

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST, 1890.

TEN CENTS A COPY

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THE MONTH OF FRUITS.

The corn is standing in golden rows,
The gardens are rich in things to eat;
Melons are ripe, and each man knows
Abundance is spreading at his feet,
Luscious and mellow and passing sweet.

The sky above us is still most blue,
And the sun glares down the live-long day;
But work all done and labor through,
We well can sleep the night away;
For breezes rise at set of sun,
To cool the earth and revive the flowers;
As the evening veil above is hung,
We watch the stars from this world of ours,
And smile at the pleasant August hours.

S. L. S.

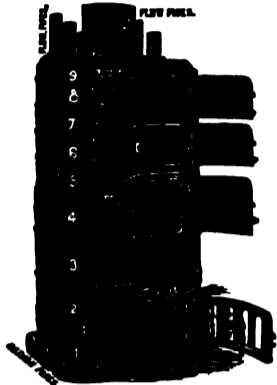
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FASHION'S ODDS AND ENDS.

SOME STRAY IDEAS FOR WOMAN'S WEAR.

HARMLESS vanities are permissible with every woman; so, when making transparent sleeves to a black lace dress, line them with very fine white net, which does not show when the sleeves are worn, though it makes the arms look much whiter. Suède-colored cashmere, combined with black armure silk, or trimmed with black cord passementerie, is as fashionable for house gowns as Indian or Eiffel red and black. Large sleeves are universal, whether gathered at the top and bottom, or top only. A new trimming for coat sleeves consists of crosswise rows of inch-wide velvet or silk-ribbon placed an inch apart. House dresses have low or rolling collars, while street costumes are made with them still very high. Double-breasted vests from the bust down, with a blunt point, are very stylish with jacket fronts. The space above is cut heart or V-shape, and filled in with surah in plaits, a white chemisette, or flatly covered with embroidery.

The Empire effects remain in vogue in the way of dispensing with darts in the outside material, and having the fronts full from the neck or shoulders. This fullness is all then disposed of by close overlapping plaits on the lower edge under a band of folded ribbon tied in a bow or held by a buckle; or vandykes of silk cord are sewed, pointing up, along the basque edge and pressed firmly to the form so as to confine the fullness of material becomingly, and imitate a Swiss bodice across the fronts only or entire around the short corsage, which is just well to the bottom of the waist, and with the slightest semblance of a point back and front. At the top the trimming is placed all around the lower edge of the collar, pointing down, with the points radiating like a star-shaped yoke. Yokes of velvet or passementerie are worn again, with the edge of the soft woolen goods gathered on to form a tiny ruffle or the yoke is laid over the fullness. If a basque has seen its best days it may have a yoke, collar, cuffs, and a broad-shaped belt or girdle from the side seams, and the worn parts of this concealed. Good velveteen will wear better than ordinary velvet for this purpose.

Jacket fronts, cut square across the waist-line, have side gores and broad, back pieces ending in a blunt point, but no side forms. Stitched edges are fashionable again; remember to have the first row just far enough from the edge to give it the appearance of cording, and the second row a quarter of an inch from that. Two rows must be used and seven may be; use a medium long stitch, and have the lines perfectly straight.

White lawn blouses are worn with cotton, woolen and silk skirts. They are shirred all round the waist-line, and sometimes at the neck, with immense sleeves and a skirt part about two-and-a-half inches deep, which is edged with embroidery to match the turn-over collar and cuffs. Some high collars are faced with a contrasting fabric and turned over an inch deep at the top. The newest gingham gowns are finished with collar and cuffs of velvet, shirred basques and full skirts that are draped or plaited on the sides. A new sleeve is wrinkled like a glove to above the elbow, where it forms a point, and a puff of contrasting material is then set in, which is gathered to the arm size and forms a high sleeve. Provided the colors and materials are tastefully arranged, all kinds of combinations are allowed. If the skirts, basques and sleeves are all very full and becoming to the figure, the present fashions are very stylish, while for stout people there remains pointed, coat-tail basques and skirts having straight effects, though full. As but little drapery is required, and that is the most difficult part of home dressmaking, the home sewer is not so much perplexed as she might be under different modes.

Have you ever thought that the last new style in veils is not always the becoming one? Thin veiling with patches of chenille upon it set far apart has just now a certain vogue, but to be becoming it must be arranged so that the patch doesn't come exactly on your nose or seem to obliterate one eye. Lovely, black eyes may be longed for, but this is not a desirable way to gain them.

A veil with a border is apt to give an old look to the face, specially if it is drawn just across the mouth and hides it from view.

Veils with very large dots are neither fashionable or becoming. The plain tulle veils are probably the most becoming and most desirable of all, but their lives are as short as that of the famous butterfly who, though born in a bower, was so sadly drowned in a teacup and dead in an hour. Folding a tulle veil over a bit of pasteboard immediately after it is taken off, will make it last a few times longer than it would if it was tossed down in the ordinary way.

Never get the plain black tulle. It will add ten years to your appearance. Scarlet, all the browns, pale green, and white are most becoming. Of blue it may be said that while it is becoming it will, if you have the least suspicion of powder on your face, announce it to the world at large.

WHAT SHALL I WEAR?

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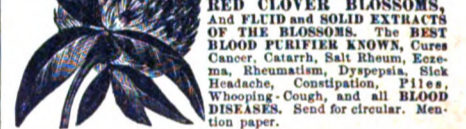
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Vol. VII, No. 9

PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST, 1890

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MISS CAMARDEN'S SECRET A SUMMER STORY BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE

HALF-A-DOZEN huge elm and butternut trees, standing in a row, threw a grateful shade over the spectators of the lawn-tennis match. But the players—Grace Camarden and Adam Boyne, on one side, and Captain Peyton Elwes and Mrs. Rutherford Renshaw, on the other—found fault with it; for sunlight and shadow were mingled on the court, and perplexed their vision. It was the last game of the last set, and, as it happened, the deciding game of the match. Captain Elwes served the ball to Grace. She returned it neatly to Mrs. Renshaw. Mrs. Renshaw volleyed it; it struck just inside the base-line, on

hotel, his shoulder now and then touching hers as they moved; "but he's no match for you, Miss Camarden; anybody can see that." Grace perceived an ambiguity in this observation, yet she suffered it to pass. She had very exacting ideas, and she remembered many occasions before this when Adam had failed to act up to them, and had made light of her remonstrances. Not to be treated like a crown princess made her indignant. She was an only daughter, and ruled her father and mother. She was beautiful, and had the aristocratic habits of wealth and personal charm. She was at once crude and precocious—with the instincts of a woman and the inexperience of a child. She was impulsive and quick-tempered, and prone to sweeping and generally erroneous generalisations. She imagined herself all generosity, but was proud, sensitive and tyrannical. Impassioned in all things, she held in a day a dozen mutually incompatible opinions, and was insulted if anybody did not agree with them all. She believed that anything she desired must be right, because she took it for granted that her will must necessarily coincide with the eternal fitness of things. To be betrothed to such a girl was to hold an arduous position, as Adam had reason to know. But Adam saw good in her that outweighed the bad; and there was a fund of power in him which his careless and genial exterior prevented most people from suspecting. He was a stalwart, clear-headed, masculine fellow, a university graduate, and next year to be a physician. He loved Grace, and revered her womanhood. He sometimes



"You play a very pretty game."

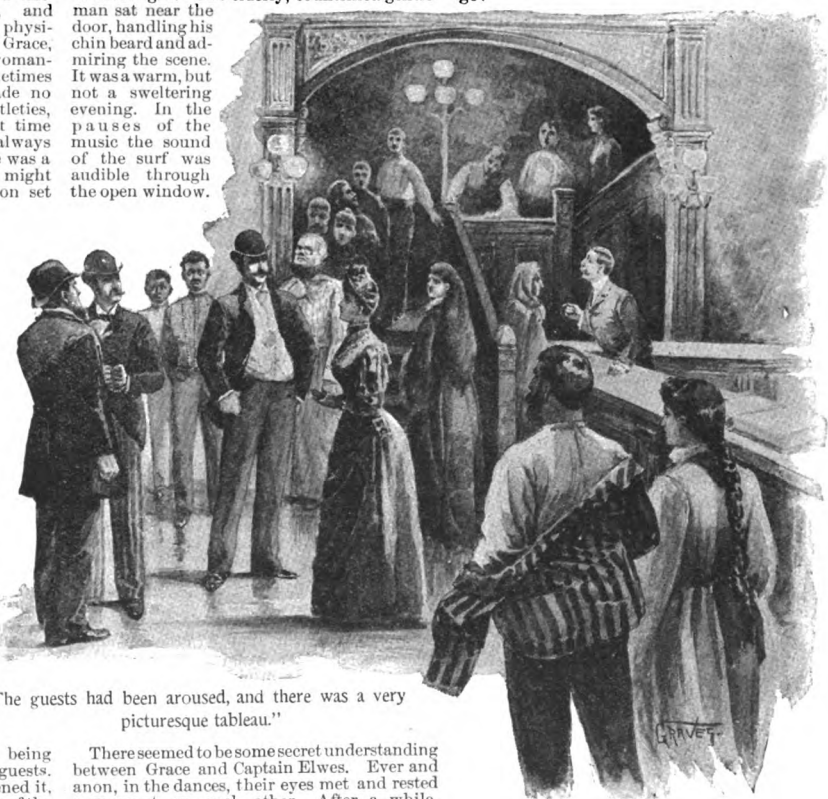
snubbed her high flights, and made no attempt to keep pace with her subtleties, but did the right thing, and let time reconcile her. Hitherto, she had always come round, sooner or later; but there was a chance that some untoward influence might catch her, sometime, before the reaction set in, and work a mischief. Among the spectators of the game had been an elderly, countrified-looking fellow, with a square tuft of beard under his chin, and wearing a new but ill-fitting suit of clothes. He was a new arrival at the hotel, and no one knew him; but as Boyne, carrying the balls and rackets, was walking up to the hotel in the rear of the rest, the countryman joined him. After a few comments on the game, which was evidently a new one to him, he remarked:—"Uncommon spry chap, that there Englishman. A lord, I guess?" "Younger son of one, I believe. He's a friend of Mrs. Renshaw." "Is, eh? Met her abroad, I expect?" "He brought a letter of introduction from Mr. Renshaw, who is in London." "Did, eh? Nice sort of fellow, is he? Sociable-like, and free of his cash?" Adam chuckled. "He plays an uncommonly good game of billiards, and, for an Englishman, he's a dab at poker. If we were smart enough to win his money, I suppose we'd see it; but so far, things haven't got that way. Good day!" And he entered the hotel, where the mail was being distributed by the clerk to the throng of guests. There was a letter for Adam. He opened it, and said, "Humph!" The handwriting of the letter was feminine. "You're one of the lucky ones, I see," observed Captain Elwes, confronting him, with his hands in the side pockets of his flannel blazer, and an expression of discontent on his handsome features. "Can't think what's got into my folks. Haven't heard from home for a month."

hotel, his shoulder now and then touching hers as they moved; "but he's no match for you, Miss Camarden; anybody can see that." Grace perceived an ambiguity in this observation, yet she suffered it to pass. She had very exacting ideas, and she remembered many occasions before this when Adam had failed to act up to them, and had made light of her remonstrances. Not to be treated like a crown princess made her indignant. She was an only daughter, and ruled her father and mother. She was beautiful, and had the aristocratic habits of wealth and personal charm. She was at once crude and precocious—with the instincts of a woman and the inexperience of a child. She was impulsive and quick-tempered, and prone to sweeping and generally erroneous generalisations. She imagined herself all generosity, but was proud, sensitive and tyrannical. Impassioned in all things, she held in a day a dozen mutually incompatible opinions, and was insulted if anybody did not agree with them all. She believed that anything she desired must be right, because she took it for granted that her will must necessarily coincide with the eternal fitness of things. To be betrothed to such a girl was to hold an arduous position, as Adam had reason to know. But Adam saw good in her that outweighed the bad; and there was a fund of power in him which his careless and genial exterior prevented most people from suspecting. He was a stalwart, clear-headed, masculine fellow, a university graduate, and next year to be a physician. He loved Grace, and revered her womanhood. He sometimes

snubbed her high flights, and made no attempt to keep pace with her subtleties, but did the right thing, and let time reconcile her. Hitherto, she had always come round, sooner or later; but there was a chance that some untoward influence might catch her, sometime, before the reaction set in, and work a mischief. Among the spectators of the game had been an elderly, countrified-looking fellow, with a square tuft of beard under his chin, and wearing a new but ill-fitting suit of clothes. He was a new arrival at the hotel, and no one knew him; but as Boyne, carrying the balls and rackets, was walking up to the hotel in the rear of the rest, the countryman joined him. After a few comments on the game, which was evidently a new one to him, he remarked:—"Uncommon spry chap, that there Englishman. A lord, I guess?" "Younger son of one, I believe. He's a friend of Mrs. Renshaw." "Is, eh? Met her abroad, I expect?" "He brought a letter of introduction from Mr. Renshaw, who is in London." "Did, eh? Nice sort of fellow, is he? Sociable-like, and free of his cash?" Adam chuckled. "He plays an uncommonly good game of billiards, and, for an Englishman, he's a dab at poker. If we were smart enough to win his money, I suppose we'd see it; but so far, things haven't got that way. Good day!" And he entered the hotel, where the mail was being distributed by the clerk to the throng of guests. There was a letter for Adam. He opened it, and said, "Humph!" The handwriting of the letter was feminine. "You're one of the lucky ones, I see," observed Captain Elwes, confronting him, with his hands in the side pockets of his flannel blazer, and an expression of discontent on his handsome features. "Can't think what's got into my folks. Haven't heard from home for a month."

Calico Bay was an old-fashioned watering place, where they had dinner at two o'clock. After dinner Adam found Grace on the shady side of the veranda, with a book on her lap and her eyes on the sea. The work was Dumas' "Dane aux Perles." "Where did you pick that up?" Adam inquired. "Captain Elwes lent it to me," replied Grace, in a tone as if she considered the question intrusive. "It isn't a nice book, said Adam. "Elwes had no business to let you have it." "I am the judge of what I may read; and Captain Elwes is my ideal of a gentleman," said she. "Well," said Adam, after a pause, "you'll have to depend on him to entertain you at the ball to-night; for I've got to run over to Boston at four o'clock." "Oh, indeed! I thought we were to dance the cotillon together. What are you going for?" "I can't very well tell you, just at present," replied Adam. "I forbid you to go, then," said Grace, with her crown-princess air. Adam's mustache gave a humorous twitch. "Sorry, Grace, but I must go," said he. "Then you will take the consequences, sir?" returned she; and she arose and marched off. "The little termsgant!" muttered Adam, half provoked and half amused. "Well, I'll charge it up to the old lady." After a pause he added, "I wonder if that fellow isn't a blackguard?" At four o'clock he took his train, and at eight o'clock the first strains of the band summoned the dancers to the ball-room. There were not over forty persons present. Mrs. Rutherford Renshaw and Captain Elwes led in the march. He wore a white waistcoat under his dress-coat, and a bit of ribbon in his buttonhole. She had on her parure of diamonds, famed to be one of the finest in America, and they became her white skin and dark hair well. Grace appeared in a black gauzy dress, as soft and fine as a spider's web; on her perfect arm was a gold serpent with an amethyst on its head. Her eyes were full of dark light. The elderly, countrified gentleman sat near the door, handling his chin beard and admiring the scene. It was a warm, but not a sweltering evening. In the pauses of the music the sound of the surf was audible through the open window.

earnest? He looked so; and so did Grace. She had been engaged to Adam for six months; but he had never seen her thus; her time had not come. It was come now, and Adam was not there. But Elwes was there; and, whether or not he could have explained the situation, he knew at least how to profit by it. He was no novice; he knew the stops, and had the skill and will to touch them aright. Grace plunged heart and soul into the new world of sense and intuition. Everything was enriched, transfigured, enchanted. The music eddied, stormed and thrilled in every nerve. The dance drifted, swam and whirled in sweet intoxicating mazes. Lights and colors sparkled and glowed. Round her waist was a strong arm; in her ear the masculine vibration of a voice. Ah! here was one who understood, who sympathized, who stimulated! The true prince, at last, late arrived but instantly recognized. And this was life, this was ecstasy, this was love! "Come now—the veranda! Let us have the moon, and the sea." Arms and bosom swathed in warm meshes of soft wool, her hand beneath his arm, she emerged into the bland coolness of the moonlit night. They paced together the length of the veranda; then down the steps to where the liquid light and darkness of the waves lapped under the bearded rocks. The two spoke in low voices, but Grace knew that she had never before spoken such words, or listened to such. Her heart beat quick and strong. All for love, and the world well lost! At last he pointed eastward to the horizon. "There lies England, my darling. A steamer sails to-morrow. Meet me to-night at three o'clock. We'll be married in the afternoon, and go on board. Think of nothing but our love for each other. That fellow is not worthy of you. He left you to-day to meet another woman; but he won't find you when he comes back!" "Another woman! Are you sure of that?" "He showed me the letter from her to-day." "The villain! Oh, I'll go with you! I know what love is now! If I could only see him and tell him how I despise him, before I go!"



"The guests had been aroused, and there was a very picturesque tableau."

There seemed to be some secret understanding between Grace and Captain Elwes. Ever and anon, in the dances, their eyes met and rested a moment on each other. After a while, Elwes left Mrs. Renshaw and her diamonds, and came up to Grace. From that time on they stayed together. Young people at summer hotels are not required to be strictly orthodox; but this flirtation attracted some comment. Was Miss Camarden taking advantage of her lover's absence? Had they, perhaps, quarrelled and parted for good? Was Elwes in

"Don't tempt me with the thought! No, they will separate us. He deserves not even your contempt. And now, my princess, for three hours farewell. Give me this ring to comfort me while we are apart." "Oh, that's my engagement ring, Peyton! It seems—dishonorable."

"We can send it back to him, when I have put another ring on your gracious hand. Come, now—but first, a kiss!"

But she drew back, withheld, perhaps, by some lingering doubt. "Not yet," she whispered. "We are taking all into our hands: let us deny ourselves that till I am wholly yours."

The ball was just breaking up, as Grace regained the veranda. The elderly, countrified gentleman was asleep in a chair, tipped back against the railing. No one seemed to have remarked her absence.

Mrs. Rutherford Renshaw had gone to bed, after saying something sarcastic about "that English captain." As Grace glanced at all the familiar faces, they seemed not familiar; the experience of a life had estranged them from her.

Adam acted on the impulse of the moment. The consideration of possible injury to Mrs. Renshaw's reputation did not even occur to him, and if it had, he would have laughed at it.

A brief conversation ensued between the two men. Elwes offered a bribe and made a threat. Adam rejected the first, and to the second said, "Come along; that settles it! I wouldn't let you off now even if you hadn't stolen the diamonds. What are you, anyhow? Come along!"

Physical resistance was useless. As they mounted the veranda steps together the elderly, countrified gentleman, with a revolver in his hand. Surprise and relief fought for supremacy on his eloquent features.

The trio now entered the hotel lobby; the guests had been aroused, and there was a very picturesque tableau. Gentlemen in hasty trousers and shirt-sleeves; ladies in wraps and dressing-gowns; head-clerk endeavoring to look indifferent, indignant and authoritative all at once; negro waiters staring open-mouthed.

"Is Mrs. Rutherford Renshaw present? Will you step forward and identify your diamonds, madam?" said the detective, like a magician performing a trick.

Mrs. Renshaw, in a sort of a toga of crimson silk trimmed with swan's-down, and with her black hair streaming over her back and shoulders, stepped shrilly forward, and received the jewel-case from the detective's hand.

The thief laughed. "Well, this squares us, my dear," said he. "Talking of cleverness, though, it's a clever wife who can't distinguish her own husband's handwriting for a forgery!—Well, is there any more business to come before this meeting?"

turned away. No one but Grace Camarden knew what he meant.

Three months later, Adam Boyne, having hung up his shingle as a doctor, called on Grace to ask her to name a day for their wedding. She had lately been in a very submissive and pensive frame of mind, and she now betrayed strange symptoms of agitation.

"Adam," she said, in a faltering voice, "there is something—I have been keeping a terrible secret from you. I free you from your engagement; for when you know—"

"Oh, but you will not!—Except as all engagements end—with marriage."

"No! Oh, I must tell you! I was not true to you! I don't know what came over me—some madness—only I have loved you better ever since! But that day you went to Boston, without telling me why, that evening, Captain El—"

"Oh, is that it?" broke in Adam, with a grin. "Why, I've known that all along."

"Known it! Adam! That he—that I—"

"Yes; that you and he were going to clope. To be sure!"

Grace clasped her hands over her burning face. "Who told you?"

"He told me himself. Grace, there was a good streak in that fellow. At first, when I collared him, he threatened, unless I let him go, to tell the whole thing in public. Of course, I had confidence enough in you to tell him to do his worst. And when it came to the point, he had grace to hold his tongue. I respected him for that. He may reform yet!"

"That's all right," rejoined Adam comfortably, feeling in his pocket. "Here it is. He gave it to me. So now don't worry any more, but tell me when?"

"Oh, Adam, can you love me still?"

To this question Adam replied practically, not theoretically.

"Adam," said Grace, the day after the wedding. "who was that letter from?"

"From my aunt, my dear! There was a young scallawag after her money; she believed he was in love with her, and imagined herself—you know her foible—in love with him. She wrote me, threatening to accept him. I acted promptly. I didn't like to say anything about it, even to you, beforehand. When I arrived I found her in a rage because he had deserted her for some richer and younger enchantress. So I came back hot-foot; and you know the rest."

"You are the only man who ever understood me," said his wife, embracing him; and to herself she thought, "How glad I am I didn't give that kiss!"

THE CARE OF THE EYES.

By H. V. WURDEMAN, M. D.



TROUBLES of the eye are very common and numerous, and yet for many of them the simplest remedies can be applied with the most salutary results.

When cinders or other foreign bodies get into the eye, do not drop in a flaxseed or rose-water—these do more damage than the cinder. It might be almost as well to get a crowbar at once, as to use a key.

The proper way to get a cinder out of the eye, is to draw the upper lid down over the lower, utilizing the lashes of the lower as a broom, that it may sweep the surface of the former and thus get rid of the intruder.

When the eyes itch, or are a little red, bathe them with a weak solution of salt every few hours—a teaspoonful to a glass of cold water.

Should an eye be greatly inflamed and painful, bathing it in hot water will relieve for the time being. The eye should be kept perfectly clean, and other discharges gently washed away with luke-warm water.

HOME FACES HAUNT THE HEART.

By WILLIAM H. HAYNE.

SET to the soul's clear harmony— The music of the inner-life— Are names that never can grow old, Of mother, sweetheart, wife.

The blessing of a father's voice, The early friends our childhood knew, When life set sail, and felt no gale, With youth's enamored crew.

The cherished dust of those who sleep— The dust of those we hold most dear— Through every change that Time may bring, Is rainbowed with a smile and tear.

Thus, like the light of stars at night, In desert or in mart, Wher'er we go, through memory's glow, Home faces haunt the heart.

WHERE LIFE IS LIKE A STORY.

FASHIONABLE SUMMER LIFE AT GAY NEWPORT.



There is no place in the world is the combination of two kinds of life so perfectly presented as at Newport. The houses themselves and the air of home-life about them suggests that of English country life, while the gay dressing seen on the drive, the animated air of the fashionable woman going to tennis or garden parties, hints of the fashionable French watering-place.

A few years ago people talked of a "cottage at Newport"; but now it sounds like the pride that apes humility to hear one of the great mansions described in such a way. Life goes on as if all was made smooth for him who would enjoy, and, indeed, that is really the case.

The very rich families—the Astors, the Belmonts, the Vanderbilts, the Goetschs and Havemeyers do not hesitate to lavish great sums upon their Newport houses, and to be entertained there is understood to be much more of a compliment than it would be to receive a card to the most elaborate affair in the city.

Garden parties are in vogue; tennis, croquet, archery and that old-new English game, golf, being played by the younger set, while the matrons are grouped about, beautifully dressed, discussing the pretty nothings that form society talk.

It is no longer fashionable to bathe in the surf at Newport. Madame Haut Ton discovered that it was possible to meet her neighbor's maid in the water, and then too, she came in contact with the summer tourist, whom she regards as very undesirable to know, so she concluded that surf-bathing must no longer be recognized in "our set."

The afternoon drive brings before one the picture of the Bois du Boulogne: the equipages are so perfect, the women so daintily dressed, and the surroundings so certain to bring out at their best all these beauties.

vailing fashions, but, with a Vere-de-Vere air, conclude that what they have is correct. There are high T-carts, buckboards, stanhops and phaetons, gay with their living loads, and every now and then a four-in-hand appears, announcing its coming by the well-blown horn and drawing to it the eyes of everybody.

But life at Newport is not all frivolous; there are, among the most fashionable, Browning and Shakespeare clubs that meet once a week and give diligent study to the great authors.

These clubs usually meet about eleven, an hour is given to the reading, a discussion follows and after that luncheon is served. At least once during the season, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe gives a fete, and to it are bidden not only the people of wealth and fashion, but those who represent brains.

People who have homes at Newport go there early in the season, and remain until very late, for at all times it is beautiful. Every style of architecture is seen, the Queen Anne hobnobbing with the severe Greek, and the most modern, which permits windows, balconies and stained glass any and everywhere, being in contrast with a gray-stone plainly built country-house that suggests what is called "solid comfort."

Although there is a certain amount of informality prevailing in the mode of giving entertainments, a barn party being specially liked, still invitations are as formal as in the city and dinners are quite as long, and often more elaborate.

The famous walk "round the cliffs" takes one by the homes of the Belmonts, Lorillards, Goetschs, Vanderbilt's and that which used to be Miss Wolfe's, but is now Mr. Louis Lorillard's. This house is of rough, brown-stone of a reddish cast, well brought out by the green of the trees and the great flower-beds.

"Bleak house," the property of Mr. Winans, is a house that looks its name. The "lily-pond," that wonderful blooming water, only a little way from the ever-changing ocean, is one of the prizes of Newport's heart; you could not get a Newporter to confess that lilies from any other place were half as sweet.

There is everything here to make life beautiful if—ah, there it comes—if you have plenty of money. To keep up an establishment and entertain as you would wish, is quite as expensive as having a similar affair in any large city. There must be as many servants, the table must be as well furnished, and dainty food, no matter how far it has to be brought, must be served your guests.

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MYRTLE'S MISTAKE

A STORY BY
KATE UPSON CLARK

Continued from the July number.



WHEN the summer came, 'Zire hurried down to see her darling. How beautiful and elegant she had grown! 'Zire was almost afraid of the stately-mannered creature whom she found in Mrs. Scammon's artistic parlor. And how they all seemed to love her! The half-dozen other pupils looked up to her as a sort of goddess. It was too beautiful, almost, to be true. And now the plans were perfected for Mary Hartwell to go to college. She had studied so hard and so intelligently that she was able to enter at once the freshman year without conditions. The college was not many miles from Mrs. Scammon's. It was arranged that Mary Hartwell should spend her vacations between the Mrs. Scammon's and 'Squire Hartwell's two places. There was nobody from Burton's at this college; no one in Burton's needed to know who Mary Hartwell was, or what she was doing. Nothing was said about Dave now. It seemed to be tacitly understood that he would never be heard of again.

In the early fall, Desire Duffy went back to Burton's. She, too, was almost forgetting the horrible year after Myrtle's marriage; she could only dream of the future, and see Mary Hartwell returning to Burton's in all the glory of her new womanhood; she could picture the astonishment and admiration of the Emmoses, and the Sarsfields, and the Rosebergs. Not one of them possessed such a gracious flower of womanhood as Mary Hartwell, thought Desire Duffy exultingly. She would build the finest house in Burton's, and Mary Hartwell should fit it up to please herself. People should be very proud to be invited to that elegant home. Perhaps—possibly, even the Emmoses, and the Sarsfields and the Rosebergs would scarcely be good enough to mingle with the friends whom Mary Hartwell would draw around her from the east, and from the neighboring cities.

Desire Duffy bent herself more untiringly than ever to the improvement and increase of her property. She bought new land and then sold it at an advance. The town was stretching out toward her farm; a portion of it was already cut up into building lots. She had made a specialty of choice, early vegetables. The market for them was constantly in demand in extent and value. Desire Duffy was growing very rich.

The next summer Mary Hartwell went to Europe with Mrs. Scammon and a party of other students. 'Zire's heart ached to see the girl, but she put up with only a scant glimpse of her, for the sake of the improvement she might gain from foreign travel.

Another year passed, and then 'Zire, too, went abroad with Mrs. Scammon and "the girls."

It was a great experience for her. She had been studying and working hard, while Mary Hartwell had been in college—not to keep abreast of her precious girl, she knew that she could not do that, but in the hope that when she should come home again, she need not be too much ashamed of her brown, weather-beaten, old foster-mother. But Desire Duffy need not have worried. Mary Hartwell

out all hope from the breast of the woman who loved her better than all the world beside, Mary Hartwell would never be ashamed of poor, faithful Desire Duffy, even though strangely incongruous with the handsome clothes which she always took pains to buy, these would always show the great hands and feet, and the tanned, seamed features of a farmer-woman of the west.

The last year of Mary Hartwell's college life had come and gone. It was the evening before the class-day exercises in which she was to take the most prominent part. 'Zire had come, and was filled with pride and joy as she gazed upon the beautiful, queenly, young woman into whom her little foster-child had developed. For five years now she had not been down in Burton's. What a sensation she would create there when she returned! 'Zire had not dared, as yet, to unfold to Mary Hartwell her scheme for building a fine house to prevent it, she thought! Now, however, she and Mary were sitting alone in the twilight, the first rush of questions and answers was over, and they had time to talk more at their leisure.

As they sat, quietly holding each other's hands and looking into each other's faces, Mary Hartwell heaved a long, deep sigh.

"What's that for?" asked Desire Duffy suspiciously. "I thought everything was going on to please you; what makes you sigh that way?"

"Oh—nothing; only the future looks so great and so uncertain to me, 'Zire!"

"Yes," began 'Zire, "I was thinking of saying to you—"

Mary laughed a little. "And I was thinking of saying to you—"

"What were you thinking of saying to me?" asked Desire Duffy, eagerly.

"Oh—I don't just know," of course, you understand, 'Zire, I want to go to work at something; I don't suppose it is really necessary for me to work for my living, but—"

"Work for your living!" cried 'Zire, aghast. "Why Mary, I thought you knew I was the richest woman in Burton's; I truly believe I am. Don't you know, I always say to you, 'You can have what you please; there's plenty of money!'"

"Yes, I know you do; but you have spent so much upon me—and I feel as though I ought to do something to pay you back—you dear, kind, unselfish 'Zire!"

She tenderly kissed the hard, brown, loving face.

"But I don't want you to," cried Desire Duffy, alarmed. "I've been so lonesome without you! I can't do without you, Mary! I want you to go home with me!"

A flood of color rushed over the girl's fair, grave face.

"Oh, 'Zire," she cried, passionately, "I'm afraid you will think I am terribly ungrateful!—terribly wicked! I have been thinking of it all this year. I couldn't write about it—I simply couldn't. But it seems as though it would kill me to go back to Burton's!"

Desire Duffy's great, kind heart, with its simple, cherished longings, sank like lead in her bosom.

"To go back to Burton's?" she repeated, in a bewildered way, as though some one had struck her a blow.

"Yes; don't you see," Mary went on eagerly, "if I should get a place to teach somewhere in the east, under the name of Mary Hartwell, then—if—if—Dave ever should come back, he—you see—he could not find me. Oh, 'Zire!"

She burst into a flood of tears upon Desire Duffy's neck. "Oh! if he ever should come back now, I know I should be terribly un-

I want to avoid any chance of it; it seems as if I couldn't go back to Burton's."

"But I"—said poor 'Zire, despairing as she stood, as it were, among the ruins of her bright castles, "What shall I do, Mary?"

"I had thought," said Mary with some diffidence, "I had thought, 'Zire, that maybe, if you had plenty of money now, you would be willing to go wherever I went. Give up the old place at Burton's and come and live with me. We would not let anybody there know where we were going. You would not mind, 'Zire? Those people are not so much to you as I am, are they?"

She twined her arms around the stoop-shouldered, sad-faced woman, and smoothed her gray hair.

"N—no," admitted 'Zire, resolved that Mary should never know the awful stroke which this had been to her. "I—I'd hoped, Mary, that you would go back to Burton's with me, and let folks see how you had improved. I'm so proud of you, Mary! I—I'd thought of building a new house for you—a fine one; you can have what you want, you know, Mary; all that I have is yours; but I can see how you feel—only—only—don't you think Dave is dead?"

Mary shook her head, slowly. "I haven't ever felt so in my heart, 'Zire," she said quickly. "At first it used to be a beautiful thought to me that he would come back, sometime; but these last two or three years it has been awful! I had changed so much, and become used to different ways and different people—and I thought that he must have changed too, and, of course, without any home influence, he could hardly have changed for the better—and yet I am his wife! Oh! it has been a terrible thought to me!"

"Well," said 'Zire, in her old, grim way, but with a long, aching sigh beneath it, "Well, Mary, we will talk it over some other time. I'm bound to have you happy."

"Oh, don't say that!" cried Mary Hartwell, "You make me feel so selfish, 'Zire!" She rose and struck a light.

"You—you wouldn't want me to go back to Dave, would you?" she pleaded, as the light shone upon her standing before Desire Duffy, in a sort of proud humility that well became her.

"God knows I wouldn't!" cried stubborn, ambitious Desire Duffy. "But he'll never come back, Mary! he never will!"

Mary shook her head; but there was a knock at the door just then, which interrupted them, and a crowd of merry girls entered to discuss the dresses, and the flowers and the general plans for the next day. Their high spirits and the way in which "Mary Hartwell" was called upon to decide everything for them, scattered something of the gloom which Mary's words had called down upon Desire Duffy, and she went to her bed, thinking most of all of the morrow's programme, and of the grand figure which everybody said that her girl was going to make there. Desire Duffy's simple, affectionate, aspiring soul was full to the brim.

The great day dawned cloudless, and the shady streets of the little college town were early filled with strangers. The exercises were to take place out-of-doors, and a beautiful pavilion had been erected over the speaker's stand, on which sat eight or ten young women who were to speak. In the centre of the group was Mary Hartwell; her long, fair hair braided about her beautiful head, her clear, Swedish blue eyes smiling to right and to left, as she returned the greetings and congratulations of her friends. "A cold girl," her college mates called her. She would not be introduced to young men—she would scarcely be civil to them. But though "the girls" speculated much upon her peculiarities in this respect, Mrs. Scammon and the Hartwells had kept poor Myrtle Janssen's secret well. Nobody suspected the sad romance of her life.

That day, which Desire Duffy had always thought would stand in her mind as the grandest and proudest of her life, remained always to her a strange, confused mixture of music, applause, flashing white draperies and murmuring voices. Of what was said she knew not one word. Her heart was very, very full; but it was not until the exercises of the day were over, and Mary, weary with the excitement, had flung herself down in an easy-chair beside the window in her own room, with Desire, erect and agitated, beside her, that matters could be made plain between them.

"Oh, I am so glad it is over!" exclaimed the girl, heaving a long sigh. "How did it go off? I hope you was not ashamed of me, you dear old 'Zire." She reached for 'Zire's

hand and pressed it affectionately. Then she leaned forward, and looked sharply into the old woman's face.

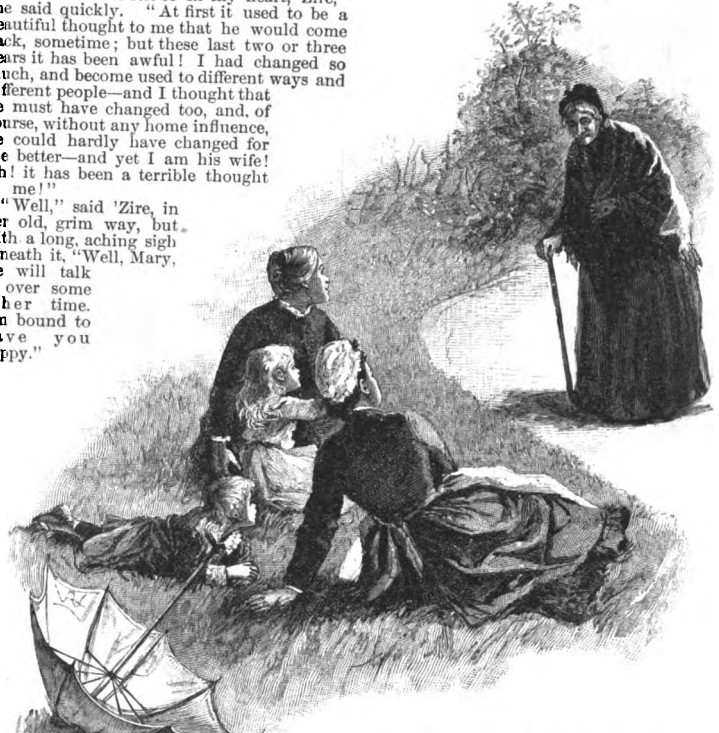
"Your hand is cold, 'Zire; and your face is very pale," she cried. "Why don't you set down? Here, lie on the lounge awhile. Why—" As 'Zire said nothing, but suffered herself to be led along in a dazed, unresisting sort of way—"Why, why don't you say something? What ails you, 'Zire? Oh, it has all been too much for you. You have had too much excitement. Oh, are you ill?"

"No, Mary," said 'Zire at last with an effort. "No I am not ill, but I have been in a strange world all day. I have felt as though I were not your old 'Zire at all. I—I—" She hesitated as though she did not know how to speak what was in her mind.

"Oh, what is it!" cried the girl, who, tired and overwrought from the day's experiences was in no condition to confront a mystery. "You have heard something you are afraid to tell me! Oh, I can bear it! Tell me quick!"

"I—I had a letter this morning," said 'Zire, solemnly, "an awful letter, Mary. Shall I read it to you? Are you strong enough for a great shock? I am afraid—"

"Oh, yes!" cried the girl, "I am strong enough for anything. I can read it myself."



"An old woman came up the pathway."

She reached for the letter and read it through to its bitter, horrible end, the letter which had come to Desire Duffy that morning. It was from Jans Janssen, written by his second boy, who had grown up to be a comfort and a credit to his parents. The young man had just returned from the far west, whether he had been summoned by a despatch telling him that David Janssen was dying. He lived to welcome his brother, and to make a final confession to him for the sins which had clouded and then ruined his young life. They cannot be set down here, but they included everything which goes to make a man a beast, and abhorred by his fellows. At the hands of one as vile as himself, in a drunken brawl, surrounded by creatures of both sexes whose bleared and filthy lineaments fitly typified their hearts, David Janssen had breathed his last, and had been consigned at his own request, without prayer or holy song, to the earth from whence he sprung.

(Continued on following page.)



"There was a knock at the door just then . . . and a crowd of merry girls entered."

had rid herself of all such vanity and foolishness in the crucible of that awful year after her marriage, when she had discovered in herself aspirations which she had never known before, and when she had felt the terrible conviction that for her all growth and progress were over forever, and that she had crushed

happy. I loved him so, you know; but things are different with me now. If he should come back, the chances are that he would have gone down hill. Doesn't it seem so to you? He was very likely kept on drinking—I fear my poor Dave has gone to the bad! The idea of living with him now is awful to me.

