years, and always enjoyed so much your letters from the readers.

I was just looking over my January number and reread the open letter to Annie Curd. Now I do not wish to enter into a contest with either Annie Curd or E. A. Spofford, for, doubtless, I would be badly worsted by either of them, for I see they both have their subject at heart and seem to understand it well. But would it be to have my say without taking sides, as the editor says?

Now, because E. A. Spofford has one little girl exactly eight years and one month old, one seven years and one month old, a boy of six and one of four; because she keeps no hired girl, and finds no time to make a fancy wardrobe, because she would rather read the current literature than to teach her little girls to sew, is all this any reason why Annie Curd, with only one child, or as many as you please, who does, it seems, find time to teach the little woman to hem a ruffe, should be condemned for so doing?

Now I, like E. A. Spofford, enjoyed Annie Curd's letter very much, and thought to myself when I read it—sensible woman!—I am glad you have written your views; and I looked ahead to the time when my little maiden should be able to take her first lesson in that most valuable accomplishment, sewing. Shall I give up the enterprise, or be condemned for so doing because some other busy mothers find too much else that must be done, and neglect their little women's early education in needlework?

And here let me make a suggestion. If the time were taken to teach those aforesaid seven and eight years' old girls to sew on the proverbial button, girls of that age might be a great help in so doing. I know whereof I speak.

And surely those boys of four and six must need many a button sewed on; and in a family of four many a stitch in time is needed. And I feel confident that I see the time when my little daughter, five or six years of age she will have been taught the advantage of the stitch in time, how to take it, and how to sew on a button for little brother, who by the way, is exactly one year and one month older than she is.

In the good old days we often hear of from mother and grandmother, little girls were early taught to sew as well as to knit, and were expected to perform regular tasks in that line. And I am of the opinion that in this, as in many other things, the extreme of one follows another, and consequently many women of to-day do not consider it necessary to instruct their daughters in a way to make them useful; and surely children and parents are both losers by such neglect. For my part, I will teach my little women to knit and to sew, as well as how to dance and to sing.

Let us instruct them in all things useful and womanly and be assured we will never be the losers thereby.

Mrs. C. H. B.

MISTRESS AND MAID.

DEAR LADIES' HOME JOURNAL—Surely the article in the November number of the JOURNAL on the "Consideration of Maid for Mistress," must have gone to the heart of many another young housekeeper who, like myself—I must confess it was, at one time, afraid of her own servant.

Now, although I am not one lady in a hundred may acknowledge as much, even to herself, this is the state of affairs which exists, or at one time existed, in most young households.

The cause probably lies in the difficulty of obtaining qualified persons. Then, too, one frequently hears how Bridget or Barbara leaves in a "huff," possibly for some slight reproach given in decisive tones; perhaps, because, on "going-out-afternoon," one found it necessary to request her to stay at home. So, when we consider that a young woman, who is so accustomed to our ways, one who shows herself quite proficient in the work of the household, we begin to imagine that she is indispensable, and the thought of her leaving fills us with dismay, for "good girls are so scarce." Suppose, then, a young woman, who is so young mistresses—allow Bridget pretty much her own way, and when reproach becomes absolutely necessary, give it in a timid way, that plainly indicates "I really cannot do without you."

What has become of the dignity and independence which we, as American women are known for, and which we, as wives and mothers, uphold everywhere except in our own kitchen? Alas! unless we have the courage to demand firmly and decisively just what we want, and what we do not want, unless we cease to fear the sudden flight of the "treasure,"—when treated with kindness and consideration, she rarely will be in such a hurry to leave—the servant will soon discover our weakness and take every advantage. Have the courage, young women, to say, "This does not suit you, you may leave," and you will see how quickly the tables have turned.

"A MAN'S IDEA OF A GOOD WIFE."

DEAR JOURNAL EDITOR—It is not pleasant to hurt the feelings of any woman, and I hope Allan Eric's wife is only the ideal of what some lovely old-maid or gushing school girl thinks she would be if she had a husband. The following is an answer to "A Man's Idea of a Good Wife."

Suppose Allan Eric's wife should get a baby?—Women without babies are the exception. It is not necessary to any one's happiness to have children; but, after they get them, it is necessary to their happiness to keep them. And then, how often are they not the source of unhappiness?

I pity the woman who could not be happy with a neat little home, \$1200 a year, no debts, a kind husband, and no cares except to run things her own way. I wonder how Allan Eric's wife would look and do with the following cares on her shoulders:—About \$300 in debt; salary, sometimes \$50.00 a month, sometimes \$100.00, and at other times nothing; all of her own and baby's sewing to do; a house renting at \$15.00 a month, with all the inconveniences of a badly-built modern dwelling, and a pump containing hard water that cracks your face and hands when they bleed; the washing to do (and a rather delicate woman to do it), with the baby to take care of between times. Do you think Allan Eric's wife would feel like dressing after scrubbing an 18x20-foot sofa-cloth and a short rest in your think Allan Eric himself would rather be met in that way than know his dear wife was taking needed rest? Don't you think he would feel more like going quietly into the house to give the poor, tired wife, a loving kiss of appreciation? It seems to me that sometimes all that keeps up a woman's courage is the thought that she is doing all she can to help her husband, and feeling that he understands her lack of outside show is not from want of proper pride, but from sheer inability to accomplish everything. I am tired of hearing about ideal husbands and ideal wives. Every good woman and every good man will work for, and with, each other, often discouraged and wearied with the strife, ready to give up if they could, but always ready to begin anew after a short rest in their scantily furnished but, withal, pleasant, little parlor. Such as these are the heroes and heroines of our times. Women like Eric's wife, who strive only to be called good housekeepers, and have everything pleasant around them, are not my ideals. I will give them credit, however, for not spending more than their income.

JULIET.

MAKING PROMISES TO CHILDREN.

DEAR JOURNAL EDITOR—Whenever we make a promise of any sort to a child, we should be sure to take particular pains to keep our word, if possible; not that "the children are so little they will never think of it again," or "they won't mind it, and some other time will do as well." There is nothing more sad to see than the disappointed look that comes over the dear little expectant face, over the failure of some one to keep their word about some long-wished-for toy, or to have to give up a proposed trip, or to have a long-promised visit indefinitely postponed. "The children can go some other time," or "Well I forgot it, and that is all there is of it." One hears these excuses so often, and while it really seems of very little consequence to older people, what it really is to the waiting little ones only those can tell who are constantly with them. How many times in a day, or an hour even, they will speak of the toy, or trip, and the promise will be made to them, and they will be so sorry they feel when disappointed. That terrible, "Oh, some time, child," that we say so often to get rid of their teasing, are words that I have often wished had never been "manufactured." So much of their lives is spent in waiting, and in hope, and in always waiting, for that elusive "some day" that never comes. The time is very long to these wee ones, who have no particular task to perform, that goes altogether too swiftly to us older ones whose minds are so preoccupied with their work, and whose hands find time for the accomplishment of half the things our hands find to perform, and a week or a month seems like an age, while a year, I can well remember when a child, seemed almost an eternity. Now often I have felt sorry to be obliged to say "no" to some proposed fun which could not be allowed, and seen the hopeful look change so quickly to one of sadness, and notice the slow, reluctant step as they turn away to the other waiting little one, whose inquiry of "Will she let us go?" is answered with a shake of the head, or a sorrowful little "no"; but one cannot allow everything, however sorry we may be in having to refuse them. Another thing one should be careful about is—when asked beyond our purse, in some mischievous young one's habit of insisting that we must do it some future time; for if we fail to keep our promise the effect is ruinous in the extreme, while if we do keep our word it is worse than being punished twenty times over. One sees the little pleading faces, or hear the little coaxing voices, and one is tempted to say "I will do it, notice our every motion, for fear that the time for punishment has come."

If I must correct them I would rather do so at once, and not let them, for a promise of a promise is so much easier made than kept, and we should force that we too shall be suppliants before a throne of mercy and far more worthy subjects for justice, than mercy, and should try to deal with our children as we would have our Heavenly Father deal with us; for we lose our patience when we need it most, and so in trying to do what is right in reality, only succeed in doing a wrong. But when the happy holidays come then we should try to recollect every special thing that has been looked for, or promised, and make it possible to meet the demands on time and pocketbook, and make the little ones truly happy, for it really takes very little to make them happy, and also learn them to hunt up some other little ones whose poverty-stricken souls leave them without even a promise to look forward to, and in this way, by parting their toys with others worse off than themselves, learn one of the secrets of true happiness—the art of making others happy.

THEONY POPPY.

THE TRUTH TO YOUR CHILDREN.

DEAR JOURNAL—In my article "Why?" in the last July number of the JOURNAL, I thought I had answered every objection that might be made to my theory; but commenting upon it in my presence, an acquaintance remarked laughingly that if I had half-dozen young ones hanging round me, asking "Why?" every time I told them to do anything, I would soon get sick of answering them.

Now it happens that I have one more "young one" than I speak of, and she is the half-dozen, but it seems to me that a mother ought to be as gentle and thoughtful of six as of one. I think every child brings with it to the mother, its share of patience and self-sacrifice as well as love, and I hope by the time my two boys will have three times the patience and wisdom I have now.

But this lady went on to object that her little Ralph kept asking "Why?" after she had given him a reason. When I asked for an instance she told me that he wanted to go to school, and she had refused, giving him a reason—but, alas! a false one. "The child was quick enough to see that it was no reason at all, answered her objection and persisted in knowing why he couldn't go."

My sisters, believe me, I would never have written a line of that article if I had thought for a moment that it would be the cause of a mother's telling her child a falsehood! Better ten thousand times that you require the blindest, most unquestioning obedience from them than that you resort to such a method.

Better be a tyrant to your children than have them learn to doubt your word.

And this is such a common evil! I thought that so many mothers, in their anxiety to please, that they would mother had reformed in this respect, but as I am observing more closely I see it still exists. Punishments are promised that the child knows he will never receive; children are told anything to get rid of their tears; and pleasure that you give them, you give them looking forward to with delight, you put aside, and "I'm too busy now! I forgot all about it," and right there is made a scar on that boy's conscience in you that you will find it hard to efface.

Now, it is necessary to refer to the threats that used to be used to keep children in subjection, and yet I heard a young mother tell her little boy "the bad man would get him." I thought to myself it would not be strange if her threat were eventually fulfilled when the child had a mother who would tell him such a thing.

No, no! Let us be just as honest and true with our children—be they twenty-one years old or one year—as we would be to the President. Teach them to rely solely upon you, and not upon any other authority, by experience that a child's utter trust in a parent is a source of great joy and pride to it. My father was a great joker, but when he said "For true," I would have staked my life—and safely—upon his word.

BEULAH R. STEVENS.

WHAT EVERY HOME NEEDS.

The JOURNAL is the most welcome periodical that finds its way to my table. Its general tone of healthful optimism commends it to the busy housewife, who is a failure unless she has a reserve force of cheerfulness and a determined spirit to rise above the petty vexations and the domestic disasters that occur even under the regime of the best housewives.

I feel gratefully thankful to that eminent divine, Talmage. He seems to instinctively understand the many annoyances attendant upon housekeeping, and his words of sweet sympathy and his injunction to pray, pray, readily find their way to the heart.

I am reminded of a woman who said to me, when I marveled at the smoothness with which her domestic machinery ran, "I'll tell you the secret. There is nothing in this world will carry you through like good, old home religion. Don't try to keep house without it; you'll be a failure if you do, and instead of growing old gracefully, you will grow down to the dust a veritable shrew." I laughed, unconsciously. She had never seemed a praying woman to me, and in delicate terms I stated as much.

"Well," she answered, "I'm not a Publican, I don't stand on the street corners and pray. Neither do I always methodically read a chapter in the Bible and then get down on my knees and pray, but I work and pray, silently, earnestly, continually. Now, a loaf of bread may seem a trivial thing to pray about, but often the tranquility of the atmosphere depends upon whether or no it is well baked. I don't think the Lord is so busy annihilating old worlds and creating new ones, that He hasn't time to listen to my swif, involuntary imploings for help in culinary or housekeeping affairs; and if He has willed that my work is such a given thing He is ready to listen to my prayers as to how it may best be done. And then those times when everything goes wrong, the washerwoman fails to come, or the cook takes French leave and you are left to struggle along with two or three babies, what would you do without religion to preserve you? Then is the time to pray; pray that you may get things straight and not lose your temper. Above all things don't get angry. It's such a disagreeable feeling. And remember the complexion of the home life depends upon the wife and mother. The reflection of her mood is thrown over all, and how necessary it is that she should be a bright and shining star, scintillating with light and love and cheerfulness, dispersing all around her the radiant reflection of her personality. I've delivered you quite an homily and trust you will profit by it."

And I certainly have; and I have found that her way is the only way; and numberless are the times that it has lifted me over the inevitable jars that occur within the inner sanctuary.

LILY HERALD FROST.

DELICATE PERFUMES.

BY HELEN MARSHALL NORTH.

A DELIGHTFUL perfume has an indescribable influence. All people of refined taste love it. The odor of a cluster of blush roses, a handful of sweet violets or tinted trailing arbutus, is sure, for the time, to drive away frowns and unpleasant thoughts. No woman can, deliberately, set her lips to unkind, harsh, rasping words in the presence of a bunch of lilies-of-the-valley, breathing forth the very essence of sweetness and purity. Fragrance is directly opposed to disorder, uncleanness and ill-temper.

Women of wealth find it an easy matter to supply themselves with all the elegant, sweetly-scented toilet requisites, which are now so generally offered for sale—and, by many, sweetness is thought to be available only to these favored ones. This conclusion is, however, far from correct. A very plain home may be supplied with pleasant odors, and a restricted wardrobe may be steeped in fragrance.

Bottles of farina cologne and choice French sachet powders are not at all necessary, though very desirable of course. The toilet soap should be of the best, both in fragrance and quality. If scented, this is somewhat expensive unless purchased in the city, and in quantity. A plain, scentless, white castile soap is always in good taste.

Most of the delightful odors which cling so persistently yet faintly to the gloves, laces, handkerchiefs and stationery of the lady of fashion, are produced by the free use of sachet bags or cushions. Closets, cabinets and receptacles of all sorts are lined with perfumed cushions and loose cases of various sorts, and scents are scattered everywhere among her possessions.

The lady of equally refined tastes but smaller income can easily produce these effects by the use of a very simple and inexpensive substitute. The odor of finely-powdered orris-root is almost precisely the same as that of the double English violets, which are sold at large prices. Twenty-five cents worth of orris—or less than that if your druggist is at all liberal—is sufficient to impart a delightful fragrance to all your possessions to which fragrance should be applied.

To perfume the drawers of a chiffonier or bureau, sprinkle a sheet of wadding with a liberal supply of the powder, and put it into a case of cheese-cloth, with an outer cover of silk or satin, if you choose, though an extra cover of the cheese-cloth, tufted with bright worsted, is as useful, if not quite so handsome. The loose meshes of the cheese-cloth allow the perfume to escape freely, and all the laces and ribbons placed in this drawer will have their share of the delicate, spring-like fragrance. Small sachet bags of the powder should also be thrown about in various places and occasionally shaken, as should the lining also be, to facilitate the escape of the odors. A bit of perfume wadding, a trifle of ribbon, silk, or even cheese-cloth, is easily made-up into a sachet-bag, and these may be placed wherever there are things to be sweetened, taking care not to make the fragrance too common.

For the box, desk or drawer where stationery is kept, there should be a liberal allowance of the perfume. A delicately sweetened letter always gives an added pleasure to the recipient. But again we say, be careful not to overdo the matter. Strong perfumes are offensive and out of taste.

The wholesome, clean and delicate colors of the lavender flower, "strawberry," spruce, and the fine blooms of sweet, white clover, which are found in some parts of our country, are quite sufficient, if carefully gathered and distributed in proper quantities, to make a generous supply of delicate perfume for the household linen, wardrobe and toilets of the farmer's wife and daughter.

Pleasant perfumes will not abide with unwholesome ones. This is true of one's property and person. No perfume at all is much more desirable than either a strong or a common one. But the orris-root can be safely recommended, if used in the right way, for its delicacy, permanency and sweetness.

Advertisement for Colgate's Soaps and Perfumes. Text includes: 'A DOUBLE HONOR', 'AT Paris, 1889, Colgate & Co. received an honor given to no other American House, namely, a gold medal for both soaps and perfumes, with special commendation of CASHMERE BOUQUET', 'The attainment of the greatest possible perfection in these two branches of manufacture should make Americans justly proud of COLGATE'S SOAPS and PERFUMES'.

