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THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL



CHRISTMAS
1891

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THE CENTURY CO., of New York, publish the two great illustrated magazines, THE CENTURY and ST. NICHOLAS. THE CENTURY is for older readers, ST. NICHOLAS is for children. Each is the acknowledged head of all periodicals of its class in the world, in circulation, in fame, and in ability. More than three million copies are circulated during the year. Few cultivated homes are now without them.

THE CENTURY IN 1892

WILL CONTAIN:



RUDYARD KIPLING.

RUDYARD KIPLING'S NEW NOVEL, "The Naulahka," a story of America and India, written in collaboration with an American author, Wolcott Balestier,—the adventures of a young American from "Topaz," Colorado, at the court of a maharajah in India, and of the heroine, who goes to India as a physician to her own sex. It begins in November. There will be

THREE OTHER SERIAL STORIES, A novel of New York life by the author of "The Anglomaniacs"; "Characteristics," a striking story by Dr. Weir Mitchell; and "The Chosen Valley," a novel of the Great West by Mary Hallock Foote. Thomas Bailey Aldrich will contribute a special group of short stories, complete in single numbers, and Frank R. Stockton and others of the best American writers will furnish fiction.

A NEW LIFE OF COLUMBUS.

The 400th anniversary of the discovery of America will be commemorated by the publication of a new life of Columbus, written especially for *The Century* by Señor Castelar, the famous Spanish statesman, orator, and writer. New historical material and fine illustrations will be a feature of these papers. Other material bearing upon the discovery of America is in course of preparation.

THE WORLD'S FAIR AT CHICAGO.

The architectural features of the Fair will be pictured in *The Century* with interesting descriptive articles. These illustrations are published by special arrangement with the managers of the Fair.



T. B. ALDRICH.

THE INDIAN'S SIDE.

Much has been printed on the Indian question from the white man's standpoint. In a series of articles by Miss Alice M. Fletcher, of the United States Interior Department and the Peabody Museum, the Indian's side will be presented—how he lives and thinks, etc.

THE FARMER AND THE GOVERNMENT.

In view of the great interest touching the subject of what the Government should do for the farmer, *The Century* will print a number of important articles by leading writers on such subjects as "The Farmer's Discontent," "Coöperation," "What the Government is Doing for the Farmer," etc. The workings of the Dept. of Agriculture and its practical value to the farmer will be explained.



EMILIO CASTELAR.

STEDMAN AND EGGLESTON.

The distinguished poet Edmund Clarence Stedman will furnish a series of papers on "The Nature and Art of Poetry"; and "Folk Speech in America" will be described by Edward Eggleston, the author of "The Hoosier Schoolmaster." "The Origin of American Provincialisms," etc., will be interestingly treated by Dr. Eggleston.

ART MATTERS.

Examples of the best work of American contemporary painters will be shown, and Cole's great series of wood-engravings, made directly from the Old Masters, will be continued. Articles on famous painters are in preparation.

ARTICLES BY GREAT FRENCH MUSICIANS.

The Century is able to announce a remarkable series of papers by Gounod (the composer of Faust and other well-known operas), Saint-Saëns, Massenet, and other famous French musicians, on their own work and kindred subjects.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHIES OF EDGAR WILSON NYE ("BILL NYE").

This well-known humorist will contribute a series of entertaining articles descriptive of his experiences in different parts of America and in various capacities. The first is entitled "The Autobiography of a Justice of the Peace," and it appears in November.

WHAT I SAW OF THE PARIS COMMUNE.

Archibald Forbes, the famous war correspondent of the *London Daily News*, who was one of the first to enter Paris in the days of the Commune, will write two papers regarding his adventures, which will be fully illustrated.

OTHER IMPORTANT ARTICLES

Include papers on the Vigilance Committees of San Francisco, by the Chairman of the Committees, and by General Sherman, who was then an officer of the State Government in San Francisco; interesting illustrated papers on "The Jews of New York," their family life, customs, etc., with other papers on New York life; articles on the Government of Cities, papers on timely topics, poems, etc. December will be



Mrs. BURTON HARRISON, Author of "The Anglomaniacs."



ARCHIBALD FORBES.



EDGAR WILSON NYE, "Bill Nye."

A Magnificently Illustrated Christmas Number.

THE CENTURY is always issued on the first day of the month, and single numbers may be bought everywhere (price 35 cents), or yearly subscriptions (price \$4.00) will be taken by booksellers, postmasters, and the publishers, The Century Co., 33 East 17th St., New York. Remit by post-office or express order, check, draft, or in registered letter. Begin subscriptions with November, 1891, the number which opens the new volume.

ST. NICHOLAS FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

The nineteenth volume of this unique magazine for young folks begins with the number for November, 1891. From the first issue Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge has been the editor, and the pens of the greatest writers of the English world, and the pencils of the most famous illustrators have been at its service. Tennyson, Longfellow, Bryant, Thomas Hughes, Whittier, Bret Harte, Bayard Taylor, Mrs. Burnett, Miss Alcott, Donald G. Mitchell, George Macdonald, Mrs. Oliphant, and Professor Proctor are a few of the many great names which have been upon its list of contributors. Everything in it is illustrated. In 1892 it will have

A SERIAL STORY OF NEW YORK,

By Brander Matthews.

A CHARMING SERIAL, "TWO GIRLS AND A BOY,"

By the author of "Marjorie and Her Papa."

A SERIAL STORY OF AUSTRALIAN LIFE,

By William O. Stoddard.

"THE ADMIRAL'S CARAVAN,"

By Charles E. Carryl, author of "Davy and the Goblin."

"THE CITY OF STORIES,"

A clever idea, by Frank M. Bicknell.

"A SPOILED DARLING," A SERIAL STORY

By Frances Courtenay Baylor.

"WHEN I WAS YOUR AGE."

A record of the home-life of the author, Laura E. Richards, and her sisters, daughters of Julia Ward Howe.

PAPERS OF INFORMATION.

- How Columbus Reckoned.
- The Great American Desert.
- The Cliff-Dwellings of Arizona.
- The Grand Cañon of the Colorado.
- The Petrified Forest.
- The Electric Light.
- The Making of a Newspaper, Etc., etc., etc.

PAPERS OF PATRIOTISM.

- Honors to the Flag.
- Boys and the National Guard, etc., etc., etc.

PAPERS OF TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE.

- "A Dash with Dogs for Life or Death," by Lieut. Schwatka.
- "The Corner of the Column," by J. T. Trowbridge.
- "An American Family in Egypt," by Col. S. H. Lockett.
- "After Black Buck in India," by Clarence B. Moore.
- "Childhood in Japan," by Ida C. Hodnett.
- "A South American Hunt," by Herbert H. Smith.
- "Australian Sketches," by James O'Brien.

SHORT STORIES.

- Stories of Southern Life, by Thomas Nelson Page.
- "The Escape of a Whole Menagerie," by Edgar W. Nye.
- "November in the Cañon," by Mary Hallock Foote.
- "Kissandy and Mundy," by Richard Malcolm Johnston.
- "Ambrose Did It," by Octave Thanet.
- "David Cameron's Fairy Godmother," by Miss Bisland.
- "How Rangoon Carried Weight," by E. Vinton Blake.
- "Harry's Namesake," by General O. O. Howard.
- "The Dickey Boy," by Mary E. Wilkins.

HISTORICAL and MISCELLANEOUS PAPERS.

- The Boyhood of Louis XIV., by Adele Orpen.
- William the Conqueror, by E. S. Brooks.
- The Last Conquistador, by Elinor Lewis.
- Marcus Aurelius, by Elinor Lewis.
- A King Without a Throne, by Tudor Jenks.
- The Sea Fight off the Azores, by C. H. Palmer.
- Volcanoes and Earthquakes, by Prof. F. D. Chester.
- The Busy Pages of the Supreme Court, by One of Them.
- A Young Girl's Silhouettes. With an introduction by Joseph Jefferson.

THE BEST BOOKS.

Ask to see The Century Co.'s books at the stores. They include Kennan's "Siberia and the Exile System," issued simultaneously with editions in various European countries (two vols., \$6.00); the richly illustrated "Women of the French Salons" (\$6.00); the new book of travels in Tibet, "The Land of the Lamas" (\$3.50); a number of Frank R. Stockton's novels, including "The Squirrel Inn," just issued (\$1.25); a new edition of the famous "Sport with Gun and Rod" (just the thing for a Christmas present for one who is fond of hunting and fishing, a magnificent volume, \$5.00); "The Autobiography of Joseph Jefferson," richly illustrated (\$4.00), etc., etc. The Century Co.'s books for children include the popular Brownie Books,—"The Brownies: Their Book" (\$1.50), and "Another Brownie Book" (\$1.50), by Palmer Cox; "Lady Jane,"—one of the most charming stories for girls ever written (\$1.50); "Marjorie and Her Papa," a book which every little girl will want (\$1.00); "The Boys' Book of Sports,"—for every boy (\$2.00); the popular "Baby World," new edition (\$1.00), etc., etc.



From "The Brownies: Their Book."

THE CENTURY CO.
33 East 17th Street, New York.



MR. HOWELLS



MISS MAMIE DICKENS



MRS. JESSIE BENTON FREMONT



MRS. GLADSTONE



MISS SARAH ORNE JEWETT



MRS. THACKERAY



MRS. BURTON HARRISON

The Journal's Authors for 1892

ARE here, in part, pictorially presented to the readers of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. What they will write requires more space to tell than we can command on this and the next pages. A few of the more popular features are, however, here told, and will demonstrate that the year of 1892 will unquestionably be the most notable in the history of the JOURNAL.



MRS. HAWTHORNE LATHROP



MRS. THACKERAY RITCHIE



MISS ETHEL INGALLS



MRS. AMELIA E. BARR



MADAME CLARA LANZA



MRS. LAURA K. RICHARDS

A Girl's Novel by Mr. Howells

The JOURNAL has purchased from MR. HOWELLS the exclusive rights of his next novel. It is a story unlike any which MR. HOWELLS has ever written. The novel deals almost entirely with American girl-life in the West and in New York, and will have about it a freshness of incident and crisp interest which will delight the most ardent admirers of MR. HOWELLS. The story will run for nearly a year, each chapter increasing in interest as it goes on. It will be illustrated by one of our foremost artists, and prove one of the most attractive novels of the day.

My Father as I Recall Him

By the Favorite Daughter of Charles Dickens

In a splendid series of articles MISS MAMIE DICKENS will tell what she remembers of her father; how he educated his children; his family life and his personal habits; how he wrote his famous books; his love of flowers and animals; how Christmas was spent in the DICKENS household; how he romped with his children; his last years and closing days. To none of his children was CHARLES DICKENS so affectionately attached as to his daughter MAMIE, and she saw much of her father under all circumstances. Her pen-portraits of his domestic life cannot, therefore, fail to be of special interest, especially as everything MISS DICKENS embodies in these articles is told for the first time in print.

A Group of Famous Daughters

One of the most unique numbers of a magazine ever printed will be one of the issues of the JOURNAL during 1892. It will be entirely written in prose, poem and story by the famous daughters of famous men and women—names whom all will recognize. Over forty "famous daughters" will be represented by a poem, a story or an article, each written specially for this number.

Among the writers will be:

- | | |
|----------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Dickens's Daughter | Dean Bradley's Daughter |
| Thackeray's Daughter | Mr. Gladstone's Daughter |
| Hawthorne's Daughter | Senator Ingalls's Daughter |
| The President's Daughter | Mrs. Whitney's Daughter |
| Jefferson Davis's Daughter | Charles Kingsley's Daughter |
| General Sherman's Daughter | Horace Greeley's Daughter |
| Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's Daughters | |

Bringing together an unique array of talent.

A Novelette by Miss Jewett

MISS SARAH ORNE JEWETT has given her next piece of fiction, entitled "An Every-Day Girl," to the JOURNAL. It is a beautiful tale of New England life, charming in its simplicity and the quiet life of a Puritan community. Succeeding MISS JEWETT, will appear short stories by

- | | |
|------------------------|------------------|
| Julia Magruder | Florence Marryat |
| Margaret Crosby | Mrs. Alexander |
| Rose Hawthorne Lathrop | Mary J. Holmes |
| Mary E. Wilkins | Caroline Mason |

Clever Daughters of Clever Men

Those bright and talented girls of famous families, of whom we constantly read, and yet whose portraits and personal lives are unfamiliar to us, will be presented in this series. It will be, perhaps, the brightest gallery of clever American girls ever portrayed in literature.

How to Train a Daughter

No question is more complex to the thousands of mothers throughout the land. In a very full article treating this subject, THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL has received the co-operation of the following women, each of whom has written therefor:

- | | |
|----------------------|-----------------------|
| Mrs. Gladstone | Mrs. Jefferson Davis |
| Mrs. Julia Ward Howe | Mrs. Admiral Dahlgren |
| Mrs. John Wanamaker | Mrs. Beecher |

A Series by Mrs. Gladstone

MRS. GLADSTONE is one of the most practical women in England. When a young mother, she made a careful study of the bringing up of children. That she succeeded, the positions which her children occupy in England to-day fully attest. What required years of labor for her to learn, MRS. GLADSTONE will tell in a series of articles, entitled

"Hints from a Mother's Life"

No advice ever written for young mothers has in it the peculiar value which attaches itself to these articles by MRS. GLADSTONE. They will be like a manual for the nursery, with rules that are destined to become standard.

Social Life at Six Centres

In the January JOURNAL, MRS. BURTON HARRISON, the author of "The Anglomaniacs," will continue her delightful glimpse of New York social life, as seen by one whose social position makes it possible to write with authority. Her second paper will be an inner view of what is best in the social whirl of the great metropolis of to-day. Mrs. Harrison's papers will be succeeded by articles on *Washington Society*, by Mrs. Admiral Dahlgren

Chicago Social Life, by Mrs. Reginald DeKoven

Following which will be articles of equal note on social life in Boston, Philadelphia and San Francisco, in a series of "Social Life at Six Centres."

A Royal Recluse

At Home with ex-Empress Eugenie

Around the life of no royal woman clusters so much romance as about that of EUGENIE, the ex-Empress of the French. The world has lost sight of her of late years, but her life is ever interesting. In this article—in the preparation of which an American writer made a special trip abroad—will be given the first accurate pen-portrait of her present daily life, her home, how her days are occupied—in fact, an inner glimpse of EUGENIE'S life from facts furnished by a daily attendant. The article will be beautifully illustrated.

Wine on Fashionable Tables

Whether the use of wines at fashionable dinners and in the best society is decreasing, is a question which will be treated in a full-page article to which the following men and women have contributed:

- | | |
|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| Chauncey M. Depew | Mrs. Burton Harrison |
| Hon. John Wanamaker | Mrs. William C. Whitney |
| George W. Childs | Mrs. ex-Governor Claflin |
| Hon. Rutherford B. Hayes | Mrs. George J. Gould |
| Col. Elliot F. Shepard | Madame Romero |



DR. TALMAGE



MISS IDA HECTOR



MISS JULIA MAGRUDER



MRS. BEECHER



MRS. MAUDE HOWE ELLIOTT



MRS. BOTTOME



MR. PALMER COX



MISS WINNIE DAVIS



MRS. MCKEE



MISS FLORENCE MARRYAT



MRS. JOHN WANAMAKER



GABRIELLE GREELEY



MRS. HERRICK

A Few Succeeding Features which will also appear in the JOURNAL during 1892:

An American Girl at Court

Mrs. L. B. WALFORD, the famous English novelist, will tell how a bright American girl was introduced to Queen Victoria at a royal "drawing-room."

A STORY OF FIVE PROPOSALS

A vivacious Western society girl describes how five men proposed to her, and why she rejected them.

CHINA OF WEALTHY HOMES

A full description of the beautiful china sets owned by the wealthy families of New York.

Queens of Westminster Abbey

In the February issue, Miss E. T. Bradley, daughter of the Dean of Westminster Abbey, will begin a series of illustrated articles, in which she weaves the stories of the lives of the most famous queens in English history into a description of their royal tombs. The loves, the intrigues, the bits of romance which surrounded the lives of the great queens of history, will be told with a freshness that will make these articles interesting from another than an historical point of view.

WOMEN AND THE FAIR

MRS. POTTER PALMER will show exactly what part women will take in the great Columbian Exhibition of 1892-93.

THE ART OF THE ACTRESS

MADAME ADELAIDE RISTORI, the eminent tragedienne, will tell in a notable article what a young woman should possess to become an actress.

A Day with Patti in Wales

An illustrated description of the great singer's castle home in Wales, her pets, her treasures and her souvenirs, her home-life, and how she conducts her household. Prepared under MADAME PATTI'S own direction.

HOW I MADE MY FORTUNE

MRS. HATTIE GREEN, commonly conceded to be "the richest woman in America," will tell exactly how she accumulated her enormous fortune of forty millions of dollars.

WHY I HAVE NEVER BEEN SICK

An article by REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE giving the secret of his good health, and why he has never known what it is to have even a headache or a mental pain.

A Beautiful Southern Love Story

By MISS JULIA MAGRUDER, in four instalments, will present a love-tale of the Southland, wherein the strife of affection in two hearts silently burns over "A Smouldering Spark"—the title of the novelette.

A STORY BY MRS. ALEXANDER

A tale for girls by the author of "The Wooing O't," which will delight the heart of every girl.

A STORY BY MRS. HOLMES

A short serial story by MRS. MARY J. HOLMES has also been contracted for by the JOURNAL.

Mr. Beecher as I Knew Him

MRS. BEECHER'S famous series of reminiscent papers of her great husband will continue in several of the issues for 1892. The latter papers will be of special interest, portraying MR. BEECHER'S later life, his famous days in Brooklyn, his closing hours, and his death.

WHEN I WAS A GIRL

Six of our most famous women will tell, each in a separate article, how life looked to them in girlhood, their hopes, ambitions and dreams, and how they have been realized in later years.

FACES WE SELDOM SEE

In this series will be given sketches and portraits of women noted in song, charity and public works, whose names are as household words, yet who are in reality unfamiliar to us by their faces and lives.

Famous Women Among the Books

For 1892 the JOURNAL is now negotiating with six of the most famous women in the literary world, who will contribute to its literary department a talk about the latest books. Each woman will contribute an entire JOURNAL page of talks about the books, one each alternate month, MR. BOK filling in the other months with his new department of "LITERARY THINGS AND PEOPLE."

AMERICA'S NEEDLEWORK

Will be shown in a special series of articles, in addition to the regular needlework department, treating of the latest and most beautiful needle and handwork as exemplified by the six leading schools of the country.

TO MAKE A PRETTY HOME

A series of elaborately illustrated articles on things for home decoration, each subject being treated fully in a separate full-page article. All the designs will be carefully illustrated.

The Journal's Departments

WILL all be continued as at present. New ideas will from time to time be incorporated in each, and thus freshness will be attained with renewed force. The entire present editorial force of the JOURNAL will be retained during the year.

Robert J. Burdette's New Department

WITH the January issue, MR. BURDETTE, so well known to the JOURNAL readers for his humorous contributions, will be added to the regular staff of editors, and will have each month a department of his own. Of its character little need be said. It will be in MR. BURDETTE'S own style, witty and yet wise. A good spirit will pervade it, and laughs will be frequent. The JOURNAL will thus in every sense have a humorous editor—a man who knows how to be funny, and yet whose words are wisdom-freighted.

NO change further than this will be made in the departments at present excepting in the literary department elsewhere announced, a careful canvass of our readers' wishes during the past year fully convincing us that the departmental features of the JOURNAL as at present conducted are acceptable and satisfactory.

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THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

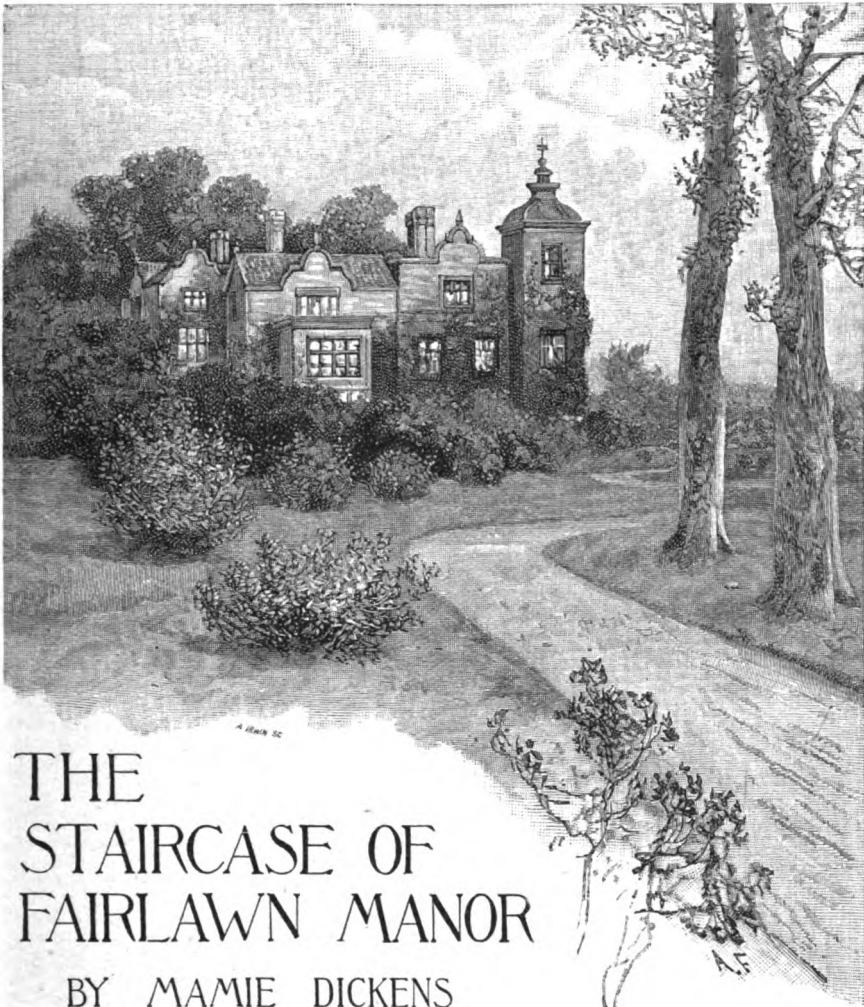
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THE STAIRCASE OF FAIRLAWN MANOR

BY MAMIE DICKENS

None of the most picturesque and best wooded of England's counties, stood—aye, and still stands—Fairlawn Manor. Nestled among trees and standing on the top of a hill, with the setting sun crimsoning the old tiled roof, the ivy and creepers which covered the walls catching glints of light here and there, the soft summer wind making a gentle sighing among the grand old trees, the subdued twittering of birds, as they settled down to roost, gave one a feeling of perfect rest and peace and happy contentment. Fairlawn Manor was a low, rambling, fine old house, but with nothing pretentious about it, the entrance door, indeed, being curiously small and insignificant, as compared with the rest of the building. The low steps led up to this door, and you passed at once into a hall, which occupied the entire center of the house. The mullioned windows, which had deep-cushioned recesses, looked out upon the park. The roof and walls were of oak, dark with the age of many centuries. The huge fireplace, with heavy brass "dogs" and roomy oak ingle-nooks, made one think of, and almost long to see, even on this summer evening, the generous Yule log blazing up the wide chimney, and brightening the old armour, pictures, china and silver, which adorned the walls and covered them completely. At each end of the hall was a curtained door, that to the right leading into a bay-windowed sitting-room; and through this room again into a long picture gallery. From the first room you passed through another door onto a fine, wide, oak staircase, which led to the bed-chamber corridor, occupying the right wing. The door to the left of the hall opened at once upon the "withdrawing-room," at the end of which there was a round room of good size, hung with the finest old French tapestry. This chamber had been used, from all time, as the retiring and work-room of the dames of the manor. Then came an oak staircase, the facsimile of that in the right wing, excepting that this one had at the top, before you could enter upon the bedroom corridor, a baize-covered door, which fastened with a spring.

The servants' offices were all at the back, and were hidden from view by a high, closely-cut yew hedge. The flower-garden at the back was large, with trim grass terraces, quaintly-cut shrubs, masses of old-fashioned flowers in rather prim beds, rustic seats round many of the splendid old trees, which were scattered about the terraces and lawn, and in the centre of the latter's velvety carpet stood a sun-dial. A high wall, covered with the growth of many hundred years, jealously guarded the privacy of this most lovely spot.

For many centuries Fairlawn Manor, with all appertaining thereto, had been owned by the Godfrey family.

The present "Squire"—we are reading of well-nigh a hundred years ago—was one Hubert Godfrey. He was a tall, powerful fellow, thirty years of age; his eyes were dark

and piercing, and the heavy eyebrows meeting in the middle of his forehead gave to the face a somewhat fierce expression; the nose was fine and straight, and the mouth, though full and slightly sensual, could wear a frank and genial smile.

It was sad to see already signs of dissipation and of uncurbed temper in the marks and lines about the eyes. Alas! in those days—"the good old days" (?)—the highest gentlemen in the land were not ashamed to make brutes of themselves, to be found dead-drunk under the table, and to be carried up to bed by their own valets.

In Squire Godfrey's case, however, it was the fits of ungovernable passion which had made havoc of his face, even when quite a lad. He was aware of his jealous and passionate temper, and he tried hard to fight against it; and during the last few years had been fairly successful in the effort. He was a bold, fearless rider, and was Master of Hounds for his part of the county, an accomplished swordsman, and a lover of all sports.

Some five years previously he had experienced a great grief in the death of his nearest neighbor, school-fellow and loved companion, Sir Harry Farquhar, of Towers Court.

It was a terrible loss for Hubert Godfrey in every way, as Sir Harry had great influence over him, an influence for good, for refinement, for gentleness, for temperance; and the love between these two friends was something akin to the love of Jonathan and David. But it was a great surprise to Squire Godfrey to find himself left sole guardian of Sir Harry's orphan daughter, the little Anna; and a responsibility which at first appeared to him quite overwhelming. He could not, and would not, however, refuse the responsibility, but set himself at once to carry out the wishes of his dead friend.

Towers Court was left in trust to the Squire until little Anna, who was then five years old, should come of age, which was to be on her attaining her eighteenth year. She was to be educated in France, was to learn every accomplishment which a girl in those times could learn; and was on no account to be separated from her nurse, "the good Bridget." So ran Sir Harry's will.

As soon as matters could be arranged, the Squire journeyed with his charge and Bridget to France. He placed them in a school at Tours, and waited to see them comfortably settled down. When he came to take his leave of them, for a time, little Anna, who was pale and thin—"fretting after the dear master," as Bridget explained—clasped her hands together, and, with the tears running down her cheeks, implored her "dear guardian" not to leave her.

He took the child in his arms, soothed her with gentle, loving words, and spoke long to her of her father, explaining his wishes with regard to her education, and begging her to help him in carrying out these wishes.

She smiled at last, and looking straight into his face, with wonderful determination in her pretty mouth and dark-blue eyes, said: "I will help you, guardian." And she kept her word.

She was naturally a very shy, undemonstrative child, and this unusual outburst of grief made a great impression on the Squire.

He went to see his charge twice every year, and his visits were eagerly looked forward to by the little English girl in her foreign home.

And so the years passed by. The Squire following his many pursuits, and keeping guard over himself, as it were, for the sake of Anna; the girl learning eagerly, and taking advantage of everything which was taught her, not only because she was clever and intelligent, but also in remembrance of her promise to the Squire.

At sixteen she was highly accomplished, and a wonderful and enthusiastic musician. Indeed, as Bridget said, she was "a genius at music."

She was as shy and as quiet in her manner as of old, but always received the Squire with frank and loving welcome. And he?—

Well, he had changed; for bold rider, fearless huntsman, expert swordsman though he was, he found himself trembling in the presence of this young girl. What was the meaning of it! The old, old story? Aye, even so. But he must never let her know, never let her guess, by look or sign, how dear she had become to him. He must always be her old guardian, nothing more, and must be ready to give her away some day. But this thought made the blood mount to his brow and cheeks, and sent him into a very whirlpool of frenzied passion.

The last two years of Anna's school-days were years of half agony and half bliss to the poor Squire. But they came to an end at last, as all years must; and he made his final journey to Tours to fetch her home.

He was almost thankful that the many farewells to be said made it impossible for her to see much of him before the start.

"Every one has been so good to me, guardian, especially the dear nuns at the Convent. I do not know how to thank them all!" She was very quiet and silent during the journey, and the Squire and Bridget left her much to herself, knowing that her thoughts were with her father and her orphaned home. How she loved it! And yet how she dreaded the first sight of it! But she would have much, so very much, to see about. She would not be dull away from her school friends. And then her guardian would come and see her constantly. Looking up at him suddenly, she caught so fierce a glance directed at her that she started, and was about to speak, when a bright smile reassured her, and he laughingly arranged some wraps about her.

"You're tired, lass?"

"No, guardian, I'm only thinking." But that look, nevertheless, had startled her greatly.

It was a clear and beautiful autumn morning when they arrived at Towers Court. The family lawyer was at the door to receive Anna, and all the servants engaged by the Squire—the old housekeeper had remained as caretaker since Sir Harry's death—lined the entrance hall, curtsying and bowing low to their young mistress. But old Mildred stepped forward to kiss her hand, when Anna put her arms round her neck and embraced her fondly.

"God bless you, my dear mistress, and send you many years of health and happiness. How like the master you have grown! Why,"—taking Anna's face in her hands—"tis his very self!" and to hide an ominous quivering of her lip, Anna kissed the old woman again, and passed hurriedly along into her father's old study.

Here she was left for a time; and when Bridget knocked at the door, saying that the Squire would speak with her, she came out composed and calm, though the nurse saw that the dark-blue eyes had been shedding many tears. She found the Squire waiting for her, hat and whip in hand, "to deliver up the keys of the castle to its fair chatelaine," as he laughingly said. But the laugh was forced and strained.

"And now, Anna, my charge of you is over, and my stewardship is at an end. Henceforth you are your own mistress."

"Ah! dear guardian, I shall want you more than ever now! I have no words in which to thank you, no words in which to express how nobly you have carried out my father's trust. But I do thank you from my heart, and I would do anything in the world to show my gratitude to you." As she spoke, the beautiful blue eyes filled with tears. Her words and her unusual tears—tears for him—were more than the Squire could bear. Then and there, in a passionate outburst he told her of his love, seized her in his arms for one brief second, strode away, mounted his horse and was off like a flash of lightning.

For many days he remained alone, struggling against the desire to learn his fate from Anna's lips. Angry with himself for having declared his love, and so seeming to have taken advantage of her words, ashamed for having had so little control over himself, and taking himself to task in the old passionate way.

Anna, meanwhile, was meditating, and was thinking what her answer ought to be. She loved her guardian now as she had loved him



She had heard nothing, had seen nothing, and sat long at the organ, pouring out her supreme happiness in song after song.

AS ONLY AN OLD PLANTATION

BY REBECCA CAMERON



My grandfather lived on a rice plantation on the Cape Fear River, in the section known as "The Neck," a region noted for open-handed hospitality, wealth, refinement and culture. He owned a large number of negroes, and was an amiable, easy-going master, much more interested in literature than in rice planting, and preserving in his daily life many of the habits of his English ancestors.

The Christmas holidays on his plantation lasted from Christmas Eve—always a half-holiday—until the Yule log burnt in two after New Year's Day. The first work done in the New Year was the selection by the negroes of the Yule log, or—as they all called it, the "Christmas back-log," for the next Christmas fire.

The driver* marshaled a gang of the best axe hands, and down they went into the swamp to select the biggest, knottiest, most indestructible cypress tree that could be found, which was felled with great ceremony, while the hands chanted a part of the "Coonah" song:—

"Christmas comes but once a year
Ho rang du rango!
Let everybody have a share,
Ho rang du rango!"

When the tree was cut down the butt end of the stock was measured the length of the hall fireplace "up to de gret house," and cut, or sawed off, then hauled down to the canal and anchored where it would get thoroughly water-logged during the ensuing twelve months.

The object of this was to keep it from being burnt out too soon; for as long as the Yule log burned the whole plantation force had holiday. A day or two before Christmas the back-log was hauled to the house and given a bed in the sand, so that the surface-water could drain off. Christmas morning, the moment the first misguided fowl "crowed" for day," the back-log was carried into the great holly-wreathed hall; the massive brass and irons were dragged forward on the wide, ample hearth, a bed of wet ashes was carefully prepared, and the huge log laid on it; and then an artistic fire of fragrant, resinous lightwood and seasoned oak was built up against it, and the revels had begun.

The week before Christmas—ah! what a deliciously busy and expectant season it was!

The fanners† full of eggs, that were carried into the store-room, gave promise of endless puddings, pies and cakes; while sundry tantalizing whiffs that were borne to us whenever we ranged near the door—and, who could keep away?—made us all long with childish eagerness to shorten the days.

Busy days they were, indeed. Holly and mistletoe had to be wreathed for the hall, dining-room, library and ball-room. Candle papers were to be cut and dipped in melted spermaceti. Cake papers, of most elaborate design, were to be originated by aunt's artistic fingers. All the china, silver and glass had to

be washed and polished; all the finest, oldest, oddest things in the house plenishing were brought out to do honor to the great festival.

The linen closets were ransacked, and dozens of the finest damask cloth and napkins sent down to the hall closet. Relays of sheets, pillow-cases, blankets and counterpanes were put into readiness for the impromptu beds that were going to be made up wherever there was room for a man to stretch himself.

Christmas Eve came at last, and found the house filled with guests. We children were scrubbed within an inch of our lives, so as to be clean for Christmas, mammy well knowing the impossibility of getting one of us to consent to the daily bath next morning. Then there was a great fitting about to hang up the stockings, and mammy must take notice just whose stocking it was that hung at the foot of the bed, and whose hung on either side of the fireplace, and on the bureau knob; while mammy's own stocking, by universal consent, was given the best place in the room, and hung on a chair right before the fireplace. Then we were tucked into bed, quite sure we would lie awake to see Santa Claus, but only rousing when at four o'clock the horn at the quarters blew a long, clear blast; and we felt the floor shake as the men staggered through the hall passage with the great back-log.

By the time our stockings were emptied and examined, grandpa, fully dressed, had come out of his room into the hall where the

gathered on the front piazza, which was strung with hampers filled with all sorts of things for Christmas gifts. Grandpa invariably gave money, fifty cents in silver to the men, a quarter to the women, and a shilling and sixpence, respectively, to "the chaps" (half-grown boys) and little children, who, in plantation parlance, were called "the truh sang."

The ladies distributed the contents of the hampers. Gloves, comforters, Madras handkerchiefs, printed cotton handkerchiefs, balls, tops, knives, pipes, shawls, aprons, cravats, caps, hoods, all sorts of things that experience had taught their owners the negroes most delighted in. Barrels of apples, and great waiters piled up high with gingerbread and cakes, were divided out, until the last little boy-legged tot had been made happy.

From the piazza, in a straight line to the store-room, filed all the negro women who were wives, "to draw Christmas," which meant getting an extra allowance of meat, rice, molasses, coffee, sugar, flour, dried fruit, and anything of the sort they chose to ask for, to make their holiday feasting. The week before there had been a great hog killing, so that fresh pork would be in abundance for every cabin at the quarters. Then every-where revelry had full swing. The gentlemen, headed by "ole Master," went deer-hunting, with a large pack of hounds and out-riders, returning to "a great dining dinner"—a special phrase that seemed to heighten the magnitude of the feast to the negroes.

The evening closed with a dance in the ball-room. Uncle Robin, dressed in my great-grandfather's regimentals, and looking, of course, supremely absurd, was the head fiddler, and a remarkably fine one, too. It was delightful to watch him ascend the musicians' stand, bowing with great ceremoniousness to the friendly greetings of the neighborhood gentry, from whom he was quite sure of a perfect shower of gold and silver pieces in the pauses of the dance. "Big Ben" and "Cousin Hannah's Be-," who played second and third fiddle to the old autocrat, followed with due humility behind him, quite certain of as many reproaches from him as they got quarters from the young gentlemen. The

board masks covered some; while streaks and spots of red, white and yellow paint metamorphosed others; and immense beards of horse-hair, or Spanish moss, were plentiful.

The leader—for there seemed to be some regular organization among them, though I never could persuade any negro to explain it to me—was the most fantastic figure of them all. A gigantic pair of branching deer horns decorated his head; his arms, bare to the elbows, were hung with bracelets thickly set with jingling bells and metal rings; similar



Uncle Robin, dressed in my great-grandfather's regimentals

bells were fastened to the fringes of raggs around his legs.

The banjo, the bones, triangles, castanets, fife, drums, and all manner of plantation musical instruments, accompanied the procession. One of the Coonahs, generally a small and very nimble man, was dressed in woman's clothes, and though dancing with frantic zeal, never violated the proprieties supposed to be incumbent upon the wearer of skirts.

Once before the hall-door, the leader snapped his whip with a crack like a pistol-shot. Everything stood still for an instant; we dared not draw a breath, and could hear the tumultuous beating of our hearts as we pressed closer to mammy or grandpa.

The awful stillness is broken by another resonant crack of the whip; and at the instant the whole medley of instruments began to play, and, with their first note, out into the open space the dancers. Those weird, grotesque, even hideous creatures embody the very ideal of joyous, harmonious movement. Faster and faster rings out the wild barbaric melody; faster and faster falls the beat of the flying feet, never missing the time by the space of a midge's breath. One after another the dancers fall out of line, until only the woman and the leader are left to exhibit their best steps and movements.

About this time one of the dancers, a hideous travesty of a bear, snatches a hat out of the head of the nearest pickaninny, and begins to go round to the "white folks," to gather the harvest of pennies with which every one is provided. All the while the dance was in progress the musical voice of the leader was chanting the Coonah song, the refrain of which was taken up by hundreds of voices.

As the wild chant draws to a close, out of the hall door run a bevy of white children with laps and hats full of nuts, raisins, apples, oranges, cakes and candy, and scatter the whole among the crowd. Such a scramble as follows! The last fragment gathered up, all at once the leader cracks his whip, and whirrs round with his face from the house, and the crowd marches to the next plantation.

Some time during the Christmas week the negroes had a grand ball. There was a very large and comfortable servants' hall attached to my grandfather's kitchen, and in it the ball was held. It was made gay with holly and myrtle boughs, myrtle-wax candles in the ball-room sconces lighted the scene, aided by the immense silver branch candlesticks, the crowning glory of the great drawing-room. Not seldom the ball was opened by "young master, himself," who danced either with his mammy, the driver's wife, or some newly-wedded bride.

But, meanwhile, the Yule log has been slowly burning out. Uncle Tony, coming in to mend the fire, discovers that the log is only two chunks now. When the family go to dinner he will carry one chunk out, extinguish the fire upon it, and lay it in the path between the house and the kitchen. The next morning he will put it away in the corner of the wood-house to start the next year's Christmas fire. But while it lies in the path it is a sign well understood. Over the plantation has flown the news, "De back-log done burn in two, an' Cousin Tony lay um out!"

The long merry festival has ended. The negroes will dance and frolic all night long, and to-morrow, at daybreak, the overseer's horn will blow; each gang will muster under its head man, and the plantation work begin.



During Christmas week the negroes had a grand ball "in de quarters,"

servants had set out all the materials for making egg-nog on a gigantic scale. A fanner of fresh eggs, great dishes of sugar, and the cellar of liquors. When the eggs were beaten to the required degree, viz., until the yolks were the color of rich cream and the whites adhered steadily to the dish when it was turned upside down, the whole was put together in the gigantic china punch-bowl, relic of ancestral feasting across seas in "ye old country." I would not dare to say how many eggs, or how much brandy and rum went into the concoction of that bowl of egg-nog.

When it was pronounced right, a waiter of glasses was filled and handed round to the assembled company; and then "the stand"—a great circular, claw-footed mahogany table—was lifted out on the wide front piazza, the flaming sconces were lighted, and the egg-nog bowl, surrounded by pyramids of tumblers, placed upon it. The driver, lurking somewhere in the shadows, began to beat a furious tattoo on a drum; and, as if by magic, all at once the house was surrounded by a sea of torch-bearing negroes, all the hands from the quarters, who had come over to wish "ole master" a happy Christmas, and to receive from him a glass of egg-nog apiece.

My grandfather knew every one of his negroes, big and little, by name; and his greeting was always personal to each. They came up in couples, according to age and dignity, and the unvarying formula was: "Sarvant, Master; merry Christmas to you, an' all de fambly, sir!" "Thank you, Jack; merry Christmas to you and yours!" "The 'drinking Christmas in' is at last ended; the negroes returned to the quarters, and after breakfast reassembled again to 'git Christmas,' as they phrased it. All the family

banjo player was a unique—a great, big, heavy, awkward-looking fellow, black until he looked blue—and a typical negro; the very last man on the plantation that you would have suspected of having a note of music in him. But just give him a banjo! Dan tuned languidly, with half-shut eyes, struck a note or two to test the strings, and then—if you had one drop of dancing blood in your veins, you belonged to him till he chose to stop.

All the negroes came over to the house "to look on," and it would have been hard to tell which half of the company—those indoors or out—had the merriest time. Somewhere about midnight there was a general distribution of hot apple-toddy and rum-punch; and after that came the Virginia reel, and the ball was ended.

The second day after Christmas the John Coonahs* began to make their appearance. Sometime in the course of the morning, an ebony herald, breathless with excitement, would project the announcement: "De John Coonahs comin'!" and away flew every pair of feet within nursery precincts.

There they come, sure enough! A long, grotesque procession, winding slowly over the hill from the quarters; a dense body of men (the women took no part in it, save as spectators) dressed in the oddest, most fantastic garb, representing birds and beasts and men; Ragged and tattered, until "ragged as a Coonah" was a common plantation simile; with strips and tatters of all sorts of cloth, in which white and red flannel had a conspicuous part, sewed all over their clothes in tufts and fringes. They were, indeed, a marvelous spectacle. Rude imitations of animals' heads, with and without horns, hid some faces; paste-

* I have been unable to discover the origin of the Coonahs, and do not know in how many of the Southern States they were known. My impression is that the custom was introduced into South Carolina by the slaves who accompanied Governor Sir John Yeomans from Barbadoes, and from there were brought by his descendants into North Carolina, when they resettled his old colony on the Cape Fear River. They were confined together to the low country, or tide-water region. The Coonahs were an institution, principally known to the South (Carolina, Georgia and Florida coast) and in New Orleans.



"De John Coonahs comin'!" And there they come, sure enough!

* One of the negroes, who was selected by the overseer as a superintendent of the working force, or "field hands."
† Fanners were large, square split baskets, holding about two-and-a-half bushels, and were for carrying rough rice from the fans to the mortars.



SOCIAL LIFE AT SIX CENTRES

*I.—SOCIAL LIFE IN NEW YORK

By Mrs. Burton Harrison

IN TWO PAPERS—FIRST PAPER



O properly appreciate New York society in the meridian splendor of to-day, one should contrast with it the recorded or remembered pic-

tures of its past. Up to the time of the war between the States the town was hardly more than a huge overgrown village, with ideas, cus-

TO read the descriptions of and satires upon the aristocracy of Gotham a little over forty years ago, makes one smile with a sort of superior amusement at the thought of the leap progress has made into the broad plane of modern culture.

It is farther back—about the year 1830—that we catch pleasant glimpses of the Knickerbocker life, whose foundation was impacted, apparently by forces beyond the reach of change.

IT is like a fairy-tale to hear some dear old dowager of the ancient stock, whom one meets occasionally enshrined in her rightful place in modern New York society, tell of her "coming-out" and marriage in that Golden Age already so remote.

WELL, well! A wedding, was quite an extravagant affair. My wedding-dress? It was made, of course, by Whittingham—satin, thick as a board, cream-tinted, cut low in the neck, and the berth a frill of yellowish-blond lace—laced up behind, awfully tight, I'm afraid, and the skirt reaching to the in-

The most formidable ceremony was the first appearance of the bride and groom for the fashionable stroll on Broadway in the afternoon. Laugh as much as you please, ladies, but I wore a pearl brocade, with leg-of-mutton sleeves, a steeple-crowned hat of white satin trimmed with orange-blossoms, and a long white lace veil that reached nearly to my heels.

THE middle period of the nineteenth century presents to the student of New York sociology a less inviting aspect than the one preceding it. People who had made fortunes by purveying to the gentry just described, were beginning to push their way past their early patrons.

A SINGLE man owning the snug income of two thousand a year, in the beginning of the fifties, could live on it, it is said, to include all needful indulgences in fashionable rites. He could wear wide-bottomed trousers, a hat set a tiny bit to one side of his pomaded locks, a "Joinville" tie, Alexandre's straw-colored kid gloves; could frequent the oyster-shops of Florence and Sherwood; drop in to laugh at Burton in "The Serious Family"; applaud Jenny Lind at Castle Garden; visit the boxes of his friends at the opera conducted by Max Maretzek; show himself in the Broadway dress parade from Bleeker street to Fourteenth street between the hours of three and four, and be seen at the best balls.

WE must now take another bound forward in the century, to consider the present condition of those men and women whose mothers—at the time when Mr. F. O. C. Darley made some of his charming drawings of "Ladies in Society"—wore skirts with three flounces, hair in low bandeaux with wreaths of flowers or leaves, and wide berths of real lace around the shoulders of their low-cut gowns; whose idea of summer bliss was a visit to the United States Hotel at Saratoga, the Ocean House at Newport, or the Pavilion House at Sharon; who read Tupper between covers of papiermache, and "doated" on Nathaniel Parker Willis.

It is useless in a sketch so brief as this to attempt to deal with more than the mere outer shell of modern society in New York. The interest which our continent at large has manifested as to the sayings, doings, habits and etiquette of the body generally known as the Four Hundred, shows conclusively that externals are what the public cares to see. The subject, surviving ridicule enough to have trampled out of existence a weaker plant, springs up anew like the "chamomile which flourisheth most when crushed to earth."

ADMITTED to be the most astonishing feature of modern society in New York—I do not say modern fashionable society, because several of the names upon its shining list are not yet seen in those of the functions enjoyed by the so-called Four Hundred—is the number of colossal fortunes owned by individuals. Two men are cited who are reported to enjoy the revenues from estates of \$150,000,000 each. Others—between twenty-five and thirty of these enviable souls—lie down at night with the agreeable reflection that they may upon the morrow, if so disposed, make ducks and drakes of fortunes ranging from five millions to one hundred millions each.

AGAINST such sweeping critics it were folly to attempt defense. But it is conceded by more than one observer who has watched its evolution since the war, that society in New York has, out of its varied elements, built up a much more interesting structure than before. It is a part of history for the Old to protest against the New, and to end by coalescing with it. Nowhere has this trait of human nature been more emphasized than in the great commercial centre where it is easily within memory to recall sharp denunciation, by certain members of the old Colonial families, of the pretensions of some of those to whose parties they are now quite eager to be bidden.

This child of the century but voices in his artless way the sentiments of many of his kind. As one sheep jumps, the others follow. The younger—and, in consequence, the gayer—element, settles the question decisively. The great new palaces throw wide their doors, stretch their thick-piled crimson carpets across the sidewalk, line their halls with flunkies, embower their rooms in palms and growing roses, capture artists to charm the ears, and bedeck their walls with treasures to charm the eyes, and, presto! the miracle is worked. The fusion has begun that a few years hence will— and happily so, in a republican community— cease to call for even so passing a comment. In fact, almost all the chorus one hears comes from neither the members of the old regime nor from the new; but rather from those distinct outsiders who, while awaiting their own golden opportunity, feel obliged to dispose of their time in malicious comment.