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Mary Hartwell read the letter through in the glow of the setting sun, breathlessly, almost fiercely, her face growing whiter and whiter, her eyes burning more intensely, till she finished the whole revolting story. Then she flung herself upon her bed, and sobbed as though her heart would break. There was something in the passionate abandonment of the girl to the outpouring of her sorrow that kept Desire Duffy still. At last the vehement outburst, almost inevitable upon the first shock of the awful news, was over, and Mary Hartwell sat up and clasped her hands, looking tenderly and almost happily at her foster-mother.

"Oh, Zire!" she said shudderingly. "Is it not a perfect rest to you to know that all is over at last? That he will never rise up and claim me? Why could I not have foreseen, as you did, that a boy with such a habit as he had could grow only into such a man, and come to such an end? Yet his face was beautiful and he carried himself so proudly, Zire! Why, why are weak and foolish girls so swayed by these things? And all your little warnings were so plain to me, yet I would not heed them! Oh, if I could but write what I have suffered in letters of fire, where every young and innocent heart like mine could learn the lesson I would teach, and never suffer what I have suffered through my youthful folly! Oh, Zire!" she cried, throwing herself in her old way on the floor beside Zire's knees, and clasping them fondly in her strong, young arms. "God knew that I had suffered enough, and he has sent me this blessed release! I have wept because my husband, with his bright brow and his winning, merry ways, was beyond my power to reclaim; because I was so silly as to yield to his entreaties, in the face of your loving protests. It has broken my heart to think of his awful life, stained and brutal; but I can see that God has ordered it all mercifully for me. Let us thank Him that He has spared us!"

They dropped upon their knees at the bedside and prayed long and silently. When they had risen, and the deepening twilight had caused Mary to draw the shades and make a light, she saw Zire gazing at her with a look of such wistfulness that she could not mistake its import.

"I know what you are thinking about, you persistent, dear old Zire!" she laughed, as she kissed the grim-faced old woman tenderly. "You are wondering if now I won't go back to Burton's."

"Oh, Mary, will you?" cried Zire—all the pent-up ambition and pride of her repressed and restricted life ringing in her tone.

"Of course," I will," said Mary Hartwell, fondly. "I will go back and try to live down my giddy, mistaken girlhood."

"Oh, don't talk so," protested Desire Duffy, humbly. "I can see that I was to blame. I indulged you and spoiled you."

"Oh, but every girl knows better than to run away and marry without the consent of her guardians. I did wrong. I was carried away by a handsome face and promises which I should have known had nothing behind them; you shall not blame yourself," she added warmly. "I was the one; but I have suffered, and I trust that my chastening has not been in vain. My life must show you, dear Zire."

It is rather old-fashioned to wind up a story with a glimpse at the characters "after the lapse of five years"; but, nevertheless, perhaps nothing else would be quite so satisfactory as such a glimpse at this time.

The town of Burton's has grown to be a city, and they do not add the "s" and the apostrophe any more. The grandest mansion in the place is the elegant residence of Mr. Walter Emmons, Squire Emmons' son and law-partner, and the most brilliant of the rising young men of Burton. He has a beautiful and highly accomplished wife, the heiress of the rich, eccentric old woman, known as "Zire" Duffy, whose farm is now one of the most thickly settled portions of the town. Jans Janssen still loves a farm, however, and he owns one in a distant county, where he is prosperous and happy. "Still Jim" is dead, and his iniquities and his kindnesses are alike at an end. Desire Duffy has given a fine library and an art-gallery to the city of Burton. It is called the "Desire Hartwell Library," and a beautiful portrait of the recreant New England girl who ran away with the Irishman, Michael Duffy, hangs in the reading-room of the noble building in which the library is housed, a warning to all young girls in love as they look upon it, for her history is known to them all. Nobody in Burton is more revered and honored than Desire Duffy.

One afternoon, as she and the white-capped nurse were frolicking upon the lawn with the beautiful children of Walter and Mary Emmons, an old woman came up the path-way.

"Good-day, Zire," she said familiarly. "I'm grown so old, mebbe you don't know me."

"Well, I reckon I'd know Mrs. McCartney. If you should live to be a hundred," responded Zire, cordially. "Sit down on this bench, Mrs. McCartney, and we'll talk over old times."

"Jest what I come for, Zire!" declared Mrs. McCartney. "Jest exactly what I come for. It's jest about the time o' year now, say, twenty-four or twenty-five years ago, that you came to see me about adoptin' a little girl."

"Yes, Mrs. McCartney, I did, and I'm not sorry I did, by any means. It was a great thing for me, taking that child."

"Yes, and a great thing for her," said Mrs. McCartney, looking significantly around upon the beautiful grounds in the midst of which they were sitting. "I suppose there was times, Zire, when mebbe you wished you hadn't a done it, but not now."

"It has come out just as I planned it," returned Zire, accepting Mrs. McCartney's parenthesis with a sort of proud humility.

"Yes, that's what I was goin' to say, Zire. Folks love to tell the story about how you've put this thing through, when, to all human thinkin', you was blocked right 'n' left; they think it's a merracle, or something like that. But I says, says I, 'don't you believe it! There

ain't no merracle about it,' says I. 'Zire planned it, an' she was boun' to carry it through, an' when Zire's boun' to do a thing, there's a shakin' among the dry bones, says I. An' when Myrtle came back, so grand and elegant so that there wasn't a lady in the land to compare with her—Zire's dark cheeks flushed with honest pride—'an' so that Squire Emmons' son couldn't rest till he could get her for his wife, then, says I, it was Zire's doin's, the whole of it. I could see you was boun' to make that girl amount to somethin' by the way you talked that day you come to get her, Zire. An' I believe that's what fetched it aroun'; God helps them that help themselves—an' He's helped you."

"Yes," said Desire Duffy, humbly, "I wanted it so—and it was right, I believe, that I should want it; and, perhaps, as you say, Mrs. McCartney, that's why Providence let me have it! I believe it pays to want things, the right things, so that we've got to have them, or die!"

THE END.

SUPERSTITIONS IN GEMS.

HOW FAMOUS PEOPLE HAVE REGARDED THE POPULAR BELIEF.

By SALLIE JOY WHITE.

IN the narrowest part of old Tremont street, in Boston, under the Boston Museum—the well-known "play-house"—that masqueraded for years behind galleries of improbable curiosities and impossible wax figures—is a small and unpretending store. There is

nothing in its one window to especially attract the attention of the chance passer by: a few beads of lapis-lazuli, some pieces of quartz and uncut stone, which tell nothing to the great mass of humanity that surges by all day long, but have wonderful hidden secrets for the few who know what lies concealed underneath. One would scarcely look a second time at it, and thousands pass it without ever dreaming that it is one of the most fascinating places in the Puritan city, and that its proprietor is in himself a wonderful entertainer, who charms the ear with his anecdotes, as he does the eye with the exquisite treasure which he reveals to those who are in sympathy with his enthusiasms.

In sauntering by one may often catch glimpses of well-known people, standing inside and chatting interestedly with the cheery-faced connoisseur of gems and precious stones, a man whose reputation is not merely but even more than national, for Mr. John Remick has devoted his life to the study of stones, not only as a business, but from a genuine love of it. This was one of the favorite resorts of Henry Ward Beecher, who always made a point of going there to hunt for something odd and unusual while he was staying in the city. William Hunt, the artist, was another habitue of the place, and the famous Boston wit, Thomas Gold Appleton, passed many an hour there. Women, well known in society and letters, have a way of dropping in, always in search of the something new that is sure to be found there—Celia Thaxter, Mrs. William Hunt, and her brilliant daughter, Mrs. James T. Fields; stately Mrs. Brimmer, beautiful Mrs. James Lawrence and Mrs. John T. Sargent, for so many years the graceful hostess of the Radical Club. Here, too, may sometimes be seen Bernard Carpenter, the poet-preacher, and Phillips Brooks, who, like Beecher, feels that he has "Bible authority" for loving those beautiful bits of creation.

These are a few of the people one sees in this tiny store, and here one reaches their idiosyncrasies as they cannot through years of chance meeting.

Would you believe that any of these people with their breadth of thought and intellect would be superstitious, even about the smallest thing? And yet, they are; there is not one among them all that has not something deeper than a mere love for these gems; they hold them in positive veneration, as something that has an influence over their destinies. Not all of them may acknowledge this, and it is also true that some possess the feeling in a less degree than others, but there is in every one who has made a study of gem lore, a feeling that the world is a little kinder, and destiny a little smoother to the life that holds in possession some kind of gem or stone as an amulet against fate.

It is possible that you and I, being wiser and of stronger mind than most of our fellows, may be above and beyond all influence of tradition or superstition; and yet, when we read in the ancient legends that every month of the year has a stone sacred to itself, is it not natural that, if we are allowed preference, we would choose for our own the stone that marks the month of our birth? Of course, all say there is nothing in it; but since it has been considered well to mark the months in such fashion, why, by all means wear the proper stone, not as a propitiation to fate, but as something fitting and in keeping with the spirit of the time.

There have been several lists of stones given as marking the months, and while these are alike in many essentials, there are some points of difference. The best order and the oldest, so far as known, is the following:—

January, the garnet.
February, the amethyst.
March, the bloodstone.
April, the sapphire.
May, the agate.
June, the emerald.
July, the onyx.
August, the cornelian.
September, the chrysolite.
October, the aquamarine.
November, the topaz.
December, the ruby.

In ancient times these were called the zodiac stones, and they were set together in an amulet, so as to be sure to have the one

in connection with or corresponding to the particular sign or month of the year. This superstition was evidently connected with the twelve stones in the breast-plate of the High Priest, and it is from this that the present superstition arises.

The Jews, it will be possibly remembered by many, had a tradition that when, on the day of atonement, the High Priest asked of the Almighty forgiveness for the sins of the whole nation, if they were forgiven, the stones in the Urim and Thummim shone most brightly; if the contrary, they become black. The breast-plate of the High Priest contained twelve stones, each one of which represented one of the tribes of Israel.

Coming down to a later time, there were certain stones which symbolized the twelve Apostles. Peter is represented by the jasper or garnet, Andrew by the sapphire, James by the chalcodony, John by the emerald, Philip by the sardonyx, Bartholomew by the cornelian, Matthew by the chrysolite, Thomas by the beryl, Thaddeus by the chrysochryse, James, the lesser, by the topaz, Simeon by the jacinth and Matthias by the amethyst. It is scarcely probable that these humble men of Galilee, followers of the meek Nazarene, knew of the existence of this symbolism, but it shows in what valued estimation they were held by those who had been led by their teachings.

It is not to be wondered at, since these stones were used by Divine authority to beautify and adorn the office of the High Priesthood, that something of their virtue should be held to belong to the holy men who taught such beautiful truths to humanity.

The origin of the love for gems is lost in antiquity. We cannot go so far back, but the records to which we have access bear evidence of its previous existence. Bible lore is full of it; in ancient Egypt gems were engraved in the form of scarabæi, and have been, even quite recently, disinterred from the mummy pits. Hindoo mythology overflows with wonderfully vivid descriptions of precious stones. The monarchs of the East, with their fondness for display and pomp, no doubt decorated their persons with gems long before they knew how to cut them, and they attributed, and they even now attribute, magic and talismanic properties to them. This belief is shared by almost every nation, and even the prosaic American has his pet superstition which he respects, while he may not openly acknowledge.

Consider for a moment the opal, that much maligned gem. Here is its true legend—how different from the one we have always been taught. "The opal denotes hope, and sharpens the sight of the possessor of it." Is it not worth while owning a stone that will carry such characteristics to the wearer? And, again:

"Gray years ago, a man lived in the East
Who had received a ring, of worth immense,
From a beloved hand. Opal the stone,
Which flashed an hundred bright and beautiful hues:
And had the secret power
Of making him beloved of God and man,
Who wore it in calm faith and confidence."

This legend drifting down to us from some unknown Oriental source, is kinder to this wonderful, changeful gem, than is the modern belief, which allies its rare beauty to misfortune and unhappiness.

It seems strange that such an unpleasant superstition should even have taken so strong a hold of the human mind, and yet there is no one that has not heard this sad and unmerited tradition, which has brought into disrepute one of the most beautiful of all the gems. Yet there are those who have clung to the opal, in spite of the "bad spirit" with which it has popularly been supposed to be attended, and they have exulted openly over their own freedom from misfortune all the time they have worn the stone. But they have been regarded as the exceptions which prove the careful rule, and their daring has not found many enthusiastic followers.

The belief in the bad fortune which the opal brings is almost entirely without support; it is based on the vaguest and most misty foundations. No one has succeeded in tracing it to any tangible source. Walter Scott made a strong point of it in "Anna of Geierstein," and it was soon after the appearance of this novel that the gem fell altogether into disrepute. In trying to trace this superstition still further back the searcher becomes more baffled, but finally comes to the Eastern legend which is a direct contradiction to the modern idea.

During the past two or three years there has been a decided revulsion of feeling in regard to the opal, and it is coming steadily to the front as a claimant for favor. Not only is the stone worn by its old-time admirers, but it is in demand by those who have heretofore refused to regard it kindly, and the cruel superstition which has surrounded it is so far dying out among those who have made a study of precious stones that, in connection with diamonds and turquoises, it has been made to serve the sweet purposes of an engagement ring.

For the benefit of such as may wonder at the audacity of a lover who dared in so open a manner to challenge Fate, it is delightful to be able to say that in the particular case referred to the engagement was carried to a happy consummation, and that there is nowhere a more harmonious home than the one that is presided over by the wearer of the opal. In this case, at least, no baleful or malignant influence has been cast around either the wearer of the stone, nor the one who selected it as a symbol of his regard. Instead, it would seem as though it had but proven and strengthened the truth of the older legend—"making beloved" indeed the one who, in this case, has most certainly worn it "in calm faith and confidence." And did it not come as a symbol of hope from the giver?

It is not alone the opal that is interwoven with tradition and superstition; every gem that is known carries with it its own legend, its power for good or ill over man, varying with its susceptibility to human influence.

Gems have long been supposed to indicate the health of the donor or possessor. If they became dull he was conjectured to be ill or in some physical danger; and their becoming opaque or colorless would give rise to the most dismal forebodings. The turquoise, especially, was believed to have an affinity with the physical well-being of the owner.

The following anecdote quoted by Emanuel, a writer on gem lore, from an old treatise on precious stones, illustrates the peculiar value which this class of gems derived from superstition. "One of my relatives" runs the story, "possessed a turquoise set in a gold ring, which he used to wear on his finger as a superior ornament. It happened that the owner of the ring was seized with a malady of which he died. During the whole period in which the wearer enjoyed his full health, the turquoise was distinguished for unparalleled beauty and clearness; but scarcely was he dead when the stone lost its lustre and assumed a faded, withered, appearance, as if mourning for its master. This sudden change in the nature of the stone made me lose the desire I originally entertained of purchasing it, which I might have done at a trifling sum; and so the turquoise passed into other hands. However, no sooner did it obtain a new owner, when it regained its former exquisite freshness, and lost all traces of its temporary defects. I felt greatly vexed that I had lost the chance of procuring such a valuable and sensitive gem."

This is not an infrequent occurrence, I think. One of my own little daughters—a child, at the time, of nine—was quite ill with a bilious fever; she wore a turquoise ring which had been presented her at Christmas, and of which she was very fond. One day she called to me in great distress, "Oh, mamma, my pretty ring is spoiled." I went to look at it, and saw that it had indeed lost its lustre and its beautiful blue, and was dull and queerish in tint. I then told her the story of the turquoise, and asked her to notice, as she grew better, if the color and liveliness came back to the stone. She did so, and it was with great joy that on her recovery the turquoise in her ring was as blue and pure as ever. Whatever her elders may say to her the child firmly believes that her ring will tell her when she is ill.

Madame Titiens, the famous prima donna, had a strong superstition regarding the turquoise. She believed that it was to her a talismanic stone and brought success in her undertakings. She never was without one. While she was in St. Petersburg, early in her career, she was presented with a turquoise brooch by the Czar. She regarded that special stone with absolute veneration, and she never essayed a new operative role that she did not wear it. If it did not harmonize with her costume, she would wear it out of sight on her undergarment, but there was no power that would induce her to go on the stage without it. She would disappoint a public sooner than brave failure by the absence of her talisman.

Madame Rudersdorff had the same superstition to fully as great a degree, and she wore as an amulet a bracelet set with turquoise that never left her arm day or night. That bracelet and a sapphire ring were her two talismans for good.

The amethyst is often worn as a preservative against violent passions and concealed enemies, and is supposed to protect the owner from treachery and deceit.

Henry Ward Beecher was very fond of gems of all kinds and was a constant purchaser. I don't know that he had any special superstition regarding them, but he loved them as one may love any beautiful thing. To him they meant something more than mere adornment; they represented not so much money value as artistic merit. And that, by the way, is always true of your genuine gem-lover; anything like ostentation or display is hateful to him.

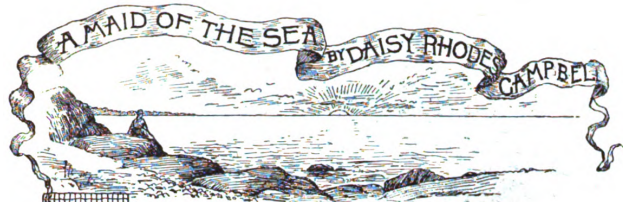
Longfellow's favorite gem was the royal amethyst; that deep, flashing, purple that changes to ruby by an artificial light. This love was shared by the artist Hunt, and the two were always looking for new specimens of this stone.

Grace Oliver, the skillful biographer of Maria Edgeworth and Mrs. Barbauld, is also a lover of this gem, and she has recently had two brooches set exactly alike, one for herself, the other for her friend Maud Banks, the talented and artistic daughter of General Nathaniel P. Banks.

Just now there is a perfect mania for moonstones. Not always to be worn as ornaments, but to be carried about the person as a temptation to good fortune and success. To show how deep-seated is this belief I will quote from a letter received by a dealer in gems from an unlucky artist: "Having heard of your wonderful fortune-compelling moonstones, I send immediately for one, hoping that it may dissipate the ill luck that has followed me for some time. Though not a believer in necromancy, I am inclined to accept this with my whole heart. If you can add an extra charm to it, I will remain your debtor for life."

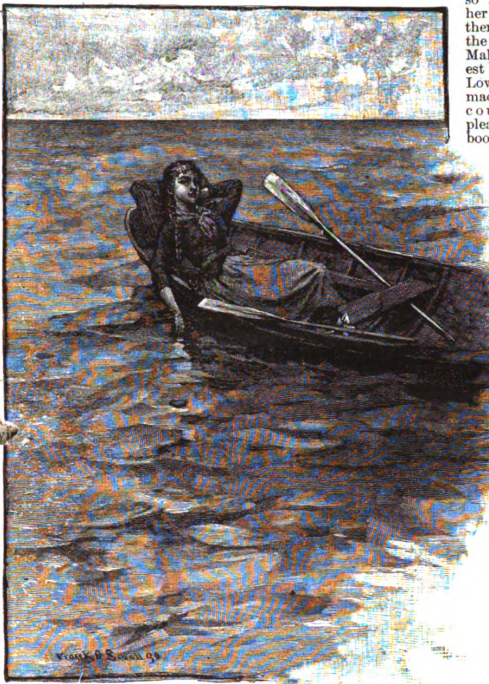
Once in a while one catches a glimpse of a humorous side to this superstition, as in the case of a well-known newspaper man, who being in love with a young woman many years his junior, did not dare to try his fate until he had a moonstone which held a "magic mirror." One was easily found for him, and it must have brought him the coveted success, since he was married within six months to the "object" of his adoration.

The flaw in the moonstone is called the "magic mirror," since fortune-tellers say that through these the mysteries of the future are revealed. Of course this is all arrant nonsense, but it certainly makes a good market for imperfect stones, and they are thus made to cost more than the flawless gem. Apart from its soft, silvery beauty the moonstone has taken hold of the superstitions of a superior class of people, and whether they tell the true reason or not, they all like to own one as an amulet to protect from harm and danger, and for the good luck it is fancied attaches to the possessor.



M a little fishing village off the coast of Maine, many years ago, a young girl was seen coming out of the low, red house at the end of the one and only street of a hamlet. "There goes Babette to her boat," the women said as she passed them—a tall, slight girl, with her heavy, light hair in long braids, and holding her head erect and not ungraceful. "She is not so bad looking, Babette isn't," said Sarah Howison to her two neighbors, who had dropped in for a moment's gossip after their day's work. "She ain't ugly, nor she ain't pretty; it takes Nell Parker's black eyes and red cheeks, to make a real beauty," Hannah Ooomer said. "Pretty is that pretty does," said the third, rather sharply. "and Babette has the prettiest ways and the kindest heart of any girl hereabouts."

Babette lived on undisturbed, and grew up into her present young girlhood. Jeanie and old Malcolm did what they could for her. They even sent her, after the same school-master at the Point had taught her the rudiments of the common branches, to Clyde, to the far more learned master who had proved so useful in the earlier years of her life. Babette took readily to books. She was unlike any child the practical old Scotch couple had ever known. Dreamy, loving, and tender off by herself with strange fancies coming out now and then to startle the old people, Babette was a loving, good, obedient child. She often looked at the little baby-clothes laid away so carefully in the old sea-chest, and examined with tender scrutiny the dainty embroidery and fine sewing they showed. She took up the more elegant clothes and dreamed of wams of the beautiful mother who had worn them, and sometimes wondered about her possible relations; yet she was not unhappy. She had so much, she said: first, her dear, adopted parents; then the sea, on which—



"Looking up into the sky overhead, Babette would dream dreams and see visions."

yes, Babette had her books—oh, her treasures untold in her life, and hoped it would only make her more grateful to the good God, and more loving to the girls about her who had so much less. To-day, as she stepped into her pretty boat, and the sun shone so happy, she sang softly as she floated away. Her daily tasks were done and she felt that she had earned her play that she here was a dark crimson cushion in the boat's stern, and when Babette was tired rowing it was fastened the boat and sprung ashore. Almost at the same moment, as if he had sprung from the rocks, a man's figure stood before her. The sight of him was so sudden and unexpected that the girl gave a little cry of dismay. "Pardon me if I have startled you," said a courteous voice. "But do you know of any place where I could find board and lodging?" As he spoke, Babette thought of all her friends; but their houses were so small and their families so large. With the desire to help, that was instinctive with the girl, she said impulsively: "Come home with me, sir; perhaps my mother will take you in."

So the two walked down the street in the dusk, the stranger talking easily; but Babette, suddenly conscious of her bare feet and working dress, became silent and embarrassed. She was thankful when her home was reached. A few moments later, the young man had explained to Jeanie McNeal that he was an artist who was very anxious to sketch some of the points along the shore, and to find a stopping place. "And, indeed, I'm not hard to suit," said Kenneth McLeod, with his pleasant smile. The smile and the Scotch name won old Jeanie in spite of herself. "Ye're welcome, sir; bet its plain livin' ye'll find in this bit house," she said. And so the young stranger became an inmate of the neat, frugal home of Malcolm McNeal, and in due time his sister joined him. Jeanie had demurred over the coming of "a gran' city laddy," but Kenneth overcame her objections at last. "She's a real-ified, an' has wholesome ways," said the old woman to Babette, cautiously, after Jean McLeod's advent. Indeed old Jeanie became very fond of her two lodgers as time went on. "Nae airs an' graces, an' snippin' ways," she said to her husband.

And to the girl, what a revelation their coming was! Jean McLeod was simply fas-

crossed the threshold and had her arms about his neck. "How is mother? Oh, is she sick?" Babette asked in a trembling voice. "Jeanie has taken her bed, Babette. I tell her she's frettin' for you, but she won't let me write. Eh, but it's good to have you home again." But Babette was already in the spotless little bedroom she knew so well. There, for the first time in her remembrance, the girl saw old Jeanie in bed in the daytime. She was so white, and then it started her.

"Oh mother, forgive me. I've been such a careless girl. I've come back to make you well." Babette sank on her knees by the little bed, and took Jeanie's rough, toil-worn hand in hers.

"Thank the Laird, ye're hame again before I'm awa!" Jeanie said fervently. But to Babette's relief, old Jeanie grew better instead of worse, and in a few weeks was about again, but far more feeble than before. She and Malcolm had reached a good old age. Babette had not fully realized the fact on account of their rugged health and unusual activity.

If little has been said of Kenneth McLeod, it has not been because there is little to say. His profession was his world—his everything. Nothing was too great a sacrifice for his beloved art. His great desire was to go abroad. He and his sister were orphans, and until Jean had been left a fortune by the aunt for whom she was named, they had been poor. Jean longed to lavish everything on her brother; she was a generous, warm-hearted girl, but he would only accept the pleasant home her purse provided for both. Proud and ambitious, Kenneth worked on. He had been away when Babette left, and the news was an unexpected shock to him. To his dismay, he found that in the days that followed, he keenly missed the gracious presence of the Maid of the Sea, as he called Babette. He fought against the feeling, sure that eventually art would win; but the struggle waged stronger instead of weaker. He reasoned with, he laughed at, himself; he, after all his toil and self-denial, with his turning desires and lofty ambition, with his ancient lineage of which the McLeods were so proud, to run after and hamper himself with a poor, obscure fisher-girl! He painted vigorously, but between him and the canvas came, with persistent force, another picture—a little, gayly painted boat holding a girl with golden hair unbound, her winning, singularly pure face looking upward.

One morning Kenneth's place at the breakfast table was empty, and the maid gave Miss McLeod a hastily-written note, saying that her brother had gone off for fresh subjects for his picture, but would be back soon, etc. This was so common an occurrence that Jean thought nothing of it. Meanwhile Babette, though the day was cold and blustering, had gone for a brisk walk and to gather shells and sea-treasures. A tiny girl, ruddy, and well-protected from the wind, was playing near her, for children loved Babette and knew her as their friend.

"Man tomin'," the child announced suddenly. "I want my little bairn to have genty gear like her ain mither would hae her. Babette's naething mair than a gowan o' the field, Miss McLeod; as innocent a lassie as one could find. See to it that in the gran' city she keeps near to the Laird of all, and does na' forget Him." Babette was stirred to the heart in letting Babette go. Miss McLeod became strangely sober at Jeanie's words and solemn manner. For the first time she felt a favorite pastime rested with her, in the step she was about to take. And Babette, who knew absolutely nothing of money matters, and had been brought up to believe that the blue stocking was an El-dorado mine, never-failing, was satisfied to leave all her expenses in Miss McLeod's experienced hands. At times the girl was possessed by a longing for quiet, for a long sail in her little boat, for the old life. But the present was very delightful and fascinating even if it did not give any leisure for thought. She had dreams, too, of some day being clever enough to earn money for the dear old folks at home.

Two years passed so very quickly. Babette had been home but twice, and Miss McLeod and her friends had so many plans for her that she could not stay long. "Unless you need me," she said to Jeanie, who disclaimed at that, and bade her darling go back to the world she was born for. But one morning Miss McLeod was startled at the girl's appearance at the breakfast table. She was pale, and her eyes showed want of sleep.

"I must go home," she announced abruptly. "I am a selfish, thoughtless girl. I saw my mother so plainly last night, and she was sick and longing for me. Dear Miss Jean, don't think that I am not grateful to you for all this beautiful time; but oh, do not keep me! I must go home."

And Miss McLeod, when she found that all remonstrance was useless, helped her pack her trunks, and with a sinking at the heart—for she was very fond of the girl—saw her on board the train.

Old Malcolm was just home from a fishing haul, when a knock was heard at the door. Before he could open it, a young girl had

denly, and Babette, turning, faced Kenneth McLeod. After the first common places, he said in an abrupt, yet strangely moved voice: "Babette, I find that I cannot live without you; come back and be with me always. Be my wife, Babette."

Was ever wooing like this? The color flashed into the girl's face, then left it so pale that it was startling, but her voice was quite steady and self-possessed. "You forget the dear old people who have done so much for me, Mr. McLeod; my first duty is to them. They ought not to keep you in this dead-and-alive place," the man said impatiently.

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Again the quiet voice spoke: "I cannot leave them, and besides, Mr. McLeod, it would never do for us to marry. Have I not heard your ideas about—such things? I know you so well. You would, after the first, repent this hasty step, and the result I could not bear, yet it would be inevitable. No, it would never do for us to marry." The voice lost a little of its calm toward the last. And then Kenneth forgot his long habit of self-control, and poured forth reproaches and pleadings; but all in vain. And as he went back to Boston, sketches and art were for once forgotten, and there was a wild tumult of conflicting emotions in his heart. Yet surprise was uppermost. For Kenneth had thought only of his side of the question. Failure had not entered into his plans. The difficulty had been with his own decision. He thought that Babette, with her frankness and simplicity, was a child to be coaxed into anything no wrong. He was mistaken, he said, with his sore, hurt feeling; she was a cold, heartless girl, and he remembered now, that Jean had hinted at her refusal of Cullen Bryde. But after all he could go on with his art and forget such a cool, deliberate girl. He had been crazy ever to think of anything that would prove a drag or interference with his true mistress, and then to rush off on such a fool's errand as this had proved! When Babette read in Miss Jean's letter that Kenneth had gone to Paris to study, she said to herself: "I knew him better than he knew himself. He will never care for anything except art. I must never leave mother again; but even if I could, I would never be Kenneth McLeod's second love." Yet Babette's plump form grew thinner, and she was quieter than her wont. Her cheerfulness did not desert her, and to the loving eyes watching her, she was all devotion.

A year passed and old Jeanie "went home." So peaceful and quiet was her going, that it was hard to realize the fact that she was with them no longer. And how Babette missed her in the long days that followed! Yet never had she realized the kindness of the hearts about her until this sorrow came, nor the love the simple fisher-folk felt for her. And then one day old Malcolm died suddenly. He had failed rapidly since his wife's death, and had told Babette he "hoped he would not stay long behind the auld wife waitin' for him awa' there."

After his death Babette felt terribly alone. Even Miss McLeod was abroad with her brother. The little home was hers, but the money was nearly gone in the expenses of the funerals and doctor's bills. Babette felt the necessity of bestirring herself from her grief and planning for her future. Three weeks after old Malcolm's death, the girl found herself as usual in her little boat and sailing far away, her oars resting, she herself unheeding, and lost in thought. Suddenly she sat up with a start; the sky was dark and threatening; she must row back to shore. But how far she had gone! She grasped her oars, yet at that moment there was a flash of lightning followed by a thunder clap; and then such a torrent of rain! Babette kept firm hold of the oars, and fought bravely against the blinding storm. The waves dashed high, threatening each moment to upset the frail boat tossed here and there. Babette still kept her place, though she soon felt the uselessness of any attempt to reach shore in such a storm. In all the confusion and darkness her thoughts went back to that other storm which had cast her beautiful mother and herself on this shore. Perhaps now she was to know that mother at last! Would she and Jeanie meet her in that far-off, mysterious land so that she would not be afraid? How strange that the sea which she had loved so ardently, should now prove her death—or life, which would it be? God still ruled. Her thoughts were not very clear, yet she was suddenly brought to a keener consciousness by a call which she heard above the water's roar. A great wave dashed over her, and she was in that mad, surging sea. Again came a blinding flash of lightning and Babette was conscious of being clasped by human hands, and lifted somewhere.

When she opened her eyes she was surrounded by familiar faces, anxious, kind. "She is all right," said Pamela Lowden's hearty voice. Babette closed her eyes wearily. When next she opened them, only one face bent over her—Kenneth McLeod's. "I found you in the storm, Babette. I cannot live without you. Art is cold and dreary without you, darling. I have forgotten my pride and come to you again. Oh, Babette, cannot you love me and trust me and come to me now?" Such a new humility and yearning was in his voice. Babette was keenly alive now—only surprise was utterly lacking. She stretched out her arms with irrepresible longing—"I have loved you so long, and I trust you now, Kenneth," she said.

SHE WORE A LIBERTY GOWN.

AMONG the young girls who gathered about Celia Thaxter, the authoress, last summer at the seashore, was one who wore the most extraordinary gowns. They were from the famous shop in London kept by Liberty, and were of the soft India silk, of subdued, neutral tint, so much affected by high-art damosels of the lily and the asphodel type.

The clinging, diaphanous drapery was also a concoction of Liberty, who not only imports the silks but has them made up into such frocks as the "Maid of Astolat," or, further back, a Greek Hebe might have worn. One of the seashore habitués returned from the Isle of Shoals and was catechized regarding the high-art girl.

"I think her dresses are horrid," she chanced to comment.

"How can you think so?" queried the stay-at-home. "Why, they are Liberty gowns."

"Well," retorted the girl, "if that is Liberty, give me death."

PROMISCUOUS BATHING.

By FELICIA HOLT.



person, nay, any one innately delicate, must feel shocked at the daily spectacle the bathing beach now presents.

At the moment that I write I am sitting on one of the most beautiful beaches of the Atlantic coast, the sun now obscured by clouds, the sky of a very dark blue, almost leaden in hue, is lighted by paler shades in the west; the water, which is quite usual, has assumed the same tints, and here and there white-crested waves seem to chase each other to shore.

The hour is one of pleasantness and peace; here one may, far from the maddening crowd, get close to God and one's own heart, and worship to the music of deep calling unto deep. I dislike—radical though I am—to turn from so much that is beautiful and serene to humanity and its short-comings; but to my subject. *To-morrow* at eleven o'clock how changed the scene! The place will be alive with men, women and children; without regard to fitness or condition, they will crowd and jostle each other.

Now if these people, being decently appareled, walked or ran, if it pleased them, into the water, bathed and returned to their respective bath-houses, I fancy that no one would raise any objection nor would there be excuse for such a paper as this; but when I see a young man and woman, who have only met at their hotel, emerge from their bathing houses, the man looking like a harlequin in his red or white jersey and short blue trousers, legs and arms perfectly bare; the girl in her *costume de bain*, of fine, white serge, if she be very luxurious, made tight, showing every curve, I feel that a protest is in order.

A few years ago stockings were not worn; now they may be of silk or cotton, and the latest advices tell us of stockings cut so as to expose the toes, which some newspaper correspondent describes as "ten tiny pink shells." As I see them thus arrayed—or disarrayed, to speak correctly—I fear the girl will soon begin to calculate the effect of what some one lately called "artistic bareness" on the mind of masculinity, and the man to be too conscious of the value of muscle and calf which he exposes.

As the mouthpiece of the crowds who come to witness these exhibitions, let me quote the little girl who, in the innocence of her heart, asked her mother "if she might take off her dress and play in her underclothes like the ladies did on the beach."

After the bath these young people settle themselves on the sand for perhaps an hour or so, rarely having any chaperon or older person with them.

Is it right that an innocent and childish creature should be thrown into such close and utterly unguarded companionship with one of the opposite sex? A girl's purity and perfect unconsciousness are her greatest charms, and can we expect her to retain these graces in such an atmosphere?

You may say bare legs are no more demoralizing than bare shoulders, of which we have a surfeit in every ballroom. Granted; but because we condone one indelicacy are we to smile quietly on all? Round dances have been the subject of pulpit oratory; let the moralist and preacher now turn their attention to this rapidly increasing evil.

An hour or so on any fashionable coast will convert them to my view, as they behold our daughters freely exposing those charms which should always be concealed from the curious and vulgar. If your daughter and mine are so well bred in virtue that none of these customs will harm them, does our responsibility end here? As to a brother and sister, can we be sure of them if we countenance the leveling of the guards between them and so much freedom? Has the tired little shop-girl, without father or mother or adviser, no claim upon us? Shall we preach and not practice? Can we expect that she will assume and carry out the same code that our tenderly-nurtured and hedged-in children can follow? She is tired and worn-out with hard labor and poor food; a day and a night are all she can get of rest from the tread-mill. Sick in body and, alas! too often sick in heart, let us give her all the happiness and relaxation we can; but let us hinder, not help, her to think that familiarity and license mean recreation. Look at their faces, prettier and more delicate in many cases than our own children, yet with all the sparkle of youth gone out; the shadow and curse of premature age have drawn hard lines upon the tender flesh, and the anxious eyes betoken the battle of life and the pursuit of the "almighty dollar." They come to the "shore" to have a good time, "to paint the town red," and they begin early and end late; they work for their fun as they do for their bread. The freedom which the morning bath introduces grows as the day speeds on. Their companions, "gentlemen friends" as they are called, are liberal to a fault; everything that the town affords is at the girls' service. They ride, they dance, they flirt, and when night has drawn her curtain, as they pass me in couples, he with his arm around her slim waist, grown so careless that they do not even shrink as they see me, I can only implore their guardian angels to guide them, since humanity seems so oblivious of their welfare.

It has long been the custom, for how many years I am afraid to say, for people to go into the water together at the seaside resorts. Perhaps in "ye olden time," or even thirty years ago, it was less objectionable than it is now, due partially to the fact that Puritan and Quaker simplicity tinged both attire and manners in those days. Be that as it may, surely any fastidious



painter's wooden lips wear a friendly smile. From her right hand hangs a brand new, blue silk banner, bearing the words, "Glory be to St. Anne, the Grandmother of God."

Near the door, far away from all the others, a young woman is kneeling, with her face hidden in her hands. The peasant women all wear the picturesque caps and the bright costumes of Douanany; but this lovely figure is dressed in a simple, white frock made in the passing fashion of the day. The young lady, who is staying at the inn, is already well known in the old church; she often comes to mass and oftener to sketch the picturesque interior. The priests know her, and the old organist puts more spirit into his playing when she is among the congregation. It is thanks to her that the organ is in good repair again, and that he is able to fill the sanctuary with the full chords of harmony; the service is over, but the organist will go on playing as long as that white figure near the porch remains. The acolytes put out the candles on the altar, covered over the lectern, and put away the books of prayer; one by one the peasant women pass out, and at last there is no one left but the organist, the young girl for whom he plays and another person, of whose presence neither of them are conscious. He is leaning with folded arms against a column which hides him from the kneeling woman. The old organist is dreaming over the keys; the music is soft and plaintive, full of the memories of the years which have passed and found him, who in his youth had dreamt of a great career, of a deathless fame, still nothing but the organist of the old church at Douanany. It was on these very keys, over which his knotty fingers now linger tremulously, that the rosy hand of an ambitious boy first tried to strike a full octave; the boy is now a white-haired man, still filled with hope, still believing that his great oratorio of St. John will one day be treasured with the Messiah of Handel, and Mendelssohn's Elijah.

At last the kneeling figure rises and walks towards the porch. As she passes by the column, the man who has been leaning against it steps out from the shadow and touches her on the shoulder. She starts and says hurriedly:

"You here! Have you waited long?"

"No; only since the service was over."

The woman moves towards the door, but he again lays a detaining hand upon her arm.

"Do not go yet; stay, and let me talk to you a little."

"Not here," she answers, and passes hurriedly out of the church.

Outside one of the disused entrances there is a little stone porch, with a rose window of delicate stone tracery through which the red, sunset light streams brokenly. There is a seat here with a benitier above it; the two sit down, and for the first time look into each other's eyes.