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EDITED BY MARY F. KNAPP

to whom all communications concerning this Department should be sent, addressed to 20 Linden Street, South Boston, Mass.

A Pretty Magazine Cover.

Materials: three-quarters of a yard of brown canvas, 24 1/2 inches wide, and one yard of moire ribbon with picot edge, a half-inch in width.

For the outside cover cut a strip of the canvas measuring exactly eleven inches, using the entire width for length of cover. Turn down each selvedge end to the depth of an inch-and-a-half, creasing flatly with the finger-nail. Measure a space three inches and a half from crease just made, and crease again. Fold the strip in the middle, and you now have a complete cover for any of the household magazines. With a second strip of linen, fourteen



PRETTY AND SERVICEABLE MAGAZINE COVER.

and a half by eleven inches, we line the cover by slipping the ends under the folded ends of outside strip. The upper and lower edges of cover are fastened together by an easy button-hole stitch, made with heavy cotton, first a long and then a short stitch. The yard of ribbon is passed over the centre of the cover and tied in a bow on the outside. When the cover is open slip the magazine under the ribbon and it and the cover will remain firm friends. The word magazine may be written across the cover diagonally or otherwise. If further ornamentation is wanted, any conventional design or flower spray may be painted at top and bottom, on either side of the word "magazine."

A Pretty Foot Robe.

A very dainty foot robe can be made as follows: Procure one pound best cotton batting, one and a half yard each of pale pink and "baby-blue" sateen, or sillesia, and six ounces each of pink and white zephyr.

If the sateen is put in a frame it will be easier to keep the work straight, but is not at all necessary. With a warm iron press out all store folds from the goods, then lay the pink width upon a dining table, wrong side uppermost, and spread the cotton evenly over the surface, thick or thin as may be desired. If too little cotton is used the robe will not puff nicely. Place the blue sateen on top of the cotton, right side up this time, and pin down carefully all along the edges, and about twice through the centre.

Lay off the robe in blocks about six inches square, dotting the intersections of the squares with a lead-pencil. On each dot place a daisy of the zephyr made in this way: Divide the pink zephyr, into skeins of twenty threads each, and cut in two. Now take a needle threaded with strong, white thread and put through the robe at a pencil dot, bringing up again on the right side. Lay one end of the skein of pink zephyr across the stitch thus formed, allowing the short end to project half-an-inch; on this lay a skein of white zephyr, consisting of ten threads; bring up the thread with which the needle is threaded, and tie firmly. Cut off the zephyr and trim to a round, shapely daisy. Place one of these at each intersection of the squares, work the edges of the robe in loose button-hole stitch, with white zephyr, and it is complete.

A rich and elegant foot robe can be made of olive-green satin, lined with rose-pink and fastened at the intersections with plush balls, allowing the little loop on the balls to lie loose. They should be sewed on close up to the ball. Finish the robe with a handsome fringe.

The much-abused crazy-work can be used very effectively in this way with little expense, except of time. Either one of the above would make a gift which ought to satisfy the most fastidious.

A Pretty Apron.

Materials: two widths linen lawn, cut the desired length, and nicely seamed together. Press the seam flatly and have it as narrow as possible, so it will not interfere with your tucks; tuck the apron lengthwise, in narrow tucks, being careful to have the seam come under a tuck, with space between them to correspond with width of tuck. Mine is as narrow a tuck as the machine will allow. Tuck to within about five inches of bottom of apron, leaving it to form a ruffle, that hangs below as nicely as if gathered in place. Lace or embroidery added to ruffle completes the outline. At the top, lay each tuck up to the edge of the next tuck, to give fullness, and put a plain band over them. If the tucks are as narrow as mine, there will be enough of the material to tear strings off the sides. These are tucked across the ends.

Another pretty apron is made of one width of same material, turned up six inches at bottom and hemstitched. Three rows of narrow ribbon (any desired color) are run in and out through buttonholes cut lengthwise in the hem, and worked very neatly. The buttonholes are so cut that the ones in the top row are opposite those in the bottom row. Top finished with ribbon shirred in hem, and tied at side with bow.

A Tasteful Housewife.

Take two pieces of pasteboard, each seven-and-a-half inches long and four-and-three-quarters inches wide.

Cover them with plush, and overseam together. For the pocket take a piece of satin (contrasting in color) five-and-three-quarters of an inch deep by twelve-and-a-half inches wide. Turn a hem an inch deep for top, and run two shirrings at bottom of hem, between which four-and-a-half inches of narrow, flat elastic is inserted. Gather the lower edge of pocket, and fasten neatly across the bottom of housewife; also fastening the pocket firmly at sides. Cut three graduated flannel leaves, neatly buttonhole the edges with silk, and catch them lightly to the top of housewife. About two yards of satin ribbon three-quarters



A TASTEFUL HOUSEWIFE.

of an inch wide, is needed of same shade as pocket; also one spool of black, shoe-thread, one spool of number fifty white cotton and a pair of small scissors. Fasten one end of ribbon at upper corner of housewife, carry it across the top and fasten it to the other corner. Allow eleven inches more for a loop to suspend it by and catch at first corner. Measure eleven inches more and cut the ribbon. Slip this cut end through the spool of shoe-thread, and make a short loop and end to prevent the spool slipping off. A strip of ribbon seven-and-a-half inches fastened at same corner, and finished in the same way, holds the white spool in place. At the opposite upper corner fasten one end of a half-yard of ribbon, and sew a black hook at other end. Hang the scissors on this ribbon, and fasten the hook in a silk loop made on side of housewife, near the top. A small bow of ribbon conceals the stitches at the upper corners. The pocket holds thimble, shoe-buttons and buttoner. The leaves are for the needles. This will be found a very useful article when suspended on the wall in the bedroom of a growing girl.

A Banana Sachet.

Take a large, well-shaped banana and peel it carefully, separating the rind in the "seams." Lay each piece on paper and mark with a pencil the exact shape and size; cut out, not allowing for seams.

Number the pieces as you mark, so that you will be sure to get them in the proper order when put together; for some of the pieces will be so nearly alike that it will be difficult to determine their exact place, and one piece wrong will spoil the shape.

Take canary-colored satin—the amount depends on the number and size of your banana—turn the satin wrong side up and mark the shape on the satin from your pattern, numbering as before. Now, cut the pieces out leaving a small edge for the seam.

The pencil marks will be a guide for sewing. Leave a small opening at the large end and carefully fill with fine, soft cotton and the usual amount of sachet powder. Powdered oris-root makes a very fragrant powder.

Take a little burnt umber and with a soft brush make a few brown spots here and there on the satin, as nearly like those on a banana as you can make them.

Finish at the large end with a bow of canary-colored ribbon; or, if several are made, fasten them to a stem made of wire, covered with cotton and closely wrapped with brown silk thread.

Court-Plaster Case.

Take twelve inches of two-and-a-half-inch satin ribbon, in any pretty shade, and fringe out each end till you have a two-inch fringe; fold the ribbon in the centre and crease. Take a package of court-plaster; remove the cover and tack one end of the bunch near the centre of the ribbon inside. Cover the stitches inside with a band of very narrow ribbon of some other shade, and tack it at the edge of the "case" or wide ribbon.

Flatten the plaster down nicely, and near the bottom of it, place another band as before, to hold it in place.

Now close the case and on the outside, on the front or piece which does not support the plaster, paint in gilt letters this motto: "I stick to you when others cut you," or "I stick closer than a brother."

A loop of narrow ribbon should be tacked to the centre of the top to hang it up by. A No. 1 brush will be the best size for the lettering. The letters may be marked out first with a pencil and then retraced in the paint.

Unless you have had some experience in making fancy letters and arranging, it will be a good idea to write it and arrange the words as artistically as you can on a slip of paper the width of the ribbon used, before attempting to put it on this ribbon.

Match-Safe.

A very ornamental match-safe to suspend from bottom of hanging-lamp, can be made in the following way:

Take a small basket, about four or five inches in diameter and two inches high; gild the outside, and when perfectly dry, line with colored silk, having lining full enough to have the edge slightly shirred.

Now, take about ten or twelve pieces of narrow ribbon, each being four inches long, and of a different color, and fasten at equal distances around top of basket, firmly attaching ends between it and the lining.

To the free end of one ribbon, sew a little bell, to another a tiny teakettle, to a third a banjo, etc.

These ornaments are not larger than a ten-cent piece and are inexpensive.

The basket can be fastened to bottom of lamp by sewing two ribbons to top of basket, one on each side, and tying to lamp.

Make one and see how pretty it is. M. J.

Art Pincushion.

Take nine inches square of pale-blue satin. Either buy or make the cushion, which should be very full and firm, and the same size as the satin. After the latter is made and put on, finish with fine cream lace, one-and-a-half yard long and two inches wide. Then take a piece of bolting cloth, pinked round the edges, and six by seven inches in size, and paint on it with fine brush and french dyes (which are so popular now) a pretty little landscape. And old castle, overlooking a lake surrounded by trees and flowers and having a pleasure boat on it, make a nice study. Place this on the top of cushion, take the edge of lace and bring it up in the centre of each side of bolting cloth and fasten there at each place with one-half yard of love picot edge ribbon to match the cushion in color.

This is not only a pretty work of art but it is also a very useful article in the guest chamber.

French Sofa Pillow.

This will require twenty inches square of wine-colored silk plush. Have a conventional design stamped upon it, and work in three shades of green rope-silk.

Take for bottom of pillow, plush the same as for top, and join together with a puffing of surah silk, three inches wide, to match the lightest shade of rope-silk; underneath this put a piece of firm lining, two inches wide, so as to remove all pressure from the puffing. Another way to finish is to work eyelet-holes an inch and a-half apart in the plush, and lace together over the puffing with wine-colored cord. Either of these make a handsome sofa pillow.



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ALL ABOUT FLOWERS

EDITED AND CONDUCTED BY EBEN E. REXFORD.



HOW TO BUILD A GREENHOUSE.

THE article on greenhouses, in one of the summer numbers of last year, seemed to produce the result hoped for. It brought me in a great many letters from parties who thought of building small houses for plants, and many of these erected such houses, and have since written me of the great amount of pleasure derived from them in the few months which have elapsed since their completion. In a letter just received I find so much practical information regarding the erection, fitting out, and management of a small greenhouse, that I cannot do better than to make liberal extracts from it, hoping that the experience of one will lead others to invest in a greenhouse, and that his experience may prove to be that of many. The writer is Mr. Thos. W. Durston, of Syracuse, N. Y. He says:—

"MY DEAR MR. REXFORD: My business is that of bookseller and publisher. I am also an amateur florist, and I am greatly in love with this branch of the business. I put all the time that others devote to evening amusements, theatre-going, dancing, etc., into work in my greenhouse, which I wish you could see. I know you would be pleased with it. It seems quite wonderful to me, and all the more so because it has been in existence but six months. It is wonderful how the love of plants and flowers will grow on a person after he begins to cultivate them, or read about them. Two years ago I knew next to nothing about them, and did not care to. Accidentally I ran across several floral magazines and began to read them. THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL came to our home every month, and in that I began to read your articles on the cultivation of plants. I bought Henderson's Floriculture and Hand-Book of Plants. I read Ellwanger's book on hardy plants, and got together over forty volumes on the subject, and the more I read the more I was fascinated. I could stand it no longer—I must have a greenhouse. The house was built, eighteen by fifty feet, hot-water heating apparatus put in, and in two months we had it pretty well stocked, and have now over four thousand plants. I am in business in the city, but my day's work has not prevented me from potting over three hundred plants in the evening, more than once, and you cannot imagine how much I enjoy this. I have this winter taken thirty-one hundred cuttings from forty-five geraniums taken up from the ground last fall and put in the house. We strike the cutting in sand, over the boiler, and have not lost fifty cuttings in all, and before May 1st I expect to have another thousand. In addition to geraniums I have coleus growing in small pots for bedding out next summer. Work among the plants is not work. It is rest, recreation. I am getting so that I spend nearly all my leisure time in the greenhouse, and I love to show my friends and neighbors the different varieties, and tell them how to do this and that, and how easy it is to propagate, and what a great amount of pleasure there is in it. We have visitors every day, and the common remark is, 'I wish we could afford a house like this.'

"Money is a good thing, provided it is used in such a manner as to get happiness out of it, and this is one of the instances where a great deal of pleasure can be derived from it without having to expend a great deal. My greenhouse is a large one for a private place, and the entire cost of building material, building, painting, heating—and I have the best of hot-water apparatus—pots and benches, every-thing necessary to put it in running order, was not over \$750. And any man or woman could build one twenty feet long and the same width, and heat it with a flue, for \$125. Or they could build a house twelve or fifteen feet square, on the south end of their dwelling, and heat it with flue or pipes from the plant furnishing heat for the living-rooms, at a cost not exceeding \$65.

ECONOMIZING WITH FLOWERS.

"If persons loving flowers would be less extravagant in other things they could save enough in a year to build a good greenhouse. After it is once built the cost of running it is slight. With thirty dollars invested in plants one can fill a house as large as mine in a year. Perhaps you cannot afford to keep a gardener. With a house but twenty feet long you do not need one. An hour a day will be all the time required to take care of it. My total expenditure for plants has not been \$200, and I have some plants that cost \$15 each. My gardener has sold enough to pay the running-expenses of the house this winter, to persons who have visited it, and he has orders for more than 3000 plants for the coming summer at an average of ten cents each. Do you live in a small village? If so, you might be able to sell enough the first year to nearly pay for the house, besides having all you want for your own use. Every day in January we averaged twenty roses and thirty carnations, and there has not been a day, since December 15th, that we have not had over a dozen callas in bloom. We plant seed, and raise seedlings, and find a great deal of pleasure in watching them. I have a seedling geranium nineteen inches in circumference. I have in bloom at present time, tulips, stonias, lilies, stocks, roses, callas, cannas, begonias, geraniums, ageratums, nicotiana, camellias, freesias, petunias single and double, heliotropes, margerites, libiscus, cinerarias, gloxanias, oxalis, primroses, abutilons, brugmansias, fuchsias, cyclamen, amaryllis, bouvardias, tuberoses, orchids and many more. Last fall I planted three seeds of musa ensete, and the plants grown from them are not five feet high. These will be fine for use on the lawn next summer.

"I can never do enough for my wife to pay her for her persistency in trying to get me interested in floriculture.

"It is not March 20th, and we have seedlings putting in an appearance plentifully. For all the borders and beds on the place it will require about four thousand plants. We shall have a row of geraniums bordering the driveway from street to house, scarlets in centre and foliage varieties on outside. It will take twelve hundred plants for this alone, and we have this number started from about thirty plants.

"But I will not tire your patience longer. I will close by wishing that every man who is able to please his flower-loving wife in the matter of their cultivation and a place for them, would do so. He will be a happier man for it, will find home much brighter and pleasanter the whole year round, and happiness is what we are all in pursuit of, I take it. There is health in the greenhouse, too, and by proper management there is profit in it.

"I shall be glad to correspond with any of the readers of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL who are interested in this matter, and give them the benefit of my experience.

—THOMAS W. DURSTON."

Such a letter as the one given above is valuable, because it gives a record of what has been done. There is no theorizing about it. That there are many others who would be glad to have greenhouses, I have no doubt, but they are laboring under the mistaken notion that one large enough to contain many plants will cost a small fortune. Not one in a hundred, who care for flowers for their own pleasure, would want as large a house as this correspondent has. One 16 x 20 would be large enough for all the plants they would care to grow. In such a house they could have a collection large enough to furnish flowers for the table and for room-decoration daily, all the year through, and plants could be rooted in winter to fully stock the beds on the lawn in summer.

WHAT IS REQUIRED FOR A GREENHOUSE.

I have received a great many letters from parties contemplating building, asking for estimates of cost. I cannot give one that will prove reliable or satisfactory, for the reason that the cost of material varies so in different parts of the country that an estimate made in one place would overrun or fall short in another. I can, however, give a bill of material required, from which an estimate can be made for any section, by any one familiar with the prices of such material.

In making this bill I have figured on a greenhouse like my own, which is forty feet long and sixty feet wide, span-roof, ten and a half feet high in centre. One half of it, or the first twenty feet from the dwelling, which twenty feet was first built, has solid board walls. The other twenty feet, which was added last summer, has walls boarded up two feet and a half, and the other two and a half feet on sides is glass. The end, with the exception of two and a half feet of wall, is glass, and the entire roof is glass. The roof is put on with sash-bars, which are much preferable to sash, and much cheaper.