IT IS from such sources that emanate the cheap diatribes against the heartless, brainless materialism of the fashionable set. In truth, many of the people so stigmatized are the actual springs that supply the great charities like fountains for wayfarers about the city of New York. They are continually alert to find, to watch over, and to broaden the scope of scores of noble enterprises meant to lighten the lot of less fortunate humanity. They give personal supervision to the most prosaic details for the entertainment and comfort of thousands of art-students, self-supporting women, mechanics, street-boys, incurables and sick. Such a thing as sensational "slumming" is never heard of here; but the newspapers that chronicle the balls and dinners of Mrs. Croesus might as often report that lady's appearance in a plain gown at the banquet she has provided for newsboys, or among the beds of the hospital she has built and endowed; not to mention that she and her husband and children are generally found among the quiet church-going folk on Sunday in their pews. In domestic life—one feels inclined so say a word on a side so seldom presented to the public—the same conspicuous type is found to be, as a rule, a devoted wife and mother. The danger to American youth of the luxurious classes, would truly seem to be the risk of over-training, over-consideration from his parents. Unlike the youngster of the same class of society in England, who is, after the fashion of Tom Brown, sent off to school "like a young bear thrown upon the world with all his troubles before him"; our American school-boy is followed into his necessary exile with longing solicitude, with constant consideration, with daily discussions among the circle left behind, as the personage of first importance, after the father, in his home. The young girl, as all the world knows, is indulged much more than most princesses of the blood-royal at whose home-education history has given a glimpse.

THE complaint of exclusiveness oftener registered against the fashionable set is justified by the physical inability of women who go much into society to solve the problem of making both ends meet. In the give-and-take of social intercourse they have as much as they can do to pay debts incurred, to return civilities, to attend to the vast correspondence entailed by the growth of their circle and responsibilities, and, worse than all, to daily go upon rounds of calls among people scattered between Washington and Stuyvesant Squares, and the neighborhoods on either side of Central Park. The matter of days which, inscribed on the cards of one's acquaintances, stare one in the face from December to April with unrelenting reminder that there is no eluding the vista of sociability thus opened, might occupy a chapter to itself.

Dinner-calls are obligatory; visits of condolence and congratulation as recurrent as ocean tides. A thousand and one minor claims absorb the hours set apart for outside service; and with all this, many women find time for classes, courses and lectures, and often keep up studies in which their young people are employed. Those who talk of the rush of the London season should reflect that what the English concentrate into three months, and put aside in favor of a more leisurely and rational existence, is by us spread over the entire year. For, in one way or another, our business of pleasure goes on until June, and is immediately transferred to Newport or Bar Harbor, to be taken in the autumn to Lenox and Tuxedo.

I do not pretend to do more than offer these facts for consideration, while to enter into the ethics of the subject is beyond the province of my sketch. But I stoutly contend that, critics to the contrary, the society of New York that stands before the world as representative, has something of intrinsic charm, intelligence, cultivation and merit that lifts it far above the materialism commonly said to be the chief characteristic of the age we live in.

[Mrs Harrison's second article on "Social Life in New York" will appear in the January JOURNAL.]

WINE ON FASHIONABLE TABLES

THE January JOURNAL will contain a special full-page article on "Wine on Fashionable Tables," discussing the point whether the use of wines at fashionable dinners and in the best society is decreasing. The article will have as its contributors the following men and women: Chauncey M. Depew, Hon. John Wanamaker, George W. Childs, Hon. Rutherford B. Hayes, Col. Elliot F. Shepard, Mrs. William C. Whitney, Mrs. ex-Governor Claffin, Mrs. George J. Gould, Madame Romero and Madame Barrios, which Mrs. Burton Harrison will supplement with an article on "Wine at Women's Lunches."

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* The first of a series of articles on social life in six of the foremost American cities, each city being sketched by one of its leading social leaders. The two papers closely following Mrs. Harrison's articles are:

WASHINGTON SOCIETY, By Mrs. Admiral Dahlgren. CHICAGO SOCIAL LIFE, By Mrs. Reginald DeKoven. After which articles by writers of equal note will follow on social life in Boston, San Francisco and Philadelphia.

YE MEN OF GOOD-WILL.

A CHRISTMAS ROMANCE.

by HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH

I
In his pastoral tent a young minstrel lay sleeping,
His harp by his side, and the flocks at his feet;
The watchmen afar David's city were keeping,
Where in cool olive gardens the winds murmured sweet.

II
Of Zion was dreaming the wandering Tubal,
When, lo! in the heavens, God's city shone clear;
And sweeter than harps of the minstrels of Jubal,
A chorus seraphic awakened his ear.

III
His hand clasped his harp, and his young face upturning,
He went from his tent to the chambers of night;
With arches of angels the heavens were burning,
And the night-watch of shepherds stood speechless and white.

XIII
"And that wondrous night passed; Heaven opened its portals,
The promise of ages it bent to fulfill;
But the king and the herald saw not the immortals;
The vision came only to men of good-will.

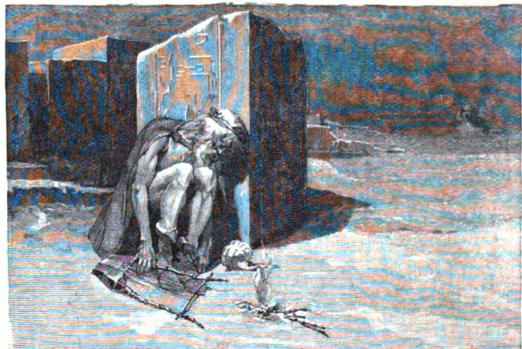
XIV
"Since my ear heard the voice, all men are my brothers;
The harp that I carry responds to each woe;
And I leave the cool palm trees and olives to others,
And into the glare of the desert I go.

XV
"When falls the wild storm, and the shepherds have covered
Their flocks from the sky, I feel my harp thrill,
And I tell of the bright clouds of angels that hovered
O'er Bethlehem, singing to men of good-will.

XVI
"The world wends its way in the shadow of sorrow;
Woe kneels at the Beautiful Gate, as of old;
And kings lift their eyes for some better to-morrow,
And bitter lips empty the goblets of gold.

XVII
"And so my harp follows all footsteps distress'ed;
And so must I leave you a wanderer still,
To sing to the shepherds the song of the Bless'ed,
And play the sweet message to men of good-will!"

XVIII
He hid to the helples* to slaves in their trammels;
To the death-haunted lepers, who slept mid the dews;
To the wells of the desert, where thirsted the camels;
To the rocks and the pitfalls where wandered the ewes.



XIX
So peacefully singing, the calm years passed o'er him—
One night when the winds of the desert were still,
He died, with the voiceless Sphinx rising before him,
And went with the angels of peace and good-will.



XX
Still to men of good-will sings the harp, angel-haunted,
Have ye heard it to-day? Have ye caught the sweet strain?
Every heart is a chord to which angels have chanted,
As once to the heralds of Bethlehem's pain.

XXI
The sheeppcotes have gone and the camel bells ringing,
The cry of ewes; but, ah! sorrowful still
Is the heart of the world o'er which Heaven is singing—
Go echo the angels, ye men of good-will!



IV
The pure stars were dimmed in the clouds of evangels,
The bowed skies were singing o'er Bethlehem's hill,
And his own simple heart caught the strain of the angels,
The sweet benediction to men of good-will.

V
He had sung in the Temple the chorals of Korah;
The anthems of Asaph; had heard the grand psalms,
When Jerusalem marched with her children before her,
In jubilees glorious with viols and palms,

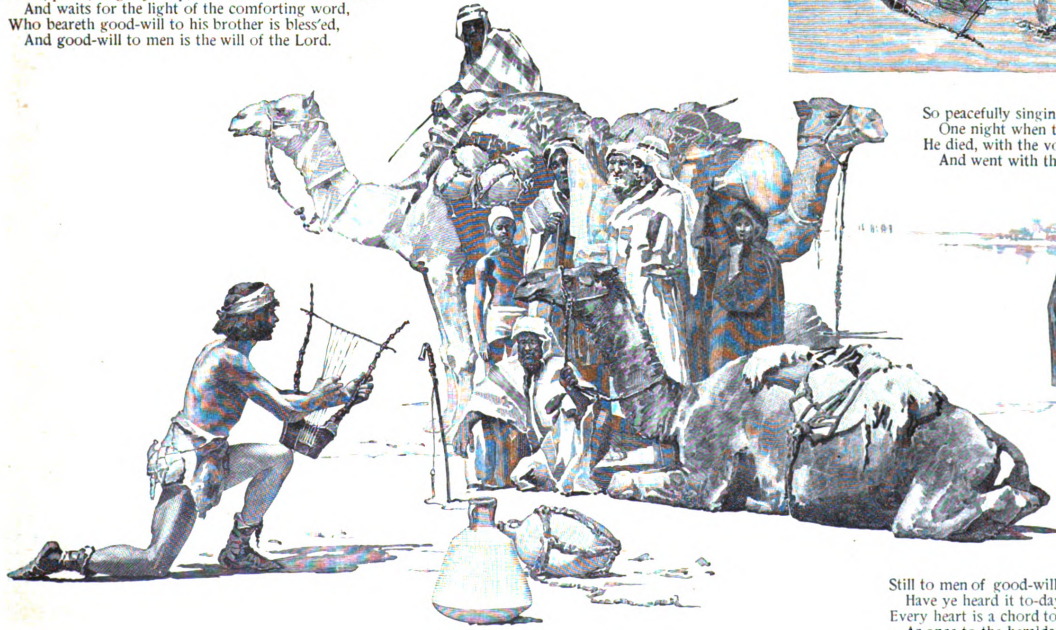
VI
But never such music as this. And he wandered
From sheepfold to sheepfold, from valley to hill,
To the palm-shaded wells where the Nazarites pondered,
To bear the glad tidings to men of good-will.

VII
And oft—as he told to the herdsmen the story,
To the shepherds of Ephrata watching the fold,
To the dark camel-drivers, sun-wrinkled and hoary—
His harp caught the strain of the night harps of gold:

VIII
"Ye men of good-will, hear my message and ponder,
As ye rest in the cool of the olives and palms;
My harp, angel-haunted, compels me to wander,
And sing the new strain of the Light of the Psalms.

IX
"I love the cool wells where the worn camels slumber;
The dew-drinking lilies, the flocks lying still;
But more than the anthems of Asaph, that number
The night angels sung me, ye men of good-will.

X
"Peace, peace, sing my harp, for the world is distress'ed
And waits for the light of the comforting word,
Who beareth good-will to his brother is bless'ed,
And good-will to men is the will of the Lord.



XI
"It came not, the strain, to the temples of Isis;
The priests heard it not on the Palatine Hill;
E'en Zion was deaf as the shrines of Osiris,
It came to the shepherds, O men of good-will.

XII
"The conqueror slept in his throne chamber matted,
With only his golden lamp breaking the gloom;
The sentinel leaned on the dark caryatid
And guarded the priest in his peristyled room.

SNOW ON THE MOUNTAIN

BY RICHARD BURTON

YON towering height is softened into grace
And loveliness by snow its summit bears;
So have I seen some rugged human face
Made beautiful with age and silver hairs.



*XII.—THE PRINCESS BISMARCK

BY THE COUNTESS WILHELMINA

AN hour distant from Hamburg is the castle of Friedrichsruhe, the residence of the Prince and Princess Bismarck. It is situated in a dense forest, bordered by river, hedge and wall which render it invisible alike to road and rail passengers. Originally built for a hunting-lodge by Count Frederick, of Lippe-Sternberg, in 1763, it was converted later into an inn—"Frascati," as it was called—whither the inhabitants of Hamburg went on holidays, and where they held their picnics and carnivals. In 1871, when William I presented the estate to Bismarck, the house proper consisted of a two-storied yellow-painted structure. It has remained the main building, although considerably enlarged and altered since that time. The effect within is bare and



THE PRINCESS BISMARCK (By courtesy of Messrs. D. Appleton & Company)

plain. Walls and ceilings are whitewashed, the furniture is scanty and uncomfortable, and ornaments are few. A large portrait of the Emperor William, in the enormous dining-room, and photographs of various members of the Bismarck family, and of several of the Prince's colleagues, comprise the only art specimens that the castle contains.

Its grounds are extensive and beautiful, dense woods, a winding river and handsome shrubbery combining to secure this effect. They were, in former years, open to the public; but the flowers and trees were so mutilated by visitors in quest of "souvenirs de Friedrichsruhe," that it was found necessary to close the gates.

The life at the castle is one of rural simplicity; possessing but few neighbors, its inmates rely for entertainment upon themselves and the guests with whom the house is always crowded.

Extensive entertaining is also the rule at Varzin, and at the ancestral home of "Schonhausen," the two other estates of the Ex-Chancellor.

But of the mistress of this home. At the time of her marriage she relinquished a name which would not have misbecome the heroine of a Bab Ballad—von Puttkammer. The Fraulein Johanna was a most charmingly sweet and modest country maiden—in spite of her name—when at the wedding of one of her friends, at which she was bridesmaid, she met young Herr Otto von Bismarck, a strapping, dissipated, high-handed young dandy of thirty-one, with a reputation for fire-eating and flirtations which would scarcely have disgraced a Kentucky colonel of twice his years. These two young people, as Rosalind says, "No sooner met than they looked, no sooner looked than they loved." Hence it was that immediately on his return from the wedding young Otto wrote to the parental Puttkammers, with whom, by-the-way, he had not the slightest acquaintance, demanding the hand of the Fraulein Johanna in marriage. The paternal Puttkammer seems to have been somewhat of a diplomatist, for without com-

mitting himself to either a consent or refusal, after learning from his daughter that she cared for young Otto, he wrote, inviting that estimable young gentleman to visit him. Preparations were made to have his reception one of becoming solemnity and dignity; but the effect was rather spoiled by young Bismarck the moment he alighted going up to his sweetheart and kissing her soundly in presence of a number of guests. The immediate effect of this embarrassing and shocking behavior was the prompt announcement of the betrothal, which was followed, a year later, by the marriage.

During the first years of her marriage, and the period immediately following, of her husband's general unpopularity, Frau von Bismarck, by her cheerful, simple home-life, did much to help and encourage her husband. When the tide of public opinion changed, and he became, from being the most hated to the best loved man in Germany, when honors were heaped upon him, the Princess remained the same simple, loving wife and mother.

Her influence over her husband has been strong, enduring and elevating, and has never, for a moment, wavered. It is no doubt true, as the Prince so often says, that what he is she has made him. Always she has enjoyed his entire confidence, and known his diplomatic intentions and plans from conception to fruition, the trust which he places in her discretion and devotion being implicit.

By her marriage with Prince Bismarck she has had three children, all of whom are living, Herbert, William and Marie, now the Countess of Rantzau, who lives with her parents and three little sons at Friedrichsruhe.

The family goes but little into society, preferring rather to entertain their friends in their home. The Princess is a fine musician, her taste for classical music being strongly developed. And one of the prettiest sights at the castle is the evening picture of Bismarck, sitting in his arm-chair, poking meditatively at the fire, while his wife plays Beethoven's sonatas to him, and the family and guests sit about listening and enjoying.

She is of a quick, lively disposition, with good taste, clever wit and intelligence of more than ordinary quality. She is a most prudent and economical housekeeper, famous in times past for the delicious little dinners which she could concoct with the smallest of outlays.

Her religious character is strong to the degree of bigotry. Having inherited a strain of Evangelical piety—her parents were staunch Moravians—she has a feeling of such intense hatred for the French, whom she regards as a nation of heretics, that she was most bitter in her denunciation of them, and strongly urgent in her advice to her husband to exterminate them, her sole reason for all this being a fanatical zeal for the well-being of the Evangelical religion.

The Princess' taste in dress is exquisite, simple and neat; her manner is sweet and natural, some one once having said of it and of her, "She wins all hearts, where the Prince takes them by storm."

As her portrait shows, she is still a pretty woman, and one with a nobility of expression better than mere beauty. She is of medium build, five feet seven inches in height, although Prince Bismarck made a note on his bedroom door-posts, where he inscribed, in 1880, the heights of the various members of his family, to the effect that the Princess tipped a little to reach this.

Prince Bismarck recently wrote in a friend's album the following little verse.

"Oh, happy is that man, and blest,
Who sits in his own home at rest;
Who snugly sits at his fireside
In tranquil peace, whate'er betide."

What better comment can be made on the lovely home, the reflection of a tranquil nature, which has been made for him by her who has been the subject of this sketch.

And so we will leave her
"In tranquil peace, whate'er betide."

THOUGHTS TO CARRY WITH YOU

BY MARY AINGE DE VERE

STRONG faith in human beings is the stronger faith in God.

When we feel the narrowness of these lives of ours, each in its own small circle, we are consoled by knowing that every star must move within its limits, though space be around it.

The rich are only enviable in one attribute—their power to help the poor.

It is only in looking on death that we comprehend immortality, and only utter weariness gives promise of perfect rest.

The friend who becomes a lover continues still to be a friend; but the lover who becomes a friend ceases forever to be a lover.

When it is said of a man that he treats men and women just alike, you may be sure he treats them all as if they were men.

Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof; but, sufficient unto a lifetime is often the evil of a single day.

Children are taught more than they ever learn, and learn more than they are ever taught.

Our bodies live in houses, because our souls live in bodies.

Wisdom, like many other human attributes, is only for the time. We are wise to-day, that to-morrow we may look back and say, "How foolish we were!"

The desire to teach is stronger than the desire to learn. We only study that we may be enabled to impart again.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS

BY JENNY BURR

O SWEET are roses in the year's young prime,
And fair the glowing pinks of summer-time;
But what shall match the winning grace of these,
That bloom the brightest when the others freeze!



*II—JEFFERSON DAVIS'S DAUGHTER

BY ALICE GRAHAM MCCOLLIN

BORN at Richmond, Va., the capital of the Confederate States of America, on June 27, 1864, during the progress of the war for their existence, it is but natural that Varina Anne Davis—more generally called Winnie—the second and youngest daughter of the late Jefferson Davis, should have become endeared to the South as "the daughter of the Confederacy." Her babyhood was spent in the midst of scenes in which her infancy spared her the terrible knowledge and anxiety that older people suffered. When she was but nine months old—a short time before the evacuation of Richmond—Mr. Davis arranged the de-



MISS "WINNIE" DAVIS

parture of his wife and children from that city to Charlotte, in North Carolina, where a furnished house had been rented. No preparations for their arrival had been made, the house and its contents being locked securely; the baggage which they had brought with them was largely ruined from the ill repair of the cars in which it had been transported, and discomfort reigned supreme. As if to add to it, Mr. Burton Harrison, Mr. Davis's secretary—and afterward the husband of the clever author of "The Anglomaniacs"—who had accompanied the forlorn little party was forced to leave them and return to aid Mr. Davis. However, the agent for the house came to their assistance, and after a few more mishaps the President's family were comfortably installed. This was Miss Winnie's first serious experience of misadventure.

They remained here until Mrs. Davis received the news of General Lee's retreat and of the continuous ill fortune of the Confederate forces, when, acting under instructions given her by her husband while in Richmond, Mrs. Davis arranged to leave Charlotte. The treasure train of the Confederacy and that of the Richmond banks came through Charlotte at night, and as among their escort was Mrs. Davis's brother and a grandnephew of her husband's, it was decided that the President's family should leave on it. The railroad track was in running order only as far as Chester, S. C., which place was reached in the morning. An ambulance was here secured for Mrs. Davis and her family, and a wagon for their luggage, and after dark they started to follow the treasure train to Abbeville. The mud was so deep that it was found impossible to pull the heavily laden ambulance, and Mrs. Davis with her "cheerful little baby"—as she calls Winnie—in her arms, trudged for five miles through mud over her shoe-tops. About one o'clock they reached in safety the church in which the treasure guardians had taken refuge, and here they rested until daylight, when the journey was resumed. The children, as the grown people, suffered for food before Abbeville, where the little party remained for a few days, was reached. Here Mrs. Davis received the news of General Lee's surrender and of President Lincoln's assassination. Desiring to facilitate Mr. Davis in his movements by leaving him free of any necessity to secure safety and shelter for his family, Mrs. Davis took her children and started for Washington, Ga. She remained there only a few hours and toward nightfall left that place. About ten miles from town, the little band halted and encamped for the night. Mr. Davis joined

them here and traveled with them for two or three days, at the end of which time he was captured and taken, with his entire party, to Macon, Ga.

From there they were removed by vessel to Hampton Roads, where they lay at anchor for a few days until after Mr. Davis had been removed to his prison at Fortress Monroe. The vessel containing Mrs. Davis and her children was sent, a few days after Mr. Davis's removal, to Savannah, Ga.

While at Savannah, Winnie caught the whooping-cough, and "was ill" writes Mrs. Davis, "almost unto death for some days with the fever which precedes the cough." Mrs. Davis sent her older children to Canada and intended to escape from Augusta (to which place she had been sent) to join them with Winnie, but she was told that if she quitted the country for any purpose whatever she would not be allowed to return, and so abandoned the project. The removal to Augusta was a change much for the better, and here both Mrs. Davis and the baby became stronger and in better health than for long months before. Soon after this Mr. Davis's release was obtained, and after rejoining his family and making short visits with them in Canada, Cuba and the South, the party went abroad, whence they returned, some months later, to make their home in Memphis.

Winnie remained with her parents until 1877, when she was taken to a school at Karlsruhe, in Germany, where she remained for five years. Of her life there not a great deal can be said. She was educated as a drawing teacher, and was also given special dramatic training. The former has borne fruit in the clever sketching and landscape painting which she does, and the latter in an extreme fondness for the theatre and good dramatic representations. The principal result of her education here, Miss Davis thinks, was to convince her, after her return to America, of the folly of educating American children abroad. She has been persuaded to write on this subject, and the JOURNAL will have the pleasure very soon of presenting these articles.

From Germany she went to a boarding school in Paris, where she was soon joined by her parents. A few months later she returned with them to New Orleans, which was then their home, and where she made her debut at the Mardi Gras Ball the following spring, receiving her first taste of American social life.

The people of Alabama invited Mr. Davis to visit them soon after this, and with his daughter he undertook the journey. They were received with so much enthusiasm that the trip was extended to Atlanta and Savannah. It was at Atlanta that Governor Gordon presented Miss Davis to an enthusiastic gathering under her name of *de peuple*, "The Daughter of the Confederacy." On this trip also Miss Davis heard for the first time the famous "Rebel Yell." Their itinerary included a stop at Greenville, Ala., where they were received by one of the Southern regiments with the peculiar rebel yell.

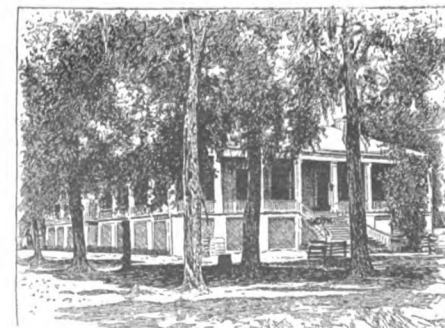
After this she remained at home with the exception of short visits and a second journey through Georgia with her father until a few months before his death, when at his urgent entreaty, and on the advice of her physician, she went abroad again. She was in Paris at the time of her father's death, kept in ignorance by his wish of the true state of his health, and prevented by illness, had she known of it, from returning. As soon as possible after Mr. Davis's death she returned to her mother, and since that time has not left her. Mrs. Davis and she divide their time between New York and Beauvoir with an occasional trip abroad. The home at Beauvoir is now by reversion Miss Davis's property, and of which we present a picture. It is situated a few miles from New Orleans, on the Gulf of Mexico, at Beauvoir Station, and has been the homestead since 1879. The past summer they spent at Narragansett Pier.

Miss Davis possesses not only the ability which has been already mentioned to make a profession of her artistic powers, but has developed also her literary powers to a practical extent. She has of late months written extensively for the current periodicals and reviews of this country, and is always a welcome contributor. She sings delightfully, playing her own accompaniments with charming simplicity.

In appearance Miss Davis is what her portrait makes of her, and yet better to look upon. Tall, slender, fair-haired, with gray eyes of peculiar beauty, she is the ideal realization of Southern maidenhood. She has a sweet Southern voice and a manner which evidences the gentle, courteous heart beneath. Her health has never been good, perhaps because of the privations and sufferings to which she was exposed as an infant, but she is in no sense an invalid.

Her mother bears tribute to her as "the best and dearest of daughters;" her father when on his deathbed said that she had never disobeyed or given him pain, and without an exception every one who comes at all under her gentle refinement feels her to be a woman with

"Heart on her lips, and soul within her eyes
Soft as her climate, and sunny as her skies."

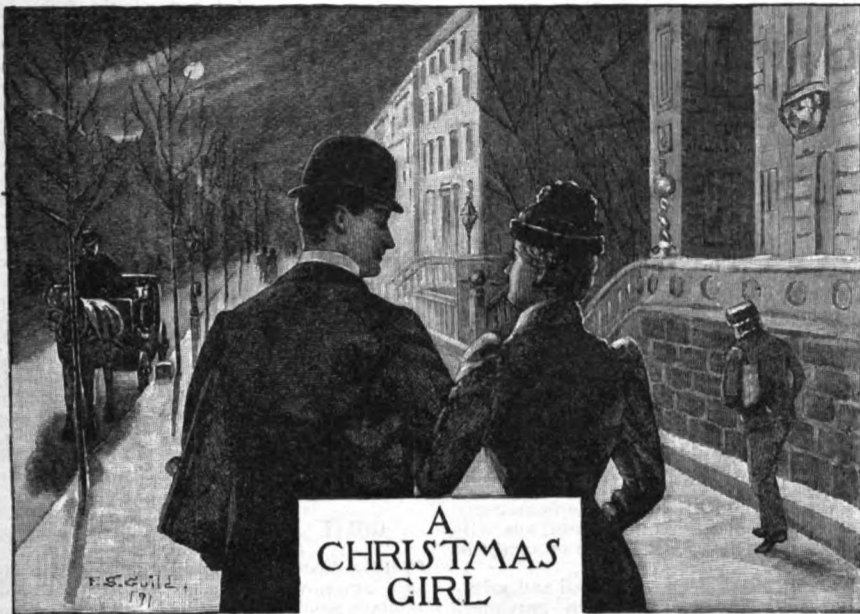


This series was commenced in the last (November) issue of the JOURNAL with a portrait and sketch of Miss Rachel Sherman, daughter of the late General Sherman.

* In this series of pen-portraits of "Unknown Wives of Well-Known Men," commenced in the last January JOURNAL, the following, each accompanied with portrait, have been printed:

Table listing names and dates: Mrs. Thomas A. Edison (January), Mrs. P. T. Barnum (February), Mrs. W. E. Gladstone (March), Mrs. T. De Witt Talmage (April), Mrs. Chauncy M. Depew (May), Lady Macdonald (June), Mrs. Joel Chandler Harris (July), Lady Tennyson (August), Mrs. Will Carleton (September), Mrs. William McKinley (October), Mrs. Max O'Rell (November).

* Any of these back numbers can be had at 10 cents each by writing to the JOURNAL.



A CHRISTMAS GIRL

By Caroline Atwater Mason

AUTHOR OF "A DAUGHTER OF THE DUNE," "MRS. ROSSITER LAMAR," ETC., ETC.

HERE I am at last!" The speaker was a tall, slight girl with fair hair and a charming face, who had, at the moment she spoke, rushed breathlessly into a dull upper room of a tenement house.

Seated at a sewing-machine by the window was a woman a few years older, with a serious face, who, yet, looked up with a smile as she returned. "I should think 'at last!' Where have you been all the morning, Lite?"

"Been?" cried the other, turning her eyes, which were fairly blazing with fun and excitement, up to the ceiling to denote speechless rapture, and effecting a miraculous whirl upon one toe. "Been? How can you ask? There is but one absolutely soul-satisfying spot in this benighted burg!"

"And that is—?"

"Why the five and ten-cent store of course, Emily Loraine." "Lite!"

"Truly," the girl went on, the corners of her pretty mouth full of mischief, "there is not, so far as heard from, an aspiration of my soul which is not met and satisfied there." "Eliza Gilbert, you are too ridiculous," laughed her sister. "Please don't call this good little girl Eliza. It scares her. And, *cara mia*, you do not understand. You figure to yourself, T and T—Trash and Trumpery, Trumpery and Trash. Nothing of the sort! This is on a higher plane than any five and ten-cent store which has ever presented itself to your sordid imagination—yes, my love, *sordid*. Do you hear?" and Lite turned a look of impressive severity upon Mrs. Loraine, who was now stitching busily away upon a red flannel shirt.

"Books? *Gewiss!* Shakespeare is now reduced to five cents. The masterpieces of all the ages are gathered together. They do look a little ashamed of their clothes, I admit. Music? Handel, Haydn, Wagner—you can have them all for a mere song! Is it art you want? There it is; any amount of it—high, too—that is the only thing that was high. Ten cents will put you in possession of the highest forms. But I see you return to that odious red shirt. My eloquence is wasted on you; but perhaps if I should tell you of the grid-irons and blacking-brushes and tin pans, you would respond. There are plenty of them. Indeed, there is everything known to the human family."

"But how in the world did you happen to go to such a place? I thought you started for the post-office and no other where."

Lite had taken off the simple little black hat she wore, and laid aside her jacket, and now came and sat by the sewing-machine, asking, as she did so—

"Where is Joey?"

"He is taking his nap, to be sure. Look at the clock. It is almost the plebeian dinner hour."

"I was going to say, if he were out of hearing, that we can have the jolliest time Christmas for Joey in this same bazaar. Why, truly, Emily, there are lovely toys there for only five cents apiece, and he shall have his darling stocking full. It will hardly count at all, you know."

Mrs. Loraine looked a little grave. "I wish it wouldn't, dear; but you know even five cents *does* count now."

"Fiddlesticks! Stop being sober. Won't have it, not a bit of it! Emily, my dear, I have a statement of some slight importance to make to you. Look at me for a moment!"

"I am looking; you are awfully pretty. I never saw so many fireworks in your eyes. Is that what you want me to see?"

"Desist! This is no time for insipid flattery. She whom you now see before you is—pre-

sumptively—a pampered worldling, a bloated bondholder, a millionaire! She is already rolling—in imagination—in gold."

"Yes, but she has rolled in imagination a good many times before."

"Oh Emily, how stupid you are! I do not roll in imagination; nobody does. Some peo-



"Here I am at last!"

ple are so dense," and Lite put her head on one side with a small, pensive sigh.

"Go on with your story, love," said her sister, patronizingly.

"Well, to begin with, you asked me how I happened to go to the new bazaar. It was in this wise: the idea seized me as I left the post-office that I would give myself up to a morning of wild dissipation; see life, as it were!"

"Oh, Lite, and you went to the five-cent store! This is excruciatingly funny," and Mrs. Loraine laughed merrily.

"You must not interrupt me. Here we have come to the city to live, and what do we know of its great throbbing heart, its teeming millions—?"

"Seventy-five thousand, to be exact."

"Its towers, its palaces, its gilded—?"

"Luxury?"

"Thanks, that is what I was after. 'My love she lives in a two-pair back.' These two rooms, the courtyard below, the streets from here to the post-office and the church—are they not all we can be said to know of Hamilton?"

"I think so."

"I made up my mind, Emily, to have the best time I could. To play I was 'rich and handsome and everybody loved me,' and go about and see things as if I had nothing else to do. I saw other people going into this bazaar, so I went there too. Then I went to the Waldo Library and walked about with the air of a bibliomaniac. I am sure I impressed the librarians. Then I strolled in the park a little while and looked at the lovely ladies in their carriages, and 'played' I had left mine just outside, you know, and all that."

"You must have had a charming time, and rolled, as you said, in imagination."

"If you don't behave I shall tell Joey my wonderful secret and we'll never tell you at all, until we are ready to present you with a sealskin sacque."

"Go on, 'Light o' Life.'"

"Then, last of all, I dropped in at Dudley's to see the water-colors. Free collection, madam, do not alarm yourself—"

"Although she was on pleasure bent, She had a frugal mind!"

So I strolled about among the lovely bric-à-brac for awhile; some things were even finer than at the bazaar."

"Lite!"

"They were, really, but not so adaptable—don't say cheap, it is such an unimaginative word. Then on among the pictures. Of course, Emily, I had the slight advantage here of knowing where to admire, a point which is desirable for several reasons, objective and subjective. There was one woman there who spent half an hour admiring the wrong thing. I felt sorry for her when she found it out, she was so mortified."

"How did she find it out?"

"When they told her the price, of course. There is one standard which is infallible! Now listen: it so happened that Mr. Dudley himself was there—"

"How do you know it was Mr. Dudley?"

"I know—no matter how. He saw me admiring a lovely bit of an English moor—just a gray-brown corner up against an autumn sky—and he came up and began talking with me, and when he found I appreciated such pictures, he took me from one to another, and finally, my dear, he opened a great portfolio of the choicest things he had, things which they do not show, Mrs. Loraine, please understand, to everybody, and let me see them all and talked in such a pleasant way about them. Oh, I did have a beautiful time!"

"I am glad, dear."

"Don't be gladder glad yet, for 'still there's more to follow.'"

"What, more than this!"

"Aye, more! You are a wise woman, Emily, but I've done one thing you didn't know about. You remember that day we passed the University Chapel, and I was so impressed with the

the first had been to delude Mr. Dudley into selling my card for me, and I had put off going there as long as I could because I do hate to talk about my work and feel like an agent and all that. But when I saw that the moment had arrived, I remarked, modestly, that I worked in water-colors a little myself. Mr. Dudley had fancied so, which was pleasing. Then I further admitted, not without reluctance, that I happened to have a very slight sketch with me, and with that I drew out my card and rushed into the midst of things, telling him how much I wanted to sell it and get orders for more, and, in fact, the whole story."

"Did you tell him that your sister made shirts for a living?"

"No, and I didn't tell him that Joey had croup the other night. There were, in fact, several points in the family history which I omitted. But he took my sketch, and regarded it with the eye of a connoisseur, while my poor little heart almost burst its black alpaca bounds. Finally he laid it down, took off his eyeglass, pulled a piece of chamois-skin out of his pocket and wiped it tenderly, while I, withal, went down into the depths; and then, with an odd little snuff he has, he remarked:

"How many of these can you do in a week? They will sell like wild-fire." Now, why wild-fire should sell rapidly it is not for you nor any other carping critic to ask. No matter for anything but the blessed fact. I am to do it by the dozen, for every student who sees it will want it, Mr. Dudley says, and he pays me a dollar, Emily Loraine, for every one!"

At this point Lite held out in her small pink palm, with an air of exultation, a bright silver dollar.

"Talk about not being able to afford five-cent presents for your angel child! What do you think now?"

"You are an angel child yourself," said Mrs. Loraine, and began to cry.

"Nicht wahr? And oh, what do you think? Most wonderful of all—I saw Strong of '91!"

"Who is Strong of '91, pray?"

"Emily! Not know who Strong '91 is after living six months in Hamilton! I should be ashamed to argue myself so unknown as that. Not know Strong—pride of the University, stroke oar in the crew, the man who leads the prayer-meetings and the athletics too! Why, he is a perfect paragon—a prodigy—all muscle, mind and morals. You must have heard of him."

"I believe now that I have seen his name. I had forgotten."

"Well I have seen *him*."

"This is a red-letter day, isn't it? Does he look very different from other students?"

"No, I experienced a revulsion of feeling when Mr. Dudley, indicating this young man, whispered in an almost awestruck tone—'Strong '91!' I had noticed him looking at the pictures. One of these very square students, you know—some of them are so—with a kind of nibbled mustache and freckles."

"How uninteresting."

"He had a good face, though, and I thought there was a certain manliness about him; still I was disappointed. I had supposed Strong '91 would be a tall, imposing creature 'with an eye that takes the breath,' and all that kind of thing."

"I am sorry to call you down to ordinary things, Lite, but if you would set the table—"

Upon this Lite sprang from her seat and with swift movements went about her work, humming "Robin Adair," and looking so joyous that the room itself seemed to grow bright.

Mrs. Loraine and her sister belonged to the great army of women who are carrying on a struggle to make a living against heavy odds. By birth and education they belonged among better surroundings than they could now command. They had come to Hamilton with the hope of larger opportunities than their native



"Oh, he hovered."



Mr. Beecher As I Knew Him

By Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher

IN SIX PAPERS

THIRD PAPER



MR. BEECHER had been emphatically assured before accepting the call to Indianapolis that the city was healthy. I was not strong in health, our little daughter was very ill from teething, and Mr. Beecher was, naturally, anxious for us. He had been particular in his inquiries whether "chills and fever" prevailed there, as we had heard, but the emphatic "No" reassured us.

EARLY TRIALS IN THE WEST

UPON reaching the home of the Elder of the church where we were to be temporarily located, we at once had our worst fears realized. The lady of the house was wrapped in blankets, two small children were ill in bed, and a chair held an older daughter—all shacking with "chills and fever."

Wearily with a long journey and with a mother's fears thoroughly aroused for my feeble baby, it is strange that tears would come when, as my husband entered I said, "Oh! Henry, they are all sick with 'chills,' and you were told no one ever had them here!"

"You must be mistaken, Mrs. Beecher, everyone has 'chills and fever,' more or less, constantly," said the lady.

"No!" said Mr. Beecher, "we were emphatically told that it never came here."

No other word was said and we were escorted to our room. I was astonished that he had said no more; but, on looking at the stern eyes, the pale and closely-sealed lips, a part of his character I had never seen before was revealed; his perfect silence and power of self-control, under what he felt was a wrong done to himself, but which he saw it was too late to prevent. No reproaches, no comments.

Only a few weeks after we were both taken with "chills and fever"; then congestive fever set in, and both were very sick, too sick to know that one of our good friends had taken the baby to her own house, or that, in great alarm, father Beecher had been sent for. After recovering from this unusually severe attack, we often had "chills and fever," but in a milder form. But during our ten years' residence at the West, Mr. Beecher's rich store of good nature and merry way of meeting annoyances, furnished a silver lining to many a dark cloud, which even "chills and fever" could not long obscure.

OUR INDIANAPOLIS HOME OF TWO ROOMS

WITH a salary of six hundred dollars a year it was not an easy task to secure a home, and it looked as if the Lawrenceburgh experience was to be gone through with again. From one place to another we moved, until at last there was a small place for sale at a price which would be thought in the East exceedingly cheap. The house was one-story, having two square rooms in all—one small bedroom and a broad veranda which could be used for a kitchen. Some of the people offered to buy this place for five, by living on five hundred dollars a year, Mr. Beecher could, each year, pay them one hundred dollars until the house was paid for. The offer was accepted, notwithstanding the visions of taking boarders and sewing, which it foreshadowed. To be free from perpetual moving was worth this additional labor. One room was to serve for entrance into the house, for parlor, study, and bedroom; the other to the dining and workroom. The bedroom was so small that I was obliged to make the bed on one side first, then go out on the veranda, raise a window, reach in and make the bed on the other side. Not such very troublesome work after all, when one gets accustomed to it; viewed in that light, how very few of life's duties are hard. The little kitchen—partitioned off from the veranda—was just large enough to allow a passage between the cooking table and the stove into the dining-room, without burning my dress; and my kitchen table was only divided from Mr. Beecher's study table by the partition. For nearly seven years this was our home—a home full of cares and no luxuries; but a very happy home—for many reasons the happiest we ever knew, for we were less separated there.

BETWEEN KITCHEN AND STUDY

WITH little ones around me, keeping no servant, and with the "chills and fever," I was not able to attend church regularly, or have the pleasure of going with my husband to many meetings of great interest. If compelled to, one can shake with a chill and yet manage to give attention to such household affairs as must be done, and also keep the little ones out of danger, if not always out of mischief—with less annoyance, at least to others, than to shake in church. But with all these discomforts, I had a far more thorough knowledge of Mr. Beecher's inner life, his thoughts and feelings than I ever had before we came East. The study and cooking tables, as already stated, were separated only by a thin partition. All that he wrote or was preparing to write—sermons, letters or addresses—I was called to hear. A quick rap on the wall, or a shrill whistle, was a signal never disregarded whatever my occupation might have been. If washing, I dashed the suds from my hands, or if baking, I cleaned them from flour, and seated on a stool by his knee, had the privilege of hearing whatever he had prepared. But for this blessed experience I could have had no time or opportunity for intellect-

As a cook, Mr. Beecher had one or two experiences. On one occasion with my bread half-made, a "chill," which I had been resolutely trying to conquer, at last shook me so violently that I was compelled to lie down, leaving the bread to its fate. This was peculiarly unfortunate, as there was to be company in the evening for whom I was preparing. But, coming in just at that crisis, Mr. Beecher insisted that he could and would finish that bread. Wheeling the lounge, on which I had flung myself, close to the kitchen door, I was ordered to watch the work and tell him just how to proceed. Well, if energetic kneading can insure good bread, no wonder that bread, when baked, was perfection. He then brought the writing on which he was engaged to the kitchen table, that he might watch the bread, give me suitable attention and, at the same time, go on with his writing.

But for this inconvenient chill I was to have baked a cake, and still hoped to get up and do it before dinner. But Mr. Beecher, elated with his success in bread-baking, was determined to try his hand at making some cookies; so between shaking and laughing, I gave him directions, and he made and baked the cookies as successfully as he had done the bread, and both proved all that could be desired.

There chanced to be more than the usual number of callers that afternoon, and he could not refrain from boasting of his morning's work and exhibiting his cookies to every one who came. Of course each caller was invited to try one or more, and they did. Before night I managed to get up and attend to the supper. After setting the table, I went to the cake box for the cookies, but found none. He had given one after another to the callers.

This was his first and last experience in bread and cake making.

Rumors of this and our mutual interchange of labor in times of sickness, gave rise, doubtless, to the ridiculous stories of Mr. Beecher's severe labors in his wife's department.

"What good will they do?" they asked. "What good?" Mr. Beecher used to say. "Why, make you better and happier every time you look at them; try it a year and you will never ask that question again."

Then he determined to use all his influence towards cultivating this taste in his people as far as he could without being aggressive. He was seldom seen without a rose or a rare flower in his hand, and when he met any one in his walks or calls, he would give them to those who seemed most likely to appreciate them. "It was given by our minister," and, at first, that was its chief value. Sometimes he would take a choice rose or plant to invalids, telling them how to watch its growth and have it taken care of, assuring them they would find it would take half the tediousness from their sick-room; or he would describe some beautiful plant in bloom in his garden, and if he found any token of interest in his description, would point to some spot in their yard where, he told them, it would look finely, and add, "If you would like it, I will put a slip of it there and tell you how to treat it."

In this pleasant way, while being very happy himself in his flowers, he doubled his own pleasure by thus gradually developing a floral interest among his people. When we left Indianapolis, few cities could boast of finer ornamental shrubs, choicer flowers or a better assortment of fruits, selected with more correct taste.

Mr. Beecher thus proved the truth of what he often said, that there were few persons who had not—hidden, perhaps, but revealed by even themselves—a natural love for flowers, which, if but touched and quietly cultivated, would in time be developed strongly.

A GARDENER AT TWELVE YEARS

MR. BEECHER'S love of flowers and all beautiful things in Nature was of him and in him from his earliest youth. The surroundings of his Littlefield home as a boy developed the inborn trait.

While studying at Mount Pleasant, in Amherst, his love of flowers was so noticeable that a gardener in the village gave him the use of a little spot in his garden where he was at liberty to dig and plant whatever he pleased. Seeing his interest in such work, the man took pleasure in giving him useful hints by which his tastes were practically developed, and so as to be best calculated to insure success. With this kindness in aiding him, the boy of twelve and thirteen learned to find more enjoyment in spending his play hours in planting, weeding and bringing his flowers forward in the greatest perfection than in any other recreation.

On one occasion the chaplain of Mount Pleasant found him at work over his flowers, watching them with great delight, and said to him: "Henry, my boy! Those are very pretty; but do you think such things are worth to occupy the time and thoughts of one who has an immortal soul?"

Easily amused and very shy before such authority, Henry did not look up or attempt to answer; but when the chaplain passed on he continued his work. When referring to this afterward, he used to say, "I wanted to tell him that since God Almighty had taken time to make such trifles, I couldn't see why it was wrong for me to cultivate, look at and enjoy them."

why it was wrong for me to cultivate, look at and enjoy them."

FINDING SERMONS IN NATURE

ALL through his life the garden was ever his favorite resting place. Wherever we lived, flowers were round and about him, and in their cultivation he found rest and relaxation from his other duties.

Our garden at Indianapolis was a special source of joy and rest to him. His church labors, after the first year, were very severe and exhausting. Then came a season of unusual religious awakening and interest that meetings were held every evening for many weeks, and each night Mr. Beecher preached or exhorted at these. Each of these services was followed by an Inquiry Meeting, and of these he was always in charge. Then every day he would ride into the country among many of his parishioners and look after cases of deep interest. This interest spreading, he was often called to other places to be absent for days, speaking constantly. This continued over a year. He had no evenings free, and seldom a leisure hour. Such continued labor began to wear upon him, and it became important that he should seek some change or relaxation. But he did not seek it by ceasing to work; and, as he would say, he could drive one kind of work out of his mind by turning to some other entirely different. The work in his garden was of great service to him during this excitement but it could not prevent him from dwelling upon his church work, and, therefore, he did not secure the needed change or rest.

[Mrs. Beecher's fourth paper will appear in the January Journal, in which she sketches the real beginning of Mr. Beecher's great career, his early fearlessness of utterance, the removal to Brookline, etc., etc.]



JAMES THOMAS WILLIAM EDWARD MARY CHARLES HENRY WARD ISABELLA CATHARINE DR. BEECHER DR. LYMAN BEECHER AND HIS FAMILY

ual improvement, for the needle or the kitchen are not usually supposed to help much in that direction. I never felt sure if Mr. Beecher did this with any idea of advantage or help for himself, or, with his thoughtfulness, saw that it was the only help in that line I could hope for.

HIS LACK OF CONFIDENCE IN HIMSELF

TO one always ready to give so much zeal and courage to any cause which claimed his special service, it was singular to note how distrustful Mr. Beecher was of his ability to succeed. In his earlier work, this lack of confidence in himself was sometimes painful until he rose to speak. But generally the moment he stepped upon the platform all thoughts of himself disappeared.

Many times when going to speak on a subject of special interest which I greatly desired to hear, he would say, "Oh, I don't go! I am sure I am going to fail and I don't want you to be present." For several years I yielded to such a request, and anxious and troubled lest he should fail, waited his return. But he invariably came home cheerful, and would say, "I had great liberty; now I wish you had gone. The audience appeared greatly interested and very appreciative. They gave me great comfort and courage," and he would appear happy and surprised. As I came to understand his moods better, I no longer feared any failure.

MR. BEECHER AS A DOMESTIC HELP

NO man could have more cheerfully or more efficiently lent a helping hand in the home than did Mr. Beecher in those times of sickness and hardships. He would do a great many things in the kitchen all with apparent ease, except washing dishes and sweeping. These he used to think might be "put off to a more convenient season."

HIS LOVE OF FLOWERS AND FRUITS

IN Lawrenceburgh we did not have a foot of ground where we could raise a flower, but Mr. Beecher rarely came home without a handful of flowers which he had found growing wild by the wayside so that in our little rooms we always had a few flowers. But when we went to Indianapolis the yard around the house we occupied had several peach and cherry trees, some rose bushes, and ample space to raise such flowers as we were able to secure, and Mr. Beecher was not slow to make the most of it.

After the first year, we secured an acre of good land for a trifle, and every spare moment was devoted to the care and cultivation of that. It was through Mr. Beecher's editing "The Western Farmer and Gardener" that he was able to buy this land for a garden, and it soon became a source not only of great enjoyment but of pecuniary profit to us, for from nurseries both West and East who advertised in the paper, came seeds, plants and bulbs of the best kind. Our garden soon grew quite famous for having the best and choicest, and many were glad to procure their vegetables from it. Our habit of early rising was of great service to us here, while "chills and fever" were so ready to seek us it was not safe to work in the garden after the sun grew hot. Mr. Beecher's morning writings and my morning's work was always done by lamplight before day-dawn, and thus we made time to go to the garden, some little distance from the house, as soon as the sun had dried up the dew, and work till the heat made it unsafe.

Closing the house and taking the little ones with us, we used to repair to the spot around our home where we found the most enjoyment. Some valuable fruit trees were now also sent, and Mr. Beecher took great pride in his fruit and vegetables, but more in his flowers. Some of the people thought it childish for their person to think so much of his flowerbeds.