"Well, are you glad to see me?" he asks.

"I do not know. Why have you come?"

"Because you have not sent for me. I warned you."

"But I should have sent for you if I had wanted to see you."

"Unkind! And moreover, untrue; you did want to see me, or, to be more exact, you wanted to see the Ibis."

"No; I never wish to see the Ibis again. Where is she? And who have you on board now?"

"She is at B—; and no one is on board except the crew."

"You have lost your guests?"

As she asks this question, the color comes to Miss Langdon's face, and the bronzed cheek of her companion reflects the blush.

"Yes," he says shortly, "they have gone. I have come to say good-by to you. Be a little kind to me, for this time it is really good-by. I have a great deal that I should like to say to you; will you listen to me, and understand me?"

She did not speak for some minutes; but sat idly twisting the gold serpent on her wrist.

"Is it worth while?" she said at last.

"Yes."

"Well, begin at the beginning."

"First of all, I love you, I always have loved you, I always must love you—and you might have loved me."

She shook her head.

"No."



CHAPTER XXIII.

(Continued from July number.)

"I say yes; you do not know the strangeness of it all. You were foretold to me since my boyhood. It is an inevitable fate that has brought us together. That bracelet you wear was once mine; this is the key that unlocks it, see."

He fitted the tiny key to the concealed lock.

"Shall I take it off?"

"No, not now; say first all that you have to tell me."

"That would take a lifetime."

"And you have just half-an-hour!"

It was not to be told in so short a time, and there was another, and yet another meeting. Phillida became, in truth, the confessor in whose ear John Lawton poured forth the history of his inner life. He kept nothing back from her, and when the day at last came on which they had agreed to say the final farewell, he believed that she knew him as no other had ever known him. Of his wife he spoke only indirectly; but Phillida understood that he blamed her parents for forcing her to give up the man she loved, in order to make "the brilliant match" which had proved so miserable a failure, which had ruined so many lives.

It was in the deserted garden that the last good-by was to be said; their other partings had been sad enough, but this was unlike anything that had gone before. Once, Phillida, ignorant of the force of her own feelings had found strength enough for both; but now all was changed; the weeks full of suffering and jealousy, had had their effect. The last word was spoken, and yet he did not go.

"Leave me, Phillida," he whispered, "you must go first. I cannot."

Her voice, faint as echo's, repeated his last words—"I cannot."

"Will you come with me?"

Her tired, restless heart unburdened itself and went out to him in one word—"Yes."

A few hours later, the old chaise from the inn was seen jostling along over the rough, country road which leads from Douanany to St. Elmo. It was still early in the day, and the few people who saw Miss Langdon drive by with her maid, were too much accustomed to seeing them start on sketching expeditions, to attach any importance to the matter. The Colonel and Mrs. Ackers had made an early start that morning and had gone to Rouen to spend the day.

The town of B— lies on the southern side of the bold cliff which rises from the water's edge; it is even smaller and more ruinous than Douanany, and derives its only importance from the fact that the diligence for St. Elmo stops at the inn every day to change horses. As the chaise came slowly up the hill Phillida saw her lover standing in the sunlight waiting for her. She ordered Pierre to stop the carriage, jumped out and ran to meet him. The chaise rumbled along across the cliff and down the steep road towards the little town, and was out of sight by the time that their eager, outstretched hands were clasped. They were alone together, save for that boon companion of all lovers—Nature. There was no sound save the ripple of the water far below and the song of the birds overhead; there was no movement save in the gentle swaying of the tree-tops. The earth had never looked so beautiful before to Lawton; the glossy green leaves of the clump of oaks under whose shade they stood, the perfect sky above the trees, the sparkling sea below them, all seemed to enhance the charm of the young girl who was conscious of nothing, in all that wonderful harmony of color and of sound, but his own face. She seemed to him the flower, the crown of that supreme moment, every detail of which he strove to fix upon his mind, as an etcher draws the lines of a picture upon his plate.

(Continued on following page.)



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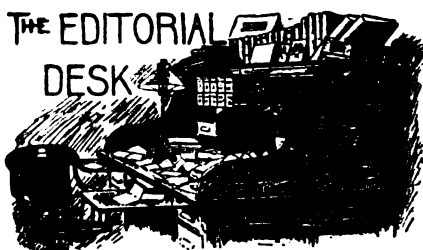
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EDWARD W. BOK

Assisted by

A Corps of Contributing Editors.

Philadelphia, August, 1890.



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

WHICH IS WOMAN'S HAPPIEST HOUR?



NOT long ago I had the curiosity to submit to a number of the best-known American and European women, the question: "Which, in your opinion, is the happiest hour of a woman's life?"

THE HOUR IN WHICH LOVE IS BORN.

I BELIEVE that this is quite the most searching question I have ever undertaken to answer; and it seems to me that our Editor can hardly expect to play Father Confessor, and find out at exactly what moment of her life a woman has been happiest.

When is a woman likely to be most deeply happy? It must be when she is young; for joy belongs to youth—sober Contentment, gentle Placidity, are the hand-maidens of middle age.

I am curious to know whether a woman into whose life Love has never entered can ever have been what I should call happy. I do not think so.

When she begins to feel that, with one man in it, the room is full, and empty when he is gone no matter how many others may remain, she begins to be tremulously, deliciously, delightfully happy.

is that her happiest moment? She does not think so then; for she is looking forward to her bridal morning.

The day of day comes, at last, and the new life begins. Is that, then, the happiest moment? Hardly, for the very most loving people who ever lived are not quite one, to begin with, and they must learn to live together.

Surely that is the happiest moment? I had made up my mind to say so; but— is it?

Ah, I think, after all, the happiest moment is when Love is a sweet, shy new-comer, and Hope leads it by the hand.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

IS IT WOMAN'S LAST HOUR?

THERE are so few happy hours in any life, specially a woman's, that it seems easy to designate that which is happiest.

Poets tell us of the absorbing rapture of "Love's young dream." But is that really happiness? Is it not rather a "dream" indeed, unreal, elusive, and evanescent?

Yet, can that be real, satisfying, pure happiness? Must not any rational woman feel, even in that time of tender welcome, that she has given a living soul over to the relentless grasp, the certain anguish of human existence?

Is it happiness to have achieved literary success purchased at the expense of sensitive pride and "shrinking modesty"? A success that implies the loss of what a true woman most values—

and which puts her into a false position of sustainer and provider? Ah, no!

I believe the happiest hour of a woman's life is her last; the hour when she knows that her toils and troubles are over; that the bitter herbs of dead love and out-worn friendship will no longer be offered to her ever-hungry heart;

Life will exhaust and tantalize her no more; ingratitude, deceit, neglect, are not dwellers in that country whither she hastens.

Why should not the last hour of a woman's life be its happiest?

ROSE TERRY COOKE.

Life will exhaust and tantalize her no more; ingratitude, deceit, neglect, are not dwellers in that country whither she hastens.

There, she will lay down her heavy burdens, her daily anxieties; there, she will never more be over-worked, disheartened, disgusted with the failure of trust and love.

Twice in my life I have experienced moments of supreme exaltation, when all material things seemed at a distance from me; and I was only alive to the perception and influence of the profound emotion excited by the circumstances and environment.

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JENNY JUNE'S HAPPIEST HOUR.

CAN any one decide on the "happiest" hour, or hours of their life? Is there a possibility of happiest hour? Looking backward, do we not find unalloyed happiness limited to moments, and usually springing from negative causes—the absence of a grief, the lifting of a burden, the relief from the pressure of a great anxiety—rather than the positive possession of joy?

Thus there can be no such thing as "happiest" hours. But there are happy hours, and these usually arise from simple causes. Some of my happy ones have come when I could find a gentle hand to brush my hair, after a long day of hard work.

Life indeed has many happy hours in the society of friends, in the companionship of books, in the performance of daily tasks which lead to good results.

One of the happiest moments of my life came to me on ascending the steps of my home on the day on which I had paid a mortgage upon it of ten thousand dollars.

Twice in my life I have experienced moments of supreme exaltation, when all material things seemed at a distance from me; and I was only alive to the perception and influence of the profound emotion excited by the circumstances and environment.

THE TOP BRICK OF THE CHIMNEY.

PROBABLY nine women out of ten if asked to define the happiest moment or hour in their lives, would give an answer based upon some experience of the affections; and I suppose they are right.

But not in its avowal, not in its assured safety, for one of the "fates" of poor human nature is, that the more intensely we crave a thing the more liable we are to be disappointed and disillusioned when we get it.

The "top brick of the chimney" is the one and only brick we desire, and, if by some prodigious effort we secure it, we find it sooty, battered, coarse and clumsy and we throw it as far out of the window as we can manage.

It is while we are reaching for that top brick that we enjoy it; while we gaze up at it sit high in heaven and feel that the whole house beneath is only a pedestal whereon it may repose.

Did you ever see a girl, or, what is better, a woman old enough to know what love means, preparing for her lover after a long absence?

Her first thought as she wakens is: This is the day he will come! And in a moment she is out of bed, and scanning the heavens more anxiously than a sailor's wife.

She dresses from the skin and with a tender and scrupulous care, although common sense would tell her that only the outer garb could possibly be known or appreciated.

And the dainty stockings, and the choice among the dainty boots, and the frilled skirts, and at last the pretty gown, and the laces and the ornaments, and the rose in the bosom or the little bunch of violets upon the corsage!

And then, the room where she will receive him! How she touches the draperies into new folds, picks a withered leaf or two out of the flower vases, moves a chair, a little table, and easel, a bit of drapery that everything may do its best to honor the place where he will presently shine as the centre of all.

MRS. FRANK LESLIE.

THE VOICE OF A MOTHER.

THE happiest hour in a woman's life is very difficult to specify. Among the happiest hours in my own life have been those spent in witnessing the development of my only child.

SARAH K. BOLTON.

MISS WILLARD'S IDEA OF HAPPINESS.

THE happiest hour of my life was the one in which I was least conscious of myself, and most uplifted into holy thoughts and purposes.

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

CAN THE RIDDLE BE SOLVED?

WHO is bold enough to attempt to solve this riddle—"The happiest hour in a woman's life"?

Can that hour come to every woman, even under the same circumstances? We have seen persons so happy that no words could be found to describe their joy, over some act, or occurrence, that would have no power to quicken our pulse one extra beat; and so it is clear that what could give us unspeakable joy, would be powerless to move others.

A young girl comes fresh from her country home. She is joyous, happy and full of gaiety, but has had no opportunity to mingle in fashionable life, to any extent.

Later in her life there may come another hour that far surpasses this in supreme joy. Innocent, confiding, loving, a maiden gives her heart to one who she believes is the best and noblest, and in the betrothal she turns to him, assured that earth can give her no higher happiness than when she lays her hand in his, and feels that henceforth he is all her own.

Such joy belongs to girlhood. But after marriage, what is all this compared to that hour when her first-born is laid in her arms, and the young husband and father bends over her with deepest reverence and love—too deep for words—and as their eyes meet, is not that "the happiest hour" she has ever known?

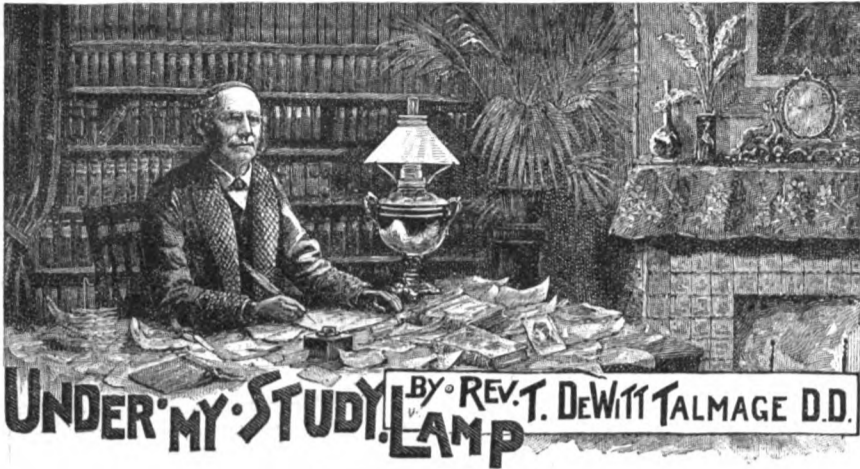
Did you ever watch for long days and nights by the sick bed of one whose life was to you far dearer than your own? Have you watched the light die out from the blessed eyes, the breath grow fainter, and mark the physician's courage failing, till at last you hear the fearful words "he can do no more?"

To some who, while leading moral lives, have yet indulged in all the excitements and pleasures of the fashionable world—with abundant wealth, and unlimited leisure—there may come, in God's mercy, an hour when their past life shall rise up before them, and with it the startling conviction that they have wasted time and money on that which satisfieth not; that talents given to employ in the service of their God, and for the benefit of those who may come under their influence, have been used only for their own selfish pleasures, and the spirit of grace and mercy, moving on the now troubled heart, reveals their sin and ingratitude.

Hopeless, and well nigh despairing, they cannot lift their eyes to the hills from whence cometh their help. But our Saviour is near, and as He hath promised, even before they call, He answereth; He sees their great sorrow; He knows their true penitence.

Surely, to all who have found Jesus so near in their time of greatest need, no hour can ever bring them such happiness as this!

MRS. HENRY WARD BEECHER.



SO much has been written of the hardships of clergymen, small salaries, unreasonable churches, mean committees, and impudent parishoners, that parents seeking for their children's happiness are not wont to desire them to enter the sacred calling. Indeed, the story of empty bread-trays and cheerless parsonages has not half been told.

But there is another side to the picture. Ministers' wives are not all vixens, nor their children scapegraces. Pastors do not always step on thorns and preach to empty benches. The parish sewing-society does not always roast their pastor over the slow fires of tittle-tattle. There is no inevitable connection between the gospel and bronchitis. As far as we have observed, the brightest sunshine is ministers' sunshine. They have access to refined circles, means to give a good education to their children, friends to stand by them in every perplexity, and through the branches that drop occasional shadows on their way sifts the golden light of great enjoyment.

MY FIRST SUNDAY AS A MINISTER.

AH, how well I remember the first Sunday in my first church!

The congregation gathered early. The brown-stone church was a beautiful structure, within and without. An adjacent quarry had furnished the material, and the architect and builder, who were men of taste, had not been interfered with. A few creeping vines had been planted at the front and side, and a white rose-bush stood at the door, flinging its fragrance across the yard.

Many had gone in and taken their seats, but others had stayed at the door to watch the coming of the new minister and his bride. She is gone now, and it is no flattery to write that she was fair to look upon, delicate in structure of body, eyes large and blue, hair in which was folded the shadows of midnight, erect carriage, but quite small. She was such a one as you could pick up and carry over a stream with one arm. She had a sweet voice, and had stood several years in the choir of the city churches, and had withal a magic of presence that had turned all whom she ever met into warm personal admirers. Her hand trembled on her husband's arm as that day they went up the steps of the meeting-house, gazed at intently by young and old.

MY FIRST SERMON.

THE pastor looked paler even than was his wont. His voice quavered in reading the hymn, and he looked confused in making the publications. That day a mother had brought her child for baptism, and for the first time he officiated in that ceremony. Had hard work to remember the words, and knew not what to do next. When he came to preach, in his excitement he could not find his sermon. It had fallen back of the sofa. Looked up and down, and forward and backward. Fished it out at last, just in time to come up, flushed and hot, to read the text. Made a very feeble attempt at preaching. But all were ready to hear his words. The young sympathized with him, for he was young. And the old looked on him with a sort of paternal indulgence. At the few words in which he commended himself and his to their sympathy and care, they broke forth into weeping. And at the foot of the pulpit, at the close of service, the people gathered, poor and rich, to offer their right hand.

A YOUNG MINISTER'S SUNSHINE.

MY old friend MacMillan, the Scotchman, said: "Young man, that's the right doctrine; the same that Dr. Duncan taught me forty years ago at the kirk in the glen!" Mr. Bromlette came up, and introduced to the young minister a young man who was a baronet, and a lady who was by marriage somehow related to the Astors. Harry Bronson took his pastor by the hand, and said, "That sermon went right to the spot. Glad you found it. Was afraid you would never fish it out from behind that sofa. When I saw you on all-fours, looking it up, thought I would burst." Lucas, with his eyes red as a half-hour of crying could make them, took the minister's hand, but said nothing, only looked more thanks and kindness than words could have expressed. Mr. Durbin said, "How are you? Broke in on my rule-to-day and came to church. Little curious, you see." Mrs. Durbin was meanwhile employed in introducing the bride to the people at the door who were a little backward. For a long while the handshakings continued, and some who could not get confidence even to wait at the door, stretched their hands out from the covered wagon, and gave a pleasant "How do you do?" or "God bless you." Till the minister and his wife agreed that their happiness was full, and went home, saying, "This, indeed, is Ministers' Sunshine!"

THE PLOTTING OF OUR SEWING-SOCIETY.

THE parsonage was only a little distance off, but the pastor had nothing with which to furnish it. The grass was long and needed to be cut, and the weeds were covering the garden. On Monday morning the pastor and his wife were saying what a pity it was that they were not able to take immediate possession. They could be so happy in such a cosy place. Never mind. They would out of the first year's salary save enough to warrant going to housekeeping. That afternoon the sewing-society met. The society never disgraced itself with gossip. They were good women, and met together sometimes to sew for the destitute of the village, and sometimes to send garments to the suffering home missionaries. For two hours their needles would fly, and then off for home, better for their philanthropic labors. But that afternoon the ladies stood round the room in knots, a-whispering. Could it be that the society was losing its good name, and was becoming a school of scandal? That could not be, for Mrs. Durbin seemed the most active in the company, and Mrs. Durbin was always right.

PROSPECTS OF A SHORT PASTORATE.

NEXT morning, while the minister and his wife were talking over this secrecy of conversation at the sewing-circle, Harry Bronson came in and asked the young pastor if he was not weary with last Sunday's work. He answered, "No." "Well," suggested Harry, "I think you had better take a few days' rest anyhow. Go off and see your friends. My carriage will, in about an hour, go to the cars, and I will meet you on Saturday night. Think it will do you both good." "Well, well!" said the minister, while aside consulting his wife, "What does this mean? Are they tired of us so soon? Is this any result of yesterday's whispering? But they make the suggestion, and I shall take it." So that Tuesday evening found them walking the streets of the neighboring city, wondering what all this meant. Saturday came, and on the arrival of the afternoon train Harry Bronson was ready to meet the young parson and his wife. They rode up to the place of their previous entertainment. After tea, Bronson said, "We have been making a little alteration in the parsonage since you were gone." "Have you?" exclaimed the minister. "Come, my dear, let us go up and see!"

AN EVENING FRAGRANT WITH MEMORY.

AS they passed up the steps of the old parsonage, the roses and the lilacs on either side swung in the evening air. The river in front glowed under the long rows of willows, and parties of villagers in white passed by in the rocking boat, singing "Life on the ocean wave." It was just before sunset, and what with the perfume, and the roscate clouds, and the rustling of the maples, and the romance of a thousand dawning expectations—it was an evening never to be forgotten. Its flowers will never close; its clouds will never melt; its waters will never lose their sheen; its aroma will never float away.

The key was thrust into the door and it swung open. "What does this mean?" they both cried out at the same time. "Who put down this carpet, and set here these chairs, and hung this hall-lamp?" They stood as if transfixed. It was no shabby carpet, but one that showed that many dollars had been expended, and much taste employed, and much effort exerted. They opened the parlor door, and there they all stood—sofa, and whatnot, and chair, and stand, and mantel ornament, and picture. They went up stairs, and every room was furnished; beds with beautiful white counterpanes, and vases filled with flowers, and walls hung with engravings. These surprised people came down stairs to the pantry. Found boxes of sugar, bags of salt, cans of preserves, packages of spices, bins of flour, loaves of bread. Went to the basement, and found pails, baskets, dippers, cups, saucers, plates, forks, knives, spoons, strainers, bowls, pitchers, tubs, and a huge stove filled with fuel, and a lucifer-match lying on the lid; so that all the young married pair would have to do in going to housekeeping, would be to strike the match and apply it to the shavings.

ALADDIN'S LAMP IN A PARSONAGE.

HAD Aladdin been around with his lamp? Was this a vision such as comes to one about half awake on a sunshiny morning? They sat down, weak and tearful from surprise, thanked God, blessed Mrs. Durbin, knew that Mr. Bromlette's purse had been busy, felt that silent Mr. Lucas had at last spoken, realized that Harry Bronson had been perpetrating a practical joke, were certain that MacMillan had at last been brought to believe a little in "works," and exclaimed, "Verily, this is Ministers' Sunshine!" And as the slanting rays of the setting day struck the porcelain pitcher, and printed another figure on the carpet, and threw its gold on the cushion of the easy-chair, it seemed as if everything within, and everything around, and everything above,

responded, "Ministers' Sunshine!" The fact was, that during the absence of the new pastor that week, the whole village had been topsyturvy with excitement. People standing together in knots, others running in and out of doors; the hunting up of measuring-rods; the running around of committees with everything to do, and so little time in which to do it. Somebody had proposed a very cheap furnishing of the house, but Mr. Bromlette said: "This will never do. How can we prosper, if, living in fine houses ourselves, we let our minister go half cared for? The sheep shall not be better off than the shepherd!" And down went his name on the subscription with a liberal sum. MacMillan said, "I am in favor of taking care of the Lord's anointed. And this young minister of the everlasting gospel hinted that he believed in the perseverance of the saints, and other cardinal doctrines, and you may put me down for so much, and that is twice what I can afford to give, but we must have faith, and make sacrifices for the kingdom of God's sake."

QUIET WORKINGS OF A GOOD PEOPLE.

WHILE others had this suggestion about the window-shades, and that one a preference about the figure of the carpets, and another one said he would have nothing to do with it unless it were thus and so, quiet Mr. Lucas said nothing, and some of the people feared he would not help in the enterprise. But when the subscription-paper was handed him, he looked it over, and thought for a minute or two, and then set down a sum that was about twice as much as any of the other contributions. Wordly Mr. Durbin said at the start: "I will give nothing. There is no use of making such a fuss over a minister. You will spoil him at the start. Let him fight his own way up, as the rest of us have had to do. Delia! (that was his wife's name), nobody furnished our house when we started." But Mrs. Durbin, as was expected, stood in the front of the enterprise. If there was a stingy fellow to be approached, she was sent to get the money out of him, and always succeeded. She had been used to begging for the poor of the back street, that when any of the farmers found her coming up the lane, they would shout. "Well, Mrs. Durbin, how much will satisfy you to-day?" She was on the committee that selected the carpets. While others were waiting for the men to come and hang up the window-shades, she mounted a table and hung for them. Some of the hardest workers in the undertaking were ready to do anything but take down carpets. "Well," she said, "that is just what I am willing to do"; and so down she went pulling until red in the face to make the breadths match, and pounding her finger till the blood started under the nail, in trying to make a crooked tack do its duty. One evening her husband drove up in front of the parsonage with a handsome book-case. Said he had come across it, and had bought it to please his wife, not because he approved of all this fuss over a minister, who might turn out well, and might not. The next morning there came three tons of coal that he had ordered to be put in the cellar of the parsonage. And though Durbin never acknowledged to his wife any satisfaction in the movement, he every night asked all about how affairs were getting on, and it was found at last that he had been among the most liberal.

Harry Bronson had been all around during the week. He had a cheerful word for every perplexity; put his hand down deep in his own pocket; cracked jokes over the cracked crockery; sent up some pictures, such as "The Sleigh-riding Party," "Ball Playing," and "Boys Coasting"; knocked off Lucas's hat, and pretended to know nothing about it; slipped on purpose and tumbled into the lap of the committee; went up stairs three steps at a time, and came down astride the banisters. At his antics some smiled, some smirked, some tittered, some chuckled, some laughed through the nose, some shouted outright, and all that week Harry Bronson kept the parsonage roaring with laughter.

It was five o'clock of Saturday afternoon, one hour before the minister was expected, that the work was completed, entry swept out, the pieces of string picked up, shades drawn, and the door of the parsonage locked. As these church-workers went down the street, their backs ached, and their fingers were sore, but their hearts were light, and their countenances happy, and every step of the way from the parsonage door to their own gate they saw scattered on the gravelled sidewalk, and yard-grass, and door-step, broad flecks of Ministers' Sunshine!

AROUND OUR FIRST TEA-TABLE.

BUT two or three days had passed, and the young married couple took possession of their new house. It was afternoon, and the tea-table was to be spread for the first time. It seemed as if every garden in the village had sent its greeting to that tea-table. Bouquets from one, and strawberries from another, and radishes, and bread, and cake, and grass-butter with figure of wheat-sheaf printed on it. The silver all knew, that which the committee had left added to the bridal presents. Only two sat at the table, yet the room seemed crowded with emotions, such as attend only upon the first meal of a newly married couple when beginning to keep house. The past sent up to that table a thousand tender memories, and the future hovered with wings of amber and gold. That bread-breaking partook somewhat of the solemnity of a sacrament. There was little talk and much silence. They lingered long at the table, spoke of the crowning of so many anticipations, and laid out plans for the great future. The sun had not yet set. The casor glistered in it. The glasses glowed in the red light. It gave a rosette tinge to the knives, and trembled across the cake-basket, as the leaves at the window fluttered in the evening air; and the twain continued to sit there, until the sun had dropped to the very verge of the horizon, and, with nothing to intercept its blaze, it poured in the open windows, till from ceiling to floor and from wall to wall the room was flooded with Ministers' Sunshine.

THE PARSON AS A FATHER.

A YEAR passed on, and the first cloud hovered over the parsonage. It was a very dark cloud. It filled the air, and with its long, black folds seemed to sweep the eaves of the parsonage. Yet it parted, and through it fell as bright a light as ever gilded a hearthstone. The next day all sorts of packages arrived; little socks, with a verse of poetry stuck in each one of them—socks about large enough for a small kitten; and a comb with which you might imagine Tom Thumb's wife would comb his hair for him. Mrs. Durbin was there—indeed had been for the twenty-four hours. Mr. Bromlette sent up his coachman to make inquiries. MacMillan called to express his hope that it was a child of the "Covenant." Lucas came up to the door-step to offer his congratulation, but had not courage to rattle the knocker, and so went away, but stopped at the store to order up a box of farina. Harry Bronson smiled all the way to the parsonage, and smiled all the way back. Meanwhile the light within the house every moment grew brighter. The parson hardly dared to touch the little delicate thing for fear he would break it; and walked around with it upon a pillow, wondering what it would do next, starting at every sneeze or cry, for fear he had done some irreparable damage; wondering if its foot was set on right, and if with that peculiar formation of the head it would ever know anything, and if infantile eyes always looked like those.

A MINISTER'S EARTHLY GARDEN.

AND so the days and the months and the years flew by. If a cloud came up, as on the day mentioned, there was a hand behind it to lift the heavy folds. If there was a storm, it only made the shrubs sweeter, and the fields greener. If a winter night was filled with rain and tempest, the next morning all the trees stood up in burnished mail of ice, casting their crowns at the feet of the sun, and surrendering their gleaming swords to the conqueror. If the trees lost their blossoms, it was to put on the mellowness of fruit; and when the fruit was scattered, autumnal glories set up in the tops their flaming torches. And when the leaves fell it was only through death to come singing in the next spring-time, when the mellow horn of the south wind sounded the resurrection. If in the chill April a snow-bank lingered in the yard, they were apt to find a crocus at the foot of it. If an early frost touched the corn, that same frost unlocked the burr of the chestnut, and poured richer blood into the veins of the catawba. When the moon set, the stars came out to worship, and counted their golden beads in the Cathedral of the Infinite.

On the petunias that all over the knoll shed their blood for the glory of the garden; on the honeysuckle where birds rested, and from which fountains of odor tossed their spray; on the river, where by day the barge floated, and by night the moon-tipped oars came up tangled with the tinkling jewels of the deep; at even-tide in the garden, where God walked in the cool of the day; by the minister's hearth where the child watched the fall of the embers, and congenial spirits talked, and ministering angels hovered, and in the sounds of the night-fall there floated the voices of bright immortals, bidding the two, "Come up higher!"—there was calm, clear, Ministers' Sunshine!

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SIDE TALKS WITH GIRLS

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.



ONE of my girls is busy all day long—busy in the shop, or perhaps the counting-house or the studio. When evening comes she goes to what she calls home, freshens herself up a bit, eats her dinner, and then she waits for him to come. Home to her, just now, means a hall bedroom in which there is a tiny folding-bed, one, or two chairs, a bureau and a washstand.

WHERE SHALL SHE RECEIVE HIM?

AT home she has been taught that her bedroom was a sacred place into which no man shall enter. In the same house with her are many more girls placed exactly as she is, and they laugh at her timidity about seeing a young man in her room. Sometimes the laughter has its effect and she plunges in boldly and asks him to come up to her little haven of rest. She thinks this is better than going out with him and taking a walk. But every now and then she sits down and wonders if she is doing right, and, if she isn't, what she ought to do. She is a girl just like yours and mine, and she is a brave one because she has faced the world honorably and taken care of herself. She is a healthy girl mentally and physically, and it is right that she should wish to keep her men friends and have a pleasant time with them.

This seems the solution of the question. Let her make her little nest as pretty as possible, put the books, that she has saved money to buy, on top of the mantel that hides under it her bed. The photographs of those she loves may decorate the little table, and on the bureau all the belongings that a womanly girl collects, may be put here and there, wherever it seems best. A tiny screen may be folded closely about the washstand, and then let it not be a question of one hostess, but of two, for let her ask the girl who thinks as she does, to come down and help entertain her friends. It's true that this may make a bit of a crowd in the room; it's true that some of the visits may be shortened because of this crowd, but when a visitor goes away with the feeling that he regrets that the time has been so short he is very apt to come soon again. If you like, make one or two evenings in the week when you and your friend are to be at home, in the little hall room, and you will be surprised to find, bright girls as you are, how popular you will make your little evenings, and how you will impress upon the minds of the special man what a good home-maker you are. I do not believe that the girls who see one man alone in their own rooms are anything but thoughtless; but the wise girl is the one who learns that, beside her own pure heart, the best protection she can have against disagreeable remarks about thoughtless behavior, is a woman friend who thinks like her and who is equally anxious, while having a good time, to keep her name free from reproach.

A WORD TO THE BUSY GIRL.

I WANT to speak a little speech to the girl who is very near my heart—the girl who has to work to earn her own living. A few months ago I had the pleasure of attending the Convention of the Working Girls' Societies, at Cooper Union, New York. I have never seen a brighter, braver, more womanly set of girls in my life, and I realized more than ever the great number of women who are wage earners, and I felt a great throb of thankfulness that they all looked so clean-hearted. The working-girl who does her work well, who earns her money honestly, is always willing to pay for what she gets, but who, because of the hours that must be devoted to the daily toil, very often pays more than she needs because there is so much she cannot do herself.

In the evening the eyes that have been strained all day are too tired to watch a needle as it goes in and out a darn, or freshen and steam the trimming that is to go upon a hat! The consequence is that the mending is left forever undone and a milliner is paid for a new hat. Now, in every city in the United States there are women who want to earn money, who say they do not know how to do it and yet who are mistresses of the art of sewing and mending. Any girl would be willing to pay a proper price to have the gown which is torn, the stockings that are worn, the gloves that are ripped, and the hat that is getting dusty and worn, made to look as good as new, but who shall do it? Unfortunately, no mother is at hand to look after this, and dependence must be placed upon a stranger—if the stranger can be found. Among the numerous women who want to earn a little money why doesn't one start just such a business as this? Fresh braid can be put on a skirt, it could be given a careful brushing, the torn pocket mended, fresh hooks put on a belt, and, behold, it is the very thing wanted for wear during business hours, or on rainy days. A suitable price should be asked for work of this kind, and I firmly believe that the mender who started properly would soon find it necessary to advertise for assistants. Let some one in one of the Working Girls' Clubs, or in a group of King's Daughters find the worker in this special line, test her worth and then recommend her to all the girls who want to have the one stitch put in that will save the other nine.

FAMILIARITIES BY WORD OR PEN.

THERE is very little left to call the people you love if you lavish words of affection on every stranger whom you meet. If you call a young woman whom you have known just half an hour "Dear," and one whom you have known three days "Darling," there will be no tender endearing term for you to address to those who have your whole heart. Girls who are not of necessity gushing, are often apt to speak in the most familiar manner. Good speech is certainly pure silver, but there are so many times when silence would outweigh it and be perfect gold. To tell of one's family affairs, to tell of one's joys and worries to some one who has a sympathetic manner and seems to invite it, is at once a weakness and a misfortune. To write a letter in which you use endearing terms, in which you discuss personal matters, is more than merely indiscreet—it is dangerous. Don't you think if you are a bit familiar in speech or with the pen to a man, that he is going to more than meet this half way? Don't you think if you call him by his first name he is very apt to call you by yours, and perhaps before people whom you do not care to have think lightly of you? If you permit him to speak of things not usually discussed, do not imagine for one moment he is going to regard the conversation as confidential. He will always tell it to somebody and you can then imagine how much further down in the esteem of two people you have gone. Don't permit any man to be familiar with you to the extent of calling you "Old Girl," or citing you as "One of the boys." You don't belong among the boys, and you shouldn't be counted there. Don't let any man, unless you are betrothed to him, kiss you. Lips are of little worth to John which have been pressed by Tom, Dick and Harry. If you write a letter to a man friend, don't put in black and white that you are "his forever," or that you send a great deal of love, even if it be only in jest, but remain either his "very cordially," or "very sincerely." Sincerity and cordiality are possible even with acquaintances that do not demand either love, or an affection that is to last forever. I wish girls knew how very ill bred it is to give, or permit familiarities in word or pen from either men or women. Learn to keep your personal affairs to yourself. Learn to believe that your first name can only be used by those connected with you by ties of blood, or having the right given by a deep love. Believe me, you will never regret your self respect as shown in this way, and you will never cease lamenting permitting a too familiar intercourse, that in the future will rise up before you like a skeleton at a feast. A perfect friendship is like a rose, after the time of its glory is passed the leaves may be thrown into a jar, covered with spices and salt to bring out the fragrance forever, and be a delight to you wherever it is. A friendship that is too familiar may also be likened to a rose, but one that early loses its leaves; they fall upon the ground and no one treasures them enough to gather them up and keep them as a memento of days that have gone by. For a while there is a sickly sweet smell, and then they are blackened and discolored, and no odor comes from them. Conclude then, in forming your friendships, to make those only that can, when time separates you two, make a pleasant memory for the future, and one that will not cause a blush to come upon your face.

THE WORK TO DO.

WHAT is it? That which your hand findeth. Ambition is a very fine thing, but a wrongly placed ambition frequently means the spoiling of a life. You are way off in some small village; you paint prettily; you may, instead, sing pleasantly, or have written two or three dainty, little poems. You are fired with an ambition to become a great artist, a prima donna, or a great writer. You want to get away from your own place and your own surroundings to achieve all this greatness; you want to go to Paris, or New York, that you may study. At home the money is made up, and you are started off to make a great name for yourself. You reach the big cities, you are among a lot of students in the same line as yourself, your aspirations are all very high, and suddenly one day it dawns on you that five hundred girls paint as well, sing as well, or write as well as you do, but you have shown no signs of special talent and that you were only one among these many who are all doing mediocre work. Now, if you are wise you will go straight home; you will do there what your hand finds for you to do. If it is needed your work will make you a little income there, and in time if you are the pleasant, nice girl I think you, you will become the wife of some good man and live that best life for a woman—the married one. If you are not wise you will stay on in the great city, growing more and more discontented, believing that you are not treated fairly, wondering that your pictures are not hung, that your songs are not applauded, and that your stories are not eagerly sought or accepted. When you do go home it is because you are discontented and you claim that the life there is too narrow for you. It is you who are too narrow for life. Ah, but say you, some succeed. So they do; but they are not women like you. They are the

women who do the work where they are, who gain recognition there for it outside and who go to seek fame and fortune when they have what a business man would call a little capital. Elizabeth Barrett wrote "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," the poem that first won the attention of Robert Browning, when the walls of a sick room made her world. Charlotte Brontë wrote her most famous novels in a bare, cold country, where she worked hard to earn a little money, and where life was made up of the dullest grays from the color box of Nature. Great singers have had their voices called exquisite, and their praises sung long before the great world heard them, the village church, or the concert hall in a small town, oftenest being the scenes of their first work. Mary Anderson played "Juliet" in all the small southern towns and learned her stage experience in that way before she attempted New York or London. And that's the secret of success. If you feel that you have a God-given call to a special work, do it where you are, and see how the world accepts it from there. The genius does not need to write Paris, or London, or New York, in the corner of his or her picture to have the world bow down before it. Millet did not hear the "Angelus" ring in the streets of Paris. And you may be very sure that the great painter among women is going to be the one who stays at home and works out what she sees there, and only goes to one of the great cities to gain a knowledge of technique, or the use of colors when her own originality has been recognized. Discontent is omnipresent in the mind of the bright American girl, and it is quite time that she should be treated to a little dose of the truth—a medicine that may not always be pleasing but which clears brains of their clouds and makes everybody brighter and better.

WHAT YOU WANT * * TO KNOW * *

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

MABEL—It is much easier to give than to receive gracefully. If your friends know about you and realize that loss of fortune prevents you returning their courtesies, they would not ask you to come to their houses if they did not wish it. There is a pride of poverty that can only be called mean, and yet it is one in which many are apt to drift. The Irish peasant has probably the finest sense of hospitality in the world, and she feels a pride that is absolutely honest when she offers to the lady of the manor a glass of milk, a cup of tea, or a bit of bread and butter. She has given of her best and she expects it to be received in a spirit in which it has been offered.

A READER—It would be very rude indeed to put "no presents" on a wedding invitation. It would seem to announce that you expected them, and it certainly would be discourteous to refuse to receive them. Coming as they do not ask you to come to their houses, you must acknowledge each one and be glad that your friends are so many. At a small wedding where only very intimate friends and members of the family are to be invited, have your mother write personal notes of invitation, and then send the announcement cards to all your acquaintances and those of your husband whom you wish to have visit you after.

DILL H.—If your nervousness does not result from self-consciousness it would be wisest for you to consult a physician.

BERTHA L.—An old-time remedy for removing freckles is to dabble them night and morning, and, if possible, two or three times during the day, with lemon-juice slightly diluted with water. In putting it on, use a soft, linen rag or else a small, soft sponge. Borax is said to remove freckles, but I do not know of any case where it has been absolutely successful. If they are caused by freckles caught by the summer's sun they will fade away themselves, and are scarcely worth bothering about.

T. B. C.—By writing to Mrs. Bottome, 29 Washington Place, New York, you can gain all information in regard to the "King's Daughters." The JOURNAL will, however, in a month or two, begin a Department entirely devoted to the "King's Daughters," and from this you will be able to learn all about the aims, purposes and workings of the order.

BLUE JAY—It is very pleasant to know that you like this Department and that it has afforded subject of conversation among you and your friends. That is especially its object. The very fact that you ask the question as to whether a young girl may kiss a man to whom she is not engaged, shows that in your own heart you do not think it right, and it is not. It is the first step on the downward path of familiarity that may end you do not exactly know where.