Amount of lumber of different kinds and dimensions required:
 Common boarding, matched, 950 ft.
 Amount weather-boarding, 225 ft.
 Amount of ceiling for inside of wall, 225 ft.
 Studding, 16 inches apart, 5 ft. high, 275 ft.
 Rafters, 6 pairs, 2 x 4, about 11 ft. 100 ft.
 Sills, 8 x 8, 700 ft.
 Casings, and miscellaneous lumber, 200 ft.
 Sash-bars 1 ft. apart, 10 ft. long, 720 running ft.
 Glass, according to size of building.
 Building-paper, two rolls.
 Nails, putty, white-lead.

The above includes all the material necessary in a building of the size given, with the exception of paint. There will be enough lumber in pieces to make all the benches. I have not thought best to name any amount of glass, by the box, because I do not know what size may be preferred. I used 12 x 20 lights, double-thick, and find it cheaper than ordinary glass. In making an estimate of cost, a carpenter will very easily ascertain how much glass is required when he knows the space to be covered. If lapped on the roof, allow not more than a quarter of an inch for lap to each light, as the narrower the lap the less danger there is of breakage from frost. If put on with zinc joints—the method I prefer, as it makes a much tighter roof, and therefore more economical as to heat, and with less danger of breakage—you will have to get as many strips of zinc as there are lights of glass in the roof. These cost but little. Eight or ten pounds of good putty and a gallon of white-lead will be sufficient for a house as large as mine. The sash-bars are put on at distances to fit the size of glass used. Fasten the glass with glazier's points, and then thin putty with linseed oil into which white-lead is mixed, till it is about the consistency of cream. For applying it, procure a putty-bulb, which will allow you to run the putty-mixture along the edge of the glass where it touches the sash-bar. After applying the mixture, sprinkle dry, fine sand over it before it dries, and thus a cement is formed much more durable than ordinary putty, and it is applied easily and rapidly. In setting the points, get a driver, which will not cost more than twenty-five cents. It is just the tool you need for this work, as it sets the points into the wood well, and there is little danger of breaking glass while using it.

If glass is used on the sides, sash will be required, and the end will make it necessary to have some sash. This can be made to order by sending to any sash-manufacturing establishment, after you have ascertained the proper size; you will want at least two sections on each side of the roof to act as ventilators, and these will have to be of sash made to order. These should be fastened to the ridge with heavy butts, and are raised from within by the ventilating apparatus, which every greenhouse ought to have. But if it cannot be afforded, an arrangement for raising and lowering the ventilator sections on the roof can be devised by almost any carpenter. The sash on the sides should be hung from the top by butts or hinges, and arranged so that they can be swung outward from the bottom. By all means have a door in the end.

I have not included material for a floor. If one is desired, have your carpenter find out the amount of lumber required for sleepers when he is making his estimate, and add it to the amount of lumber given above; also strips enough, three inches wide by one inch thick, to floor over the space decided on, putting these strips three-quarters of an inch apart. You will find this much more satisfactory than a tight floor, as the water will run

through and sink into the earth below, from which it will be given off again in moisture, thus helping to keep the air in the condition suited to the requirements of most plants. I think it will be found that I have estimated amounts of each kind of lumber required, quite liberally. Of course there will be incidental expenses which I have not itemized.

By all means have a good foundation for the building; have it a wall of stone or brick, beginning below frost-line.

I would advise having the greenhouse built against the dwelling, wherever practicable, with doors opening from it into the living or dining-room.

When you have decided on its location and size, build your wall; then fit the sills and put in place. The next thing to do is to set up the studding, which ought to be about sixteen inches apart. On top of these put a plate of same width as studding, and two inches thick. Then board up outside and inside with common lumber, over which put building or sheathing paper. Finish the wall inside with half-inch ceiling lumber or matched boarding, and outside with matched siding; in this way you get a wall of four thicknesses of boarding, with paper between and an air-space which frost cannot penetrate.

After putting up the sides and boarding them, put on the rafters, letting the points come just to the edge of the boarding on the outside. Then fit a board, at least a foot wide, along the rafters, letting it project all along about four inches, to carry the water away from the wall. Of course there will be a ridge strip against which the rafters set. Get the distance from this ridge to the upper edge of the board at the foot of the rafters, and cut your sash-bars to fit against each at the proper angle. Put on the outside one, then take a pane of the glass you are going to cover the roof with and measure with it to ascertain the place for the next one. The size of the sash and proper shape of the pieces required for the end can be sketched out by the builder and sent in with the order for it, together with that for the ventilators, and that used on the sides, if any. In ordering sash for the roof-ventilators, be sure to get them of good size; for a house twenty feet long by sixteen feet wide, each section ought to be at least four by eight feet. Small ventilators are better than none at all, but there should be ample opening in the roof.

In the accompanying diagrams I have endeavored to give an idea of my greenhouse which is what I consider a model of its kind.

Fig. 1 shows a sectional view of the first

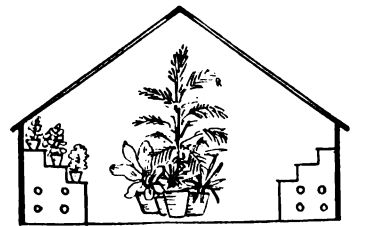


Figure 1.

twenty feet. This half has solid board walls to the roof, and the shelves, of which there are three, allow such an arrangement of the plants as will give the effect of a bank of foliage and flowers when seen from within, on each side. The shelves take up about three feet on each side, thus leaving ten feet of open space, in which to group large plants. This open space, of ten or twenty feet, will accommodate a great number, and admits of arranging them with fine effect.

Fig. 2 shows a sectional view of the

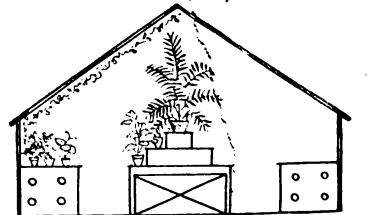


Figure 2.

twenty feet added last summer, with two-and-a-half feet of sash on sides, and flat benches three feet wide, and stand or slatted table in centre. This half of the greenhouse, with glass on sides, and this table in centre, admits of arranging the plant in such a manner as to present a fine view from within.



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.

HOW TO BUILD A GREENHOUSE.

Figure 3 gives a ground-view of the entire house, the end with open space being the one next the dwelling-house.

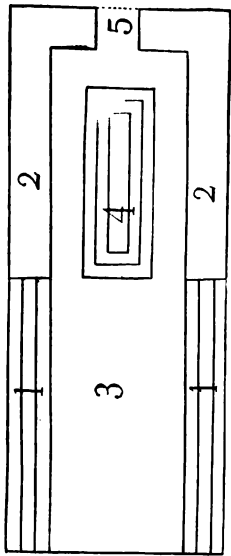


Figure 3.
1. Shelving on each side one-half of greenhouse.
2. Benches on each side one-half and end of greenhouse.
3. Open space for large plants.
4. Shelves stand on table, for plants.
5. Door in south end of greenhouse.

with which they would like a greenhouse attached, to provide a heater large enough to warm both buildings, and have the greenhouse warmed by four-inch iron pipes, as shown in the diagrams. My house and greenhouse is heated from the same heater, and the one fire answers quite as well for both as two would, as I have the two circulations arranged so that either can be cut off by valves, as desired, thus giving me complete control of the heat in either part. A steady, even temperature is kept up at all times, the amount of heat being governed by the amount of draft given the fire; if a heater is required for the greenhouse alone, it will not have to be very large. It is as easy of management as any coal stove, and will not require half as much attention. I have given the question of greenhouse heating considerable thought, and if any one intends to build the present season, and doesn't know just what he wants in this respect, I shall be glad to give him all possible assistance, if he will write me.

I wish I could urge the greenhouse question upon the attention of those who love flowers, but haven't any good place to grow them in; I know that they could invest money in no way that would afford them more enjoyment. They would find the greenhouse the most delightful part of the dwelling—and the most frequented one by members of the household, and by visitors. It would enable them to take a portion of summer through the winter with them. It would enable them to give others a great deal of pleasure by the gift of a "posy" now and then. The table need never be without its bit of brightness, and when

the parlor required decoration, there is the greenhouse at hand to draw from. It is a source of education, of refinement, of pleasure and of health. And, as I have said, and as Mr. Durston has shown, it can be made a source of profit, if properly managed. A small greenhouse in almost any little village would be sure of more chances to sell plants and flowers than there would be plants and flowers to sell. Who knows but an experiment begun on a small scale might not broaden out into a large and paying business for some of the boys and girls? These small home greenhouses would give them the very training necessary to success in floricultural business.

Do you want a greenhouse? Then set down and think the matter over, and see if there ain't some way in which you can secure one; cut down on your expenses here and there, and it won't be long before you can have what you want in this line.

Don't be afraid to ask me questions if there is anything I can assist you about. I assure you that I shall take pleasure in answering them if I can encourage you to build a greenhouse, for I know that in doing that I shall be doing something for which you will be grateful as long as the house stands.

JESSAMINES.

Miss J. B. says that she has no "luck" with Cape or Star Jessamines.—I have but little trouble with them. I give a rich soil, made light with plenty of sand, and about the same quantity of water that geraniums get. They like considerable warmth and good sunshine. Care must be taken to keep the red spider from working on them, by frequent and thorough showerings with clear water.

AN INTERESTING LETTER.

EDITOR FLORAL DEPARTMENT:
I would like to say a little about our native Azalea. Why is it that so many are willing to pay a large price for an insignificant little flower, advertised with a great flourish of trumpets in a seed or plant catalogue, when so many of our native plants and shrubs are so beautiful, and, alas! growing scarcer every year?

I wonder if it is because they are willing to pay for a high-sounding name without regard to the beauty of the plant of foreign origin? Or is it because they are willfully blind to the common, everyday beauty around them, which many despise because of its commonness? If so, then I hold that they are not true lovers of the beautiful. Beauty for beauty's sake, is my motto.

Our native Azalea bears some of the most beautiful flowers I have ever seen, and their perfume is unequalled. If properly trimmed, the shrub is most attractive in itself. It is very easily transplanted, if taken up in November and planted in a moist soil, where it can have a good deal of shade. Cuttings of the year's growth will sometimes root if taken at the same time.

We have three varieties here, pink, yellow and white, blooming in May, June and July respectively. The pink variety is the smallest of all, but blooms most profusely. The flowers shade from white to deep pink, and the stamens are a dark red. The flowers are borne in large clusters. The fragrance is delicious when inhaled out-of-doors. In a closed room it is almost overpowering.

The yellow variety grows from three to four feet high. The leaves are somewhat smaller than those of the other varieties, and the flowers are rather more slender and less profuse. They are of a soft, subdued color, with brown stamens. It is not so fragrant as the other varieties, but it is just as pretty.

The white variety often grows over five feet tall. The foliage is a rich, glossy green, and possesses a fragrance of their own when wet. The flowers are quite large, and borne in clusters. They are as purely white as snow, and have long, pink stamens. The fragrance they possess is somewhat different in character from that of the others, but it is quite as strong.

CANTON, W. Va.

IDA J. BRAND.



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BOOK OF CACTI, 72 pages, 150 cuts, for 10 cents.
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RARE CACTUS
10 BEAUTIFUL AND
CURIOUS PLANTS A. Blanc & Co.
LADY AGENTS make good wages and work at home. Send 10 cents for outfit to Household Monthly, Boston.

Figure 4 is an end-view, showing ventilators on roof raised, and side-sashes open, with door, in end.

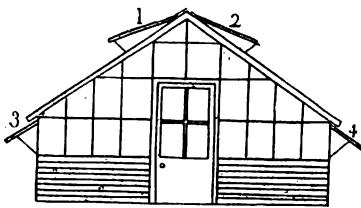


Figure 4.
1. 2. Ventilators on roof.
3. 4. Ventilators on side.
Figure 5 is sectional view of side-wall.

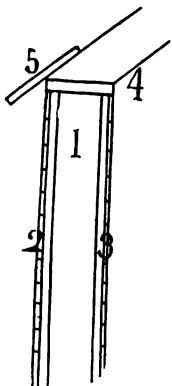


Figure 5.
1. Wall.
2. Sheathing and clap-boarding of wall.
3. Sheathing and ceiling of wall, inside greenhouse.
4. Rafter.
5. Cornice-board against which sashbars abut.

The ridge should be supported in two places by a post or iron pillar; to these, vines can be trained with fine effect.

From the above description and diagrams I think any carpenter can get a correct knowledge of what is required, and how to put it together. There is nothing about it requiring extra skill. Of course the estimates made from the figures I have given of amount of material required, will provide for a plain house only. If an ornamental house is wanted, the expense will be greater in proportion to amount of fancy-work done. All the wood-work should be painted well outside, and oiled thoroughly inside.

If you have a greenhouse it must be heated in some way. I have had no experience with a flue, such as Mr. Durston refers to, but I have with hot-water heating, and I would advise this method in every instance, if it can be afforded. I am convinced, from observation and extensive correspondence with many of our leading florists, that, for small greenhouses, hot-water heating is much superior to steam-heating; it gives a softer, moister air, like that of summer, and a good make of heater is much more easily managed by the amateur than a steam apparatus. I consider it much more economical, also. I would advise those who are building a dwelling-house

Madame Rowley's Toilet Mask (OR FACE GLOVE).

THE FOLLOWING ARE THE CLAIMS MADE FOR MADAME ROWLEY'S TOILET MASK, AND THE GROUNDS ON WHICH IT IS RECOMMENDED TO LADIES FOR BEAUTIFYING, BLEACHING, AND PRESERVING THE COMPLEXION:

- 1st. The Mask is Soft and Pliable in form and can be Easily Applied and Worn without Discomfort or Inconvenience.
- 2d. It is durable and does not dissolve or come asunder, but holds its original shape.
- 3d. It has been Analyzed by Eminent Scientists and Chemical Experts, and pronounced Perfectly Pure and Harmless.
- 4th. With ordinary care the Mask will Last for years, and its valuable properties Never Become Impaired.
- 5th. The Mask is protected by letters patent, has been introduced ten years, and is the only Genuine article of the kind.
- 6th. It is Recommended by Eminent Physicians and Scientific Men as a substitute for injurious cosmetics.
- 7th. The Mask is as Unlike the fraudulent appliances used for conveying cosmetics, etc., to the face as day is to night, and it bears no analogy to them.
- 8th. The Mask may be worn with Perfect Privacy, if desired. The Closest Scrutiny cannot detect that it has been used.
- 9th. It is a Natural Beautifier for Bleaching and Preserving the Skin, and Removing Complexional Imperfections.
- 10th. The Mask is sold at a moderate price, and one purchase ends the expense.
- 11th. Hundreds of dollars uselessly expended for cosmetics, lotions and like preparations may be saved by those who possess it.
- 12th. Ladies in every section of the country are using the Mask with gratifying results.
- 13th. It is safe, simple, cleanly and effective for beautifying purposes, and never injures the most delicate skin.
- 14th. While it is intended that the Mask should be Worn During Sleep, it may be applied, with equal good results, at Any Time, to suit the convenience of the wearer.
- 15th. The Mask has received the testimony of well-known society and professional ladies, who proclaim it to be the greatest discovery for beautifying purposes ever offered to womankind.



The Toilet Mask (or Face Glove) in position to the face.
TO BE WORN THREE TIMES IN THE WEEK.

A FEW SPECIMEN EXTRACTS FROM TESTIMONIAL LETTERS:

- "I am so rejoiced at having found at last an article that will indeed improve the complexion."
- "Every lady who desires a faultless complexion should be provided with the Mask."
- "My face is as soft and smooth as an infant's."
- "I am perfectly delighted with it."
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- "It is, indeed, a perfect success—an inestimable treasure."
- "I find that it removes freckles, tan, sunburn and gives the complexion a soft, smooth surface."
- "I have worn the Mask but two weeks and am amazed at the change it has made in my appearance."
- "The Mask certainly acts upon the skin with a mild and beneficial result, making it smoother and clearer, and seeming to remove pimples, irritations, etc., with each application."
- "For softening and beautifying the skin there is nothing to compare with it."
- "Your invention cannot fail to supersede everything that is used for beautifying purposes."
- "Those of my sex who desire to secure a pure complexion should have one."
- "For bleaching the skin and removing imperfections I know of nothing so good."
- "I have worn the Mask but three nights, and the blackheads have all disappeared."
- "I must tell you how delighted I am with your Toilet Mask; it gives unbounded satisfaction."
- "A lady was cured of freckles by eight nights' use of the Mask."
- "The improvement in my complexion is truly marvellous."
- "After three weeks' use of the Mask the wrinkles have almost disappeared."
- "The Mask should be kept in every lady's toilet case."
- "My sister used one for a spotted skin, and her complexion is now all that can be desired."
- "It does even more than is claimed for it."
- "I have been relieved of a muddy, greasy complexion after trying all kinds of cosmetics without success."