THE GIRL WHO LOVES TO SING

Eminent Singers Give Their Best Advice for Her Benefit

BE SURE YOU HAVE A VOICE

BY CLEMENTINE DE VERE



The advice which is used as the title of this article is important to be observed in its reference to both quality and quantity by girls who have any intention of making public singing their profession; though it is a matter of far less importance, in its latter connection, to those who may intend to sing only for their own pleasure, to study for a better appreciation and enjoyment of the singing of others, or to teach vocal music. To those who intend their voice to be their breadwinner, in the capacity to which I have first alluded, the title-injunction is the most important that can be given any girl.

In the three cases cited but the slightest quantity of actual vocal strength may be present, provided that the vocal cords are in a physical condition to emit the musical tones. It sometimes occurs that this is not the case, that the throat can not, from its defective formation, resound or reverberate as it should be able to do in the production of a voice; but this is unusual. The tones then being present, even in the slightest quantity, the rest depends much upon the cultivation.

The best way to discover whether or not you have a voice is to submit yourself to a thoroughly good teacher, and abide by his or her judgment, although, if you possess good intelligence, musical appreciation and a really artistic sense, you should be able to judge for yourself whether your tones are true and sweet, and those are the only requisites necessary for a commencement in vocal education. Strength, steadiness, volume and ability come with training; but sweetness and truthness are natural gifts. These can hardly be acquired.

The opinion of your friends and relatives in this matter, unless they are more learned than loving, will be of but little value to you. They are, as a rule—because in their ignorance and affection they condone and overlook most glaring faults—the worst critics and advisers that a girl can possibly have. I remember a famous prima-donna once telling me that when on her tours of this country—more here than elsewhere, because most foreign lands have their national conservatories open to the public, and because, in America, girls of a lower stratum have ambitions beyond their station and abilities—scarcely a morning passed that fond parents did not bring for her approval and examination embryo Pattis and Scalchis. And it was a rarity when these singing birds could even follow a scale, thus showing by their lack of natural ability how thoroughly unprepared they were for a career as a public singer.

Therefore it is better, when possible, to submit yourself and your voice to a thoroughly good teacher; one who can have no prejudice either for or against you, and who should, therefore, as he is interested in his art, prove an unbiased and a safe judge. Flattery may be pleasant, but truth is potent, and a girl of vocal ambitions cannot have too much of the latter.

The question which naturally suggests itself next is, "How am I to know who is a thoroughly good teacher?" And it is a very difficult question to answer: difficult, as much because of the different schools and methods of singing, as because of the different characters, voices and abilities of pupils and teachers. One man may be an absolute master of the style of singing; can show you all the little delicacies of expression and enunciation, the proper accentuation of important, and the passing over of unimportant, words, and yet may not know the first principles of voice production or execution. Again, a master who may be able to develop for you a voice of large proportions from one so small as to be scarcely perceptible, will quite possibly give you nothing of technique—if one can apply this phrase in vocalization. If you can find a teacher who combines execution with voice production and development, you have found a thing of value, and the safe person to whom to submit your voice as well as your vocal instruction.

But suppose that he tells you that you have no voice—a thing which happens but rarely, most people possessing at least a small quantity of that article; but if this excellent teacher shall tell you that—although you have the love of music, and the intelligence and industry necessary—your throat is defective in its formation of the vocal cords, the only thing for you to do is to resign yourself to his judgment and abide by it. If you cannot do it, that is if you have no voice, do not try to sing. The effect is painful to your hearers and satisfactory only to yourself. The truly artistic spirit is unselfish and is less desirous always of self-enjoyment than of furnishing pleasure to others.

But if you have only the smallest quantity of voice, cultivate what you have; develop more, and learn the art of singing. That is all you will find it necessary to do in order to become a very pleasing singer. I say "all," but it is a very large "all." It represents months and even years of close application, patient study, continued practice and care. But the adherence to them will give you—provided you have started with the requisites—a style which will charm, and a voice which will be to yourself and your nearest and dearest, if not to the public, a constant source of refined pleasure.

WHEN TRAINING THE VOICE

BY MARIE ROZE



It is when a girl is training her voice that she should be careful with her diet, and look well to the little things in life which bring us good health. Colds and draughts are, of course, always things to avoid most rigidly. A girl who has any regard for her voice cannot be too careful when going out into the open air—in her wraps, and especially in the manner in which she protects her chest and throat. Another important thing is rest, and plenty of it. A girl who is irregular in her hours of sleep will feel it in her voice.

As to diet, the girl should avoid sweets of all kinds. There is nothing better than food of the plainest kind. Pastry, nuts, almonds, raisins, pickles, rich sauces are simply poison to a singer. All these are indigestible, and a singer, above all people, should partake of only that class of food which digests easily. Never eat closer than two hours before you sing. I go further: if I sing at eight o'clock, I eat at four in the afternoon. As regards fluids, all are harmful if taken in immoderate quantities. Milk is good, but it is best when mixed with soda-water or seltzer. Wines of any kind are injurious, and I cannot be too emphatic in warning all girls who aspire to be singers to abstain from them. I have known some of the most promising voices to be utterly ruined by even the smallest indulgence in wine. Fresh and ripe fruit always makes a good diet for a singer, especially grapes. Very often—almost daily I might say—I eat a pound of grapes, and find them the best possible tonic for the vocal cords.

The voice is regulated by the health of its possessor, and just as she takes care of that or neglects it will she make a success or failure. A good voice cannot come from an unhealthy constitution. If ever two things were inseparable, they are good health and a good voice. With the former, the latter is possible; without it, vocal excellence is impossible.

IS CONSTANT PRACTICE NECESSARY?

BY CLARA POOLE



One must be careful in receiving the answer to this inquiry, to distinguish between practice of the voice and exercise of the same organ, else my opinion on this subject is likely to be received with question. I do not believe in constant practice unless it is possible to have such practice with a teacher; but I do believe in the constant use of the voice under the care of a person competent to prevent the little carelessnesses and errors which unguarded practice is likely to make secure.

If a girl expects to make much of her voice, by which I mean if she intends to sing with style, method, good taste and expression, either in public or in her home, the usual two lessons a week, with the daily practice at home, are, in most cases, useless. I believe in daily lessons, or, better still, in morning and afternoon lessons daily. This obviates the necessity for practice alone, and enables the pupil to give her voice the exercise necessary to secure its flexibility and best effects, under intelligent guardianship.

A teacher may, and frequently does, spend the time allowed for the semi-weekly lesson in endeavors to eradicate some particular fault of method only to have the pupil leave her in order to "practice," as she calls it, at home; in reality, to fasten the fault the more firmly. It is the most difficult thing in the world for this to be otherwise, as faults which are perfectly evident to a teacher—because of his or her extensive study and knowledge—are unrecognizable in the majority of cases to a pupil. And if they are unrecognizable, how much more is it impossible for the pupil to guard against them! I wish I could urge more forcibly the economy and wisdom, as well as the necessity, for such a course. These qualities possess often so much more of weight in an argument than does absolute need; perhaps because their effects are so much more visible to the uneducated. To the true musician the effort of misapplied practice is at once only too evident.

Let me suggest, also, the crying evil of length, as well as of misapplied, practice. Under no circumstances should the voice be used continuously for more than half an hour. I think there is but one opinion in this matter, and that is, that longer continuous use tends to destroy both the quality and capability of a voice. Even opera singers, who sing during a two or three hour performance, have always a rest between their lines.

Therefore, let me say, if you can in any way practice with your teacher, or take daily or semi-daily lessons, do so, and your reward will be more than adequate; for I consider that one can accomplish more with daily lessons, or two lessons a day—under the direct supervision of an instructor—in one year, than in ten, by taking only two lessons a week.

THE ART OF KEEPING A VOICE

BY MINNIE HAWK



AFTER a girl has gone through the training of a voice, and she feels confident that she has been blessed with vocal powers, it is natural for her to ask: "How can you keep a voice against overwear, colds, etc.?" This question is asked of all singers, and, certainly, none is more important. Care and good health are undoubtedly the first requisites for the preservation of the voice. Avoid draughts, where the cold wind blows; avoid getting over-heated, and do like Mr. Haggard's "She," avoid getting in the fire. Don't, after singing, do as I have frequently seen scores of girls do—stand with a low-neck dress before a window, or sit with an exposed neck between an open window and a door left ajar. "But I am so warm and nervous," is the general excuse, "and I must get some air!" Yes, my girl, but that is no reason why you should get a cold, too, and, perhaps, ruin your voice!

The greatest danger to a voice is overwork. Nothing will ruin vocal powers so much as to overtax them. Each constitution has just so much vitality, and when that gives out it is useless to force things. The wonderful organs that go to make a voice are delicate, and not impervious to the recklessness of the fortunate possessor. It is marvelous how so many singers escape the exposures that so frequently occur on the lyric stage. We have to change dresses so often in one opera, frequently appearing in a bridal costume in one scene, and in the next wearing a heavy garb, that every chance is given to contract a cold. What are the preventives? As soon as we go off the stage, we wrap ourselves up and keep warm. The exertion of acting and singing on the stage keeps up good circulation. In grand opera the exertion is very great, and oftentimes, in sustained lyrical flights, the voice is put to a test which the audience, I am afraid, does not sufficiently appreciate. Now, it is evident that if one sings too often in a week, the voice cannot stand the strain any length of time. Grand opera singers have imposed upon their voices, and the result has been they gave out in a few years. I made my debut twenty years ago, and my recent appearances have convinced my friends that my voice is as fresh as ever, simply because I take care of myself. Singers ought never to sing more than twice or three times a week; they should live a quiet, moral life if they want to keep their voices. Society life is the worst life for an artist. Study the laws of health, for health is the voice. Sound sleep, wholesome, simple food, and exercise enough, will do more to preserve the voice than all the drugs or nostrums in the universe. Healthy people have no insurance against colds if they expose themselves. Oftentimes, strong people expose themselves, contract colds and die of consumption. Well, weak lungs are not friendly to an operatic voice. Avoid ardent spirits as a beverage is another caution, perhaps more applicable to male than to female singers. Many a noble voice has been literally drowned into silence by indulgence in strong drink. Shakespeare, when he says, "Oh, that men should put a thing into their mouths to steal their brains away!" could have added, "and their voices, too!"

It is easy to say, "Do this," or "Do that," and give directions how to keep the voice; but it is well known that what might affect one singer will produce no effect whatever upon another. The main thing is, to study your own constitution, and live up to it. Know yourself, and then treat yourself in the best possible manner. No time is ever wasted which is spent upon the care of a good voice.

In the matter of colds, no one can tell when the least exposure will be the beginning of an attack. Going out in the cold night air, something—a shawl or cape—should be put over the mouth to keep away the wind. I always wear a "cloud"—Orenburg shawl. In countries like Mexico, where the air is somewhat rarified, the ladies, coming out of the theatres in the evening, always place their mantillas over their mouths.

There are a thousand and one precautions necessary to protect a voice and keep it fresh and clear; and the girl who has found she possesses a voice and has trained it, must not think the hardest part is over. Two words, however, constitute good advice—Be healthy. The road to success, for a lyric artist, is not one strewn with roses. The first requisite is a good voice, and the necessary training is often very arduous and discouraging. But any one who has the genius of song in her soul will not care for the work. I practice daily, and never permit my voice to fall into a longing for that supposed elysium known as innocuous desuetude. A singer, to interpret music divinely, must feel; but those who do not feel when they sing last much longer. Yet the greatest artists—those who make the deepest impression—must be emotional. It is a continual struggle and a continual dissatisfaction with one's self, and a craving to perfect one's self at every performance. I find, always, there is a point I have forgotten, and which I leave over to do next time. If I had no emotion, I would be satisfied with what I do, but as it is there is a continual desire to do better. I do not believe in artists who think they are perfect. There is no such thing as being perfect. The true singer—the girl or woman who loves to sing—is always ambitious to do better. This is wise and commendable. But don't overdo: be true to yourself, and you will not only be true to your voice, but you will ascertain for yourself the art of keeping your vocal powers in their best form.

A DANGER TO AVOID

BY ITALO CAMPANINI



PERSONALLY, I do not believe in voice building. Nature must give a girl a voice or else she will never acquire one. I often have the question asked if a voice can be made to do this or that. My answer is, that the natural voice can do so much and nothing more. Every singer with a modicum of common sense, should know just what his or her voice can do, and not recklessly strain it by attempting to sing in a large hall. Straining a voice means the beginning of the end. One pure, natural note, is a joy forever; but a falsetto note is the ghost of departed sweetness. I can explain what I mean better by making a rather trite but true comparison. If a man has an income of one hundred dollars per month, and lives up to it, he never saves anything; but if he only spends eighty dollars a month, he has twenty dollars left. That twenty dollars represents reserved capital. Now, if a singer has a voice of a limited compass, and she attempts to go beyond it, or keep up to it, she will inevitably break down. It is the law of compensation and nature. It is far better for a young lady who has a small but sweet voice, never to attempt to sing in a large hall. A man knows just how far he can jump, and singers know what their voices can do. Well, now, if a man who knows he can only jump eight feet tries to jump twelve feet and fails, he can only blame himself. "Oh, but why did he not consult friends or a professional athlete?" some one will ask. That would have done no good, because the man knew what he could do himself. Now, young girls who are taught at home, or even in conservatories, soon find out what strength and compass their voices have, and if they recklessly attempt to go on the stage when they have voices that are inadequate, I do not know how it can be prevented. Voices should be well cultivated. I have heard small voices that were sweet and fresh because they were natural and not strained. A young lady had better, by far, cultivate her voice, if a small one, for parlor singing and have it natural, than ruin it by straining for a greater compass. She can give her friends in her parlor at home a treat that would make no impression on an audience in a large concert hall. It is better to have a sweet voice in a room eight feet by ten, than to have a cracked, falsetto voice in a big concert hall.

DEMANDS OF A PUBLIC VOICE

BY LOUISE NATALI



WHEN a girl or woman arrives at the determination that she wishes to make for herself a career as a public singer, she must contemplate carefully the considerations which influence her to such a decision. And of all the considerations which appear, the one which she should weigh the most carefully, is whether or not she possesses a voice capable of public singing; for but few of the lovely parlor voices one hears, no matter how thoroughly they may have been trained, possess this capability, and it is of the different quantities which, when added together, produce it, that I have been asked to write.

First and foremost comes what is known as the "carrying quality," that placing or bringing out of the voice with a resonance and sound which enables it to be heard at the extreme end of the concert hall, no matter how softly the vocalist may be singing. Some voices possess this quality of carrying, naturally; but with a good method, it can, in some cases, be acquired. An instructor who teaches a good method of singing—by the proper placing of the voice—will impart the knowledge of its attainment in his first lessons to his pupil, and, after this, the intelligence to appreciate its presence or absence, and careful efforts to secure and retain it by study and practice, will bring the desired quality. With it in possession, there need be no concern as to the amount of voice one has; for a small voice with this carrying power is better than a large quantity of vocal strength without it. The tones of the voice, too, come in for a share of consideration. They must be, either naturally or as the result of training, pure, sweet and, above all, true. Constant study and practice will bring these as the other qualities.

These are the requisites to the voice in public singing; but there are some other things necessary—in the woman herself. That subtle power which we of later days, for lack of a more descriptive title, have called "personal magnetism," is of the most vital importance to her success in public singing. She must, by her personal charm, as well as by her singing, carry her audience with her. They must feel her in touch with them, just as she must find them responsive to her; and, in the successful accomplishment of this, she will find new inspiration.

A woman need not be beautiful, although beauty is certainly no barrier to the public singer; but let her have a proper cultivation of voice, sing conscientiously and be in sympathy with her audience, and our debutante has the elements of success, at least, and is sure always of a respectful hearing.

THE BROWNIES THROUGH THE YEAR

A NEW SERIES OF 12 ADVENTURES OF THE FUNNIEST LITTLE MEN IN THE WORLD

By Palmer Cox

NUMBER THREE THE BROWNIES IN DECEMBER



THE FIELDS were lying brown and bare; The signs of snow were in the air;

And in the leafless forest drear No more the songsters charmed the ear, When cunning Brownies met and planned A task well suited for the band.

Said one: "That glorious day is near That is to young and old so dear; Because it calls those truths to mind So advantageous to mankind, And brings to every generous heart The wish to take an active part In cheering up the homes of all With presents, howsoever small."

Another said: "Through all the year No better season can appear Than this for Brownies to combine, And in some noble action shine. The field is wide, as all can see; No neutral arms need folded be; But to a Children's Home, near by, We will to-night our thoughts apply, And, in no weak or sparing way, Our mystic powers at once display; For not alone the Christmas tree We shall supply with labor free, But ere we leave it standing there It shall the choicest presents bear That can the sparkling eyes invite, Or fill the heart with pure delight."



To learn the task that must be done— Though full of danger or of fun— Is all the Brownies care to know. At once a willingness they show To carry out the scheme as planned, With all the means at their command.

As when the sun through orchard trees Looks down upon the waiting bees, And tells them foliage now is dry, And all the blossoms open lie, And quickly spreading in their flight They dart to woods and meadows bright; So Brownies with a sudden start In all directions now depart.



Some to the forest started out To find a tree, both tall and stout, That would support the loads that they intended on its limbs to lay; While others traveled to the town— With lengthy lists all jotted down— Determined to ransack the place

Before they homeward turned a face, However well the doors were barred, Or large the "No Admittance" card. And well they carried out their plan As here and there they freely ran From candy shops, and places where They sought a certain sort of ware, To largest buildings they could find Where goods were sold of every kind; Upstairs and down, as business led, The busy Brownies quickly sped. Said one—while they were on the race

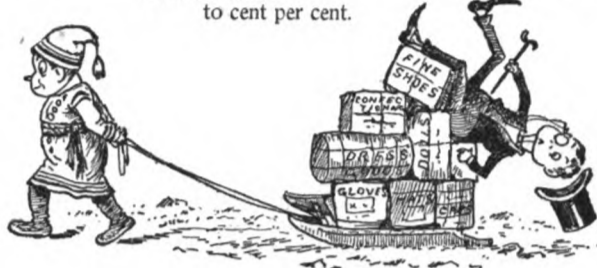


To find some goods to suit the case— "We haven't time such things to make As we require, so we must take



What other hands than ours have made To meet the great demands of trade; But well we know that nothing's lost, However much the things may cost; For greater good will surely flow Through what we take, and what bestow, Than people think who are content

To trust alone to cent per cent.



More ways than one may blessings fall On worthy heads, both great and small; The loss that causes tears and sighs May prove a blessing in disguise. We better know where everything Will greatest good and pleasure bring Than those who mostly tax the brain At bargaining for private gain. We Brownies neither buy nor sell, But give and take and prosper well, And muse how little people know Where next our handiwork will show."



In time, the scattered Brownies met Those who had gone the gifts to get, And those whose task it was to fall

A Christmas tree to hold them all. The tree was promptly hoisted there, And firmly fixed with greatest care, Until it stood as when it strove To overlook the silent grove. Then work was found for every hand; The ladders soon were in demand, And whatsoever would unite With something else to form a height On which to climb and stretch around Till every branch its burden found. Said one: "My friends, we seldom find A task as pleasing to the mind; I fancy I can see the eyes Of children widen with surprise, And see the smiles extend so free From cheek to cheek when this they see, And learn that not a single tot In all the place has been forgot. For boys—the guns, the skates and bats; For girls—the dolls and rubber-cats, The books, the toys and fancy things That Christmas to the market brings;

And candy, colored red in streaks, To sweeten all their teeth for weeks."

But battles are not always won By those who have the fight begun; And though our good intentions may

Be such as no one should gainsay, And all our toil, or fighting free, Be righteous in a high degree, We may by trials be distressed, As if our cause was not the best. So Brownies did not pass the night Without mishaps that wakened fright; Where ladders, of the greatest length, Were lacking in the proper strength To bear the crowd that clambered high, Their gifts upon a branch to tie; Or where they broke some rude affair, On which they stood to do their share.



And round the floor the presents rolled That at the time they chanced to hold; Some toys received

distressing whacks, That gave them broken limbs or backs.

By coming down from greatest height Mid candy, horns and weapons bright,

Some costly works were shaken loose, That were not made for roughest use; And bravest hearts were filled with dread As something crashed high over head. And it was dangerous to throw A glance above, the cause to know.



Here fell a doll, in spite of care, And there a goat or cotton hare;

Down whirling through the branches fell The felt-made elephant as well, With wiggling trunk, a glassy stare, And saw-dust spouting from a tear, To roll about, as if in pain, Upon some sun-dried Asian plain.

But then, the Brownies' skill sublime Stood them in hand at such a time; A tap, a twist, a shake or two, And broken things were good as new. The watch its ticking would resume

Of nuts, to serve for winter's store When generous autumn is no more, Some active Brownies, spurring all The chairs and ladders, dared to crawl From limb to limb, with actions bold And hands that seldom lost their hold, Till to the brittle top they passed

And made the Christmas presents fast. So work went on, as it must go When Brownies all united throw Their daring skill and mystic power, Into the labor of the hour. 'Tis hard to tell or paint aright Their acts that long December night Upon one page, however wide, Where pen and pencil must subside. But those who know the Brownie band, May well believe no idle hand Was resting there, that had a chance

The undertaking to advance. One, running out one time to spy If signs of day were in the sky, Mistook the northern lights in play For early hints of morning gray.

So with the false alarm he ran, And almost overthrew their plan. Indeed the work was scarcely more Than half-way through, when at the door The rogue appeared with such a shout, It brought their eyes all popping out; The tree itself was nearly felled Through their commotion when he yelled.



That had been scattered round the room; The shattered limbs of dolls were set By those who first the patient met; And all the surgeon's skill was shown At splinting up the broken bone, Till on the tree they took their place Without a limp or loss of grace.

At times misunderstandings rose, And comrades almost came to blows, When some an injury received, Or were at rash remark aggrieved; But calmer heads would get the floor, And words like these soon peace restore: "Be careful of your hand, my friend,



And let it not in wrath descend; For many a hand with hasty stroke The silver links asunder broke, That neither vows, repentant strain, Nor scalding tears could mend again." Like cunning squirrels when they try To hide away a good supply

But neither slip, nor fall, nor break, Can make the Brownie band forsake A task their willing hands may find, 'Till they are satisfied in mind. So there they climbed about and tied The handsome gifts on every side, And piled some things around the base That were denied a hanging place, Till every child that slumbered there, Was sure to have its proper share. Then one remarked, with smile of pride, "The task has much our patience tried, But still this thought the heart revives, We've done our best to brighten lives." And when the work, at last, was through, And Brownies from the place withdrew, They left, indeed, a Christmas tree That made the children shout with glee.



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A HANDFUL OF HOLLY



In ancient times, the old chroniclers tell us, it was a pretty custom, on Christmas morning, with the most courtly of the English gentry, to lay at the feet of the fairest maid in all the parish roundabout a handful of holly. A happy maid, indeed, was she who on the morn of the birth of Christ received this token of respect to her pure womanhood.

And my wish upon this Christmas of 1891, to each of the mothers who read my words, is an old-fashioned one. We are getting so progressive in these days of ours that we are crowding all too rapidly out of the lives of our children those little beliefs and "supposings" that, years ago, made happy the hearts of the young.

We want the little ones in this century to believe, just as they did years ago, that something of the supernatural transpires on each great holy day of the world. That if the sleepy little eyes will wake early enough on Easter morning, for example, they will see the sun dance in the heavens. We want them still to believe that the wish made on the hot-cross bun on Good Friday will come true before the year is out.

And then, when Christmas morning comes, let all the wise horses, all the soft-eyed cows and everything that lives in a stable still get down on their knees early Christmas morning, just as they did centuries ago, in honor of the little Child that was born at that time in a stable. We lose nothing, my friend, by letting this faith remain in the little minds in our homes. Soon enough will the world shatter the pretty story, but don't let it be your hand that tears aside the gauzy curtain.

So, on this Christmas morning, let your Editor come to each of you, wherever be your home, in this land or across the seas, and place at your feet a handful of holly; and may the fragrant aroma of the shining green leaves bring to your memory the beliefs of your childhood, and that of your mothers before you, and in their remembrance may you determine that they shall rest in the mind of your children and in their children's children. Be old-fashioned in this idea; let the rest of the world pass you if it will, but let us each seek to perpetuate the Christmas of the olden time.

EDWARD W. BOK



LAST Christmas-tide it was the pleasure of the Editor to present to his JOURNAL readers a garland of Christmas wishes, twined by a dozen of the women of America. This year the greetings come to American women from their sisters "over the sea." To the Editor of the JOURNAL this pleasure is a special one, since it was his privilege to personally gather the greetings as they are here presented to his readers.

ADELINA PATTI'S CHEERFUL MESSAGE

MADAME PATTI we all know; her voice has charmed us often. She has sang before us, but hitherto has never written to us. "I am glad, indeed, to send this," said the great singer as she penned these words:

IT is a pleasure to me to express most cordial Christmas greetings to the women of America through the Editor of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. From my heart I wish for them all the joy, jollity and good cheer popularly associated with the festive season. As I write this in my home, in the beautiful Swansea Valley, I recall with pleasure that one of the songs American women are fondest of hearing me sing is "Home, Sweet Home," and Christmas-tide is essentially a season which brings out all the beauties of a happy home.

ADELINA PATTI-NICOLINI

FROM THE DAUGHTER OF DICKENS

SOME way or other we always associate the name of Dickens with Christmas, and I was pleased, therefore, when his daughter said most earnestly to me in England last summer: "Do let me give you a Christmas greeting for your American women. My father loved them all, and his daughter is not less fond of them."

ON Christmas Day would I greet you, dear sisters of the newer world! Dear mothers, you who are telling your children, gathered round you, the story of the lowly manger-bed; of the Holy Child, tended by the gentle Virgin Mother, all hail! Some of you may already have treasures in "Sunny Paradise!" There your babies of long ago are awaiting your coming. O, happy thought! A bright and lovely Christmas to you!

My childless sisters, who have never known, are never to know, the joys of maternity, take comfort into your hearts through the children of your more privileged relations and friends. Children are so quick, and seem to have such a subtle knowledge of the yearnings we, who love them so, bear toward them, that, believe me, they shower upon us a world of passionate, tender and faithful love.

My more unfortunate sisters—if such there be who read these words—listen to the chimes as they will ring on Christmas morning. Take heart of grace. Look up and see the picture of the most compassionate, merciful and divine of men as He bends down to the weeping Magdalene, in pity, in love and in forgiveness! Rise up and follow her; ay! follow her to the very foot of the cross. So shall this Christmas-tide be a happier and more hopeful one than you have known for many a day.

My pretty girls—for you are all pretty, I know—much happiness, much fun and frolic, much joy; but in your wealth of youth and beauty do not forget the wants of the poor and needy! Merry Christmas to you all!

MAMIE DICKENS

EDNA LYALL'S PEACEFUL GREETING

THOUSANDS of our women know the sterling novels of "Edna Lyall," and how characteristic of that pen is this simple yet earnest Christmas message which the author wrote in her Eastbourne home:

A CHRISTMAS greeting from the other side of the Atlantic to the women of America! It has always seemed to me the most difficult of problems to combine in daily life the two parts of the Christmas motto; for the effort to show "good-will toward men" is only too apt to destroy "peace," and to make home an uncomfortable place where several over-worked people sleep, eat, and discuss plans. Words written by John Foster early in this century often come to my mind. "If I had the power," he says, "of touching a large part of mankind with a spell, amid all this inane activity, it should be this short sentence, 'Be quiet, be quiet!'" Can we, any of us, do better than tack his spell and try to weave it into our "I urying life?"

FROM LADY MORELL MACKENZIE

WHILE the name of Sir Morell Mackenzie has come over to us as one of England's greatest physicians, that of Lady Mackenzie has hitherto been withheld from Americans. And yet, from few of England's women is the American abroad apt to receive more hearty hospitality than in the home over which Lady Mackenzie presides.

TO all my sisters on the other side of the Atlantic I send a garland of Christmas wishes: To the maiden, that the secret hope of her heart—if a worthy one—may be crowned with fulfillment; to the young mother, that the babe at her breast may be a link between two lives which nothing can break; to the matron in the mellow maturity of her prime, that her heart may be brightened by the prosperity of her husband and the rich promise of her children; and to her whose sun is already sloping toward the west, that the evening of her life may, like the close of a perfect day, be undimmed by sorrow.

MARGARET MORELL MACKENZIE

MARIE ROZE'S RETROSPECTIVE GLANCE

IN the minds of lovers of the best operatic music the name of Marie Roze has a pleasant place. With her, admiration for America and its women is not gauged by mercenary motives. Our country won the heart of the famous singer years ago, and in her London home one sees on every hand evidences that that affection has not died out.

THERE is no gentler custom in all the world than the greetings of Christmas-tide. It is the one season of rejoicing, when men and women and children join hands and make a circle around the world. It is a season of forgiving and forgetting, a time for the wiping away of tears, when enemies should shake hands, and when the blessed word forgiveness should be uppermost in all our minds. It has been my good fortune to spend Christmas in many lands, and always under the most cheerful circumstances. The human heart is the same the world over. It makes little difference whether the color of one's skin be white or black, or of what race they come, or what creed they believe in—Christmas is the day when all enmities are forgiven and new friendships are established. I love the Christmas times; I love to see the little children, with their toys, playing about the house with never a thought of the rugged road of life their weary feet must one day press; I love to see the young husband and wife happy in each other's love, for it is in the sanctity of home that society finds its corner-stone; I love to see the old man and old woman, the grandfather and grandmother, whose heads are covered with a crown of silver hair; I love to see the poor at Christmas, for then the great heart of human nature swells. What thoughts come to me as I write! I go back in fancy to the days of my childhood. I can see the toys that I played with. There is the old room, and every particle of furniture and every picture on its walls are familiar to me. There is the loved and loving mother and father, and all my good friends of my childhood days pass before me in glorious procession. How happy I was then, and who of us would not exchange all the honors and rewards that have come to us through our adult life for the joys of our childhood Christmas days? I would love to be a child again, and as I cannot I wish it were possible that the glorious myth of Kris Kringle and his pack of toys and goodies had never been explained to me. It is really too bad that we have at all times to face the realities of life. And it will be so until that day when we shall again become as little children. Happy day! Happy Christmas-tide to the women of America!

MARIE ROZE

THE PEN THAT WROTE THE WOOING O'T

NO hand is always so ready to write something in favor of the American woman as is that which years ago gave us "The Wooing O't," and has since given the world so much other worthy work. With a frank sincerity all her own, the "Mrs. Alexander" of literature and the Mrs. Hector of her friends, gave me these words to present to the JOURNAL readers in their Christmas issue:

"PEACE and good-will" to our sisters across the Atlantic for the blessed Christmas time. This, above all others, is the feast whereon we should let "the dead past" of offences great or small "bury its dead;" while the memory of loving kindness, of benefits, should glow with fresh life, and stand out in electric clearness against the checkered background of bygone years. For all the good gifts the American people, as a race, has bestowed upon the world, we English women thank you. For the noble thoughts, the subtle pictures of character, the analysis of motives, the faithfulness to high standards in their works which your poets and philosophers and story-tellers have sent to help us on our upward, thorny way—for in all these you have had your share—we thank you with warm gratitude! For the conquests over nature, the sphinx whose riddles your scientists force her to reveal, the alleviation of suffering, and the uplifting of mankind, we laud and magnify your mighty men, rejoicing in the gifts of their bounteous hands.

Let us press forward in union; for ours is the grand battle with ignorance and sloth and the dullness of mean envy, and each day shows more clearly that it is our mission to march hand in hand in the pursuit of true freedom—emancipation from the tyranny of evil. So let us bury the erring past, sorrowing for our sins and mistakes with the softness of genuine humility, not the bitterness of mortified self-love. And, taking up our lives afresh, strengthen and beautify them with

"Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control," and all the gracious growths that spring from this grand trial. "Peace be within your walls!" oh, women of the new world, "and plenteousness within your palaces!"

ANNIE ALEXANDER

MRS. KENDAL'S WOMANLY GREETING

OF Mrs. Kendal it may be truly said that she represents what is loftiest and best on the stage of to-day; and in this pretty sentiment her womanly qualities come to the fore:

I SPEAK the same tongue, am warmed and cooled by the same sun and wind; but I have one slight disadvantage (some think advantage); I am an actress. Now, it is generally supposed that a creature who paints her face, and wears different gowns, cannot retain the same simplicity of thought as other women; but this is not the case. Never believe anything of the kind. In fact, believe nothing detrimental to others, especially at Christmas time.

No; remember

"Stage masks may cover honest faces. And hearts beat true beneath a tinsel robe!"

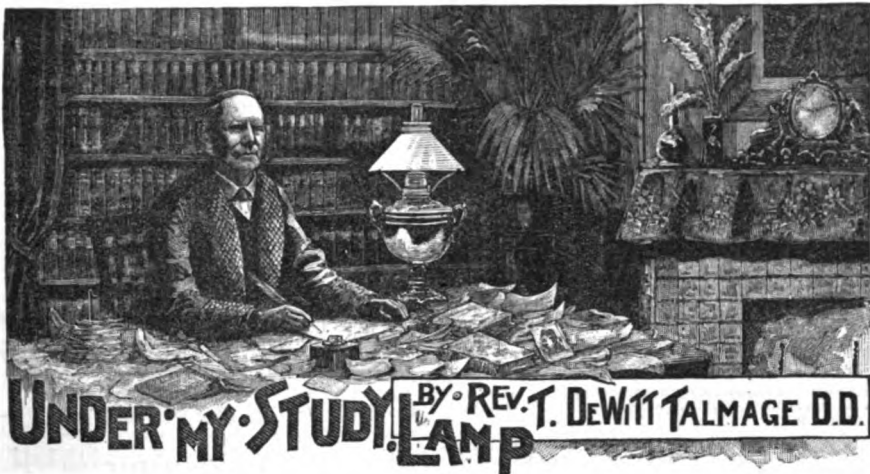
Now, isn't that a pretty sentiment? Do you know Peg Woffington said that? She also said something else rather nice. She said to her lover:

"Oh tell me, tell me you love me. Only say so! Never mind if it is true or not."

Now, you pretty, nice, bright, cunning, smart (you see I speak the language) American woman, can you say this of all your friends on this Christmas day of 1891? Yes! you can.

MADGE KENDAL

AND it would have been easy for the JOURNAL's Editor so have secured pages of these "greetings 'cross the sea," from England's most noted women, but sufficient are here given to indicate to the women of America the loving estimate placed upon them by their sisters in the mother country. Whether one listens to the words of Mrs. Gladstone, as she speaks of the "dear women of the new country," or hears the author of "Robert Elsmere" acknowledge the debt of kindness under which she feels to her readers in America, or talks with the charitable Countess of Aberdeen, as her eyes brighten with the mention of American women, the conviction comes quickly home that a closer bond of love exists nowhere in this wide, wide world of ours as that which binds the hearts of the English and American women. The differences of the past are forgotten, the wonderful progress of our land excites no envy, the superior beauty of our American women is not made the basis of a jealous spirit. There is extended but one feeling by the English women toward their American sisters—that of sisterly affection and good-will. As never before in the history of the mother-land are American women welcomed to English homes; their coming is eagerly looked for, and their presence means general pleasure. English hospitality knows no limit when once extended, and the thousands of our American women who visited English shores during the past summer, will be able to appreciate, best of all, the heartiness and thorough sincerity underlying these "greetings 'cross the sea."



It is December again, and once more my pen is lifted to send my Christmas salutations to the readers of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. How quickly time seems to move! And the last month of a year finds many always in a reflective mood. With one year behind us, how natural to look forward to what the next will bring us! Reflections crowd upon us, and with the flight of the year there comes to us a sense of the flight of our own lives.

★
THE DECEMBER OF OUR LIVES

IHAVE heard it said that we ought to live as though each moment were to be our last. I do not believe that theory. As far as preparation is concerned, we ought always to be ready; but we cannot always be thinking of death, for we have duties in life that demand our attention. When a man is selling goods, it is his business to think of the bargain he is making. When a man is pleading in the courts it is his duty to think of the interests of his clients. When a clerk is adding up accounts it is his duty to keep his mind upon the column of figures. He who fills up his life with thoughts of death is far from being the highest style of Christian. I knew a man who used often to say at night, "I wish I might die before morning!" He is now an infidel. But there are times when we ought to give ourselves to the contemplation of that solemn moment when the soul time ends and eternity begins. We must go through that one pass. There is no roundabout way, no by-path, no circuitous route. Die we must; and it will be to us a shameful occurrence or a time of admirable behavior. Our friends may stretch out their hands to keep us back, but no imploration on their part can hinder us. They might offer large retainers, but death would not take the fee. The breath will fail and the eyes will close and the heart will stop. But this ought not to be a depressing theme; who wants to live here forever?

★
LOOKING TOWARD THE SUNSET

THE world has always treated me well, and every day I feel less and less like scolding and complaining. But yet I would not want to make this my eternal residence. I love to watch the clouds, and to bathe my soul in the blue sea of heaven; but I expect when the firmament is rolled away as a scroll to see a new heaven, grander, higher and more glorious. You ought to be willing to exchange your body that has headaches and sideaches and weaknesses innumerable, that limps with the stone-bruise or festers with the thorn, or flames on the funeral pyre of fevers, for an incorruptible body and an eye that blinks not before the jasper gates and the great white throne. But between that and this there is an hour about which no man should be reckless or foolhardy. I doubt not your courage, but I tell you that you will want something better than a strong arm, a good aim and a trusty sword when you come to your last battle. You will need a better robe than any in your wardrobe to keep your arm in that place.

★
WHEN THE DAY IS DONE

CIRCUMSTANCES do not make so much difference. It may be bright day when you push off from the planet, or it may be dark night, and while the owl is hooting from the forest. It may be spring, and your soul may go out among the blossoms, apple orchards swinging their censers in the way. It may be winter, and the earth in a snow shroud. It may be autumn, and the forests set on fire by the retreating year; dead nature laid out in state. It may be with your wife's hand in your hand, or you may be in a strange hotel with a servant faithful to the last. It may be in the rail-train, shot off the switch, and tumbling in long reverberation down the embankment. I know not the time; I know not the mode; but the days of our life are being subtracted away and we shall come down to the time when we have but ten days left, then nine days, then eight days, then seven days, six days, five days, four days, three days, two days, one day. Then hours: three hours, two hours, one hour. Then only minutes left: five minutes, four minutes, three minutes, two minutes, one minute. Then only seconds left: four seconds, three seconds, two seconds, one second. Gone! The chapter of life ended! The book closed! The pulse is at rest! The feet through with the journey! The hands closed from all work. No word on the lips. No breath in the nostrils. Hair combed back to lie undishevelled by any human hands. The muscles still. The nerves still. The lungs still. The tongue still. All still.

★
WHEN LIFE RECEIVES ITS SEAL

ON earth with many of you the evening is the happiest part of the twenty-four hours. You gather about the stand. You talk and laugh and sing. You recount the day. You plan for the morrow. You have games and repartees. Amid all the toil of the day that is the goal for which you run, and as you take out your watch or look at the descending sun you thrill with the thought that it is toward evening. So death comes to the disciple! What if the sun of life is about to set? Jesus is the day-spring from on high; the perpetual morning of every ransomed spirit. What if the darkness comes? Jesus is the light of the world and of heaven. What though this earthly house does crumble? Jesus has prepared a house of many mansions. Jesus is the anchor that always holds. Jesus is the light that is never eclipsed. Jesus is the fountain that is never exhausted. Jesus is the evening star, amid the gloom of the gathering night. You are almost through with the abuse and back-biting of enemies. They will call you no more by evil names. Your good deeds will no longer be misinterpreted or your honor filched. The troubles of earth will end in the felicities of heaven! Toward evening! The bereavements of earth will soon be lifted. You will not much longer stand pouring your grief in the tomb like Rachel weeping for her children, or David mourning for Absalom. Broken hearts bound up. Wounds healed. Tears wiped away. Sorrows terminated. No more sounding of the dead march! Toward evening! Death will come, sweet as slumber to the eyelids of the babe, as full rations to a starving soldier, as evening hour to the exhausted workman. The sky will take on its sunset glow, every cloud a fire-psalm, every lake a glassy mirror; the forests transfigured; delicate mists climbing the air. Your friends will herald it; your pulses will beat it; your joys will ring it; your lips will whisper it: "Toward evening!"

★
THE ORIGIN OF DREAMS

BEFORE the year closes I want to answer two leading questions which have lain on my desk for some time from JOURNAL readers: One sister asks: "Do you believe in dreams?" I will tell you just what I think. I believe that the majority of dreams are merely the penalty of outraged digestive organs, and you have no right to mistake the nightmare for heavenly revelation. Late suppers are a warrant deed for bad dreams. Highly-spiced salads at eleven o'clock at night, instead of opening the door heavenward open the door infernal and diabolical. You outrage natural law, and you insult the God who made those laws. It takes you from three to five hours to digest food, and you have no right to keep your digestive organs in struggle when the rest of your body is in somnolence. The general rule is, eat nothing after six o'clock at night, retire at ten, sleep on your right side, keep the window open five inches for ventilation, and other worlds will not disturb you much. By physical maltreatment you take the ladder that Jacob saw in his dream and you lower it to the nether world, allowing the ascent of the demoniacal. Dreams are midnight dyspepsia. An unregulated desire for something to eat ruined the race in Paradise, and an unregulated desire for something to eat keeps it ruined. The world during six thousand years has tried in vain to digest that first apple.

★
HOW TO HAVE PLEASANT DREAMS

I WILL give you a receipt for pleasant dreams. Fill your days with elevated thought and unselfish action and your dreams will be set to music. If all day you are gouging and grasping and avaricious, in your dreams you will see gold that you cannot clutch, and bargains in which you were out-shylocked. If during the day you are irascible and pugnacious, and gunpowdery of disposition, you will at night have battle with enemies in which they will get the best of you. If you are all day long in a hurry, at night you will dream of rail-trains that you want to catch while you cannot move one inch toward the depot. If you are always over-suspicious and expectant of assault, you will have at night hallucinations of assassins with daggers drawn. No one wonders that Richard III, the iniquitous, the night before the battle of Bosworth Field, dreamed that all those whom he had murdered stared at him, and that he was torn to pieces by demons from the pit. If a man spends his life in trying to make others happy and is heavenly-minded, around his pillow he will see cripples who have left their crutches, and processions of celestial imperials, and hear the grand march roll down from drums of heaven over jasper parapets. You are very apt to hear in dreams what you hear when wide awake.

★
WHAT AND WHO IS WOMAN?

ONE dear sister writes me and asks if I will answer the question which she gives as: "What and who is woman?" Until you get a better definition, my sister, I give you this: Direct from God, a sacred and delicate gift, with affections so great nothing short of the Infinite God can tell their bound. Fashioned to refine and soothe and lift and irradiate home and society and the world. Of a value that you do not realize unless your mother lived long enough to let you know, or in some great exigency of life when all other resources failed, you were reinforced by a wife's faith in God, that nothing could disturb. Speak out, ye cradles, and tell of the feet that rocked you, and the anxious face that hovered over you. Speak out, ye nurseries, and ye homes now desolate or still in full bloom with the faces of wife, mother and daughter, and help me define what a woman is.

★
A STORY OF CHRISTMAS DAY

I NEVER like a Christmas season to pass without telling to some one a thrilling incident which happened at my house just eight years ago this coming Christmas. Perhaps I have told it to you, but I think not. We had just distributed the family presents Christmas morning when I heard a great cry of distress in the hallway. A child from a neighbor's house came in to say her father was dead. It was only three doors off, and, I think, in two minutes we were there. There lay the old Christian sea captain, his face upturned toward the window as though he had suddenly seen the headlands, and with an illuminated countenance as though he were just going into harbor. The fact was he had already got through the "Narrows." In the adjoining room were the Christmas presents waiting for his distribution. Long ago, one night when he had narrowly escaped with his ship from being run down by a great ocean steamer, he had made his peace with God, and a kinder neighbor than Captain Pendleton you would not find this side of heaven.

★
THE FAITH OF A CHRISTIAN SAILOR

HE had often talked to me of the goodness of God, and especially of a time when he was about to go into New York harbor with his ship from Liverpool, and he was suddenly impressed that he ought to put back to sea. Under the protest of the crew and under their very threat he put back to sea, fearing at the same time he was losing his mind, for it did seem so unreasonable that when they could get into harbor that night they should put back to sea. But they put back to sea, and Captain Pendleton said to his mate, "You call me at ten o'clock at night." At twelve o'clock at night the captain was aroused and said: "What does this mean? I thought I told you to call me at ten o'clock, and here it is twelve." "Why," said the mate, "I did call you at ten o'clock, and you got up, looked around and told me to keep right on this same course for two hours, and then to call you at twelve o'clock." Said the captain, "Is it possible? I have no remembrance of that." At twelve o'clock the captain went on deck, and through the rift of the cloud the moonlight fell upon the sea and showed him a shipwreck with one hundred struggling passengers. He helped them off. Had he been any earlier or any later at that point of the sea he would have been of no service to those drowning people. On board the captain's vessel, they began to band together as to what they should pay for the rescue, and what they should pay for the provisions. "Ah," says the captain, "my lads, you can't pay me anything; all I have on board is yours; I feel too greatly honored of God in having saved you to take any pay." Just like him.

★
WHAT GRANDER CHRISTMAS GIFT?

OH, that the old sea captain's God might be my God and yours. Amid the stormy seas of this life may we have always some one as tenderly to take care of us as the captain took care of the drowning crew and the passengers. And may we come into the harbor with as little physical pain and with as bright a hope as he had; and if it should happen to be a Christmas morning, when the presents are being distributed and we are celebrating the birth of Him who came to save our shipwrecked world, all the better, for what grander, brighter Christmas-present could we have than Heaven?

To be with Talmage

Dr. Talmage

— TO —
The Readers
of the JOURNAL.

May I ask you to carefully read the announcement contained on the last (outside) cover page of this issue?

I feel quite sure that you will be greatly interested.

To be with Talmage



This young lady examines the young scholar.

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



It is ringing again. It is telling once more that gracious news that there shall be "Glory to God on high and on earth peace, good-will to men." It's been a year since these bells rang, and so I want you to step forward, come out from the ranks and tell me how you have fought the battle of life this last year.

THE GIRL OF THE PASSING YEAR

HAVE you given glory to God, in word, in deed and in look? Have you made life about you so joyful that peace and good-will have come down and shed fragrance over all? Has the hasty word, the angry look, the petulant reply been counted as of nothing? How much good-will have you shown to the erring brother or sister? How much and how often have you put out a helping hand and the word that should go with it, the word that says "Be of good cheer, you are among us and you are with us, the little Child born so many years ago makes no distinction between the sinners and those who are not, and He came into this world not to save those who had already made a place for themselves, but to show to the sinner the way to joy and happiness, and to make life better and easier for him." "But," say you, "you question so much why life be made easy for the one who does wrong?" My friend, until you make virtue as attractive as vice you will never lead a sinner in the right way. There will never be sweet, pure, honest good-will until we have fewer Pharisees and more Samaritans. It's a little bit of a sermon this, on Christmas day from me to you; but it comes in with the old, old text, that the bells are chiming out, the hearts are beating forth, that the holly berries whisper out and that all over the earth makes the mother hold the baby closer to her to hear at once the tune and the words sung by the angels so many years ago, listened to by saint and sinner alike today, those same dear old words that mean joy is with us as the carols go out.

"Glory to God on high and on earth peace, good-will to men."

A CHRISTMAS WISH TO MY GIRLS

I WANT every girl among you to have the happiest, merriest, most blessed Christmas day that can ever be made. I want that which you think should come unto her should be hers. I want her to be my girl, and you know my girl is one who, while she has her proper pride, still forgiveth much and will overlook and count as vain the trifles of life—the miserable mean little trifles that make life unhappy if you let them. The tiny, tiny little speck that eats up the beautiful peach. I want her to have a year full of joy and happiness, I want her to think of the mistakes of last year and be careful enough not to let them happen again. Like me, she may have had illness come unto her, long, tiresome and painful. Like me, she may have seen the angel of death come in the door and take away the little white blossom that was there, but like me I want her to resolve that with the sorrows have come joys, with the grief there has been merriment, and that now we both intend to do the very best we can, taking for our Christmas motto, "There is always a star, that one of Bethlehem, ahead."