M. C. R.—The only school for writing stories is the one of practice. If you think that your work is of worth, keep on working; then submit some of it to the different magazines. It is possible it may be refused; if they do not like your work, do not necessarily because it was not good, but because the publisher did not require any more articles of that kind, or because it did not suit the policy of the journal to which it was sent. This is no reason why you may not succeed, but let the first refusal rest on you like a tonic, inciting you to do better work. Do not attempt to imitate anybody except in the use of good English, and the expression of whatever you want to say in the fewest and the shortest words possible. Work in the literary world is best liked when it approaches nearest to that of roses, and many good ideas are boiled down to make as perfect a perfume as possible.

MARIE—Do not try to improve your eye-lashes. Such an effort often results in an injury to the eyes, and certainly you want to keep them clear and far-seeing, don't you?

NEWARK—Books on etiquette may suggest to you some special points, but the best book of good manners is that which is read by watching well-bred people. The world makes the books; they do not make the world. If there is any question which is specially troubling you I will be very glad to give you any help in my power.

K. W. C. AND OTHERS—The only way by which to get stories or articles of any kind published is to submit them to a periodical to which they seem especially suited. Because they are returned do not despair—try again and again.

A SUBSCRIBER—A little almond meal in the bath for the face will tend to remove the shiny look. Press the black-heads out of your face and anoint each place with a little olive oil. Take them out gradually, not all at once, else you will have a very bruised-looking face. It is in very bad taste to call your men friends by their first names, and nothing will so soon tend to make them respect for you as a forgetfulness of such little courtesies.

A SUBSCRIBER—Try some tonic in which quinine is one of the ingredients, to get your hair in better condition: one recommended by your physician will be best, as he understands your constitution and will be able to order just what you need. A careful dentist can clean and polish your teeth so that they are not injured.

BERTHA VAN W.—See if you are not to blame for finding people tiresome. Perhaps you do not say the sympathetic word that might call out a host of interesting ones. To talk one's self is quite easy; to make a talk in an artful way is not so easy. If you do not clasp or "flirt" your hair, then part it in the centre; this will not make your face look as slender as if it were rolled back.

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ESSENTIALS OF A GOOD TEACHER.

By CAROLINE B. LeRov.

AUTHOR OF "ENGLISH AS SHE IS TAUGHT," ETC., ETC.



N the beginning of an engagement in his Egyptian campaign, Napoleon gave the order, "Donkeys and servants to the rear!" While we may not particularly care what becomes of the donkeys in this or in any other country, it is cause for rejoicing that in

America at least, teachers are rapidly advancing to the front.

It is because all civilization is but the outgrowth of education that the work of the teacher must be conceded to be the grandest and most important of any upon earth. It is the only labor in the world which is not temporary. Even that of the minister does not surpass it in dignity and honor, for unless the minister is teacher as well as preacher, much of his ministrations goes for naught.

As education is receiving more attention than ever before in the world's history, greater opportunity than ever before is afforded to those who wish to prepare for what a wise old monk, hundreds of years ago, called "that divine and beautiful thing—teaching." As a result of this opportunity more demands are made on teachers, and as the years go on these requirements will certainly increase. It is, then, necessary for those already in the service, and particularly for those who are intending to enter it, to consider some of the essentials of success.

Most of the world's work is done, and can be well done, merely for the sake of the money which it brings; but unless a teacher loves her work she can never make it a success, in the best meaning of the word. She may cut dresses, trim hats, or run a sewing-machine, doing all these things well, though with no interest or enthusiasm in the doing; but in no mechanical or perfunctory way can she justly deal with human heads and hearts. It is moral robbery for one to enter the profession merely for the sake of the salary or the respectability of the employment.

Good health is particularly necessary for the teacher, as the labors of the school-room draw so constantly and heavily on the vocal, mental, and nervous forces. Teachers need to be continually on their guard against anything which can interfere with their physical well-being. This precaution has also a moral significance and importance.

Of course, the more liberal and thorough the education the better the foundation on which the teacher's work is based; but there have been many great scholars who have proved very poor teachers, for the possession of knowledge by no means implies the ability to impart it. It is safe to assume that natural talent in this direction is the best possible test of the "born teacher." In addition to what is usually included in a liberal education, a knowledge of the comparatively modern science of psychology is indispensable, familiarity with the laws which control the development of mind, the material upon which the teacher exclusively works. If she succeeds in her work without this knowledge, her success will result "more from good luck than good looking to," or be the outcome of a happy intuition which, unfortunately, few possess. This branch of science has but lately been accorded its proper place in our curriculum, but every day strengthens its claim to be considered the corner-stone of every educational structure.

Martin Luther asserted in his cast-iron style of rhetoric, "Unless a schoolmaster knows how to sing I think him of no account." Such a test would materially decrease the number of pedagogues; nevertheless, it is true that such ability is of the greatest service to the teacher. The physical benefit resulting from singing is sufficient reason for its use, even if no other existed; but it is peculiarly valuable as a source of enjoyment to children, and a great aid in the preservation of order. Even a little knowledge of drawing places a mighty power in the hand of the teacher. Nothing so much helps to make instruction clear and impressive as simple and rapid illustration, particularly in the primary grades. At present these two accomplishments—improperly so termed, for they are really essentials—are required in most schools. The children of today, who are the teachers of to-morrow, are receiving thorough instruction in these two matters, and experience proves that it is almost as instinctive for them to sing and draw as for a bird to fly.

A knowledge of even a few physical and vocal exercises is of the greatest advantage in dealing with children. Nothing of what is technically known as discipline is necessary in any school where such exercises are taught, for they always quiet, interest, and divert pupils, while working wonders in the formation of proper physical and vocal habits. Mental habits also—attention, quickness, accuracy, and thoroughness—are thereby cultivated. They give opportunity for safe and frequent ventilation of the school-room, the necessity for which should be constantly kept in mind by even the busiest teacher. The most profitable place for such exercises is the primary school. The time and strength wasted in the "higher grades"—which are so only in name—in the attempt to make up for neglect of these things in the lower classes, is one of the tragedies of the profession.

That "excellent thing in woman"—and in man, also, when in the school-room—the "gentle" voice, though not necessarily "soft" or "low," is a means of grace to teacher and taught alike. Few teachers realize how accurately their gain or loss in influence can be measured by the quality of the tone in which they talk. There is no excuse for the hard, sharp, rasping tone, so common as to be usually reckoned one of the characteristics of a "school-ma'm," even in the noisiest room or among the most unruly children. The law of *similia similibus curantur* does not hold good in such a case. Screaming and shouting at

children is to make demons even of little angels, and they must be angelic, indeed, who can escape such transformation. The teacher should know how to make distinctness serve in place of force to the end of sparing her own throat and the nerves of her pupils.

Much is demanded in the line of ethical and spiritual equipment. Cheerfulness should, literally, be "in the air" of the school-room, and the best instructors will secure this at any cost. Ingenuity is the sixth sense of the teacher, furnishing a variety of means for the attainment of one end—the means to be adapted to special cases and circumstances. The hope which will not allow the worker to grow weary in well-doing or to feel discouragement, as well as the faith which can move whole ranges of mountains, are also requisite. But mightier than all and, indeed, practically including all, is patience, without which a teacher works like one who beateth the air. "How poor are those who have not patience," particularly in the line of labor which, more than any other, requires its hourly exercise! The influence of heredity and environment which is such a mighty force in education, should be constantly borne in mind, as well as the fact that many considered dunces in youth have become the geniuses of middle-age.

Teachers of little children should magnify their office: they who have the guidance of the first year of a child's life may well be envied; it is the most honorable as it is the most important work of all, and the world has reason to rejoice that at last the labor of the primary teacher is receiving both intellectual and financial recognition.

The object of all schools is to create in children a love of learning, and to teach them how to study. When this is done for them, everything is done. So far as possible the individual child should be studied, hard as it is to find time for this in our crowded schools.

Plato declared that "to teach is the way to learn most and best," and Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, that "in whatever it is our duty to act, it is also our duty to study." The teacher must be a constant student, living under a moral obligation to make the best of herself in every way, not only for her own sake, but for the sake of the children in her charge and the profession which she represents. Abundant opportunity for this self-culture is now furnished on all sides by lectures, summer schools, and teachers' institutes. Attendance upon these gatherings is increasing every year, and nothing can be more promising for the future of our schools. Another most encouraging sign of the times is furnished by the statement lately made by a Boston publisher: "I sell twenty-five books on education nowadays where I sold one twenty-five years ago."

At present there exists no legally recognized profession of teaching. The work has so far been underrated, underpaid, and obtained no social recognition. The remedy for this state of things lies in the hands of teachers themselves, and they should make every possible effort to convince the public of the value of their work to the end that it may be carried on under more favorable conditions, thereby resulting in still greater good.

A CAUTION TO WOMEN

WHO INTEND SITTING FOR THEIR PHOTOGRAPHS.

By A. BOGARDUS.

WHILE the great majority of professional photographers are men of honor and responsibility, and conduct their business with due regard to the wishes and rights of their patrons, it is to be regretted that there are some unprincipled persons in the profession. Women should always know the standing of the man to whom they entrust their negatives. They should consider well his character and manner of doing business before permitting him to make a picture of them. The negative once in his possession (if he is so disposed) he has the means of causing them great mortification by using it for base purposes.

The writer has repeatedly received the thanks of women for calling their attention to this subject, as it is a matter of great importance, and one to which the attention of the public has not before been called.

The head of some prominent woman is out from her picture and pasted on the figure of some notorious woman in undesirable costume or position. This can be done so neatly as to defy detection. A few touches of India ink will conceal the places of joining, and it requires a magnifying glass to discover them. The picture is then copied, and persons as unprincipled as the operator are ready to buy and show them, as the picture of Mrs. —, or Miss —, as the case may be.

These transactions are carried on apart from the ordinary work, and are not exposed for sale to the general public; but the places where they are sold are known to the purchasers of such vile frauds. One of the worst features of the case is the impossibility of knowing how many of these counterfeiters are afloat in the community. The fear of detection has prevented this transaction from being done to any great extent; but it has been done, and, as they are issued without the name or address of the publisher, it is almost impossible to trace them to their source.

In the days of the old daguerreotype the proprietor of a prominent gallery would make several sittings of a pretty subject, and after she had gone with one for herself, he would finish up the several plates and sell them to anyone willing to pay a round price for them. This mode of doing business could not continue long without detection, and he was obliged to close his gallery and leave the city, to escape a richly deserved chastisement from the friends of the young ladies.

The question as to the propriety of the photographers exhibiting as specimens the pictures of private parties, has been the cause of much trouble. Some persons seem delighted to have their picture on exhibition in his show case, while others object to such publicity. The man who is worthy of your patronage will at all times consult and conform to your wishes in this matter.

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THE MYSTERY OF THE MAGAZINE.

BY JOEL BENTON.



FAMILIAR as the modern magazine now is, a mystery still lingers about it, especially in reference to the profits it affords prominent authors. Sensational paragraphs, telling of the large incomes which certain well-known writers make, float frequently through the press, and impress the public with the belief that magazine-writing is little short of a special bonanza to the elect. Hundreds of young aspirants, and those who are not young, imagine that they only need the encouragement of the editor to be able to share in this rich spoil. The deception is not harmless; for it awakens in a number the habit of regarding a literary career as something specially easy and attractive. If Mr. Stevenson, or Mr. Stockton, is paid a high price for a story, as is known to be the case, the magnitude of the sum—rarely underestimated—makes the literary vocation seem a charmed pathway to financial success, with fame added. Since the best work in literature needs, to the visible eye, only a pen, a few sheets of paper and a little ink, and no degree or examination precedes entrance on a literary career, the attempts to break into it are manifold and incessant. It is pitiful to see the hopes that are dashed in this effort.

The truth is, untold thousands call themselves to the literary service, and less than hundreds make any real show of success in it. Anybody may become a lawyer by prescribed studies, or may become a physician or minister in the same way. But for achieving purely literary success, there is no certain programme arranged. The well-educated college graduate may fail of the prize, and the self-educated, poor and obscure girl may attain it at a bound. No one knows in advance precisely what it is that makes an article or a book sell in a particular case. An editor, therefore, may sincerely and honestly send back a good manuscript sometimes, which should have been held, and may occasionally use one that should have been "returned with thanks." But he is a pretty shrewd person, and does not often get caught napping. Good articles he must return in abundance, simply because any magazine is too limited in space to use a tithe of the matter that its editor would like to take. He can only pick out the best of the good that comes—which means the best for his purpose—and give that which is not available his polite and sorrowful dismissal.

The editor of one of our leading magazines told me fifteen years ago, that he received on an average twelve poems a day. In a week he got, therefore, more than he could use in a year. Of course he was obliged to return over four thousand poems annually. The editor of this magazine's closest rival said to me, about the same time, that he could easily make out of the good matter that was offered him two complete magazines a month. As he could only publish one, as much good matter alone must go back as that which he used. The situation in these two cases has, of course, not grown better: it must constantly grow worse for the writer, for he is obliged to force his article into the magazine by its own adaptation to that magazine's needs, as well as by its style and merit, against a host of able competitors.

You cannot find a magazine or literary periodical to-day which does not have its pigeon-holes filled with available matter. The editor will still buy, if you bring him something unique or compulsory; or if you treat a not too hackneyed subject in a masterly way. But the chances are rather against the voluntary contributor. To writers who have some established reputation and name, who can be depended on for a certain kind of work which is wanted, and who are, therefore, subject to orders from the editors, the situation is somewhat mitigated. But to him who attempts to write for the literary press without name or experience, the way must necessarily be thorny. If he writes a good article, and it is returned, he will think of some poorer one that went in and was paid for; and is apt to feel that he has been personally snubbed.

It is the opinion of many intelligent persons that all articles sent to the editor by recognized writers—those who are well known—are sure of acceptance. But this is far from the case. Very likely they are sure of acceptance somewhere and at some time; but I happen to know that men as noted as Bayard Taylor was, do not always strike the accepting editor on the first magazine they apply to, or on the second. And it is said that Dr. Holmes tried with some pertinacity to sell his charming "Autocrat" papers to several editors before they appeared, and was only successful with them when the "Atlantic" was established.

The editor, as I said, is not infallible, and he may sometimes be subject to prejudice. But it must not be forgotten that he has a certain scheme of his own, and must cater to various phases of thought. He must refuse a very good article on a very good subject if he has already treated it once or twice. He may even feel inclined to refuse it if some rival periodical has lately exploited it to noticeable advantage. I dare say the editor prints an article sometimes which he thinks will

stir the public sensationally where its own merits, in even his opinion, are not commanding. There must be a little heed taken of the counting-room; and this deference to the dollar, along with the supposed public appetite, often makes a weak or indifferent article from a name of overwhelming weight, acceptable, where an article of more worth, with a name of less significance, would need to stand back for it.

Our best magazines, however, struggle in the main to make their issues meritorious, attractive and able. In fact they must do so, or fail of success. They will take any article that they must or as necessity compels them; and the only way to capture them is to write something that the public wishes to read, and write it with a light touch and a captivating style. The one unpardonable sin in any article is dullness. Other faults can be overlooked and forgiven. You need not be very learned or very profound in writing intended to be popular, but you must have something fresh to say, and must know how to say it brightly.

The aspirant for literary honors with pecuniary remuneration should remember that the most famous names in the literary guild earned their money for the most part in other than literary ways. Bryant was an editor, and publisher. Longfellow and Holmes and Lowell were Harvard professors. Emerson and Bayard Taylor were lecturers, and Taylor was also a "Tribune" editor. Curtis and Stoddard depend upon editorial salaries; Stedman is a broker, and Halleck was John Jacob Astor's private secretary. And one might go further with this list. Whittier began as an editor, and only in middle life attempted to lean upon literature alone for a support, which his early savings and simple habits made possible. It was always Longfellow's advice to young men who wished to be literary to have first, and mainly, a vocation independent of the finer muse. If a young writer thinks he possesses genius he may, of course, experiment with it; but it will serve his purse and peace of mind better to secure some source of labor and income that is more philistine and worldly, and ride his Pegasus only at inspired intervals. For it is a fact, in spite of the occasional big figures that are given as the results of literary work, pure and simple, that the men who prosper or have prospered by that alone, are only, at any one time, a few dozen in number among our sixty-five millions of people.

LITERARY QUERIES

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

MRS. L. E. "LITERARY," "PERPLEXED" and a number of other inquirers. The cheap edition of "Webster's Dictionary," advertised as "unabridged," and "original," is a reprint of the edition of 1847, and worthless for any practical modern uses, owing to the absence of the words most commonly used to-day. It is, in the truest sense, antiquated, and its use would cause more confusion than benefit. The only authoritative edition of Webster's Dictionary is the one which bears the imprint of the original publishers, Messrs. G. & C. Merriam & Co., of Springfield, Mass. Our readers should not be misled or be induced to purchase any other but the Merriam edition, unless by paying a cheap price they would secure a most misleading and untrustworthy book.

MRS. NOBA S.—There is but one way of having the manuscript of a book published. Send it, expressage paid, to such of the large publishing houses of New York, Boston or Philadelphia with which you think it stands the best chance. Merely send the manuscript with a note asking for an examination and report.

YOUNG AUTHOR.—The customary royalty paid to authors of books is ten per cent., though in some cases the royalty does not begin until after the sale of a number of copies sufficient to cover the original outlay in publishing the book.

A. H. A.—All the prominent illustrated magazines accept travel sketches, but their acceptance largely depends on the freshness of the articles, and avoiding the beaten-track of previous travel-writers. Magazines rarely employ travel-writers under salary, except in very special cases, as in that of Mr. George Kennan for example, where some special purpose exists beyond the mere publication of the articles.

E. L. G.—It would be foolish to feel discouraged at trying to attain literary success simply because there is at present such an over-production of literary material. There is always a market for good work, and never was this fact so potent as in these times of active magazine competition. It is true that your divided desire to be a good cook and a good writer is a singular one, but there is no reason that I can see why you could not be a purveyor to both the mind and the body. The daily avocations of some of our best-known writers, before they rose to fame, were incongruous with their ambitions.

PROSE.—If you intend following literature as a livelihood, and can write prose with the same ease as poetry, by all means follow prose. Except where an author has a world-wide renown, or has a peculiar style of verse, as Will Carleton and J. Whitcomb Riley, poetry is a very poor bread-earning product, although it is a delightful and elevating recreation if it can be followed as such in connection with some other work or business. Magazines pay from five dollars upward for poems, dependent upon their merit and length.

CARRIE T.—Different newspapers have different rates of pay. Usually, column rates exist, which mean so much per column of printed words. These rates range from \$5 to \$8 per column. An average newspaper column is about 1500 words.

PRESS CLUB MEMBER.—Mr. Bok's article, "Helps to Literary Success," in the July JOURNAL, tells in detail how manuscripts should be sent to editors.

J. R.—An article on "Woman's Chances as Journalists" will shortly be published on this page of the JOURNAL, and it will answer the several points you ask about.

ANNIE.—The object of this Department is to give the best advice and help possible on general questions of authorship and literary matters, and it will be impossible to answer any question as to the source or origin of prose or poetical quotations. I hope all the readers of this column will bear this in mind.

BOOK BUYER.—We will send you, postage free, a copy of Mr. Wolstan Dixey's book, "The Trade of Authorship," for one dollar. We consider it a very good book of its kind.

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.]



THE art of making good candies and sweets at home is not an easy one, and although there are other published books on the subject, that just issued by Anna Martin Richardson, entitled "Home-Made Candies and Other Good Things," seems to have about it a special value of practicability. Mrs. Richardson is herself an expert at candy-making, and in this book of ninety pages she has written down her knowledge for the good and guidance of other home-made candy-makers. Her book starts out with some "general directions" which at once convinces the reader that the author knows whereof she speaks, and the rest of her book is given over to receipts of every kind of candy and sweets for the table. The type is large and clear, and the little book is, as a whole, one of the best guides for candy-making which a housewife could have in her home. [Robert Clarke & Co.: cloth, 75 cents].

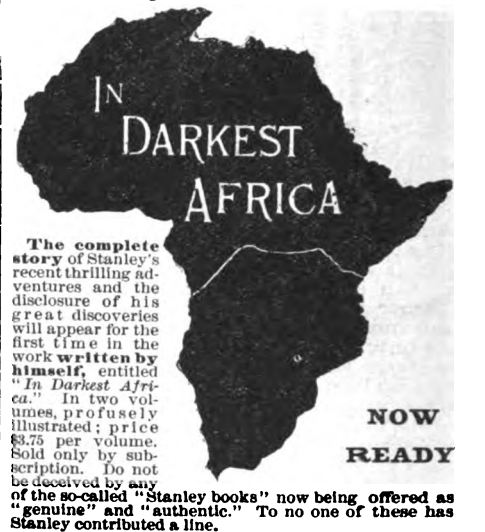
Sad as are the details, it is but natural that the great flood of Johnstown should have its record, and it is fortunate that the work has been carried out in such a thorough and conscientious manner as in "The Story of Johnstown" by J. J. McLaurin, editor of the Harrisburg "Telegraph." Mr. McLaurin possessed unusual facilities for the work he has so well carried out. He was one of the first men on the ground after the terrible disaster, and remained there, we believe, for several months. With the assistance of a camera he obtained a bewildering number of views, and all these he preserved and has included in his volume. Being at the same time a trained and successful newspaper writer, he remembered everything he saw during those days of appalling disaster, made copious notes, and now he has given them to the public in a most successful manner. There can be no two opinions that this book will be the standard work descriptive of the great flood, and with its clear, open type, handsome binding, its hundreds of well-executed illustrations, it is a distinct addition to creditable book-making as well. It should be also mentioned that Rev. John R. Paxton, D. D., of New York, supplies a preface to the volume. [James M. Place: cloth, \$2.25; half-morocco, \$3.00].

To bring the essentials of a healthy body before the minds of the people is always a commendable object, and Dr. Louis Barkan must be congratulated upon so successfully treating every phase of good health in his new-book "How to Preserve Health." The author has written his book for the general public, and has wisely avoided the use of technical medical terms which so frequently place books of this kind beyond the comprehension of the average reader. The work is intended for both sexes, extends from infancy to old age, and is full of suggestions which every person can and should read with profit and pleasure. In households, especially, the work will be found particularly valuable. [The American News Company: paper, 50 cents].

In "The Master of the Magicians" Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, and her husband, Rev. Herbert D. Ward, have produced a remarkably successful Biblical story of the time of Daniel. It is a romance of deep interest, highly colored with the Oriental splendor of the period, and many characters of Scripture figure in its pages. The amount of study and research necessary to the production of such a volume is something tremendous, and only when it is supplemented by such talent as these authors possess can such brilliant results be expected. [Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: cloth, \$1.50].

Mr. Frank R. Stockton's latest story, "The Merry Chanter," is in many respects so good that it really ought to be better. This lively narrative begins delightfully with the purchase of the "Chanter," a ship sold for its wharfage to an engaged couple, who forthwith marry and prepare for a cruise on their vessel, which, by the way, is manned entirely by captains. The book is worth reading to discover how they acquired their several passengers, and their adventures in Shankshank Bay are entertaining; but the humor of it seems to be spread a little thin, and to grow flavorless toward the end. The butcher, Lord Crabstairs, Dolor, Alwilda, Griscom Brothers, to say nothing of the captain, all have amusing peculiarities, and there are many of Mr. Stockton's curiously perverted ideas; but he has done better work than this. [The Century Company: cloth, \$1.00; paper, 50 cents].

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THE BABY'S "SECOND SUMMER."
ITS DANGERS AND HOW THEY MAY BE AVOIDED.
By LOUIS STARR, M. D.,
AUTHOR OF "HYGIENE OF THE NURSERY," ETC.
SECOND PAPER.

WHEN an "infant's food" is used to act mechanically on cow's milk, care should be taken to select one in which the starch has been converted into dextrine and grape-sugar by the process of manufacture. The article known as "Mellin's Food" can be relied on. One teaspoonful dissolved in a tablespoonful of hot water and added to each portion of food, makes a very easily digested mixture.

A SCHEDULE OF INFANT'S DIETS.
For successfully preparing the food of an infant from birth upward, the following schedule—which, by the way, must only be taken as an average—may serve a useful purpose:—

Diet during the first week:—Cream, two teaspoonfuls; whey, three teaspoonfuls; milk-sugar, one-quarter of a teaspoon; water, (hot), three teaspoonfuls. For each portion; to be given every two hours, from 5 A. M. to 11 P. M.; and in some cases, once or twice at night; amounting to twelve fluid-ounces of food per diem.

Diet from the second to the sixth week:—Cream, two teaspoonfuls; milk, one tablespoonful; milk-sugar, one-quarter teaspoonful; water, two tablespoonfuls. For one portion; to be given every two hours from 5 A. M. to 11 P. M.; amounting to seventeen fluid-ounces of food per diem.

Diet from the sixth week to the end of the second month:—Cream, one tablespoonful; milk, two-and-a-half tablespoonfuls; milk-sugar, half a teaspoonful; water, two-and-a-half tablespoonfuls. For each portion; to be given every two hours; amounting to thirty fluid-ounces per diem.

Diet from the beginning of the third month to the sixth month:—Cream, one tablespoonful; milk, five tablespoonfuls; milk-sugar, one teaspoonful; water, two tablespoonfuls. For each portion; to be given every two-and-a-half hours; amounting to thirty-two fluid-ounces per diem.

Diet during the sixth month; six meals daily from 6 or 7 A. M. to 9 or 10 P. M. Morning and midday bottles, each:—Cream, one tablespoonful; milk, nine tablespoonfuls; Mellin's Food, one teaspoonful; hot water, two tablespoonfuls. Dissolve the Mellin's Food in the hot water and add, whilst stirring, to the previously mixed milk and cream.

Other bottles, each:—Cream, one tablespoonful; milk, nine tablespoonfuls; milk-sugar, one teaspoonful; water, two tablespoonfuls. This gives an equivalent of thirty-six fluid-ounces of food in a day.

In the seventh month the Mellin's Food may be increased to two teaspoonfuls, and given three times daily.

Diet for the tenth and eleventh months:—First meal, 7 A. M.: Cream, one tablespoonful; milk, seventeen tablespoonfuls; Mellin's Food, one tablespoonful; (or flour-ball or barley jelly) two teaspoonfuls; water (used only with Mellin's Food), two tablespoonfuls. Second meal, 10.30 A. M.: A breakfast-cupful of warm milk (eight fluid-ounces). Third meal, 2 P. M.: the yolk of an egg lightly boiled, with stale bread-crumbs. Fourth meal, 6 P. M.: same as first. Fifth meal, 10 P. M.: same as second.

On alternate days, the third meal may consist of a tea-cupful (six fluid-ounces) of beef tea, containing a few stale bread-crumbs.

VARIATIONS AND SUBSTITUTIONS IN FOOD.
A further variation can be made by occasionally using mutton, chicken or veal broth instead of beef tea.

If, after feeding, vomiting occurs, with the expulsion of large, firm clots of casein, the effect of adding lime-water or barley-water must be tried.

For instance, at the age of six weeks make each bottle of:—Cream, one tablespoonful; milk, two-and-a-half tablespoonfuls; milk-sugar, half a teaspoonful; lime-water, two-and-a-half tablespoonfuls. Or, Cream, one tablespoonful; milk, two-and-a-half tablespoonfuls; milk-sugar, half a teaspoonful; barley-water two-and-a-half tablespoonfuls.

Sometimes, particularly if there be diarrhoea, boiling makes the milk more tolerable, and in this condition it may be used instead of fresh milk in either of the above mixtures. Condensed milk, too, can be employed temporarily, making each portion of: Cream, one

tablespoonful; condensed milk, one teaspoonful; hot water, five tablespoonfuls.

Should further alteration be necessary, goat's or ass' milk may be substituted for cow's milk, the strong odor of the former and the laxative properties of the latter being removed by boiling. One ass is capable of nursing three children for the first three months of life, two children for the fourth and fifth months, and one child after this period to the ninth month. The milk should be used warm from the udder.

Strippings is another good substitute for cow's milk. It is obtained by re-milking the cow after the ordinary daily supply has been drawn, and contains much cream and but little curd. Assimilable proportions of this are:—Strippings, two tablespoonfuls; water, four tablespoonfuls. If the small amount of casein, in such a mixture, be still undigested: Strippings, three tablespoonfuls; barley-water, three tablespoonfuls.

WHEN FOOD IS NOT DIGESTED.

When, in spite of careful preparation, all of these foods give rise to indigestion with fever, and the expulsion, by vomiting and diarrhoea, of hard curds from the stomach and intestines, the expedient of predigesting the milk must be resorted to. For this purpose I prefer the "Peptogenic Milk Powder." This powder contains a digestive ferment, pancreatin, an alkali, bicarbonate of sodium, and a due proportion of milk-sugar.

The mode of employment is as follows:—Take of—Milk, four tablespoonfuls; water, four tablespoonfuls; cream, one tablespoonful; Peptogenic Milk Powder, one measure—(Measure provided with each can of powder). This mixture is to be heated over a brisk flame to a point that can be comfortably sipped by the preparer (about 115° F), and kept at this heat for six minutes. When properly prepared, the resultant—so-called "humanized milk"—presents the albuminoids in a minutely coagulable and digestible form; has an alkaline reaction; contains the proper proportions of salts, milk-sugar and fat, and has the appearance of human milk.

STERILIZING COW'S MILK.

Much stress has been placed upon a method of preparing, or rather preserving, cows' milk, known as "Sterilization."

As the milk exists in the healthy cow's udder it is aseptic, i. e., free from any poisonous or dangerous ingredient; but during milking, and subsequent handling and transportation, particles of manure or various forms of dirt get into it, and are apt to set up fermentation or other injurious changes. To deprive these accidentally introduced organic impurities of their activity, or, in other words, to sterilize, it is necessary to subject the fluid to high heat under pressure.

Several admirable implements have been devised for conducting the process; one made after a design of my own is of tin, and consists of an oblong case provided with a well-fitting cover, and having a movable, perforated false bottom, which stands a short distance above the true one and has attached a framework capable of holding ten, six-ounce, nursing-bottles. On the outside of the case is a row of supports for holding inverted bottles while drying, and at the proper distance below these is a gutter for carrying off the drip. A movable water-bath hung to the side; in this each bottle of food may be heated at the time of administration.

The bottles are made of flint glass, and graduated, the markings being specially convenient for measurement and rendering the use of a separate measuring glass unnecessary, a matter of no little moment, as every implement that comes in contact with the milk in sterilization must be kept chemically clean. Ten bottles are used, so that the whole supply of milk intended for a day's consumption can be prepared at once. Each bottle is provided with a perforated rubber cork, which in turn is closed by a well-fitting glass stopper.

THE BEST PROCESS OF STERILIZATION.

Sterilization should be performed in the morning as soon as possible after the milk has been served. The process is as follows:—

First see that the ten bottles are perfectly clean and dry; pour into each six fluid-ounces (twelve tablespoonfuls) of milk; insert the perforated rubber corks, without the glass stoppers, however; remove the false bottom and place the bottles in the frame; pour into the case enough water to fill it to the height of about two inches; replace the false bottom carrying the bottles; adjust lid, and put the whole on the kitchen range. Allow the water to boil and, by occasionally removing the lid, ascertain that the expansion that immediately precedes boiling has taken place in the milk, then press the glass stoppers into the perforated corks, and thus hermetically close each bottle. After this keep the apparatus on the fire, and the water boiling for twenty minutes. Finally, remove the false bottom with the bottles, pour out the water, replace and carry the whole, covered with the lid, to the nursery.

When the hour of feeding arrives, put one of the bottles into the attached water-bath and heat it to the proper point for administration. The milk may, of course, be diluted with filtered water, or receive the additions ordinarily made to adapt it to children of different ages. The tip used should be thoroughly cleaned and immersed for a few moments in boiling water before it is attached.

As soon as a bottle is emptied—and if the whole of its contents be not taken the remainder must be thrown away—it is washed and placed in the rack to drain and dry.

Milk sterilized by the above process will, I have found by experiment, keep perfectly sweet from fourteen to twenty-one days, though it is best to sterilize daily.

Sterilized milk is especially useful in traveling, when fresh milk cannot be obtained; for use in cities during the heat of summer, when milk is most apt to undergo injurious changes; for the feeding of delicate children, or for those suffering from disease of the stomach or intestinal canal.

(To be concluded in September number.)



IT is yet too soon to hear from many of the JOURNAL mothers since we announced the beginning of this Department, but I am glad that some have started the ball rolling.

I believe the "Mothers' Council" can be made one of the most valuable columns in the JOURNAL if the mothers will help me by sending any hint or suggestion which they think will be valuable to some other mother. From whom shall I hear next?

"For the benefit of the JOURNAL sisters let me describe some portieres of silk scraps which I have just completed. They are woven with turkey-red warp, in 'hit-and-miss style,' of silk rags cut and sewed like those for a rag carpet. Across the room they look like Oriental goods, and are thick enough to keep out the cold. I sewed the rags at odd times and my portieres have cost me six dollars, though they look like they might have used up a twenty-dollar bill. A hint to the wise is sufficient." By adding two dollars to this sum I could have a border of plush on the lower ends, but I am pleased with them as they are. In the country a 'sewing bee' for such a purpose would give pleasure and be of profit to the hostess. I think I would say, 'guests will kindly bring a few old scraps of silk with them,' as the greater the variety the handsomer the effect."

"Let me give the JOURNAL mothers an excellent receipt for blood-making: 'Take half a teaspoonful of common cooking salt each day until by pressing on tips of fingers around the ball of thumb a carnation color be seen; then discontinue.'"
"MRS. DR. J. W. SANDEL."

"I respond to the invitation in this month's number of the JOURNAL to contribute a few hints for the 'Mothers' Council,' by giving a little of my experience.

"First: Baby was troubled with soreness and discharge from the naval, and nothing seemed to do any good till I applied a raisin, split and the seeds removed, keeping it firmly in place by two narrow strips of court-plaster crossing each other; I changed the raisin twice in twenty-four hours; in a week the naval was entirely healed.

"Second: Put vaseline on baby's nose and chest when she has a cold; and it will also prevent all chafing and soreness under the arms, in the groin and neck and behind the ears; I found it better than any powder, starch, flour or castor-oil.

"Third: Baby number three is one of those who never cry, and I lay it all to the fact that she has never had a pinned band on her except the week that the naval was healing; all skirts button on waists which are loose and tie with tapes. Bands are crocheted of white saxon, and button in front; flannel skirts button all the way down the front. Only one safety pin in the diaper, and no pricked and crying baby."
"MRS. ADA DEZOTELL."

"I should like to tell the JOURNAL mothers of a simple thing that has kept my baby quiet many hours, and given me considerable rest.

"We all know that the little things want to be nursed much more often than is good for them, or, at least, such is the case with my three-months-old baby. I bought a black rubber nipple (any kind will do, but the small, black ones are the best) for a nursing bottle, cut a small rubber band in two and drew one end through the hole in nipple, put a little cotton batting in, and then a cork in large end, to keep air out. When baby is well fed and comfortable otherwise, but still wants the comfort of something in his mouth, I just give him this. It is perfectly harmless, as I used one of the same kind for my girl who is now six years old. I call it my "blessing," and indeed it is when I take him out riding or on street cars. This seems a little thing to put in the JOURNAL, but I hope some mother may profit by my suggestion."
"Mrs. L. V. B."

"Is it not a pity that so many of our girls take pride in being weakly?
"A short time ago I heard one little girl say to another 'I can run round the house in just fifteen seconds!' Upon this, little Miss Eight-year-old assumed what was intended for a very melancholy expression, and said, 'Oh my! if I should run like that, my heart would beat so that I couldn't stand it!'
"How early these little folks begin to copy the older ones!
"It seems as if it is the particular aim of many young ladies and young mothers to impress upon their friends what very tender, delicate creatures they are at best. It is a most common thing to hear them talk about how little they weigh, how small a shoe they have to buy and how very unenduring and good-for-nothing they are, generally.

"It is always spoken of as a misfortune, to be sure; but the frequency with which it is mentioned, and the resigned, self-satisfied air assumed when speaking of it makes it all too apparent that a real pride is taken in it. Cannot this be broken up? Already a long step has been taken in this direction; but shall not we mothers look to it that the young children who are growing up around us and under our care, shall take pride in having strong, healthy bodies such as God intended them to have, instead of boasting, like the little one I have mentioned, of how little they can 'stand'?"
P. A. C."



The use of Nestle's Milk Food as a diet, during the hot weather, will do more to diminish infant mortality than any other single precaution that can be employed. Twenty years' experience in Europe and America's large Cities confirms this statement.
Send for samples to
THOS. LEEMING & CO., 55 Park Place, New York.

WHY DO MOTHERS
put stiff Corsets on their CROWING CHILDREN? We beg of you don't do it, but Be sure to buy FERRIS' GOOD SENSE CORSET WAISTS.
Thousands now in use. BEST FOR HEALTH, Economy and Beauty. BUTTONS at front—instead of Clasps, Ring Buckle at Hip for Hose Supporters. Tape-fastened Buttons—won't pull off. Cord-Edge Button Holes—won't wear out.—FIT ALL AGES—Infants to Adults.
Leading RETAILERS everywhere. Send for circular.
FERRIS BROS.
Manufacturers
341 Broadway, New York.
MARSHALL FIELD & CO., Chicago, WHOLESALE WESTERN AGENTS.

ELECTRINE, THE GREAT HAIR-CURLER—A little simple mixture to moisten the hair before curling and keep it in curl a day, two days, a week, in spite of wind and weather. Electriline—clear and sparkling as spring water. Nothing sticky or gummy about it; it won't stiffen the hair nor give it an artificial curl; it leaves no sediment and stands the test of dampness and extreme hot weather. Price, 75 cents a bottle. If your druggist doesn't keep it, send the price direct to the maker, MRS. J. H. REED, Buffalo, N. Y.

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.

THE REVERSIBLE COLLAR CO.,
27 Kilby Street, Boston, Mass.

BABY CARRIAGES!
I make a specialty of manufacturing Baby Carriages to sell direct to private parties. You can, therefore, do better with me than with a dealer.
Delivered Free of Charge to all points in the United States. Send for Illustrated Catalogue.
CHAS. RAISER, Mfr.
62-64 Cloybourne Ave., Chicago, Ill.

WARDROBE COMPLETE.
New improved styles, Perfect fit. In-20 patterns, 50c. short clothes 20 pat. 50c. with kind, an't mat'r'l required and illustrations of garments, New Health Wardrobe same price. New England Pattern Co., 8 Poultry, Vt.

INFANTS' and Children's Wardrobes. Imported Madras dresses, a specialty. Ladies' Knit and Knit underwear, satisfaction guaranteed. Send 5-cent stamp for samples and prices.
H. J. SPRAGUE & CO., 48 & 45 Franklin St., Chicago.

BABY WARDROBE PATTERNS. Complete outfit of 25 new and improved patterns for infants' clothes. Also 25 patterns of short clothes. Either set of patterns, together with full directions for making, amount and kind of material required, for mail 50 cents, both sets \$1.00. Such reliable patterns including every necessary article are needed by every mother.
Mrs. J. BRIDE, P. O. Box 8038, New York.