COMPLEXION BLEMISHES

may be hidden imperfectly by cosmetics and powders, but can only be removed permanently by the Toilet Mask. By its use every kind of spots, impurities, roughness, etc., vanish from the skin, leaving it soft, clear, brilliant and beautiful. It is harmless, costs little and saves its user money. It prevents and REMOVES

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Apply now, naming this paper, as you may not see this advertisement again.

THE PRACTICAL HOUSEKEEPER

EDITED AND CONDUCTED BY MRS. LOUISA KNAPP.



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

SOME DELICIOUS DISHES.

BY ANNA ALEXANDER CAMERON.



THE following receipt, furnished by a very famous old negro cook, makes the perfection of buckwheat cakes. They never fail unless you fail to follow the receipt exactly. The other receipts will also be found to have in them all the elements of choice cookery and give dishes at once palatable and practical.

EXCELLENT BUCKWHEAT CAKES.

One quart of the best buckwheat flour, two tablespoonfuls of white flour, four tablespoonfuls of corn meal; one small cupful of fresh yeast. Mix to a very stiff batter with milk-warm water, about seven o'clock, and set in a warm place to rise. In the morning when ready to cook them stir in a teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of soda, and one pint of fresh milk; cook quickly and send to the table hot from the griddle.

FRIED SHAD ROE.

Take the roe of a large, fresh shad, put it in a bowl and thoroughly break it up, separating any bits of skin. Season with salt and pepper to taste, break into it two eggs, and add two tablespoonfuls of melted butter. Mix all thoroughly. Have ready a well-heated frying-pan, put into it one tablespoonful of pure lard, and when it is quite hot put in the fish roe mashing it out well. Cover it to keep the particles of roe from flying out while frying. When nicely browned on one side, turn it and brown the other. Cooked in this way the roe gets thoroughly done, is richer and much nicer than fried in the ordinary way.

MAHAUT CAKES.

Crumble up a quart loaf of bread and pour over it one quart of fresh milk boiling hot. Let it get cold and stir in half a pint of flour, half a teaspoonful of salt, one gill of melted butter, one teaspoonful of baking powder and eight eggs beaten separately until very light. Cook quickly on a hot griddle.

AN ITALIAN COOK'S MACARONI.

This receipt was obtained from an Italian cook of great skill, and is certainly most delicious. Slice, very thin, one ordinary sized onion and one carrot; put in a pot with a tablespoonful of butter, and let it fry a little while. Then put into the pot two pounds of tender, juicy beef that has been cut in rather thick slices. Stir it about until it has browned nicely, then add one quart of tomatoes, two bay leaves, three cloves, pepper and salt to taste. Let it stew slowly for two hours or more, so that the sauce gets thick. Then strain it through a sieve until all of the sauce is free from the meat.

Take one pound of macaroni and boil it for twenty minutes in water salted to taste. Drain off the water and put it in a large, deep dish; pour over it the sauce and put in half a pound of grated Swiss cheese. Mix all thoroughly together and serve very hot.

CUCUMBER FRITTERS.

Peel and grate full grown, tender cucumbers. Press all the juice from the pulp, and add to one quart of pulp half a teacup of rich, sweet cream, half a pint of flour, one gill of melted butter, salt and pepper to taste. Beat four eggs separately, very light, and add to the batter which should be very thick. Have ready a kettle of boiling lard, and drop in one large spoonful at a time, removing as soon as crisp, and brown. Serve as you would fried oysters, which they very much resemble.

STRAWBERRY ICE.

Crush thoroughly one quart of luscious, ripe strawberries. Sweeten with white sugar. Stir in one quart of rich, sweet cream and freeze at once.

In sweetening the berries allow for the addition of the cream.

DAINTY SPRING CHICKEN.

Clean carefully, wash thoroughly, salt and pepper to taste. Make a rich batter of half a pint of flour, pinch of salt, two eggs beaten light, half a gill of butter, and milk enough to mix to a thick batter. Dip each piece of chicken in the batter and drop in boiling lard. To be eaten as soon as done.

BELL FRITTERS.

Put one quart of flour in a bowl with a level teaspoonful of salt, and mix it to a thick batter. Have ready a pint-and-a-half of water boiling in a large saucepan. Pour in the batter, slowly stirring very hard all of the time. Break and stir in, one at a time, twelve eggs. The stirring must be continuous and hard, so that the mass may be perfectly smooth and the eggs well mixed in. Have ready a kettle of boiling lard. Remove the batter from the fire and drop it, one spoonful at a time, in the lard. In a moment it will be a delicious crisp bubble shaped something like a bell. To be eaten with a rich sauce.

CORN PUDDING.

Cut from the cob three pints of tender, young corn, add three fresh eggs beaten very light, two heaping tablespoonfuls of butter, salt and pepper to taste, and one teacupful of cream. Bake for one hour.

TO MAKE GOOD MACAROONS.

Blanch and beat in a marble mortar, with rose water, three quarters of a pound of sweet and one quarter of a pound of bitter almonds. Mix with one pound of powdered white sugar, and add to this, a little at a time, the stiffly beaten whites of six eggs. Mix well and mold into little balls, flatten, brush over with egg white and put on sheets of tin well sprinkled with granulated sugar.

STRAWBERRY SHORT-CAKE.

Into one quart of flour rub six ounces of butter, a teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of yeast powder. Mix to a soft dough with sweet milk. Mold into four pieces and roll out the size of a small pie-plate. Bake light-brown in a quick oven. When done, at once split each piece and butter both sides well. Have the berries slightly mashed and well sweetened. Cover a buttered surface with berries. Lay the crust side of the other piece on the berries and cover with more berries the upper buttered surface of that. Repeat this with the second cake so that there are four pieces to a pie. Set aside and treat the other two cakes in like manner. Eat immediately, cutting the cakes in V-shaped pieces. Use fresh berries and white sugar.



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A DOZEN DELICIOUS PUDDINGS.

BY ELIZA R. PARKER.



IN making puddings care is necessary to have them a success, as many such compounds are an indigestible, unwholesome article of food. The eggs should always be beaten separately, the flour sifted, the butter creamed with the sugar, dried fruits carefully picked and washed. The flavoring used should be strong and pure, as cooking destroys much of the taste.

Boiled puddings should be boiled in a bag of firm drilling, always allowing room for swelling. Steaming is better than boiling. Thick earthen pudding molds are best for baking puddings.

SUET PUDDING.

One cup of molasses, one of milk, one of chopped suet, one each of raisins and currants, two and a half cups of sifted flour, with a teaspoonful of baking powder. Flavor with lemon. Steam two hours and serve with cream sauce.

BATTER PUDDING.

Sift two cups of flour, add a pinch of salt. Beat six eggs until light, stir in three pints of sweet milk, pour gradually over the flour. Pour in a greased mold, and steam two hours. When done, remove from the mold very carefully and serve with sauce.

OLD VIRGINIA PUDDING.

Take three cups of flour, one of suet, one of milk, one of molasses, two of raisins, half a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in milk. Boil three hours. Serve with lemon sauce.

ROLY POLY.

Chop five ounces of suet fine, mix with half a pound of flour, and a pinch of salt; add sufficient cold water to mix, roll out, spread with a pint of tart fruit jelly, roll up, tie in a well-floured cloth. Put in a pot of boiling water and boil two hours. Serve with foaming sauce.

WAFER PUDDING.

Put a cup and a half of milk to boil, put in a cupful of butter, stir until melted, mix in half a pint of flour, let come to a boil, take off the fire and set to cool. Beat six eggs until light, add to the mixture, and beat hard. Set in a warm place for thirty minutes. Grease muffin rings, pour in a little of the mixture and bake in a quick oven. Serve hot with sauce.

STEAMED PUDDING.

Sift three cups of flour with a tablespoon of baking powder, mix with two cups of sugar, four eggs, half a pound of raisins, and a cup of cream. Let steam two hours. Serve with hard sauce.

CUSTARD PUDDING.

Take a pint of milk, one cup of sugar and six eggs. Beat the sugar and eggs together, flavor with vanilla. Pour the milk in a pudding dish, mix in the eggs and sugar. Bake half an hour. Eat with sauce.

MERINGUE PUDDING.

Line a deep pudding dish with slices of sponge-cake, cover with rich fruit jam, pour over custard and bake, ice like cake, set in the stove to dry, take out and cover with meringue. Serve without sauce.

CREOLE PUDDING.

Beat eight eggs with half a pound of sugar, half a pound of butter, and the juice of one lemon. Line a deep dish with puff paste, cover with quince preserves, pour over a little of the mixture, lay on more preserves, then more of the mixture, and preserves. Bake and eat with sauce.

TRANSPARENT PUDDING.

Beat ten eggs, a pound of butter and a quarter of a pound of sugar together, flavor with nutmeg, and bake in puff paste.

POTATO PUDDING.

Take one pound of mashed potatoes, one pound of sugar, two cups of butter, a teacup of cream, six eggs, and the juice of a lemon. Stir all together and bake in puff paste.

ORANGE PUDDING.

Take three large oranges and cut in small pieces, put in the bottom of a pudding dish, sprinkle with white sugar. Make a quart of custard and pour over. Eat with rich sauce.

THREE GOOD RECEIPTS

BY A PRACTICAL HOUSEWIFE.

HINDOSTANE CURRY.

TWO pounds of meat—beef, veal, or any other you prefer—one and a half pints water, four tablespoonfuls curry powder, two onions, one root of garlic, three ounces of butter, two tablespoonfuls of cocoanut milk, or good cream, ten almonds, six cloves, a blade of mace, a small piece of cinnamon, a few cardamon seeds, and the juice of one lemon.

Boil the meat in a pint and a half of water till about half done, then take it out and skim the broth, and put to it the cloves, mace, cinnamon and cardamon seeds. Cut the meat into small square pieces, roll them well in the curry powder, and fry them a nice brown in butter. Cut up the onions and the root of garlic, and fry them also until brown, but separate from the meat. Then add the whole to the broth with the cocoanut milk or a little good cream, and the almonds blanched and pounded. Cover the pan closely over and let it stew gently over a slow fire until well mixed and very hot, and just before serving squeeze in the juice of a lemon.

CURRY OF SPRING CHICKEN.

Cut up a young chicken; put two ounces of butter in a frying pan, cut a small onion in slices, and add it with the chicken to the butter, and fry a golden brown; take up the chicken, put it in a saucepan with a little water, season with salt and let simmer gently for fifteen minutes, then add a teaspoonful of sugar, and the juice of a small lemon.

Mix a tablespoonful of curry powder and one of flour with a little cold water, and add to the chicken. Stir until it boils. Serve with boiled rice.

PICKLED SPRING CHICKENS.

Boil six young chickens until done; pick the meat from the bones, and put in a stone jar; pour in a pint of the liquor in which they were boiled, with a pint of strong vinegar, a dozen pepper-corns, a blade of mace, a dozen cloves, and a dozen allspice. Cover and set away for three or four days.

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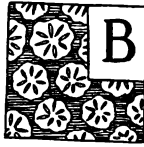
EDITED AND CONDUCTED BY MRS. LOUISA KNAPP



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.

HOME-MADE JAMS AND JELLIES.

By ELIZA R. PARKER.



BELONGING to the small class of the few home-made articles for table use that are greatly superior to those that can be bought of even the best wholesale manufacturers, preserves and jellies may be safely ranked, and it is therefore much better to make them at home, not only on account of these good qualities, but as well from motives of economy, as good preserves can be made by the housekeeper, even when the fruit must be bought, at half the cost of purchasing them.

But as great daintiness and nicety is required in making them, in order to be successful, where experience is wanting and the young housekeeper is ignorant of the art, great care must be given the work, and patience and judgment exercised. None but the most perfect and best flavored fruit should be used for preserves; it should be carefully picked before becoming too ripe, and never bruised or roughly handled.

The sugar should be the best cut sugar, if clear, well-flavored preserves are desired. If not sealed, a pound of sugar should be used for every pound of fruit; if sealed, less will answer for fruit not too tart—though we know some old-fashioned housekeepers, who are famous for the superior quality and beauty of their preserves and jellies, who insist that equal quantities of sugar and fruit must always be used in order to have rich, perfect preserves.

All fruit that requires paring should be put immediately in very cold water, and allowed to remain until sufficient quantity has been prepared; this prevents the fruit from becoming discolored. Where the fruit is tender and it is desired to keep its shape and color, it may be dipped quickly into strong lemon juice, and when the syrup is made in which it is to be cooked, a little lemon juice may be added. Some cooks use alum water for hardening fruit for preserving, but we do not advise it.

A porcelain kettle is best for preserving; too large a quantity should never be cooked at one time. Large fruits may be put in the syrup, cooked rapidly at first and then slowly to preserve the shape; if the fruit is cooked, and the syrup yet thin, take up a piece at a time carefully, boil the syrup until thick, return the fruit to it and cook slowly.

Small fruits should be cooked slowly thirty or forty minutes. Preserves keep best in small, glass jars or tumblers, with paper dipped in brandy laid over the tops.

If preserves ferment, which they will not do if sufficiently cooked at first, boil them over and add more sugar. If dry or candied in the jars, set them in a pot of cold water and allow gradually to come to a boil.

For making jellies, fruits should be just at the proper stage of ripeness, if over-ripe or green, the result will not be satisfactory. Small fruits for jellies should never be picked immediately after a rain, or when the dew is on them.

As fruits differ in quality, and do not yield their juices all alike, it is not easy to know just how to make each variety, until a little experience has been acquired; but general rules for the work will be found useful.

Currants, berries and all juicy fruits, may be washed, and then cooked without water; then strain, and the juice boiled for fifteen or twenty minutes before adding the sugar, when very little boiling will be required.

When cooking large fruits, such as quinces, apples, peaches, or pears, a little water must be added to obtain the juice; after boiling, it may be strained and boiled again, until the proper consistency before putting in the sugar. As soon as the jelly is done, it should be taken from the fire, and put in glasses or molds. When cold it should be firm enough to turn from the molds in shape. To know how long to boil is the great art in jelly-making; if not sufficiently cooked it will not jelly; if over-boiled it will be sticky. After boiling five minutes, a spoonful is taken up and dropped in a little iced-water, if of the right consistency it will settle in the bottom.

A pound of sugar is usually required to every pint of juice, though less may be used in making currant or ripe grape jellies. For straining the juice, it should never be extracted by squeezing, but allowed to drip through the jelly bag.

If jelly does not "form" the next day after being made, it is useless to cook it over. If it does not become firm when first cooled, standing it in the sun before covering it, will sometimes assist in hardening it. Jelly should be well covered and kept in a cool, dry place.

PEACH PRESERVES.

Pare some good, ripe, sound fruit, and remove the seeds; put the peaches in cold water. Make a syrup of sugar, allowing a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit. When boiling, add the fruit. Let cook slowly till done; take out a piece at a time in a perforated spoon and lay in a large dish. Boil the syrup low and thick; return the peaches to the kettle and boil gently until transparent. Put in a glass jar, pour the syrup over and cover the top with paper.

APPLE PRESERVES.

Make a syrup of three quarters of a pound of loaf-sugar for every pound of apples; add a sliced lemon. Pare and quarter good, tart apples and put in; boil until transparent and put in a glass jar; boil the syrup thick and pour over.

QUINCE PRESERVES.

Pare and core the fruit and boil in clear water until tender. Make a syrup of a pound of sugar for each pound of fruit, and boil the quinces in it half-an-hour.

PEAR PRESERVES.

Pare, cut in halves, core and weigh; allow three quarters of a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit. Make syrup and drop the fruit in it. Cook slowly, when done take up and place in glass jars. Boil the syrup low, pour over and seal.

CRAB-APPLE PRESERVES.

Take the red Siberian crab-apple. Wash, and wipe dry, leave the stems on, put in water to cover, and let come to a boil. Take up, let cool, and carefully remove the skins. Weigh, allow one pound of sugar to every pound of fruit. Make syrup, flavor with the juice of one lemon to every three pounds. Put the crab-apples on, and cook until clear; put in jars while hot.

CHERRY PRESERVES.