THE BROTHERLESS GIRL

THE girl without a brother is especially to be pitied. She is the girl who is never certain of getting the pleasures of life unless she is very attractive. Of course she has no brother who she is certain will take her everywhere; she is apt to get a little bit vain, for she has no brother to tell her, as only a brother will, of her faults and mistakes. It is only the somewhat doubtful tact of a brother that announces "I wouldn't walk up street with you in that frock," and the girl whose brother says this to her may be certain that he is only expressing the opinion of other girls' brothers. He may not do it in the most gentle way, but he does tell the truth, and if you ask him why paying a visit to another girl is more desirable than to one you know, he will sit down and look at you, and then he will say: "Well, you see, it is just this way: From the time you get there she is a nice girl who gives you a pleasant welcome and yet doesn't gush over you. She is entertaining, and yet she has a fashion of putting down nasty gossip or silly talk among whoever is there. She is a restful sort of girl, she is not always wanting to do something that tires you half to death and where the game isn't worth the candle, and when she says good-by to you, you feel certain that she is pretty glad you came, and that she will be glad to see you another time, but that she doesn't look upon you as the one and only man in the world;" that is the kind of a description that the brotherless girl can't get. Then she doesn't hear of men that a fellow would rather not have his sister go with, and she is very apt, poor dear, to make a few little mistakes. Probably the wisest course for her to pursue is for her to choose as her most intimate friend a girl who has a wise brother; then she can reap the benefit of his counsel.

A PLEASANT EVENING'S AMUSEMENT

SOMEbody, a very nice girl, wrote to me the other day and said that they lived off far in the country, had few evening visitors and didn't know what to do with themselves. They were all fond of reading, but they didn't want to read all the time. Now, I am going to make a little suggestion to them, that, if it is possible, may take up some of the time they very wisely regret to waste. The newspapers and magazines are full of interesting subjects, and when one thinks out a special topic it is marvelous how many articles and paragraphs you will find on just that subject. Take, for instance, the histories of the different queens—Catherine of Russia, Elizabeth of England, Mary Stuart of Scotland, Marie Antoinette of France—and look through your numerous papers and books until such paragraphs or bits about them are collected; then paste them each under their own heading. The work of clipping and arranging is a rest from the reading, and you are making at the same time a very valuable book. A friend of mine, a young artist, has created just such a book, and she chose for her subject the story of women artists. Even the poets contributed to her stories, and when the book is all done, if it ever will be, for it has now grown to be three books and seems likely to increase, she will have in her possession a veritable gold mine that some day may be of great use when the small amount of silver in the tiny purse has entirely gone. We do much for pleasure that afterwards turns out to be a profit to us, and we never quite know which is pleasure and which is profit.

ACROSS THE BEAUTIFUL BLUE RIVER

AND He took the little child and set it in their midst and said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." I am sure that every one of the loving girls who reads what I write, and who sweetly or kindly writes to me of her joys and sorrows, will suffer with me for a minute at this happy day to know that my little namesake, Ruth, has gone to that wonderful place where "There shall be no more weeping, for God shall wipe away all tears." She came for just a little while—just long enough to make us feel how empty life had been without her and then—she slept. I am talking to my girls, and yet I am talking, too, to those who have a little baby across the beautiful blue river waiting for them. How can you ever do anything wrong? How can you ever say an unkind word? How can you ever grow hardened and unkind and full of all the wicked things when a poor baby as unsoiled as any dove is waiting to welcome you over there? Wouldn't you fear to look your baby girl in the face? Your other children grow up, become men and women, see how hard life is and are bruised and hurt. The little baby that died is waiting for you, waiting for you just as it left you, unspotted. Waiting to take you by the hand and lead you before Him who said, "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." And there is my little Ruth, and when the joy bells ring if she is not laughing at her happiness here she is surely singing it in Heaven, in honor of that Babe who came on earth to save all mankind.

THE ART OF CHRISTMAS GIVING

IT has been nearly two thousand years ago since the first beautiful Christmas gift came on earth, and it was received with gladness and joy by shepherd and king alike. Today, in memory of that, I give you some little trifle, because I love you, but I give it so ungraciously you scarcely like to take it. A pretty way to send a gift is to do it up in one of the colored tissue papers, tie it with the extremely narrow ribbon that can be bought for a few pennies, the whole twelve yards, and so give your friend the pleasure of untying the mysterious box, of removing the pretty ribbons and of coming to the surprise at last, the something for which she has longed for many a day. I know a woman who has wanted a pincushion ten years, who in that time has gotten two diamond bracelets and innumerable rings, but the long-looked for pincushion has never come. She still hopes for it, and believes that this year will certainly bring it. You say, "Why not buy it?" Well, now, whoever bought a pincushion without the intention of giving it to somebody else? It is always a something given to you and not bought. Give with a loving and full heart, and never, under any circumstances, give that which you begrudge. Such a gift will bear no fruit for you, not even the honest fruit of thanks. You can quote as many times as you want that "Unto him that hath shall be given," and so it shall, because it is just this way, my friend: You possess the gifts of gentleness and graciousness, of politeness and of goodness and these are gifts that call others to them. If people are cross and disagreeable there is very slight inclination to wish them a Merry Christmas; if they are irritable and snappish nobody cares whether they are blessed with a Christmas present or not, but unto her who hath the graces that I have cited, will certainly come a basket full of good gifts, "pressed down, shaken together and running over."

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.]

- E. B.—I. H. S., means "Jesus Hominum Salvator."
- L. C. M.—As you have laid aside crape it will not be proper for you to assume it.
- L. Q.—It is in best taste to wait until a man friend asks permission to call upon you.
- I. C.—If you are in deep mourning it is in very bad taste to go to places of amusement.
- Blossom—A conversation must be kept up as long as the gentleman who has been presented to you remains by your side.
- Sue—The body is best developed by proper food and regular exercise; and I would suggest a regular course of Russian baths.
- E. N. D.—If you wish to improve your English do you not think it would be a good idea to join the class of English literature and study earnestly all through the winter?
- GRACE A.—If your sallow complexion is from a torpid liver, I would suggest trying calomel tablets. If they do you no good, then you had better consult a physician.
- W. C. H.—In the Jewish and Catholic church cousins do not marry, nor do I think it is approved of in the Church of England, or, as it is called here, in the Protestant Episcopal church.
- Cosy—I would suggest your consulting with the president of the Conservatory of Music as to a good and suitable school for you to attend. A white serge, or nun's veiling, will make a very pretty graduating dress.
- A FLOCK OF GIRLS—It is not only bad manners but it is absolutely vulgar to answer the personals in any newspaper. Almost any girl will reap sorrow from such an action, and she will have nobody but herself to blame for it.
- SUSAN N.—When a gentleman is presented to you, you simply bow to him. In escorting any one home, a gentleman sees whoever he is caring for to the door. It is not customary to ask your men friends in the house at a late hour of the night.
- ANNIE AND OTHERS—I have said a number of times, and repeat it, that a man who is old enough to pay a visit is supposed to be capable of looking after his own coat and hat, and of knowing how to put them on without the assistance of his hostess.
- MARY L. AND OTHERS—It is not necessary to send regrets to wedding invitations, but it is a pretty courtesy to send a note or telegram at the time of the wedding, expressing your hopes of happiness for the bride, and your congratulations to the groom.
- AN AFFLICTED READER—If your nose gets red whenever you are extremely warm or extremely cold, and the remainder of your face is colorless, it would seem as if your circulation were in bad order, and I would advise you to consult a physician.
- A FAITHFUL SUBSCRIBER—As the cocoa-butter is soft, apply it to the eyebrows with the tip of your finger. Do not use too much, and apply it toward the ends of the eyebrows, so that the hairs are flattened down and made to look smooth and glossy.
- M. L. A.—In sending a regret to a reception the use of a visiting card is in very bad form. Write out your regrets and address them to the hostess, though in leaving cards within two weeks, as you should, one for the hostess and one for each of her daughters is required.
- YOUR WESTERN FRIEND—At dinner pie or custard is served before fruit; stewed or fresh fruit is served first at breakfast. A gentleman is introduced as "Mr. Brown," and he is spoken to in that manner. If one does not understand what is said it is quite proper to ask that it might be repeated.
- W. A. H.—Slumming usually means the going through the parts of a large city where the wretched, sinful and the destitute live. Sometimes it is done with the intention of helping them; sometimes, under the care of the police, it is simply a visit of curiosity, a something certainly not to be commended.
- AN INTERESTED READER—It is absolutely impossible for me to say whether two people will or will not be happy in their married life if the husband is younger than the wife. Some marriages such as this have turned out very happily. A great many have not, but the people concerned must decide for themselves.
- STUB PEN—To thoroughly cleanse your face wash it well every night with hot water and a good soap. In the morning give it another wash with tepid water; this should make the skin clear and white, and unless you have some bodily ailment your eyes should be clear. If, however, you are bilious, or suffer from indigestion, I should advise your consulting your family physician.
- C. H.—The initials for napery may be embroidered in the usual heavy fashion, or simply etched with the thread. I should think six table-cloths, six pairs of sheets, six dozen towels, six dozen napkins and one dozen dollies would be sufficient for a bride in ordinary circumstances; and as you are not going to be married soon you will not find it difficult to accumulate this number.
- INEXPERIENCED—I have never heard that drinking very warm water before meals would reduce the flesh; in fact, I think either very warm or very cold water will tend to increase it. If you do not wish to accept an invitation that has been sent you, and yet have no other engagement, simply write while you thank Mr. Brown for his courtesy, that you are unable to accept his kind invitation.
- A QUESTIONING SPIRIT—A hostess wears any pretty house dress at an afternoon tea. Usually the hours are from four to six. The hostess should stand near the door if it is an elaborate tea; but, if not, she may be seated just behind the tea-table. The guests do not remove their wraps unless they should be very heavy coats. Gentlemen, of course, remove their coats and hats, leaving them in the hall.
- CONSTANT READER—In writing thanks for a wedding present it is wisest to make them in the third person if the people are strangers to you; but if one comes from friends, address your envelope to "Mr. and Mrs. Jones," then write inside "Dear Mr. Jones:—I accept my thanks to you and to Mr. Jones for the pretty gift you have sent me. I appreciate it very much, and am glad to think that I have two such good friends. With added thanks and all good wishes, I am, dear Mrs. Jones, yours cordially, Alice Smith."
- J. L. B.—For general wear in the country I would advise a glove somewhat heavier than the ordinary undressed kid; I think it is called the Biarritz glove; it has loose wrists and no buttons. For evening use, gauze fans in all the light and dark shades, are liked, though for daytime wear the ordinary Japanese fans, chosen to match your costume, are pretty. A small sun umbrella of dark blue, dark green, brown or whatever color you may fancy, with a pretty handle, may be used in place of a parasol. White dresses will be in vogue until quite late in the fall.
- S. B.—One gains the most benefit from a good toilet water by pouring a few drops of it in the water in which you bathe. Strawberry cream may be gotten in any large store which makes a specialty of toilet articles. The real old-fashioned cold cream is to be preferred where there is a little bruise or a spot that needs to be healed up. Any infant-powder can be used, after bathing, with a good and harmless effect. Personally, I prefer both violet powder and perfume, but this is, of course, entirely a matter of special liking, for there are many other pleasant and good ones.
- E. M.—A gentleman usually says, "Will you take my arm?" and offers it; but sometimes he offers it without saying anything, and a bright girl, understanding, accepts. When two ladies are walking with a gentleman he takes the outside of the pavement, the lady who is best acquainted with him takes his arm and the other lady walks close beside her. It is neither good form, nor is it pleasing to a man, to place him in the position of a sandwich. When some one has been kind enough to escort you home it is certainly polite for you to express thanks for the kindness.

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SIDE TALKS WITH BOYS

BY FOSTER COATES

MR. COATES cheerfully invites questions touching any topic upon which his young readers may desire help or information. Address all letters to FOSTER COATES, care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pa.

SUGGESTIVE, indeed, are the Christmas days of the year. They are blessed days to the people of the world, for they tell of One who came to bear all burdens. They are days when families are reunited, when romping boys and girls come home from schools and other cities, and home is home indeed—joyous days for parents; never-to-be forgotten days for children. They are days when broken friendships may be restored; when the gentle art of giving may be practiced to its fullest extent by all; days when old wounds made by thoughtless words should be healed and new friendships made; days when we should stand forth as God intended we should always be, loving, helpful, brave and strong. December is the month when the heads of great business houses look around carefully at their employes to note the most deserving boys who should be promoted for faithfulness, or whose pay should be increased for services well performed. December is the month of Promise. The bow of peace and good-will is set in the sky. Every star that glitters is a hope for better things.

THE YEAR THAT IS JUST AHEAD

IN a few days we shall begin the new year. The old one is quickly going, a year of success for some and failures for others. What of the days to come? Many of my readers will form good resolutions, and I hope they will be able to keep them. For myself I care little for either boy or man who has not sufficient strength of character to do as conscience and duty dictates, without making resolutions every few months. Is it not better to begin life aright, following the path of duty at all times, and under all circumstances? Every boy who reads these lines knows whether he is daily doing his duty to God, to himself and to those whom he serves. No boy can succeed by doing wrong. No great name has ever been founded except on the eternal principles of truth and justice. No great fortune has ever been built except the foundation stone was honesty. The year that is to come will bring its trials, its cares, its vexations and its disappointments, as well as its successes and pleasures. Some boys will fail and others will succeed. If failure comes through doing one's duty honestly and fearlessly, there will be compensation in knowing that self-respect has not been sacrificed. If success comes by dishonorable means, it will only be temporary. My word of advice to you, my younger brother, is to make only one resolution for the coming year: "Do Right!" In that, you have epitomized every manly principle. It is a condensed Golden Rule. It is a sound business maxim. If followed, it will bring you fortune and peace of mind. It is the philosopher's stone—contentment.

CREATING YOUR OWN OPPORTUNITY

ONE of the many boy readers of the JOURNAL writes me about his mother. He is employed in a dry goods store in a small western city. He writes that the work is distasteful to him, the hours long and the pay poor. He believes he is capable of better things, and is anxious to try some other occupation. His mother, however, is a believer in letting well enough alone. She does not like changes. She has faith in the things that are rather than the things that are to be. She is afraid her son may wander away from her, perhaps, and so she will not give her consent to the lad seeking a new occupation, and he, brave boy, follows her advice, while he writes to me for an opinion how he can better himself and still do as his mother wishes. I wish I could tell him just what to do, but I cannot. Locality, the boy's abilities and other considerations enter into such a question as this. No one can offer advice for individual cases where the information at hand is so limited. But as there are thousands of other boys situated the same way I cannot ignore the matter. There is only one way out of it, and that is for the boy to create an opportunity to help himself. The boy who waits and hopes without doing anything to help himself will wait and hope in vain. He must begin by being on the alert for new ventures. He must seek them out. He must equip himself mentally to be able to fill new positions. He must be skillful in mathematics, well read, have an evenly-balanced business judgment and be a quick reader of human nature, to find the flower of success in a barren field. Great opportunities come to those who seek them. Fortunes are made only by men who are not afraid of toil. Perseverance is just as essential as honesty or any other of the manly traits. One of the greatest achievements of the century—the laying of the Atlantic Cable—was accomplished in the face of almost insurmountable difficulties. Cyrus W. Field would not listen to his collaborators when they told him again and again that success was impossible. He did not despair for one moment. He kept working until he had succeeded in accomplishing his purpose.

THE BOY, OR HIS MOTHER?

THE question naturally arises: "Is a boy's mother justified in keeping her son employed at work that is uncongenial to him?" I think not. It is unfair to the boy. He should be encouraged to find employment that suits him better, so that his life labor may be a pleasure to him instead of a dreadful nightmare. Happiness is to be found only in employment that we love, the doing day by day of work that ennobles and makes proud, and makes every laborer, no matter how lowly his occupation, feel a kingly pride in his toil. A boy who begins life in a struggle in which he has no heart will soon become neglectful of his duties, and once he starts on the downward road there is no telling where he will stop. Distasteful toil leads boys to seek pleasures that should be found in work to places where they might not otherwise go. And yet I have no doubt the mother of my little correspondent thinks she is doing right. Every mother wants to see her boys get on in the world, but, with advancing years, mothers sometimes lose their enthusiasm, and are apt to regard the world as selfish, and view promises as thin air. Their feet have been bruised upon the rough roads of experience, and they have the right to be heard. It is not the mother, but the boy, who should take the responsibility of changing his occupation. Let him understand that he must fight his own battles. Let him feel and know responsibility and be wise enough to see an opportunity when it comes along.

THE MOTHER TO THE BOY

SOME little man reading these words may possibly misconstrue them, and think I mean that he can act without his mother. No boy can ever afford to grow beyond the counsels of his mother. The boy who loves and obeys his mother is the boy who is going to succeed. The boy who begins by loving his mother and is not ashamed to own that love before all the world, may be sure that he is on the right road. I know it is the fashion, in these days, to despise grey hairs, and oftentimes ridicule the advice of a mother, but it is an unmanly, ungenerous thing to do. It is becoming too much of a fashion, also, for boys oftentimes to speak disrespectful of their mothers. It sounds smart, for a time, perhaps, and it may create a ripple of laughter among other boys who do not know what filial tenderness or devotion is, but let me tell you, my young friends, it is a reprehensible practice, and no true boy will countenance it. Your mother is your best friend. She will do more for you than any other human being. No matter what troubles you may have, or how low you may sink, she will cling to you always. Be kind to her. Go to her for advice. Show your love for her by those little affectionate attentions that will bind her to you. It is never unmanly to kiss your mother in public, but positively ennobling. Make much of her every day and hour. Be solicitous about her health and amusements. Anticipate her wants. Make her labors light. Keep her comfort and welfare always in view. Strew her path through life with consideration and love, and in the years that are to be you will be proud of yourself for having done it. And some day, many years off, you will sit in the twilight of your room, and her voice will come come back from the beautiful valley of dreams, whispering words of encouragement to you as you fight on in the struggle of life. The closer a boy keeps his mother to him, the closer he is always to the best influence in this life.

HOW TO SPEND THE LONG WINTER EVENINGS

THERE are many ways to spend these lonely winter evenings. There are plenty of games, and a variety of entertainments, even in the smallest villages, but I would like all my boy readers to devote one evening a week to study. I am very fond of amusements myself, and want all healthy-minded, vigorously constituted boys to be. And yet it is best not to give up six evenings each week to pleasure. Take one evening to perfect yourself in the study in which you are most deficient. Or, if you possess a fair education, take up the study of languages. By devoting one evening a week for three months to French, German or Italian, a boy can make rapid progress, and to be able to speak a foreign language is of great value these days, even if one does not go abroad. But then I hope all my readers will some day be able to visit the old world. Such a visit is a splendid education. How many boys will begin to get ready for such a visit now?

THE NECESSITY OF SELF-RELIANCE

A GREAT many letters have come to me from readers of the JOURNAL since I took charge of this department. Some came from grateful fathers and mothers of boys, who seem to think that these plain talks with boys are beneficial. Letters from boys have come from almost every State in the Union, from big and little cities and the rural districts as well. For the kind words of encouragement, and the good wishes contained in these letters, I am grateful. A great many questions have been sent to me to be answered, and I have taken the pains to reply to hundreds of letters by mail, where matters seemed urgent. Let me say again, however, to all the boy readers of the JOURNAL, that I am more than anxious to help them in any way I can, but I have not the time to hunt up information that they may themselves obtain from an encyclopedia, or even an ordinary book of reference. I want my readers to learn how to help themselves. Do not rely on others for anything. If you are uncertain as to this, that or the other statement, or do not understand any of the problems that daily present themselves, take the trouble to go to the fountain head for information. If this department of the JOURNAL has any reason for existing it is to impress upon boys the necessity for relying upon themselves and not upon others. When in doubt do not be content until you have satisfied yourself on the question in dispute, and then study the matter so thoroughly that you will never forget it.

A TRADE OR PROFESSION

A PERPLEXING problem that confronts every boy is whether he should learn a trade, or study to enter one of the professions. Next month I will try to throw some light on this by a practical article considering the matter from many points of view. There is much to be said, and I have some views to express.

HERE IS A PUZZLE FOR YOU

IN the meantime let me help you to spend one of your winter evenings. I give you just below here a puzzle to work out. The story is this:

A THREE-WORD COMBINATION PROBLEM.

"In the first part of this story a very small word is missing in twelve places. In the second part another and different word, twice as long as the first word, is missing eight times. This second word is one that is used by printers. In the latter part of the story a third word, twice as long as the second word, is missing five times. Supply the twenty-five omissions and complete the story. By combining the three missing words make a sort of robber. There are just enough letters in the three words to make the two words-sort of robber I mean."

To each of the first five boys who will send to me between the dates of January 5th and 15th, the correct solution of this problem, I will send a new one-dollar bill. Do not send your answers before the first date given or after the last date. No answer must reach here before January 5th, or else it will be thrown out. The names of the five successful boys will be printed on this page in the February number. Address your letters to me, care of the JOURNAL.

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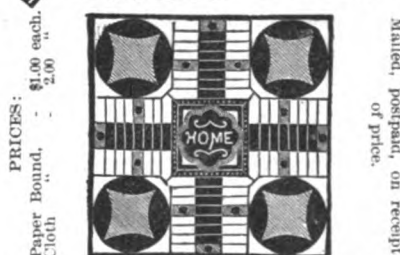
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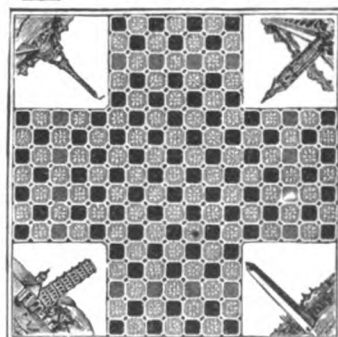
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Three-Word Combination.

When I was 14 I was very fond of skating. My time I have spent whole afternoons on the ice and returning later given whole evenings to the sport. It was 11 I could do to break way from my favorite sport to return home to bedtime. A cnic on the ice was one of my fads. I cut etures and letters in eturesque profusion and eked out smooth eces in far corners for my etorial field. As the boys eyed to say I had a le of fun though the cold often nched my fingers. At any it was sport worth having and if I appear to p about it do not be me and I will be gfull. I do not wish to be considered a pr.



The purpose of this Department is to bring the members of the Order of The King's Daughters and its President into closer relations by personal and familiar "Talks" and "Chats." All letters from the "Daughters" bearing upon this one and special purpose *only*, should be addressed to MRS. BOTTOME, care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, and she will be glad to receive them. Please do not, however, send letters to MRS. BOTTOME concerning membership in the Order, or business communications of any nature. All such should be addressed direct to the headquarters of the Order, 158 West Twenty-third street, New York city, and prompt attention will be given.



HE joyous day has come! Joy to all, because the greatest gift is for all. Some may have diamonds or other precious stones; some may be, as we say, loaded with gifts; but all gifts, all precious things only mean, only hint at God's great gift for all the race: The gift of His dear Son!

RICHES OF A PERSONAL CHRISTMAS

I AM so happy, as I think of all the sorrowing hearts that read the JOURNAL, that I can go to every one on Christmas morning and whisper, "He is yours!" and that means that every good gift is on its way to you. I feel sure that as soon as we are prepared for it this universe will be at our disposal. It means more than any of us have yet taken in—that to love the Lord Jesus Christ, that to serve the poorest and meanest of the humanity He loved and died for, means untold wealth for us in the future. I have been made so happy in the months past by being greeted by those to whom I thought I was an entire stranger. Everywhere, among the mountains, at the seashore, by the rich and by the poor the first words have been: "We know you, Mrs. Bottome; we take THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL." So at this Christmas time I feel my riches.

THE TRUE MEANING OF CHRISTMAS

I WISH I might see the gleam of the silver on the many thousands that will read my "Happy Christmas!" as I repeat the dear old words. You have made my Christmas this year so very, very happy by your loving appreciation of the little I have done for you! Your grateful love has been so blessed to me! Ah, dear "Daughters," my heaven has begun on earth; love has always been heaven. Somehow it is the only thing that has ever filled us. Since a little girl I have sung the dear old hymn of Charles Wesley—

"For love I sigh—for love I pine,
This only portion, Lord, be mine—
Be mine this better part!"

And my Christmas joy this year is not in the gifts I shall receive, or the gifts I make, but my deep joy is that while I can say, "Jesus is mine," all my Sisters, in every clime, of every shade of color, the rich and the poor, for the rich cannot be truly rich without Him, and the poor cannot be really poor with Him—all have a right to say, "Jesus is mine!"

I heard some time ago of a beautiful woman, a Jewess, who said: "I do not think Jesus was the Messiah; but when I heard, after my only little boy died, that Jesus said: 'Suffer the little children to come unto me,' I have been interested in Jesus ever since then. I think they are the most beautiful words ever uttered."

O, dear ones, you who say, "How can I have a happy Christmas with my darling gone?" think what Christmas means—Life! Immortality brought to light by His coming. Joy! Joy forever is the meaning of Christmas.

WORKING GIRLS IN A PALACE

YOUR words: "Do not forget us working girls," have lingered with me, and I have not forgotten you. I thought especially of you last summer while I was at Newport. I met such noble women that seemed to represent you all. And I met a number where I should have been so glad to have seen you all—in a palace.

A friend who is interested in our working-girls, and whose guest I was, invited a large Circle, that she started years ago, to meet me in her beautiful home; so I not only had the pleasure of meeting the dear girls, but they had the pleasure of seeing the interior of the beautiful house. Afterwards, in the supper-room, I passed from one to another, and said, "Don't you want to tell me what you do every day?" and so many were represented, as they said: "Teaching kindergarten school, type-writing, stenography, milliner, dress-maker," and three smiling ones said, "Uncle Sam's girls,"—post-office. Any of them would have graced a palace. And as I looked at them and talked to them, and then thought of the large number they represented, I saw another palace—the only palace that will be enduring—the palace of character. The palace we are to live in forever; all others will be left some day. I had in the "talk" said to them: "You perhaps wish you could live in a palace; it is much greater to be a palace than to live in one." Perhaps you feel like asking me if I only talked to the young girls who were invited to meet me at my friend's, and if I left Newport without speaking to the many who could not be there? No, indeed; before I left the working-girls' clubs were invited to meet me at the Masonic hall.

WORDS TO YOUNG BREAD WINNERS

I AM so glad that the favored women of our country are taking more and more interest in our working-girls. So one evening I had the pleasure of telling them all about our lovely Sisterhood, in a hall where all of different faiths could come and feel at home. On the platform were Protestant and Roman Catholic women of Newport. One Name united us, and we let all the other differences go "In His Name!"—the Name that charms our fears, and bids our sorrows cease. I hope, as we come to the last month of the year of 1891 and look forward to the new year that will soon be here, we shall feel that we are indeed going forward in that Name!

Be brave, dear girls; I know it takes courage to endure, but the Master whose name you wear over your heart endured the cross for us; and as you think of Him, love Him, trust Him, work for Him, you will come more and more to realize that life is only, after all, the dressing-room for eternity. And earth's distinctions will soon pass away, and you will enter on your inheritance of everlasting joy. God bless you, every one.

ONE OF THOSE LITTLE PERPLEXITIES

AT this Christmas time, this anniversary of a Gift, a Gift from God, I want to answer "the perplexities" you write me you have in regard to believing that you are The King's Daughters. A letter that was so sad to me said: "While our desire to live in conformity with His will is so faint that we get no further than the desire, and the 'living' is all contrary to, and incompatible with, Christ's example, how can the Father own us? I cannot understand that we are owned until we are serving, and I sadly fear I shall never be fitted to do that. Probably all I can ever do is to be gentle and considerate toward those I meet from day to day, in the task of earning my living, easing life's journey for them in ever so slight a degree."

And where does the gentleness and consideration come from but from God, whom Christ said was "our Father" that is in you. All good is of God. You say, "you cannot see how He can own you when you do not do His will." He certainly does not own you for an obedient child; but He owned the prodigal son as a prodigal child. And Christ told that parable to show us the relation of the Father to His sinful children.

At this time our attention is called every time we hear the words, "Happy Christmas!" to God's gift. Now, the question is, whom is the gift to? To what class? Christ said, "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son."

THE STRENGTH OF OUR BELIEF

OF course, only those who receive the gift can have the joy of it; and the receiving is the believing that Christ meant what he said, and to say: "He is mine." So knowing is conditioned on believing; believing is the only channel through which, in the nature of things, the joy can come. My dear friend, you will never know God is your Father, and that you are the "Daughter of the King," until you believe you are. And you must believe that Christ is your Saviour before you are saved; for in believing is salvation. You have a right to say, "My Father! My Saviour!" as much as the prodigal son had a right to say, "I will arise and go to my father." You know you have a spirit, and God is the Father of spirits. And Tennyson was right when he said—

"Speak to Him, thou, for He hears,
And spirit with spirit can meet;
Closer is He than breathing—
And nearer than hands and feet."

LIKE UNTO A NEW LIFE TO YOU

AS soon as you really say, "My Father! My Saviour!" and act it, all life will be changed to you, your interior and outward life. You will feel you are rich, no matter what may be your outward circumstances. You have a Father; your Father is King; you are His daughter—not His perfect daughter, but you have a perfect Father, and Christ will be to you your elder Brother, your friend, and the only friend that can save you from the love of sin; the only friend that can make known to you more and more the love of God. You will then know life, not mere existence. A friend I once told you about used to tell of the three F's—Facts! Faith! Feeling! We can only feel He is our Father by faith; and faith is believing a fact. It is a fact that God is our Father, who sent His Son to be the Saviour of the world; and by believing this fact we feel happy, we feel rich, and we come to know God and Jesus Christ whom He hath sent. And thus we feel the immortal tides of the life eternal in us. Oh! that all the "Daughters" would come home to their Father.

A WORD TO THE "SHUT-INS"

I PROMISED you a little space in our Department, and in speaking to you I am indebted for the help I hope to give you to the dear "Shut-ins" who have written to me this month. One writes to me that the cross that she now wears with I. H. N. on one side means to her that she is not to trouble others with her ailments. She is to give to them her cheerfulness under trial. And I am so indebted, personally, to one who will not call herself an invalid, though I know she is, and yet in writing to me wants to cheer and encourage me. She belongs to a Circle numbering sixty—"The Steadfast Circle." She says, "I know I am only one, but if there were not ones there would never be millions." And then she gives me a favorite little verse, which she says she has sung for years, and she thinks every "Daughter" of our King ought to sing it (and so do I). It is a translation from Victor Hugo—

"Be like the bird that, halting in her flight,
Rests on a bough too slight,
And feeling it give way beneath her, sings,
Knowing that she hath wings."

I am so sure you want to hear what this dear "Daughter" says that I will give you her words. "It says to me—this little verse of Victor Hugo's—that even though we often rest on earthly friends, we can safely do so; for when they give way, or are taken from us, we know we are not going to fall or fail. We can yet sing, 'for we have wings.' Yes! underneath us are the Everlasting Arms; and whatever we may rest ourselves temporarily with, Christ is with us; and whatever of pain or suffering comes, yet we can sing, knowing we have Him." Then she says, "Please do not think me an invalid, though I know I shall never be well again."

I think the angels, who never knew pain, bend wonderingly and lovingly over that dear "Daughter," and over every "Daughter" who bears the image of Christ in suffering, and look forward to the time when they can talk over with them the grace the King gave them to follow Him in suffering. God bless you, dear "Shut-ins" that are not shut out from the companionship of Jesus.

A LESSON FROM A PHRASE

SOMETIMES the simplest of things teach us deep lessons. I stood, a little time ago, in a crowd at a railway station, and overheard a young man ask a girl-friend, pointing, as he spoke to another person standing near, "Are you together?" "No," she laughingly replied, "I'm together!" It was all I heard. The words had a curious sound—"I'm together"—and after repeating them to myself a number of times, I said, "Well, if that is true, it is a good state of affairs—if you are really together." There are so many people who are not together in themselves; they are separated in conscience and conduct—the affections perhaps going in one direction, and conscience saying, "I cannot go with you." It is a wonderful thing when the whole person is together. It is rare—this perfect harmony, companionship in oneself. We often hear the question, "How did you enjoy yourself?" and perhaps the answer is, "Very much," when the person was enjoying something else and would not, could not, enjoy herself if left alone. It is a great thing to really enjoy yourself—to feel that you are "never less alone than when alone." To be really all together in oneself—the will, the inclination, the conscience—is the work of a life-time.

The discord all over, and the whole being like a well-tuned instrument giving out the beautiful music while the chords are swept by the hand Divine! If you will look deeply into the meaning of things you will see that the discipline of life is meant to bring about this harmony, and it will be well for us to think of Faber's lines—

"The discord is within, that grates so harshly in life's song;
'Tis we, not they, who are at fault when others seem so wrong!"

I remember once standing as a young girl by the side of my piano, while the tuner was with one finger striking the note, and with the other hand screwing the strings, till I wondered the piano did not scream "I cannot stand this"; and yet he was putting the instrument in tune. Let us, dear "Daughters," during this coming month, take everything that comes to us, and everything that goes away from us, as God's discipline to put us in harmony, to put us "together," so that we shall be a beautiful whole in His sight—living our true life "In His Name."

A FEW PERSONAL WORDS

PLEASE do not write to me, if you can possibly help it, without writing your name and address on an envelope; I cannot always make out the correct name or address. I receive hundreds of letters asking for financial help. We have no fund for the relief of poverty. I wish we had. All the Circles are independent in their work, but they are willing to relieve where help is needed near them. So, instead of sending to me, send to any Circle in your place, or write to the Secretary in your State; or, what is best, form a circle to meet the need.

In New York, as in London and elsewhere, have been started what are known as "Neighborhood Guilds." I think the name suggests a principle we might well follow out as far as possible: let cases needing financial help be relieved by neighborly interest. So, if there should be some case peculiarly appealing, do not wait to send away from home for help, but form a circle at once on the ground. Your loving sister, "In His Name,"

Margaret Bottome
PAT. MAR. 12, '89
JAMES S. TOPHAM, 1231 Penn. Ave., Washington, D. C.
(Published by the Ladies' Home Journal)



IMPERIAL GRANUM.—This standard preparation for children and invalids, is steadily moving forward as the years roll by, winning hosts of friends wherever its merits become known. We have been familiar with it for many years, and now take pleasure in describing a recent remarkable case with the facts of which we are personally cognizant:—

A lady of—, Mass., was so reduced by disease and from the effects of the powerful drugs necessarily given to relieve her sufferings, that she was attacked with black cholera morbus, and for days lay in an unconscious condition, life being sustained by champagne. As a last resort she was sent to a Boston Hospital, so weak that she had to be moved on a bed, and her physician said it was almost impossible for her to recover. At the Hospital the physicians began using IMPERIAL GRANUM, a one-half teaspoonful at a time, which after several trials was retained, and the quantity increased, until the patient after four weeks treatment, during which she lived entirely on IMPERIAL GRANUM, was discharged from the Hospital comparatively well, and so built up that in eight weeks she endured successfully a severe surgical operation, and to-day is, to use her own words "in perfect health."—The Cottage Hearth, Boston, Mass.

IMPERIAL GRANUM.—A neighbor's child being very low, reduced, in fact, to a mere baby skeleton from want of nourishment, as nothing could be found which the child could retain. At the urgent request of friends the parents were induced to try IMPERIAL GRANUM, which proved of such benefit to the child that it grew and thrived beyond all comprehension. At the same time I had a child sick with cholera infantum; on being presented with a box of the GRANUM, with the high recommendation from this neighbor, used it, and continued its use to raise the child; and I firmly believe this had all to do in saving the former child's life and the greater part in restoring my own child to health. A. C. G.—Leonard's Illustrated Medical Journal, Detroit, Mich.

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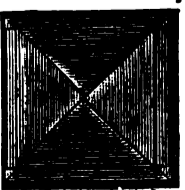
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Lamp.

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Being original, daily meditations for a year. Price \$1. Also, The King's Daughters Royal Calendar for 1892, the only Calendar published in the interest of the Order. The pad, containing one scripture text for each day, is mounted on silver-faced card board, the same shape as the little silver cross, with the letters I. H. N. and a representation of the beautiful flower Forget-me-not. On the lower arm is a crown of thorns, and the words "In Remembrance of Me." On the reverse side is a clear and distinct yearly Calendar. Price 50 cents. Either of the above sent by mail on receipt of price. Address E. SCOTT, Publisher, 134 W. 23d St., New York.

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SOLE MANUFACTURER: JAMES S. TOPHAM, 1231 Penn. Ave., Washington, D. C.
(Published by the Ladies' Home Journal)



WHY DOES NOT THE BABY WALK?

BY HATTIE LEONARD WRIGHT

LET the baby stand, for a minute, barefooted, on the floor or table. As the full weight comes upon the feet the tiny toes slightly separate and bend downward, as if to grasp their support.

Place baby's shoe on the table. Observe that the whole sole does not touch the table. The toe bends upward at an angle of at least thirty degrees. Look at the sole of the shoe. Besides the upward bend at the toe, you will find it rounded off, from the center toward the front and sides, and from the ball to the instep. Probably the heel is as convex as if it were moulded on the inside of a diminutive saucer.

In looking for shoes the only thing approaching a hygienic model to be found was a little shoe with a flat sole of soft, white leather, so soft it would hardly last through one day's travel of the busy little feet. From shop to shop I went, and at last found shoes whose soles were approximately flat, but the toes of even these turned upward. I was struck with the prevalence of badly-shaped soles; I mean badly-shaped from a physiological standpoint. The best of them turned up at the toes, so as to throw the weight of the child back upon the heels, greatly hindering the use of the toes in walking. Nearly all the soles were so rounded, from center to sides and from front to heel, the heel having its own peculiar convexity, that there was not a square inch on any one of them that was even approximately flat. Added to these defects of form, many of them are so stiff that a wooden sole would be equally flexible; and, generally, the stiffest soles (of the cheapest shoes, of course) are most wickedly convex. The convexity is less in proportion as the size increases, being less in numbers 4 and 4½, than in 1's, 2's or 3's.

The toes are of the utmost importance in walking, especially the great toe. The poise of the whole body depends mainly on the great toe.

Slender feet, with arched insteps, are much admired. Every one of us would be delighted to have our baby's foot grow to be slender, daintily arched and smooth-skinned. But at the very beginning of development, baby's shoe lays the foundation of weakness and consequent deformity.

The dainty arch we so admire is formed by the bones of the instep and heel.

Take a wire, curved to form an arch, and rest its ends on a table. Holding one end down firmly, push the other upward and outward. The curve is lessened and the arch flattened. The bones of a baby's foot are as easily bent as this wire, and the turned up toe of the shoe is slowly and surely lessening the "spring" of the natural arch of the instep by pushing upward and outward at its forward extremity. Philosophy tells us "an arch is capable of resisting a much greater pressure than a horizontal or rectangular structure composed of the same materials." So, in lessening the natural arch of the foot, it is made less able to bear the weight of the body.

The inside line of the shoe sole should be almost or quite straight. The outside line does not so much matter, as the shorter toes require less room. Some shoes for men and women form almost a point at the toe. Babies' shoes are not so bad in this respect, but even they show some inclination to convergence of the outside and inside lines. When the inside line of the sole is deflected toward the center, it must bend the great toe with it. This tends to open the great toe joint, and fibrous tissue begins to form there.

An old physician says that for the first three years of its life a child should run barefoot. Under existing conditions, this advice seems impracticable. The next best thing is to select babies' shoes with all care, and to see that they are replaced before being out-grown.

If some manufacturer will go to a good physician for a few hints, and construct a baby's shoe on physiological principles, then send his illustrated catalogues to physicians he may make a fortune for himself and serve the cause of physical development.

BANKING FOR LITTLE FOLKS

KNOW two young married people who instituted the practice of reserving all the five-cent pieces that each received in making change as the special property of the little boy that had come to them.

One of Mr. Stockton's "ginger-jars" always stood upon the mantel, and its cover came off religiously after every mercantile transaction that left a five-cent piece in the pocket of either parent; and one would be surprised to see how fast that little jar filled up. In it was also placed any piece of money that grandpapa or grandmamma bestowed upon the small bit of a man. Whenever the contents amounted to five dollars this sum was placed in a savings bank to gather interest as the ball increased in size. And such a ball does increase faster than one would think—in this case at the rate of about twenty-five dollars a year. The interest, and the various principals, will make quite a little fortune when the boy is a young man and ready to begin life for himself, either to start him in business, or to help him through college, while the parents will hardly feel the expense at all; for five-cent pieces often melt mysteriously and unsatisfactorily if they remain at large in one's pocket. It is just as wise to save in this way for the little girl; for she will need it sometime as much as would a boy, either to make her feel a bit independent when she is married, or to help her to an education.

A "ginger-jar" is an ornamental article for the mantel. Wouldn't it be a good idea to have one and dedicate it to the baby?



CHILDREN'S PLAYTHINGS

CHILDREN in these days are so provided with every conceivable toy that their ingenuity is not sufficiently taxed, and not being thrown on their own resources for amusement their imaginative and creative ability has not enough opportunity for developing.

We have in our home a little one who never cared for manufactured toys. From a little baby, amused with tin pan and clothes-pins, to a six-year-old boy, full of ball and tops and marbles, he has always derived most pleasure from toys of his own contrivance.

One which has afforded amusement for a long time is the "toboggan slide." A simple affair, the "slide," Mother's lap-board, raised at one end to give a steep or gentle incline as suited the players, and the "toboggans" made of little strips of table oil-cloth, glazed down, and rolled up over a small round stick at one end, this to give weight to the front, and the form of the real toboggans as seen in pictures.

The first was a rude affair, rolled over a bit of lead pencil and pinned. But of course, after mother had gotten the idea, it was easy to improve, and a few stitches took the place of the pin. Hours have passed quietly and excitedly, too, with this simple contrivance, for racing was inaugurated and carried on until even old folks were interested.

This was several years ago, before the time of top making with button molds and matches, that spin better than any "ner" top ever could spin. But the "toboggan" has come to stay in our home, and has been handed down to every one of the little ones with ever-increasing interest.

A SEVEN MONTHS' BABY

THINKING perhaps my experience with a "seven months" baby might be of benefit to some one, I determined to write this letter. My baby weighed four pounds, dressed, at birth, and was too weak to nurse, so has been brought up on the bottle. I have tried nearly all kinds of prepared foods, and all ways of preparing milk, and the only one which agreed perfectly with her was a prepared milk powder. After she was a year old I prepared her food thus: one-half milk, one-half oatmeal gruel and the "powder," according to directions. I take two tablespoonfuls of coarse oatmeal to a quart of water and steam three hours, turn in a dish and use from the top. Since three months old she had had a tepid bath in the tub every morning, remaining in the bath only a second. I feed her every two hours, and after feeding lay her down and she goes to sleep by herself. I have been very regular with her, and have never had the least trouble. I take her out at least four hours every day. She sleeps the rest of the time and all night. I do not feed her through the night. When she was too small to wash in a tub she was chafed, but I used tar-soap and corn-starch for powder, and she recovered perfectly. I only use the napkins once; then they are put in the wash. She has never been troubled with cutting her teeth, or in fact at all. She is a thoroughly well, good baby. All that I have done for her has been in accordance with a doctor's orders. She has always been very constipated, and I have given her a hot water injection every day until lately, when I have been giving her cod liver oil, which has regulated her bowels. She is eighteen months old now, weighs twelve pounds and has eight teeth.

DO NOT STIMULATE BABY

DO not try to make baby notice; do not try to make him forward; stupid babies make wise men and women; be content to wait for his intellectual development until a later date. Give babies a chance to rest while they are babies; they will probably never get it afterward.

BABIES A PLEASURE

MOTHERS, don't think of your babies as burdens, but as heaven-sent blessings, then the care of them will not be work, but pleasure.

WASHING NAPPKINS

HAVING four dear babies myself, I would like to contribute my mite for the benefit of other dear babies. In washing baby's nappkins, do not put a particle of soda or washing powder in the water, as it will irritate the skin very quickly. I have found white zinc ointment the best remedy for chafing, far superior to vaseline. Wash the parts thoroughly with white soap and warm water, daily, dry well and if inclined to chafe apply a little of the ointment, and I am sure the result will be satisfactory.

A BABY CARRIAGE ROBE

I HAVE a very pretty and greatly admired robe for baby's carriage, which was very inexpensive. I bought one yard of pink elderdown flannel (seventy-five cents per yard), lining it with pink satin of the finest quality. A large pink satin bow in the center adds to the beauty. I intend having ribbon-worked daisies done on my robe; and on a blue one forget-me-nots would be quite pretty.

Some Questions Answered

Mrs. M. W. M.—It is dangerous for an inexperienced person to prescribe for the sick from a medical book. It is much safer to consult a good doctor.

M. P. S.—Your baby is remarkably forward for a child four months old.

ANNOUNCEMENT CARDS

WILL you kindly give information concerning the announcement cards sent out at the birth of a child?

The proper form is:

MR. AND MRS. JAMES SMITH
Announce the birth of their son
WALTER JAMES SMITH
December 1st, 1891.

The cards are engraved and the plate can be ordered through any stationer.

DRESSING CHILDREN AT NIGHT

HOW shall I dress my children for the night? The eldest is three and a half and very restless.

Take off all the day clothing and put on flannel night gowns, made long, to extend at least half a yard below the feet. If the feet cannot be kept covered have soft bed socks, knitted or crocheted, to protect them.

WOULD you tell an anxious mother how to treat an attack of croup?

Place the child in a warm bath, lift it out and roll in a warm blanket and dry carefully without exposing it. Rub the neck and chest with warm oil. Give an emetic of one teaspoonful of powdered alum mixed in syrup or honey. Follow with a second dose if the first does not cause vomiting. Send for the doctor. After the attack protect the child with warm clothing, and do not let it go out when the weather is cold or damp.

CHRISTMAS ON THE HEARTHSTONE

THE blessed Christmas festival is the one day in all the year when care should be put aside. The "bad days and sad days" of the year that is almost over lie behind us; let the very memory of them be banished as we prepare to make the feast a joyful one to the children around us. What better possession can we give them for their future lives than the remembrance of hours of unclouded happiness in their childhood's home? When they are old enough to appreciate them they will recall with inexpressible tenderness the sacrifices that were made to give them pleasure.

WE are so absorbed in the struggle of living we do not always realize that we are making history, and that the present will soon be the past. The children's future lies, in a great measure, at our mercy. We are shaping and moulding it day by day by the form we give the present. Let a flood of sunshine rest on these holidays when they look back on them from the heights of toiling manhood or suffering womanhood. Let them be able to say, "We did have such a good time when we were children!" Such memories are a precious possession that no after sorrow can dim. Would not many a mother check the impatient word, and many a father hesitate over the hasty prohibition, if they remembered that their children would not forget them in the years to come?

PERHAPS some careworn little mother will say, "If we could afford it, I could give the darlings a perfect day." It does not take much money to make children happy. The mysteries and surprises which delight their souls can be achieved without the expenditure of much more than time and patience. Some of the best things money cannot buy; and those that they will recollect longest may be the fruit of their mother's loving ingenuity.

THE words "Christmas" and "Santa Claus" always recall to one family certain "cruller ladies," as they were fondly called, which they invariably found in their stockings on Christmas morning. They were only doughnuts, cut into a shape which required a vivid imagination to believe was intended for a woman. The voluminous skirts were marked with a diamond pattern, imprinted with the edge of a knife blade; but the most artistic embroidery adorning a masterpiece of Worth's could not give more pleasure than it did. The masculine counterparts of these charming creatures were not as great a success. Their legs would break off on the slightest pressure, and it was seldom that one of them emerged from the stocking wholly uninjured. It was a carefully preserved fiction that Mrs. Santa Claus made these delicate creations, and it was a matter of wonderment how they were transported without breaking.