INFANTS' HEALTH WARDROBE. New style baby outfit 20 patterns 50c. Short clothes 20 pat. 50c. directions, kind, amount material required. Mrs. F. B. Phillips, Keene, N. H.
An Hour made selling New Nickel-Plated Broom Holders. Sample and terms 6c.
T. M. GANDY, Chester, Conn.



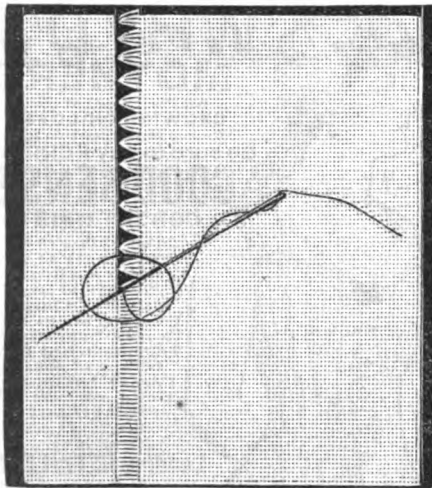
EDITED BY MARY F. KNAPP,

to whom all communications concerning this Department should be sent, addressed to 20 Linden Street, South Boston, Mass.

DEAR JOURNAL SISTERS—

Since much of the popular fancy-work of to-day consists of what is generally known as drawn work, we will devote the most of our space this month to a description of the various stitches and designs used in that form of ornamentation for the home, and for the benefit of those readers who were not subscribers to the March number of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL we will commence at the beginning with the simple hemstitch as therein described, and from thence proceed with the more difficult intricate designs.

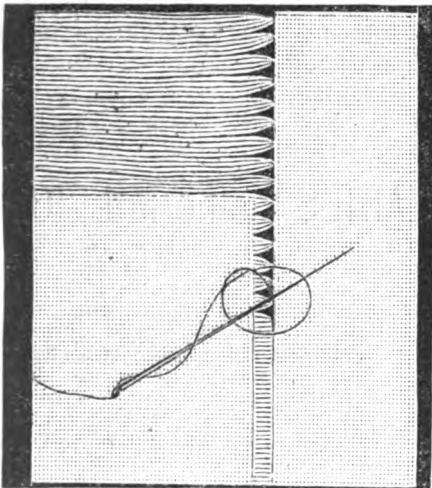
To Hemstitch a Dolly.



No. 1.

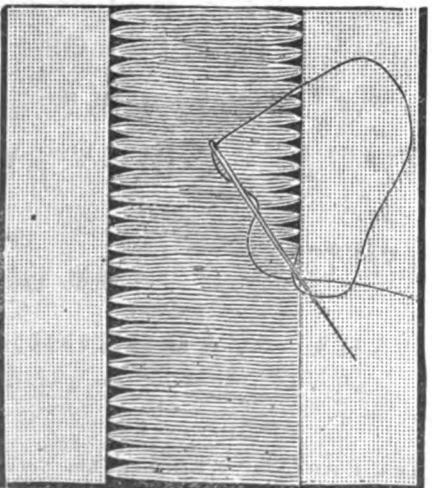
Draw six threads one inch and an eighth from the edge, on all its four sides, and baste the hem so that it will be a half-inch wide. Beginning at the left side of dolly, fasten the thread. Be sure the knot is out of sight. Place the needle in under five or six threads from right to left, draw it through and take an ordinary hemming stitch at the right of the threads, as in illustration No. 1. A practised eye will not need to count the number of threads.

For a Fringed Dolly.



No. 2.

Draw out three or four threads about two inches from the edge, the distance determining the depth of your fringe; then taking up a group of threads, as in illustration No. 2, draw the thread, with which you are working, down tightly under the needle point toward your



No. 3.

right, thus tying a firm knot and securing an edge which would otherwise soon become loose and inelegant, if it did not ravel out. If at first this knot is a stumbling block

and looks clumsy, console yourself by thinking that in it is contained the essence of drawn work, and that when it is once conquered and can be made quickly and evenly and almost unconsciously, what follows is comparatively easy. After going around, your piece of work with this stitch, begin at the inside to draw the threads for your fringe.

The next step is the preparation of our work for a narrow pattern—an inch wide. We draw out threads for that space, and fasten each side with the stitch shown in No. 2. All work ready for a design to be executed on it must present appearance of No. 3. Any uneven division of threads will cause confusion and a most unsatisfactory result. Some of the simplest designs are shown in No. 4. Doubtless they are familiar to everyone, disagreeably so, it may be, for their endless repetition row upon row, as we are used to seeing them on bouffet scarfs, is tiresome in the extreme. Perhaps I shall be able to demonstrate further on their proper use in setting off or relieving more elaborate work; so you are to take my word for it that they come in properly right here.

And now, if those who have followed me so far wish to continue under my leadership, they will not regret (if they have fallible memories like mine) starting a sampler. I have one—a strip of écreu momie cloth about a yard long and an eighth wide, covered with patterns. This valuable piece of linen preserves for me many ideas which would otherwise have been lost, gathered as they were in various places at widely separated times. Or its usefulness to others you may judge when I tell you it has traveled from Halifax to California, and from Vermont to New Jersey, and has been photographed by some of its admirers who could not keep it long enough to master all its details. So then let me urge you to commence a sampler, and on my word you will never regret so doing.

S. G. S.

Long, Silk Purse.

From time immemorial a silken purse has been considered the acme of elegance as a receptacle for "filthy lucre." Every lady who values simplicity and beauty must prefer them to the bungling combinations of plush and alligator(?) skin with which the shops are flooded.

A very pretty and easily made, long, silk purse requires one-half ounce of No. 300 Florence knitting silk.

On No. 18 needles cast 59 stitches and knit across plain. 2nd row—purl 2 together, throw thread over; repeat, until only one stitch remains. Knit 1 third row and every succeeding row until the 65th is reached, the same as the 2nd.

Then follow with 83 rows of garter stitch, after which knit 64 rows of the open work, as at first; knit one row plain and cast off. Sew up the sides of the web thus obtained, leaving an opening of two-and-a-half inches, and finish with steel trimmings.

Great care should be taken to keep up the number of stitches. At the beginning of every row there should be 59 on the needle. I have never succeeded in picking up a stitch dropped, though I have contrived to make one without spoiling the work, rather than ravel it out.

The cost of this purse need not exceed sixty cents, but if more elaborate trimmings are desired the expense will be increased.

A Pretty Plush Lambrequin.

A very simple yet effective lambrequin is made of a strip of plush eighteen or twenty inches wide and long enough to drop twenty inches below the ends of your mantel. Line with canton flannel, wooly side out, and trim on front and ends with a silk fringe about two inches in width. When laid over your mantel the corners will drop gracefully of their own accord, and the effect will be as charming as one could desire. The same lambrequin may be looped at one corner or at the centre and fastened with a bow, to suit one's own taste. Where the mantel is carved, many people prefer to use a simple plush scarf, to protect the wood. The ends are then decorated or fringed, as one may prefer.

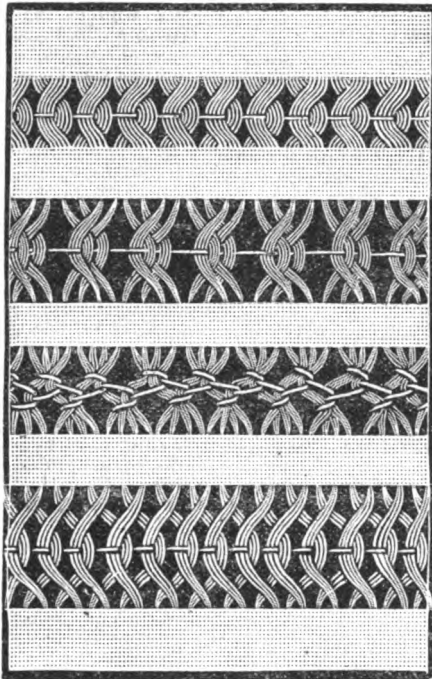
Knitted Knee-Caps, for Rheumatic Knees.

Two skeins Saxony or Shetland, or one skein Providence yarn; steel needles No. 12. Cast on 100 stitches on 4 needles and knit round in ribs of two plain, two purl, for depth of 4 1/2 inches. Then knit plain to within 10 stitches of the other end; this will leave 20 stitches, which can be slipped on another needle till required. The other 80 stitches are to be knitted plain, backward and forward, like the heel of a stocking, for the knee piece. The first stitch of every row is to be slipped off without knitting, but kept rather tight, as they have to be picked up afterward, and if let loose are apt to make holes. From the 10th to the 70th row, decrease a stitch at beginning of each by knitting second and third stitches together, so that at the conclusion 20 stitches only will remain. Then unite again in a round, by picking up 30 stitches from each side, which with the other 40 will again make the original 100, which must be knit in ribs for 4 1/2 inches. Then bind off loosely. If wished smaller size, use No. 13 needles, or, if larger, Germantown and larger needles may be used.

M. E. S.

Knitted Afghan—Railroad Knitting.

Five ounces of Germantown for each strip of one color; ivory needles nine inches long. Cast up 77 stitches. Knit first row plain, 2d seam, 3d plain, 4th seam, 5th plain. This completes 1 rib. 6th plain, 7th seam, 8th plain, 9th seam, 10th plain; this is another rib. Continue this until there are 54 ribs on each side of the strip, or, as long as desired. When long enough bind off 4. The 5th must be kept on the right needle while the 6th is dropped and pulled a little to get it to run down a few rows, then pull the 5th st until the loop is long enough to reach across the gap made by dropping the st. Knit the 7th and bind the 5th over it. Continue this dropping the 6th st, all across. Knit all the strips in the same way; after binding off, the dropped



No. 4.

stitches must be pulled, until they run down to the end of the strip. This gives the appearance of squares, and widens the strip fully one-half. Crochet, with its own color, all round each strip with 1 d c, 1 ch, 1 d c, leaving between each d c as much space of the afghan, stretched flat, as the length of the crochet chain. Be sure to put enough d c's at the corners to make them lie flat, or they will curl up. To put together, lay two strips out on a long table, and having matched the ribs, baste them carefully together. Begin to crochet together by fastening one color at the end, through both strips, with a single crochet. Then make a ch of 8 stitches, and skipping 5 on the afghan, make a s c in the 6th. Take the 2nd color and, commencing in the second st from the first s c, do the same thing, putting the second s c into the second st of the afghan, from the second s c of the first color. The same with the third color. Then begin again with the first color, and repeat to the end. The wools should be kept always on the side towards the knitter. You have a pretty cord of three colors. The same makes pretty finish all round, only making each ch twelve stitches long, instead of an extra row of crochet all round the afghan before the above is put on, is an improvement. I used light-blue, gray and pink for one afghan; for another old-gold, light blue and terra-cotta. It will be one-and-a-half yards wide, and nearly two yards long. It will cost three dollars.

J. C. S.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

E. M. B.—In marking your table cloth, place your letter, the size you may wish, diagonally in a corner at a distance of about a quarter of a yard from the hem. For pillow-case, place the letter half way across one side, a half inch above the hem.

H. M. H.—Will send you samples of material for curtains by mail.

L. O. N.—If one of your children has a toy-knitter, she can make you a very pretty "Nancy" at small expense. Knit a piece a yard long, using single zephyr or Germantown wool, break the wool and join off the four stitches. Single crochet over a brass ring, and fasten it to one end of the strip, neatly sewing down the ends. In using this, wind one end round the sleeve, and slip the ring at opposite end over the thumb.

DOROTHY—A very pretty birthday gift would be a silk purse, either in knitting or crochet. Dark red or bottle-green are suitable colors. You will find "knitting silk" the least expensive.

ELEANOR B.—When bathing baby, try the following suggestion for an apron. One yard of heavy white flannel. Baste a half-inch hem on the sides, a three-inch hem at the bottom. Cat-stitch at the top of hems with white rope silk. Turn a hem at the top an inch-and-a-half deep and sew neatly with fine cotton. Through this hem run two yards of white moire ribbon. A semi-circular motto may be outlined in white rope silk, above the hem, with the following words: "When the bath is over, this is baby's cover."

A VACATION CHANCE FOR BRIGHT JOURNAL BOYS AND GIRL

IT is our intention to make a determined effort to introduce THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL into one million families. It sounds like a big undertaking, but we think we can do it.

With this, as an end in view, we have determined to enlist the sympathies of the boys and girls in the JOURNAL families.

We have always found them to be most efficient as Club raisers, and we want their assistance and co-operation, and we are willing to offer an incentive, and, to pay generously as well, for all Clubs sent in to us.

First. We offer (see page 25) cash prizes for the five largest lists of mail subscribers sent in to us prior to September 1st, 1890. Our trial subscriptions, generally for three months, will this time include four numbers, beginning with September. No extra charge, however, will be made for this fourth copy, and the four months' subscription may be offered for twenty-five cents. Any bright boy or girl can, in vacation time, secure a great number of these trial subscribers, for few women would refuse to pay so small a sum for four numbers of such a paper as ours.

Secondly. On pages 26, 27 and 28 we offer lists of premiums, the most of which are of special interest to boys and girls. These premiums are offered for Clubs of various sizes, and, if one of the cash prizes is not secured, the premiums themselves should repay any one for the time devoted to Club raising.

Thirdly. If any boy or girl desires a chance for themselves to earn some pocket-money, we will pay, instead of the premium, a cash commission of ten cents on all trial subscribers sent in clubs of two or more.

Of course we do not give premiums and cash commissions on the same Club—we offer either one, but not both.

All trial subscribers sent in Clubs (two or more) whether premiums or cash commissions be taken or not, are entitled to enter in the competition for the cash prizes, if a credit is requested at the time the Club is sent in; otherwise no credit will be made as we would not know the sender desired to compete.

Names should be sent in in batches as fast as secured, and we will keep the record and announce the winners of the prizes after September 1st.

Mothers and sisters may help the young folks to get together their Clubs, and aid them in a praiseworthy effort to earn money by their own endeavors. They may write us for sample copies to be used in canvassing, and if these copies be left with lady friends and acquaintances for examination, there will be little or no trouble in securing twenty-five cents for four new, fresh copies.

Remember—a four month's subscription—September, October, November and December—may be offered for twenty-five cents, and they may be freely offered as the best and brightest numbers of the whole year.

A Lady who will do writing for me at her own home will receive good wages. Address with self-addressed stamped envelope, Miss FLORA M. JONES, South Bend, Ind., proprietor of the Famous "Blush of Roses," for the complexion.

GARMENTS GUARANTEED TO FIT PERFECT WITHOUT TRYING ON.
FREE
 by return mail full descriptive circulars of MOODY'S NEW TAILOR SYSTEM OF DRESS CUTTING. Any lady of ordinary intelligence can easily and quickly learn to cut and make any garment, in any style to any measure for lady or child. Address MOODY & CO. CINCINNATI, O.

WASTE EMBROIDERY SILK
 40 cts. will buy what would cost \$1.00 in skeins.
 These Factory ends are sold at half price. One ounce in a box. All good silk and good colors. 100 crazy stitches in each package. Send Postal Note or Stamps to THE BRAINERD & ARMSTRONG SPOOL SILE CO., 621 Market Street, Philadelphia, Pa., or 625 Broadway, New York.

10 cts. buys our latest and best book on Art Needlework. 100 pages. For the names and addresses of 10 ladies interested in Art Needlework we will send one book free. Address with Postal Note or Stamp, THE BRAINERD & ARMSTRONG SPOOL SILE CO., 621 Market Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

PLUSHES
 Direct from the Mills. Every lady uses Plushes. Before buying elsewhere, send for our prices and samples. Enclose 10 cents towards paying for the samples and postage, and we will send you 25 good-size samples, no two colors same shade.
 CONTREXEVILLE MFG. CO., Manville, R. I.

WANTED A LADY
 In each town to address envelopes, mail circulars, manage correspondence. Good wages; pleasant home employment. Book, etc. 10 cents (silver). SYLVAN CO., Box N, Port Huron, Mich.

FOR WEAK OR SPRAINED ANKLES.
J. K. KRIEG & CO.
 SOLE AGENTS FOR PUGSLEY & SMITH
 39 WARREN ST. NEW YORK
 A GREAT BENEFIT FOR CHILDREN LEARNING TO WALK! D. HITCHCOCK, M.D.

EGG POACHER No more water soaked or broken eggs. Equal to any 50 or 75 cent poacher. Agents report tremendous sales. Excellent terms. Three other fast selling household necessities. Send 10 cents for sample poacher. GEO. H. REWELL, Cleveland, Ohio.

NEW YORK SHOPPING For ladies, without charge. Miss Mc GONIGAL, 37 College Place, New York. Write for descriptive circular.

AGENTS! In cities having water works. Improved CEM FILTER. Catalogue free. Jones Mfg. Co., 243 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.



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 JOURNALISTERS.



HAT shall I buy for a nice, black woolen dress, and how shall I make it at home?

These are constant queries among the young and middle-aged, since nowadays every woman wants a black woolen gown, at once stylish and convenient for home or street wear.

In regard to the making: a princess back, pointed basque front and slightly draped skirt front is a becoming style for stout and matronly figures; the sleeves may be coat-shaped, with a fullness over the top.

Some of the princess backs are cut off below the waist like a round basque, and the skirt plaited or gathered on. Plain shopping dresses, of chevrot in quiet stripes or checks, are made with kilt or box-plaited skirts.

A FEW USEFUL GOWNS.

A dark China silk for morning or traveling, made with a blouse and plaited or draped front skirt, with ribbon collar, cuffs and belt. A serge cutaway jacket is worn over this when a wrap is necessary.

NEW IDEAS FOR BASQUES.

Correspondents writing for information in regard to re-making half-worn gowns, will obtain more help if they state in what shape their available materials are.

The chief trait of new basques is to have them as nearly seamless as is consistent with beauty, as comfort is not much thought of. The lining is fitted and boned as carefully as of yore, but the outside opens invisibly down the left shoulder and under arm seams, and is shaped to the figure by tiny plaits above and below the waist-line, front and back.

CHARACTERISTICS OF SKIRTS.

Although many walking skirts are made to touch the floor, the fashion is not universal or indicative of good taste; the fashion will, however, bring protective plaitings into favor again, which are knife, side or box-plaitings, or a gathered frill set above the lower edge of the skirt, so as to hold the "drop" skirt out and protect the edge.

SOME COMBINATIONS.

Woolen skirts may have the centre, back and side breadths of plain faille, Bengaline or plaid; also the sleeves, a shaped belt following the outline of the basque edge, a V, short yoke or tiny, round-jacket pieces.

DRESS AIDS FOR MOTHERS.

MISSIES' STYLES.

Girls of twelve to fifteen years have an inconvenient habit of outgrowing their clothes every few months, to the utter despair of the family dressmaker; but in these days of combinations the outgrown dresses are more easily remodeled than ever before.

For a nice dress nothing is prettier for a miss than a round skirt, full waist shirred at the neck and waist-line, and large sleeves of white or cream veiling, China silk, crepon or albatross, with a garniture of white ribbon.

SMALLER GIRLS' DRESSES.

It is hard to conjecture what mothers ever did without the convenient guimpe, which gives a child such a cool, clean look, adds style to a plain dress, and enables one to make a dress out of very little material.

Blouses of striped flannel will outwear any left-over kilt or gathered skirts, which should be sewed to a cotton underwaist. The silk-striped "Allen" flannels make charming sailor suits, with a V and sailor collar of a solid color.

DRESSMAKERS' CORNER

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

TRICKELLO—The lace dress illustrated in the June issue will be a good model for you to follow. I might be able to advise you more fully could I know how much material you have and in what shape it is.

CONTRIVER—You can use black net over pink silk for the sleeves and panels of the black skirt brocade. These antique brocades are very stylish when artistically arranged.

DOLLARS AND CENTS—A paper pattern will assist you, but we cannot recommend any special make in this column. Your early fall outfit depends upon where you will live and the society you wish to mingle in.

Mrs. W. A.—Line a box-plaited skirt with thin crinoline half way up, and press the plaits firmly in position.

FRITZER—When the shoulder-blades are unusually prominent tack a layer or two of wadding between them, laying it in between the material and lining and sloping it off to nothing below the shoulders.

GREENHORN—A short-necked person may wear a high collar if the neck of the dress is cut very low, which gives the appearance of a high collar without any discomfort.

COUNTRY GIRL—Cut the canvas facing of a dress skirt bias and cover it with the material used for the skirt lining.

Mrs. D. F.—You will find a description of bias hems in this month's article on "Home Dressmaking."

Mrs. COBA H.—Your lining skirt should be two-and-five-eighths yards wide at the lower edge.

ANNIE R.—Read answer to "Mrs. D. F." Have a rounding point to your basque front and back, carry the No. 12 ribbon all along the edge and fasten it in the back in three loops and ends as long as the six yards will allow.

MARY J.—The six yards of pink cashmere you have will answer for a full skirt, sleeve puffs and pointed bodice without darts.

F. H. P.—The pads worn to fill out hollow backs may be bought for 15 cents, or made of the skirt lining and loosely stuffed with hair.

100,000 DRESSMAKERS HAPPY. DRESSMAKING SIMPLIFIED.

Any Lady can now learn to Cut Perfect-Fitting Dresses. No one using a Chart or Square can compete with The McDowell Garment Drafting Machine in Cutting Skirts, Coats, and Perfect-Fitting Garments.

ADONIS HAIR-CURLER.

THE MOST PERFECT CURLER AND CRIMPER MADE. Simplest, quickest and easiest to operate. Makes perfect curls. No catches or Springs to get out of order.

DRESS-CUTTING by Tailor Method!

Does not burn or soil the hair or hands. Sold by ALL DRUG AND TOILET GOODS DEALERS. SAMPLE, POST-PAID, 50 CENTS.

ELASTIC STOCKINGS.

Abdominal and Uterine Supporters, Shoulder Braces, etc. Descriptive circular free. G. W. FLAVELL & BRO., No. 248 North Eighth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Portrait and Frame Free.

Send photo or tintype and we will make for you a beautiful LIFE-SIZE crayon portrait ELEGANTLY FRAMED. Free, if you will try to secure us some customers among your friends.

NASHVILLE COLLEGE FOR YOUNG LADIES.

\$12.50 Buys a \$45 Sewing Machine.

ASK FOR SIMPSON'S PRINTS AND SATINES, Fast Colors. The Best.

LADIES CAN DO THEIR SHOPPING IN PHILADELPHIA without visiting the city.

WASHINGTON.

PHILADELPHIA'S Purchasing Bureau for Every description of goods; free of charge; best references given; orders by mail promptly attended to.

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METAL TIPPED EVER READY DRESS STAY

Will Not Cut Through. "Ever Ready" on back of each Stay. SEE NAME TAKE NONE BUT THEM. ASK FOR THEM. MANUFACTURED BY THE YPSILANTI DRESS STAY MFG CO., YPSILANTI, MICH.



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.



HERE is no doubt that in the month of August, at least, cotton is king. When the sultry days come nothing looks as pretty as a cotton gown, and inasmuch as the height of elegance seems to be reached in them nowadays, their popularity is easily understood. On this, as well as on the other side of the water, the cotton gown, prettily made, is in good taste for all hours of the day, and a young woman gowned in "the perfection of pink cotton" and with a hat wreathed with roses, is as suitably dressed for the garden party, the drive or the afternoon tea as she who is a picture in silk and lace. We used to make our cotton frocks so that they could be washed; but we have changed all that now. The material itself is no longer stiff and starched, but soft and pliable, and consequently it does not wrinkle as it did at one time.

Both satens and zephyrs are liked, but the preference seems to be given to the zephyr, which will stand the dampness and refuse to wrinkle, much better than the other. Plain effects are in vogue as well as those that show stripes or figures. A costume that can be worn by almost any type of woman is a brown and white striped zephyr.

THE BROWN AND WHITE GOWN.

The brown of this is one of the veritable golden shades, and the stripes are just the width known as the "bed-ticking" ones. The skirt is finished with a knife-plaiting of the same material, and the drapery over it is absolutely plain and full. The bodice is a round one, made rather full and with high puffed sleeves, ending in deep cuffs overlaid with coarse brown and white embroidery. A brown velvet-ribbon belt with a white buckle fastening it just in front, is about the waist, and broad velvet ribbons, starting from the shoulder seams, cross each other at the back, are brought forward under the arms and are knotted in long loops and ends midway of the corsage.

This is a unique trimming and one that has to be arranged after the bodice is assumed, but it is decidedly pretty and very artistic. The collar is a high stock of velvet ribbon, and a topaz brooch is worn just below it in front, making a color contrast that is very rich between the velvet ribbons on the bodice and that about the throat. The hat is a large flat of Leghorn; the crown has been removed and filled in with velvet wall-flowers, in brown and yellow. The underfacing of the broad brim, which is bent to suit the face, is of brown velvet. Long, dark-brown, undressed kid gloves are worn; the shoes are of brown, undressed kid, and brown is the color of the silk stockings seen above them.

Although black shoes and stockings are in good taste with almost any costume still it must be confessed that a dainty foot dressing to match the gown does give a chic air to any get-up. Low shoes of white, undressed kid are shown to be worn with all-white gowns; and when a white hat, white gloves and white parasol are also worn it would seem to be the finishing touch that makes the wearer look like a snow maiden.

ANOTHER ZEPHYR COSTUME.

A very smart zephyr, which is really a fine quality of gingham, is used for making this costume. The colors being scarlet and blue (Illustration No. 1). The skirt, which just escapes the ground, is of scarlet, plaited in rather small box-plaits; the drapery consists of a square tablier of the blue, much wrinkled in front; from under this the scarlet plaiting shows a little, and at each side it is visible from the waist down. The tablier is fastened to the back drapery by blue velvet straps, each caught with a large, blue button. The coat basque fits the figure very closely, and is of the blue. A close-fitting waistcoat of the scarlet is buttoned with tiny little red buttons, while on each side of the coat is arranged a row of blue buttons. The high collar is of blue velvet with a piping of scarlet zephyr as its finish, and the full sleeves have velvet cuffs in harmony with this. The hat is of blue straw, trimmed with blue velvet and scarlet roses, while the parasol is one of scarlet zephyr with a curiously carved handle. The gloves are long ones, of dark-blue silk. The bright red is so deftly combined with the blue in this gown that a glaring effect is never produced, and it may be commended as a costume specially becoming to blondes, who find all because of its chilliness, when it is brightened up with scarlet.

SUGGESTIONS ABOUT COLORS.

A long time ago people used to think that blue was essentially a color for blondes and angels. Nobody can dispute its being the color for angels, but it certainly is not the one to be chosen by a blonde. The fair skin looks cold enough, and when blue, specially pale blue, is put near it the effect given is very undesirable, because what was clear white before becomes a pallor now. Blondes had much better wear any of the rose shades, bright scarlet, warm brown, or dark green, leaving the very trying pale blue to the brown-haired lassie with a bright color, or the warm brunette whose skin does not know the unsightly touch of sallowness. Everybody likes a rose-colored lining, and to be in vogue this season, everybody ought to have a rose-colored frock—in cotton, or wool, in silk or tulle, it is always most charitable in bringing out one's best features and toning down one's worst. Combined with white the pink shades are as dainty as a bit of old china, and will suggest the pretty pink and white ladies, whom Watteau painted on fans, who played at little Trion with Marie Antoinette, laughed and jested, and yet did not fear when they had to face death on the guillotine for the sake of the king and the queen.

There is a curious "shot" silk that is gray and white, which the wise shop-keeper knows as being the exact fac-simile of one worn by the beautiful Queen of France, and which it is said, became halloved by being assumed during the Reign of Terror, when life, love and everything seemed going from her. The frou-frou of it to-day sounds as gay as it did in the long time ago. Will the wearer have such a life? Surely nobody will wish her a tragedy such as the Austrian went through.

THE PINK OF PERFECTION.

It is the pink of perfection that is used for this frock (Illustration No. 2). A pale pink silk petticoat, the silk not being of an expensive quality, forms the foundation of this gown. Over it is a full skirt of white Swiss-muslin having tiny dots embroidered upon it and finished about the edge with the old-fashioned full frill. This frill is of the muslin, headed and finished with a row of narrow Valenciennes lace, and then gathered very full before it is sewed on. The bodice, which also has a lining of pink silk, is fitted to a yoke of Valenciennes lace, as illustrated. About the throat is a pale pink ribbon stock; the sleeves are slightly puffed, but form the coat-shape before they reach the wrist. Around the waist is drawn a soft sash of pink silk which is tied in very long loops and ends at the back. White, undressed kid gloves are worn with this, and the small bonnet is of white Neapolitan straw, with a mass of pink rosebuds in front and narrow black velvet ties coming under the chin. Such a costume could be made over blue, lavender, pale green, or any color fancied, but everybody likes to see a gown that is *couleur de rose*. If the silk is objected to as expensive, then the silk-finished sateen used for linings may be gotten; but as the silk is very light and not a great quantity of it is used, the chic air that it gives will induce the pretty buyer to economize on something else and get it.

FASHIONABLE GARNITURES.

When you go to buy trimmings you think you must have at last found Tom Tiddler's ground where you can pick up gold. In this case, however, you have to put down bank notes to get what you want in the glittering metal. Golden braid, golden pendants, golden clasps, golden buttons, golden passementerie, are all offered you to choose from, and each is vouched for as being smarter than the other. The metal decorations are used alike on cotton and wool, but, curiously enough, are seldom seen on silk. Very smart effects are gained by outlining coat basques with a narrow, gold braid, or by having collars, cuffs, and patch pockets overlaid with passementerie. It cannot be denied that gold is a becoming material, nor that the general woman has always gravitated toward it. From the time she is a wee little lady her eyes adore the golden and scarlet of the drum-major, and, later in life, she evinces her natural taste by choosing gold to decorate her gown, scarlet to line her coat or form her frock, and the combination of it wrought out in some fanciful little jacket, or evolved in a bonnet.

Some of the trimmings are marvelous imitations in gold thread of the various laces, *point de Venise* and Russian lace being specially liked as their rather crude designs make it possible for the gold thread to follow them. Such decorations are, of course, extremely expensive and are not thought of unless just a little is to be gotten and it is to be used on a very gorgeous gown in a way that will make each thread do its duty and show for just what it is worth. In gold passementerie half sapphires or topazes set in, are shown for the long lace cloaks that bid fair to be as much in vogue this year as they were last. There are women who never feel, as does the French woman, that they like to go out "in their figure," and these are the ones who choose the lace wraps.

A STRAWBERRY HAT.

A century ago the ladies of the English court decorated their high bonnets and hats with tomatoes and potatoes and all the imitations possible of the vegetables from the kitchen garden. Most of us have laughed at these pictures, but nowadays it is by no means unusual to see a tiny tomato on a French bonnet, two or three wee brown potatoes on a broad-brimmed hat, or blackberries, currants or strawberries imitating nature until they look quite good enough to eat, used as trimmings upon chapeaux of any shape or material. One of the most artistic of the fruit-trimmed hats is that ornamented with strawberries.

Illustration No. 3 is of a hat of very yellow straw, in shape the box-turban that always has so unmistakably an English air. The brim is finished in such a way that no facing is necessary. All the trimming is put on the crown, which is completely covered. This consists of ripe red strawberries, of a size to delight the heart of a connoisseur, set artistically in their natural foliage. Near the back several loops of bright scarlet ribbon stand stiffly up. The effect of the scarlet, green and straw is at first a bit startling, but at the second glance you are charmed not only with the beauty and good style of the hat but with its originality.

A GRACEFUL LACE WRAP.

French lace, that which comes forty-eight inches wide, is used for a wrap which, by gathers at the throat and waist-line, fits into the figure well, an inside ribbon belt holding it in place. The front is gathered close to the neck and then allowed to fall in straight lines, confined at the waist by the half girde of gold passementerie set with imitation rubies; this comes from each side and fastens just in front, achieving a sharp point. The sleeves are long, angel ones, no seam being sewed in them, so that they fall away showing the sleeve of the gown underneath. The bonnet worn with this is a black lace, a capote in shape, with a mass of bright yellow primroses just in

front, and having black velvet ties. The parasol is of black lace to match the wrap, with an ivory handle curiously carved and set here and there in imitation rubies.



A FRENCH EFFECT. (Illustration No. 4.)

Chantilly and imitation-thread lace are generally used for these wraps, and though the price seems rather high when they are spoken of by the yard, it must be remembered that the width is such that comparatively a small quantity is required; then, too, there is always a look-out for the future, that is, when you are weary of the wrap it can be utilized for a tablier, or drapery over a silk skirt. Floral designs are given the preference, and a round finish is more desirable than a pointed one, while it is a little more unique, has an unpleasant habit of raveling and curling up. Gold is used most effectively against the lace, but a skillful modiste also adapts it to the cotton materials. This has to be done with great care, and a print frock trimmed with gold and velvet really becomes as elaborate a toilette as any silk or wool would be.

VELVET, COTTON AND GOLD IN UNION.

This combination, shown in Illustration No. 4, is at once very Frenchy and very becoming. With a sateen skirt and blouse



COOL, SUMMER COSTUME. (Illustration No. 2.)

waist of a deep garnet, is worn as a square Zouave jacket of dark green velvet, having its outlines defined by tiny, gold pendants headed by a line of gold soutache. This shows the blouse in between, and it is closed by small, gold buttons. The high collar is of the sateen overlaid with gold passementerie, and the very high Empire belt is of the same. The full sleeves are of sateen, with a cuff of the gold passementerie. The bonnet is made of alternate rows of gold braid and green velvet, and just in front, poised as if for flight, is a gold butterfly. A plain bridle of green velvet is under the chin. The gloves are of light yellow, undressed kid, harmonizing with the gold trimming. A similar jacket, in whatever colored velvet is most becoming, may be worn either with plain sateen or with that which in Persian-carpet fashion shows many colors. It does not, by-the-by, extend to the back, though the fronts are so well fitted into the seams that it would almost appear as if they did. Few bodices are made without lining, for if they are to be worn in the evening and show the neck, then they are cut out a little, and it is considered in better taste than to have the neck showing through the thin stuff. The days when womankind walked the streets with neck and arms visible through thin muslins have gone by, and really the lined bodice is quite as cool and certainly more refined than that which is not, for to permit one's neck to show in day-time is bad form.

FOR WOMAN'S WEAR
EDITED BY MRS MALLON



All of the pretty foulard or India silks have attained the vogue predicted for them, and are really the kind meant when people speak of "a silk costume" at this time of the year. Very thin bodice linings are used in them so that they are delightfully cool. A fancy is noted for the many pink shades, the veritable "old-rose"—always in good taste—being given the preference. White grounds, on which are fine stripes of a neutral shade, pale blue, gray, dull brown, olive, faded green and mode are new contrasts; but, unfortunately, while pretty, are yet so delicate looking that they are not advised when it is expected that much wear will be given to the gown. The deeper shades, with flowers in white or black etched upon them, are, without doubt, the most useful, for they do not soil easily nor is it necessary to make them elaborately. Madras plaids are in the soft silk, but are, like all plaids, rather dangerous to assume, unless one is certain of their suitability; often the skirt is of the plaid and the bodice of plain silk, a mode of making apt to look better on the general woman than does an all-plaid costume. Even very fine figures find large plaids in bright colors rather conspicuous, and anybody who has ever sat behind a woman whose bodice was of a plaid so large that two blocks more than covered the back, knows just how inartistic it is. Dainty little evening gowns are made of all-white India silk.

A PRETTY WHITE GOWN.

One specially noted has a full skirt quaintly finished with a rose quilting of the silk about the lower edge. The bodice is a round one, cut out at the neck in that pretty way in vogue when our mothers were belles, that is, from the shoulders around. From this falls a full frill of white lace, the same dainty finish being on the short, puffed "baby sleeves." About the waist is the real waist-ribbon, a broad one folded and then looped in bows and ends at the back. The gloves are of white undressed kid, and the slippers and stockings are also white, while a white gauze fan is carried. Not very expensive, a gown like this is suitable for a bridesmaid who does not care to spend much money on her gown, and who yet wishes to look pretty and picturesque.

Skirts are made so plainly nowadays that all of the dressmaker's ingenuity is taxed to have novelty about the bodice. If it is quite new in design, then it is greeted with gladness; but if only a new mode of arranging trimming is achieved, it is counted of great value. The woman who is artistic does not want to be "just like all the rest"; but she must remember that her ideas, to be in good taste, must, after all, be very nearly conservative, inasmuch as they must combine refinement and originality.

The new style affected by the French modiste—the bodice with no seams—is not commended, for it requires a master-hand to fit it. In the back it is drawn over; usually the material is bias, and sewed in at the under arm seams, while in front it is drawn across in some soft, full way that does not make seams necessary, but which requires much care in disposition. To have such a bodice fitted properly a woman has been known to stand for four hours until it was draped and pulled to suit.

Then, too, the material must have a certain pliability and yet this must not be permitted to degenerate into a loose look, or one that would hint at its being pulled. Just how ugly this may be is shown in stockinet.

A bodice that shows originality, as well as refinement, is in the above Illustration No. 5.

A DAINTY WATTEAU BODICE.

Whenever one hears of a Watteau bodice, a rather loose, wrapper effect is expected; but this is one where, merely from the front, one would not know there was a Watteau in the back. The material is an "old-rose" summer silk; the skirt and drapery being full, but very plain. The bodice has a yoke in the back to which is fastened the double plait that shapes the Watteau drapery. Although it falls in the usual fashion just in the centre, it is shaped to fit at the sides, so that the undesirable loose look is not given it. The edge is simply finished with a hem, hand-sewed. The front is a fitted jacket of the silk, with a full waistcoat of cream crepe lisse held in by straps of black ribbon fastened just in the centre by a tiny jet buckle. On each side, on the edge of the jacket portions, are set small, cut-jet buttons. The sleeves are full and have inserted, just above the wrist, a puff of the crepe lisse, the band next to the hand being of black ribbon and the stock is also of black ribbon. The turban hat is of cream-white straw, the top being covered with roses, buds and leaves. The gloves are pale gray, like the gown itself.



A WATTEAU BODICE. (Illus. No. 5).

TO HIDE THE SUN'S RAYS.

Parasols are as many in number and variety as the flowers of the field. Very beautiful ones are of tulle, in white, black, golden-brown, lavender, pale blue, rose and scarlet, drawn over a foundation of net in the way known. They look like a cloud puff. Their use is limited for they are only suitable for driving, or for wear at some of the very fashionable watering-places. The handles are not as long as they were last season, and are usually of natural wood, twisted in some odd way. Ivory handles, with silver etched upon them, are liked for the light-hued tulle ones.

THE MOST USEFUL OF PARASOLS.

A black lace parasol, inasmuch as it adapts itself to almost any gown, is esteemed a part of even an economical wardrobe. Those most fancied are of Chantilly or Spanish lace, either in round pieces woven the desired shape, or the lace is cut, fitted to the silk foundation and then has a frill as its finish.