Stone ripe cherries, and save the juice; allow a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit. Boil the juice and sugar together to make a syrup, put in the cherries, and cook until done. Put in glass jars while hot.

STRAWBERRY AND BLACKBERRY PRESERVES.

Pick and prepare the berries, put a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit. Sprinkle the sugar over, and let stand several hours. Boil slowly half an hour.

TOMATO PRESERVES.

Scald and peel perfectly ripe tomatoes—the little, pear-shaped are the best—prick with a small needle, add an equal weight of sugar and let stand over night. Pour off the juice and boil thick; add the tomatoes and cook until transparent. Flavor with lemon or ginger as may be desired.

BLACKBERRY OR RASPBERRY JAM.

Pick ripe, sweet berries, put in a kettle, mash with a large spoon; allow half a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit. Cook slowly and carefully, stirring to prevent sticking, until very thick.

CURRENT JELLY.

Pick ripe currants from the stems, and put them in a stone jar, mash them, and set the jar in a large iron pot and boil. Pour the fruit in a flannel jelly bag, and let drip without squeezing. To every six pints of juice add four pounds of sugar. Boil twenty minutes, skim. When thick put in glasses, let cool, and cover close.

GRAPE JELLY.

Stem ripe grapes and put in a preserve kettle, let come to a boil, mash and strain. Put the juice on to boil for twenty minutes, when add three quarters of a pound of sugar to every pint of juice, skim while boiling, let cook fifteen minutes. Green grape jelly may be made the same way, but will require a pound of sugar to a pint of juice.

CRAB-APPLE JELLY.

Wash and wipe Siberian crab-apples, quarter, but do not core, put in a kettle, and cover with cold water; cook until soft. Strain twice through a jelly bag. Put the juice on and boil twenty-five minutes. Add a pound of sugar to every pint of juice, with the juice of one lemon. Boil until it jellies.

QUINCE JELLY.

Cut ripe quinces in slices, put in a kettle and cover with cold water; boil until soft, strain, and put in a preserving kettle; to every pint of juice add three quarters of a pound of loaf sugar; boil until it jellies.

PEACH MARMALADE.

Peel ripe peaches, remove the seeds, put the fruit in a kettle with a little water and boil until reduced to a pulp; run through a colander, add half a pound of fruit to half a pound of sugar, and boil carefully until stiff.

QUINCE MARMALADE.

Pare and quarter ripe quinces. Put them in a kettle, cook until soft, add half a pound of sugar to every pound of fruit and boil until thick.

ORANGE MARMALADE.

Wash and wipe the oranges, peel and put the peeling in a kettle with a little water, boil several hours; cut the oranges and squeeze the juice and pulp in a kettle; drain the water from the peel, and pound it fine, put with the juice, to which add a pound of sugar for every pint of juice; boil one hour, when it should be thick and solid. Put in little cups and cover with paper.

LEMON MARMALADE.

Peel lemons, and extract the seeds. Boil the peel until soft, add the juice and pulp with a pound of sugar to a pound of lemon. Boil until thick.

FIVE TRIED RECEIPTS.

AS WARRANTED BY EXPERIENCED HOUSEWIVES.

Snow Souffle.
TAKE half of a small box of gelatine, dissolve it in a pint-bowl half filled with cold water. When quite melted fill the bowl with boiling water, and stand it on the back of the range; then add one cup of white sugar and the strained juice of two lemons. When all is dissolved and cooled, begin to beat in a large basin the whites of two eggs, and add, as you do so, one tablespoonful at a time of this gelatine mixture; continue this process slowly, till all is mixed. A great deal depends on putting in the mixture by slow degrees, and steady beating. It should be quite stiff and white, like snow. Set in a mold on ice, till stiff. This will make one quart of jelly.
L. L. M.

To Make Black Currant Jam.
Pick from the stems thoroughly ripe, black currants; to every pound of fruit allow three-quarters of a pound of granulated sugar; boil until quite thick. If well boiled it will keep for years.
It is well to put a little in the kettle first until the juice begins to run, and then put in the whole quantity.

Black Currant Tea.
Two large tablespoonfuls of jam to a pint-and-a-half of boiling water; stir well, strain and set to cool, when it will be ready for use. This is a safe and refreshing drink for all sick people.

Pineapple Trifle.
One package of gelatine, two cupfuls of white sugar, one small pineapple peeled and cut in pieces, half a spoonful of nutmeg, juice and grated peel of a lemon, three cupfuls of boiling water, whites of four eggs. Soak this gelatine four hours in a cupful of cold water. Put into a bowl with the sugar, nutmeg, lemon-juice, rind and minced pineapple. Rub the fruit hard into the mixture with a wooden spoon, and let all stand together, covered for two hours. Then pour on it the boiling water and stir until the gelatine is dissolved. Line a colander with a double thickness of clean flannel and strain the mixture through it, squeezing and wringing the cloth hard, to get the full flavor of the fruit; set on ice till cold, but not until it is hard. It should be just jellied around the edges; when you begin to whip the whites of the eggs in a bowl, set on ice or in iced-water.

When they are beaten quite stiff, beat in the gelatine, a spoonful at a time. Whip a minute, after adding each supply, to mix perfectly.
Half-an-hour's work with the "Dover" will give you a white, spongy mass, pleasing alike to the eye and taste.
Wet a mold with cold water, pour in the sponge and set on ice until you are ready to serve.
This is a delicious dessert. For pineapple you may substitute strawberries, raspberries, peaches or any other small fruit.

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Preserved Citron.
Pare off the outer skin, cut in halves, remove the seeds, and cut each half into small pieces. Put in a large jar and cover with salt and water, and let stand six or eight hours. Drain and cover with fresh, cold water; change every two hours until the citron is freshened. Make a syrup of a pound of sugar, and a tea-cup of water for each pound of fruit; boil and skim; when clear, put in the citron, and simmer gently until tender; then lift from the syrup on a perforated spoon, lay on large dishes, and set in the sun to harden. Add the juice of two or three lemons with the rind of one to the syrup and boil. When the citron is dry, put in jars, bring the syrup to a boil again, and pour over the citron.
Watermelon rinds may be preserved in the same way, and are equally as good.

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The strongest and purest Lye made. Will make the best perfumed Hard Soap in 20 minutes without boiling. It is the best for disinfecting sinks, closets, drains, washing bottles, barrels, paints, etc.
PENNA. SALT MFG. CO. Gen. Agts., Phila., Pa.

PERFECTION Cake Tins, loose bottom. Cakes removed without breaking. Most popular with housekeepers. A harvest for agents. Sample 2c.; set of three, 50c. Address RICHARDSON MFG CO., Bath, N. Y.
LADIES You can make your homes as fragrant as a rose hower, at a cost of about one cent, by using Japanese Water Lily Incense. Sample box sent, prepaid, on receipt of 25 cents.
Japanese Incense Co., 7 Murray St., New York.
Have you seen Enterprise Fruit Press?
Ask your Hardware Dealer for it.

LADIES!
Use Only
BROWN'S FRENCH DRESSING on your Boots and Shoes.
Awarded highest honors at
Phila., 1876; Frankfurt, 1881
Berlin, 1877; Amsterdam, 1883
Paris, 1878; New Orleans, '84-5
Melbourne, 1890; Paris, 1889
and wherever exhibited.
Paris Medal on every bottle.
Beware of Imitations.



TO THE YOUNG FACE
POZZONI'S
MEDICATED
COMPLEXION POWDER

Gives fresher Charms, to the old renewed youth.
TRY IT.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.
FACE MASSAGE!
THE NEW ART!
Beauty developed and preserved! Beneficial effects unequalled. Keeps the face fresh, youthful, plump and rosy. Pimples, blackheads, freckles, tan, oily skin, sallowness cured by following the directions. Only treatment known which obliterates wrinkles and scars. Used by Emma Abbott, Patti and many famous beauties. Improves facial expression; fills hollows; evens features. Relieves Headache, Neuralgia, twitching muscles. Honestly recommended by leading scientific and medical authorities. THE ONLY BOOK ON THE SUBJECT. Copyrighted. Contains full instructions for self application, valuable toilet recipes and How to make Perfume. Sent plainly sealed, 10c. silver by Sole Publishers, SYLVAN CO., Box N, PL Huron, Mich.



ELI'S SAW & PICKET
MILWAUKEE
BATTLE CREEK, MICH.
SMALLER SAWS FOR HOME USE.



ROAD CART FOR LADIES
Good Carts for \$10.00
\$12.50, \$15.00, \$20.00, \$25.00 & \$35.00.
Top Buggies only \$55.00.
Harness \$7.50 & \$10.00.
\$60 Sewing Machine \$18.
Scales of all varieties and 1000 other Articles at 1/2 price. Catalogue Free.
CHICAGO SCALE CO., 149 S. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill.



DOES YOUR BABY HAVE COLIC?
If so, why let it suffer when **BABY COLIC CURE** will relieve it in 10 minutes? A simple and harmless remedy that does not contain Opium or any other poisonous drug. Send 50 cents for a sample package to the **BAMBINO CHEMICAL CO.**, No. 39 1/2 Decatur Street, ATLANTA, GA.

LADY WANTED SALARY \$40 to \$60 to locally represent a N.Y. Company incorporated to supply Dry Goods, Clothing, Shoes, Jewelry, etc., to consumers at cost. Also a Man of fact, Salary \$75, to enroll members (\$50,000 now enrolled, \$100,000 paid in). References. Empire Co-operative Ass'n (well rated) Lock Box 161, N. Y.

COMMON SENSE BROOM HOLDER
NOTHING LIKE IT. BEST IN THE WORLD.
Agents Wanted.
Over 100,000 sold. Holds a broom either end up; keeps a wet broom from rotting. Boys and girls can more than double their money selling them. 2c. stamp for terms. 14 Holders sent prepaid on receipt of \$1.00. Address ENGLE SPRING GUN CO., Hazleton, Pa.



WM. RADAM'S MICROBE KILLER
Cures all Diseases.
All sickness is caused by disease germs, called microbes. If you are in poor health or suffering from any acute or chronic disease, if your blood is impure, you should read up on the germ theory. Our pamphlet explains the above and giving history of the Microbe Killer are given away or mailed free to any address.
Philadelphia Branch, 1005 Arch St.
The WM. RADAM MICROBE KILLER CO., No. 7 Laight Street, New York City.

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 correspondence should be accompanied by full name and address, not for publication, but for reference.

ETHEL—Try steaming your face over a bowl of boiling water; then press out the blackheads, anointing the places where they have been with a little sweet oil. Do not try to remove all at one time, but take out two or three each night.
MRS. L. P. F.—In breakfasting, dining, or supping at a large hotel or restaurant the bill of fare shows in what order dishes are proper. If you do not care to order for yourself, a waiter may be told to "bring a nice dinner," and in view of the tip he expects he will be certain to do this and save you all trouble.

LILLIAN—The broad-brimmed straw hat is very suitable to a child of two-years-and-a-half. Instead of striped tennis flannels for a child's house dress choose a plain, dark color, blue or brown. If a carpet is used cover the entire room; if you wish part left uncovered and the floor to show, then have a large rug in the centre.
F. L. M.—Bathing the hands in hot water and borax and then dusting them with rice powder, will tend to keep them from perspiring so profusely.

FRANKIE—Say whatever your heart bids you to when your future husband puts your engagement ring on your finger. When visiting, your hostess should certainly be asked to share in your pleasures, and it would be very rude in you to omit this courtesy. She will, of course, use her own discretion about accepting.
WILHELMINE—Mourning for a parent is usually worn for a year at the very least. A black alpaca may be worn in mourning after crape has been laid aside. Bombazine is worn in the deepest mourning; it can be gotten in a light quality suited for summer wear.

G. H. C.—A work on etiquette that is highly commended is *Manners and Social Usages*, published by Harper Bros., New York.
M. L. W.—The book referred to, "Hygiene of the Nursery," is published by W. Blackiston, Philadelphia.
MRS. N. C. P.—Avoid all starchy food, drink little water and take regular exercise, preferably long walks; this is the only healthy way in which to reduce flesh. Physicians frequently recommend Turkish baths, but these do not agree with all constitutions.

J. E. M.—Stiff cards for painting can be obtained at any store where a specialty is made of artists' materials.
A SUBSCRIBER—"Acute" is pronounced exactly as it is spelled, the accent resting on the second syllable.
ANXIOUS INQUIRER—Try putting tar paper on the plush furniture; but see at first that the moths already established there have been routed out.

QUESTIONER—Although you sent a visiting card to the reception given the bride, still it is proper for you to make a formal call upon her.
MRS. J. C. G.—It will be necessary for you to send your knives to a silversmith for re-plating; the expense is not great and the result very desirable.
A SUBSCRIBER—Curling kits can be obtained in any store where hair goods are made a specialty of; they are sold in a bunch, that is, a dozen tied together, and cost about fifteen cents.

MRS. C. I. J.—In visiting any church, respect for yourself demands that you should bow your head in prayer and greet with the congregation. The special acts of crossing one's self, or dipping one's hand in the holy water are not necessary.
L. W.—See answer to "Eather" above. For the "greasy look" try using a little borax in the water in which you bathe your face.

MATTIE N.—It would not be in good taste to send a man friend a bouquet of flowers, although it is perfectly proper for you to send one with your compliments and good wishes to him on his graduation. Custom has made the last permissible. Thank you for your energy; we hope to receive many more subscribers from you.
IDA B.—A magazine devoted to the baby and its interests is "Babyhood," published in New York.
NELLIE A.—For information about the training school for nurses in New York, write to the New York Hospital, West Sixteenth street, New York City.

F. L. M.—The use of almond meal, instead of soap, in washing your hands will tend to decrease the perspiration of which you complain.
INQUIRER—A bride should wear gloves even if the wedding is a very quiet one. Usually some one of the bridegroom's family write to the bride; if this is not done she need only send them the ordinary invitation. Why not send out engraved announcements of the marriage after it is over, and to the few invited, then have your mother write special invitations? White satin always seems the bride's gown, and as you speak of her father's arm; the clergyman in your own home. Pray accept our best wishes for a happy married life.

N. H. L.—We cannot recommend any hair dye. Gray hairs are an honor, but if you insist on making the face framed by them look younger and giving it a specially interesting air.
HYPATIA—There is no nobler work for a circle of "King's Daughters" than to alleviate in some way the pain of little children who are crippled. Try to give them some pleasure; make for them books of pictures, dress some dolls and throw sunshine into their sad lives.
M. E. L.—A book that will be of use to you is "Breakfast and Dinner Parties," published by the Curtis Publishing Co., Philadelphia, Pa., and costing twenty-five cents.

H. M. L.—Steaming black lace with hot coffee (very weak) and then shining and pinning it on a frame to dry, is said to freshen it.
MARIE—If your only visitor at dinner is a gentleman let him be first. This is done because it is an informal affair; at a formal dinner the ladies are all served first. Cold meat and salad may be on the same plate if desired, although salad is usually served alone.
MRS. M. E. J.—The only public loan offices are the pawnbroker's shops. Directions for crochet work at once intelligible and intelligent will be paid for.

M. K.—In altering the pongee have a pointed basque and full skirt with sash ends. For some suggestions see the fashion department in this number of the JOURNAL. The hostess does not leave the room to see other guests who are removing their wraps; some one should be detailed to show each visitor where to go, and then they can enter the parlor, and meet their hostess for the first time that evening.
READER—We do not advise bleaching the hair. It always gives an undesirable look to the face, is not in harmony with the skin and never makes one look younger. Once begun it has to be continued, and a very undesirable result is obtained.

J. H. J.—Have a dark blue reofer jacket like one illustrated on Redfern on page 21 of this JOURNAL. Old-rose is still in vogue. Why not have an all-white tennis costume? They are newer and prettier than the striped ones. The paid parsons are merely a fancy of the moment. There is no impropriety in the young girl and boy, who are your schoolmates, spending the day at your country home.
R. L. P.—Care in bathing the face, gentle treatment of it and a cheerful look on it will do more to keep wrinkles from coming and to cause them to disappear than anything else. A good digestion will brighten the eyes and keep the white part clear.