CHILDREN love to have a finger in the pie, and like to help in whatever is going on. They are deprived of a great deal of pleasure when everything is done for them and nothing remains for them but to enjoy the labors of others. They should be encouraged to prepare little surprises for one another, to assist in decorating the house with Christmas evergreens, if they are to be had; and, above all, to remember at this time the poor and needy. These are not those alone that lack this world's goods; there are many lonely ones whose nearest and dearest have gone and left them with few to remember them. To these the children can carry Christmas cheer.

IT seems as if this birthday, which was the beginning of a life of such self-sacrifice as the world has never seen equaled, was a fitting season to learn the beauty of self-denial, and the blessedness of spending one's self in the service of others. Mothers must not take all this lesson to themselves. Let the children share in it; they will not be less happy because they have been gently led to be more courteous, more unselfish, more forbearing in honor of the Christmas-tide, whose key-note is peace and good-will. There are those who look back with poignant anguish to last Christmas; or others further past, when they, too, were full of joy. Although personal happiness is over there remains the power to bring sunshine to some desolate heart; and to find peace in the reflection of its light. There is no heart so heavy that it may not help to give to others a "Merry Christmas!"

ELIZABETH ROBINSON SCOVELL

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Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Fancy Goods.

Knitting & Crocheting

EDITED BY MARY F. KNAPP

This Department will hereafter alternate each month with "Artistic Needlework," so that both of these branches of woman's handiwork may be distinctly and more fully treated. This month both departments are given with a special view to holiday work.

Both Departments are under the editorship of MISS KNAPP, to whom all letters should be sent, addressed to 20 Linden street, South Boston, Mass.

Terms in Crochet

Ch—Chain: a straight series of loops, each drawn with the hook through the preceding one. Sl st—Slip stitch: put hook through the work, thread over the hook, draw it through the stitch on the hook. S c—Single crochet: having a stitch on the hook, put the hook through the work, thread over the hook, draw it through the work, thread over, draw it through the two stitches on the hook. D c—Double crochet: having a stitch on the hook, put thread over the hook, then put hook through the work, thread over and draw it through two stitches, thread over, draw it through the two remaining stitches. T c—Trebble crochet: same as double crochet, except that the thread is thrown twice round the hook before inserting the hook through the work. The stitches are worked off two at a time, as in double. L t c—Long treble crochet: Twine the thread three times round the hook, work as in treble, bringing the thread through two loops four times. P—or Pictot: made by working three chains, and one single crochet in first stitch of the chain.

AN ICE-WOOL HEAD-SQUARE

MATERIAL required: 2 boxes of ice-wool and a large size bone crochet needle.
1st row—Make a chain of 4 stitches join.
2nd row—ch 3, single crochet in first stitch of ch 4, ch 3, s c in second stitch, ch 3, s c in third stitch, ch 3, s c in fourth stitch.
3rd row—Ch 3, s c in second stitch of first ch 3 of last row, ch 3, s c in same stitch (this is first corner); ch 3, s c in second stitch of next ch 3, chain 3, s c in same (this is the second corner); ch 3, s c in second stitch of next ch 3, chain 3, s c in same (this is the third corner); ch 3, s c in the second stitch of next ch 3, chain 3, s c in same; now you have the four corners, which you must be careful to keep even through the square.
4th row—* Ch 3, s c in second stitch of ch 3, chain 3, s c in same (which is the first corner). Ch 3, s c in second stitch of next ch 3; repeat from * through the row four times in all.
Continue in this way until your square is the size you wish. Each row will have one more ch 3 between the corners than the last.

For Border: 1st row—(You have finished a corner). * single crochet in second stitch of first ch 3, 5 d c in second stitch of next ch 3; repeat from * through the row; 5 d c will come in the second stitch of ch 3, at the corner; join.
2nd row—Ch 6, s c in top of third d c, * ch 3, d c in s c between the groups of 5 d c, ch 3, s c in third d c.
Repeat from * through the row. At the corner put 1 s c in second d c of group of 5 d c, ch 3, s c in fourth d c.

After the last corner, ch 3, join.
3rd row—ch 3, 4 d c in third stitch of ch 6, where you joined the last row. * s c in s c, 5 d c in d c, repeat from * through the row. At the corner, s c in s c, 5 d c in second stitch of ch 3, s c in s c. After last corner, join.
4th row—slip the wool along to the third d c, ch 4, d c in s c between the groups of 5 d c, ch 3, s c in top of third d c, ch 3, d c in s c, so continue through the row, working the corners like second row. After the last corner d c in s c, ch 3, join.
5th row—ch 1, 5 d c in d c, s c in d c, 5 d c in d c, continue in this way through the row. At the corners, same as the third row, join.
6th row—The same as the second row, after last corner, ch 3, join.
7th row—ch 3, 4 d c in d c where you joined. * s c in s c, 5 d c in d c; repeat from * through the row, join.
8th row—The same as the fourth row, making ch 3 after last corner, join.
9th row—ch 1, * 5 d c in d c, s c in s c, 5 d c in d c, s c in s c; repeat from * through the row; join. Ice-wool comes in colors—pink, blue, pale salmon, black and white.

A KNITTED ANKLET

MATERIALS: Brown Germantown wool, 1 ounce of white Shetland wool, knitting needles No. 12 and No. 8. Four or two needles may be used. If two needles are used there will be a seam to sew up; while with four needles you simply knit round and round. With the brown wool and No. 12 needles, cast up 64 stitches and knit 1 plain and 1 seam for 80 rounds, then bind off loosely.
For the lining, cast up 40 stitches of the Shetland wool on No. 8 needles, and knit plain 46 rows, binding off loosely. Sew the lining to the outside on upper and lower edges and finish off both edges with a brown scallop.

CROCHETED TRIMMING WITH BRAID

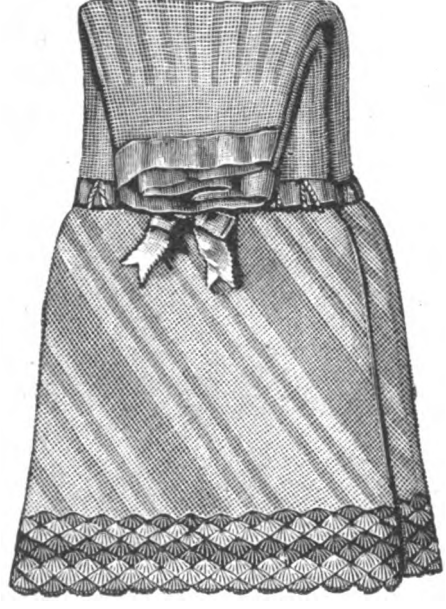
FOR this edging, a braid with five medallions separated by a plain space about an inch in length, is used. It can be procured at any notion store at sixty cents per box of one dozen pieces. As it launders very well and is strong enough to wear a long time, it is especially good for babies' dresses. With No. 50 cotton make 1 s c in each of the four loops of the first medallion; ch 5 and repeat to the plain part of the braid. Ch 5, 1 s c in each loop, ch 3, 1 s c in middle of last 5 ch; ch 2, 1 s c in each loop of the next medallion; ch 3, 1 s c in opposite ch 5, and repeat to next plain part of braid. Ch 5, 1 s c in first loop, ch 5, skip one loop and take 1 s c in the next. Repeat to next medallion. Then repeat from beginning. Make the desired length in this way and you will have a series of deep scallops. Cut off the braid and join these scallops by repeating the process on the opposite side of the braid, which brings it into the proper shape. For heading, make 1 s c in the middle 5 ch at the top of a scallop; ch 3, 1 d c in second 5 ch; ch 3, thread over twice to make a triple crochet, but make half of it in the next 5 ch and the other half in the 5ch opposite, bringing it out as one stitch. Ch 3, 1 d c in next 5 ch; ch 3, 1 s c in top of next scallop. Repeat to end. Finish with a row of squares formed by 1 d c, 2 ch, repeated all across.

LADY'S CROCHETED SKIRT

MATERIALS: Germantown wool—4 skeins of blue and 4 of drab; coarse tricot needle.
Yoke: Make a chain of 55 stitches; * with the blue, and work three rows in afghan-stitch. Next work one row with drab to the 8th-stitch from the end of the row, which forms the top of skirt, then one row to the 16th-stitch from the top in drab. Repeat from * until there are thirty-three stripes of drab. Finish with three rows of blue.
Flounce: Make a chain of 75 stitches; * with drab wool; work 8 rows; then work two with blue, 2 drab, 2 blue and 2 drab. Next work 8 rows with blue, 2 drab, 2 blue, 2 drab and 2 blue. Repeat from * until you have 6 broad stripes of drab and 6 of the blue, and then join together. In making the flounce, the following directions must be exactly followed: First row, plain tricot; after that make 1 chain at beginning of each row to form an extra stitch, and leave off a stitch at end of each row, keeping the same number of stitches all the time, but giving the flounce a bias appearance. Fasten yoke to flounce with chain of 5 stitches, caught first in the flounce and then to the yoke.
Through the openings made by these chains of 5, a blue ribbon, No. 7, may be run and tied in a bow.
At the waist finish off the skirt with one row in d c, putting 1 ch between. Through this a cord and tassel may be run. The opening at back of yoke may be finished with a scallop.
Border of Flounce:—1 row in drab shells of 5 stitches, 2 rows of blue, 2 of brown and 3 of blue; the last blue row having 6 stitches in each shell.

NARROW WHEEL EDGE

MAKE a chain of 4 stitches, turn.
1st row—Make a shell by putting 3 d c in first stitch of ch. Ch 1, 3 d c in the same stitch. Ch 3; turn.
2d row—3 d c under ch 1; ch 1, 3 d c under the same. Ch 4; turn.
3d row—Make a shell in shell. 1 d c in top of first d c at end of row. Ch 3; turn.
4th row—Shell in shell. * 1 d c, 1 ch under ch 4, repeat from * until you have 8 d c with 1 ch between. Catch with s c in the last d c of first row; turn.
5th row—1 s c, 2 d c, 1 s c under each ch 1. You will have seven small scallops, shell in shell, 1 d c at end of row, ch 3; turn. Repeat from second row.



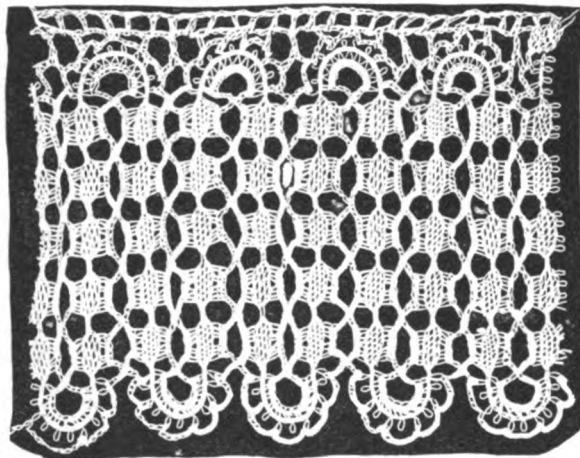
A HINGE CURTAIN

IN most houses of modern style, the doors are hung with heavy hinges that leave a wide "crack" when the door stands half-way open. This space, usually one or two inches wide, is often an annoyance when the door opens upon the hall where passers can see through it into the room, and it sometimes gives rise to an unpleasant draught of air upon the bed.
A device, both pretty and effectual, is made of a strip of crochet work of coarse gray macramé-twine, which should be nearly as long as the door and about six inches in width. Any pattern of shells, with open spaces between them, will answer. Let the spaces be wide enough to run in through them a three-inch satin ribbon of the desired color. Finish at the bottom with a fringe of the macramé-twine. Hang it upon the upper hinge on the inside of the door, or fasten in place with two small tacks.

AN INFANT'S FIRST SHIRT

By K. R. FOLGER

MATERIALS: Saxony yarn and bone needles. Cast up 40 stitches, knit 12 rows of garter stitch—twice across is a row—



then knit 2 stitches and seam 2 stitches, for 12 rows. Divide the stitches, taking off 20 on a coarse thread or needle. Narrow once each time across in front to shape the neck, until you have 4 stitches left for the shoulder. Bind off. Take up the 20 stitches from the thread, and knit other side of front. Cast up 40 stitches for the back, and knit same as the front half, only not leave an opening.
Sew both halves together—under arm seams—also the shoulder seams.
For the sleeves: Cast up 16 stitches, knit 2, seam 2 the desired length; sew them up, then sew them in the arm's eye.
Crochet a scallop round the neck and sleeves. Run in a baby blue ribbon.

CHILDREN'S PLAY HARNESS

MATERIALS: 6 ounces of heavy Germantown yarn, 6 little sleigh-bells, and a bone crochet needle.
Make a chain of 12 stitches; join in a ring with a slip-stitch; turn the flat or right side of the chain on the inside and crochet once around with the single crochet-stitch, putting the needle through the loop on the wrong side of the chain. Keep the right side of the chain always on the inside of the tube, and hold the work so that the inside will always be toward you and your work wrong-side out. The next round and the rest of the harness is made by a single crochet-stitch fastened in the loop, made by passing the thread from one stitch to the other previous to pulling it through the stitch to form the single crochet stitch. This makes a diagonal rib run around the harness, and can be formed by taking no other stitch.
The harness is very firm and durable, and should be three and one-half yards long. Sew the ends together, then crochet a similar piece one-half yard long and sew it to the long piece of harness on each side one-half yard from where it is joined. This makes the piece to come in front of the child at the waist-line when the long harness is over the neck. The harness will be a hollow tube, with the right side of the crochet-stitch inside. Sew the little sleigh-bells on the one-half yard that reaches from the neck to the waist-line. Be particular not to miss any stitches in crocheting, lest you make the harness smaller.



Under this heading, I will cheerfully answer any question I can concerning knitting and crocheting which my readers may send to me.
MARY F. KNAPP.

G. E. M.—You will find knitted "Teapot-holder" in May, 1898, number of JOURNAL.
READER OF THE JOURNAL—Directions for knitted slippers, "honey-comb stitch" are in Book No. 1, "Reversible Patterns."
M. D.—Send your address, with two-cent stamp, to M. F. Knapp, for information concerning "Scotch thread for fan tidy."
MISS MAY—We gave neck ruching directions in June, 1898.
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EDITED AND CONDUCTED BY MARY F. KNAPP

This Department will hereafter alternate each month with "Knitting and Crocheting," so that both of these branches of woman's handiwork may be distinctly and more fully treated. This month both departments are given with a special view to holiday work.

Both Departments are under the editorship of MISS KNAPP, to whom all letters should be sent, addressed to 20 Linden street, South Boston, Mass.

SOME USES OF DENIM

By MARY A. WILLIAMSON

VERY popular material now in use for table covers of all sizes, curtains, etc., is that known as denim. It formerly came in but few shades, and was used mostly for overalls; it is now manufactured in both browns and blues, and comes in many qualities; some poor and sleazy, others fine, firm and almost like wool. The blue is nicer if washed before using; it dulls the purplish tint and makes it more on a greenish shade. There is a blue and yellow of the same twill, which, with a little decoration of gold thread and brass rings, looks very well indeed, and the best and heaviest of all is woven like duck, in blue and brown.

For the decoration of curtains or hangings, draw circles on paper eight, ten and twelve inches in diameter, cut them out, fold in quarters and trim off one fold so as to form an ellipse, as in No. 1. In the ellipse draw a figure similar to No. 2; do this on the three sizes and cut out the centre figures, thus making a stencil. Lay these figures upon your curtain ten or twelve inches from the top, and with them form an irregular border at least eighteen inches deep, and with a fine brush and white water-color trace around, adding lines to join, and form a pattern across the curtain; or, if more desirable, make it up and down on the front. Where a narrower band would be used, a few detached figures could be used in the centre of the curtain, but be careful they do not fall in lines or rows. If you have tapestry

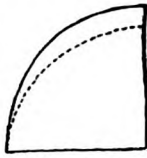


Fig. No. 1

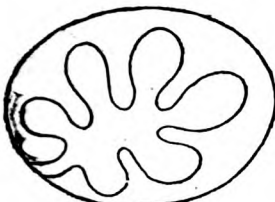


Fig. No. 2

colors use them, or common ink will do. With quite a large brush fill in between the ellipse and the figure; a second wash may be required to cover the denim.

Either fish cord, heavy linen threads or tapestry wool will answer for the embroidery;

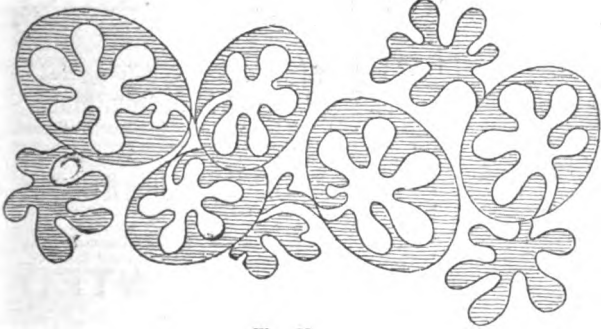


Fig. No. 3

the edge with white linen fringe from three to four inches wide.

NOVELTIES IN BOLSTERS.

By M. AGNES CURRAN

NOW that bolsters are "the thing" in bed furnishings, we must turn our thoughts toward their decoration. Some are made of linen, with bands of drawn work at both ends, some adorned with cut work, while others are plain, with the ends gathered into a large rosette and a scarf of bright colored silk tied in the center in a large bow. Sometimes these have a fringe of lace at the end to imitate a cracker bombon.

A handsome and inexpensive case is made of fine cream linen; in one corner is embroidered a large group of sunflowers in their natural colors; while coming from the opposite side and stretching half way across the bolster, is a group of butterflies coming toward the flowers. A far off they are mere specks, but in the foreground they are their natural size. The ends of this bolster are fringed into a large tassel and finished with a bow of yellow satin ribbon. A set of bolster case and bedspread was made of white linen, medium fineness. All over the bolster were scattered wild roses and a few leaves, and the same on the spread, while on the border was a chain of roses. Between the border and spread was an insertion of heavy lace five inches wide, the edge being finished with a valance of lace slightly filled. The ends of the bolster were finished the same way. The roses can be worked solid or in outline stitch, in olive, pink and yellow thread.



Fig. No. 5

A MOST ACCEPTABLE PORTFOLIO

By MARY J. SAFFORD

HERE is something easily made, inexpensive and very acceptable to the school-girl, school-boy, or busy woman who is laughingly said to prefer to "write on her knee." It is a pretty thing, too, to place on a table in a "spare room" supplied with stationery for the convenience of a guest, in lieu of a writing desk.

Cut two pieces of stout pasteboard, each ten and a-half inches long and eight inches wide, and one piece of gray or ecru linen sixteen inches wide and eleven and a half inches long.

Cut from very stiff paper—a visiting or postal-card is excellent for this purpose—two crescent-shaped pieces, one three inches long and two and a half inches wide in the broadest part—the center—and the other two inches long and one-quarter of an inch wide in the broadest part.

Lay the linen flat on a table, and in the upper right-hand corner, at least an inch from the edge, trace the outline of the larger crescent. In the lower right-hand corner, at about the same distance from the edge, trace the outline of the smaller crescent, then lay it



OPEN

across the pattern and trace a second time, taking care to avoid marking across the first one by commencing the second at the line of the first and then drawing the second half.

Proceed in this manner according to your taste, drawing sometimes a large single crescent, sometimes two large ones crossing, sometimes the smaller one crossing the larger. The effect is better if they are not placed too near.

Then, with olive and red rope-silk—or any colors you prefer—work around each crescent in outline stitch, using red for one and olive for the other where two cross, and sometimes red and sometimes olive for the single ones.

Lay the oblong pieces of pasteboard as closely together as possible and baste the linen neatly over them around all the edges—except, of course, where the two pieces come together. Then cut a piece of linen-backed satin, olive or dark red, the same size as the linen. Cut a second piece eleven inches long and two inches wide. Fold it so that the raw edges overlap in the middle, and, on the right side, feather-stitch with rope silk—using red if the satin is olive, olive if it is red—through the band from end to end.

Cut a third piece of satin eleven inches long and five inches wide. Turn a hem an inch wide, baste it, and feather-stitch it on the right side.

Now baste the two narrow ends and the long unhemmed end of this strip on the right-hand end of the large piece of satin, keeping the satin side uppermost, and put a second row of feather-stitching across the center of the strip, thus forming two pockets.

Next sew the feather-stitched inch-wide band at the top and bottom only, four and a-half inches from the left-hand side of the large piece of satin.

Next turn in the wide piece of satin all the way around to exactly fit the pasteboard—the raw edges of the pockets and the embroidered band are turned in too—and with a stout needle baste it on. Sew the satin and the linen together with "over-and-over" stitches as neatly as possible.

Cut two pieces of blotting-paper ten inches long and fourteen inches wide; lay them flat on the satin, then fasten a piece of "baby" ribbon, the color of the satin, at the middle of one side of the portfolio, draw it across the sheets to hold them in place and fasten at the other end.

If you desire to make the portfolio handsome, use linen-backed satin or rich brocaded silk for the outside also. In the latter case, dispense with the embroidery. If durability need not be considered, use white duck for the outside, embroidered or painted with rosebuds, forget-me-nots, poppies, or any favorite flower, lining with satin the shade of the blossom. White kid, handsomely painted, also makes a dainty folio.



CLOSED

A TASTEFUL HANGING PINCUSHION

By E. LAING

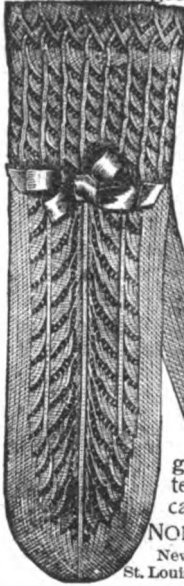
A LONG bag, one inch and a half wide, stuffed with sawdust and covered on each side with a different



ribbon a design or verse may run. A similar cushion for parlor use is made of a bag eight inches long and three inches wide, inserting a Japanese doll's head at the top of bag, overseaming the edges across the shoulders. Openings for the hands to extend horizontally are left at the sides. A sash and girdle of half-inch ribbon shape the doll, which is suspended from the bag by a loop at the back of the same ribbon.

FLORENCE Silk Mittens.

The engraving shows a late style of these goods. They are made of Genuine Florence Knitting Silk.



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MY START AS AN AUTHOR

BY GRACE GREENWOOD



An editorial friend has requested me to write a little account of my "first start in authorship."

This rash young gentleman goes so far as to call for the resurrection from the dust of some old cabinet, or the profound depths of memory, of my "first manuscript."

My first effusion designed for mortal ears and eyes, was called forth by a family exodus from my old country home—westward, via the Erie Canal.

My voice broke a little at the close, as did the measure, and my wretch of a brother pretended to wipe away a tear.

The same editorial friend asks, "Is a literary career worth struggling for?"

I would answer, Yes; far more than any other worldly career; that is, if one does not work for fame or gold alone.

For some time after that I refrained from poetical composition—until, in fact, I could write myself, and not be compelled to dictate my glowing fancies to a scoffing scribe.

As I increased in local fame I found I could pick and choose subjects for my elegiac tributes, and I did so.

A place in the magazine. It didn't get it. No; my poor little carrier-dove of a poem, which I dreamed was to bear my name to a waiting world from the office of that magazine, was imprisoned in a common, dusty pigeon-hole.

My poetry was mostly serious, or sentimental; but when I took to prose—essays, letters and stories—my style became lighter ordinarily, and even, at times, exuberantly gay and dashing.

Though I have done a great variety of literary work, I have left untrod many paths which lead others to fame and fortune.

The same editorial friend asks, "Is a literary career worth struggling for?"

I would answer, Yes; far more than any other worldly career; that is, if one does not work for fame or gold alone.

Yes; for an author of good heart, good aims, and a large capacity for toil, a literary career, with all its struggles, or because of its struggles, is "its own exceeding great reward."

LITERARY * QUERIES

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

L. C. F.—Schiller is pronounced Shil-ler, and Pisciola, Pit-cheola.

M. H. S.—I do not know to whom Tennyson referred in the quotation you give.

E. E. M.—The authorship of "The Saxe Holm Stories" is attributed to the late Helen Hunt Jackson.

J. W. B.—Leggatt Brothers, of New York, and Leary's, of Philadelphia, buy old books. Write to either or both of them.

Miss B.—I cannot direct you to any particular house or journal which, care especially for translations. This branch of literary work has been much overdone.

AN ASPIRANT—"The Ladder of Journalism, and How To Climb It," by T. Campbell-Copeland, price 50 cents, would be useful to you.

H. K. L.—(1) The pages of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL are always open to new and original contributions.

E. L. M.—"The Life and Death of Jason," a poem by William Morris, is a sort of Utopian romance.

S. N. H.—"The Youth's Companion," and "Wide Awake," published in Boston; "St. Nicholas Magazine" and "Harper's Young People," published in New York, are the best magazines for children.

P. T. E.—Read the articles, "When You Address the Editor," and "I Wish I Could Write," which appeared in this Department in recent issues of the JOURNAL.

P. T. E.—You would have considerable trouble in finding a publisher to take your song and publish it without cost to you.

J. L. J.—I do not find anything regarding the poet Wah-seel-to-ho. Mrs. Harriet Maxwell Converse, of New York, adopted by the Seneca Indians, of New York, is a poetess and known by the name of Ya-te-wah-noh.

L. E. R.—It is possible to be too labored and exact in your writing; on the other hand, it would not do to be careless in the proper use of language, and your methods of expression.

G. W.—(1) Helen Hunt Jackson was the author of "Merced's Choice." (2) Julia C. Fletcher is the author of "Kismet." (3) T. Campbell is the author of "Gertrude of Wyoming." (4) "Susan Coolidge" is the nom de plume of Miss Sara C. Woolsey.

G. M.—(1) Proctor's "Poetry of Astronomy" is published in London. We can obtain it for you. The price is \$2.40. (2) The authorship of "The Breadwinners" has never been definitely settled.

E. W.—(1) Temperance stories are best suited to periodicals entirely devoted to the interests of temperance work, as "The Voice," of New York or "The Union Signal," of Chicago.

E. S. N.—Publishers will receive book manuscripts. But it is best to write first and obtain permission to send it, as it will be apt to receive more attention.

E. A. M.—Translating as a profession I do not consider a very good one. It is open to competition from every source, and is, at the best, a precarious means of earning a livelihood.

H. P.—The Mahabharata, the prodigious Indian epic, has never been completely translated.

SWEET SIXTEEN—I should be delighted to furnish you a list of books to be read both for instruction and amusement, but neither time nor space will permit.

R. V. P.—(1) See "Young Author," in March number of the JOURNAL, which will explain to you about copyright.

A. M. W.—Type-written copy is always preferred (2) A story accepted, published and paid for, is the property of the publisher, and he can issue it in any form he pleases.

E. J. E., J. L., J. B., BELLE—I have been unable to find any of the following books for which you have inquired: "Six Hundred Gold Dollars; or, At The Prison Gates," by Samuel F. Wood;

S. L. T.—(1) If you can get your novel published first as a serial in a magazine of repute, it is certainly advisable to do so.

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EDITED BY MAUDE HAYWOOD

*MISS MAUDE HAYWOOD will be glad through this Department to answer any questions of an Art nature which her readers may send to her. She cannot, however, undertake to reply by mail; please, therefore, do not ask her to do so. Address all letters to MISS MAUDE HAYWOOD, care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pa.

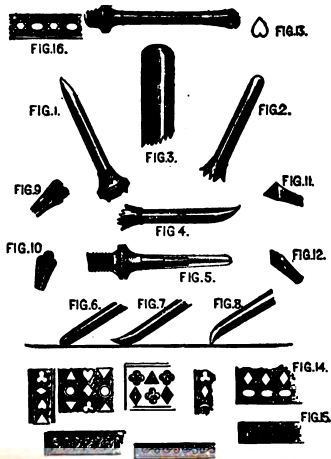
THE REVIVAL OF PYROGRAPHY

THE art which is variously called pyrography, poker-work and burnt wood etching, although a novelty in the sense of being new to the general public of this generation, is in reality the revival of a mode of decoration which should deservedly rank high among the



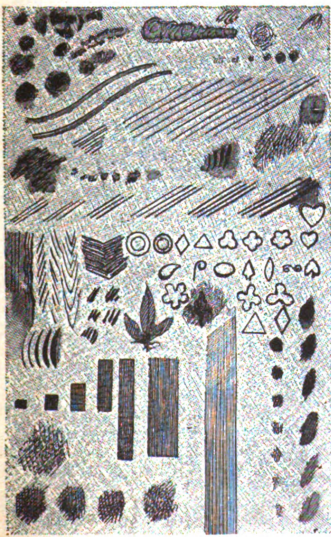
THE NEW MACHINE (Illus. No. 1)

"minor arts." It was undoubtedly practiced among ancient and savage nations, and coming down to more recent times, examples of the work are to be found in some of the old English churches, in which figure subjects have been represented chiefly in outline, the background being deeply burned away.



THE DIFFERENT "POINTS" USED (Illus. No. 2)

For the enlightenment of those who now hear of this work for the first time, let it be explained that pyrography is the art of drawing upon wood with a red-hot tool, and that when well done, the result is highly decorative and artistic. The various woods burn differently, and by exercising a judicious



GIVING SOME OF THE "STROKES" (Illus. No. 3)

choice, according to the subject in hand, perfectly distinct effects can be gained, and the character of the design emphasized. Formerly the drawing was done with irons of assorted shapes and sizes, which were heated either in the fire or more conveniently in a spirit lamp or gas stove, while pokers literally (hence one of the names given to the work) were employed for the large pieces, or for background surfaces. The principal drawback to these rather primitive tools was the difficulty of regulating the heat of the fiery pencil, but at the same time it must be acknowledged that wonderfully successful results have been attained by enthusiastic workers in spite of being thus handicapped. The fact that will doubtless cause pyrography to become widely popular in this country, as well as on the other side of the water where the taste for the art is already widespread, is that a machine (Illustration No. 1) has been invented, by means of which the point, which is made of platinum, can be kept constantly in working order, and the heat regulated to any intensity desired. The outfits necessary, including these instruments, have been, within the last few weeks, imported by a firm in New York, which is agent for them in America, and they will probably soon be obtainable throughout the country.

It should be understood by those ambitious to try their hands at this most fascinating work, that the principal qualifications in order to achieve success—for the manipulation of the machine is comparatively a simple matter—are a good general knowledge of drawing and of light and shade. It is not an art presently suited for the amateur who possesses skill in neither, but it is, on the contrary, capable of a great deal where the artist can boast of taste and imagination in addition to the technical requirements already mentioned. At the same time designs may be traced and transferred to the wood, and afterwards gone over with the point, with tolerably good result, even where art education is considerably lacking.

The selection of the wood used for this work is a matter of some importance. It should be well seasoned and free from knots. Holly, sycamore and lime are recommended as the best light woods, while bass wood, if carefully chosen, also answers very well, and being cheaper is good for beginners to practice upon. Holly, when burnt, shows a very dark line, and is therefore suited to subjects where strong contrasts are desired; and sycamore is far the best for delicate or fine work, giving an almost infinite gradation of tones. A few experiments upon samples of various woods will teach an artist more about them than a column of writing on the subject. Other kinds which are specially well adapted for pyrography are oak, ash, elm, tulip, chestnut, cedar and teak.

All the materials necessary for a beginner come in the box containing the outfit, already described, although many will soon find a second "point" very useful. Illustration No. 2 shows the various shapes in which these points are made. Figs. 2 and 4 are the most useful for general work. Figs. 9, 10, 11 and 12 are attachments for stamping patterns, which are employed in borders and for other decorative purposes. The points should be carefully treated, as they are the most expensive item of the outfit, being made of a valuable metal. The benzoline, by means of which the heat is maintained, should be handled with due regard for its inflammable qualities. Although not dangerous in the ordinary way, a serious explosion might occur if it were spilled too near the lamp.

The method of working the machine is shown in Illustration No. 1. It is necessary

to heat the point in the spirit lamp, when starting work, but after that the lamp is no longer required, as the action of the bellows maintains and regulates the heat. It is well to practice various strokes on a trial piece of wood for the first attempt, and not to rest content nor to start on a drawing until a tolerable clear even line can be readily produced. Illustrations Nos. 3 and 4 give good suggestions for the kind of strokes that will be found most helpful for this exercise, showing gradations of tone, with ideas for the treatment of background and rounded surfaces. If these are at first thoughtfully and studiously copied, the worker will find that they have been a great assistance when later on the reproduction of designs from nature or from copies is attempted. The lines should be made coarser and bolder than they appear in the illustrations.

All kinds of subjects are suitable for the burnt wood work. Flowers and foliage are employed in designs under every conceivable form, either conventionally or realistically treated. The subject may either be light, with a dark background, or it may show dark, the plain wood being left for the ground. The latter is perhaps easier to manage but the former is usually more effective. Sometimes the background is burnt away very deeply, leaving the design in low relief. Figures and landscape can both be rendered with very decorative result, and portraiture has been also undertaken with great success. Illustration No. 5 gives a good example of animal work in pyrography, executed in the early part of this century. The strokes and the technique generally may be studied with advantage.

That the rapid and sudden rise of this art into popular favor is likely to be lasting, is principally owing to its possibilities for interior decoration, which at once lifts it out of the ranks of mere playthings. Architects have been quick to appreciate its value, having indeed been of the first and probably the most important of its promoters. It is particularly suitable for the enrichment of the meeting in hall, library or dining-room, and large surfaces in public buildings can, by its means, be rapidly and effectively decorated. At a recent exhibition of pyrography, examples of this art were shown as applied to the complete decoration of a small apartment—walls, ceiling, flooring and furniture being all of the burnt wood work.

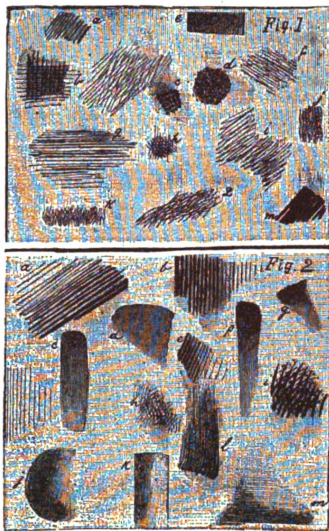
SOME USEFUL HINTS TO STUDENTS

IN painting in oils from the life, some prefer to put in the first painting entirely in burnt umber, with no body-color whatever, but the method taught in one of the Parisian schools is to begin directly in color, with an extremely simple palette, yellow-ochre, cobalt-blue, vermilion, crimson-lake and cobalt-green only being allowed for the flesh, with black and burnt sienna for dark hair.

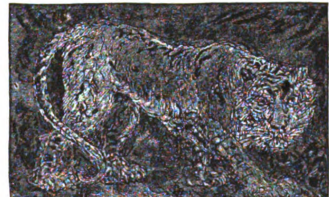
Round brushes are usually to be preferred to flat ones for portraits, because the latter are apt to lead to the affectations of "clever brush-work." In painting backgrounds either may be used indifferently, or perhaps the flat brushes have the advantage.

The following is quoted from a letter of advice to a beginner from an artist of experience in different methods of art education: "Contrary to the opinion of many, I should say never, never paint from copies. It will not teach you to see for yourself. Begin at once from some real object, it may be the simplest thing, merely a tube of paint and a brush, but whatever is chosen, copy from reality, paint what you see, not what some one else sees. Copyists, when they come to work from nature, reproduce the effects they have imitated, not those before them. As you can only draw what you see, if your drawing is wrong it is because you did not see correctly. As a matter of fact the hand will always answer to the eye, though it is difficult to realize it at first, and people who do not draw never find it out. They think they can see things and cannot draw them, but in reality they do not see them, they only look at them, and copying will never teach you to see for yourself. An excellent plan is always to draw afterward from memory whatever you have been working at."

In sketch-classes, for rapid drawings a very good effect may be obtained by the use of red and white chalk only or together with charcoal, upon brown or yellow paper, the latter ground particularly lending itself to wonderfully truthful representation of the flesh tones, capable of showing all the warmth and life of life. It will be found extremely beneficial to make many such studies of the head of single limbs from the living model.



OTHER SPECIMENS OF "STROKES" (Illus. No. 4)



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HINTS ON HOME DRESS MAKING

BY EMMA M. HOOPER

MISS HOOPER invites, and will cheerfully answer any questions concerning home dressmaking which may be sent to her by the JOURNAL sisters.

THE ART OF MENDING



SINCE the cry of reform in the way of handwork has gone over the land, women are taking an interest in the old-fashioned art of mending and darning that surprises one not conversant with the present state of revived, if not lost, arts.

THE MATERIALS TO USE

NEVER put new, stiff muslin with old, as from sheer perverseness the old will tear around the edge of the new.

TO MEND WOOLEN DRESSES

WHEN a dress tears, it is nine times out of ten a zigzag line that is made, to try the mender.

A FEW PRACTICAL HINTS

IN buying dress goods, always have at least half a yard left over to mend with, or make a new collar, cuffs, etc.

UNDER SPECIAL CONDITIONS

HOW women under special domestic conditions shall dress, is a subject that interests many, but all domestic publications fail to notice how much relief, judging from the numerous letters received, they might give large portions of their readers.

TO INSURE COMFORT AND BECOMINGNESS TO commence with the underclothes, have them on deep yokes, and wear warm, not thick or heavy garments.

SOME OTHER SUGGESTED DESIGNS SUCH a skirt as the above may also be worn with a blouse front made with a lining back.

A FEW RECENT CHANGES

SOME new princess gowns for the house button from the shoulder to the edge of the skirt. From the knees down the sides are left open, showing a facing of contrasting goods.

DRESSMAKERS' CORNER

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

EMMA M. HOOPER

I must ask my correspondents to write me just how their pieces are cut up when they wish information regarding the remodeling of a gown; and also to state the occasions for which a certain costume is wished, when asking how to make it.

MRS. H. K.—You will have to consult a dyer about your corduroy cleaning well. It is a difficult undertaking.

"SWEET SIXTEEN"—I fear that this is too late to be of any service to you, but, if not, have a plain front, flat skirt and gathered back to your skirt, with a border of velvet six inches deep in front, and narrowing to three inches at the sides.

A. E. D.—You should have told me the length of your plush skirt. If the plush runs up to the belt, you can make a "bell" skirt of it, and out of the drapery add coat-pieces and high sleeves to your basque.

B. A. E.—If your complexion is clear, the freckles will not alter the becomingness of any color. As you are rather slender, the present styles of dress goods and costumes just suit you, yet you are not too thin to avoid stripes.

BRUNN—Old-rose is not as becoming an evening color as it is during the day. The faint rose-pinks are exquisite in the daylight, and trim prettily with chiffon ruffles headed with the composition passementerie, showing several delicate shades in wire and beads.

MINNIE B.—Pronounce like it was spelled rayceda, mignonette-green. Gen-darme, etc., a French soldier; the color is a peculiar blue, worn by the French army. The plain bell-skirts will be worn. Send me your address if you wish the name of the chart sent you.

MRS. J. McC.—Your complaint is very natural, but there seems to be no remedy for it except to wear a little drapery on the front of the skirt, jacket fronts to the basque and a long wrap, like the deep capes now worn.

H. D.—Golden-brown, navy-blue and black, lit up with a color, will probably be safe shades for you to select. Old-rose is becoming to a yellow complexion, if the eyes are dark.



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"WEARY MOTHER"—Unless your camel-hair is very wide you have a short pattern. Have a nearly plain skirt in the front and sides, with a box-plaited or gathered back.

G. B. G.—The tea-gown is permissible for receiving the ordinary calls, but not for a bride on her "at-home" days, when both the visitors and hostess are supposed to use more ceremony than the prettiest of tea-gowns implies.

GUILietta—A boy of ten years can wear long trousers, if it is wished; but knee trousers are usually worn by city boys until they are at least twelve years of age.

EDITH—Such a girl as you describe can wear gray, lit up with a vest of old-rose, deep pink or cardinal. Black net, for a costume, is too old for a girl of sixteen.

FLORA—You wrote your letter too late for an answer before this issue. I am sorry to disappoint any one, but a letter written September 7th could not be answered in the October issue.

MRS. J. K.—The plain skirts now worn must prove becoming to you, only in place of a ruffle head the hem with narrow silk gimp, or use a narrow border of velvet. Avoid the coat-basques, and wear a pointed bodice having a deep, coat-tail back.

F.—Cream albatross is thirty-nine inches wide, and sixty to seventy-five cents. I would much prefer a cream crepon, a crepy woolen fabric, and rather than this a cream china silk, twenty-two inches wide, and seventy cents a yard.

VELVETS ELBERON VELVET at 75 cents, 87 cents and \$1.00. LION + E SILK VELVET at \$1.25 to \$2.50 per yard. Made of finest Silk and pronounced best goods. All Paris Colors and Superior Black.

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HATS AND BONNETS FOR CHRISTMAS WEAR

By Isabel A. Mallon



SUMMER hat always seems like the historical butterfly who, although he was very beautiful and of many colors, met his fate and came to an untimely death by being drowned in a teacup. When the summer hat is taken off, the roses and the lace and the fluffy trimmings and the soft ribbons all have what women call "a mussed look," and do not seem as if there were any future in store for them. With the winter hat it is different. There are always pieces of velvet left over from last season, shapes that may be altered, feathers that may be curled and velvet that may be steamed into good condition. These, of course, are to be used on the rather dressy hat; for the jaunty walking hat is almost entirely without decoration unless a knot of ribbon, a tiny wing or a pompon be counted as such.

A JAUNTY AND PRETTY HAT

THE soft felt hats for wear with the tailor-made suits or for traveling are at once jaunty and pretty. In shape they all tend to the Tyrolean, a slight difference being shown by their being shorter in the back, higher or lower in the crown, as is most becoming. The colors are black, dark blue, speckled blue, mauve, emerald-green and golden-brown. In almost every instance a broad or narrow band of ribbon is about the crown, and the decoration, which is very simple, is placed on the left side a little near the front. Occasionally it extends over the edges, but oftener the loops are quite inside the rolling brim.

A typical Tyrolean hat is of dark blue cloth finished with binding such as is used on men's cloth hats. About the crown is a two-inch band, perfectly smooth, of dark blue velvet, and on the side is a double box-pleat of the velvet, which stands up a little above the crown and has its ends concealed by a smart little bow of velvet. (Illustration No. 1). If one does not care for so elaborate a walking hat, then a loop of ribbon with a wing stuck through it, or a tiny bird, is in good taste. Pompons are also liked in these hats. The tall, stiff grenadier-like pompon should be placed just in front.



A TYPICAL TYROLEAN HAT (Illus. No. 1)

THE STYLISH CONICAL CROWNS

THE conical crown is noted not only in hats, but in bonnets, and is really most attractive. Dainty little bonnets either of velvet or felt have this pointed little crown, and set up well and easily on the head. When they are felt, a decoration of rather elaborate velvet is just in front, so that its softness comes on the hair. Small beads, usually the prismatic ones, outline the edges, and some fanciful trimming gives a chic air to the entire chapeau. The Toreador has a very conical crown which, by causing the brim to stand a little further, makes it more becoming than before. The new turbans also have conical crowns and are decorated by an inch wide binding of velvet, and have an elaborate arrangement of loops and knots of velvet the same hue, just slightly to the side and front. Such a hat as this could only be worn by some one who does not need the softening effect of a bang, for it requires to be placed well forward on the face.

A very pretty little bonnet (Illustration No. 2) is of dark brown felt with a conical crown shaped down short and straight in the back, while in the front its brim is broader and bent into scallops. It has its entire edge outlined with brown prismatic beads; that is, while one sees many colors, the brown one is the principal. Velvet laid in heavy folds is drawn across the front from each side, and is pulled down into one of the curves, where it is held by a brown crescent. Starting out from this are three branches of heather which, while they stand up a little yet turn directly to the back. The ties of ribbon velvet are fastened under a knot just in the back, and coming forward are looped under the chin.

THE WAVING PLUMES

PLUMES big and little, dark and light, falling and standing up, are in very general favor on the large hats, especially on those that are bent in some odd or picturesque way. The favorite mode of arranging them is in the stiff fashion known as the Prince of Wales. When there are two bunches of feathers on the hat or bonnet whatever it may be, those in front being somewhat smaller than those at the back, they are tied together with a narrow ribbon which, in addition to their being wired, gives them the air belonging absolutely to the plumes of his royal highness the future King of England. On large hats, plumes arranged in this way are very high and are really very trying to the face, as they stand up positively in an aggressive manner and give none of their pretty softening effect to the skin. Really, though, it must be confessed that they have a rather smart air which is most attractive.

Emerald green plumes are noted on brown hats, brown on green, gray on gray, blue on black, and, of course, the usually rich effect of all black plumes on black hats is seen. The black costumes call for these, but very often women who do not care to wear an all black costume gain a bit of color by having contrasting tips on their chapeaux. For evening wear somewhat long plumes, white having pink, blue, shrimp or yellow tips are worn, and these usually are arranged so that they fall loosely over the hat, and although really firm in position flare up in a way that would suggest their going to join the original ostrich from which they came. These feathers, because they are odd, must be rich and full, for when decorations are unique they must be so perfect that they can bear absolute criticism. A very odd bonnet for evening wear consists of a coronet of cut jet with white Prince of Wales tips at the front and back and narrow ties of white velvet ribbon. This gave to its wearer a rather queenlike look, but the women who admired it knew that it had to be done up with the same care as if it were a crown of diamonds, inasmuch as the finely cut jet facets will easily drop off and so require to be done up in cotton, wool or soft tissue paper. A quaintly pretty hat intended for street wear is of brown felt, the shape originally being a low crown with a broad brim, but it is bent down here and up there until the original shape is altogether forgotten. It comes almost to a point in front, and there a small bunch of emerald feathers fall, while at the back a larger bunch forms the decoration, and long green gros grain strings come from the back and are looped in a large, somewhat stiff bow just under the chin.

Although so much has been said about trimming bonnets at the back, and although they are seen decorated with feathers and aigrettes until they look like Eiffel towers in millinery, still milliners who look into the future do not hesitate to say the trimmings will return to the front again, as they have no becoming qualities when they are placed so far from the face. Just now opinion is divided by their being trimmed both at the back and front so that really everybody ought to be suited. It is certain that bonnets will be small, although one resembling the poke of some years ago, and worn much off the face is brought forward and is gaining considerable favor, still I cannot but think that the quiet, ladylike capote made either of velvet, felt or cloth, varied by its trimming, or its size, will continue in fashion at least one season longer.

AMONG THE PICTURESQUE HATS

AMONG the picturesque hats the most becoming is the one which Lady Clancarty, of famous memory, wore on her pretty head when she went to King William to plead for her husband's life. It is a low crown hat with a broad brim, bent a little at the back and front so that it arches at each side. The decorations are usually, because one wants to be historical, two plumes, one starting on the right side from under a clasp that must be diamonds, it is so bright, and which falls far over the rim and rests against the hair. The other, a shorter feather, starts from the back



THE BECOMING SPOON-SHAPED HAT (Illus. No. 3)

under a tiny bow of velvet and comes forward well on the crown to give it a fluffy look. It must be confessed that nothing is so becoming to the feminine face as velvet. Consequently the announcement that tall velvet hats, large or small, will obtain this season, has been received with gratification. Of course felt ones will be worn, but to be absolutely as Madame La Mode dictates, an all-velvet hat is requisite. They are made large and bent in every pretty picturesque way



THE STYLISH CONICAL CROWN (Illus. No. 2)

suited to the face. The bonnets are made small and fit right down on the head, bringing the hair out in a most effective manner.

THE SEASON'S SMALL HATS

THE plateau hat, which has set so daintily on many a head this last season, is now brought out in velvet and decorated with loops of ribbon at the back. It always had the air of flying off the head of whoever wore it; but in velvet it loses a little of this look. A very smart one to be worn with a black and red gown is of black velvet laid in folds from the back until a shell-like effect is produced. Very high ribbon bows of bright scarlet stand up from the back, and from among them are three tiny black feathers tied with a red ribbon, exactly as are the feathers that belong to the Prince of Wales. Another round hat that is very becoming to a young woman is a straight turban of grey felt; about the crown is a band of dark blue velvet which shows just a little above a brim covered with gray krimmer, the fur, by-the-by, which a great many people call, in mistake, grey astrachan. Just at one side is a cluster of pompons made of the fur. Of course, a hat like this is intended to be worn with a special coat, and in this case it is with a gray cloth trimmed with gray krimmer.