All the colors in vogue may be gotten in silk parasols, and these are really the most useful; and, as they are not expensive, one does not shudder at the thought of a drop of rain, fear the leaving one in a hall or a carriage, or even dread letting the sun shine full upon it as often happens to the possessor of a mauve or pale blue tulle. A parasol liked for the seaside and the country, is a quaint Japanese one, the odder the better, on which at the top is tied a large bow of black watered-ribbon. The fashion comes directly from Paris, where all the fashionable world have what might be called the Japanese craze, the gowns, fans, jewelry, and, above all, parasols carried by the ladies of Japan, who live in an air of queer perspective, being considered very smart.

Red parasols are to the fore, because of the liking for gray and red gowns; the red parasol being the bit of color that makes the gray gown less trying to the pale blonde. By-the-by, just remember that your parasol is your movable background, and that it must be suited to your skin and hair, else the good effect of a dainty toilette will be lost. A scarlet one gives a glow to a pale face, a blue one gives a rather cold look, a white one brings out all the color, a mauve one is rather trying to anybody who has not peaches and cream in the way of a complexion, and a brown one is always charitable—rather inclined to hide imperfections and willing to bring out beauties. Before buying, think over your wardrobe and select a color in your sun-protector that will harmonize with all. The plaid cotton parasols, made to match special gowns, are not very pretty and are of little use in keeping the glare out of one's eyes.

A WORD ABOUT HATS.

The real glare, however, is, in many cases, avoided by the broad-brimmed hat of which Dame Fashion approves. It may be of lace-straw, it may be of some fine English straw, or of Leghorn, but the brim must be properly narrow at the back and broad enough in front to really protect the eyes. It is worn forward, and the hair is usually braided and knotted at the back. Any color one fancies, or any flowers that are liked may be used; but the flowers must look as if they were just plucked, while the ribbon must be arranged in the low, long loops on which Dame Fashion has set her seal of approval.

A typical hat is shown at Illustration No. 6.

AN ARTISTIC LEGHORN HAT.

Very yellow Leghorn forms this hat which, although it has a broad brim in front and a narrow one at the back, is without a crown. The place where the crown ought to be is filled in with violets and thin, green leaves all massed together in a most artistic way. The under-facing of the brim is of very deep purple velvet—a velvet so dark it seems almost black. Just in front of the flower-crown are long loops of purple velvet-ribbon arranged in the Alsatian fashion. Ties of similar ribbon come from the back and are looped under the chin slightly to one side. If they were not wished the ties could be omitted, but as they give a pretty, quaint air, retain them, if possible.

THE STORY OF A HAT.

This is a hat with a history—a story in economics which may help some girl and show what a determined maiden can do when she is not very rich in this world's goods and has the liking for pretty things that exists in the hearts of all nice girls. The amateur milliner wanted a Leghorn hat, had no money to buy a new one and looked disconsolately at that of a season ago. The brim was all right, broad in front and narrow at the back; but the crown! It was tall, very tall, and tapering. There was no use trying to get it pressed, for nothing could be done with that crown. Then

the millinery box was gotten out; it, you must know, is the box where everything that could by any chance ever be of use on a chapeau is put. Flowers, feathers, wings, birds, velvet, bits of ribbon and jet that have been the glory of hats in the past, are kept there and are the hope of the hats in the future. Among the flowers were a great many violets and their leaves—they formed a flower bonnet a year ago. There was the ribbon that had stood up in high loops on it, and that which constituted the ties. As it had been carefully rolled all creases had disappeared; and the flowers, after a dainty going over and straightening out, were really as good as new.

But that crown! At last a brilliant thought came to the busy one, and in a few minutes the sharp scissors had cut off the undesirable crown, leaving just about an inch of it in which to fasten the stitches. The facing had originally been purple velvet and so it was all right. A bit of net was drawn over where the crown had been, and with this as a foundation, the violets and their leaves were arranged as is pictured here. Some of the ribbon formed the Alsatian bow and the remainder was used for ties.

So was created a very pretty hat. And the moral?—for all stories have a moral. Well, it is this: Do not throw away, as worthless, the garnitures of last season's bonnet or hat, but take off whatever is in good condition at all, and put in your millinery box. Time seems to freshen it, and the possibility of some day getting an entire new bonnet out of old things is in your hand. Women may not understand political economy, but a great number of them have earned degrees in another branch of economy that is—so a woman thinks—of more importance: it is the art of knowing how to make much out of little.

THE CACHET TO THE HAT.

That word "cachet" is liked by French people because it signifies a seal of approbation set upon one's belongings. There is no English word that means just the same thing. Now the "cachet" that is going to make this hat becoming is the one given by success; into the face of the wearer there will be a gentle gratification that never could have been gained if that hat had come from the shop. Success is a great beautifier. And when success means the saving of money that somebody else may not have to worry; when it means, as well, the making one's self look well, surely it is the most desirable "cachet" for the bonnet of the wearer. Even in making our gowns and bonnets we can do so much for dear love's sake—if we will, and it is worth while. For it will give you not only the sweet "cachet" in your face but stamp it indelibly on your heart.



A NEW SUMMER HAT. (Illus. No. 6).



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IN THE WORLD OF FASHION
EDITED BY MRS MALLON

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



EVERYBODY knows that even when the days have been sunniest there is always a possibility, in the evening, of a light breeze coming up, and, for that reason, the shoulder-cape, either of fur or cloth, has a special and important position in the wardrobe. The combination noted in

a cotton gown and a fur cape is no longer considered curious, but the good sense of it is recognized. Dame Fashion seldom makes mistakes, and really looks out for the comfort of her votaries; it is the people who abuse styles that are good who cause the term "fashionable" often to be used derisively. Few fashions are designed without a view to the happiness and health of the wearer, but after they have been exaggerated and made ugly, then the blame is cast, most unjustly, upon the designer. However, the dainty capes have so far been excepted from this trying ordeal, and from the plain, round one, which was not becoming at all, have grown daintier and more elaborate, while not losing their value from a protection standpoint.

At the cities that are almost at the extremes of the world—San Francisco and London—it is by no means unusual to see women in muslin gowns, and not only fur capes, but occasionally fur coats—an evidence that good sense and Fashion are becoming more and more associated in the minds of women the whole world over.



A FASHIONABLE CAPE, (Illustration No. 7).

SOME PRETTY CAPES.

A dainty cape is made of gray and white cloth. The under cape, of the white cloth, is cut in deep points that are outlined with gold braid; the gray one over this reaches to just below the shoulder, and is finished in the same pretty way. The collar is a low, sailor one of the white, fastened at the throat with round, gold clasps. The gray, white and gold combination is specially liked this season. It looks well over white, over gray, and over any of the faint tints that are so effective in cottons.

A longer cape, one reaching quite to the waist, is of mode cloth; at the back and front it is fitted to the figure in plastron fashion. It is double-breasted and closed with gold buttons. The sleeve part, that which comes far over the arms, is laid in full, side plaits, and, contrasting with the smooth effect in front, is very artistic. The collar rolls away in shawl fashion, and, like all the other edges, has a finish in the shape of a fine gold passementerie. Gold is certainly king, for no material is too fine, or none too simple for it to decorate. It is in specially good form on the light cloths, and nowadays, when Redfern gives a gold trimming not affected by the salt air, even the people going very near the ocean, or on it, are eager to have it on gowns and wraps.

A GOLD AND WHITE CAPE.

This smart cape (Illustration No. 7) is made of smooth, white cloth, fitted on the shoulder as pictured, and quaintly cut in points and curves in the most artistic manner. The trimming is an elaborate, gold passementerie. The collar is a modified Medici one, with enough gold on it to look pretty and yet not to hide the material. The hat worn with this is one of the large shapes in yellow, openwork straw; on one side is a bow of white ribbon, and, apparently, from under it comes out a mass of yellow roses that fall at their own sweet will over the crown. Either white, or tan undressed kid gloves may be worn with this. In gray and silver, black and gold, or green and gold, this cape might be most effectively duplicated.

Do not under any circumstances put on your gold braid in a careless way, concluding that the effect will be just as good. It will not. Braid must be sewed with such exactness that while it decorates it really appears as if woven in the cloth. Do not attempt to sew it in the centre, but, instead, carefully hem it down on each side, and then your braid decoration will look in good order. Remember that dowdiness ruins the most beautiful of garnitures, and makes it only flat and unprofitable.

FASHIONABLE CLOTH GOWNS.

Although the summer time is here the cloth gown remains also, for, lighter of weight with thin linings, there are few days when it cannot be assumed. Faint browns, grays, blues in plaids or checks, and, of course, white are most popular. A very dainty frock that, while tailor-made, is not severe in its outlines, is of white and mode cloth. A plaited petticoat of white mode cloth has over it a plaited draping of the mode, which, quite near the front, is allowed to flare apart and show the white between. This sounds very heavy, but in reality, although the white cloth shows well at the side where the mode flares, still it does not extend the entire width of the skirt, which is only a silk foundation.

The bodice is of the mode, fitting smoothly and plainly at the back and having a square plastron of the white set in the front, and below this full plaits of the mode. The closing is done on one side. The belt is of the mode cloth. A high, white collar is the neck finish, a tape tie being stiffly looped just in front. The sleeves are close-fitting and of coat shape; from the elbow down they are buttoned with tiny mode buttons. This is an extremely becoming gown to the typical American woman—she of slender figure.

"But," somebody says, "why cannot I have a linen gown for this time of the year?" Well, there is no reason why you may not. Choose a yachting gown and then, why, then if you do not go yachting you can wear it on shore and play tennis in it. A linen gown always looks cool whether by land or sea.

A WHITE AND BLUE LINEN.

Because this young woman wears such a natty yachting suit it does not follow that she is not a good sailor, and she can afford to go so near to the water because she knows that the spray will not injure her linen costume. (Illustration No. 8). In making this blue, very pale, real Cambridge blue and white linen are used. The skirt is quite plain, with a foot trimming of a broad band of the blue, above which are narrow lines of the same. The tablier is rather square in effect, while the drapery in the back is in full box-plaits. At one side a pointed strap of the blue linen, arranged on white like the skirt trimming, seems to draw the tablier so that it wrinkles a little. The blouse has a high collar of the blue, and then a shawl collar of it that reaches quite far down. Pearl buttons are used for the closing. A pretty belt, the blue applied in lines on the white linen, is drawn in closely about the waist; and pointed cuffs of the blue are the finish to slightly full sleeves. The sailor hat is a white one with a blue band about it.

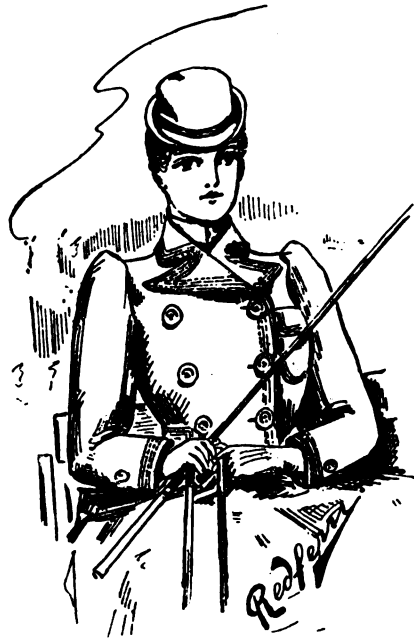
In having a linen suit the yachtswoman is only following the example of the Princess of Wales, who always expects to find on board the "Osborne" some linen costumes ready for her and which, it must be said, become her as they do few other women.



A NATTY YACHTING SUIT, (Illustration No. 8).

BECOMING BLOUSES.

A blouse? Surely, and a very pretty one at that. You want it to wear over white skirts in which to play tennis? Then have a becoming contrast—either white and heliotrope, white and blue, or white and brown. The color will, of course, be velvet, and the other material the light, smooth flannel now called "flannelette." You choose to have heliotrope velvet with your white? Then it will be made in this way: There will be, back and front, a pointed yoke of the velvet, into which is gathered the fullness of the blouse. However, it is fullness so deftly arranged that it does not suggest looseness, the next condition to untidiness. The edge of skirt portion is finished in scallops, and a belt of the heliotrope velvet confines the blouse absolutely at the waist-line. The sleeves are prettily full and have cuffs of the heliotrope velvet. If one preferred it this entire blouse could be made of white flannelette, or the yoke might be of white silk. Personal fancy governs colors and materials, and although they are most chic made of stuff, still silk



A LINEN DRIVING COAT, (Illustration No. 9).

may be used even for the one intended for wear during any outdoor sport.

Nowadays Mademoiselle is fond of driving, and very often she drives well. The great grief is that the roads are dusty, her pretty gown suffers, and yet she will not muffle herself in a dust cloak, or wear a long ulster. She is aware that they are not suited to a good driver, according to the ethics of the road. There is no reason why she should be made miserable, however, when she may have the proper coat for driving in the summer time.

THE LINEN DRIVING COAT.

This coat (Illustration No. 9) is of heavy linen, in its natural sunburnt shade. It is made without a lining, the seams being carefully finished in what is known as a "French seam," so that no raw edges are visible. While shaped to the figure it is yet sufficiently loose to give the arms full play and permit the pretty mistress of a frisky horse to keep him well under control. The double-breasted front has its style intensified by the large, linen buttons on it; the collar and lapels are

finished with rows of machine-stitching, a similar finish being on the sleeves. These are a little high on the shoulders, and have, in addition to the stitching, a button set just above each wrist. The linen collar worn with the gown shows above this coat, and a jaunty Alpine hat, covering the bang completely, is worn. The gloves are the usual heavy ones sold for driving. Patch pockets, with lapels, are on this coat, and are large enough to hold not only one's handkerchief, but the purse that is necessary on roads where a toll-gate may be, and where good money will have to be given before anybody can pass.

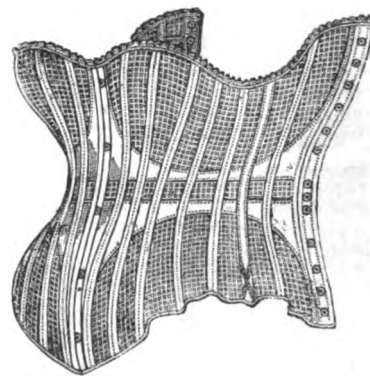
The woman who drives and who knows its woes as well as its delights, will appreciate such a coat as this. A driver always wants to look as if she were as well-groomed as her horse, no affectation of the picturesque being allowable; indeed simple severity would best describe the ideal costume for this time.

Wear in your cloths and linens all the pretty light shades that are impossible during the winter, for, after all, the summer days go only too quickly. Blue and white prettily developed is to be commended, and then there are all the

neutral shades, quiet and refined to look at, and which will impress one with a sense of their coolness.

On a cape you can scarcely make a mistake by putting gold braid or passementerie, for it is lavished upon them by the artist in capes. There is one thing to be remembered however, and this is it: your cape needs to be as well cut and as true in fit as does your bodice, and a cape "made anyhow" is a dreadful blot on your otherwise pretty costume. Indeed, the law of "fitness" in the sense of being fitted to one's very belt, applies to all of one's wardrobe; and a cotton frock, perfectly made, is in better form than one of the richest materials which lacks the air that only comes with a knowledge of how to cut properly and to fit well. To this may be added, for success in a gown, learn to wear it well—easily and unconsciously.

TWO GRADES OF THOMSON'S GLOVE-FITTING CORSETS ARE FOR HOT WEATHER.



Thomson's "Ventilating" — AND — "SUMMER."

They are light, strong and delightfully comfortable, and are surely becoming an indispensable luxury. Acknowledged by the trade to be the best Corsets in the market for Summer Wear.

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FOR LADIES!

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Patented May 20th, 1890. SIGSBEE MANUFACTURING CO., Ayer, Mass.

GIVEN AWAY!

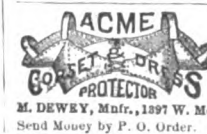
In order to introduce the Holland Bleacher we will give during July and August to every purchaser a 50-cent jar of Dutch Jelly or a package of Arnhem Almond Powder.

DUTCH JELLY positively cures Eczema, all eruptions, blackheads, coarse, rough, greasy, chafed or chapped skin. Invaluable for cuts and bruises. As an application to burns and scalds it has no equal, preventing blistering if applied at once. It soothes and cools all inflammatory conditions of the skin, and hastens healing. Price 50 cents.

HOLLAND BLEACHER is the only article on the market that will remove freckles, tan and moth patches without injury to the skin, or making the face sore; it is worthy of the utmost confidence, and is without a rival. Price \$2.00.

ARNHEM ALMOND POWDER is a most delightful article for toilet, bath or nursery, being absolutely pure, refreshing and bland. Price 50 cents.

The above mentioned articles have the highest medical endorsements, here and in Europe. Prepared by the DUTCH JELLY CO., 50 and 52 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. If not sold by your druggist, send price in stamps or postal note to above address.



A complete garment worn under the corset or flannel, protecting the clothing from perspiration. Cheaper than dress shields, one pair doing the work of six. Misses' bust measure, 28-33, \$1.50 Ladies' " " " 34-39, \$2.00 M. DEWEY, Mfr., 1297 W. Monroe St., Chicago, AGENTS. Send Money by P. O. Order. Catalogue Free. WANTED.

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.

TO MY JOURNAL SISTERS:—

AS this is the season of the year when outdoor games are much indulged in, the appetites of those entering these sports become greatly sharpened by the unusual activity in the clear, pure air; and your Editor has endeavored this month to give you advice on the preparation of just a few of the very choicest and most delicate dainties which, as hostess, you may wish to set before your most fastidious and hungry guest.

Mrs. Mary Barrett Brown's "Superior Cold Sweets" have never before been given to the American public, and possess the recommendation of being unusually elegant, besides the charm of novelty.

Mrs. Anna Alexander Cameron also contributes several good things.

Many of our subscribers have written us this past month for information on different branches of cookery, and we have endeavored in our new "Domestic Query Box" to meet their wants. Lack of space, however, compels us to wait another month before sending answers to all. That column is yours to fill with query or answer. A word of encouragement or suggestion of any kind, at any time, is always welcomed by your friend and Editor

MRS. LOUISA KNAPP.

A FEW PALATABLE RECEIPTS.

BY ANNA ALEXANDER CAMERON.

DELICIOUS TEA ROLLS.

ONE quart of flour, one tablespoonful of butter, one teacupful of fresh milk, half-a-tea-cupful of good yeast, two eggs, one level tablespoonful of sugar, salt to taste. Mix to a soft dough at ten o'clock in warm weather. When risen sufficiently, knead well, make into round or oblong rolls. Sprinkle slightly with warm water, set to rise again, and bake quickly as soon as they are ready.

SOUTHERN CORN CRISP-BREAD.

One pint of cornmeal (not bolted), one large tablespoonful of lard, salt to taste. Mix into dough that will handle well, but is not too soft. Have ready the middle stave of a barrel-head, which must be of oak so that it will impart no taste. Put the dough on the board in a roll extending the length of it. Pat it down evenly all over the board. Dip a knife blade in cold water and smooth it all over evenly. Open the doors of the furnace of your stove and set the board in front of the fire with a brick or iron at the back to hold it up; notice it as it cooks, moving nearer or further off, as the heat requires, and turning the board on end when the middle of the crisp-bread is sufficiently cooked. When of a pretty brown lay on the table and press a coarse thread between it and the board to loosen it. Turn off of the board on the table, crust side down. With the bowl of a tablespoon carefully scrape all of the crumbs from the crust. Return the latter to the board, being careful not to break it. Tie a thread across each end to hold it in position; set it again before the fire watching it closely, as it will burn in a twinkling. In a few moments it will be brown and crisp. Remove, and keep it warm till served. This will be found charming by any one who likes cornmeal; it is especially nice for breakfast. It can be cooked inside of the stove, but that soon wears out the board, and incessant watching is necessary to prevent its burning.

TURTLE SOUP.

The turtle must be killed overnight and hung up to bleed. In the morning carefully separate the shells, taking care not to break the gill; put the eggs, fins and flesh into cold water, removing carefully the black skin from the fins. Put the turtle to boil in twice as much water as you wish soup, to allow for boiling away. Let it boil for two hours, skimming it well; then add six slices of nice ham and a quarter of a pound of fresh butter, and let it boil three hours more. About an hour before it is done, add one gill of rice, one gill of flour creamed with a heaping tablespoonful of butter, one onion minced fine, two stalks of celery chopped up, a little bunch of thyme, half-a-teaspoon each of cloves and allspice. Cook for an hour more and serve.

FORCE MEAT BALLS.

These should always be served with turtle soup. To make them, mince very fine two teacupfuls of tender, cold veal, beef, or fowl; one teacupful of cold ham, minced. Mix thoroughly with one-and-a-half teacupfuls of bread crumbs, half a gill of butter, salt, pepper half a teaspoonful each of pounded thyme and savory; mix with raw eggs, so that it can be molded into little balls the size of a pigeon's egg. Roll in flour and fry a light brown. Send to table with the soup.

PELAN.

Boil two fat, young chickens in just water enough to cover them, and season with salt to taste. When the chickens are just done, remove from the pot. Put into the liquor one slice of nice, raw ham and let it boil down to one pint. Remove the ham; wash a pint of Carolina rice, put it in a pan and pour over it the chicken liquor and set the pan in the steamer where it should cook until the rice is tender and each grain distinct. It should be stirred occasionally with a fork. See that the liquor is salt enough to season the rice properly. Pelan is a charming dish, and is served with the meats just as you would plain, boiled rice. No gravy is required on pelan, as it is already delightfully seasoned with the chicken tea in which it has been cooked. To be served in a covered dish.

BROWN STEW.

Cut up, as for frying, the two chickens cooked for pelan; put them into a baking-pan, sprinkling with salt and pepper and dusting over with flour—about two table-spoonfuls. Cut up over the chicken a third of a pound of nice butter and pour in one teacupful of rich, sweet cream. Set in a very hot oven and brown quickly, from time to time turning the pieces, so that they will brown on all sides. The oven must be very hot so that the chicken will not be cooking long. If the gravy is too thick add a little hot water.

GOLDEN CAKE.

One pound of flour dried and sifted, one pound of soft, white sugar, three-quarters of a pound of butter, the grated rind and juice of two lemons, the yolks of fourteen eggs and one level teaspoonful of soda. Cream well together the sugar and butter, add the yolks of the eggs beaten very light, then add the flour and the soda dissolved in a gill of sweet cream. Just before baking put in the lemon-juice, beating it thoroughly. Bake carefully, and ice.

SILVER CAKE.

One pound of sugar, three-quarters of a pound of flour dried and sifted, half-a-pound of butter, one pound of citron, the whites of fourteen eggs. Beat the sugar and butter to a cream, add the egg-whites beaten to a stiff froth, and, lastly, add the flour with half-a-teaspoonful of pounded mace and the grated rind of one lemon. Just before baking stir in the citron, which must have been well floured. Bake carefully and ice. This is a beautiful and delicious cake, if made according to directions.



Its superior excellence proven in millions of homes for more than a quarter of a century. It is used by the United States Government. Endorsed by the heads of the great Universities as the Strongest, Purest and most Healthful. Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder does not contain Ammonia, Lime or Alum. Sent only in Cans. PRICE BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK, CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS.

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house without them is what good housekeepers say of "NEVER-BREAK" Steel Cooking utensils. Won't absorb grease, won't scale, won't warp, and "NEVER-BREAK" Every woman is delighted with them. Ask your dealer to see them, or write for illus. catalogue.

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Barlow's Indigo Blue.

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Something needed in every home. The perfection Flour Bin and Sieve. Takes up but little room, made of tin, is ornamental and indispensable, does away with barrels, sacks, pans, scoops and sieves. A few turns of the handle, and you have enough for a baking. Satisfaction guaranteed. Sent by express on receipt of price: holding 100 lbs. \$3.25; 50 lbs., \$2.00; 25 lbs., \$2.00. Agents wanted. SHERMAN, TANGENBERG & CO., 100 West Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

TOOTHsome LUNCH DISHES.

By MARION WASHBURN.



VERY often it is desirable to give a light lunch to lady friends, and some elegant but easily prepared dishes, within the reach of all, may prove acceptable to every one. Sometimes we long for a new dish, and joyfully hail a delicate receipt.

LIGHT ROLLS.

One cupful warm water, two cupfuls milk, one yeast cake; flour to make a soft batter. When light add a large spoonful of butter, and one of sugar, and mold. When well risen, divide into small pieces, make into rolls; rise again; glaze with the white of an egg, and bake.

COCOANUT SHEETS.

Whip stiff the whites of ten eggs, grate two fresh coconuts and add, with one-and-a-half cupfuls sugar and one cupful of flour, well sifted, with a spoonful of baking-powder. Bake one-half hour in thin sheets. Ice and sprinkle with coconut.

PEARLS.

Two cupfuls white sugar, one-half cupful butter, one cupful sweet milk, whites of seven eggs well beaten, two spoonfuls baking-powder, three small cupfuls of flour; flavor with almond or rose. Bake in small, round tins, and ice thickly.

ORANGE CIRCLES.

Two cupfuls sugar, one cupful butter, one cupful milk, whites of four eggs and yolks of five, two spoonfuls of baking-powder, a spoonful of lemon flavoring, and flour to make a smooth batter; bake quickly in round baking-powder box covers. Take the white of one egg, and beat stiff with sugar; add the juice of one orange. Place two cakes together with the icing between, and ice the top. The grated skin may be used, if desired, in the icing.

VANILLA SNOW.

Cook one cupful of rice in a covered dish to keep it white. When nearly done, add one cupful of cream, a pinch of salt, the beaten whites of two eggs and one cupful of sugar. Flavor with vanilla. Pile in a glass dish and dot with jelly. Serve with cream and sugar.

PEACH CREAM.

One cupful of thick, sweet cream, one cupful of sugar; beat smooth and add the whites of two eggs, beaten stiff. Have a dish of sliced, ripe peaches. Sprinkle with sugar and pour the cream over. Serve very cold.

LEMON TARTS.

Fill a number of tart shells with puff paste and bake. Grate the rinds of two lemons, add two cupfuls of water, one cupful of sugar, a spoonful of almond flavoring, and boil and thicken with two spoonfuls of corn-starch. A small lump of butter improves it for some tastes. Fill the tarts while warm; ice the top.

SMOTHERED FIGS.

Three cupfuls of rich milk, one cupful of sugar; a lump of butter, two well-beaten eggs and two spoonfuls of corn-starch to thicken when the milk boils. Place a layer in a glass dish and spread sliced figs thickly over. Add more cream and another layer of figs; continue till all are used. Ice the top and serve cold.

BLACKBERRY EMPRESS.

Two cupfuls milk, one egg, half a cupful of butter, a spoonful of baking-powder, and flour to make a thin batter. Place a layer in a pudding-dish; cover with a quart of blackberries well covered with sugar and a few dabs of butter. Cover with the remaining batter. Bake one hour; serve, either hot or cold, with sweetened cream.

This is delicious, and other fruit may be used, if desirable.

PRESSED CHICKEN.

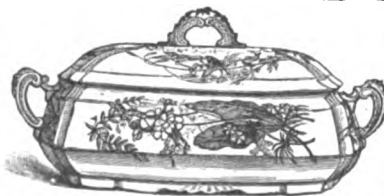
Stew two chickens until the meat will drop from the bones. Chop fine, season to suit taste; a very little sage is an improvement in some cases. Place in a deep jar, cover with a plate after moistening with the liquor in which the chicken was cooked. Weigh down with a stone or flat-iron. It will be ready to cut in ten hours.

BAKED QUINCES.

Bake ripe quinces until done and very soft. When cold, strip off the skins, place them in a deep dish and sprinkle with sugar and serve with cream.

Six Novels Free will be sent by Cragin & Co., Philada., Pa., to any one in the U. S. or Canada, postage paid, upon receipt of 25 Dobbins' Electric Soap wrappers. See list of novels on circulars around each bar. Soap for sale by all grocers.

Have you seen Enterprise Fruit Press? Ask your Hardware Dealer for it.



ENGLISH DECORATED

Dinner Set, No. 90. 112 Pieces
Premium with an Order of \$20.00
Or packed and delivered at depot for \$9.00 Cash. We have hundreds of other Sets, plain and decorated.

THE LONDON TEA CO., 811 Washington Street, Boston

DOMESTIC QUERY BOX

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

I have received innumerable letters from subscribers concerning the lunch-baskets, ice-pitcher and egg-steamer described in the June number of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. I regret to announce they cannot be purchased in this country, but any one desirous of owning precisely the same basket may order it by mail from Drew and Sons, 33 Piccadilly Circus, London, W., England. The ice-pitcher and steamer may be found at Mappin and Webb's, 158 Oxford street, West End, London, England.

MRS. O. L., Des Moines—In fig cake receipt found in April number of LADIES' HOME JOURNAL it should have read two teaspoonfuls instead of two table-spoonfuls of baking powder.

MRS. A. M. H., Simpson's Store—Buy five cents' worth of cochineal at any drug store, cover with about two ounces of water, and boil five or ten minutes and strain. One or two drops of this mixture will color what you desire.

MRS. R., Chicago, Ill.—The following directions if carefully followed will produce a most satisfactory sweet wine, much used at the communion service of the church.

Twenty pounds of grapes, potted in a stone jar; pour over them six quarts of boiling water, and when cool squeeze them with the hand; after which let them stand three days with a cloth over them, then squeeze out the juice and add ten pounds of granulated sugar, and let it remain a week longer in the jar. Then take off the skum, strain and bottle, leaving a vent until done fermenting, when strain again and bottle tight. GRANDMA VANUTTA.

MRS. B. F. C., Beresford—Sometimes the addition of a small quantity of sifted wood-ashes to your white-wash just before using, will preserve a clear whiteness; a little blueing is, also, a help. If your white-wash flakes off, try a smaller quantity of salt when mixing it.

L. O.—A pleasant drink of chocolate or cocoa may be made by mixing a tablespoonful and a half of Baker's Breakfast Cocoa, to a smooth paste with a little cold water; over this pour a pint of boiling water, and when all has boiled, add a pint or pint and a half of cold milk, and when the entire mixture has come to a second boil it is ready for immediate use.

E. F. C., Fairbank—There are two kinds of waffles, the hasty and the raised. The ingredients for the hasty waffles are as follows:

One pint of flour; one teaspoonful baking powder (Royal); half teaspoonful salt; three eggs; one-and-a-quarter cupful of milk; one tablespoonful of butter (melted). Mix in the order given; add the beaten yolks of the eggs with the milk, then the melted butter, and the whites last. Serve with butter or syrup. For raised waffles, mix at night one pint of milk, one third of a cup of yeast and one pint of flour. In the morning add half a teaspoonful of salt, two eggs, yolks and whites beaten separately, and one table-spoonful of melted butter. Either of these mixtures are to be baked in waffle irons.

MRS. FANNIE S., Morganville—To make butter firm we give the following directions: Dig a hole in your cellar five feet deep (i. e. five feet below the floor of the cellar) and the width and length of an ordinary size door. Fit a frame around the top and put a door in this frame. This closes the cave and keeps it cool. Have steps arranged so as to easily get in and out of the cave. In this place put your cream as soon as skimmed, and keep it there until churned. Put the butter there after it is churned, and if you always keep the door closed when you are not in the cave your butter will not be soft.

A HOUSEHOLD COMFORT THE PITTSBURGH LAMP



NO DINNER

Is Complete without Soup.



The best and most economical "Stock" for Soup is **Armour's Beef Extract**, which, unlike all other meat extracts, retains so much nutrition that no soup-bone or other stock is necessary when Armour's Extract is used. With one small turnip, one carrot, a stick of celery, a sprig of parsley, 1 1/2 to 2 quarts of water and one teaspoonful of Armour's Extract, you can make delicious soup for six persons at a total cost of ten cents. Use Armour's Extract for Bouillon or Beef Tea. Superior to all brands in richness and delicacy of flavor. Ask your Druggist or Grocer for Armour's Beef Extract, or send 50 cents for a 2 oz. jar to **ARMOUR & CO., Chicago.**

WE are IMPORTERS of Tea and Coffee; China and Crockery, and do the largest Tea and Coffee business in Boston (direct with consumers). We also carry a large stock and sell at the lowest possible Cash prices Dinner and Tea Sets, Silver-plated Ware, clubs for Tea, Coffee, Spices and Extracts, we offer value for the money invested and get a premium, and you buy Tea and Coffee from your grocer you pay three or four profits and pay for a premium but do not get it. In an article published in one of the largest dailies in this country it was claimed the tea bought from the retail grocer showed a profit of 100 per cent. The moral is plain, buy from first hands. We have been doing business in Boston for 14 years and the publishers of this paper will tell you of our undoubted reliability. We do a business of over \$300,000 yearly, and our Cash sales of Dinner, Tea and Toilet Sets, Silver Ware, Lamps, etc., amounted to \$41,000 in 1889, aside from our Tea and Coffee sales. (Rogers Knives \$3.50 per whole story. We like to mail it to all who write for it; it costs you nothing and will interest you. 120 pages.

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NOTES ON EUROPEAN COOKERY.

By MARY BARRETT BROWN.
SUPERIOR COLD SWEETS.



DURING the hot summer season when our appetites, generally speaking, become so very capricious and fastidious, there is always an extra demand for cold, sweet dishes, and as these can, by the exercise of a little good taste and ingenuity, be rendered so exceedingly dainty-looking, they make our tables wear a most tempting aspect. When the various colors are skillfully intermixed, and the flavors pleasantly varied, the result is something quite delightful both as regards the palate and the eye. The concocting of these favorite dishes forms one of the most pleasing and attractive branches of all the culinary art; one in which nearly every housewife enjoys testing her skill, in which it is almost impossible to obtain too much variety. I will give, therefore, a few receipts which are extremely popular over here, in hopes that they may prove a source of pleasure to others.

ORANGE CHARTREUSE.

Prepare about a quart of beautifully clear calf's-foot jelly pleasantly flavored with orange, and keep it in a liquid state; remove the rind from four good, sound oranges and divide the fruit into small sections without breaking the thin inner skin. Spread the fruit out on a flat dish, sprinkle it freely with fine white sugar, and allow it to remain so for two or three hours. Pour about a teacupful of the jelly into a plain, round mold of the requisite size; let it set, then arrange upon it a layer of orange, placing the pieces in pretty, fanciful shapes; pour more jelly over these, let it also set, then arrange more fruit, and so on until the mold is quite full. If the latter can, conveniently, be imbedded in rough ice, it will shorten the process considerably. When quite firm, turn on to a pretty glass dish; surround the base of the chartreuse with a border of whipped cream, and sprinkle this latter, very lightly, with green pistachios which have been blanched in the usual way and finely chopped.

CREME A LA SUISSE.

For this most delicious dish procure a ring-mold made of tin, and measuring two inches wide, and two-and-a-half inches deep. In this ring bake some rich sponge-cake mixture, and when done enough, turn out, very carefully, on to a nice china or glass dish; brush the cake-ring over with vanilla glacé, and, when quite cold, fill in the centre with a high mound of stiffly-whipped cream flavored very delicately with vanilla. Ornament the top of the cream with finely-chopped pistachios, and candied cherries cut in tiny pieces, and arrange round the base a border of small, fresh green leaves. If preferred, coffee, or chocolate glacé may be used for the cake-ring instead of the vanilla glacé, then, of course, the flavoring of the cream must correspond.

PARISIAN PATTIES.

Put a large breakfast cupful of finely-flavored, carefully-picked strawberries into a basin; bruise the fruit thoroughly with a small wooden spoon, and then mix it with two dessertspoonfuls of fine white sugar and two well-beaten eggs. Line out some small patty-tins with rich light pastry, fill them three-parts full with the strawberry mixture, and bake in a brisk oven from ten to fifteen minutes. Put the white of one large, fresh egg on a plate with a pinch of salt and whip it to a firm froth. When the patties are quite cold, pile the whipped egg on the top of each, insert a tiny piece of candied cherry in the centre of icing, and serve tastefully arranged on a pretty glass dish covered with a handsome dish-paper.

STRAWBERRY CHARLOTTE.

Line the sides of a plain, round mold, or pudding basin, with finger pieces of stale sponge or Savoy cake. These must be cut so as to fit in very closely, thus leaving no way of escape for the interior. Cover the bottom of the mold, or basin, with a layer of liquid jelly of some bright color, and, while this is setting, prepare the filling for the charlotte as follows: Put a pint of thick cream, or rich custard, into a bowl with an ounce of dissolved French gelatine and a large breakfast cupful of small, carefully-picked strawberries; mix thoroughly, and pour the preparations into the mold when the jelly at the bottom of the latter is quite firm. Cover the top with cake cut to fit, and set the mold either on ice, or in some cold place. When quite set, turn out on to a glass dish, surround with little rough blocks of variegated whipped cream, and serve. To make the variegated cream, keep one-half plain, and color the other half to match the jelly at the top of the charlotte; or, if preferred, use coloring that will form a pretty contrast. A number of quite harmless colorings can be used for this and similar purposes, such as carmine, cochineal, spinach juice, spinach green, and saffron.

FRUIT SALAD A LA FRANCAISE.

This highly esteemed dish is appreciated equally in France, Germany, and England, and I doubt not, it will, after a trial, become a very popular adjunct to American tables also. The salad is prepared in a very few minutes and is suitable for any meal in the day. Take equal quantities of strawberries, raspberries, cherries and white currants; arrange the strawberries at the bottom of a glass salad-bowl—a rather flat one with edges is the best for displaying the beauty of the salad—dust over them some fine white sugar, then place half of the currants, which must also be sprinkled with sugar, then the cherries sweetened in like manner, followed by the remainder of the currants, more sugar, and the raspberries last of all, with a slight sprinkling of sugar on the top. Allow the salad to stand in a cold place for a couple of hours, then, immediately before serving, pour over the wholesome, rich thick cream. This forms one of the most delightful and wholesome dishes imaginable during hot, sultry weather; and certainly is one of the most simple and easily prepared, as scarcely any trouble is involved.

CREME A LA CARDINAL.

Pick the stalks, or hulls, from a quart of fine fresh raspberries; put the fruit in a basin, add to it four tablespoonfuls of fine sifted sugar, bruise it with a wooden spoon, and pass it through a fine sieve, then mix the pulp with a pint of good cream—or milk and the beaten yolks of four eggs—a few drops of cochineal, or carmine, to heighten the color, and one ounce and a half of French sheet-gelatine dissolved in a very small quantity of boiling water and allowed to slightly cool. Stir the ingredients well together, then pour the preparation into a wet mold which is standing imbedded in rough ice, and allow it to remain until quite firm. Serve, turned out carefully on to a pretty dish, with a rich custard poured round about.

PEACH TARTLETS A L'ITALIENNE.

For a dozen tartlets take six fine ripe peaches, cut them in halves, remove the stones, and stew the fruit very gently until tender, but not broken, in a teacupful of water pleasantly sweetened with fine loaf-sugar, then lift it out carefully and allow it to remain in a cold place until required. Line out some small patty, or tartlet-tins, with rich pastry, fill them with dry raw rice, and bake in a well-heated oven until sufficiently cooked, then empty out the rice and return the pastry cases to the oven—without the tins—to dry slightly harder. When quite cold, place in the centre of each tartlet a half peach, hollow side uppermost; fill this hollow with carefully-whipped cream, piled as high as possible, surround with a delicate pink border made with the white of an egg stiffly whipped, with a pinch of salt, and a few drops of cochineal, and arrange tastefully on a fancy dish-paper. The pink border mentioned serves two purposes—it decidedly improves the appearance of the tartlets, and at the same time fills up and covers any space there may be between the fruit and the pastry. Apricots and very large ripe plums may be utilized in the same manner.