EUGENE—Cut off the polonaise back and make your nun's veiling into a draped skirt and round bodice, wearing a broad ribbon girdle and sash ends. Dark hats are worn with light dresses. The hair is not cut on the neck instead, it is brushed up with the other hair. Beads are liked about the throat for evening wear, but are not good form on the street.
LOUISE—We would advise you to consult a physician about your skin; the trouble is something that will probably be better treated internally.
MRS. M. B.—Finish your plain shelves with a narrow strip of the dark leather which is sold by the yard for this purpose, fastening it in place with gilt-headed tacks.
ETHEL—Four to six are the usual hours for afternoon tea. Tea, lemonade, small, thin sandwiches, small cakes and a large cake, if you like, form a sufficient repast.
VERA—No matter how fashionable the very sharp, very intelligent handwriting is, it is not a desirable one to cultivate. A clear, legible hand is always to be preferred.
A. R. L.—Learn to think the best as well as say the best about everybody. Do not listen to disagreeable stories; for this habit once gotten into becomes difficult to overcome. The kindly feeling in your heart will show itself in your face, and even the features, you call "ordinary," rendered most attractive.
MARY E.—With your gray gown, gray gloves will look best. You can be worn with almost any other shade, and a black and a good style.
MOTHER—Blue serge, the real navy blue, will make the most durable outing dress for your troop of maidens. In the mountains or in camps they will not object to being dressed alike, and really no other color is as durable.
A YOUNG GIRL—If you wish to be happy in this world, make the most of everything and everybody. Fault-finding is not ambition, nor lack of interest a sign of genius; find "good in everything" and the good will come to you.
MYSTIC—If people do not return your books after a proper length of time, it is perfectly polite to write a note asking for them, and no one with any sense would be offended at such an action.
H. D. M.—It was Dr. Holmes who wrote in "The Professor at the Breakfast Table," "The brain of a woman never interests us like the heart woman; white roses please less than red."
INTERROGATION—The Venetians are a family in "Our Mutual Friend," one of the best of Dickens' works. They represented the newly-rich; everything about them being marked as quite new, friends, servants, house, horses, silver, even the baby having the stamp of a recent importation. They are probably finely drawn representations of the nouveau riche as exist in fiction.
LUCY J.—A dainty traveling dress would be one of gray alpaca made with fitted skirt and a jacket basque. Have a gray straw bonnet trimmed with green ribbon. You will find the dust does not accumulate on such a gown, and that when it is persistent little brushing or shaking will soon cause it to disappear. Ribbon for a traveling bonnet is a more desirable trimming than either flowers or feathers.
MANITOBA ENGINEER—The Curtis Publishing Co., guarantees to its readers that the advertisers in THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL are reliable and will carry out their contracts. That is, they will send what is advertised. In case of failure, the Curtis Publishing Co. refunds the money lost by the sender. We do not, however, guarantee that the articles are all that they are claimed, or what the purchaser expects. We vouch merely for the reliability of the advertisement.
R. L. M.—The "Man of Destiny" was Napoleon Bonaparte. The "Man of December" was Louis Napoleon; so called because the famous coup-d'etat took place on December 2nd, 1851. "The Wondrous Maid" was Joan of Arc.
CARRIE—The only way in which you can get the folds out of an accordion-plated skirt, is to send it to a cleaning establishment where they will be removed by steam.
MRS. L. P.—It is very good of you to want to give of your plenty to one who has nothing. In your search for a little orphan girl why not apply to Sister Irene, the Maternity, New York City, or advertise your desire in a paper in your own home? The Jacksonville "Times-Union" would be a good one. Be sure that God will bless you for your goodness to one of His little ones.
MRS. I. J. R.—Write about your old relic to Sypher, Broadway and 17th street, New York.
MAY—The regular card envelope is used in sending visiting cards by post. In walking learn to hold yourself straight, but not stiffly, and step on the front of your foot rather than on the heel. Do not walk too quickly.
A SUBSCRIBER—With the white wedding dress wear white silk stockings and white satin slippers. At a quiet wedding, the bride would enter the room on her father's arm; the clergyman in your own home. The Jacksonville "Times-Union" would be a good one. Be sure that God will bless you for your goodness to one of His little ones.
E. C. M.—James Field, the author of "Yesterdays with Authors," died some years ago. "St. Nicholas" is a very good magazine for children.
Mrs. L. R. S.—If you can read music you ought to have no trouble.
D. A. N.—If your lack of eyebrows is unbecoming and tending them into the eyebrow pencil, simply a soft crayon, to improve their appearance. Get some one to show you how to apply it, describing just the line of the eyebrows, and do not make the mistake of having them look too heavy.
CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER—Submit your stories to any of the leading magazines; they will receive careful reading, and if deemed desirable for publication, will be bought and paid for.
C. M. G.—It is never polite, indeed it is very impolite, to use the edge of the handkerchief in place of a napkin; if one is not served you then quietly make use of your handkerchief. Writing on ruled paper is not in style as most people are taught, to write in straight lines at school, and on no paper, of good quality, are lines seen.
KLMA—There is often a regular income made by the sale of jellies and preserved fruits, but they must be so well made that the desire to get them is great. Usually they are sold at the "Woman's Exchange." Unless yours are very fine, there is little use, however, of applying for the market is very full, and these sold must reach the highest standpoint. Knowing this you can decide for yourself whether it is worth your while to send a sample.
MISS H. M. M.—We cannot recommend anything to increase the growth of the eyebrows; it is dangerous to experiment on them as the risk is taken of injuring the eye.
INQUIRER—It is not customary when a young woman is betrothed for her to accept invitations from other men than her father, brothers, or her affianced.
MRS. L. Y.—The combination of "pimples, blackheads and freckles" suggests a bad condition physically, and we would advise taking a teaspoonful of sulphur and molasses three times a day, with the stopping for three, and keeping this up for a little while. As to the freckles, try lemon juice and water on your face. Suggestions are given in this column as to the treatment for blackheads.
ERACHE—A Cincinnati subscriber kindly sends the following remedy for earache: "Obtain five cents' worth of dried arnica flowers and about a pint of good whisky. Make fannel bags about three inches square or large enough to cover the ear well; keep the whisky heated in a vessel on the stove. Dip the bags (filled with the flowers) in it; squeeze them almost dry and place over the ear as hot as the patient can stand it. Continue putting first one bag and then another bag, not allowing them to get cool, as it is the steam, with the flowers and whisky in it, that causes relief."

BEECHAM'S PAINLESS PATENT PILLS
EFFECTUAL
WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.
FOR WEAK STOMACH, IMPAIRED DIGESTION, CONSTIPATION, SICK HEADACHE, DISORDERED LIVER.



Sold by all Druggists at 25 CENTS PER BOX. Prepared only by THOS. BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire, England.
H. F. ALLEN & CO., Sole Agents for United States, 365 & 367 Canal St., New York.
Will (if your druggist does not keep them) mail Beecham's Pills on receipt of price—but inquire first. Please mention LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

SEE MY SPONGE?
SHINE your Shoes with **WOLFF'S ACME BLACKING** ONCE A WEEK!
Other days wash them clean with **SPONGE AND WATER.**
DO AS I DID



EVERY Housewife
EVERY Counting Room
EVERY Carriage Owner
EVERY Thrifty Mechanic
EVERY Body able to hold a brush SHOULD USE
PIK-RON
WILL STAIN GLASS & NEW FURNITURE
WILL STAIN OLD AND CHINAWARE
WILL STAIN TINWARE
WILL STAIN YOUR OLD BASKETS
WILL STAIN BABY'S COACH
WOLFF & RANDOLPH, Philadelphia.
Send stamp for circular, and mention this paper.

FOR 5 C. in stamps
[Mentioning LADIES' HOME JOURNAL]
WE WILL MAIL YOU
A SAMPLE TUBE OF **Dr. SHEFFIELD'S Crème Dentifrice**
A PERFECT LUXURY IN ITS WAY.
MOST CONVENIENT PACKAGE ON THE MARKET.
CLEANSES THE TEETH, PERFUMES THE BREATH.
REMOVES TARTAR, PREVENTS DECAY.
B. F. Allen Co., 365 Canal St., New York.

THE ORIGINAL BOX IS ONE-THIRD LARGER THAN THIS CUT.
LABLACHE'S FACE POWDER
BOSTON B. LEVY - MASS.
From the charming little CINDERELLA in the "CRYSTAL SLIPPER," BOSTON THEATRE, Oct. 4, 1888.
Ben Levy, Esq., 34 West St.
In all my travels I have always endeavored to find your LABLACHE'S 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 FISHER.
The Lablache Face Powder is the purest and only perfect toilet preparation in use. It purifies and beautifies the complexion. Mailed to any address on receipt of 25 3-cent stamps. BEN LEVY & CO., French Perfumers, 34 West St., Boston, Mass.



WE buy second hand books of any kind and of any language, and at fair prices. There is now a break demand for back numbers of magazines, of any language, published during the last 5 to 25 years. Send us promptly, and from any distance, a list of the books and periodicals you have. We may buy them. A list without a two cent postage stamp for a reply will not be considered. Established 1920. MURRAY TEMPLETON & CO. 685 Broadway, N. Y.

For the Last Time

We offer THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL in Clubs of Five at 60 cents per year. To any one who will take advantage of this opportunity to send us before July 1st a Club of Five Yearly Subscribers at 60 cents each, we will send any one of these Premiums. The last opportunity to secure

40 Per Cent. Commission and a Premium in Addition.

~~W~~This offer of 60 cents each for a Club of Five Yearly Subscriptions will be withdrawn July 1st, 1890.



• 1847. ROGERS BROS. A1 •
SILVER-PLATED WARE.
ROGERS BROTHERS' BEST MAKE.

These goods are, in our estimation, the best quality on the market. They cost us more than other brands, but years of experience teach us that they give satisfaction every time. We have no complaints, the goods always please, and while we have to pay more for this make, we prefer to do so, and have the satisfaction of knowing we are sending out what we consider the BEST AND HIGHEST-PRICED GOODS MADE.



Silver-plated Sugar-Shell.

To any one who will send us, prior to July 1st, 1890, a Club of 5 Yearly Subscribers at 60 cents each, we will send, post-paid, one of the Rogers Brothers (best make) Sugar Shells of the "Newport" pattern, as shown in the cut above. Price, 70 cents each, post-paid.



Assyrian Old Silver Butter Knife.

To any one who will send us, prior to July 1st, 1890, a Club of 5 Yearly Subscribers at 60 cents each, we will send, post-paid, one of the Rogers Brothers' (best goods) Butter Knives in the Assyrian Old Silver pattern; or, if desired we can send it to match the Sugar Shell above. If this is desired, ask for the "Newport" pattern. Prices: Assyrian O. S. pattern, 65 cents, post-paid; "Newport," 70 cents, post-paid.



Arabesque Fruit-Knife.

To any one who will send us prior to July 1st, 1890, a Club of 5 Yearly Subscribers at 60 cents each, we will send, post-paid one of the Rogers Brothers' (best goods) Fruit-Knives, in the Arabesque pattern. Price, 30 cents, post-paid.

Beveled Plate-Glass Mirror.

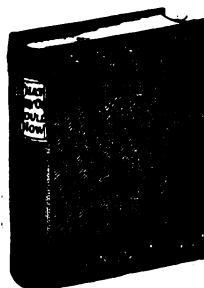


These mirrors are manufactured to our order and especially for our use. They cannot be procured elsewhere. By ordering a large quantity we have been enabled to secure them at a price which will allow of their being sent out for Club of 5 yearly subscribers at 60 cents each. They are 7 inches square. The glass is Beveled Plate and first-class in quality. The frame is of Embossed Leatherette. As a Toilet Glass it is not only useful, but very ornamental. In sending these out, we pack them carefully in boards, to avoid the possibility of any damage in the mails. Sent as a Premium for a

Club of 5 Yearly Subscribers at 60 cents each. Price, 55 cents, post-paid.

What Every One Should Know.

Given as a Premium for a Club of 5 Yearly Subscribers, at 60 cents each,



A cyclopedia of Practical Information, containing complete directions for making and doing over 5,000 things necessary in Business, the Trades, the Shop, the Home, the Farm and the Kitchen. Giving in plain language Recipes, Prescriptions, Medicines, Manufacturing Processes, Trade Secrets, Chemical Preparations, Mechanical Appliances, Aid to Injured, Business Information, Law, Home Decorations, Art Work, Fancy Work, Agriculture, Fruit Culture, Stock Raising and hundreds of other useful hints and helps needed in our daily wants. By S. H. BURT.

516 pages. Bound in cloth. Price, 90 cents. Postage and packing, 10 cents extra.

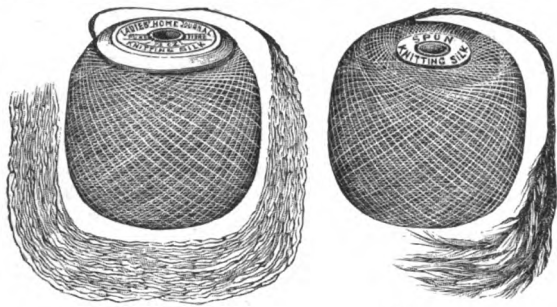
Any One of these Premiums Offered to any one sending us, previous to July 1st, 1890, a Club of FIVE YEARLY SUBSCRIBERS at 60 cents each.

Knitting Silks

MADE FROM THE LONG FIBRE OF REELED COCOONS.

One ball given as a Premium for a Club of 5 Yearly Subscribers at 60 cents each.
Price, 35 cents per ball, post-paid.

Knitting Silk is rapidly coming into favor as one of the most popular of Thread Silks. With a handsome piece of work as an end in view, care should be



No. 1.

No. 2.

taken to use only the VERY BEST SILK. We wish in a few words to explain the difference between two kinds of Knitting Silk (look at the cuts).

No. 1. represents a magnified view of the thread of "Fibre" Silk, made by doubling and twisting many times, a single, continuous thread of Silk, just as it comes from the Cocoon. The result is a thread strong, elastic, and with a high degree of metallic lustre, which cannot be produced from any other material known.

No. 2. represents a magnified view of what is known as "Spun Silk." The material is Silk, but of an entirely different character from the "Fibre" Silk. It is the waste or refuse of partially unwound, pierced or imperfect Cocoons. The fibres are so short they cannot be reeled, and so, are first carded and then spun like cotton. This "Spun Silk" is found in much of the Knitting Silk sold, and the dead, lustreless appearance of the soft, spongy thread produced, indicates its character.

If you are going to use Knitting Silk, don't waste your time by working with poor silk. If you do, the products of your labor will have but little lustre (what little they have will soon disappear) and after a little handling the articles will become Dull and Faded, as though made of cotton, and will soon GET ALL OUT OF SHAPE AND WEAR OUT.

We carry in stock a line of what we believe (by reason of actual experiment, in tests of articles manufactured and worn) to be the best manufactured.

We can supply:

Black	Reds . . . 10 shades	Wood Browns 7 shades
Whites 4 shades	Purples . . . 4 "	Steel Drabs . 3 "
Blues 10 "	Cadets 2 "	Yellows 4 "
Gendarme Blues 4 "	Terra Cottas 3 "	Olives 7 "
Pinks 5 "	Myrtles 3 "	

The dyes are all Fast Colors and will not stain the flesh when worn as Mittens, Hosiery, etc.

As Premiums, we send one ball, post-paid, for a Club of 5 Yearly Subscribers at 60 cents each. Our price is 35 cents per ball, postpaid, and is, to the best of our knowledge and belief, lower than the same quality of Silk can be elsewhere obtained. Put up in 1/2 ounce balls.

Oriental Embroidering Silk.

Given as a Premium for a Club of 5 Yearly Subscribers at 60 cents each.

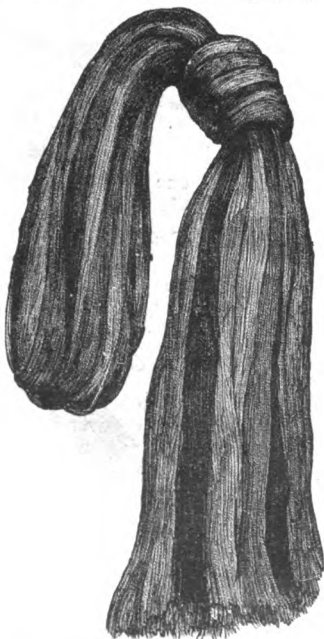
We offer this as the cheapest form of buying the best quality of embroidering silk in skeins. The same quantity as sold in retail stores would cost from 95 cents to One Dollar per ounce. The colors are assorted and are ALL FINE RICH SHADES. The quality is of the best, and is Pure Fibre Silk. We have it put up for us at a large silk mill, and as each thread is laid in straight, the full length, we are enabled to buy and offer it low, as we do not have to pay for the expensive skeining and knotting, which must all be done by hand.