SOME QUIET HATS

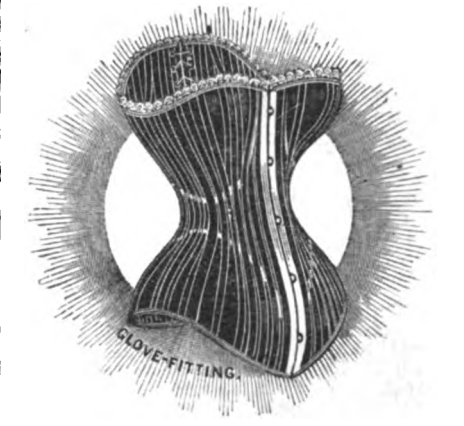
THE liking for the spoon-shaped hat has not by any means disappeared, and many of the new shapes, especially those with medium brims, show the point that so many have found becoming. A girl with golden-brown hair which she means shall be seen, has gotten for the winter season a hat that will permit this.

In shape, the hat shown in Illustration No. 3 has a low crown and a medium brim, faced with velvet, that rolls up slightly all around the head, and is cut to a sharp point just in front. It is outlined with a fine gold passementerie, and at the back, where the trimming is, are loops of heavy satin ribbon with gold aigrettes standing from them. This hat being on a band stands far from the head, and gives the hair an opportunity to be seen to best advantage. One says quiet, and then talks of gold decorations, which sounds a little queer. But in this case the gold has been so carefully arranged that never for a moment does it look out of place.

FOR YOU AND FOR ME

NOW, it's just this way. You and I probably each want a pretty bonnet; not being second cousins to Ceresus, we can't walk in and order bonnets as we would blackberries. But I tell you what we can do. If we are not clever enough to make bonnets for ourselves, and I regard it as more than cleverness—I think it's a talent—why, then, the best thing for us to do is to wait. Wait until the rush for bonnets is over; wait until the general woman has satisfied her soul as far as the bonnet is concerned, and then go to a fashionable milliner's, pick out your chapeau and coolly ask him his price. Somebody says that half the secret of being well served in stores is to retain a coolness of manner that overwhelms. He will probably say twenty-five dollars. You can look at the material and decide whether there is anything that will be left over for next season, and if there isn't you can depart to another fashionable milliner's. When you get there and discover the very bonnet that has been tempting you for many weeks, try it on and have them tell you again that it is twenty-five dollars. Then turn to the milliner and offer her ten, and the chances are she'll take it. And this is the reason why; she knows she's going to have to carry it over the season and risk the moths dining on it next summer. She also knows that it didn't begin to cost her twenty-five dollars, and that she has made a greater profit on other hats, so that she can afford to lose a little on this. Most important of all, she's gained a customer, and there is no doubt about it that the woman who gets a twenty-five dollar bonnet for ten dollars will return some day and bring a friend who will pay thirty-five for an eight-dollar one. This is the diplomacy of millinery and the faith of lovely women.

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Advertisement for WM. SIMPSON & SONS' Printed Fabrics. Features 'Dragon Fast Black' and 'COTTON DRESS FABRICS'. Includes text: 'THE BEST CALICO. ASK FOR THE NEW STYLE OF'.

Advertisement for Dragon Fast Black Cotton Dress Fabrics. Includes text: 'WITHOUT THIS NONE GENUINE', 'DOES NOT CRACK OR FADE', 'WARRANTED ABSOLUTELY FAST', 'Ladies, Send Stamp for Primer.', and 'I do shopping of all kinds. Eight years' experience best reference. MARJORIE MARCH, 604 Spruce St., Phila.'

THE SMALL BELONGINGS OF DRESS

By Isabel A. Mallon

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 inclosed, she will reply by mail. Address all letters to MRS. MALLON, care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pa.



AFTER having been on earth goodness only knows how many years, it has at last been discovered that the beauty of a neck is retained by permitting it to go uncovered. In the old days neither the Romans nor their contemporaries wore anything that even resembled a collar, while

the few nations who did affect collars had them made of magnificent jewels, so that they rested like necklaces far down on the neck itself. With the high collar, or even the collar that we call medium, came a noticeable change in the throat and neck. The one lost its firmness and whiteness, and the other became bony and unbeautiful. So, after all, the only way to really keep one's neck beautiful is to wear it not necessarily uncovered, but with a soft finish at the throat and keeping the neck unhampered by stiff linen.

ONE of the prettiest of the new handkerchiefs is black crepe de chine with a border of fleur de lis wrought out in gold thread as its finish. These are shown in white, scarlet and sapphire blue. Of course, they are merely decorative adjuncts, but they can be made a very smart addition to the toilette. Fashionable girls have for every-day use large linen lawn handkerchiefs with a hemstitched border and a half inch wide lace edge. The initials are wrought out in the corner in very small letters.

THE deep square veil that comes in rose point, appliqué, or an imitation of either and in all white, has not had the same approbation given here that it obtained both in Paris and in London. Whether it is that it is counted rather conspicuous or whether it is that it is not suited to the American complexion cannot be found out; but it is undoubtedly for one of these reasons that the delicate real lace veil has not met with the same approval.

HATS of all velvet, inclining somewhat to the beef-eater shape and having a high cluster of feathers at one side, promise to be in vogue during the season. They are shown in golden-brown, olive, gray and billiard green.

IN making up the plaid costumes for the winter a plain color is, in almost every instance, combined with the plaid in one way or another. Capes of the plain cloth, high puffed sleeves of it, pocket laps and sometimes a smooth band about the edge of the skirt placed just as fur is, will be affected. In many instances a coat of the plain cloth is liked, and really when the plaid is one that permits the use of a blue or green or dark scarlet plain cloth coat with or without fur trimmings, it will be found to give an air of special style to the gown.

IT is interesting to know that an intelligent hair dresser claims that blondes cannot be done away with; that blondes are essentially the beauties of civilization, and that they cannot be driven away. He says that the blonde can dress more effectively, and that a well-kept blonde has ten years' advantage in the point of youthful looks. You can not expunge her in favor of the brunette even in literature, for in the novels turned out during the past year there have been three hundred and eighty-two blondes to eighty-two brunettes.

THE jewel pins that were so popular at one time have lost their prestige, the simpler tortoise shell, jet or amber being in their place. Indeed, the loop of plain shell, which can be so expensive and which, when imitated, is so cheap, has rather more vogue given it than any other.

FOR evening wear at concerts or the opera nothing is quite so pretty as a tiny bonnet formed of a wreath of roses with black ribbon velvet strings to tie them in position. They are usually placed rather well forward on the head, and pinned at the sides to the hair by tiny little pins with white heads.

BLUE and white striped silk blouses will be worn during the winter with the cut-away jackets of blue cloth. It is always supposed that over these will be assumed a long cloak or cape that will hide the little jacket entirely.

IN colors this season the blues are rather gray in hue while the grays either have a tinge of lavender or lilac, or else show a greenish hue deepening into mignonette or sage. The heliotropes are more than ever suited to those brunettes who have a clear complexion, but the woman who is unfortunate enough to be sallow should never wear or permit to be near her any shade of the delicate hue. But the glaring emerald green is not only at once trying, but loud, and can not be commended even for the much quoted lady who has the skin of a peach. The popularity of black is very great. The soft wools, or mixtures of silk and wool being shown especial favor. A black wool gown is always refined and lady-like. So she who can get only one gown will be wise in choosing that it shall be entirely in the fashion by being black.

ALTHOUGH occasionally odd colors are noted in gloves, still the various tans and gray shades, as well as the white and the black, are really the ones worn. Though pink, blue or deep yellow may match a costume, it is not in good taste to wear them.

IF one wishes to be economical and freshen up black satin slippers it can be easily done by covering them entirely with finely cut jet beads. Sew each one on separately and then they will not be likely to come off. Another very pretty way of concealing the ravages of time on slippers is to have a huge gauze rosette, made very puffy, standing up well and high from the slipper and in this way accomplishing two things—that is, the instep is made to look higher and the greishy look of the satin is completely hidden.

IF during the season you intend to wear white gloves very much, take the advice that I have gained by experience, and though they cost a little more, get a glacé glove in preference to the undressed glove, as they will clean much better and do not so easily show that they have been undergoing the scouring process.

THE gold girdles, that is, those of wide galloon and having on them a deep gold buckle, will be worn all winter. They are not expensive and will look well with a cashmere or black stuff dress of any sort.

VERY young girls who are permitted to go to informal parties usually have plain skirts of light silk, or nuns' veiling, finished around the bottom with a festooning of crepe de chine. The bodice is a draped one, and should always be high at the neck and long in the sleeves. The Valois sleeves, that come in a point down over the hands, will be found most becoming, as young girls are apt to be slender of arm and a little awkward of hand.

A PRETTY way to finish a night dress is to scallop, with colored thread, that part of the placket which laps over, and then to embroider all over the collar and cuffs, which, by-the-by, are outlined in the same way, tiny flowers, that is, daisies, rosebuds, forget-me-nots or butter-cups, in the same color and after the flat Kensington fashion. In addition to their being very pretty, some suitable work is afforded for a great many idle hands.

NO evening dress is too elaborate or too light a texture not to have fastened quite near the edge and between the back and front a huge bow of broad velvet ribbon appliquéd flatly in place and made to look as if it were holding two parts of the gown together. Bows made in this fashion of very broad braid are liked on cloth gowns.

IN this day, when enormous hats are seen, it must not be forgotten that small ones are also in vogue, and a tiny bit of a woman must not look as if she were being extinguished under an enormous hat covered with rich plumes when she would look daintier and prettier in a turban or small bonnet, both of which are good form.

AMONG the most becoming veils may be cited the one of thin net that has upon it tiny stars of cut jet; this veiling is rather expensive, but it will wear well, as the jet stars are each sewed separately in place and so have solved to many a tiny girl just how the stars stay up in the sky.

WOMEN who look well in very broad turnover collars and deep cuffs of white linen are making them fashionable by wearing them; when they are becoming they are so very becoming that the wearers cannot be blamed for the energy with which they push them, but as they are unbecoming to so many it is almost to be hoped that they will not be generally adopted.

A VERY pretty Christmas gift for one's sweetheart or one's brother is a handsome brush having a back of tortoise shell with a monogram or cipher cut into the shell itself. This with the comb is strapped in a pretty leather case and possesses the two desirable qualities of being ornamental and useful.

ONE of the most curious rings seen lately is of aluminum with a very dark ruby set in it. The ring looks almost black, and it is only at night that the stone is at its best, and impresses one with its great beauty.

ALTHOUGH the style of the new hats rather demands that they should be set forward, still it is well to remember that a hat brought too far over the face is at once trying, and gives a rather hard, bold look.

THE busy woman finds a useful ornament for her chatelaine in a pencil that exactly imitates a match, and which may suggest to the looker-on either that she is matchless, or her match has been found.

WHAT is known as the sharp-pointed Spanish bang is very much in vogue, but it must be remembered that the hair must grow in this way for it cannot be cut in this shape or trained to it.



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FUR COATS AND FUR TRIMMINGS

By Isabel A. Mallon



THE gowns and jackets of the winter season are themselves cut with such great plainness that the use of a flat or band decoration is necessary upon them. Of course, the preference is given to fur, though it is mingled so often with braid or feathers on the elaborate gowns that indeed it is suited thoroughly to the house gown, the street costume or the beautiful dress that is to be worn in the evening. Fluffy trimmings are given the preference, and although a great deal of astrachan and gray krimmer (which is often incorrectly called gray astrachan) are noted, still, mink, or its imitations are given a decided preference. Russian sables are the finest furs in the world, and equally, of course, the little animals are the smallest, and are the most becoming, the soft, fine light from the fur bringing out particularly well all the good of the complexion, and toning down all that is bad.

I think we women always like to know a little of the personal belongings of people, and so I was interested when I was told by a large New York furrier that the finest sables in this country belonged to Mrs. C. P. Huntington, and the finest chinchilla to Mrs. Langtry, who used it to line a sapphire-blue velvet coat. It's rather nice to know about people

in place so that they may look as if placed there carelessly, and yet the strings will come from under them and be looped just in front. Now this gown is plainly shown in illustration No. 1, and she who will make over a gown, or would have a new one, cannot do better than use this for a model.

THE FASHIONABLE FUR COATS

EVERY year it is announced with the utmost regularity that the seals are fast dying out, and yet with the same regularity beautiful fur coats are developed, and make happy the hearts of a good many people. I think I have said before that I regard a seal-skin coat as a good investment; it looks well, it can be altered from season to season, and one that has seen eight years of good, honest wear looks me straight in the face as much as to say "stand up for us," and so I do. Experience is the very best teacher, and advice is not worth giving unless it has experience as its background.

THE LATEST SEAL JACKET

THE new seal jacket is the veritable Louis XV. It comes almost to the knees, fitting quite closely, and has, at the proper distance below the waist-line, deep pocket laps that are vandyked on the lower edge. The collar is a straight one, broken just in front in two points. There is no trimming and no cuffs on this coat, and its beauty depends entirely on the perfection of the seal and the fit. Another jacket, and one that will be much liked for young girls, is that which is known as three-quarters length; it is loose in front, has a large turned over collar, and fits in the back; it is double-breasted, and fastens from the shoulder straight across the corsage to the edge. The sleeves are full and drawn into deep cuffs. What is known as the seal sacque is always in fashion. It is double-breasted, has a slight slit up the back, and is decorated with a deep Russian collar. It has plain sleeves slightly raised on the shoulders.

SOMETHING NOVEL IN FURS

IT is most desirable, as well as most economical, to get something pretty in furs that will form a neck trimming which is detachable. Capes are not always desirable, especially if they are to be worn by some one who is stout, or who does not find the cloth coat sufficiently warm. By-the-by, the new capes of fur are made longer, fit more closely, and have a decided point in the back.

The novelty, however, is the Elizabethan collar. It is made of sable or sable tails, mink or mink tails, and then of any of the rather close furs in vogue. The collar stands high up above the neck with a slight flare, fastens close under the chin, and comes down forming a plastron which covers almost entirely the front of the bodice. This is accompanied by a muff to match, and the set, which may be gotten in costly or more expensive furs, will be found to add to the shape of the figure and to be very stylish in its effect. Just how it fits is shown in illustration No. 2.

CLOTH-TRIMMED COATS

HEAVY serges, diagonals, smooth cloths and camel's-hairs are made after the Louis XV fashion; have piping of some pretty fur, pocket laps, cuffs, collar and muff to match. The cloths are shown in all colors, but I particularly recommend black camel's-hair, as it is very much in vogue, and is becoming and warm. The dark blues look well trimmed with mink, but have not that cachet which pertains to a black coat. In all things this year black will be fashionable.

THE SMART CRAVATTE THIS YEAR

AGAIN the little mink and sable and Persian lambs are shown just as they are when alive, and to be put right around one's neck. They are fashionable, not so very expensive, and with a muff to match make a very pretty finish to a plain coat. Apropos to these cravattes it must be remembered that they may be certainly appreciated as a delightful Christmas gift. Muffs are made of the skins of all animals, though I can't quite make up my mind whether the seal is an animal or a fish. They are much larger than before, and consequently give a more dignified air to the woman who carries one. The fluffy furs, such as the black marten, black fox, and their imitations, though they may be the same size, really look much larger than do those with the close hair. After all, in buying a muff, it is just as well to get a big one, for it can always be cut down small, while a little one can't be cut up large.

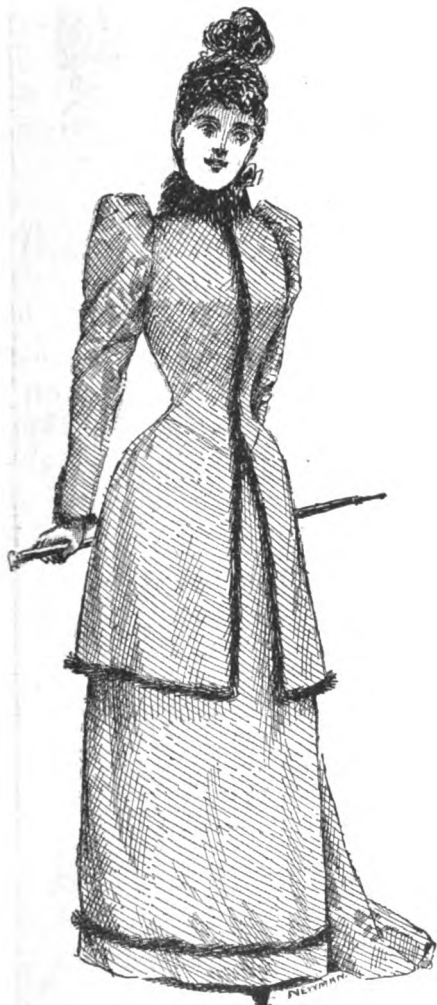
CLOTH AND FUR CAPES

A COMBINATION of cloth, velvet and fur makes one of the most beautiful and useful capes that can be imagined. It is long enough to cover one's back and high enough to keep one's neck warm; in fact, it comes almost to the knees. The one I saw had a deep under cape, reaching to the knees, of pale gray cashmere. Above it was a gray velvet coat that seemed to be three capes, but was in reality only one, having the edge finished with a row of chinchilla, and two rows above this of the fur, at regular intervals, gave the triple effect. The collar was high, and the lining of gray brocade. This shows the cape as it was worn in the street. (Illustration No. 3.) When it is intended for evening wear; it is made sufficiently long to cover the entire gown. Looking most elaborate this cape is, in reality, very simple, and the home dress-maker should be able to make one like it. If the expense of a velvet upper cape is not desired, why, then, one can have it of the cashmere, which is pretty, and the same effect would be produced. In all-black, with a black fur; in Egyptian-red, with the black fur; in white, with a brown fur and in gray with a black, brown or gray fur, this useful and unique little cape would be most becoming.

THE BOA AND MUFF

THE long fluffy boa, which has always retained its prestige in London and in Paris, is shown in black bear, blue, red and black fox; indeed, in all skins that give the soft look only gained by the long-haired fur. A woman who can wear a well-fitting cloth gown, with just a chamois bodice under it and who does not need a wrap, often chooses the long boa and the big muff as the warm-looking adjuncts to her get-up. To a tall, slender girl one of the large muffs with a fur boa is especially becoming, and as fur is not as contrary as feathers, which will lose their good looks in damp weather, it is certainly wiser to choose the skin rather than the *fuss* of the curly ostrich. Nobody ever connects *fuss* and furs, because furs have a beauty of their own, but *fuss* and feathers seem as natural as furs and luxury. In wearing your boa do not tie it; instead, have little ribbons on it that tie just where you want to confine it, and you will then find it will not only look better but wear very much longer.

Now, will you remember what I say, just my usual little last word, that the trimming which is effective does not always need to be expensive, that this season furs will rule in the world of trimmings, and, consequently, when you are looking out for what you wish to make rich your pretty gown, by all means choose the woolly, fluffy animal who is sacrificed at the shrine of beauty, and I do not think you will have advised wrongly.

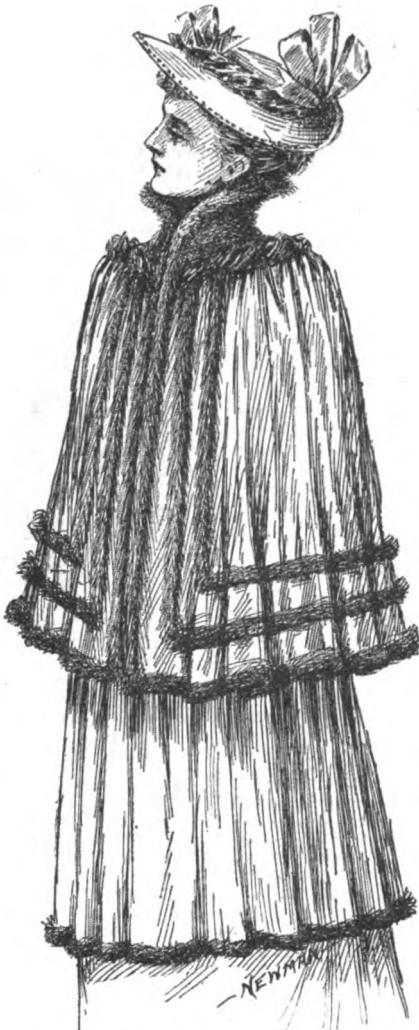


A FUR TRIMMED GOWN (Illus. No. 1)

who have such beautiful things, even if one can't possess them one's self. After Russian sables, the favorite fur trimmings are Hudson Bay sable, mink, black marten, stone marten, blue fox, black fox, black bear, Persian, astrachan and krimmer. Most all these furs are very closely imitated, and even in a store like Gunther's a thoroughly good imitation intended for a dress trimming can be gotten.

HOW TO PLACE THE DECORATION

THE favorite mode of arranging a street gown is, first of all, to think over your material, next of all whether you are trimming a new dress or freshening an old one. In the case of the old one you need to hide the spots and to make your trimming act as a good friend, and charitably conceal all defects. Now, suppose you are buying a gown and you fancy a black serge; your skirt is made with extreme plainness, and your bodice has long skirts that reach almost to your knee. You are like old Grimes' coat, all buttoned down before, though your collar is not quite so high, nor quite so close-fitting as it was last year. Your sleeves are raised high on the shoulders and shaped in to fit the arm. There is the plain dress. Now select your trimming. Get an inexpensive quality of either bear or marten, choosing this because it always sews out wider than it is. Have a band of it about your skirt at the front and sides, pipe your coat with it all around the edges, so that about an inch of fur shows, and then have a turn over collar of fur as the neck finish. You may or may not have cuffs; the furriers say they are not fashionable and the dressmakers say they are. Just a little below the waist-line put rather deep pocket laps of the fur, and behold! your costume is trimmed, and is really a very smart one. For your bonnet choose a tiny black felt, pipe it with fur, and put a Prince-of-Wales bunch of bright olive feathers at the back, tying them



A STYLISH, SENSIBLE CAPE (Illus. No. 3)



THE ELIZABETHAN COLLAR IN FUR (Illus. No. 2)

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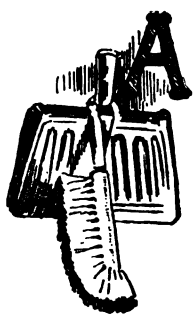
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DOMESTIC HELPS AND CULINARY HINTS

Helpful Suggestions from Experienced Minds

HOUSEKEEPING AS A PROFESSION

By EDITH DICKSON



YOUNG housekeeper only recently said to me after years of failure: "For the next two or three years I am going to make housekeeping my business. I mean not only to learn how to do everything connected with it, but also to study and find the best and most simple methods of managing the whole."

If that intention should be carried out, there will be no danger that that young woman's housekeeping will not be successful.

It is a fact that many women regard the care of a home too much in the light of an incidental, one among many occupations which they propose to carry on. Some of them are musical, artistic or literary in their tastes, and feel abused if household cares rob them of the time they wish to devote to their favorite pursuits. Some are engaged in various kinds of charitable work, which they consider of more importance than the doing of the numberless little things about a home, which may take a whole day's time, and leave one at night with the unsatisfactory impression of having accomplished nothing.

Few women are so favorably situated that family cares will not often hinder them from all other occupations. Disappointment and discontent then are felt by the woman who had expected to be able to follow without interruption some chosen pursuit.

But why should a woman complain because she is too busy to find the time for all the study, benevolent work, or visiting that she would like to do? No sensible woman would find fault because she has to work. It is what her husband does, whatever his wealth may be, and, if she be wise, she would not wish to be released from it.

The woman who is a clerk, a seamstress, a teacher, an artist, or a writer, does hard work day after day with little leisure for self-improvement or recreation. The average housekeeper has more leisure than she could have in any other business. She is liable to have days and weeks of hard work, when help is not to be found, and there is company to be entertained, or sickness in the family. But she is no worse off than women in other employments.

The woman who is too poor to hire any help, but must do for herself all the work of her house, with a family of little children to care for, has a hard time. But even such a one works no harder than a large part of the women who are earning their own living. The care of a home with all it involves, considered simply in the light of an occupation, is, undoubtedly, for the majority of women, an easier life than any of the employments by which a living may be earned.

The married woman, therefore, has no reason to think that her life is exceptionally filled with care, and to repine, unless she is too indolent to be willing to work at all. True, she may not be domestic. She may be a musician or a teacher, and have absolutely no gift or liking for a domestic life. Such a woman should not marry and enter upon home duties.

The difficulty is that women marry without stopping to consider whether they are willing to make a business of life of the care of their homes. That is what marriage means to the majority of women. A man goes on with his customary work, but whatever a woman may have done before marriage, afterwards there is commonly but one business for her—that of caring for her home.

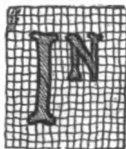
The married woman who is unwilling to accept this for her life-work will be discontented and unhappy herself, and will be the cause of unhappiness to her family. No woman has the right to condemn her family to a boarding-house existence, or to leave to others the care of her home and children, in order that she may follow more congenial pursuits. If she tries to do her duty by her family, and, at the same time, to devote herself to some other work, the conflicting demands upon her time and strength will hinder her from being successful in either undertaking. She also experiences a great nervous strain under which many women break down, resulting from the consciousness, in whatever one may be doing, that something else needing attention is being neglected.

This is not saying that women ought to confine themselves to the round of their domestic employments. However busy a woman may be, she can and ought to find some time for reading and study in the line in which she is most interested. In her leisure hours she may be able to write books, paint pictures, or accomplish much in any other direction in which she has a talent. But if a woman wishes to be happy and not to break down in strength and health, let her look upon the care of her home as her profession in life, and regard all other pursuits as simply occupations for her hours of leisure.

If she does not deem this a work worthy of such a monopoly of her time and thought, she should not have married. Having done so, she is in the position of many a man who finds too late that he has chosen a life-work that is uncongenial. The only sensible and brave thing to do, is not to abandon one's home, like the heroine of Ibsen's "Doll's House," nor to neglect it, but to try by extra diligence and pains to make up for the lack of natural adaptation to one's work.

RECIPTS FOR A CHAFING DISH

By MARIA PARLOA



ADDITION to those receipts for the chafing dish which I have already given in recent issues of the JOURNAL, I add the following final four which will, I think, give a pleasing satisfaction to those who will give them a trial:

CREAMED LOBSTER

YOU will have enough to serve three people if you use half a pint of cream, one pint of lobster cut into small pieces, one heaping tablespoonful of butter, one level tablespoonful of flour, a grain of cayenne, one teaspoonful of salt and one teaspoonful of lemon juice. Season the lobster with all the cayenne and a little more than half the salt. Put the butter in the granite-ware dish and place over the lamp. When the butter is melted add the flour, and stir until the mixture is smooth and frothy; then gradually pour in the cream, stirring all the while. When the sauce boils up stir in the lobster. Now put hot water, to the depth of one inch, in the lower pan. Set the upper pan on this and place all over the lamp. Put on the cover and cook for ten minutes, stirring frequently. At the end of this time stir in the lemon juice and serve at once.

FRENCH PEAS

TURN one can of *petit pois* in a strainer and let about a quart of cold water run over them. This is to rinse off the water with which they were surrounded. Put them in the chafing-dish with one tablespoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of sugar, one gill of water and one level teaspoonful of salt. Place over the lighted lamp and cook for five minutes.

CANNED TOMATOES

PUT into the upper dish one generous tablespoonful of butter and one teaspoonful of flour. Stir over the lighted lamp until the butter bubbles; add one pint of canned tomatoes, one-fourth of a teaspoonful of pepper and one level teaspoonful of salt. Cook for ten minutes, stirring frequently. For some tastes a teaspoonful of sugar is a desirable addition.

BLANQUETTE OF CHICKEN

YOU will need for this, if three or four people are to be served, one pint of cooked chicken, cut into delicate pieces; one gill of white stock, one generous gill of cream or rich milk, two level tablespoonfuls of butter, one level tablespoonful of flour, a saltspoonful of pepper, one teaspoonful of lemon-juice and the yolk of one egg.

Season the chicken with two-thirds of the salt and all the pepper. Put the butter in the granite-ware dish and place over the lighted lamp. When it is melted add the flour, and stir until smooth and frothy. Gradually add the stock, and when this boils add all the cream except about two tablespoonfuls. Now add the remainder of the salt. When the sauce boils up add the chicken and stir until it boils. Place over a dish of hot water the dish in which the chicken is cooking, and after setting both over the lamp, cover, and cook for fifteen minutes. Beat the yolk of the egg well, and add the remainder of the cream to it. Stir this into the blanquette and cook for one minute longer. Take from the boiling water, add the lemon-juice, and serve.

It will not harm the blanquette, before the egg is added, to cook over the boiling water for ten minutes longer than the time given; but it would spoil it to cook ten seconds longer than the given time after the egg is added.

Should it be inconvenient to use chicken stock, substitute a gill of water and half a teaspoonful of beef extract.

THREE WINTER DESSERTS

DISHES WHICH TASTE GOOD AT THE END OF A HEARTY WINTER MEAL.

A GOOD dish of orange fritters can be made by taking four oranges, peel them, taking off all the white pith without breaking into the pulp; divide in four or five pieces, through natural divisions of the orange; dip each piece into common batter, and fry in hot lard. Serve on napkin with powdered sugar.

A GOOD PLUM-PUDDING

ONE and one-half pound raisins, one and three-quarters of a pound of currants, one pound of figs, two pounds moist sugar, two pounds of bread-crumbs, sixteen eggs, two pounds finely chopped suet, six ounces mixed candied peel, one ounce ground nutmeg, one ounce ground cinnamon, one-half ounce bitter almonds, one-half pint molasses. Mix all the dry ingredients together and moisten with the eggs; when all well mixed, flour a strong pudding-bag; put in pudding, tie well, and boil eight hours. A nice sauce is to take one cupful of sweet cream, whites of three eggs and three tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar. When the cream is chilled, whip and put in a cool place, beat the whites stiff and add sugar and cream. Any flavoring may be used.

GERMAN COFFEE CAKE

ONE quart milk, eight ounces sugar, eight ounces butter, a little salt, two ounces yeast, lemon flavor, flour, six eggs. Make a soft sponge of the milk, yeast and flour; let it rise. Then add all other ingredients. Make a stiff dough, adding all flour required. Let rise again, roll out, put on a pan and let it rise again. Brush it with egg, sprinkle sugar and chopped almonds on top and bake. The almonds may be omitted if desired.

TO MAKE A CHRISTMAS CAKE

As TRIED BY A GOOD HOUSEKEEPER

MANY are the ways to make a Christmas cake, and the following receipt may have nothing of newness about it, yet the results which it has brought warrant us to put it before our readers with a cordial indorsement. It will make a thoroughly satisfactory Christmas cake, provided, always, the directions are carefully followed.

DETAILS OF MAKING THE CAKE

One pound each of sugar, butter, citron and currants; two pounds of raisins, seeded; one and one-half pounds flour, two-thirds of a cup of currant jelly, twelve eggs, one teaspoonful soda, the same of salt; a dash each of cayenne pepper and black pepper, and one cupful of molasses. Divide the flour into two parts: into one part put one teaspoonful of cinnamon; one nutmeg, grated; one-fourth teaspoonful of cloves, and two-thirds teaspoonful of allspice. Mix fruit with the other half of flour. Cream the butter and sugar, add the eggs, well beaten; dissolve the soda in warm water, and stir in the molasses. Mix all well together, and put in pans lined with buttered paper. This will make two large loaves. Bake in a moderate oven for two hours. The result is a Christmas cake which will delight the heart of a good housewife and please the palates of those who eat it.

TWO GOOD CHRISTMAS DESSERTS

By A SOUTHERN HOUSEWIFE

ONE of the most toothsome of orange jellies can be made as follows: To two quarts of calves-foot jelly, that has been well clarified, add three pounds of loaf sugar, the juice of two lemons and of six oranges, the thinly-pared rind of two oranges, and one stick of cinnamon broken up. Beat slightly the whites of six eggs and mix all well together in a preserving kettle. Set it on the fire and let it boil briskly for half an hour, then throw in a cup of cold water and let it boil twenty minutes longer. Have a flannel jelly-bag, made shape of a V, scald it and pour the jelly into it carefully. Tie it where it can keep warm while the jelly runs through. Then set the bowl of jelly in a cool place to get firm.

DELICIOUS CHOCOLATE PUDDING

BOIL four ounces sweet chocolate in a quart of milk; when quite dissolved, pour over a pint of bread crumbs and let it stand for an hour or so. Mash the bread well and, if there are any pieces of crust, it may be passed through a sieve until a perfectly smooth mass is obtained. Add four well-beaten eggs, a cupful of butter, two of sugar, a little grated nutmeg, a cup of stoned raisins, and another of blanched almonds. Steam for an hour.

A Capable Girl

When Polly's Skillful fingers stray
Across the Ivory keys
She drives dull pain and care away
With sweetest melodies

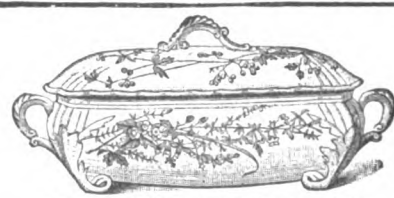
But when her skillful fingers grasp
A cake of Ivory Soap
Such wonders then our Polly works
That not a speck nor shadow lurks
With which she dare not cope.

H. CROWNE



ENGLISH DECORATED
Dinner Set, No. 45, 112 Pieces.

Premium with an order of \$20.00.
Or packed and delivered at depot for \$9.00 cash.



ENGLISH PORCELAIN
Gold Band Dinner Set, No. 25, 106 Pieces.
Decorated in Three Modest Natural Colors.

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Cash Price, packed and delivered at depot, \$14.00. An Elegant Set.

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, Lamps, also Lace Curtains and Table Linen (our own importation). To those who take the time and trouble to get up Clubs for Tea, Coffee, Spices and Extracts, we offer premiums. In buying Tea and Coffee from us, you get full value for the money invested and get a premium and you get goods that are direct from the IMPORTERS. If 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.

THE LONDON TEA CO., 811 Washington Street, Boston.

PERFECTION CAKE TINS, loose bottoms. Cakes removed without breaking. Steady pay. Sample Set 80c. RICHARDSON MFG. CO., BATH, N.Y.

TACOMA Real Estate Co., 80 MONTHLY for \$100 lots. Pays much better than Savings Banks. Sure 20 to 100% Address Tacoma Investment Co., Tacoma, Wash.



EVERYTHING ABOUT THE HOUSE EDITED BY MARIA PARLOA

MISS PARLOA will at all times be glad, so far as she can, to answer in this Department all general domestic questions sent by her readers.

Most of us Christmas would seem incomplete were the green decorations left out. Even the poor woman who lives in one or two rooms in some dirty tenement house will save money enough to buy a few bits of holly.

As a rule, the branches of holly that bear many berries upon them will not be so fresh and full of leaves as the others. Buy a few branches that are well filled with berries, then be generous with the greener branches.

WHAT TO DO WITH CHRISTMAS GREENS

It is best not to put up the decorations until the afternoon before Christmas. The halls, sitting-room, dining-room and library are the most appropriate places for the holly.

At least a week before Christmas get at the florist's about fifty cents' worth of the green stuff called "Wandering Jew."

Smilax, asparagus fern and other delicate vines can be used for pictures and statuary, but the expense puts them out of the reach of the majority of people.

ONE WAY TO MAKE CHILDREN HAPPY

SINCE Christmas is so much the children's festival, the woman who can make dainty things that will please the eye and the palate too, adds much to the pleasure of the little folks.

AN IMPORTANT DUTY OF THE HOUSEKEEPER

WITH the cold weather the duties of the housekeeper become more exacting, because so much depends upon the atmosphere of the house.

VENTILATION OF THE HOUSE

HEALTHFUL animal or vegetable life cannot be sustained without fresh air in plenty. At this season of the year we are apt to forget this, and keep our houses too carefully protected from the air.

Air the sleeping rooms the first thing in the morning, no matter how cold the day. Have at least one window in one of the upper halls in which a ventilator can be placed; or, if that be inconvenient, have a strip of board about four or five inches long, which place under the lower sash.

KEEPING THE PLUMBING SWEET

THE care of the plumbing is an important duty; yet, provided there be nothing wrong about the plumbing at the start, and the supply of water be constant and generous, this duty will not be found a hard one.

The laundry tubs should be thoroughly rinsed after washing, being generous with the water, that no trace of suds shall be left in the pipes.

After the mid-day work is done, and again at night, the pipe in the kitchen sink should be thoroughly flushed with hot water, if possible.

Have an old funnel to use in the bath-tub and basins, that the hot soda may not touch any of the metal save that in the pipes.

Copperas will remove odors from drain pipes. Put one pound of the crystals in a quart bottle and fill up with cold water.

It seems as if one need not caution people in regard to throwing into closet or basin any substance that might clog the pipes, but it is because of ignorance or carelessness on the part of the people who use these conveniences that much of the trouble with the pipes arises.

PROPER MANAGEMENT OF FIRES

THIS is the season of many fires, and for this reason, to many housekeepers, a season of trials. A coal fire is like some people: it will stand a certain amount of nagging, pressure and neglect, but it will make you suffer in some way for all your abuse.

The demands upon the kitchen fire are varied. Sometimes we want a very hot oven or surface, and again we must have only a moderate amount of heat. The degrees of heat must be regulated by the various checks and draughts in the range, rather than by the use of a greater or less amount of coal.

These are the great secrets of always having a good fire when you want it: Do not let the coal burn to a white heat; when you do not require a hot fire, open all the checks; when you want a hot fire close the checks and open the draughts; and, of course, the moment there is no further need of a hot fire, close the draughts and open the checks again.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE FURNACE FIRE

THE furnace fire should be shaken down and raked perfectly clear in the morning. A few shovelfuls of coal should be put on and all the draughts opened. The ashes should then be taken up. As soon as the coal begins to burn well and the fire looks clear at the bottom, put in enough coal to come almost to the top of the fire-pot.

On an extremely cold day it may be necessary to have the draughts open a part of the time and some coal put on at noon. All the clinkers should be removed when the fire is raked down in the morning.

If the furnace fire be allowed to burn to a white heat it will be ruined for that day unless more coal be put on a little later. The cold-air boxes must admit enough air to drive the hot air through the house, but not more than can be heated.

Heating stoves and open grates are to be managed as far as possible the same as a furnace. With the stove there is no trouble, there being plenty of checks and draughts. The open grate is not so well provided.

CARE OF THE BATH-ROOM

THE bath room should have special attention daily, and once a week a thorough cleaning. A woolen carpet is not desirable for this room. The floor may be of tiles, or of hard wood, stained or painted, or be covered with lignum or oil-cloth.

Each morning have the washbasin washed clean and the bowl in the water-closet washed. If the bath-tub has been used, have it washed and wiped dry. Dust the room, and hang the soiled towels where they will dry before being put in the hamper provided for such things.

Once a week give the room a thorough cleaning. Wash the toilet articles. Wash all the marble with soap and water, and if there be any spots that are not easily removed, put a little sand soap on the wash-cloth and rub the spot well.

Never use for the bath-tub sand soap or any substance that would scratch, unless it be an enamel tub, in which case no harm will be done. Clean the faucets with whiting. Take a long handled boot-buttoner and draw from the waste pipes all the bits of lint that have gathered there.

WOOL WADDING FOR COMFORTERS

A SUBSCRIBER asks where she can get wool lining for comforters. This is a much more expensive article than cotton batting, but it is very serviceable. It can be bought at a first-class dry-goods store, and is usually found at the lining counter.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

W. BAKER & CO.'S Breakfast Cocoa



from which the excess of oil has been removed, Is absolutely pure and it is soluble.

No Chemicals

are used in its preparation. It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup.

Sold by Grocers everywhere. W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

Armour's Extract of BEEF.

Used by ALL GOOD COOKS The Year Round.

Send to ARMOUR & CO., Chicago, for Cook Book showing use of ARMOUR'S EXTRACT in Soups and Sauces. Mailed free.

Advertisement for New England Mince Meat, featuring an illustration of a woman and a product box, with text describing its use and quality.

"Best men oft are moulded out of faults." But the best cakes are moulded out of

Hecker's SELF-RAISING Buckwheat.

"THE MORGAN" ODORLESS BROILER

Sent to any part of United States on conditions below 10 Cents. It broils steaks, chops, oysters, fish, etc., allowing NO odor to escape in the room.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. In order to further introduce this wonderful Broiler we will send one, all complete, CHARGES PAID BY US, to any express office in the United States upon receipt of ONLY 10c.

BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS

Are the only kind we have in stock. ACKER, MERRALL & CONDIT, Dec. 2d. 1890. New York.



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

YEARS ago, before we had odometers, there was a country doctor who was curious to know the number of miles he traveled on his rounds of mercy. So he tied a bright-colored ribbon to one of the spokes of his wheel, and told the little boy—whose great delight it was to ride with his father—to count the number of times the bright ribbon came up from the ground. Then it was easy to tell, with sufficient accuracy for his purpose, how many miles he rode, by multiplying the circumference of the wheel by the number of times the bright ribbon came up.

In this good month of December is placed the bright mark which shows that one year has rolled around again. Happy are we if this blessed Christmas notes progress in the right direction. For movement is not always progress. Did you ever see a locomotive wheel turn round and round on the track without moving the train forward an inch? I remember how, in one beautiful spot through which I often passed in the days of my girlhood, the brilliant leaves of autumn fell upon the railroad track and made the rails so slippery that the engine could not go forward till sand was sprinkled upon them.

The servant question is such a weighty one that we are sinking under it. Do tell us more of these blind ones who want work. The very thought of their wishing to work is a recommendation, for in my State, Tennessee, the servants expect wages, and then want to work when they please, and to do what they please. I cannot see how the blind can fill a servant's position; how can they dust, wait on the table, wash dishes and do the many other duties of a house, without sight?

THANKS for your kind and encouraging words in the July number respecting blind girls in domestic service. As I am a newly adopted niece, please excuse me from putting myself or my home on exhibition. Enough to say, that, although I am blind, I profess to look well to the ways of my house, and in addition to the various tasks which I reserve for my own hands, I can, in an emergency, do almost anything essential to the comfort of my family.

Thank you for giving us this glimpse into your home. It is not a merely idle curiosity which leads us to wonder how you manage your work. We are so helpless with our seeing eyes closed that we cannot understand your powers.

I WOULD like to say a few words on the subject of women draping themselves in mourning, hoping that when the attention of the leaders of society is called to it, they will use their wide influence in putting an end to this barbarous custom.

While there is something touching in the little band of crape round a man's hat, there is a feeling of disgust in seeing a woman robed in heavy habiliments of woe. I know from conversation with many women that they hate this themselves, but they have not the moral courage to break the shackles of custom and declare themselves free from its bondage. When one does have the courage to do so, people immediately say, "She doesn't care enough for her relative to wear mourning for him." As if our grief was measured by the depth of our crape veil! Surely it must have had its origin among the barbarians, and it is high time for the woman of the Nineteenth Century to show her good sense by stopping it. How disgusting is the thought that in the midst of our new grief we must turn our attention to procuring these hideous garments for the funeral, and that, too, at an expense which many can but ill afford. What honor do we show the dead by giving our pretty colored clothing over to the motths while we make scarecrows of ourselves? In the name of common intelligence, we beg the leaders of fashion to set the example of not wearing the present style of mourning, and in a short time the custom will be one of tradition only. Some mark of bereavement should certainly be worn, as it often saves us from the careless jest which we shrink from when our hearts are bleeding; but let it be as simple and inexpensive as the little hat-band.

Just as in some places flowers, or a sheaf of wheat, take the place of the old-fashioned "weeper" on the door, so a more suitable mourning dress takes the place of the heavy, gloomy crape and the unwholesome and hideous veil and we are grateful for the change.

AND here, as the door opens, we see the "touching little band of crape" round a man's hat; and we cease our chatting for a moment to hear in quietness a brother speak.

I AM a man, and therefore have no right to intrude upon the privacy of your inner circle. But I am constrained to say, that in your efforts in THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL to make the many dear wives, who look to you for counsel, happier in their husbands and in their homes, I believe you are doing a work that will be owned and blessed in Heaven.

And I make bold to address you this letter, that I may send you the copy of a little poem which I have, and which, if it might find a place in your widely-read pages, might be "light in the darkness" to many a troubled soul, and might end the headache for the joyous and forbearing love that once was.

THE poem I cut from a scrap of waste paper some years ago, and is exactly as I copy it.

A QUARREL
There's a knowing little proverb,
From a sunny land of Spain,
But in Northern climes in Southern land,
Is its meaning clear and plain.
Lock it up within your heart;
Neither lose nor lend it—
Two it takes to make a quarrel:
One can always end it.

WHY is it that beauty is so much more essential in woman than in man? Women strive for higher intellectual attainments, and the way is open for them to do so.

Let's suppose that both are wroth,
And the strife begun;
If one shall cry for "Peace,"
Soon it will be done.
If but one of the breach,
He will quickly mend it—
Two it takes to make a quarrel:
One can always end it.

You exaggerate the trouble. Many a girl, thinking herself plain, becomes self-conscious, and puts herself one side. Fair faces attract men and women; but fair faces alone do not hold the affections or the attentions of men or women. There must be good qualities behind the beauty. To be sure, sweetness of temper and gentleness count with many men for more than intellectual attainments, and mere knowledge or skill will not please permanently.

I HAVE charge of a guild of young ladies, twenty in number, whose ages are from fifteen to twenty years. They are mostly working girls, and of moderate means. We are all communicants of the Protestant Episcopal church, and have a large guild room, with a piano.

You will find helpful suggestions, from time to time, in the JOURNAL, about evening entertainments. The last (November) issue contained an entire page. Have you ever read Mrs. Ewing's short stories?

I HAVE been married seven years, and my husband is not an angel; he is an honest man with a good many faults. I get angry and quarrel with him. I just sit down and count my own faults and I am ready to call it square. But we cannot be truly happy unless we belong to Christ and take all our troubles to Him.

NOT long ago I received a letter from a dear friend of mine in a little town in Texas. I wish I could send you the whole letter, but it is too long; I copy the part I think will interest our friends and sisters most, and trust if it is printed "Janet" will read it and find her life a little less hard in comparison.

"Ministers in these new countries have a hard time; my heart aches for their families, for they are educated and refined, and the love of the beautiful is as strong as in the older States, and but little here to gratify it. Just think! our minister at the most gets but six hundred dollars a year, and with a wife and six sweet, lovely children, and the many calls a minister has to give, and give freely, too, you can see how the wife and little ones must be denied all but the bare necessities of life.

"Somehow I feel like writing you a little about what the church has had to do since I came here. We have always worshipped in a small room under the lodge room of the Masons. All denominations are free to use it, and at first, we (the Methodists) had service one Sunday in the month, and Sunday-school every Sunday; then for two or three years we had service twice a month; then the minister wanted to live here, so we made a great effort and built a little parsonage of three rooms; not a room finished, just rough boards inside, and only one room celled overhead. Now the time has come that we must have a house of worship; and we have, by hard work, got funds enough together to put up the frame, and finish on the outside; then it will have to wait until another crop is made and sold to pay for the inside finish.

"I am glad to see the good work go on, yet my heart is not in it, as it is in the wish to do something to get the parsonage more comfortable.

"There are no plastered houses here among the common houses; all that are finished are celled with boards, then painted. The people are very generous and public-spirited, but are all making homes and building up a business for themselves and children in this new country. There are no rich ones to give of their abundance, and very few that need charity. The very poor are not here, at least those who need food and clothing."