PINEAPPLE TRIFLE A LA CREME.

Take a rather stale sponge-cake which has been baked in a deep fluted mold, place it on a glass dish, make several tiny holes in it, and pour over it as much of the syrup from a trimmed pineapple as it will absorb, adding the syrup a little at a time about every half-hour, until the cake is thoroughly saturated. Chop a few slices of the pineapple, just roughly, put it round the base of the cake for a border, and pour over the whole some delicious thick cream. Sprinkle freely with blanched almonds and pistachios cut in very thin strips, and candied cherries cut in quarters, and serve.

VARIEGATED JELLIES.

When the following dish is nicely prepared the result, in every way, is so pleasing that it would be a difficult task indeed to surpass it. Take six good sound oranges, cut from the stalk end of each a slice about the size of a shilling, and then with a narrow instrument work out all the juice and pulp of the fruit, taking great care not to break or injure the skins in any way. Throw the latter, when quite empty, into a bowl of cold water and leave them there for an hour to harden, then turn them upside down on a sieve in order to free them from every particle of moisture. If any tiny holes have accidentally been made in the skins they must be filled in with butter. When quite dry, arrange the orange skins, cut side uppermost, on a bed of ice if possible, and fill one-third of the number with bright-colored orange-jelly, one-third with clear red apple-jelly, and the remainder with rich custard-jelly—that is, rich custard made in the usual manner and mixed with sufficient French sheet-gelatine to make it stiffen when cold. Next day, cut the oranges in quarters with a sharp knife, pile up the pieces tastefully on a lace dish-paper, and intersperse freely with lovely, fresh green leaves of various shades. If the different colors are artistically arranged, the dish looks elegant in the extreme.

CUSTARD A LA GENEVE.

Make a quart of rich custard in the usual manner, and stir into it two ounces of French sheet-gelatine; when nearly cold add two ounces of candied cherries cut in quarters, two ounces of preserved ginger cut up very small, and one ounce of blanched, finely-chopped pistachios; then mix thoroughly and pour the preparation into several small, damp molds. When quite firm, turn out carefully on to a dish-paper, garnish tastefully with leaves of various shades, and serve.

A FRENCH PORCUPINE.

Put a pound of fine fresh raspberries, or red currants, into an enameled saucepan, with a pound and a half of good apples, which have been peeled, cored and sliced very thin; add a sufficient quantity of crushed loaf-sugar to sweeten the fruit pleasantly, and boil gently until the apples are quite soft and pulpy, then pass the whole through a fine sieve into a basin; stir in two ounces of dissolved gelatine, and pour the preparation into a plain, oval-shaped damp mold. When firm, turn out on to a glass dish, stick it entirely over with blanched, thinly-sliced almonds to resemble, as nearly as possible, the quills of the porcupine, pour over some rich custard, whipped cream, or plain thick cream round about, and serve.

FROSTED FRUITS.

It is a wise plan to prepare a large quantity of these during their season, as they keep good, if properly packed, for almost any length of time, and are useful in such a variety of ways. They form most attractive and popular dishes for dessert, while for garnishing and ornamenting numerous sweet dishes they are unequalled. The process of frosting, carried out as follows, is a very simple business. Put the fruit such as apricots, peaches, plums, cherries, etc., into a preserving-pan, with a small piece of alum, and sufficient cold water to cover them; stew for a few minutes, very gently, then take them out, remove the skin and dip the fruit separately into clarified butter, or finest salad oil, and roll in coarsely-crushed loaf-sugar. When the fruit has been entirely coated in this manner, arrange it on baking tins, and place it in a moderate oven where it must remain until the sugar sparkles, but care must be taken to see that the fruit does not become at all discolored. A lovely effect can be obtained by coating part of the fruit with white sugar, part with green, and part with pink. If required for a dessert dish, pile the different fruits up when cold on a handsome glass dish and garnish tastefully with fresh green leaves; but if not wanted at once pack carefully in boxes with air-tight lids, and put a sheet of thin, white paper between each layer. Store in a cool place, and use as required.

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ALL ABOUT FLOWERS

EDITED AND CONDUCTED BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

SOME PRACTICAL HINTS.

You must give attention to five important items:

First, Soil—The plant must have something to feed on, therefore your soil must contain a good quantity of nutriment. Make a compost of one part turfy matter obtained in old pastures, by turning over sods and scraping off the fibrous roots of grass; one part loam; and let the other third be made up of equal quantities of old, well-rotted manure—from a cow-yard, if possible—and clear, sharp sand.

This will give you a soil rich in nutritive qualities, and it will be light, mellow and porous. If proper drainage is given, such a soil will never retain too much water. Almost all plants are suited with it.

Second, Drainage—I am aware that many think it unnecessary to drain a pot, arguing that all surplus water will evaporate or soak off through the sides of a pot; but such is not the case, as experience will prove. You must put broken bits of crockery or something similar, in the bottom of each pot over four inches across its top, to prevent the soil from washing down and stopping up the hole in the bottom. This will hold the soil up, and when too much water is given, all that is not required will drain out of the soil, and thus you avoid all danger of souring the soil by stagnant water, and all likelihood of causing disease of the roots by keeping them too wet.

Third, Light—No plant can be expected to flourish in a dark room; light is as necessary to successful plant-growth as air is to you or me. If you have a carpet that you don't want the sun to get at, don't attempt to keep flowers in the room where you have it; for if you strive to effect a compromise between carpets and plants both will suffer. If you want fine plants, make up your mind at the beginning to let them have all the light possible. The carpet may fade, but the plants will flourish, as their beauty will draw the attention of visitors away from the carpet. Plenty of sunshine will be of benefit to you as well as to the plants. Some kinds require less direct light than others, and these can be given places in the rear of those which demand a good deal of strong sunshine. A south window is best of all; an east window is not quite as desirable for most kinds, but answers very well. A west window gives too much heat in the afternoon, and only the stronger kinds can be well grown in it; a north window will answer quite well for vines and other plants from which flowers are not expected.

Fourth, Watering—There is one rule for the amateur to be governed by as regards watering plants. It is this: Do not give water till the surface of the soil in the pot looks dry. Then water thoroughly, so that you can be sure that the soil is completely saturated. Of course, this rule cannot be applied to all plants, for many kinds require a great deal of water; but it is the one to be generally followed, and it can be depended on to produce satisfactory results.

Fifth, Training—If you want fine plants, you must give them constant attention in the way of training. By this, I mean pruning, to secure a good shape, and pinching back to make them bushy and compact. Without care of this sort, most plants will grow into awkward shapes; they will be straggling, "leggy," have but few branches, and be anything but the ornamental specimens they might have been with a little proper attention given at the proper time, which is when they are growing. If you wait till a plant has developed, it will be too late to bring it into good form. It will be like a person who has grown up with awkward habits; they are so fixed that it is impossible to get rid of them.

And be sure to study your plants. Work among them every day; watch them. Observe what effects your care produces on them. Experiment with them; and in a short time you will come to love them as you do the human members of your household. The care of flowers grows upon a person, and like pets made of animals or birds they will often become a large part of a woman's life.

THREE DECORATIVE PLANTS.

THE *Grevillea Robusta* is a plant little known outside the larger greenhouses and private collections of wealthy people. Why it is not grown more extensively, I do not know. It is not because it is a difficult plant to grow well; any one who can grow a palm well can grow this plant, and any one can grow a palm who can grow such common plants as the oleander. There is no difficulty in managing them when their requirements are known.

The *Grevillea* naturally assumes the form of a slender tree, with but few branches. Its foliage is finely cut, and bears some resemblance to that of the fern. A well-grown specimen has a much more delicate effect than that produced by any large plant adapted to greenhouse culture with which I am acquainted, with the exception of the acacia. I consider it much better than the latter plant, as it is seldom attacked by insects, while the acacia is sure to be infected with mealy bug and scale if there are any of these pests in the greenhouse. Its foliage is more airy and graceful, but it lacks the fluffy blooms which add to the attractions of the acacia. It makes a charming plant for the corner of a room, with its graceful foliage thrown well above the other plants used in connection with it. If branched low, it is a very pleasing background for flowering plants having sparse and unattractive foliage.

If it has any peculiarity of treatment, I have not ascertained what it is; my plant is grown in ordinary soil. It is several years old, and requires a good deal of rest-room. I shower it freely, give a semi-monthly application of liquid manure, and re-pot it once a year. I seldom have to prune it, as its natural habit is symmetrical. I am often asked if it is a tree fern, because of its resemblance of its foliage to that of the fern.

A GRACEFUL HOUSE PALM.

Latania Borbonica is one of the best of the palm family for parlor or greenhouse culture. It has broad, dark-green foliage, divided irregularly on the edge of the leaf, but, unlike most varieties of the palm, solid in the centre. The leaves are very persistent, often remaining in good condition for years. A five or six-year-old plant will, or, at least ought to, have a dozen or more large leaves, on stems a foot or a foot and a half in length. It is not a tall grower. It broadens out rather than reaches up.

This, like all others of its family, requires a deep pot or tub, as it is fond of sending its strong roots down rather than out. Give it a rich soil, well drained, plenty of water, and partial shade. Be sure to keep its foliage clean by frequent applications of water. A fine specimen is more effective in the parlor by itself, or grouped with others, than a dozen ordinary plants. It is excellent for use on a small-topped stand where but one plant is required; indeed, there is nothing better of its kind.

The cultivation of palms is one of the most satisfactory branches of floriculture, I think, for the results are frequently so beautiful and effective as to give an apparent double return for the trouble you give to them. Palms are without doubt the most beautiful and graceful of house ornaments; and the costliest bric-a-brac seems to sink out of sight in comparison to a healthy, blooming parlor palm.

A NEW ENGLAND FAVORITE.

Perhaps there is no plant so frequently met with in New England neighborhoods, as the old *Hydrangea Rosea*, with, possibly, the exception of the oleander. I know of no section where it is to be found in finer condition. New England people have grown it for so long that they have come to understand its requirements perfectly, and it has become a member of many a family. I know of plants twenty-five and thirty years old, and they are apparently good for a generation to come, as they seem to renew their youth annually.

The broad, shining foliage is very attractive, and when against this are seen the great clusters of pink flowers, it is difficult to imagine a finer shrub. An old plant will fill a large tub with its roots, and the only objection I have ever heard urged against it is, "It is so hard to take care of when it gets old." This having reference to the difficulty with which the large tub is moved about.

In some New England villages, almost every front piazza will be ornamented with *Hydrangeas* in summer. In many families it is the only plant grown. I would as soon think of asking some families to sell me one of the children as the old *Hydrangea* that has gathered the friendship of the household about it.

It is customary, I think, to set the plant in the cellar during winter. If this is done, it should be kept rather dry, for much water will have a tendency to excite growth. Give it a cool, dark place where it can rest. In March or April wake it up from its winter nap by bringing it to the living-room, where water should be given in increasing quantities as it starts into growth. When growing rapidly, it will require a great deal of water. By June it will be in full bloom; its flowers last for weeks. Indeed, I have known them to remain for months fresh and attractive. It branches freely, and an old plant will have scores of blossoming points.

There is a variegated sort with broad markings of pure white down the centre of each leaf. This is not a strong grower, but it is very useful for combining with other plants on account of the charming contrast of white and green in the foliage.

Give the *Hydrangea* a soil composed of turfy matter, sand and loam. Drain the pot or box in which you grow it, well. It does better in partial shade than in strong sunshine. It is seldom attacked by any insect; sometimes the red spider will trouble it, if kept

In a warm room and neglected; but regular and liberal applications of water thrown all over the foliage will soon cause the pest to "move on" in search of more desirable quarters.

SUCCESSFUL FLOWER GROWING.

A STAND full of healthy, blossoming plants gives the humblest room an air of cheerfulness and refinement. With a few good pictures on the walls, some good books on the table, and a window full of "green things growing," we do not need costly furniture to make the room attractive to persons who appreciate beauty in its truest sense.

A great many women say to me: "O, I do so love flowers! But I don't know how to take care of them. If I did, I'd have every window full."

And once in awhile a woman says: "I'd grow flowers if I had time to attend to them, but I haven't."

From which I infer that many women who have not cultivated flowers in the house think that to grow them well it is necessary to have quite an elaborate horticultural education, which it is out of their power to obtain, and that caring for them requires a great deal of time and labor.

Both are wrong. If a woman—or a man—really loves flowers, he or she can grow them successfully.

For, loving them, they will study them; and a careful study of their habits and requirements will soon enable them to give each plant its proper care.

But let me tell you this:

If you attempt to have flowers in your windows simply because it is fashionable to do so, the chances are that your attempt will prove a most disastrous failure.

Plants must be grown for themselves, and because you love them for what they are, rather than for the decorative effects which they can impart to your rooms. If your motive in attempting to grow them is simply to make them a part of the furniture of your room, they will know it and resent it, and they will refuse to grow for you.

If that is what you have in view in cultivating plants, I would advise you to buy jardinières of artificial plants. These will produce an immediate effect which will be perfectly satisfactory. I should imagine, to any one who considers plants in the light of furniture.

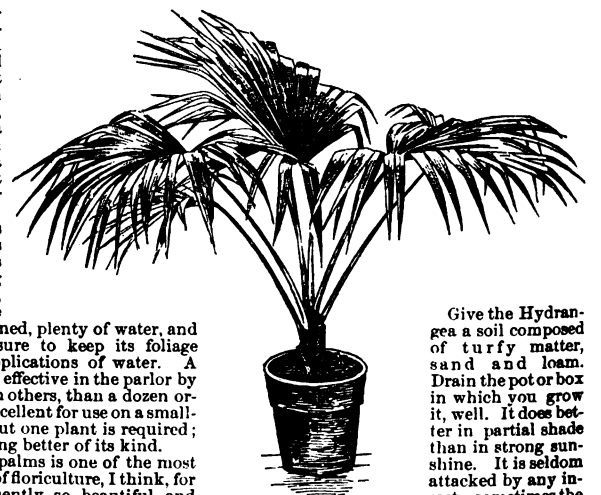
If you love flowers and want to have some in your sitting-room, but do not know what to do in beginning their culture, perhaps a few hints will help you. Some of them you may think as exceedingly simple, but you must always remember that in floriculture it is very frequently the careful looking after the simple things which combine in producing the best results. The simplest hints often bear the most important relation to the healthy cultivation of a plant.



GREVILLEA ROBUSTA.



HYDRANGEA ROSEA.



LATANIA BORBONICA.



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.

SOME WORDS TO MY READERS.

WHEN you have any questions to ask me about plants, don't write a long preface to your inquiries, but "get down to business" at once. Ask your questions without any apologies, and be sure to ask them in as few words as possible. Below I give a model letter, which I wish all correspondents would pattern after:-

My DEAR SIR:- My tea-rose seems covered with a kind of white powder, and its leaves curl up and, after a little, fall off. I have been told that roses like a cool place, and I keep this in a window the sash of which is somewhat loose. Perhaps too much cold air comes in about the sash. My heliotrope turns brown and drops most of its leaves. I did not re-pot it last year, so I am sure the pot is full of roots; but I thought it would not be necessary to give it fresh earth if I fed it frequently with liquid manure. My hoya makes a vigorous growth, but does not bloom. It is three years old and is planted in a large pail. It has a warm place, and seems very healthy. Mrs. C. D. F.

In the above letter of inquiry you will see that no words are wasted. The questioner comes right to the point, at once, and saves herself the trouble of writing a long letter, and me the trouble of reading it. She puts her questions clearly, and gives me enough information about the treatment she has given her plants to make it possible for me to tell pretty surely what the trouble is with them. What she says about the window with the loose sash is sufficient to explain the source of mildew on her rose. What she says about the pot full of roots, in her question about the heliotrope, convinces me that because of the great mass of fine ones in the centre of the pot, water enough is not taken up by the soil to meet the demands of the plant. What she says about the large pail in which her hoya is growing is sufficient to show that she falls to get flowers because she gives the plant too much root-room.

Here is a sample of the majority of letters that come to me, in everything except its brevity:-

My DEAR MR. REXFORD:- I do so love flowers. I just envy you your greenhouse. I wish I could take a peep into it. But then I know I should never be satisfied with my plants after looking at yours. I do have such luck that I am often discouraged, and think I will give up trying to have flowers; but I keep right on trying, and when I get a flower on a new plant it seems to pay for all the trouble I have been to. But isn't it provoking to coax and coax a plant for years, as I have my calla, and not get any flowers from it? What is the trouble with it? I don't like to bother you, for I know that your time must be well occupied, but I see that you say you will answer all questions we ask, if we will send a stamped and addressed envelope. That made me bold to come to you for advice. I have a geranium that has pink and white flowers. What is the name of it? I was just delighted with your article on roses. I am going to have a bed of them this summer. If there is one flower that I do just love more than another, it is the rose. That is, I think that when roses are here; but in the fall it seems to me that the pansy is the prettiest of all flowers. That makes me think that I wanted to ask what the trouble was with my pansies last year? They did not bloom half as much as they ought to. I tried so hard to get lots of flowers from them, but I couldn't do it. It was provoking, for I bought the best seed in the market. Two years ago I had the finest pansies I ever saw, and this last year the poorest. I was awfully disappointed. Do you think narcissus would do well with me? I am quite in love with that flower since I saw it blooming in my sister's garden in Michigan. The soil in mine is quite different from that in hers, but with her the plant does splendidly. I would like to grow it if I could.

I think you must be a man of great patience, for I know that you must get tired of the many letters you get, and I know, too, that many of the questions asked must seem foolish to you. I won't write a long letter this time, but if I get a reply to this, I may send a longer one next time, for I don't know much about taking care of flowers, but I want to learn, and there are lots and lots of questions I want to ask you. Mrs. S. S. E.

In the above letter you will notice that the questions asked are run in among other portions of the letter so closely that only the most careful scrutiny enables one to pick them out. Every word must be read to find them, and when you come to separate them from the rest of the letter, you will see that the writer could have condensed them into four lines, or less. And you will see, too, that she gives no hint of what treatment her plants have received. How can any one give an intelligent answer to such queries?

I speak about the brevity of the above sample. I often get letters of ten, twelve, and fourteen pages. I shudder when I see them. I put them aside, almost always, to wait for a time when I have more leisure, and this explains why some of them fail to get answered promptly. Most of them would be pleasant reading if I had time to enjoy them. But I haven't, and on that account the brief, pointed, comprehensive and intelligently-written letter is the one that pleases me most. It takes but little time to read it, and when it is read I know just what its writer wants, and, knowing this, it takes but little time to write the reply. I have before me a letter of complaint from a lady, who says that she wrote over eleven pages, and expected a lengthy reply, but I answered her in half-a-dozen lines. She sent a stamped envelope, as requested, and feels hurt at the summary way in which I disposed of her epistle. If I had written as long a letter as she sent, it would have taken me an hour, and I cannot afford to give an hour's work for two cents. Very many of the letters I receive are written so charmingly that I would like very much to answer them in the spirit in which they are written, but it is impossible for me to do so on account of lack of time. This will explain, I trust, to many who have sent such letters and received a concise reply, why I have not written at greater length.

I wish correspondents would be governed by the following suggestions, in asking questions:

- 1st.—Omit apology for writing. None is needed.
2d.—Ask your questions in the briefest shape consistent with clearness. If about a plant which you have failed to grow well, tell what your treatment of it has been.
3d.—Leave a space of a line or two between each question.
4th.—Write on only one side of the paper.
5th.—Give your name and post-office address at the bottom of the list of questions, even if addressed envelope is sent. It sometimes happens that letters and the envelopes in which their reply is to be sent get separated.
6th.—Write on subjects independent of your questions on a separate sheet.
7th.—Send no questions to be answered "through the paper," unless the information asked for will be of general interest.
8th.—Don't forget to send stamped envelope for reply to come by mail, and address this envelope to yourself.
9th.—Before asking any questions, be sure that similar ones have not been answered in recent numbers of the JOURNAL. If such questions have been answered there, apply the information to your own case.

SENSELESS IMPOSITIONS. I find that some persons have been imposing on me by sending items which they have taken from old magazines, instead of personal experience. I am sorry that any one has done this. I would like to have entire confidence in all correspondents, and believe that they are acting in good faith. If imposed on in future, and the imposition is discovered, I shall "speak out in meeting" and give the impostor's name.

And speaking of impositions reminds me that a person writing under the name of "Chatta Bella" has attempted to get some free advertising by offering very generously to give away some pansy seed. Mrs. G. A. B. wrote her for some of the seed she offered, which she had to give away, but not to sell, and in return received a catalogue with the information that she had been in the seed business for eight years. This catalogue Mrs. G. A. B. sends me, and in it is listed the very kind of pansy of which she says she has no seed to sell. It is evident that her offer of free seed was made to secure the address of persons to whom she could send a catalogue.

FLOWERS FOR SHADE AND SUN. "Cambria" writes that she has two borders which she wishes to fill with plants. One is shaded all day, while the other has the sun most of the time. What plants shall she use? I would advise ferns, fuchsias and begonias for the shady bed. In the sunny one I would plant phlox, petunia, geranium and heliotrope. If the soil is not rich, add manure of some kind, or, if this is not available, get guano or some other kind of fertilizer at the agricultural stores. Dig up the soil well, and keep down weeds. Further than this no special instructions are required.

CARE OF CYCLAMEN IN SUMMER. Mrs. W. E. J. asks how to care for Cyclamen during the summer season.—I would keep it in its pot, and give it a place on the veranda where it will be shaded most of the time; do not give a great deal of water. Aim to keep it as nearly dormant as possible till September. A Phyllocactus ought to bloom when two years old, if properly cared for.

CARDAMON. Mrs. L. S. M. asks for information as to care required by this plant.—I can not give it, as I have never grown the plant.

Weak Arms Strong Arms. They're all on the same level when you wash with Pearl-line. The woman who is strong can keep her strength for something else; the woman who is weak will feel that she is strong. It isn't the woman that does the work—it's PEARLINE.

So it is with the clothes. They needn't be strong. The finest things fare as well as the coarsest. They all last longer, for they're saved the rubbing that wears them out. Work was never so easy—never so well done. And safe, too. Nothing that is washable was ever hurt by Pearl-line. If it were otherwise—do you think we would continue to sell enough Pearl-line yearly to supply every family in the land with several packages.

Beware. Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you, "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearl-line." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearl-line, do the honest thing—send it back. JAMES PYLE, New York

ROOZEN'S DUTCH BULBS FOR FALL PLANTING. Hyacinths, Tulips, Narcissus, Lilies, Crocuses, Irises, Amaryllis, Gloxinias, Praonies, Primulas, Lily-of-the-Valley, etc. The most extensive Catalogue of the above and ALL NEW AND RARE BULBS AND PLANTS is published by the famous growers, ANT, ROOZEN & SON, Overveen (near Haarlem), Holland. Established 1832.

50 FIFTY DOLLARS FOR LIFE SCHOLARSHIP PALMS BUSINESS COLLEGE. 1709 Chestnut St., PHILADA., PA. (Both Sexes.) Position for Graduates. Time 3 to 4 mos. Best Equipped. Best Course of Study. Circulars free if you name this paper.

The Gem Freezer. The Best in the World. Manufactured by the AMERICAN MACHINE CO., Lehigh Av. and American St., PHILADELPHIA. For Sale by all th. Leading HOUSEFURNISHING AND HARDWARE STORES IN THE COUNTRY.

Illustrated Catalogue and Recipes for 50 Ice Creams, etc., sent free on application to the Manufacturers.

CACTUS. 10 Plants mailed for \$1.00. Hints on Cacti, 10c. Catalogue free. A. BLANC & Co., Phila. LADIES Who Value a Refined Complexion MUST USE POZZONI'S MEDICATED COMPLEXION POWDER.

It imparts a brilliant transparency to the skin. Removes all pimples, freckles and discolorations, and makes the skin delicately soft and beautiful. It contains no lime, white lead or arsenic. In three shades: pink or flesh, white and brunette.

FOR SALE BY All Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers Everywhere. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

FREE TEA SPOONS. I will give any lady one dozen Silver-Plated Teaspoons, elegant design, warranted to wear, who will dispose of one dozen Hawley's Corn Salve warranted to cure, among friends, at 25 cents a box. Write me and I will mail you the Salve. You sell it and send me the money, and I will mail you the dozen handsome spoons. Address

CHARLES HAWLEY, Chemist, Berlin, Wis. RHEUMATISM NOT TEMPORARILY RELIEVED BUT PERMANENTLY CURED. Send your address, with a two cent stamp for TREATISE on RHEUMATISM, and full information regarding its Cure—naming this paper YELLOW PINE EXTRACT CO. Box 348. PITTSBURGH, PA.

STEEL-EDGE LAST A-LIFE TIME. DUST PANS. EDGE ALWAYS STRAIGHT. SOLD BY DEALERS EVERYWHERE. By mail, postage prepaid, on receipt of 25 cts. to the Steel Edge Stamping and Retinning Co. 89 State Street, BOSTON, MASS.

This Magnetic Belt is the Most Powerful Curative Agent ever made for Lame Back, Weakness of Spine and Kidneys, and pains arising from derangements of the abdominal organs. It is Nature's Substance concentrated, and will give immediate comfort and relief by restoring Natural Action to every organ in the body. IT IS NATURE'S BOON TO WOMANKIND! Language but faintly describes the health-giving power of this Natural Support. The Belt is made of genuine magnets, and the genius of man has not produced its equal since the days of Paracelsus, the world-renowned physician, who cured all diseases with magnetism. Every lady, young or old, should wear this vitalizing health-giving Belt and Abdominal Support. Our Book "Plain Road to Health" free. MAGNETIC BELT CO., No. 6 Central Music Hall, Chicago, Ill.

DYSPEPSIA. I have a positive remedy for this disease, by its use the worst kind and most unyielding cases of all forms have been cured. I will take pleasure in sending ONE PACKAGE FREE to every sufferer who will send at once on a postal card, name and address. (Mention this paper.) WALTER L. DAY, 23 West 12th St., N. Y. City.

SMOOTH BEAUTIFUL SKIN at once healthfully secured by use of the purely vegetable ROSE BALM. Delightfully fragrant and soothing. Not greasy. Cures sunburn, chaps, freckles, &c., or money refunded, 50c. post paid. ROSE BALM CO., Rochester, N. Y.

ASTHMA-HAY FEVER CURED. BY MAIL TO SUFFERERS, FREE. Dr. R. SCHIFFMAN, St. Paul, Minn.

PIMPLES, BLACKHEADS AND FLESH WORMS. "MEDICATED CREAM" is the ONLY KNOWN, harmless, pleasant and absolutely SURE and infallible cure. It positively and effectively removes ALL, clean, completely and FOR GOOD IN A FEW DAYS ONLY, leaving the skin clear and unblemished always. For those who have NO blotches on the face it beautifies the complexion as nothing else in the world can, rendering it CLEAR, FAIR and TRANSPARENT, and clearing it of all muddiness and coarseness. It is a true remedy to cure and NOT a paint or powder to cover up and hide blemishes. Mailed in plain wrapper for 25 cents in stamps, or two for 50 cts., by GEORGE N. STODDARD, Druggist, 1226 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.

BEAUTY. Wrinkles, Black-heads, Pimples, Freckles, Pittings, Moles and Superfluous Hair permanently removed. Flesh increased or reduced. Complexions beautified. The Form developed: Hair, Brows and Lashes colored and restored. Interesting Book (sent sealed), 4c. Mailed, Veltaro, 414 W. 47th St., N. Y. City. Mention this paper.



THE ONLY Perfect Substitute for Mother's Milk. INVALUABLE IN CHOLERA INFANTUM AND TEETHING.



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, 1880; Paris, 1889.

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.

PARALYSIS CURED without medicine. Rheumatism, Spinal Diseases and Dropsy easily cured.

LADY TO REPRESENT NEW BUSINESS. Salary and expenses or commission paid. Exclusive territory & liberal arrangements.

FREE - A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases.

FREE Samples of cloth the famous Plymouth Rock \$3 Pants are cut from, including self-measurement blanks and linen tape-measure.

GUITAR SELF-TEACH without notes with Howe's Chart.

LADIES' FACE and hands made and kept fair as usual by using "Mince's" Lmond Meal; cures Sunburn, Moth, Tan, Freckles, Eczema, Blackheads, Pimples, etc.

GARFIELD TEA Cures Constipation and Sick Headache.

\$230 A MONTH Agents Wanted. 50 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample free.

A GOOD PENMAN WANTED in every City, Town and Village.

LADY AGENTS make good wages and work at home.

LADIES, we want a reliable woman in every County to establish a Corset Parlor for the sale of Dr. Nichols' Celebrated Spiral Spring Corsets and Clasp.

LADY AGENTS CLEAR \$10 DAILY selling "Victoria Protection" rubber goods for Ladies & Children.

Fill Your Own TEETH with Crystalline.

BIG PAY to sell our Rubber Stamps.

STAMMERERS. Send for "Speech Defects, Their Causes and Corrections."

LADIES' SOCIETY ALBUM. For recording calls received, calls made, appointments, etc.

EYE SIGHT CAN BE RESTORED. NO FREE. How to ABSORB CATARACT, Cure diseases of eyes and lids, make weak eyes strong.

SWEATY FEET. Dr. Lazzaretto's French ALL CASES. Recommended by physicians.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

TO ALL CORRESPONDENTS: Any question from our readers, of help or interest to women, will be cheerfully answered in this department.

HELEN F.-In sending flowers to a funeral a card should accompany them, inclosed in an envelope, and having the word "condolence" written on it.

MRS. IDA B.-We do not know of any association such as you describe for lending money.

LILAC-You say you have tried everything for your skin. Now, suppose you try care about your diet and your general health.

BRENDA-Large leghorn hats are intended for carriage and country wear, and are not suited, save on very small people, for church.

MAY S.-In writing to a man address the letter to "Mr. " In introducing callers, present the younger lady to the elder, but when there is no great difference of age it does not matter whose name is mentioned first.

BLANCHE-Have confidence in the man to whom you are betrothed. It is much better, as he is away from you, for him to go with young women who are in his own set, than to go exclusively with men.

B. R.-A present sent you through your father may be accepted and should be acknowledged by a note of thanks.

The daughter, who in doing her duty and feels that she should receive wages, ought to ask herself the questions: Did my mother receive wages for her care of me when I was too helpless to care for myself?

A YOUNG GIRL-Do not permit yourself to love a man until he has shown by some special attention that he cares for you.

ELLA S.-As you are only fourteen and the gentleman has known you from your childhood, there is no impropriety in his calling you by your Christian name.

WALTER S.-A sketch and a picture of Will Carleton may be found in THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, for July, 1887.

ROSE L.-Most of the Protestant denominations sanction the marriage of divorced people.

ROSE-The sending a valentine is only a pretty courtesy, by which the young man may mean only friendship, and cannot advise you putting any other construction on it.

D. E. G.-From the way in which you describe the redness of your nose, it would seem as if it would be wisest for you to consult a physician about it.

ONE OF THE AFFLICTED-You say your skin is good and all that troubles you is a shiny nose in the warm weather.

LAURA-When you know that you are in the wrong it becomes "mean" in you not to apologize to your betrothed.

C. A. L.-Marietta Holley (Josiah Allen's wife) writes as much for the JOURNAL as for any other paper.

MRS. L. G.-Put hot water and strong spirits of ammonia in the glass and let it stand for twenty-four hours; then wash it well and the stains will probably come out.

D.-Pronounce "Phillida" with a slight accent on the first syllable and with the soft l, as in Phillip.

AMBITIOUS-The only way to get a "footing" in the literary world is to write your very best and then send the article to the journals to which it seems adapted.

INQUIRY-Where there are several daughters all out it is usual to have a formal card on which is engraved, "The Misses " In the lower left-hand corner is the address, and on the right the "at-home" day.

MRS. C. S.-The use of hot and cold water, as advised, on the face, will tend to wrinkle away and keep them from coming.

A SUBSCRIBER-Steam your face over a bowl of very hot water and then remove the blackheads by pressing them out.

W. W. X.-Soup should be eaten from the side and not from the end of the spoon.

MRS. J. S.-Only those who are in mourning or mourning station, not those who write to the ones in grief.

INNOCENCE-If the watch is a chateleine it may be worn at the belt or outside the bodice; but if by the short chain is drawn through one of the button-holes, and the watch is put inside the bodice.

CONSTANT READER-What is known as toilet vinegar, and which can be had in any of the large drug shops, will improve your skin.

KANKOO-The simplest way and one of the best to make a pot-pourri, is to throw salt on your rose-leaves and, once in awhile, a little alcohol.

MISS L.-Pronounce "Marion" exactly as it is spelled, giving the sound of "Mary" to the two first syllables.

M. L. W.-Nothing will keep dandruff from the hair so surely as regular brushing; if one does one's duty and gives fifty strokes to the hair at night, it will keep clean and glossy, and, curiously enough, this gentle exercise will develop the arms and bust.

DELL R.-We do not publish any books on declamation.

G. G.-If you are alone at a hotel choose exactly what you wish in ordering your dinner, or else tell the waiter to bring you a nice dinner.

H. H.-The paper called "The Educator" is published in Boston, Mass.

NELLIE F.-We would advise you to submit the silk gown which has been stained, to a professional scourer.

A SUBSCRIBER-Ribbons are best cleaned by the dry French method. All subscribers have the privilege of asking questions to be answered in this Department; but the Editor reserves the right of deciding whether they are of the kind the answers to which will be of general interest to women.

MAY-Your letter was received too late for an answer in the "Side-Talks." Try a mixture of two-thirds of white brandy to one of castor-oil to keep your hair from falling out; do not put it on your head, but rub it in the scalp with your fingers.

FLORA-Unless you are engaged to be married to the young man, it is not proper for you to accept any piece of jewelry from him.

MOST CONSTANT READER-You ask why a woman should make her wishes and desires subservient to her husband? Why? Because God made woman the peace-maker, and when she is contradictory, the result is a very undesirable life.

MOLLY-For excessive perspiration try rice powder.

PANSY-In introducing two brothers to a friend, it is quite proper to say "Mr. King, and Mr. John King."

EMILY-Only a determination not to do it will make you stop biting your lips: it is a habit that causes the mouth to become misshapen, the lips to thicken, and gives in this way a coarse look to the face.

ELLA-The privilege of bringing an escort is not given in a formal way to a maid; take you to the wedding anniversary, and either wait for you or return for you.

BROWNIE-If the sunburn is the result of the summer exposure, it will be easiest removed by putting on a little olive oil, or vaseline, at night, and anointing it two or three times a day with fresh lemon-juice.

EVA R.-We do not know of any school where the expenses are to be nothing to girls with no means. Why not try to get the scholarship offered by THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL?

BELLE-In entering a hall, drawing-room, a church aisle, a concert room or a theatre, in going up or down stairs, a lady always precedes a gentleman; even if she does not know where the seats are, the usher, going ahead, will show her, and her escort should follow her.

COUNTRY GIRL-It is not in good taste for a girl of fifteen or sixteen years of age to go to church, or to the opera with a young man without any other companion.

MABEL M.-There are a number of very good hair tonics sold at the drug shops, but if your hair is faded it may be doubted if anything will restore it to its natural color.

F. L. B.-Make your gray suiting with a plain skirt having two full, double box-plaits in the back; have a postilion basque closed down the front with small, gray buttons.

MARIAN R.-It is much better to err on the side of simplicity rather than commit the fault of over-dressing.

KATHERINE-The course of reading recommended in "Side Talks to Girls," in one of the late numbers of the JOURNAL, will be found interesting and improving.

A. R. L.-White, undressed kid gloves are again very generally worn, and the sack glove, that is, the one without any buttons, are specially liked.

JULIA-Do not be so despondent. Look on the bright side of things; there always is one, and when you are particularly depressed, when first taken, sent on receipt of price, 50 cents.

Our 40-page Premium Catalogue is now ready for mailing. In it we have incorporated "Hints on Art Needlework," by Mrs. A. R. RAMSEY, and "Kensington Art Designs," by JANE S. CLARK, of London.

SEE MY SPONGE?



SHINE your Shoes with WOLFF'S ACME BLACKING ONCE A WEEK!

EVERY Housewife EVERY Counting Room EVERY Carriage Owner EVERY Thrifty Mechanic EVERY Body able to hold a brush SHOULD USE PIK-RON

LADIES! Good wages for light work that can be done at home. Send stamped, addressed envelope for particulars.

ROSE-L. KE COMPLEXIONS are obtained by ladies who use INVISIBLE TOILET POWDER.

AGENTS AN OPPORTUNITY SELDOM OFFERED. To sell the most useful instrument ever invented.

CRAYON PORTRAITS from Photographs, how to make. Easy and simple. Machine and Book \$1.

BLACK HEADS or Comedones positively cured. Receipt sent securely sealed on receipt of 25 cts.

DERMATINE FOR THE SKIN. Send 10 Cts. for trial box. Agents wanted.

100 Engraved Visiting Cards and Plate \$2 THE BELMONT CO., 341 Fifth Avenue, New York.

FACE OF DOVELY WOMAN. The Art of "making up." Every detail fully described by best European authorities.

SEND A STAMP OR 75 CENTS. A stamp will bring full particulars. 5 cents the thing itself, by express, prepaid.

TO SICK-HEADACHE SUFFERERS. Send a stamped envelope addressed to yourself, and we will send free, a sample of Gardner's Sick-Headache Powder.

U. S. Title a sure 20 per cent profit. Invest your small savings TAOMA \$100 LOTS \$5 CASH \$5 MONTHLY.

WE buy second hand books of any kind and of any language, and at fair prices.

FOR A 2c STAMP WE WILL SEND FREE No Pain! No Poison! TO ANY ADDRESS, A TRIAL BOX OF A-CORN SALVE

THIS MACHINE \$12 TRIAL FREE! You can give the machine to your friends before sending us one cent.

ACME WASHING MACHINE is absolute self-operating, doing away with the hardest part of washing, viz: the rubbing.

HEMORRHOIDS CURED AT HOME. NEVER FAILS TO CURE. Full instructions for self-treatment, goes with every order.

Little ANNIE ROONEY The latest out. Words and Music complete; regular music size, illustrated frontispiece, only 10 cts.

SEND stamp for particulars of Wyant Shade Fastener and Souvenir. WYANT MFG. CO., Chicago, Ill.

Our 40-page Premium Catalogue is now ready for mailing. In it we have incorporated "Hints on Art Needlework," by Mrs. A. R. RAMSEY, and "Kensington Art Designs," by JANE S. CLARK, of London.

CURTIS PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

Vacation Chances for Boys and Girls.

HOW BOYS AND GIRLS CAN EARN MONEY PRIZES DURING SCHOOL VACATIONS.

To encourage the self-earning of money in young people, THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL offers to the boy or girl who will send between now and September 1st next, the largest number of Trial Subscriptions, at 25 cents each,

TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS (\$25) IN CASH.