We shall positively refuse to assort any particular colors or shades, and shall send it out just as received, assorted, from the factory.

In ordering this do not call it "Waste Embroidery," as in that case you would get PACKAGE of Factory Ends differing in character. This is regular skein Embroidery Silk, assorted colors, but of regular lengths, only it is in one large hank, and not in small knotted skeins.

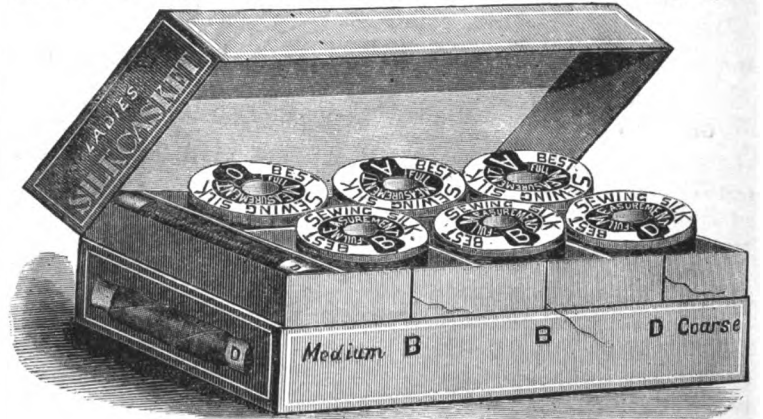
Don't confound it with cheap, poor silks inferior in appearance and weight, and made of "Spun" silk (*i. e.*, the refuse of "pierced" cocoons). We will

guarantee the quality to be first-class. We will send it as a Premium to club raisers for a Club of 5 Yearly Subscribers at 60 cents each; or, will send it post-paid to any U. S. post office address on receipt of 50 cents.



Ladies' Spool Silk Casket.

Given for a Club of 5 Yearly Subscribers at 60 cents each. Price, 50 cents, post-paid.



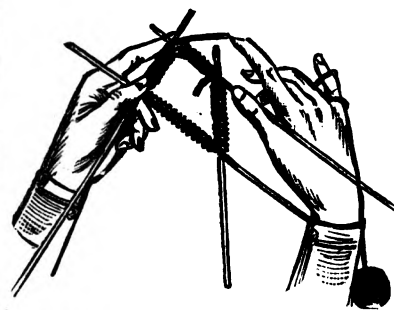
We have had these Caskets manufactured especially for the lady subscribers to the JOURNAL who may not be able to get a first-class spool silk from their storekeepers. The silk is of a grade which is particularly preferred by the dress-makers in the large cities. Each spool bears a guarantee band, placed there for us by the manufacturers, authorizing any dry goods merchant to redeem, with a full spool, any spool of this silk found to have any knot or imperfection, or to be deficient in length, even though partly used.

The caskets are well made and partitioned, have spaces for each spool, also one for Twist. They contain six spools, fifty yards silk, one spool of O, two of A, two of B and one of D.

Three ten yard spools of Twist for buttonholes and hand sewing. ALL BLACK. These caskets are compact and convenient receptacles for holding spools, and will keep your silk free from dust or dirt, and are always ready for use.

How to Knit and What to Knit.

Given for a Club of 5 Yearly Subscribers at 60 cents each.



This is one of the best books published on Fancy Knitting. It teaches how to knit, giving descriptions clear, concise, and easily understood. Everything illustrated. Shows cuts and gives five different ways of casting on stitches. Tells how to knit plain knitting, and to purl or seam, how to pick up a stitch, and how to repair a half-knitted stitch; gives two ways to increase, tells how to slip a stitch, how to narrow, how to cast off and how to join ends; gives careful directions for knitting stockings, gives different ways of forming the heels and toes. Tells how to insert a new heel and sole in an old, worn stocking; gives directions for common and artistic darning that will imitate the knitted stitch. Gives directions for numerous styles of fancy borders for stockings, mittens, etc.; squares for quilts, afghans, and many other things. Price, 20 cents, postpaid.

Linen Bibs.

Three Bibs given as a Premium for a Club of 5 Yearly Subscribers at 60 cents each.



Made of Butcher's Linen. Fringed across the bottom. Border of Knotted Insertion. Stamped ready for embroidering. Price, 15 cents each, post-paid, or 75 cents per half dozen, post-paid.

In purchasing these Bibs, most persons would probably desire to order them in dozens—or at least, one half dozen at a time. We can supply them in this way at a very low price.

For one dozen Bibs, \$1.35, post-paid. For one half dozen, 75 cents. Less than half dozen, 15 cents. All post-paid.

A Gold Thimble.

Given as a Premium for a Club of 5 Yearly Subscribers at 60 cents each.



The Thimble we offer is of 10 karat gold. It is not solid gold. Notice the cut representing the thimble cut in half. It is much thicker where the wear comes. The dark line running around the edge of the figure, between the white spaces, represents the stiffening, between the two layers of solid gold, one being on the outside and the other on the inside, of the thimble. This form of thimble is very much more durable than the best of those made of solid gold, and is very much cheaper.

If you wish us to register the package send 10 cents additional.

Any One of these Premiums Offered to any one sending us, previous to July 1st, 1890, a Club of FIVE YEARLY SUBSCRIBERS at 60 cents each.

Stamping Outfit A.

Including Perforated Stamping Patterns, Powder, Pad and Sheet of Instructions.

Given as a Premium for a Club of 5 Yearly Subscribers at 60 cents each.

The Outfit comprises patterns for all branches of Needle-work, and EVERY PATTERN IS THE FULL WORKING SIZE. The several Flannel Skirt patterns are each a full length strip, instead of a short section of the pattern, and EACH BORDER HAS THE CORNER TURNED. Among the designs are two very beautiful sprays for the end of a Table Scarf, one of Roses, and one of Daisies and Ferns, each 15 inches long; six exquisite fruit designs for Napkins and Doilies; Cup and Saucer, Sugar Bowl, etc., for Tray Cloths. Design for Slumber Pillow, full set of Outline Designs for Tidies, and complete set of Initials, large enough for Towels, Napkins, Handkerchiefs, etc. Besides these, the outfit contains Bouquets (not little sprigs) of Poppies, Bachelor's Buttons, Pond Lilies, Roses, Daisies, and many others, and a beautiful new design for Tinsel work. This Outfit was designed expressly for the readers of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, and can be procured from no other source.

Description of a Few of the Patterns Contained in the Outfit.



ALPHABET—1 complete set of INITIALS, suitable for Table Linen, Towels, Handkerchiefs, etc., etc., 1 3/4 inches high, and very pretty designs.

FLANNEL SKIRT AND BLANKET PATTERNS—EACH OF THESE DESIGNS IS TWENTY INCHES LONG, WITH SEPARATE CORNER, ALL TURNED, FOR EACH.

No. 1.—Wide 3-part scallop with spray of Lilies-of-the-Valley above each scallop, 3 inches wide. No. 2.—Running design for braid, with scallops for needle work, 3 inches wide.



Samples of Doily Designs.

Sample of Flannel Skirt Design.

No. 3.—Plain narrow scallop for edges of blankets, etc. No. 4.—Plain wide scallop, for borders. No. 5.—Narrow vine with scallop, for laid work, etc.

No. 6.—Strip of plain scallops, with a lot of little sprigs, to use over the scallops.

The Patterns in this Outfit are all New Designs.



Scarf and Table Cover Designs.

The sizes here given ARE THE SIZES OF

THE PATTERNS, not the sizes of the sheets of paper on which they are perforated. Each design has plenty of margin. One elegant curved branch of Roses, leaves and buds, 18 inches long by 6 or 7 wide, suitable for Kensington, Ribbon work, Outline embroidery or Painting. One curved spray of Daisies and Ferns, 18x6 inches, to match Rose spray. Bouquets for corners, 6 to 10 inches wide, Bachelors' Buttons, Poppies, Roses and Pond Lilies.

TINSEL DESIGNS—One wide, running pattern for single thread 5 1/2x16 inches. One wide Braiding design, 15x5. One Braiding design, 16x2 1/4 inches. One strip of wide scallops with tassel pendants for borders.

TIDY DESIGNS—One set of outline designs. Girl Jumping Rope, Child reading large Book, Pretty Little Girl with Kitten. One set of Flower designs, 6 to 10 inches wide; Roses, Daisies, large Poppy, Lilies, etc.

MISCELLANEOUS DESIGNS—One design for fir Slumber-pillow, "Dreams of the Forest." Six designs for Doilies; Cherries, Plums, Peaches, Pears, etc. Cup and Saucer, Sugar Bowl, etc., for Tray Cloths, etc. Lots of other designs for various uses, in Embroidery and Painting, consisting of Flowers, Sprigs, Ferns, Birds, etc.

In the past four months we have received a great many letters requesting a complete list of the goods we offer as Premiums. Never having published such a catalogue we have been unable to meet the demand. Our Premium Department has issued, and has now, all ready for mailing, a very complete and desirable Premium Catalogue. It is the full size of the JOURNAL and has 40 pages, representing all of our Premium goods (nearly nine hundred different articles), many of which have never been offered through the columns of the JOURNAL. To such of our readers as wish one of these catalogues, and will send us their names and addresses we shall be glad to mail one.

Brigg's Stamping Patterns.

STAMPING WITHOUT POWDER, PAD OR BRUSH.

Given as a Premium for a Club of 5 Yearly Subscribers at 60 cents each. Postage 5 cents additional.

This outfit contains 100 full-size new and original designs of Brigg's Patent Transfer Patterns. Ladies who have objected to doing their own Stamping with the Perforated Patterns on account of the daub that is made by using the Powder and Paint, will appreciate



these Transfer Patterns. All that is required to do the Stamping is to lay the Pattern on the Material to be Stamped; pass a Warm Iron over the back of the Pattern, and the Design is instantly transferred to the Material. They can be used for Stamping Felt, Velvet, Plush, Satin, Silk, Linen, and, in fact, all kind of materials. You can save money by getting this Outfit, and doing your own Stamping. You can make money by doing Stamping for others. This outfit contains Patterns for both Embroidery and Painting, including full sized Designs for Scarfs, Tidies, Panels, Tray Cloths, Doilies, Crazy Patchwork, etc.

We give a Partial List of the Patterns. Please notice all the Patterns are full working size.

SCARF DESIGNS.

Daisies on Fence (see illustration), 10x7.
Pond-Lillies, 10x5.
Golden Rod, 10x7.
Poppies, 10x4 1/2.
Wild Rose, 10x5.

FRUIT DESIGNS.

Strawberry, Pear, Apple, Peach, etc.

LARGE OUTLINES.

An "Owl" Maid (see illustration), 6x10.
Boy Blowing May-Horn, 4x10.
Girl Blowing Soap Bubbles, 8x10.
Palm Fans, 5x10.
Chair—"Come, Sit Thee Down," 6x10.
Girl Standing by a Tree (calling to kitty, who sits up in the tree), 5x10.
Boy in Chair, Reading, 4x5.
Dog (full size), 5x5.
Medallion Head, 4 1/2x4 1/2.
Girl (outline), 2x4 1/2.
Birds on Ground, 3x4.
Daisies, 4x5.
Cow.
Owls.
Poppies.
Bird Flying, 3x4.
Rabbit.
Pond-Lily.

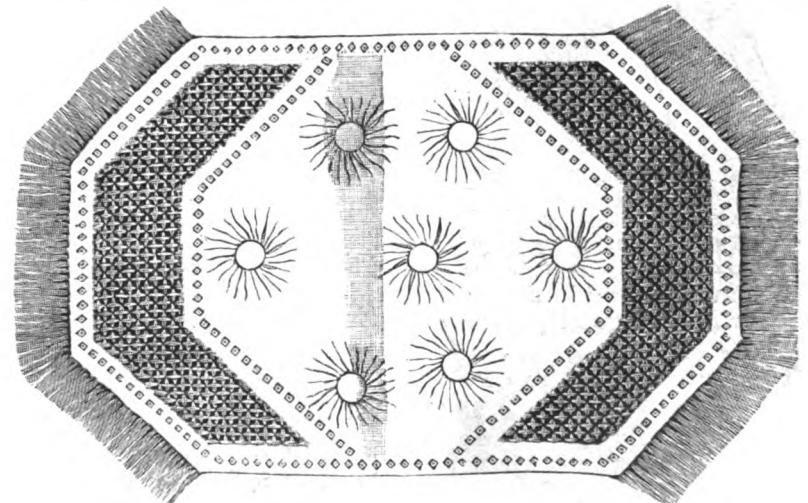
Apple, 3x3 1/2.
Rose Buds.
Wheat.
Acorns.
Wild Roses, 4 1/2x5.
Duck.
Chicken.
Pansy.
Bird on Branch, 3x5.
Cat.
Golden Rod.
Cherries, 2 1/2x4.
Pink.
Fuchsias.
Lily-of-the-Valley.
Calla-Lily, 3x4 1/2.
Dog.
Birds.
Forget-Me-Nots.
Bird on Twig, 3x5.
Butterfly.
Ferns.
Vase, 3x4.
Tulip.
Jessamine.
Lilies.
Tray Cloth Designs.
100 Patterns in all.

Price, 65 Cents, Post-paid.

Tray Cloth, No. 3363.

Given as a Premium for a Club of 5 Yearly Subscribers at 60 cents each. Postage and Packing 10 cents extra.

This is the handsomest Tray Cloth we have ever offered. It is of a beautiful



quality of linen. Damask border, knotted fringe, drawn and knotted insertion at each end. Stamped for embroidering. This scarf is made in Europe to our special order and is proving a decided success. Price, 75 cents, post-paid.

Any One of these Premiums Offered to any one sending us, previous to July 1st, 1890, a Club of FIVE YEARLY SUBSCRIBERS at 60 cents each.

Two of the best and most reliable Cook Books ever published. Given as a Premium for a Club of 5 Yearly Subscribers at 60 cents each.

Parloa's Latest and Marion Harland's Best Cook Book. Cookery for Beginners



Mrs. Maria Parloa, principal of the Cooking School in Boston and an acknowledged authority on all matters pertaining to good living, is the author of the new book.

It is considered to be her best production and is complete in every way. Neither time nor money has been spared in the preparation of the book and housekeepers will find it contains the secret of providing the most healthful food in a tasty manner and at the least expense. It is bound in a handsome lithographed cover. Over seventy-five thousand copies of Mrs. Parloa's other and more expensive books have been sold.

This book was issued by the publishers as an inducement to the public to purchase their large sized and expensive Parloa Cook Book. As a matter of fact, the contents of the books are the same, with one exception, i. e. the one we offer lacks the marketing guide.



The book, "Cookery for Beginners," has always been catalogued and sold in cloth binding at the low price of \$1.00. But we now have an edition in oiled waterproof covers, containing the same number of pages as the previous editions.

It consists of plain, practical lessons for girls and young housekeepers of small means.

Its directions are to be relied upon, and its results are invariably delicate, wholesome and delicious.

It possesses the advantage of being perfectly adapted to the needs of beginners.

Mothers cannot give their daughters a more sensible and useful present than this volume. It is a most valuable addition to the home library.

Price of Marion Harland's "Cookery for Beginners," 20c., post-paid.
Price of Parloa's Cook Book, No. 2, - - - 20c., post-paid.
(Regular Price, 30 cents.)

A Year's Subscription TO THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL FREE!



On July 1st, 1890, we shall discontinue our offer to accept Clubs of Five Yearly Subscribers at 60 cents each. Until that date they may be sent to us at that rate.

If there is not, among the premiums offered this month, and those which appeared in the June number, anything which you may desire, perhaps another year's subscription to the JOURNAL would be acceptable. If so, send us the names of five yearly subscribers at 60 cents each, and as a premium we will enter your own name for a year's subscription to begin at the expiration of the present one. In sending in the club, request the Premium Subscription for yourself, otherwise it will not be entered.

Dickens' Works.

Handsomely bound in cloth; good print and good paper.

Any one volume sent, post-paid as a Premium for a Club of 5 Yearly Subscribers at 60 cents each.

- PICKWICK PAPERS.
- MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT.
- OLIVER TWIST. PICTURES FROM ITALY, AND AMERICAN NOTES.
- NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.
- DAVID COPPERFIELD.
- CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.
- OLD CURIOSITY SHOP AND REPRINTED PIECES.
- BARNABY RUDGE AND HARD TIMES.
- BLEAK HOUSE.
- LITTLE DORRIT.
- DOMBEY AND SON.
- CHRISTMAS BOOKS. UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELER, AND ADDITIONAL CHRISTMAS STORIES.
- TALE OF TWO CITIES AND GREAT EXPECTATIONS.
- OUR MUTUAL FRIEND.
- EDWIN DROOD. SKETCHES, MASTER HUMPHRIES' CLOCK.