We forget sometimes that, while business men choose pioneer life for the sake of what material improvement is to come to them and their children, ministers have no such expectation to help them endure present discomforts. On the contrary, the probability is, that when the community is established in the comforts of success, the minister will have worn himself out in the hardships of his work, and a younger and stronger and more "interesting" man will be wanted. He must then betake himself to another "frontier field" or to a place too poor to have a choice, and his wife and his children must struggle for a chance to live. That such children do live and do become noble and useful men and women is as true as it is strange.

I TOO, must answer "Anna Mary." I have been married over eight years and my husband has never spoken one cross word to me, in house cleaning time nor at any other time; and I don't believe if it were necessary to have the whole house torn up at once that it would make any difference with his temper, for he could see the reason for it as well as I can; he is not only pleasant through it, but always willing to help in any way possible and would say "Don't trouble to cook much, for you are tired enough without."

It is seeing together that makes it easy for people to live together. And it is sympathy and feeling, and not reason or judgment, which make the common sight possible. Two people may differ very much in judgment and yet be in thorough accord in the carrying out of plans for which one of them must be responsible. I know of one remarkable example of a husband and wife so different in temperament that their tastes and opinions seemed opposed; but in matters where he naturally had the deciding to do, his wife was as cheerful a co-operator as if the course were of her own choosing, and he accepted her arrangements in her department, though with an occasional humorous protest. A more perfect union could not be, yet had it not been for the strength of the love which brought them into sympathy, there could scarcely be imagined greater cause for controversies and unhappy differences. And the strength of that love could not be weakened even by death.

DEAR "M."—As I am near your age and have met with some of the difficulties you mentioned, I wish, my dear sister, to tell you of my experience of self-improvement without a teacher. I have derived the greatest benefit from reading aloud, as Aunt Patience advises you. But I did not improve satisfactorily in pronunciation until I pursued the following plan: I pronounced the word correctly twenty-five times, and used it correctly in several sentences. This I continued for two or three days, and after a lapse of time reviewed my lesson. I kept a list of the words I studied. I found it advisable to take no more than five or six words a day, and not more than two at a time, as two in the morning, two at noon, etc. I did not have plenty of time to think of them, and this constant repetition became, as it were, a part of me. I have also found the following of great help:

"Words and Their Uses," by Richard Grant White; "The Orthoepist," by Alfred Ayres. "The Orthoepist" I would not be without.

A SISTER FROM THE FAR WEST.

You certainly made a wise plan, and the books you commend are very useful.

Do not say you are too busy, or too sad, or too poor to make some Christmas cheer for your children. "Bread and cheese and kisses" are a feast, and the Christ-child will bless a meagre tree which is draped with love. You will grow glad, my dear sister, in the doing of the simple things; your ingenuity quickened by desire will suggest surprises, and you will marvel at the ease with which you accomplish them.

And if your home is full of joy and your purse heavy with coin, send the light of Christmas into every pinched and darkened home you can reach.

For "we who have light, we must make our light brighter, and thus show our love to Thee, Lord, for Thy gift." With loving greetings, and a happy Christmas to all,

Aunt Patience

RESCUED AT LAST.
A Hard Struggle to Save the Lives of Two Little Children.

"When our baby was about three months old," said Herman Lasher, proprietor of Hotel Rockton, Little Falls, N. Y., "he was reduced to just skin and bones. He had not strength enough to raise his eyelids, and, hence, was unable to see."

"At that time I was living on my farm, about three miles from Middleville. One day my wife and daughter thought the little fellow was dying, and I started at once for a physician, who sent me back with a box of lactated food. We succeeded in getting him to take it, from that time on he lived on this food, and has grown to be a strong and healthy boy. We certainly owe his existence to lactated food."



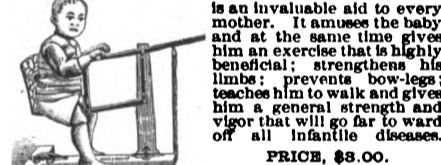
The beautiful children whose faces are shown above, testify in their sturdy health to the great good of lactated food. In regard to the younger, their father, Mr. R. Hosford, Danville, Ill., writes: "From the first day of our use of lactated food, we could see its merit. Baby did not throw up its food as it did when we used other preparations which we tried in vain."

"A babe of fourteen months was so run down and weak that it could not sit up alone. The doctor advised giving barley water, and then prescribed —'s food and several other preparations. At last the child was expected to die any day from starvation. I gave the father a box of lactated food, which was used, and now the child is entirely well. The father is willing to make affidavit that lactated food saved his child's life."

Intelligent and careful parents who are fortunate enough to know of lactated food, will not permit their children to be without it. It is a preventive of cholera infantum and bowel troubles, and is a perfect food that makes and keeps the little ones healthy, happy and hearty.

Lactated Food is sold by druggists, or mailed on receipt of price: 25cts., 50cts., \$1.00. Interesting book of "Prize Babies," and handsome birthday card free to any mother sending baby's name.

THE BABY'S DELIGHT EXERCISING MACHINE



Is an invaluable aid to every mother. It amuses the baby and at the same time gives him an exercise that is highly beneficial; strengthens his limbs; prevents bow-legs; teaches him to walk and gives him a general strength and vigor that will go far to ward off all infantile diseases.

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TWO ENTIRELY DIFFERENT THINGS TO YOUNG AUTHORS WHO ARE UNCONSCIOUSLY INJURING THEIR PROSPECTS OF LITERARY SUCCESS

By EDWARD W. BOK

ALMOST daily there comes to me some manuscript with a little note which says: "Some critical friends to whom I have submitted this manuscript pronounce it excellent"; or, "My family and all my friends have complimented this very highly." Or, again, "Some one will say, 'A literary (or editorial) friend, whose critical judgment is acknowledged by the public, has read and enthusiastically praised this.'" After a while, the manuscript comes back to the author, and she rises in wrath, not to those "critical friends," her "family and friends," or the "literary friend," but to the editor. The judgment of the former is undisputed; it is the editor who is at fault, and cannot appreciate a good thing when he sees it.

NOW, my friends—and I am talking to hundreds with sore little spots in their hearts towards me—let me give you a few words of plain, every-day common sense. When you send a manuscript to an editor, don't tell him these things. They have no more influence with him than has water on a duck's back. This sounds a little hard, doesn't it? But, nevertheless, it is true—very true. Use a little common sense and figure it out for yourself. No matter how good a literary judgment your family or your friends may have, what do they know of a certain editor's policy? What do they know of the magazine's needs? They may know something of literary standards; they may be able to pass upon your style, the accuracy of your expression, the interest of your article. All these things they may know, and know perhaps better than does the editor—although from some of their recommendations I am inclined to doubt it. But that your article is just the one for which the editor to whom you send it is looking, they do not know. Neither do they know but that the editor has accepted an article on the same subject as yours a week before, and yours is therefore useless to him. Or, that he may have under order an article on the same topic. These things your friends do not know; the editor does. Be charitable, and give him credit for knowing a little. If he didn't know what he wanted he couldn't hold his position. Editors are not engaged to ornament publishing offices.

ANOTHER thing: your own family and friends are the poorest critics in the world to you. Their love for you makes them blind, renders them partial, and their opinion prejudiced. You may be sensitive, and they, well knowing that fact, would not tell you that your article was bad even if they felt it to be a glaring fact. The "literary friend" is no better, be he critic, publisher, editor or what not—unless you submit your manuscript to him for publication in some magazine with which he is connected. Then, if your manuscript is so good as you tell me he says it is, why did he not keep it for himself? The editor is proverbially generous, but his generosity does not extend to that point where he allows a good manuscript to pass him to some other editor. That isn't human nature, and, strange as it may seem to many, editors are human.

IT may seem to you the strangest thing in the world to have your manuscript receive the praise of friends and family, and then receive the rejection of the editor. It seems strange to you because you look at it from one side; if you could look at it as does the editor, perhaps you wouldn't think it so very strange. The wonder would be more how your manuscript ever reached a reading, if you could see the mass of material which daily and hourly pours into an editorial office. An editor is more often the friend of the author than he is his enemy. I know some writers may find this very difficult to believe. But it is so, nevertheless. A young author cannot realize this at first. He finds it out as he goes along, knows more of editors and understands their methods better. I do not write all this in defense of the editor; rather, to make his position a little clearer, if possible, to those who are just stepping into the literary arena. To misconstrue the position of the editor, or blindly question his judgment, never helps an author. And, as I close, let me say these few words:

INSTEAD of going to your family or your friends for an opinion on your manuscript, be your own critic. Every man or woman in the world knows when he or she does a good thing, and where there is one who does not, that one was never cut out to be an author. Use your own critical faculties. Be unsparing of yourself. Then, send your article out into the world, to the editor of that periodical for which you think it is best suited. But don't pin to it your father's indorsement, your mother's praise, your sister's opinion, your friend's recommendation. Save that ink for your next manuscript. Don't waste your time telling editors what they ought to do, or what some one else thinks they should do. What your friends think of your manuscript, and what the editor thinks of it, are two entirely different things, and, take my word for it, my friend, it never pays to confuse the two.



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Mrs. CANDACE WHEELER will tell people how to beautify their homes, in a series entitled "The Philosophy of In-door Decoration." MARY C. HUNGERFORD's articles on Fancy-Work will appear regularly. MARY E. WILKINS, KATE UPSON CLARK, OCTAVE THANET, HARRIET PRESCOTT SPORFORD, LOUISE STOCKTON, and others, will furnish brilliant short stories. Plays and farce-comedies for amateur performances will be written by GRACE LIVINGSTON FURNISS, KATHARINE LORING VAN COTT, and W. G. VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN. Dr. MARY T. BISSELL and CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK, will tell mothers how to care for children in health and in sickness. Useful cooking receipts will be given in great variety. Women's Clubs will be frequently reported. The last page has a national reputation as a compendium of wit and humor, enlisting among its illustrators McVICKAR HYDE, STERNER, FROST, SMEDLEY, and other eminent artists.

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ALL ABOUT FLOWERS

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

IN DECORATING A CHURCH



IN decorating a church for Christmas, bear in mind that fine effects do not depend so much on the quantity of flowers used as on the manner in which they are arranged. A few flowers and plants in the hands of a person of artistic taste, and with a good eye for color-effects, will give excellent results, while a great quantity of flowers arranged by persons deficient in these respects, will never give satisfaction. Good taste and judgment are quite as important as flowers.

ARTISTIC effects do not depend on elaborate designs. Last year I was in a little country church where pine branches and Mountain Ash berries were the only materials used, and there was no attempt at elaborate work; simply branches of good size fastened here and there where there seemed to be a place prominent enough to make it suitable for decoration, with great clusters of the fruit showing through the dark-green leaves. The altar, or pulpit, rather, was not "banked." A large branch was used, fastened at an upper corner, and falling across the front till it rested on the floor, with the scarlet berries lighting up the somber foliage as effectively as any flowers could. The result was charming in its simplicity. A more formal and studied scheme of decoration might have resulted in complete failure with the material used.

IN decorating a church, do not wait until the afternoon before Christmas, and then get at the work in hand in a haphazard fashion, trusting to a happy inspiration which generally fails to come, when wanted, for satisfactory results. Appoint a committee to see to the work, and let it decide on some scheme of decoration. When it has made a decision, fall to with a will, and help it work out its plans, but never hamper or annoy it by constant suggestions of changes which you may think would be improvements. In this, as in other things, too many cooks spoil the broth. If the committee possesses ordinary taste, and thinks out a definite scheme before beginning operations, the chances are that the church will present a far more pleasing appearance than it would be likely to if all the young people in the neighborhood came together without a plan to work on, and suggestions from everybody were received, and an attempt made to carry them out.

WHEN plants are used about the altar, and you have but few, do not set them close together, but cover the pots and fill in between them with Florida moss or something similar, colored a dark green. This will make a good background for foliage and flowers, and hide the open space.

IF you have few flowers, do not scatter them. Rather concentrate them. Use them at the principal point where decoration of this kind is desired, say on or in front of the altar or pulpit. A dozen roses, or as many clusters of geraniums, will be effective when grouped together, but scatter them and the effect will be weak and thin.

DON'T undertake more than you can carry out well. Elaborate decorations are all right in the hands of experienced persons who have plenty of material to work with, but in the ordinary church, where the expense of elaborate decorations cannot well be afforded, and the "experienced" person is generally lacking, pretentious designs are all wrong. Therefore, let simplicity, which is always artistic, govern you in making beautiful the house of God at Christmas time.

WHEN flowers or other bright decorations are hard to obtain, a most pleasing substitute is afforded by the cones of pine or Norway spruce. These, in their natural color, are very pretty, but their effect can be greatly heightened by bronzing or gilding them. The liquid gold paints sold by all dealers in artists' goods, are cheap, and produce good results. Apply two coats, so that the cone will be well covered. A cluster of them, shining against a background of dark-green, will stand out brilliantly by lamp-light. For a good deal of the decorative work about arches over the altar, and in the making of crosses and similar designs, they are much preferable to flowers or fruit, as they are more in harmony with the evergreens among which they are used. Provided your gilding is good, most pleasing results can be secured by giving cones such a covering. Try it and you will be sure to be pleased with this new method.

FORCING THE EASTER LILY



ANY complaints come to me of failure in the cultivation of the Bermuda Easter Lily in pots. In most cases of failure the reason is apparent—the nature of the plant is not understood by the amateur floriculturist.

I generally plant two or three good-sized bulbs in a ten-inch pot. I fill the pot about half full of a compost of loam, turfy matter and old manure, in equal parts, adding enough sand to make it open and porous, being careful, of course, to provide good drainage. On top of this compost, which should at first only half fill the pot, I place the bulbs, and then put soil enough over them to just cover them. This I press down quite firmly about them, and then water thoroughly, and set the pots away in a cool and rather dark corner and wait for the bulbs to start. As soon as they begin to throw up stalks, I bring them to the light, and as fast as the stalks shoot upward I add soil to that already in the pot, until it is full. Why do I do this? Because the roots of the plants are sent out from the stalks immediately above the bulbs, and in order to give them an opportunity to furnish necessary support to the stalks, they must be provided with earth in which to grow. I seldom find it necessary to furnish sticks to support the stalks when grown in this way. Unless this is done, the stalks often break over at their junction with the bulb.

Much depends on the bulbs you get. There are several grades. Some are small; some are inferior in quality; the best ones are three inches or four across, plump, and with a heavy feeling which shows that they are full of stored-up moisture, which denotes vitality. While the small bulbs will generally bloom if treated properly, they will seldom give more than two or three flowers, while the larger ones will often give as many as six, eight, or ten. They cost a little more, it is true, but they are worth the difference in price. A plant bearing one or two flowers is beautiful, but when you come to see a stalk crowned with a great cluster of blossoms, the effect is so much finer that you consider the extra money you paid for the large bulb well invested. If I could have but one flower for winter use, it would be the Bermuda Lily, as, with proper treatment, it is sure to bloom well, and all who have seen a good specimen in full flower will readily admit that there can be nothing more beautiful.

A GOOD FUCHSIA WORTH TRYING



THE Storm King Fuchsia, which was so largely advertised some three or four years ago, had a remarkable sale which proved how popular this flower was, but ninety-nine out of every hundred who bought it failed utterly with it, judging from the complaints which came in. I succeeded in getting plants to bloom, but I never succeeded in getting one plant to grow well, and I am convinced that the reason of failure was, in order to supply the great demand, the florists forced the plants in their efforts to obtain stock enough to supply the trade, and consequently their plants were lacking in vitality.

Madame Van Der Strass, which closely resembled it in color and form, was a great improvement, being more robust, but still it was not satisfactory in all respects. Last year a new variety was sent out under the name of Mrs. E. G. Hill, and great claims were made for it. A small plant was sent me, and I gave it a good trial, and I am glad to say that at last we have a variety of Fuchsia having a double white corolla, which I think I can safely recommend to the amateur who has tried Storm King and found it wanting. Mrs. Hill has a sturdy, upright habit of growth, and is a free bloomer, and grows well under ordinary conditions, which is something Storm King would not do; indeed, the variety under consideration seems to have all the good qualities peculiar to such old and standard sorts as Convent Garden White, Black Prince and others of that class.

Its flowers are very large, quite as large in many instances, as those of Phenomenal, the well-known variety having a double purple corolla, but quite similar in shape and habit to Mrs. Hill.

In order to grow any Fuchsia well, it must be given proper treatment, and proper treatment consists in giving a soil of leaf-mold, if possible, with some turfy matter and sand mixed in, good drainage, a half shaded location, plenty of water at the roots and overhead, when in a growing condition, and frequent shifts as the roots fill the old pots. Never neglect to water, as one lapse of this sort will often spoil a whole season's work.

NEW WINTER-BLOOMING CANNAS

TWO of the Cannas of last year's introduction have proved to be excellent winter-bloomers. They are Star of '91 and Madame Crozy. The Star of '91 is a dwarf grower, seldom reaching a height of more than two and a half or three feet when grown in pots. Its flowers are borne in large panicles or spikes, and are of most brilliant scarlet, touched with pure gold at the edge and in the center of the petals. Its foliage is a rich green, and the striking effect of the large clusters of vivid flowers borne well above the broad leaves is something that must be seen to be appreciated fully. As a decorative plant I know of nothing of recent introduction that can equal it. It is of the easiest cultivation in pots. A large root should have at least an eight, better, a ten-inch pot to grow in if the plant is expected to do its best, and after the pot becomes filled with roots it will be advisable to apply liquid manure at least once a week to keep it in good condition. As soon as a flower-stalk has developed all its flowers, cut it off close to the leaves. It is characteristic of this plant that new shoots are constantly being thrown up if given good soil and proper treatment, hence its constant-flowering qualities. Give good drainage, and a compost of loam well enriched with thoroughly rotted cow-manure, or, in case this is not at hand, use bone meal. Add some sand to lighten the loam, and water well, daily. Shower the foliage often to keep down red spiders which sometimes attack it.

Madame Crozy has very large flowers of a rich vermillion, bordered with yellow. In habit of growth and flowering it is very much like the variety first described, and makes a good companion for it.

For greenhouse decoration no finer plants could be selected. They have that peculiar brilliancy of color in the flower that lights up all plants with which they come in contact. For grouping, where broad effects are desired, they are unequalled.

AS A WORD OF CAUTION TO YOU

THE TRICKS PRACTICED BY SOME DEALERS TO HUMBUG FLORAL LOVERS

BY this time it would seem as if the tricks of the tree-peddler ought to be pretty well understood from the frequency with which he has been shown up, but from letters that come to me it seems that he is still abroad in the land, selling tree-roses which are warranted to bear flowers of several different colors on the same bush, climbing lilies and other wonderful and rare plants, and it seems that there are always plenty of persons who are ready to take the tempting bait on his hook, notwithstanding the fact that they have been warned against him time and again. When I get letters from these people, I take a kind of savage delight in thinking how they got swindled, for most of them confess that they ought to have known better.

But many get swindled quite as bad who purchase from the catalogue of prominent dealers. Last season a plant was sent out by several florists under the name of Rose vine, or double Morning Glory, with a glowing description of its beauty. I quote: "This is a hardy perennial, sending up, every spring, long graceful vines which throughout the entire summer are perfect wreaths of lovely rose-colored flowers. It is simply magnificent, and no cut or description can begin to do it justice. One of the grandest acquisitions of late years. No garden is complete without it."

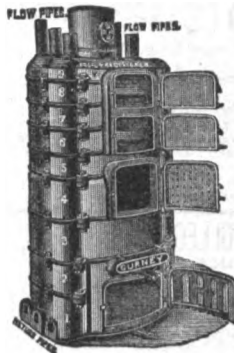
Now, the fact is, this vine is the old and troublesome weed which farmers in many localities have fought against for years, *Calyptegia pubescens*. Some correspondent of this department made mention of it recently, and that mention called out the following letter from George S. Conover, the veteran and well-known horticulturist:

"A short time since I noticed in THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL a word of caution from some correspondent regarding *Calyptegia pubescens*. It was timely. I have wondered that there has been no more protests made about the introduction, or, rather, the redissemination of this plant. It was finely figured, strongly advertised and highly commended in the catalogues of some of our most prominent seed and plant men, last spring, under various high-sounding names. Though the flower is pretty enough, the plant soon becomes a vile nuisance. When once established, it is almost if not quite impossible to get rid of it, as it makes underground shoots, sometimes for quite a distance, and will break or grow at every joint. I had it forty years ago, and its habits soon made it a nuisance, and for twenty years I tried to get rid of it, but when I left the old place I left plenty of it behind me. I would as soon think of planting couch or quack grass, and it seems to me that reputable dealers ought to fully test and understand such things before attempting to make a run on them. Very truly yours, "GEORGE S. CONOVER."

Mr. Conover does not say what he well knows to be the truth, that many of these dealers knew quite as well as he does all about the habits of this plant. But it would not do to tell the whole truth about it for that would injure its sale. In some—or most—branches of business, this would be called dishonesty.

Apios tuberosa, or Tuberous-rooted Wisteria, is another weed which proves extremely difficult to get rid of when once introduced, but the dealers are careful to not say anything about this. Enterprise is a good thing, but when one gets to be so very enterprising that he takes up any old plant that has been read out of the list of desirable ones for good and sufficient reasons, and hides its true character under a new name, and so describes it that it will be sure to dupe people into buying it, it strikes the average man that it is carrying enterprise a little too far.

"HOW BEST TO HEAT OUR HOMES"



A pamphlet full of valuable information for those considering the question of comfort for the coming winter.

Mailed Free on Application.

Send postal mentioning THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL and you will get one promptly.



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From the Tropics of the World. The Christmas season is approaching, and among the decorations so much used at this time there is nothing more appropriate than a few graceful FERNS and PALMS.



We have these in sizes suitable for either window or dinner-table decoration, and sell them at such low prices that every one may indulge their fancy or good taste for at least enough to make a display. Compare our prices with others; you will see that you get double for the money. An elegant Fern or neat Palm, 20 cents, or Five Ferns and Three Palms for only \$1.00, postpaid.

The elegant collection of plants offered last month for \$1.00 has given great satisfaction, and we shall continue to send to all applicants. Don't fail to get our new illustrated Catalogue of hundreds of rare Tropical Plants; free to all customers and intending purchasers.

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JAPAN and California Bulbs, Seeds, Shrubs, etc. Send us your address, and we will mail you our beautifully illustrated catalogue of above, free. H. H. BERGER & CO., San Francisco, Cal.



Make your Plants Bloom

Healthy, luxuriant growth and abundant blossoms produced by Bowker's Flower Food, a clean, odorless, chemical dressing dissolved in water used on house plants. An attractive trial package, enough for 20 plants 3 months, mailed, postpaid, for 25 cents. Also Prof. Maynard's treatise on "Window Gardening," sent free with each package. Bowker Fertilizer Co., 43 Cathlamet St., Boston, Mass. Circular free.

CANARY BIRDS that have ceased to sing, exposure or on account of moulting, can be made to warble their melodious notes by placing a cake of BIRD MANNA in their cages. It acts almost like a charm in restoring them to song. It is an absolute necessity to the health, comfort and hygiene of CAGE BIRDS. It is made after the Andreasberg recipe. Sold by druggists, grocers and bird dealers. Mailed to any P. O. in the U. S. or Canada for 15 cts., by the Bird Food Co., 400 N. 3d St., Philadelphia, Pa. Bird Book free.

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Agents Wanted. Sample Holder sent on receipt of 15c. Holds a broom either end up; keeps a wet broom from rotting. You can make 100 per cent. selling them. Every woman wants 2 or 3; Hotels a dozen or more. 14 Holders sent prepaid on receipt of \$1. Circulars free. Over 250,000 sold. ENGLE SPRING GUN CO., L. Box 542, Hazelton, Pa.

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Send stamp for Ill. Catalog of above goods.

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A SELF-MOVING LOCOMOTIVE 12 CENTS. Handsome, finished, made of metal, strong wheels, gilt boiler, black smoke stack, bright colored cab with four windows. When wound up runs a long distance across the floor. Great amusement to children. By far the cheapest locomotive made, and a marvel of strength and beauty. Parents should buy one for the children. Price, 12 cents; three for 30 cents, postpaid. BOSTON NOVELTY CO., Box 1540, BOSTON, MASS.

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BARGAINS IN NEW BICYCLES. Easy Payments, with no extra charge. \$150 Price Gave 50 Crescent Safety, Ball bearings \$50 \$70 Mercury Diamond Safety, all steel " \$100 \$70 Spring-Rider Roadster, headers imposable " \$100 \$70 50 Amer. Champion, highest grade " \$100 \$70 Others as cheap, all makes new or 2d hd, lowest prices. Catalog free. Boue, Hazard & Co., 20 G St., Peoria, Ill.

For Girls —OF— Musical Tastes

A FREE MUSICAL TRAINING WITHIN THE
POWER OF EVERY GIRL.



OF all offers ever made by THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, none have met with such quick response as those of a free musical training for every girl in America. At the time of the conception of these offers the one point most borne in mind was to place them within the reach of the humblest girl. For years we had heard the cry of the girl of musical tastes stifled by the lack of means wherewith to acquire her desires for a vocal or instrumental training, and we determined to make possible

A MUSICAL TRAINING WITHOUT COST

OVER five hundred girls are now working for these offers. Every report coming to us tells of easy success. Girls who started only two months ago are already within a few of the small number of subscriptions necessary for success. "It has come to me almost without an effort," writes one girl, "and I can scarcely believe that the easy work of the last two weeks means twenty weeks of free vocal training for me." The great advantage in these JOURNAL offers is that there is no competitive element in them. Every girl stands the same chance. It is not a question of who secures the largest number of subscriptions—the girl in the smallest village has the same good chance as the girl in the thickly-populated city.

THE MUSICAL HOME WE SELECTED

THE large conservatory selected by the JOURNAL to which to send our girls, is probably the best and most liberally equipped in the country. It is the New England Conservatory of Music, in Boston. Girls from every State in the Union are within its walls. The most skilled teachers preside over it, while, in a domestic sense, it possesses all the advantages of a carefully regulated and refined home. Foreign musicians of prominence have recognized the standing of the Conservatory by personal visits and indorsement. During her last visit to this country, Adelina Patti honored the Conservatory by spending a morning in its different departments, and now recommends the institution over her own name.

WHY THE OFFERS ARE GENEROUS

THE JOURNAL is anxious that the largest possible number of girls shall take advantage of these offers for a free musical and vocal training, not because of any pecuniary profit to itself, for there is none. The simplest calculation will show, to any one who studies the offers, that we are not guided by any money consideration. On the other hand, each successful girl whom we send to the Conservatory means an actual financial outlay to the JOURNAL beyond the income. We have merely changed our methods of advertising. We have now extended these offers beyond the time originally set for their withdrawal, but they cannot be continued indefinitely, as any one can easily see. It is important, therefore, that girls enroll themselves on our books as desirous of trying for the offers. Any girl can learn all particulars by simply writing to the JOURNAL, and details will be forwarded to her. Remember that this is the best season of the year to secure subscriptions.

**Write and we will gladly tell you all about the idea.

Address

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
Philadelphia, Pa.

FLORAL HELPS AND HINTS

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS:
Only such questions as are of positively general interest will be answered under this title from this time on. Therefore, in asking a question, before you request a reply through the paper, satisfy yourself that an answer will be of interest to some one beside yourself. If it isn't, don't ask it, for it will not receive attention.

THE EDITOR

L. S.—Yes; a pit is excellent for wintering woody plants of the class such as Tea Roses.

Mrs. D.—Orange from seed bear in time, but a budded or grafted plant comes into bearing much sooner.

ELLA C.—The Geranium requires a soil of loam made light with sand, and well enriched with manure from an old cow yard.

Mrs. M. B. M.—I think some insect is at work on your Geraniums. Try kerosene emulsion, the formula of which is given below.

Mrs. F. C. R.—The leaf you send is evidently from some variety of Petunia. Allow branches enough to grow to give you a bushy plant. Mrs. Y's treatment for Geraniums is satisfactory.

SEVERAL CORRESPONDENTS.—I know of no fertilizer more reliable or easier to use than Bowker's Food for Flowers, which you will find advertised in this JOURNAL. It is very effective, cheap, and immediate in its action.

M. M. J.—Sow seed in the fall, preferably in September. Cover the young plants lightly with evergreen boughs during winter. In spring transplant to the places where you want them to bloom.

Miss L. P.—I do not think the Hydrangea Rose hardy enough to stand our cold winters in your State, if left out in the open ground. I would much prefer lifting it and keeping it in the cellar. H. Paniculata Grandiflora is very hardy at the extreme north.

S. D.—The Tuberose does not bloom but once. It is better to buy strong, specially grown bulbs each spring than to attempt to get flowering plants from young bulbs, as it is too cold here at the north to perfect them. Our summers are not long and warm enough.

Mrs. H. J.—A Correspondent writes that white worms can be killed by inserting half a dozen matches, sulphur end down, in the soil. I have heard of this before, and advise its trial, experimentally. Please test it on one plant, and, if successful, try others, and report result.

"AUNT HETTIE."—Thanks for poems. The cut you send, labeled Nerium, is intended to illustrate the Oleander, but the artist drew on his imagination to such an extent that the only way in which one can tell what he intended it to represent is by the name appended.

N. H.—As you do not give the treatment which your plants have received, I cannot give the cause of the leaves of your plants turning yellow. Correspondents should always tell how the plants they ask questions about have been treated. From that I can often form an intelligent opinion regarding them.

L. E.—Take up your Geraniums after the tops are killed by frost, and lay them in the sun for a day or two, covering at night. Then cut off all but about six inches of the tops, and tie the roots together and hang them to the ceiling of your cellar. Most varieties will come through all right if treated in this manner.

E. P. C.—Put Fuchsias in the cellar to remain over winter in November. Water at time of putting away, but not afterward, unless you find that the soil in the pots is getting dry as dust. Bring them up the latter part of February or early in March. Then re-pot them, and, at that time, cut them back at least one-third.

X. Y. Z.—If you give your Callas too rich a soil, too much heat and water, the leaf-stalks will be lacking in vitality and break easily. Bermuda Lilies are not worth keeping for a second season of flowering in the house because you can't depend on them. For lilies on Chrysanthemums, use Sulpho-Tobacco Soap. If that fails, try kerosene emulsion.

A JOURNAL BOY.—Gladoluses are too tender to survive the winter if left in open ground. Take up the bulbs and store them in a frost-proof room during winter. In starting Geraniums and Fuchsias from cuttings select half-woody branches, and insert them in plates of clear sand, which should be kept very moist and warm. Do not take large cuttings. Those two or three inches long are better than larger ones.

F. B. M.—The Coleus is not worth attempting to winter unless you have a very warm greenhouse for it, and then it is best to start young plants late in the season and depend on them. Tender Roses can often be wintered safely by laying them down and covering them with leaves and earth, but you can not be quite sure of their coming through in good shape. See reply to correspondents above for answers to your other questions.

T. B. C.—Box is hardy, I think, though I know of none growing in this part of the country. I do not think it would answer very well as a hedge. I would prefer American Arbor Vitae. For hardy vines, I would advise Celastrus scandens, or Bittersweet, Wistaritis and Trumpet Honeysuckle. For shading veranda, I know of nothing prettier than Clematis. I do not think the Holly flourishes in this country. Some varieties of Hawthorn are sold by several dealers in shrubs.

KEROSENE EMULSION.—Several ask for the formula. Kerosene, two parts. Slightly sour milk, one part. Churn together until the two liquids unite. Where small quantities are prepared, use an egg-beater. If a larger amount is required, use a large brass syringe, which can be inserted in the liquid and worked like a pump. Great agitation is required to force the liquids to unite. Use one part of the "butter" to twelve parts water. Spray your plants all over with this emulsion.

S. E.—If I wanted a Calla to flower during the summer I would put the pot containing the root in cellar during winter, and keep it very dry. I would re-pot in spring, using a compost of muck and some well-rotted cow-manure, with a little sand, taking care to drain the pot well. Then water thoroughly daily, giving liquid manure once a week after the plant had got a strong start. Let the young plants grow if you want a fine effect from the foliage, which is quite as pretty as the flowers. The Aster of our roadsides and pasture is a plant generally growing two or three feet high, branching freely, and bearing fringe-like flowers which range in color from white to deep blue and lavender. For green lily I know of nothing better than Sulpho-Tobacco Soap.

Miss J. S.—Heliotropes often lose their leaves if not given as much water as they require; also, if restricted as to pot-room. The center of the ball of earth in the pots is often so completely filled with their roots that it is difficult for water to penetrate it. Thrust a knitting-needle or something similar through the center to make sure that water can find its way in. When any one tells you that Geraniums for winter flowering should be started in July and August, ask them if they have ever tried year-old plants, and if they say they have not, then tell them not to preach that young plants are preferable until they know that to be the case from experience. A young Geranium for the first six months of its life will seldom have more than one branch, and as observation will convince anyone that the amount of bloom depends largely on the number of branches a plant has, the utter folly of advising such young plants for winter use will be seen at once. Your plants must be old enough to have several branches, and it takes at least a year to grow a well-branched plant in a pot.

Over a hundred inquiries have been thrown into the waste-basket. Some were of no interest to any one except the writer; others came months ago, and it is now too late for a reply to be of any benefit; others have been answered repeatedly in these columns. Those not receiving an answer can, therefore, understand that their queries belong to one or the other of the classes named.



It's a
cold day

for the housekeeper when *Pearline* gets left. Take *Pearline* from washing and cleaning and nothing remains but hard work. It shows in the things that are washed; it tells on the woman who washes. *Pearline* saves work, and works safely. It leaves nothing undone that you want done well; what it leaves undone, it ought not to do.

Beware Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as *Pearline*." IT'S FALSE—*Pearline* is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of *Pearline*, do the honest thing—send it back. 263 JAMES PYLE, N. Y.



A NEW STYLE Bissell Carpet Sweeper

IS THE QUEEN OF
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It will make a pleasure of labor, lighten drudgery, save dust and wear, and back-aches. They are beautiful machines, and lasting, perfect sweepers—our modern styles.

Look for the word "BISSELLS"—no matter what the name. The cost will be little; the sweeper the best yet produced by modern genius. 'Tis a worthy present.

15,000 DEALERS SELL THEM.
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AFTER CHRISTMAS, IF I GET
A BISSELL CARPET SWEEPER

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ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS are unapproachable in curative properties, rapidity and safety of action, and are the only reliable plasters ever produced.

They have successfully stood the test of over thirty years' use by the public; their virtues have never been equaled by the unscrupulous imitators who have sought to trade upon the reputation of ALLCOCK'S by making plasters with holes in them, and claiming them to be "just as good as ALLCOCK'S."

ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS stand to-day endorsed by not only the highest medical authorities, but by millions of grateful patients who have proved their efficacy as a household remedy.

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It is one of the finest pianos in the world, and is used in the homes of our Bankers, Merchants, Professional Men, and our best people everywhere.

WE MAKE IT EASY FOR YOU
To buy of us no matter where you live, and by selling direct to families we avoid those useless, wasteful expenses which compel agents to sell an inferior instrument or to charge you double what we ask.

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Select a Piano or Organ; you may make your own terms, and we will send it with a complete outfit for trial and guarantee satisfaction, or it may be sent back and we will pay freight both ways.

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Greatest Musical Novelty of the Times.
SOLO 75c. DUET, \$1.00.

This great piece is played with bells and whips, (chorus ad lib.) Creates unbounded enthusiasm wherever played. Just what you want. 50,000 already sold. Send 75c for the solo, or \$1 for the duet, mention this paper and we will send a pair of bells FREE. TRELOAR MUSIC CO., Mexico, Mo.

Swiss bells used in this piece 40c.

Worth 50 cents, and made of imitation Seal; also Elegant Shoe Catalogue, sent on receipt of 20 cents postage to LAPHAM'S, PALMER HOUSE SHOE STORE, Chicago, Ill.

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PROF. RICE'S SELF-TEACHING SYSTEM. All can learn music without the aid of a teacher. Rapid, correct. Established 12 years. Notes, chords, TAUGHT, accompaniments, thorough bass laws, etc. Ten Lessons 10 cents. Circulars free. G. S. RICE MUSIC CO., 243 State Street, Chicago.

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HATCH CHICKENS BY STEAM. Improved EXCELSIOR Incubator. Simple, Perfect and Self-Regulating. Thousands in successful operation. Send 6c. for illus. Cata. GEO. H. STAHL, Quincy, Ill.

FLOWERS ALL WINTER and SUMMER: Rare Plants and Bulbs not to be had elsewhere. Two Catalogues, Bulbs and Cacti, free. Book on Cacti 10 cents. A. BLAND & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.



For the Table.

Curtice Canned Fruits and Vegetables; Pure Fruit Jellies, Preserves and Jams; "Pleasant Dreams" Mince Meat; Plum Puddings; Meat Delicacies are unsurpassed.

If your grocer cannot supply you, send direct to

CURTICE BROTHERS CO.
ROCHESTER, N. Y.,

for prices, catalogue and souvenir, mentioning THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

Paste This in Your Scrap Book.

A Simple Menu

FOR A

FAMILY DINNER.

Ox Tail Soup (Cowdrey's)



Celery

Radishes

Boiled Turkey, Egg Sauce

Egg Plant Fritters

"Cowdrey's Early Harvest Corn," Stewed with Cream

Cowdrey's Refugee Stringless Beans

Baked Apple Dumplings

Coffee

DELICIOUS MINCE PIES EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

NONE SUCH CONDENSED Mince Meat



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received at all Pure Food Expositions for Superior Quality, Cleanliness, and convenience to housekeepers.

No Alcoholic Liquors.

Each Package contains material for two large pies. If your grocer does not keep the None Such brand, send 20c. for full size package by mail, prepaid.

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THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY

GOOD NEWS TO LADIES.

Greatest offer. Now's your time to get orders for our celebrated Teas, Coffees and Baking Powder, and secure a beautiful Gold Band or Moss Rose China Tea Set, Dinner Set, Gold Band Moss Rose Toilet Set, Watch, Brass Lamp, Castor, or Webster's Dictionary. For particulars address THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO., P. O. Box 289, 31 and 33 Vesey St., New York



Necessity is the mother of invention. With the growing use of polished brass, nickel and steel articles in domestic interiors came the discovery of Stillboma, to make and keep them bright. Stillboma is a chemically prepared chamois, which polishes or burnishes metal surfaces. It is neat; clean and durable—and never scratches.

A large sample of Stillboma will be sent to anyone who will mention where this advertisement was seen and inclose six cents in stamps to THE CHANDLER & BUDD CO., Cleveland, Ohio.

SOUTHERN BREADS AND MUFFINS

BY ELIZA R. PARKER



THE Southern housekeepers have always been noted for the excellence and variety of their bread, served at each meal. The following are selected from the receipts of some of the most famous housekeepers of Virginia

and Kentucky.

TO MAKE LIGHT MUFFINS

SIFT three pints of flour; beat six eggs, leaving out the whites of two; stir in as much flour as can be mixed in the eggs, add milk to thin, then the remainder of the flour, and five tablespoonfuls of yeast; beat ten minutes, and pour in two ounces of melted butter. Have the batter stiff; set in a warm place fifteen minutes. Pour in greased muffin-rings, and bake in a very hot oven.

DELICIOUS CREAM MUFFINS

BEAT the whites and yolks of four eggs separately. Mix in half a pint of cream and an ounce of butter. Add slowly one pint of flour, pour in muffin-rings, and bake very quickly.

MARTHA WASHINGTON WAFFLES

THIS is a receipt from Mrs. Washington's kitchen. Beat six eggs very light, sift in a quart of flour, add a teaspoonful of salt, a pint and a-half of new milk, and three tablespoonfuls of yeast. Beat well, set to rise over night, stir with a large spoon in the morning, and bake in well-greased waffle-irons.

OLD VIRGINIA WAFFLES

MIX a quart of milk and six tablespoonfuls of flour with two tablespoonfuls of sifted corn-meal; add a teaspoonful of salt and a tablespoonful of melted butter. Lastly add three eggs, beaten very light. Bake immediately in well-greased waffle-irons.

SALLY-LUNN

MIX a quart of flour with a teaspoonful of salt and a tablespoonful of sugar, in which rub a tablespoonful of butter and an Irish potato, mashed fine; add half a teacup of yeast and three well-beaten eggs, with warm water to make a soft dough. Knead half an hour. Let rise, handle lightly, put in a cake-mold and bake in a hot oven.

FRAGRANT SOUTHERN RUSKS

SIFT a quart of flour; in the centre of it put two cups of sugar, one of lard and butter each; two beaten eggs, two cups of milk, a pint of yeast, and one grated nutmeg. Mix all together, work well, and set to rise. When light make in small rolls, work over with butter and sugar, let rise again and bake.

OLD VIRGINIA LOAF BREAD

BOIL one large Irish potato until done, peel and mash fine, add a little cold water to soften it, stir into it a teaspoonful of brown sugar, a tablespoonful of lard and three tablespoonfuls of hop yeast. Mix all the ingredients thoroughly, and put the sponge in a close jar, cover and let stand several hours to rise. Sift into the tray three pints of flour, to which add a spoonful of salt, then pour the sponge in, with enough cold water to work into a stiff dough; knead until smooth, and let stand over night to rise. In the morning work in flour to keep from sticking to the hands. Allow it to rise one hour, and bake.

SALT RISEN BREAD

INTO a pitcher, put one teacupful of milk fresh from the cow, two teacupfuls of boiling water, one tablespoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt; into this stir a little less than a quart of flour. Set the pitcher in a kettle of moderately warm water and keep it at a uniform temperature; cover the mouth of the pitcher with a towel. Set the kettle where the water will keep warm. Let it stand three hours, then beat up well, after which do not disturb it. In two hours it should be light. Have ready two quarts of flour, half a tablespoonful of lard, and a teaspoonful of salt. Pour in the yeast, to which, if not sufficient, add warm water to make dough. Knead well, mold in loaves, put in greased pan, and set in a warm oven to rise; after which bake slowly.

APPLE PIE AND COFFEE

BY ANNA ALEXANDER CAMERON

TO make a good apple pie is an art, but here is a carefully prepared receipt: Stew some tart cooking apples until perfectly tender, and rub through a sieve. To one quart of apples (which will make two pies) add sugar to sweeten to taste. Three gills will be sufficient if the apple is not too acid. Stir in a half pound of nice butter and flavor with grated nutmeg, or lemon if you prefer. Line a pie plate with puff paste, fill with apple and put on a top crust of the same pastry; pierce it with a fork and bake a pale brown. All pies and puddings should be removed at once from the tin plates on which they are cooked, to white ware plates which have been heated, to prevent the pastry from gathering moisture by being put on a cold plate.

ESSENTIALS OF GOOD COFFEE

TO have the perfection of coffee these things are essential: the best quality of coffee and plenty of it, boiling water, just fifteen minutes to cook, loaf-sugar and cream, and serving at once. Take two gills of Java coffee, ground not too fine, mix it in a bowl to a smooth paste with the white of half an egg and a little cold water. Put it in the coffee-pot that has been well scalded, and pour in it one quart of boiling water. Set it on an oil-stove and boil briskly just fifteen minutes. Take off and let it settle for a minute and pour at once in your coffee cups, in each of which you will put loaf sugar and rich, sweet cream in quantities to suit your guests. Serve it immediately. Its virtue departs in steady ratio with its heat.

A Famous French Chef

once wrote: "The very soul of cooking is the stock-pot, and the finest stock-pot is

Liebig Company's Extract of Beef."

RECIPE FOR FISH SAUCE.

Heat half a tablespoonful of flour in plenty of butter, till yellow, add as much Liebig Company's Extract of Beef broth as sauce is required, and boil well in it plenty of capers, some lemon juice, and a little pounded mace, till the capers are partially softened; stir in a quarter of a pound of fresh butter and as many yolks of eggs as necessary to render the sauce rather thick. The butter will probably convey sufficient salt to the sauce, but, should this not be the case, add a little more, and pour the sauce, very hot, over the fish when in the dish, or serve it separately.

THIS IS A JAR



of the genuine. Note the signature of JUSTUS VON LIEBIG.

"PILLSBURY'S BEST" FLOUR

Makes More Bread
Makes Whiter Bread
Makes Better Bread

THAN ANY OTHER FLOUR MANUFACTURED.

For Sale by all First-class Grocers.



A WOMAN'S COMPANY

OWNED AND OPERATED BY WOMEN FOR WOMEN.
Our plan is to establish 100 factories in the United States, with money derived from sale of capital stock. Then we can easily employ 5,000 women, who will earn for us a net profit of \$1,180,000 annually, assuming 75 cts. per day to be the net profit for each employe, which is a very low estimate. Our stock, now offered at \$25 per share, on a basis of 8% per annum, will then be worth about \$365; \$25 invested now will, we confidently believe, eventually be worth \$365.

WHY WILL IT INCREASE SO MUCH?

BECAUSE we have the only scientific process for canning and preserving food; no poison; no chemicals; never spoils; cooking unnecessary; flavors retained, and it solves the communion wine question by furnishing the pure juice of the grape unchanged at all seasons.
BECAUSE women only are employed in our factories; they are surrounded by Christian influences and paid wages which make them independent; stock is sold only to women, who will, by their interest in the company, influence grocers to sell our goods, thus benefiting us.
BECAUSE the women running this company are excellent business women (demonstrated by their individual successes), and, with the aid of every Christian woman in the country, are certain to make this the greatest financial success ever accomplished by women.

Checks for the annual dividends mailed in March to all Stockholders.

Stock sold if desired on monthly payments of \$2.50 per share. All money received after 4,000 shares are sold will be returned to parties sending it, as price is then advanced 20% above par.

HOW MANY SHARES WILL YOU TAKE? THEY ARE \$25 EACH, PAR VALUE.

OFFICERS AND COMMISSIONERS.
Mary Allen West, Editor of THE UNION SIGNAL. Isabella Beecher Hooker, sister late Henry Ward Beecher, Lady Mgr. World's Fair.
Mrs. J. S. Lewis, Lady Mgr. World's Fair. Mme. Demorest, Pub. Demorest's Magazine.
Mrs. A. M. Dolph, wife of Senator Dolph, Washington, D. C.
Mrs. M. Louise Thomas, Pres. Sorosis Club, N. Y.

Sample sent on receipt of 25 cts. for express charges. No charge for the sample. This advertisement appears in forty papers this month, and less than 4,000 shares are now for sale. We will reserve any number of shares for you until you have time to investigate. Say how many you want held. Full information sent free. ADDRESS ORDERS AND MAKE CHECKS OR MONEY ORDERS PAYABLE TO WOMAN'S CANNING AND PRESERVING CO., 161 LA SALLE ST., CHICAGO, ILL. Grocers Supplied by THURBER, WHYLAND & CO., New York, and SPRAGUE, WARNER & CO., Chicago.

VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA

"Best & Goes Farthest."
"Thank heaven, I Am quite well. May I be permitted to say: Thank heaven and VAN HOUTEN? Is it not his Cocoa That makes me feel so Well!"

MR. PECKSNIP

PERFECTLY PURE.

VAN HOUTEN'S PATENT PROCESS increases by 50 PER CENT. the solubility of the flesh-forming elements, making of the cocoa bean a easily digested, delicious, nourishing and stimulating drink, readily assimilated, even by the most delicate.

Sold in 1-8, 1-4, 1-2 and 1 lb. Cans.
If not obtainable, enclose 25 cts. to either VAN HOUTEN & ZON, 106 Reade Street, New York or 45 Wabash Ave., Chicago, and a can containing enough for 35 to 40 cups, will be mailed. Mention this publication. Prepared only by the inventors VAN HOUTEN & ZON, Weesp, Holland.

The Banner Lamp

GIVES THE STEADIEST, LIGHT WHITEST, LARGEST IT COSTS MUCH LESS than other lamps, yet is equal to the most expensive for practical purposes. Do NOT BE PUT OFF WITH ANY OTHER. If you cannot get them from your dealer, WRITE US. The PLUME & ATWOOD MFG' CO., No. 695 New York, Boston, Chicago.