- For the Second Largest List, - \$20.00 in Cash.
- For the Third Largest List, - 15.00 in Cash.
- For the Fourth Largest List, - 10.00 in Cash.
- For the Fifth Largest List, - 5.00 in Cash.

Boys and girls competing for these prizes can offer THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL on trial for the balance of this year, beginning with the September number, for twenty-five (25) cents. Any boy or girl can induce hundreds of women to give them twenty-five cents, and each quarter so sent will go to the credit of the sender to win these money prizes. Names should be sent in as fast as received, and, if we are notified (see next paragraph), an account will be kept with each Club-raiser.

READ CAREFULLY.—No Clubs of Subscribers will be entered in competition for above Cash Prizes unless on each Club Blank or Letter accompanying same, the sender writes—"ENTER FOR CASH PRIZES."

The names and addresses of the winners of these prizes will be published in the JOURNAL pages.

Handsome Presents are offered on this and other pages for Clubs of Trial Subscribers.

Solid Gold Rings.

The Rings we offer below are first-class in quality and are Solid Gold. We have no plated rings. The Garnets, Turquois, Opals and Pearls are real and genuine. The rest of the stones are what are known as Doublets, i. e., slabs of the real stone mounted upon an imitation base. This class of stone, now so generally used, is difficult to distinguish from a real gem, even on closest inspection.



No. 1154. Sardonyx (Intaglio) Cameo, rich cherry in color. Suitable for a lady or gentleman. Sent as a Premium for 22 Trial Subscribers.



No. 1288. The three stones are set to resemble a clover-leaf. They can be ordered in three Moonstones, or two Moonstones and for the third stone either a Garnet, Ruby, Emerald or Sapphire. Sent as a Premium for 22 Trial Subscribers. In ordering, tell us which combination you prefer.



No. 925. Four Turquois and five Pearls. A very beautiful and popular ring. Sent as a Premium for 20 Trial Subscribers.

Price, \$4.50 each, post-paid. Order only by size (see Ring Scale below).

A NOVEL IDEA



In Rings for girls is the new Gold Extension Ring. These rings are of Gold and the setting is two Sapphires and a small flower in French Enamel. By an arrangement in the ring, its size can be adjusted to fit any ordinary size finger. In ordering, let us know what size ring you wear (see Ring Scale below).

One of these rings sent post-paid by registered mail, as a Premium for a Club of 6 Trial Subscribers at 25 cents each; or, for 4 Subscribers and 25 cents extra. Price, 80 cents, post-paid.

SILVER "FRIENDSHIP" RING.



Sent, post-paid, as a Premium for a Club of 3 Trial Subscribers at 25 cents each; or, for 2 Subscribers and 15 cents extra.

Apparently, the latest "fad" in connection with rings requires a young lady to request of gentlemen friends a subscription of a cent apiece. With the funds so obtained a ten-cent silver-piece is formed into a ring with a bangle, on which is engraved initials or a date.

We think our plan of sending Three Trial Subscribers is to be preferred. We have the Rings all ready made up, and they are thicker than most of those made of coin. Order only by size (see Ring Scale below).

Price, 40 cents each, post-paid.

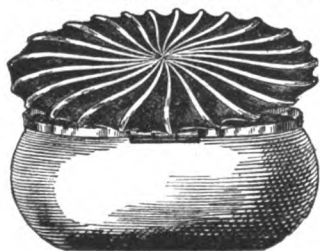
RING GAUGE.



To ascertain the size of ring desired, cut a strip of stiff paper of a size to exactly encircle your finger. Lay this strip out flat on the above graduated scale; send us the number of the black strip corresponding in length with the piece of paper.

An Elegant Bonbonniere.

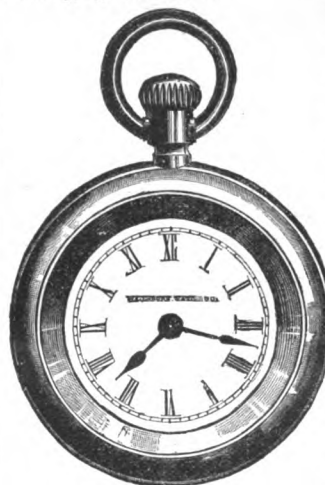
Sent as a Premium for a Club of 14 Trial Subscribers at 25 cents each; or, for 10 Subscribers and 50 cents extra; or, for 8 Subscribers and 75 cents extra. Postage and packing, 10 cents additional. Price, \$1.85 post-paid.



One of the latest "fads" is the Bonbonniere; all the ladies are carrying them now. We have an assortment of designs, any of which we can recommend. The quality is the very best. They are not solid silver, but are quadruple plate, on the best white metal, and gilt inside. The designs are artistic and the workmanship fine. Bonbonnières can be purchased as low as 50 cents each, but they will be found to be of inferior workmanship and material, and generally undesirable.

A Good Watch for the Boys.

One of these Watches will be given to any boy sending us a Club of 24 Trial Subscribers at 25 cents each; or, for 20 Subscribers and 50 cents extra; or, for 15 Subscribers and \$1.15 extra; or, for 10 Subscribers and \$1.75 extra. Postage and packing, 25 cents extra.



Not much description is necessary of the most famous watch in the world—the "Waterbury." It is known by all to be a Good, Reliable Time-keeper. It is a Stem-winder and will run 28 hours. The Case is Nickeled and the Crystal has a heavy-beveled edge. The works of the watch are made with the finest automatic machinery, and every movement is tested before leaving the factory.

Each watch, as we send it out, is packed in a neat Satin-lined Case. While Waterbury Watches are for sale in nearly every jewelry store in the country, we do not know of any other chance of securing one as a Premium for Subscribers. Any bright boy can secure 24 Trial Subscribers as the result of two afternoons' work. Begin at once and send us a postal card for sample copies, and we will mail them to you.

The price of this Watch when purchased, is \$3.00. POSTAGE AND PACKING, 25 CENTS EXTRA, WHETHER THE WATCH BE PURCHASED OR SENT AS A PREMIUM.

Just the Watch.

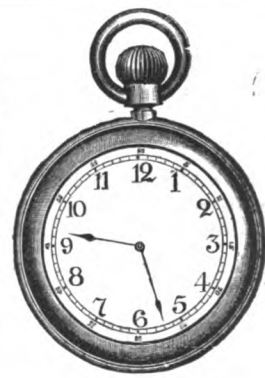
For Young Ladies or for a Boy.

Sent, post-paid, as a Premium for a Club of 40 Trial Subscribers at 25 cents each; or, for 30 Subscribers and \$1.25; or, for 20 Subscribers and \$2.50 extra. Price, \$4.00, post-paid.

This watch is of the exact size shown in the cut. We will guarantee it to be a thoroughly correct time-piece. The case is of Nickel, open-face, bevelled-edge.

It is a SHORT WINDING WATCH and a STEM SETTER as well as a STEM WINDER. The dial-plate is not of paper, but is enameled, and the hours are noted in figures—as is the case in the most popular of the high-priced time pieces.

These watches have jewelled escapements, and are all carefully examined and tested before being sent to us. From a mechanical standpoint, they are all that could be desired and are thoroughly reliable.

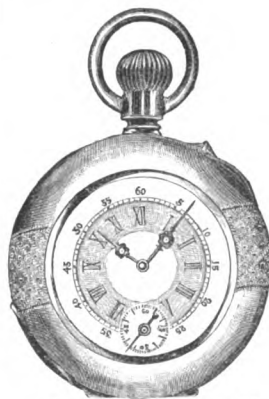


Boy's Silver Watch.

Sent post-paid, by Registered Mail, as a Premium for a Club of 60 Trial Subscribers at 25 cents each; or, for 50 Subscribers and \$1.25; or, for 40 Subscribers and \$2.50; or, for 30 Subscribers and \$3.75 extra. Price \$8.50.

This is superior to any Watch we have ever offered for Boys. It has an Open-Face, with a Tinted, Enameled Dial—Marginal Figures. It is Full Jeweled, Silver Cap, Bassine Engraved Case.

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



Boys! Begin now! Use this paper as a sample copy, and send us a postal card for as many more as you can use to advantage.

Our New Tissue-Paper Flower Outfits.

Sent, post-paid, as a Premium for a Club of 10 Trial Subscribers at 25 cents each; or, for 8 Subscribers and 25 cents extra; or, for 6 Subscribers and 50 cents extra; or, for 4 Subscribers and 75 cents extra. We will send it by mail and prepay postage on receipt of \$1.25.

The large number of calls which have been made for our Tissue-Paper Flower Outfit indicate beyond a doubt that this pleasant form of occupation is as popular as ever.

In answer to requests received from subscribers, we offer a larger and more complete Outfit than we have been furnishing, and which is put up expressly for our use.



This Outfit includes 24 full-size sheets of best quality Tissue, assorted colors; seven feet of Tubing for Stems; Culots; Rose Sprays; Natural and Artificial Moss; Wire, assorted sizes and colors; Centres for Roses, Poppies and Daisies; Daisy Petals; Poppy Buds and assorted Leaves. With each Outfit we enclose a Manual giving full and complete instructions for making Flowers, Fans, Lamp-Shades, Wall-Pockets, Owls, and the various ornamental articles which can be fashioned out of Tissue-Paper. We send, as well, over one hundred sample shades of paper to be used in selecting material.

The Outfit is packed and sent out in a well-made wooden box with a hinged lid, which can safely be sent by mail.

With this Outfit, which is most complete, and the book of instructions, any person can, with a little practice, become an expert in this fascinating and beautiful art.

Beginner's Outfit.

A world of pleasure lies in Tissue-Paper for the children! No nursery should be without it. An assortment of bright colors and a pair of safe children's scissors will produce such a "millennium" in the nursery world that no one who has ever tried it will consent to diminish the children's allowance of Tissue-Paper, for, besides keeping them quiet, they are educating the eye, cultivating the taste and developing ingenuity at one and the same time.

We have an Outfit similar in character to the above—but less paper and materials in general—which we can supply, packed in a nice wooden box, with a Manual of Instructions, post-paid, as a Premium for 4 Trial Subscribers at 25 cents each. Send 10 cents extra for postage and packing. Price, 65 cents, post-paid.

Nursery Outfit.

Sent, post-paid, as a Premium for a Club of 3 Trial Subscribers at 25 cents each.

All who have had anything to do with the care of the little ones, recognize in paper dolls a source of endless amusement to successive generations. As aids to the mother, in supplying occupation for restless hands and eager minds in the nursery, they are invaluable. We have an Outfit for paper-doll making which will be welcomed by children and parents alike. It includes 1 Doll's Complete Dress, made up; a number of beautiful Colored Heads and Sets of Legs; also, Stiff Paper Bodies for new dresses; Lace Paper for edging and trimming; Sheets of Silvered Paper; a yard of Gilt Star Ornaments, and an ample supply of (Imported) Tissue-Paper, in soft and beautiful tints.

We furnish an illustrated Sheet of Instructions, and a Book of Samples of Tissue-Paper, with each Outfit; also, Directions for Making Flowers and Decorative Articles. An Outfit such as this will surely supersede the old-fashioned paper dolls in all modern nurseries.

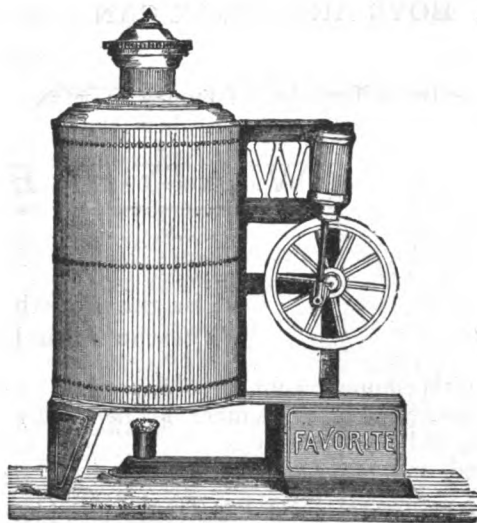
Price, post-paid, 35 cents.

This Outfit, unlike our other Tissue-Paper Outfits, is not packed in a wooden box. We have, however, adopted a wooden mailing frame, which ought to carry it in perfect safety.



Our New Favorite Engine.

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



The Favorite is new this season, and is now ready for shipment. It measures 6 inches in height. This is a smaller Engine than our Upright, and was designed expressly to fill the demand for a less expensive machine. It is suitable for beginners in the study of steam.

It is a model Steam Engine, complete and perfect, and all its parts are firmly connected, so that it can be readily moved from one place to another while in operation. The essential parts are as perfect, and as carefully made as in our larger and more expensive Engines. The Favorite has sufficient power to run small toys.

Richly finished in red and gold colors.

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

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

This Engine can be sent either by Mail or Express.

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

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

A Real Steamboat!

Sent, post-paid, as a Premium for a Club of 10 Trial Subscribers at 25 cents each; or, for 6 Subscribers and 50 cents extra; or, for 4 Subscribers and 75 cents extra.



This is a real steamboat, 11 inches long, having a brass boiler, and steam engine to work the screw. Steam is made by placing a small lamp under the boiler, and filling the boiler with water. Will run half an hour without refilling. Perfectly safe; will not explode. Directions accompany each boat. The hull is of metal, handsomely painted. Has a nice cloth awning, and gaily painted flag floating at the stern. A fine model, sharp bows, a fast sailor. Great fun in playing ocean steamer. It will sail across the pond without any string to keep it from going astray. Your friend on the other side will turn it back again. You can call it a "mail" steamer by writing notes back and forth and sending them by the steamer safely tucked away in the hold. Will take light freight, such as a pen-knife, or marbles. We will sell this boat for \$1.50, and send it postpaid to any address.

A Beautiful Oxidized Silver-Plated Button-Hook

IN A SATIN-LINED CASE.

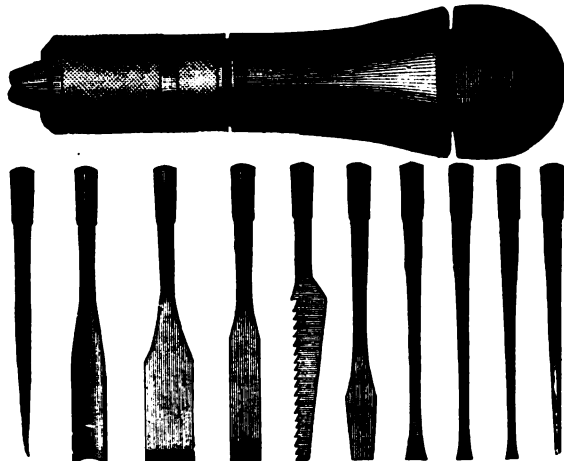
Sent, post-paid, as a Premium for a Club of 3 Trial Subscribers at 25 cents each; or, for 2 Subscribers and 15 cents extra.



This Button-Hook is 7½ inches long, and beautifully chased. It is Triple-plate and of the best quality. It is, on account of its length, not only extremely convenient, but will be found to be an ornament for any lady's dressing-table. Price, 35 cents, post-paid.

Handy Tools for the House.

Given for 8 Trial Subscribers at 25 cents each; or, for 6 Subscribers and 25 cents extra; or, for 4 Subscribers and 50 cents extra. Sent post-paid.



A most convenient and useful article for wives and daughters, as well as for the men and boys.

These Tool handles are made of Rosewood, with Lignumvitæ Cap, highly polished and of beautiful appearance. The ferrule and jaws are heavily Nickel-plated.

The Steel jaws will hold perfectly, not only the Tools contained in the hollow handle, but all other things from a needle to a mill file. No other Tool Handle in the market will do this. It answers the purpose of a small Hand-Vise.

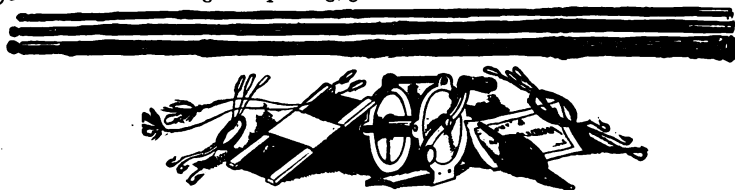
THESE CUTS ARE ABOUT ONE-HALF THE SIZE OF THE HANDLE AND TOOLS WHICH THEY REPRESENT.

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

No. 4 Handle and 10 Tools \$1.00. Sent by mail, prepaid, on receipt of price.

Our Fishing Outfit for the Boys.

Given as a Premium to any boy who will send us 8 Trial Subscribers at 25 cents each; or, for 6 Subscribers and 25 cents extra; or, for 4 Subscribers and 50 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, 12½ 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. ½ dozen long shank Carlisle Hooks for Trout, and ½ 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 12½ to 13½ 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, Line, etc., 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.

The Latest!

THE FOUNTAIN TOP.

Sent as a Premium for a Club of 2 Trial Subscribers at 25 cents each. Postage and packing, 10 cents additional.

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

Price, 50 cents, post-paid.



Toy Dishes.

CHILDREN'S BRITANNIA TEA SET.

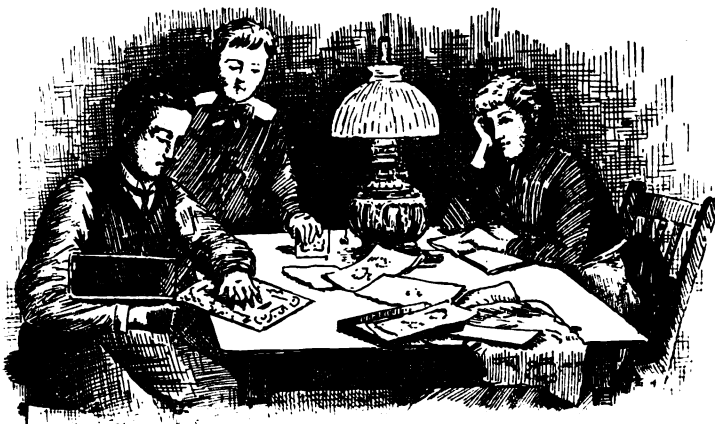
Sent, post-paid, as a Premium for a Club of 5 Trial Subscribers at 25 cents each.



A delightful premium for the girls, and one that is always acceptable. This set is very pretty in design, brightly polished and hard to break, can be sent safely through the mails. You can judge of the size of the dishes when we say the teapot is 3½ inches high. We will send above set, post-paid, to any address, for 75 cents if you wish to purchase, instead of securing it free of cost by sending subscribers.

Bracket Saw and Outfit.

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



The Saw Frame is made of Spring Steel, and measures 5x12 inches. It is Nickered and has a Japanned handle.

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

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

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

Hammocks.

STRONG, HANDSOME, WELL MADE.

Given as a Premium for a Club of 8 Trial Subscribers at 25 cents each; or, for 6 Subscribers and 25 cents extra; or, for 4 Subscribers and 50 cents extra. Send 25 cents extra for postage.



The body of this Hammock is woven, and is much more pleasant to lie in than the regular Mexican hammock, and it will not pull buttons from the clothing. It conforms to every motion of the body and has the elasticity of the best Spring Bed. We consider it the strongest and most durable Hammock we have ever seen.

We find No. 4 to be the most popular size. This size is 11 feet in length and 3 feet wide, and will safely sustain a weight of from 300 to 400 lbs.

We will send one by Express, charges to be paid by the receiver, on receipt of \$1.00; or, will prepay the postage and mail it for \$1.25.

THE HAMMOCK-CHAIR.

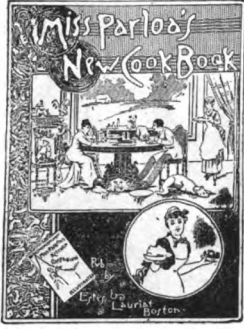
Given as a Premium for a Club of 4 Trial Subscribers at 25 cents each. Postage and packing, 20 cents extra.

This Hammock-Chair combines the features of a Hammock and of a Swing. As we send it out, it is complete and in perfect readiness for hanging up. Ropes, hooks and slips are sent with it. It can be packed in a very small and compact bundle, and is just the thing in which to spend a hot summer's afternoon under a shady tree. Price, 50 cents. Postage and packing, 20 cents extra.



Parloa's Latest and Best Cook Book.

Sent, post-paid, as a Premium for only Two 3-months' Subscribers at 25 cts. each.



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.

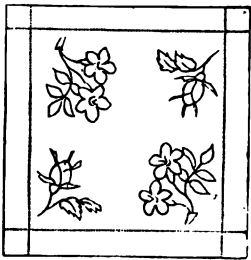
It is considered to be her best production, and is complete in every way. Neither time nor money has been spared in the preparation of the book, and housekeepers will find it contains the secret of providing the most healthful food in a tasty manner and at the least expense. It is bound in a handsome 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.

Our price, post-paid, 20 cents; regular price, 30 cents.

Linen Doilies.

One dozen sent as a Premium for a Club of 8 Trial Subscribers at 25 cents each and 5 cents extra. One-half dozen, post-paid, for a Club of 4 Trial Subscribers.



These are of Linen, of a beautiful quality, hemstitched with a one-inch hem. They are stamped with designs for embroidering. The prettiest, most delicate things imaginable—just the thing to set off a handsome finger-bowl, and no housekeeper's linen-closet is complete without them. Price, \$1.25 per dozen, post-paid.

The Improved Ideal Hair-Curler.

Given for 4 Trial Subscribers at 25 cents each; or, for 2 Subscribers and 25 cents extra.



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.

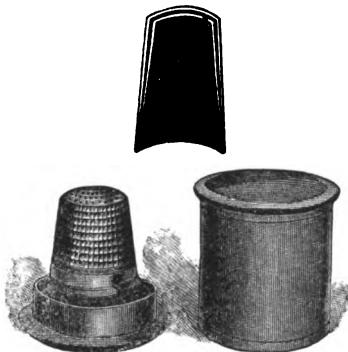
Highest recommendations from ladies who have used it.

Enameled handles. Handsomely nickel-plated Shell and Spring.

PRICE 50 CENTS, POSTAGE PAID.

Gold Thimble and Case.

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



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. We furnish a handsome morocco case, lined with velvet. In ordering, state the size of thimble desired.

Price, postpaid—90 cents.

A Pair of Pillow-Shams.

One pair sent as a Premium for a Club of 3 Trial Subscribers at 25 cents each; or, for 2 Subscribers and 15 cents extra.



These Pillow-Shams are 36 inches wide, and are made of "Hill" muslin. They are stamped ready for embroidering. We show a cut of one of the twelve pairs in our assortment; they are all desirable. Price, 40 cents per pair, post-paid.

Beveled Plate-Glass Mirror.

Sent, post-paid, as a Premium for a Club of 4 Trial Subscribers at 25 cents each; or, for 2 Subscribers and 25 cents extra.



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 a small club. They are 7 inches square. The glass is Beveled-Plate and first-class in quality. The frame is of Embossed Leather. As a Toilet Glass it is not only useful, but very ornamental. Price, 55 cents, post-paid.

Factory Ends of Embroidery Silk.

One package sent, post-paid, for a Club of 2 Trial Subscribers at 25 cents each.

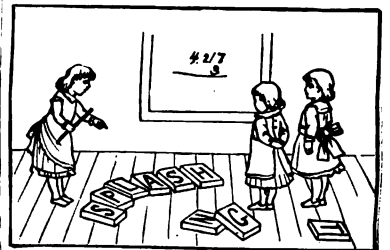


Factory Ends. Various Shades, Odd Lengths, Assorted Sizes; all good Silk, and every yard can be used. They come to us directly from the winding-rooms at the Silk Mills, and we send them out just as received; not simply three or four shades of red, green, blue and yellow, but good, desirable shades—olives, delicate pinks, etc., coming hap-hazard from a line of 250 colors. They are made up of the pieces left at the ends of the hanks of silk sent to the winding-rooms, and not long enough to make a full skein. Not being regular marketable goods they must be sold at a loss to the manufacturers, and buying them in large quantities we get the benefit.

The assortment of silks includes regular Embroidery, Wash-Filo, Rope Silk, Chenille, etc. We have used hundreds of pounds of these goods and find every one likes them. Price, 25 cents, post-paid.

Stamped Linen Splasher.

One sent, post-paid, as a Premium for a Club of 2 Trial Subscribers at 25 cents each.



We have always found Splashers to be most desirable premiums. We are sending out thousands at the present time. They are of Linen, fringed at the bottom and at both ends, and measure 30x20 inches. We carry a large assortment of designs in stock, one of which we show. All the designs are desirable. Splashers have now become indispensable in every chamber, and are justly popular as pieces of fancy-work. They are designed to be placed over and at the back of a washstand, to protect the wall-paper from being splattered. Price, 25 cents, post-paid.

The Rembrandt Color-Box.

Sent, post-paid, as a Premium for a Club of 3 Trial Subscribers at 25 cents each.

The Colors used are first quality French Moist Water-Colors. Twelve colors in the assortment. Three brushes assorted sizes. The lid of the box is arranged in six mixing-trays, and a ring in the bottom of the box itself permits of the box being held in the hand and conveniently used as a palette.

With each box we send a sheet of instructions regarding the using of colors and the mixing and blending of tints.



Price, 35 cents, post-paid.

Three-Draw 12-Line Telescope.

Sent, post-paid, as a Premium for a Club of 17 Trial Subscribers at 25 cents each; or, for 15 Subscribers and 25 cents extra; or, for 10 Subscribers and 90 cents extra. Price, \$2.00; 15 cents extra for postage and packing.



Length, when extended, 16 inches Length, when closed, 6 inches.

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

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

Fountain Pen.

Sent, post-paid, as a Premium for a Club of 14 Trial Subscribers at 25 cents each; or, for 10 Subscribers and 50 cents extra; or, for 6 Subscribers and \$1.00 extra.



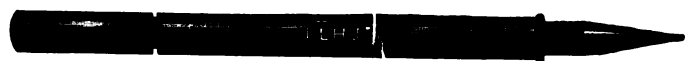
The pen we offer we have tested by practical use, and believe it to be as successful a working Fountain as any offered. It is simple, durable, handsome and easily adapted to a writer's wants. The holder is of vulcanized rubber, of an ornamental chased design, and is fitted with a fine quality of gold shading pen of regular pattern, which with proper care ought to last a life-time.

The pen fits in the centre of the holder and the 'feed' is on the top of the pen. It is without complication, having no springs, valves or delicate parts to get out of order. The manufacturer unconditionally guarantees every pen and offers to refund full purchase money in every case where it does not give satisfaction. Full and simple directions, and a filler, accompany each pen.

The retail price at which this pen is sold in stationery stores is \$2.50. We offer it as above, as a Premium for a Club of 14 Trial Subscribers at 25 cents each; or, will send it, post-paid, to any U. S. Post Office address for \$1.75.

STYLOGRAPHIC PEN.

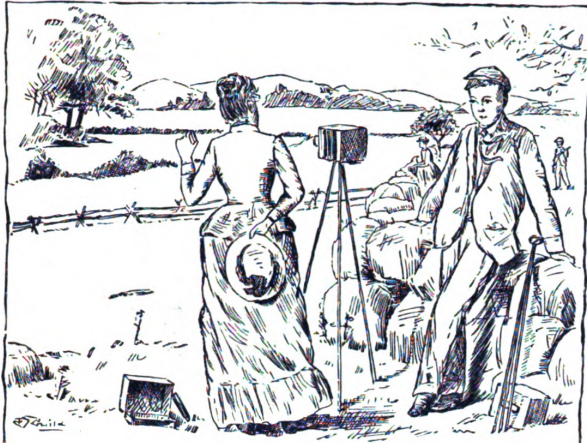
Sent, post-paid, for a Club of 8 Trial Subscribers; or for 4 Subscribers and 50 cents extra. Price, post-paid 90 cents.



To those who prefer a Stylographic Pen, we believe we can offer one as practical as any in the market, and, at the same time, the simplest. Adjustable Needle. Non-corrosive materials. Filler and Instructions sent with each Pen.

A Practical Outfit FOR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

Given as a Premium for a Club of 30 Trial Subscribers at 25 cents each; or, for 20 Subscribers and \$1.25 extra; or, for 15 Subscribers and \$1.90 extra. Sent by Express, charges to be paid by the receiver.



Amateur Photography has rapidly sprung into favor, until to-day it is one of the most popular of outdoor amusements; and many people going away for the summer—and many who stay at home, as well—hardly feel their equipment complete if it does not include a Camera and its Outfit.

The Outfit we offer is the one we have used for years, and with general satisfaction. It is gotten up to meet a popular demand. While it is low in price it is perfectly practical, and we guarantee it to be reliable. It contains all that is needed to make and complete a photograph. It consists of a finely polished

HARDWOOD CAMERA, for plate size $3\frac{3}{4}$ by $4\frac{1}{4}$ inches, With Leatherette Bellows; Handsomely Finished Quick-acting Brass-Mounted Lens. Hinged, Ground-glass double Plate Holder, Improved Tripod and Carrying Case. Weight about two pounds.

The Chemical Outfit for Developing and Printing, which goes with above, contains: Ruby Lamp, $\frac{1}{2}$ -dozen Dry Plates, 2 Japanned Iron Trays, 2 bottles Developer, 1 box Hyposulphite Soda, 12 sheets Silvered Albumen Paper, Printing Frame, 1 bottle Toning Solution, 1 dozen Bevel edge Card Mounts.

PRICE, \$5.00.

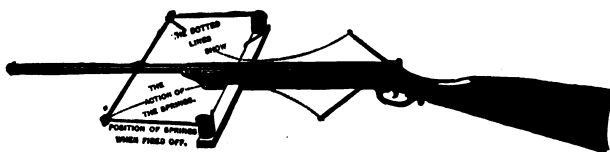
It weighs about two pounds, and must be sent by Express, the charges to be paid by the receiver.

GIVE THE BOYS A CHANCE.

A Breech-Loading Spring-Gun!

No Report, Cheap Ammunition, No Explosion.

Given as a Premium for a Club of 8 Trial Subscribers at 25 cents each; or, 6 Subscribers and 25 cents extra; or, 4 Subscribers and 50 cents extra. Sent by Express, charges to be paid by the receiver; or, prepaid on receipt of 70 cents additional. Price to any United States Post-Office, \$1.75, prepaid.



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

This Gun is as safe to its owner as it is possible for a gun to be. The Barrels are made of Steel and are sighted front and back.

The ammunition is placed in the barrel from the breech, so there is no liability of a boy having his fingers bruised, or his eyes put out by a wearing down of the catch and a premature discharge.

It is the only small gun on the market having a Trigger Guard—without which no small gun can be safe.

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

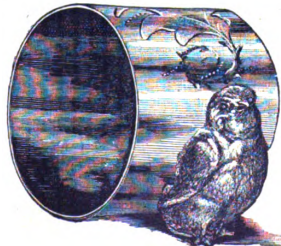
Boys are bound to have guns of some kind, by one means or another. Best accept this as a fact and assist them to get one that is safe, and that will at the same time please and satisfy them. As to shooting qualities, the guns are unusually powerful, and in the hands of a good shot, in the shape of a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

NAPKIN RING.

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

This Napkin Ring is Quadruple Silver Plate. The quality is first-class, and it makes a most attractive table ornament. Price of the Napkin Ring, post-paid 85 cts.

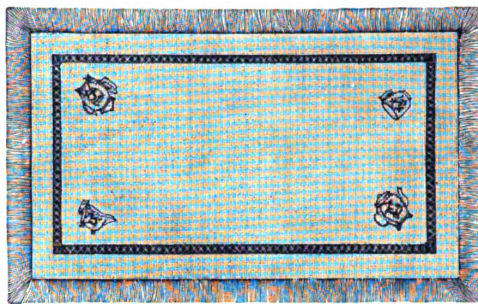
We also have a pair of Silver Plated Salt and Pepper Sprinklers in the same pattern. We will send a pair of the Sprinklers and a Napkin Ring, post-paid, for \$1.60.



Linen Tray or Carving Cloths.

—No. 333.—

Given as a Premium for a Club of 6 Trial Subscribers at 25 cents each; or, 4 Subscribers and 25 cents extra; or, 2 Subscribers and 50 cents extra. Send 15 cents additional for postage and packing.



You seldom see anything in linen of a quality handsomer than we furnish in these cloths. Twilled Linen, beautiful, even thread, with a drawn work insertion, a plain $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch border, and a heavy fringe $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches deep.

Each corner is stamped with an artistic and appropriate design to be embroidered in Fast Color Etching Silk. We have no hesitancy in saying that we consider one of these Tray Cloths an ornament to the table of any lady in the country.

We want to say right here that all the Linen goods we are offering as Premiums for Subscribers are of an unusually fine quality.

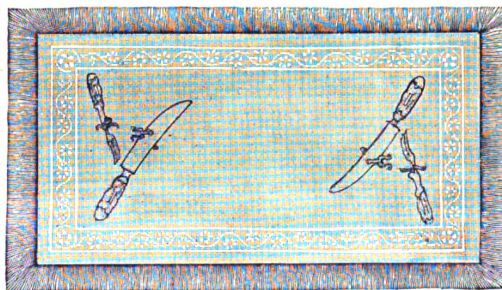
In selecting these things we do not believe in offering poor or inferior qualities, and our subscribers may rest assured that such Linens as they may see fit to order of us, have been selected from a large stock with care and by experienced judges.

PRICE, \$1.00, Post-paid.

Linen Tray or Carving Cloths.

—No. 308.—

Given as a Premium for a Club of 4 Trial Subscribers at 25 cents each; or, for 2 Subscribers and 25 cents additional. Postage and packing 5 cents extra.



These Carving Cloths, designed to be placed under the large platter on the dining table, are a very valuable protection to a handsome table-cloth, receiving many a furtive "slop" of gravy, and protecting the cloth from the oval design imprinted by a platter carelessly "crooked" on the bottom. They are of fine line Crepe or Momie cloth of a handsome quality, unusually regular and even as to the texture, without the lumps and "riding" threads which so often disfigure Crepe. The border is of linen damask $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches wide, with a Morning-glory vine figure, edged with a two-inch fringe.

They are stamped at both ends with a carving set, to be embroidered in outline.

We can sell them for 60 cents each, and will pay the postage.

ROGER'S 1847—A1.

Silver Plated Oyster Ladle.

Given as a Premium for a Club of 14 Trial Subscribers at 25 cents each; or, for 10 Subscribers and 50 cents extra. Postage and packing 15 cents extra, when sent as a Premium.

These are guaranteed to be of the very best quality. We had an opportunity to secure a very large quantity of these Ladles, coming direct from the Roger's Factory in Meriden, Conn., which were offered to us at the lowest price at which these goods have ever been sold.

The regularly maintained retail price is \$3.25 each. We offer them, packed in a stout wooden box for safe transportation in the mails, for \$2.35, post-paid.

Solid Silver Napkin Ring No. 83.

Sent post-paid, as a Premium for a Club of 10 Trial Subscribers at 25 cents each; or, 6 Subscribers and 50 cents additional.



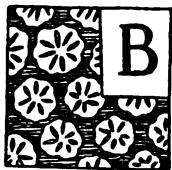
This Ring is of Solid Silver. The cut is about three-quarters size. It is handsomely Chased, Burnished and Frosted. A Silver Napkin Ring always makes a suitable and acceptable present for any one.

For those who do not wish to send us a Club of Subscribers and to take advantage of our Premium offer as above, we offer this Napkin Ring, at a price, lower than the same could be procured from any Jeweler. Price, \$1.25, post-paid.

In ordering Silver Ware or Jewelry, we recommend that you send us Five cent additional and request us to insure the package and so protect you against possible loss in the mails.

THE FAIRY GIFT BAG.

By Mrs. E. C. ALLEN.



BEFORE the popularity of the "Jack Horner Pies" for children's parties has begun to wane, the never ceasing demand for "something new" has been responded to, and an ingenious and strikingly pretty affair, called the "Fairy Gift Bag," introduced into the several Women's Exchanges, and the large catering establishments which the fashionable people in New York patronize.

Besides the novel way of dispensing the little souvenirs of the occasion, quite a new game for the children is introduced by them; and they can be simply or elaborately made, according to the expense one feels like incurring.

First select a number of toys or favors to suit the party, then wrap them neatly in tissue paper of two colors—one to designate which are for boys, the other for girls—and tie securely with colored twine. By way of illustration, we will say, use apple-green and pink, one of the most attractive and fashionable combinations.

Make a brown paper bag, or get one from your grocer, large enough to hold the favors and room to spare. Cover this bag with green tissue paper, crimped; make two pretty bows of pink ribbon, one inch wide, and fasten one on either side the bag near the lower left-hand corner.

To each parcel attach a very narrow, pink or green ribbon, three quarters of a yard long, by tying it to the twine; then cut two pieces each of green and pink the same width, and one yard or more in length, put together one end of each of these pieces; do the same with the loose ends of the ribbons which are attached to the parcels, then tie all together—the parcel ends and the long ones—in one large knot. The long ends remain outside to suspend the bags by, and the knot plays an important part to make it secure, as you will see further on.

Now put the parcels into the bag, leaving the five long ends on the outside. Draw the bag together at the top, first crumpling up a sheet of tissue paper, and putting it inside to make the bag round and shapely at the top. Tie very tightly with twine, having the large knot just inside, and if you are careful to draw your twine securely, the knot will not slip through when the bag is suspended.

Finish the top of the bag with frills of pink and green crimped paper and loops of ribbon.

The four loose ends of narrow ribbon can now be tied in a bow and knot, and the bag is ready to hang in a door-way.

The party may be opened by introducing this as the first game, and it will surely serve to dispel the shyness usually noticeable at the start. Let some older person tell an original tale about the pink and green home of the fairy, and the gifts contained therein. Then let the children elect one of their number who shall ask the fairy for her gifts. This rhyme so familiar to every child.

Blindfold the child upon whom the choice falls, then give it a cane, by the aid of which it must find the bag, and strike it until the fairy within shall let her gifts drop out. The children may cry "hot" or "cold" as the one seeking it gets nearer or farther from it.

The ribbons to which they are attached will prevent them falling on the children's heads, or being wrecked by a still further fall to the floor, although they will fall below the original height of the bag. They can now be cut down by the hostess, or one of the children and indiscriminately distributed.

I saw one of these bags that was made for a party of misses about sixteen years old, and the favors were sterling silver, consisting of pencils, glove-buttoners, envelope openers, stamp boxes, etc. So the Fairy Gift Bag, like the Jack Horner Pie, may be made to serve at almost any party as an impartial medium for dispensing favors, as well as adding variety to the entertainment.

A Jack Horner Pie used recently at a birthday party was made over an empty pan, in the side of which had been made a wire door. At the last moment, ten live canary birds were put in it, and when the ribbons were pulled and the cover came off, the birds flew out. They were then caught and caged, handsome cages having been provided for them, and each child went home the happy possessor of a bird and cage, and filled with wonderment as to the way they got them.

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BOSTON. B. LEVY. MASS.

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Ben Levy, Esq., 34 West St.
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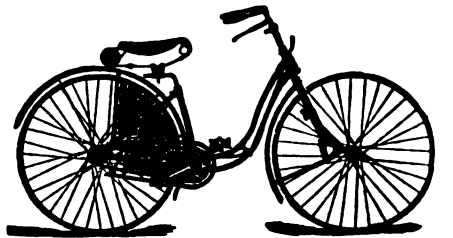
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