Price, 45 cents each, post-paid.

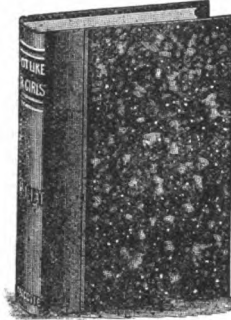


Delightful Books for Girls.

By ROSA N. CAREY.

Any one of the books in this set, given as a Premium for a Club of 5 Yearly Subscribers at 60 cents each.

These books are very attractive in appearance. Bound in Half Cloth, handsome Marbled Covers.



WEE WIFIE.
"A better story, even, than the previous popular production of this talented author."—*Texas Siftings*.

UNCLE MAX.
"The whole book is perfectly enchanting."—*Boston Globe*.

NELLIE'S MEMORIES.
"The story is to be highly commended."—*Phila. Eve. News*.

QUEENIE'S WHIM.
"A bright, pleasant story of girl life."—*Chicago Bookseller*.

WOOD AND MARRIED.
"It is a finely-conceived tale and admirably written."—*Boston Traveller*.

ONLY THE GOVERNESS.
A charming love story of English life.

FOR LILIAS.
"A delightful novel, and is fully equal to the best of her stories."—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*.

NOT LIKE OTHER GIRLS.
"The story is one of the sweetest, daintiest, and most interesting of the season's publications."—*New York Home Journal*.

BARBARA HEATHCOTE'S TRIAL.
"The story is told by the author with a skillful fascination. If anything 'Barbara' is better than 'Not Like Other Girls,' and all the girls know that it was very good."—*Philadelphia Times*.

ROBERT ORD'S ATONEMENT.
"This story is of lively interest, strong in its situations, artistic in its character and local sketching, and charming in its love-scenes. Everybody that 'loves a lover' will love this book."—*Boston Home Journal*.

There is possibly no writer of fiction whose work has in a certain sense been more successful than Miss Carey's. She is a woman's reader. If she had deliberately planned to do so, she could not have been more successful in pleasing that large number of women and girls who, possessed of refined tastes, exalted ideas and a capacity to appreciate and sympathize with all that is noble in character. seek in books that satisfaction which is not always obtained in real life.

We will send anyone of the above list postpaid on receipt of 50 cents.

Hints to Wife and Mother.

Sent as a Premium for a Club of 5 Yearly Subscribers at 60 cents each. Price, 60 cents, post-paid.

This book, ably written by men of wide experience, and treating, as it does, of topics of vital interest, is one of special value to the Wife and Mother of the present day.



It suggests, advises and informs the young or ignorant Mother, in a way that if read carefully, and conscientiously followed, may enable her to successfully carry her delicate infant over the period of childhood's ills and on to robust, adult age.

The chapters on feeding and teething are alone worth the price of the book, and the advice given to the Mother in relation to the care of her own health, is invaluable.

Physicians and Mothers, who have examined this work—so clearly and comprehensively, yet concisely written—pronounce it one of the very best which has been presented to the public in a long while.

THE IMPROVED Ideal Hair Curler.

Given as a Premium for a Club of 5 Yearly Subscribers at 60 cents each.



A Perfect Device For Curling and Frizzing the Hair.

The only Hair Curler known, which avoids bringing the heated iron in contact with the hair. Always bright and clean. No soiling or burning the hair or hands.

Highest recommendations from ladies who have used it.

Enameled handles. Handsomely nickel-plated Shell and Spring.

PRICE 50 CENTS, POSTPAID.

The Art of Letter-Writing.

Given as a Premium for a Club of 5 Yearly Subscribers, at 60 cents each.



A Manual of Polite Correspondence, containing the Correct Forms for all Letters of a Commercial, Social, or Ceremonial Nature, with copious Explanatory Chapters on Arrangement, Grammatical Forms, Punctuation, etc. by JENNIE TAYLOR WANDLE.

While touching upon business methods, this volume has been compiled with a distinct view to instruct in the art of social and general correspondence according to the most recent American usages. A few general rules, easily comprehended, together with the forms given as illustrations of what is correct, will enable all who consult them to properly indite their own letters, independent of other assistance.

Bound in Handsome Cloth Binding. Price, postpaid, 40 cents.

Of Interest to our Subscribers

WHO ARE SENDING US CLUBS.

Until July 1st, 1890, we shall continue to accept *Yearly Subscriptions, when sent in Clubs of Five or More, at Our Special Rate of 60 Cents Each.*

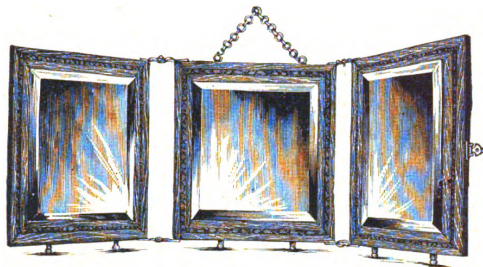
After that date this rate will be discontinued. We will also send to those who send us clubs of five at this rate, any one of those most desirable PREMIUMS offered in this, and in the June number. Those who wish to avail themselves of this offer, and obtain

40 Per Cent. Commission and a Premium in addition, must do so at once, as

This Offer will not appear again.

Triplicate Toilet Mirror.

Given as a Premium for a Club of 11 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 7 subscribers and \$1.00 extra; or, 5 subscribers and \$1.50 extra. Price, 4.00. Must be sent by Express, charges to be paid by the receiver.

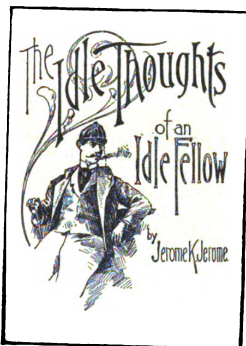


These Triplicate Mirrors are exceptionally handsome and very desirable. Size, extended, 31 x 10 1/2 inches. There are three Beveled Mirrors (10 inches square), hinged in such a manner that a lady can arrange her hair, either back or front, with the greatest ease. It is an absolute necessity for the toilet. The frames are of carved Antique Oak, and the backs of Embossed Leather and Silk Plush; Nickered Chain and Hinges. Folded and closed, as it hangs on the wall, it is very handsome and ornamental.

Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow.

BY JEROME K. JEROME.

Sent, post-paid, as a premium for a club of two yearly subscribers at \$1.00 each. Price, 50 cents, post-paid.

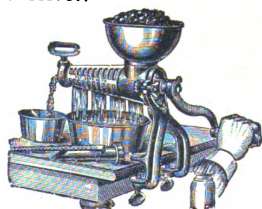


This volume, written by a rising young humorist, has met with unbounded success in England, the sale having reached over one hundred thousand copies. It is a charmingly-written volume, abounding in shrewd reflections, in sparkling and glancing wit, in playful sunny humor and now and then a strain of deep and genuine pathos. It is a book to amuse and entertain everybody, and the statement made by the author in his preface, to the effect that "this book wouldn't elevate a cow," if literally true, does not do it justice. It is a collection of whimsical papers on all sorts of subjects; the most of them are bright and witty; none of them are dull. They are well written and decidedly well worth reading, and form a book which can be taken up at any time and read for an hour or two with pleasure. The *London Punch* says: "The Idle Thoughts," by Jerome, with his special

private views, is a book all busy people should undoubtedly peruse."

A Fruit, Wine and Jelly Press.

Given as a Premium for a Club of 10 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 8 subscribers and 50 cents extra; or, for 6 subscribers and \$1.00 extra. Sent only by Express, charges to be paid by the receiver.



For Seeding and Extracting Juice from all Fruits and Berries.

Every Housekeeper should have one.

With this Press can be extracted the juices from Strawberries, Raspberries, Cranberries, Huckleberries, Gooseberries, Elderberries, Blackberries, Cherries, Currants, Peaches, Plums, Tomatoes, Pineapples, Pears, Quinces, Grapes, Apples, etc.

The seeds and skins are discharged perfectly dry.

Nothing is Wasted!

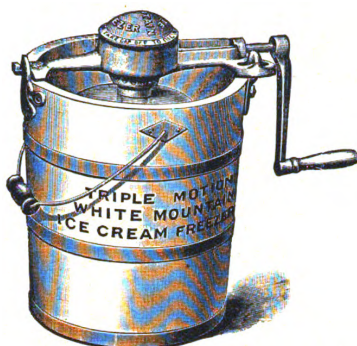
Wine, Jellies, Fruit-Butters, and Syrups can be made from anything that has juice.

Can be used as a perfectly satisfactory Lard Press.

Price, \$2.25. These presses must go by Express; charges to be paid by the receiver.

White Mountain Ice Cream Freezer.

Sent as a premium for a club of only 5 yearly subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 3 subscribers and 50 cents additional. Sent only by Express, charges to be paid by the receiver.



Price, \$2.75. Sent by Express, charges to be paid by the receiver.

We have selected the FOUR QUART size, which will be found to be the one best adapted to family use. The "White Mountain" is very popular and is sure to prove satisfactory. It is what is known as a Triple-Motion Freezer, and but a few moments work is necessary to produce good results. All iron parts are galvanized. The beaters are coated with block tin.

We send with each Freezer, the book "Frozen Dainties" referred to and recommended in our August '89 number, which contains many choice recipes for Ice Cream, Water Ices, Sherbet, &c.

Our Fishing Outfit for the Boys.

Given as a premium to any boy who will send us 4 yearly subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 3 subscribers and 25 cents extra. Postage and packing 30 cents extra.



This outfit for trout and bass fishing, is one of which any boy might be justly proud. The rod is of genuine Calcutta bamboo, 12 1/2 feet long, in three joints, with double Brass Ferrules. The balance of the outfit consists of a Brass Balance Reel, with screw handle and raised pillars. Braided lisle thread line, 25 yards long. 1/2 dozen long shank Carlisle hooks for Trout, and 1/2 dozen Bass hooks on double twisted gut, one varnished Quill-Top Float, and an assortment of Artificial Trout Flies.

We have these outfits put up especially for our use and will recommend and guarantee them in every particular. The rod is not of brittle wood, put carelessly together to sell at a low price, but is of the material used in manufacturing the enormously expensive rods used by expert and scientific fly casters—Burnt Calcutta Bamboo. The Reel is a perfect beauty.

We will send this outfit complete on receipt of \$1.10 and 30 cents extra for postage and packing. A similar outfit can not be purchased for the same money at any retail store in the country.

The extreme length allowed for a mailing package is 4 feet, consequently we can not mail poles over 12 feet long (3 joints 4 ft. each.) The Express charges on this outfit to points within a reasonable distance would not be over 30 cents. We will send on receipt of the price (\$1.10) an outfit by Express, charges to be paid by the receiver. The advantage of ordering in this way is that we can send poles measuring from 12 1/2 to 13 1/2 feet long and considerably heavier, without additional charge. Poles, by mail will measure only 11 or 12 feet when extended.

IN MAILING these Fishing Outfits we have tried several methods—none of which have proven satisfactory. The Reel, Lines, &c., were liable to become loosened from the package and be lost in transportation. Hereafter we shall send the Pole separate, and the balance of the outfit will be packed in a box by itself. If the Rod is received alone, don't write to tell us a mistake has been made. The rest of the goods (if not received with the Rod) will probably be in the next mail.

LAWN TENNIS.

Complete set packed in a box. Sent as a premium for 42 yearly subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 35 subscribers and \$1.75 extra; or, 30 subscribers and \$3.00 extra; or, for 25 subscribers and \$4.25 extra; or, for 20 subscribers and \$5.50 extra; or, we will send it on receipt of \$12.00. Express or freight charges to be paid by the receiver. If you wish it sent by freight send 25 cents additional for cartage.



Lawn Tennis has steadily grown in popularity, until it ranks foremost as a social outdoor sport. As a rule the implements used in the game are rather expensive and in many cases inferior. We have had put up for our use, by the manufacturer of one of the most popular rackets, a complete tennis set which we can supply to our subscribers at an unusually low price. The set comprises four regulation rackets, well strung with fine gut and a close mesh, four regulation felt covered balls, a good net 27x4 feet, portable jointed poles, lines and runners, and mallet. The set is compactly packed in a neat, strong box, and a complete manual of instruction is included.

These sets must go by express or freight, charges to be paid by the receiver. They are well packed and will carry safely to any reasonable distance. No tennis set equal in character to the one we offer, can be purchased of a dealer at the same price, and a poor, inferior set is of no practical use to any one.

BACKS OR SKIRTS, WHICH?

BY MARY BLAKE.

"I DON'T believe in girls skating or playing tennis. There is Mary James, now she is under the doctor's care, she has such dreadful back-aches, and her mother says it is nothing but tennis last summer." And the speaker sighed and looked over to the next yard where a merry company of young men and maidens were flying back and forth in a lively game of tennis. To look at, it did seem like violent exercise for girls. The young men seemed to find it necessary to be rid of the ordinary incumbrances of their dress, few as they are; they had no coats to burden the arms, no long trousers to burden the legs. The girls ran as swiftly and leaped as lightly as the boys, but—the difference in the clothing! Long skirts that hung close to their limbs, waists whose slender belts looked tight. (By the way, did you ever see a girl who would confess that her belt was tighter than perfect comfort required?)

"You look tired, Maria," said a girl to one who had played most vigorously. "I am not tired, but my back aches so. I don't see why it should."

If we could have lifted her dress when she took it off that night, we would not have wondered at the back-ache, but that she could have played at all carrying such a weight. It was a heavy flannel to begin with, a thick facing and a plaiting added something to it, and the girl bore all the weight on her hips, not a loop, or a button-hole, or a strap to help her carry it. And with all those pounds hanging from her hips, she ran, she reached above her head, she leaped to catch the flying ball. Could a man or a boy do it with such a weight tied around his waist? Would he try? No! Yet if you should suggest to one of these girls or their mothers, how much they might help these backs, by any one of a half-dozen simple devices—a stout corset-cover with a button in the back, and a loop or buttonhole on the skirt-binding, for instance—they would say as soon as your back is turned, "What an old-maid's notion that is!" and the mother would add, "I have always worn my skirts on my hips and it never hurt me. But Annie, my dear, I am afraid tennis is too hard for you. Girls are not made for such vigorous exercise."

We say it indignantly till pity for their folly and future sufferings softens our hearts, our girls are injuring themselves more by their heavy skirts unsupported, than by all their exercise, immoderate as it sometimes is.

Wear your corsets if you must, if you can see in "Dress Reform" only something to be wondered at, or ridiculed. But do not depend upon them to hold up your heavy skirts. Put over the corset a waist, no matter how you make it, if it only is strong enough for a few stout buttons, and let it carry your skirts with an even pull from the shoulders. Fill up your dresses? Perhaps so. We heard that objection urged years ago against warm winter-flannels, and the girls shivered in a cold day, had blue noses and red hands, but kept their "lovely figures." We have made a little progress since then: we see fewer wasp-like waists—except among the girls of the poorer classes who are apt to exaggerate the harmful fashions of the rich—girls are learning that the beauties of a tiny waist do not counter-balance a spotted complexion. But go a little further; give your back a fair chance, and you can play tennis and skate as merrily as the boys, and it will not hurt you either.

Here we feel like throwing down our pen in despair, as we see the scornful smile come on the girls' faces, and we seem to hear the remark made not many years ago by a fashionable young girl who was urged to try some new device for lifting the weight of the skirts: "If it is anything to make my dresses fit better I will try it, but if it is anything for health I will not look at it!" Poor woman, she is a helpless invalid and always will be, and has spent years and thousands of dollars in the vain search for health.

He that carries weights in a race has an allowance made, but we make no allowance for the weights our girls carry till they break down, then the household or the husband carries the weight of their sad invalidism all the rest of their days.

Mothers! the fault is yours, and the remedy is yours, too.

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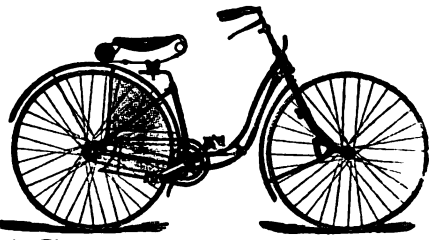
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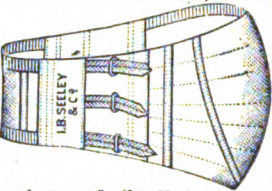


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