Pinless Clothes Line

The only line ever invented that holds the clothes without pins; a perfect success; patent recently issued; sold only by AGENTS to whom the exclusive right is given; on receipt of 50 cents we will send a sample line by mail; also, circulars, price-list and terms to agents; secure your territory at once. Address THE PINLESS CLOTHES LINE COMPANY, 120 Hermon street, Worcester, Mass.

TAKE AN AGENCY FOR DAGGETT'S SELF-BASTING ROASTING PAN
Needed in every family. SAVES 20 Per Cent. in Roasting, and Bakes the Best Bread in the world. Address nearest office for terms: W. A. DAGGETT & CO., Vineland, N. J. Chicago, Ill. Salt Lake City, Utah. East Portland, Oreg. Oakland, Cal. Galveston, TEX.

OLD COINS WANTED
\$13,886 Paid For 149 Old Coins. Save all you get, coined before 1878, and

Send 2 stamps for Illustrated List. Shows the highest prices paid. W. VON BERGEN, 87 Court St., Boston, Mass.

DO YOU KNOW FLOUR BIN SIEVE
Combines Sack or Barrel, Sifter, Fan and Scoop, preserves flour from mold and mustiness. Keeps out dust, vermin, etc. YOU OUGHT TO HAVE ONE. Ask our agent or your dealer for them, if they cannot supply you, write to us.

Prices: 25 lbs. \$2.50 Satisfaction Guaranteed. 50 lbs. \$3.00 100 lbs. \$4.00 AGENTS WANTED. SHENKMAN, TANGENBERG & CO., 26-28 West Lake Street, B 43, Chicago, Ill.

THE STORY EVER NEW

BY FLORENA M. YORK

ONLY an old, old story
Of Infinite love and grace;
Only a beam of glory
Lighting a baby face.
But through the rolling ages,
No story half so dear;
Of all earth's sunshine glory,
No beams so bright and clear.

Only a manger lowly,
Wherein the sweet Child lay;
Only a mother holy,
Watching the hours away.
Only a sweet song stealing
Down through the quiet skies;
Only a star's soft beaming,
Points where the Baby lies.

Only some shepherd's kneeling,
Paying their homage sweet,
Pouring their richest treasures
Down at those Baby-feet.
Strains of that far-off anthem
Float through the world since then,
Breathing of "Joy in Heaven
On earth good-will toward men."

Hark! to the joyous chorus—
"To you a King is born";
Star of the East now lead us,
Lead us this Christmas morn.
Till, like the faithful shepherds,
We kneel in homage sweet,
And pour our hearts' best treasures
Down at those sacred feet.

Thus reads the sweet old story,
Old, but still ever new;
Know we the wealth of glory
It brings to me and you?
Know we those tiny fingers
Opened Heaven's portals wide?
But for that helpless Baby
All the whole world had died?

ABOUT OURSELVES, YET INTERESTING

THE JOURNAL makes it a point to say as little as possible about itself in its own reading columns. The two or three little subjoined paragraphs are, however, of interest to our readers, we think, and for a careful perusal of them we shall feel indebted to our constituency.

THE GOOD THINGS TO COME

TO any reader who prefers to have the JOURNAL'S announcements for 1892 in more compact form than as set forth on the first two pages of this issue, we will send our hand-book of attractions for the coming year, if they will simply enclose a two-cent stamp. The book is daintily printed and illustrated.

AS A PERSONAL FAVOR TO US

DON'T put off sending us a renewal of your subscription if you expire with this number, but favor us personally by remitting your dollar as quickly as possible after you receive this JOURNAL. This is our busiest time, and at the end of the year we frequently receive from ten to fifteen thousand subscriptions in a single day. Then we naturally cannot give your order as quick attention as we can now. In your own interests, therefore, pray let us ask you to send us your renewal without delay. Don't put it off until to-morrow; oblige us by doing it to-day.

TO OUR AGENTS AND CANVASSERS

THERE is not an Agent or Canvasser securing subscribers for THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL who has not been cautioned and warned against offering the paper at any rates other than the full subscription price. We hereby give further notice that any Agent, Club raiser or Canvasser who offers a subscription at a cut-rate, or who offers a present or gift of money, or anything of value in addition to the paper itself as an inducement to subscribe, thereby forfeits his or her claim to any Cash prize which has or may be offered, and forfeits any and all Cash Commissions due for all subscriptions sent in.

OUR FREE MUSICAL OFFERS

OWING to the unusual success of the JOURNAL'S offers of free musical or vocal training, it gives us pleasure to state that we have been able to arrange for their extension, so far as time is concerned. It was the original idea to limit the time to January 1st, 1892, but we now see how this would disappoint scores of girls who are at work to secure the prizes. Hence, the offers remain good until we withdraw them. Over five hundred girls are now working for the offers. Every report coming to us tells of easy success. Girls who started only two months ago are already within a few of the small number of subscriptions necessary for success. "It has come to me almost without an effort," writes one girl, "and I can scarcely believe that the easy work of the last two weeks means twenty weeks of vocal training for me." The great advantage in these JOURNAL offers is that there is no competitive element in them. Every girl stands the same chance. The girl in the smallest village has the same good chance as the girl in the thickly-populated city. Write us, and we will tell you all about the offers. Address,

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pa.

A USEFUL CASE AND BAG

BY EVA M. NILES

AN elegant present is the night-dress case and brush-and-comb bag. They may be made of knitting-silk any shade desired.

For the case three flat bone meshes will be required, measuring respectively half an inch, quarter of an inch, and one-eighth of an inch wide. A yard of lining is used. Get two yards of inch-wide ribbon for the bag strings.

Begin at the bottom of the back of night-dress case, by putting 100 stitches on a foundation thread with the 1/4-inch mesh, and net 16 plain rows.

17th row—with 1/4-inch mesh. Plain netting.
18th row—with 1/8-inch mesh, take up two loops together on the needle and net them as 1 stitch, and the same all along, and there will be fifty stitches in this row.

19th row—with the same mesh, plain netting.
20th row—with 1/8-inch mesh, net two stitches in every loop all along the row, which restores the original number of 100 stitches. Net 16 plain rows with the 1/8-inch mesh. Work the four open rows as before. Again net 16 plain rows with the 1/8-inch mesh. Again work the four open rows as before. Net 6 plain rows with the 1/8-inch mesh. And now begin shaping the flat:

1st row—work with the 1/8-inch mesh in plain netting.

2nd row—with 1/4-inch mesh, take two loops together on the needle and net them in 1 stitch. Repeat the same to end of the row.

3rd row—with the same mesh, plain netting, and omit 2 loops at the end of the row.

4th row—with 1/4-inch mesh, net 2 stitches in every loop, and omit two loops at the end of the row. Work 4 plain rows with 1/8-inch mesh, always omitting 2 loops at the end of each row. Repeat the 4 open rows, omitting 2 or 3 loops at the end of every row. Net 3 plain rows with 1/4-inch mesh, omitting 2 or 3 loops at the end of each row; and fasten off; this is the end of the flat. For the front of case, recommence, and work as for the back, until you get two complete lines of the open netting, and 3 plain rows of the third line of 16 plain rows, when fasten off. The front of the night-dress case must be laid level with the back piece, and both be sewed together, the two commencing rows forming the bottom of the case. And now proceed to work the netted border all round the case, taking the needle into both pieces of netting where, along the edge, the work lies double.

1st round—with 1/4-inch mesh, work 2 stitches into each loop of the netting, and ease at the corners by doing 4 stitches into 1 or 2 corner loops.

2nd round—with 1/4-inch mesh, take up 2 loops together and net them as 1 stitch, and repeat.

3rd round—same mesh, plain netting.
4th round—with 1/4-inch mesh, net 3 stitches in each loop, and make whatever increase is needed at the corners.

5th round—with 1/4-inch mesh, plain netting.
6th round—the same.

7th round—with 1/4-inch mesh, net one stitch in each of 5 consecutive loops, miss 1 loop, and repeat the same; the loop that is missed must be a loop over one of the open spaces between the groups.

8th round—net 1 stitch in each of 4 successive loops, miss the loop over the missed loop of last row.

9th round—net 1 stitch in each of 3 successive loops, silk round mesh, and miss the loop over the missed loop of the preceding row.

10th round—net 1 stitch in each of 2 loops, silk twice round the mesh and miss the loop over the missed loop of last row; fasten off. This finishes the border. Make up the lining for the case, and arrange the netting tastefully on it. Put a button and loop on the flap. Work the brush and comb bag to match.

Begin at the bottom of one side of the bag and with the 1/4-inch mesh put 60 stitches on a foundation, and net 20 plain rows. Net 4 open rows as in case. Net 18 plain rows with the small mesh. Net 4 more open rows. Net 18 more plain rows and fasten off.

Make the other half of bag in same manner. Sew the two pieces together, having the commencing rows at the bottom of the bag, and joining the open rows on the side quite evenly. Net a border all round as on case. The lining is cut to fit the netting, it has a deep hem at the top with a double running to contain the ribbon as a drawing-string.

HOT WATER CURER.

Chronic Diseases. "What Must I Do to Get Well, and How Can I Keep So?" An entertaining and instructive work, thoroughly explaining the "SALISBURY" method of treating chronic diseases. By MRS. STUART, a life-long friend and associate of George Eliot. Elegantly bound. Mailed on receipt of \$1. W. A. KELLOGG, Pub., 1023 6th Ave., New York.

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for Homes and Chapels. No Agents. Shipped from factory at special prices. Catalogue free.
WILLIAMS ORGAN CO., Centerville, Iowa

METAL TIPPED. EVER READY DRESS STAY Will Not Cut through. SEE NAME "EVER READY" ON BACK OF EACH STAY. TAKE NONE BUT THEM. Ask for them. Manufactured by the YPSILANTI DRESS STAY MFG. CO., Ypsilanti, Mich.

FOR LADIES!

\$3 SHOES.



FAULTLESS FOOT FITTING FORMS

Accurate as if made to measure. Satin kid. Sewed by new process. Smooth insoles. No tacks. No nails or rough thread to hurt the most sensitive feet. 2 to 8. AA to E. Sent to any address on receipt of price and postage, 20 cts. Money refunded if not satisfactory.

STREETER BROS., State & Madison Sts. CHICAGO.

OUR NEW TRAIN.

We take pleasure in announcing that our line is now open for travel West

Via OMAHA and LINCOLN

and our Through Vestibuled Train is called

"THE BIG 5 LIMITED."

It leaves CHICAGO daily at 10.00 p. m.; arriving at DENVER 7.40 a. m., COLORADO SPRINGS 7.30 a. m. and PUEBLO 9.15.

Returning, this fast train is called "The World's Fair Special," and leaves DENVER daily at 8.10 p. m.; arriving at CHICAGO at 7.45 a. m.

The New Route shortens our mileage to Denver very materially and the new trains are models for beauty and convenience, and leave and arrive at these great cities at hours practical for the tourist, and the right hour for the business man.

Solid Vestibuled Trains are still run over our former lines via Kansas City and St. Joseph, and the elegant service heretofore given on these routes by "The Great Rock Island" will continue.

E. ST. JOHN, JNO. SEBASTIAN, General Manager. Gen'l Ticket and Pass'r, Agt.

ATTENTION, LADIES!

We offer at RETAIL English Mackintosh Waterproof CLOAKS OF Fine Fabrics In Stripes and Checks. This deep Cape Coat, The Lord Chumley, with ventilated back, warranted shower proof, is our LEADER. All sizes at \$4.98 Value \$9.50. We will sell at retail until the Holidays, only Each Garment packed in a beautiful box. ENGLISH GOSSAMER CO., 341 West 29th St., NEW YORK.

NO better present for gentlemen than a Pair of Suspender.

THE CENTURY IS THE MOST POPULAR SENSIBLE SUSPENSER. Send for Circular telling how you can get it. CHESTER SUSPENSER CO., 15 Decatur Ave., Roxbury, Mass.

FREE A POCKET PENCIL. INT. GOLD PEN, 40 SCRIP PICTURES, RIDDLES and VERSES. I GAME OF HAPPY-90-LUCKY, SIZE 18 IN, and AGENT'S FULL CARD OUTFIT. Send 2c. for postage. KING CARD CO., NORTH HAVEN, CONN.

FOR CHRISTMAS.

Ditson's 50c Music Books. Latest Series! Just Issued!

Do not confound these books with the cheaply printed music so extensively advertised. The Ne Plus Ultra books rank with our standard works and have never been equalled at the price.

Ne Plus Ultra Piano Collection.

Superb compositions by some of the most famous pianists and composers. Very easily learned. The book is large sheet music size, 160 pages, neatly bound, in engraved cover.

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160 pages, large size, containing the choicest sentimental, pathetic, devotional, and other songs, each with tasteful piano or organ accompaniment. It should be in every house.

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With piano or organ accompaniments. Only the most popular songs are represented. Each song has a ringing chorus for four voices. Just the book needed. Carefully revised to date.

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Every style of dance music for the piano is represented. The pieces are not difficult, but each one is a popular, captivating air.

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OLIVER DITSON COMPANY, 453-463 Washington Street, Boston. C. H. DITSON & CO. J. E. DITSON & CO. 867 Broadway, N. Y. 1228 Chestnut St., Phila.

CROW FAST BLACK Ribbed | HOSIERY | Seamless

Children's	25c. per pair.	\$1.25 per half dozen.
Women's	30c. "	1.50 "
Men's	20c. "	1.00 "
Men's Silk	60c. "	3.25 "
Men's mixed	25c. for two pair.	60c. "

Mention size wanted. SAVE MONEY buying from Factory. EAGLE HOSIERY CO., Germantown, Pa.

ARE YOU A WOMAN

WHO HAS NOT SEEN A COPY OF ARTHUR'S NEW HOME MAGAZINE of Philadelphia? "The best and cheapest ILLUSTRATED monthly ever published in the English language." 1,500 pages for \$1.50.

SIX SHORT STORIES and SPLENDID articles by best writers on all subjects of interest to women. Sample Copy Free. If you like it, you'll take it, won't you?

FREE, TO BRIGHT BOYS AND GIRLS! 10,000 PAIRS OF Raymond's Celebrated Club Skates. Send for particulars. ARKELL WEEKLY CO., New York.

LADIES' Price-List of our two-needle Embroidery Machines, Rug Patterns, Embroidery Patterns, Plush Yarns and Zephyrs, free. Agts. wanted. E. ROSS & CO., Toledo, O.

THE Shawmut CASTLE CALENDAR FOR 1892 is uniform with that for 1891, which was so favorably commented upon for its artistic and literary merits; and presents excellent pictures of twelve more famous castles of Great Britain and Ireland, accompanied by historical and descriptive text. It will be mailed to any address upon receipt of 10c. directed to CALENDAR DEPARTMENT, SHAW STOCKING CO., LOWELL, MASS.

CANVASSERS Make Big Money Selling our goods. A genuine harvest for agents. \$5 to \$10 per day easily made. Goods sell themselves. County rights given. One outfit free. Enclose stamp for full particulars. THE SEMPLE CO., Mt. VERNON, O.

AN OWL BACH!

We will send you a FRINGED LINEN TIDY of "AN OWL BACH." Please to work 4. INGALLS' BOOK OF STITCHES, Ingalls' 32-page Illustrated Catalogue of FANCY WORK MATERIALS, STAMPED GOODS, ART BOOKS, STAMPING OUTFITS, etc.; also a SAMPLE COPY of INGALLS' HOME ANY ART MAGAZINE, ALL for ten 2-cent stamps (20 cts) Address J. F. INGALLS, Lynn, Mass.

FASHION CATALOGUE

Containing the latest Winter Styles in Ladies', Men's and Children's wear at New York's lowest prices. Sent free by addressing MAHLER BROS., 503 and 504 Sixth Ave., N. Y. USEFUL HOLIDAY GIFTS.

THE PERFUMES WE USE

By L. J. VANCE



WITH reference to the origin of perfumes there are three kinds—floral, aromatic and balsamic.

Thus, we have sweet odors derived from flowers, from spices and herbs, or from resins and musks.

The perfume from flowers which contain the volatile essence is extracted by distillation, which, briefly stated, is as follows: The flowers are put into a retort with about double the quantity of water.

Flowers which do not contain the volatile essence may have their perfumes extracted by what is known as the "hot process," as follows: The flowers are put in a copper vessel with a quantity of lard; the whole is then boiled, and more flowers added, until the grease has absorbed the necessary amount of perfume.

Then there is the cold process. By this process, freshly-gathered flowers are placed on a layer of lard which is spread over glass trays. Every twelve or twenty-four hours, as the case may be, the flowers are changed until the lard has absorbed the necessary amount of perfume.

"So perfumed that The winds were lovesick."

The Bulgarian rose district is about one thousand square miles. So, too, many districts in France and Italy are given up to flower culture. The French ottar of roses is of excellent quality, and more expensive than the product of Bulgaria.

Of the animal substance, musk is the most powerful and persistent. It is said that one part of musk will scent three thousand parts of inodorous powder. The substance is found in the pouch of the musk deer of China, Tibet and Tonquin.

Civet is another animal substance blending with floral compounds. It is a secretion of the African and Indian cat. Civet comes to this country in cows' horns; these horns are wrapped up in coarse cloth, on which are marked the number and weight.

Of the aromatic odors, cloves are most largely used. From the unexpanded flower-buds of the clove trees is obtained a very powerful and pungent oil. Then comes cinnamon or cassia; both yield stimulating, essential oils.

It need hardly be said that perfumes are extensively adulterated. The oil of geranium, or oil of idris, is used in the adulteration of ottar of roses, and there is no infallible test for discovering the imposition.

In a few years the garments of the ladies of the court were outrageously perfumed. The present English fancy is to make perfume in sticks. Another fancy is to fill a tiny bottle with a reviving odor, and to use the silver flask as a vinaigrette.

THE CARE OF A SEWING-MACHINE

By HORACE N. JONES

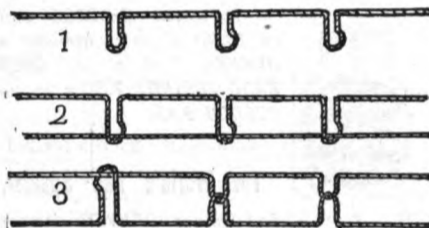


VERY few of those who run sewing-machines, or see them in operation, understand how this most helpful of the Nineteenth Century genie performs its work.

that such effects can only be produced by most complex mechanism, which none but a skilled artisan can understand. One result of this rather general misapprehension is that sewing-machines do not receive the care they should have.

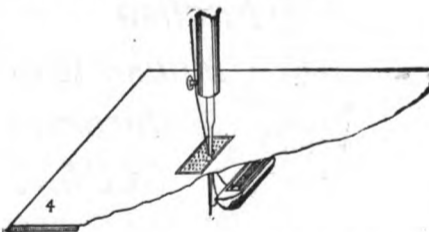
It is not absolutely necessary that one should understand all about how a piece of machinery works in order to take it apart and clean it. A sewing-machine is very simple in its fundamental principles, and there is hardly a household but contains some member who is competent not only to clean a machine, but to thoroughly learn how it works, and so be able to tell what is the trouble if anything goes wrong.

There are but three important parts to the common double-thread machine—the needle, the shuttle and the feed. All the rest are mere devices for bringing these into the right place with relation to each other at the right time.



each loop is formed the shuttle runs through it, carrying the lower thread and leaving it as in Fig. 2, only that each loop or stitch is drawn tight by the tension as soon as made, so that the real effect is more like Fig. 3.

If the reader will seat himself at a machine and turn it slowly, he will notice that after the needle descends to its lowest point it moves a little way up and then stops. The thread being taught all the time, this slight upward movement causes it to buckle or bend outward, as shown in Fig. 4.



Just at this moment the shuttle comes forward, its sharp nose enters the loop stretching it wider, so that the whole shuttle slips readily through, carrying the lower thread. As soon as the shuttle gets well through the loop, the needle resumes its upward motion, and at the instant its point clears the material, the little toothed plate, which is called the feed, pushes up against the cloth from underneath and slides forward, carrying it into position for the next stitch.

In cleaning a sewing-machine you need a small screw-driver, a stick about the size of a lead-pencil, with a long, slender point; a piece of cotton cloth and some kerosene oil. In taking a machine apart, do not go at it in a haphazard way, removing a screw here and a pin there, but commence at one side and work toward the other side, taking off everything as you go that needs cleaning.

Vinolia Soap

NO FREE SODA—BUT EXTRA CREAM.

Contains EXTRA CREAM instead of FREE SODA and POTASH, which remove the natural oil from the skin, hair and nails, and shrivel them up, thus causing premature grayness, baldness, wrinkles and striated nails. De-alkalized and de-hydrated.

DOES NOT DRY and SHRIVEL THE SKIN, HAIR and NAILS!!!!

The Soap recommended by the London LANCET and medical press of Great Britain.

Pamphlet showing "EVIL EFFECTS OF SOAPS," free

BLONDEAU & Co., 73 and 75 Watts St., N. Y. Prices, 15, 25, 35 and 85c. a Tablet. By Leading Wholesalers

THE FASHIONABLE SCENT CRAB-APPLE BLOSSOM.



The New and Leading English Perfume Over 300,000 Bottles sold in England the past Year, By THE CROWN PERFUMERY CO., of London.

"Chief among the fashionable scents of the season is Crab-Apple Blossoms, a delicate perfume of the highest quality and fragrance."—Court Journal (London). "It would not be possible to conceive of a more delightful perfume than the Crab-Apple Blossoms, which is put up by the Crown Perfumery Company of London. It has the aroma of spring in it, and one could use it for a lifetime and never tire of it."—New-York Observer.

"It is the daintiest and most delicious of perfumes, and in a few months has superseded all others in the boudoirs of the grandes dames of London, Paris, and New-York."—The Argonaut. The unusual lasting quality of this delicious scent renders it more economical in use than the cheaper perfumes. A few drops suffice. Our readers who are in the habit of purchasing that delicious perfume, Crab-Apple Blossoms, of the Crown Perfumery Company, should procure also a bottle of their Invigorating Lavender Salts. No more rapid or pleasant cure for headache is possible."—Le Follet (Paris).

No articles of the toilet have ever been produced which have been received with the enthusiasm which has greeted the Crab-Apple Blossom Perfume and Soap, and The Crown Lavender Salts. They are literally the delight of two worlds, and are as eagerly sought in London and Paris as in New York. They are daily bringing pleasure, comfort, health and refreshment to thousands of homes, and are sold by all druggists as follows: Crab-Apple Blossom Perfume, 1 oz., 75c.; 2 oz., \$1.25; 3 oz., \$1.75; 4 oz., \$2.25. Crab-Apple Blossom Soap, in decorated packets, 50c. a tablet.

Do not fail to try this delicious Crab-Apple Blossom Perfume and Soap, and the Invigorating Lavender Salts, SPECIAL PRODUCTIONS OF THE CROWN PERFUMERY CO., 177 NEW BOND ST., London.

Makers of the new and delightful KARILPA TOILET WATER, now so popular. Beware of fraudulent imitations put up by unprincipled dealers for extra gain. Sold only in the bottles of the company with the well-known Crown Stopper, as shown above. No others are genuine.

Send Stamps or P. O. Order, with full address plainly written, to Caswell, Massey & Co., New York, or Melvin A. Badger, or T. Metcalf & Co., Boston, or Geo. E. Evans, Philadelphia, and the article ordered will be sent, post-paid, to any address. At wholesale by McKesson & Robbins, Hall & Ruckel, Park & Tilford, W. H. Schieffelin & Co., Munro & Baldwin, New York, and all leading wholesale druggists.

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ORCHID FLOWER PERFUMES



(Registered.) WOULD you fully satisfy the requirements of a refined taste for exquisite perfumes, use Seely's Orchid Flower; they are delightful reproductions of the odors of these aristocratic flowers. Stanhopea, Galeandra, Vanda, Miltonia, Anguloa, Calanthe. 1-ounce Bottles, \$0.75; Set of 2, \$1.50; Out. If not to be obtained of your druggist, we will send by mail postpaid, on receipt of price. Sold also by the pound to the drug trade. SEELY MFG. CO., Sole Proprietors of Orchid Perfumes. Detroit, Mich.

SOLID GOLD RINGS, \$2.69

SPECIAL.—We have purchased a prominent maker's entire stock of fine, solid gold rings; thousands of them; hundreds of styles; all sizes; regular value from \$4.00 to \$6.00; all sold to readers of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL at \$2.69 each; see these:



NOTE.—Our Establishment is the largest in New York; our Mail Order system one of the most complete in America. Correspondence in all languages. New Holiday Catalogue, containing hundreds of handsome illustrations and full descriptions of thousands of articles that can be bought by mail, will be SENT FREE upon application, to persons remote from the City.

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Pendants, Brooches, Hair Ornaments, Bracelets, Finger-rings, Ear-rings, etc., etc. ORIGINAL, ARTISTIC, UNIQUE DESIGNS OUR SPECIALTY.



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In great variety of designs and prices, for LADIES, MISSES, BOYS, MEN. Watches to suit people in any and every position in life. Call on us if possible. We also send goods by express for examination. 21 years at the center of the wholesale district of the Watch and Jewelry trade of this continent.

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WHY SANTA CLAUS' BEARD IS WHITE

A LEGEND: BY M. A. BIRD



URING the babyhood of Santa Claus—long, long ago—while still many good and worthy folk believed wood-sprites lived in the holes of trees, witches in caves, and dwarfs deep down under earth, there lived in far Germany, on one of the lesser mountains of the Harz, a miner, with his wife and seven children.

Deep down in the bosom of the mountains was the mine. Here the father had worked each day from morn to night to feed, even scantily, his wife and children. At last came a season of great dearth. The miner fell sick. Sadly his wife hung out of sight his leather work-suit. The cold winter with its cruel grasp stole down from the mountain-tops; still the miner lay sick; still the dearth of food throughout the little town; nowhere a mouthful to spare. The birds in the trees lived and were merry. Must the little children starve? Who had done it? "I tell you, it's the Gübich, king of dwarfs, who spoiled the crops last year. I know his pranks, curse him," said the oldest of the miners. "Who in summer steals all the raspberries and strawberries? He never eats aught else, and has lived like a prince, in his rocky cavern up there among the holy firs, ever since the old giant threw these mountains out of his shoe because the bit of sand hurt him. I tell you, the Gübich can make us sick with a glance, touch or breath. Save me from going near his home! Yet they say the cones off his trees are good to eat, and can be made into wondrous pretty things which sell well in the town below us. Starve or touch them? Starve, I say!"

"Dear husband," said the patient wife, "thou knowest the holy firs; I go to gather their cones. I will sell them and buy thee food which will make thee well. Children, care for thy father while I am gone."

Quickly throwing a shawl over her head and taking a basket on her arm, out into the gathering coldness of the coming night stepped the mother. The wind shook the alders at the cottage door until they rattled and dripped at the windows. The leaves of the dried foliage of the trees at roughly rattled the needles of the stately oaks, whose sacredness to the gods the elements were thought to respect, and then died away among the pines in a soft, sad music, that brought tears to the mother's eyes. It was like the moan the bairns made for bread. The tears broke into a sob; half-blinded, with bent head, she reached the edge of the holy forest.

Pityingly, out from his bed of clouds, the setting sun glanced warm and tender. He shot his parting rays among the firs, and filled their deep shadows with a cheerful glow. Suddenly, into the marked pathway of his light, stepped a little man with snowy beard, who gravely doffed his leathern cap and waited for the sad mother to reach him.

"Good woman, what ail'st thou? Why so sad?" broke upon her startled ear.

"Oh, sir, I mean no harm. My children starve; my husband never again will be well. I cannot see them ask each day for bread and give them none. I go to gather cones. Do let me pass and fill my basket."

"I would harm thee not, my friend," said the little man. "And knowest thou where the best cones can be found? Follow this path a hundred feet, and there they can be gathered with"—but the mother was on her way. A knowing look, a caress of his white beard, a sniff of the perfumed forest air, and the little man had vanished.

With glad feet the mother hurried on. Not a sound but the dropping of the cones broke the stillness of the forest. Faster and thicker they seemed to fall at each onward step. A perfect storm of cones. They dropped upon her head; they fell at her feet; they pelted her shoulders; they filled her basket. Frightened, the poor woman turned and fled, glancing neither to the right or left. Heavier and heavier the basket grew. Breathless and exhausted she reached her cottage door.

The mother entered and quickly barred the door. "Husband, husband, think what has happened! On the edge of the holy forest I met a little man with snowy beard, who told me where to gather the best cones. I hurried to find them, but the farther I went the faster the cones fell from the firs. They came about my head as thick as snow-flakes in mid-winter, yet the trees shook not. I was afraid and did not stop to pick up one; but some fell in my basket, and here they are."

"Hist, wife! Look, look thou! They are pure silver. It's the Gübich thou hast met."

Down the basket dropped. Around it grouped the mother and children. True, there lay the cones, silver every one, gleaming in the fire-light as had the beard of the little man in the golden glow of the sun.

The morrow's sun had tipped the graceful firs with gold, when again the mother stood at the edge of the forest. In a moment the Gübich was before her. "Good-morrow, good soul! Found'st thou not beautiful cones yester-even?" And a laugh rang through the forest. The mother struggled to speak. "Keep thy thanks, I wish them not," continued the Gübich. "Be thou only faithful to thy husband's words, and each cold December give to me and my dear firs a loving thought to keep our hearts warm. Now bid thee home." Not more quickly speeds the wind than the mother home again; not more happy are the birds than were the hearts in the miner's home that day. By night, nowhere a hungry soul on the "beautiful Hirbichenstein."

Dear Santa Claus—ever since, thy beard's been white as snow!

Dear Christmas joy—ever since, madly the Harz maidens dance round the graceful firs.

CHRISTMAS CARDS BY MAIL.



Christmas comes but once a year, And when it comes it brings good cheer.

Our card and booklet packets have become a necessity in thousands of families at Christmas time.

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No. 4.—For \$1.00, and 8 Cents for Postage, a selection of 10 of our largest and finest Cards, together with a Santa Claus Letter, illustrated, and a folding Calendar for 1892.

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Advertisement for 'THE WILLER MARCH', 'THE WILLER WALTZ', 'THE WILLER SCHOTTISCHE', and 'THE WILLER POLKA'. Includes text: 'HIGH CLASS MUSIC FOR THE PIANO. BY DIRECTOR CHR. BACH. Twelve pages, music portfolio size, engraved notes, handsome title page lithographed in four colors and printed on finest paper. Above sheet music will be mailed postpaid to any address on receipt of 16 cents in stamps or coin. WILLER MANUFACTURING COMPANY, MILWAUKEE, WIS.' Order now, as this advertisement will appear but once.

Advertisement for 'HARTMAN FLEXIBLE' wire mats. Includes text: 'YOUR NEIGHBOR is using a "Hartman" Wire Mat at his door, and so are his "sisters, and his cousins and his aunts." We have not only made over half a million wire mats, but our annual sales equal 90 per cent. of the total in our line. Catalogue and Testimonials, mailed free. HARTMAN MFG. CO., works, Beaver Falls, Pa. Branches: 107 Chambers Street, New York; 508 State Street, Chicago; 51 and 53 South Forsyth Street, Atlanta, Ga. Our Mats have brass tag attached stamped "Hartman."'

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Advertisement for 'POWERS AUTOMATICALLY CONTROLS THE DAMPERS OF FURNACE STEAM & HOT WATER HEATERS. SAVES FUEL SECURES UNIFORM TEMPERATURE. TEMPERATURE REGULATOR. SEND FOR CATALOGUE. 36 DEARBORN ST. CHICAGO ILL.'

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TO BUILD IS A PLEASURE

WHEN YOU SEE THESE NEW 1891 DESIGNS IN BOOKS 4 and 5, "HOUSES and COTTAGES," Size, 8 x 10 inches. Contains new designs, new styles. No. 4 has 35 designs classified from \$150 up to \$1500, about half under \$1000. No. 5 contains 59 designs of dwellings costing over \$1500, many \$1800 up to \$3000. \$1 each, or the two for \$1.50. D. S. HOPKINS, Architect Cor. of Ottawa Street, Grand Rapids, Mich.

USEFUL THINGS WORTH KNOWING

VERY often it is the short hint or suggestion that we read somewhere which proves a mountain of help at some critical time, and the following may deserve a place in the memory or the scrap-book of the careful housekeeper.

A REMEDY FOR TENDER FEET

A REMEDY for tender feet is cold water, about two quarts, two tablespoonfuls of ammonia, one tablespoonful of bay rum. Sit with the feet immersed for ten minutes, gently throwing the water over the limbs upward to the knee. Then rub dry with a crash towel and all the tired feeling is gone.

ABOUT BRUSHING THE TEETH

THE question is often asked, How often should the teeth be brushed? After every meal, and just before retiring, should be the rule with everybody; but as this may seem to be so much of a task to some as to discourage them altogether, a safe rule, which all can follow conveniently, would be to brush them every night and morning; this, if done thoroughly, would no doubt prevent decay from any deposits of food which would occur. Many people who brush their teeth regularly, and have finely preserved sets, use nothing but water.

HOW TO TREAT CORNS

CORNS are somewhat a result of the constitution; but there is no question that the rubbing and slipping of an ill-fitting shoe is a frequent occasion of them. No radical cure for them has yet been discovered. They may be greatly helped, though, by being soaked for twenty minutes in warm water, then pared or scraped with a very sharp knife, and painted with iodine. Lunar caustic is excellent also, but not exactly safe, as it sometimes burns so deep as to make a serious sore. A salve made of white or yellow wax, spermaceti and almond, or castor-oil, in equal quantities, is excellent to rub upon corns and callousness. Apply just before going to bed, after bathing, but not soaking the foot, and rub in thoroughly.

FOR PEOPLE WHO WISH TO BE STOUT

THE rule to be observed by those persons who feel that they ought to be a trifle stouter, is simply this, says a very practical physician: Avoid excitement and keep your mind as much as possible in a state of repose and free from worry. People of a nervous temperament should control themselves. Learn to sit quietly for a long period, and don't rush about consuming muscular tissue by unnecessary movements. Eat all you can and as often as you can, avoiding hot things, such as hot bread, and that which is made from the finer grades of wheat. Stale bread made of flour containing a portion of the chaff, is far more nutritious than light, freshly-baked bread. The diet should consist of such articles of food as are largely composed of starch and sugar and oil. Meat in large quantities should be avoided. All things should be thoroughly cooked in order that the raw material can undergo the chemical change that otherwise would have to be done by the stomach. Lastly, sleep as long as your time allows. These rules and such suggestions as you will observe by watching yourself, will soon add all the flesh to your frame that you want.

WASHING BLANKETS AND WOOLENS

TO wash blankets and woolens: Take one-half of a bar of any good laundry soap; shave it very fine. Pour over it a pint of boiling water, and put upon the fire and stir until it becomes a thick paste. Into this put one tablespoonful of borax and two tablespoonfuls of ammonia. Have ready a tub of tepid water softened with a tablespoonful of borax. Stir into this the soap mixture, then put in the articles you wish cleaned. Let them soak an hour, occasionally turning them over; then run through a wringer. After this rinse through clear, tepid water, being careful never to rub with the hands. Run through the wringer again, and hang in the sun to dry. When nearly dry, iron.

Blankets washed by this receipt are as soft as when new. Shawls, flannel dresses, in fact all woolen goods, it will wash beautifully.

SOME USES OF BAKING-SODA

GOOD for insect stings:—Moisten a pinch of soda with water, and apply to the wound. For pimples, fever-blisters, burns, poison from ivy:—Mix one teaspoonful of soda with one-half glass of water, and apply with a soft cloth.

To remove sunburn:—Mix one teaspoonful of soda to one-half glass of vinegar, and apply with cloth to face and hands just before retiring.

For bathing:—Add a little to the water. For sore throat:—Hold a small quantity in the mouth, or mix a little with water, and gargle frequently with it.

For cuts and barb-wire fence wounds:—Mix one dessertspoonful of soda to one cup of boiling water and apply with a soft rag as hot as it can be endured.

HOW TO PREVENT FROZEN FEET

IN cold weather never wear a woolen stocking inside a thin tight shoe. To do it is to invite frozen feet. The wool grows damp and clammy with insensible perspiration, the shoe pinches the bloodvessels into sluggish torpor. Betwixt them you have a frozen foot almost before you know it. Much better put a thin silk, lisle-thread or cotton stocking next to the foot, and draw the woolen one on outside the shoe. With arctics over the stockings, you can defy Jack Frost, if you are shod like Cinderella herself.

A FLASH OF LIGHTNING

turns the air to ozone—makes it life giving. How do you know? Your lungs tell you. How? They give it to your blood which hurries it through your body. In four minutes every part of you is the better for a full breath of fresh air. You know it all over. So much for a flash of lightning. Now for a discovery of science. Drs. Starkey and Palen's Compound Oxygen is exactly similar in composition and effects to the clearer air of the lightning's flash. The manner of application is exactly the same, the proof exactly similar. How do you know? You feel it. You feel it all over. Nature's help, in nature's way, for nature's needs—that's Compound Oxygen. It was discovered more than twenty years ago. Ever since, and in widening circles it has given strength to the weak, hope to the despondent, and years of life to those given over to die. We can prove this to any one who could be convinced that there ever lived such a man as George Washington. The evidence can be had for asking.

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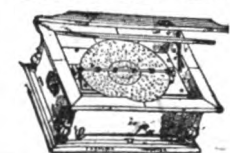


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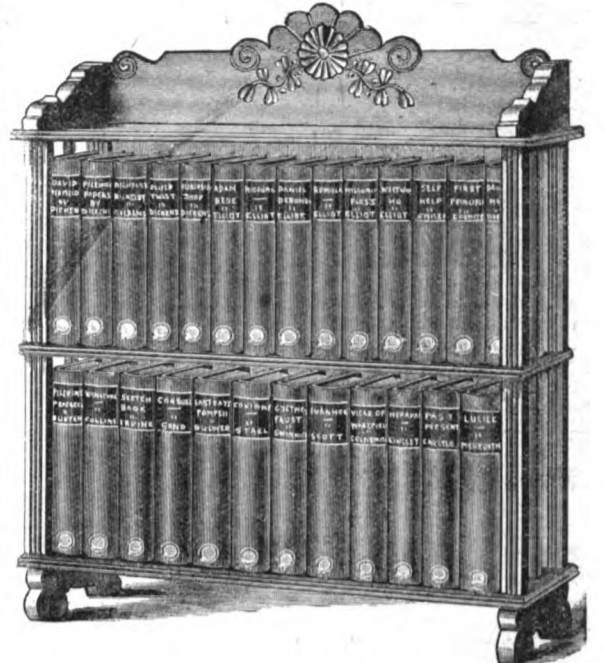
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Given as a Premium for a Club of 5 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 3 Subscribers and 50 cents additional. Price, \$1.50. Must be sent by Express, charges to be paid by the receiver.

Here is a description of the Book-case we have selected for you. Oak, antique finish, with carving and scroll work. Strongly made, however, as well as ornamental. Very ingenious construction. Shipped "knocked-down" (this means light Express charges) with plain printed instructions for "setting it up" in five minutes, with every joint as rigid as if "dove-tailed" and glued. Price, \$1.50. Express charges to be paid by the receiver.

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Given as a Premium for a Club of 15 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 7 Subscribers and \$2.00 additional. Price, \$4.50. Sent by Express, charges to be paid by the receiver.

This is also Oak, antique finish. It stands 4 feet 6 inches from the floor and is 2 feet 6 inches wide. Five shelves (various heights). With a suitable curtain hung on the rod at the top, it is very handsome and attractive. Shipped in the same manner as Case No. 2.

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All Book Cases are shipped in compact bundles, but must be sent by Express, charges to be paid by the receiver.

HISTORICAL PANORAMA

Given as a Premium for a Club of 3 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 2 Subscribers and 25 cents additional. Postage and Packing, 25 cents extra. Price, \$1.15, postpaid.

It is a large and handsome chromo-lithographic panorama, with thirty-two colored scenes, of very attractive appearance. One of the few toy Panoramas which amount to anything more than a toy. It gives a very attractive and instructive object lesson in history, and the pictures shown are of genuine historical value. A carefully written lecture, which we send, embodies the principal events of American history, and enables the owner to act as exhibitor and showman to an audience of juvenile friends. A goodly supply of tickets, to aid in getting up the "show," a descriptive poster and suggestions as to appropriate incidental music, etc., accompany each one. Of all our premiums for the young folks this Panorama, next to our Magic Lanterns, presents the best opportunity of securing a supply of pocket-money during the winter. Price, 90 cents. Postage and Packing, 25 cents extra.



PERSEVERANCE ISLAND

Or The Robinson Crusoe of the 19th Century
Sent, postpaid, as a Premium for a Club of 4 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 2 Subscribers and 50 cents additional. Price, \$1.15, postpaid.



The history of the life and adventures of a Yankee "Crusoe," cast away alone on a desolate island in the Pacific, and all his shipmates lost. Our old friend "Robinson Crusoe," was a bungler, in comparison with this modern specimen, and the young reader will be not only entertained, but instructed, in its chapters. How he prepared fresh water, how he made gunpowder, lucifer matches, edged tools, built houses and boats, is graphically told in these pages. Profusely illustrated, bound in Cloth—colors and gold. 372 pages. Price, \$1.15, postpaid.

THE CIRCUIT RIDER
BY EDWARD EGGLESTON

Given as Premium for a Club of 4 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 2 Subscribers and 50 cents additional. Postage and Packing, 15 cents extra. Price, \$1.25, postpaid.

This story originally appeared as a serial in *The Christian Union*. It abounds with stirring incidents presented in the author's vigorous style. The description of social life in the West as depicted will seem hardly real to those who know the country now; but the writer, growing up from early boyhood familiar with the strange wild life around him, wrote from personal experience. Every reader will follow with interest the journeying of the "Circuit Rider," an heroic example of muscular Christianity, and of a class of men whose constitutions conquered starvation and exposure—and who survived swamps, alligators, Indians and highway robbers in an honest effort to do good. Bound in Cloth—332 pages—over 30 illustrations. Price, \$1.25, postpaid.



WINNING HIS WAY
BY CHARLES CARLETON COFFIN

Sent, postpaid, as a Premium for a Club of 3 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 2 Subscribers and 25 cents additional. Price \$1.00, postpaid.

This remarkably interesting book which for so long maintained its place as a prime favorite with all the boys, was for a considerable time out of print. The one we offer is a new edition issued to meet the large demand. It contains 208 pages and twenty-one entirely new full-page illustrations. Size 6½ x 8½ inches. Price, \$1.00, postpaid.



PHOTOGRAPHIC OUTFIT No 1

Given as a Premium for a Club of 15 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 11 Subscribers and \$1.00 additional; or, for 7 Subscribers and \$2.00 additional. Price, \$5.00. Sent only by Express, charges to be paid by the receiver.



We have used this Outfit to a very large extent and find it universally satisfactory. It includes not only everything necessary for taking a picture, but all the materials for developing. The details follow: The Camera is Hardwood, handsomely polished, for plate size 3¼ x 4¼ inches, with Leatherette Bellows; handsomely finished, quick-acting, brass-mounted Lens; a hinged ground-glass, double Plate-Holder, improved Tripod Carrying Case. The Chemical Outfit for Developing and Printing contains: Ruby Lamp, one-half dozen Dry Plates, 2 Japanned Iron Trays, 2 Bottles Developer, 1 Box Hyposulphite Soda, 12 sheets silvered Albumen Paper, Printing Frame, 1 bottle Toning Solution, 1 dozen Bevel-edge Card Mounts. Send us 4 cents in postage stamps, and we will mail you a photo taken with one of these Cameras. Price, \$5.00. Sent by Express, charges to be paid by the receiver.

OUTFIT No. 2

Given as a Premium for a Club of 7 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 3 Subscribers and \$1.00 additional. Price, \$2.25. Must be sent by Express, charges to be paid by the receiver.



In this Outfit, No. 2, we offer something that will do good work with less professional skill and fewer chances of failure than any other outfit at four times the price. It includes a Camera with a fine Lens and a Finder; Folding Tripod; Carrying Satchel, with Shoulder Strap; Package of Plates; materials for making a ruby lamp, and all the necessary chemicals for developing and printing. We send with each a 32-page Instruction Book, the best of its kind published. We can especially recommend this Outfit as most desirable for an amateur. It is light, strong, compact, easy of comprehension, and readily manipulated. The best low-priced Outfit offered. Do not confound the two Cameras we offer with worthless "Pin-hole" Cameras. The effectiveness of an outfit really depends upon the lens. We guarantee the work done with either of ours will prove their excellence. We have seen pictures taken with our Camera No. 2 enlarged to 10 x 12 inches. The result was equal to the best work of a fifty-dollar Dahlmeyer lens. Send us four cents in postage stamps for a Sample Photograph taken with this Camera and Lens. Price, \$2.25. Sent by Express, charges to be paid by the receiver.

BREECH-LOADING SPRING GUN

Given as a Premium for a Club of 3 Yearly Subscribers, and 10 cents additional. Price, \$1.10. Forwarding charges, 70 cents extra, whether secured as a Premium or purchased.



Cheap ammunition, no report, no explosion. This gun is as safe to its owner as it is possible for a gun to be. Steel barrels, sighted front and back. Maple cross-bar bolted to a poplar stock. The springs are made of the best English oil-tempered steel. The ammunition is placed in the barrel from the breech, so there is no liability of bruised fingers or the loss of an eye consequent upon a premature discharge. Will kill any small game. Price, \$1.80, forwarding charges prepaid.

ORDER ALL RINGS BY NUMBER

All Rings mailed at your risk unless Five Cents extra be sent to insure them.

ORDER ONLY BY SIZE



In ordering rings, order the size desired. To ascertain this, cut a strip of stiff paper of a size to exactly encircle your finger. Lay this strip out flat on this graduated scale. Send us the number of the black strip corresponding in length with the piece of paper.

We have had a great many rings returned to us with requests that they be exchanged, and always for smaller sizes. This should not be necessary. The scale we provide is accurate.

No. 925 Sent, postpaid, as a Premium for a Club of 10 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 6 Subscribers and \$1.00 additional. Price, \$3.25, postpaid. Four Turquois and five Pearls. The best selling high-priced ring we have ever used. It appears to be a universal favorite.

No. 1119 Sent, postpaid, as a Premium for a Club of 5 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 3 Subscribers and 50 cents additional. Price, \$1.50, postpaid. The newest and latest bangle "Friendship" Ring. A design in twisted link. The bangles are a tiny padlock and key.

No. 2151 Sent, postpaid, as a Premium for a Club of 5 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 3 Subscribers and 50 cents additional. Price, \$1.50, postpaid. This "Wish-bone" Ring is one of the new designs in "Friendship" Rings, and is said to be the most popular, this season, of any. The three stones are Ruby, Sapphire and an imitation Diamond—the prettiest triple combination in stones.

No. 689 1/2 Sent, postpaid, as a Premium for a Club of 5 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 3 Subscribers and 50 cents additional. Price, \$1.75, postpaid. A Trefoll setting of a Moonstone, Turquois and Ruby (doublet); an attractive combination. The Ring is of twisted Gold wire.

No. 2150 Sent, postpaid, as a Premium for a Club of 4 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 2 Subscribers and 50 cents additional. Price, \$1.25, postpaid. This dainty little ring, is of twisted Gold wire, surmounted by a Pansy in hard Enamel, hand-painted.

No. 558 1/2 Sent, postpaid, as a Premium for a Club of 6 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 4 Subscribers and 50 cents additional. Price, \$1.75, postpaid. Double Snake Ring. Unusually handsome. A Ruby and Sapphire (doublet) set in the heads. Bright Polished Silver.

No. 625 1/2 Sent, postpaid, as a Premium for a Club of 3 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each. Price, 80 cents, postpaid. Snake Ring. Bright Polished Silver, with Emerald Eyes.

No. 448 Sent, postpaid, as a Premium for a Club of 2 Yearly Subscribers and 10 cents additional. Price, 75 cents, postpaid. Another new Gold "Friendship" Ring. Milled on the edge to represent a ring made from a five-dollar gold-piece. The bangle is a heart—this season's popular ornament.

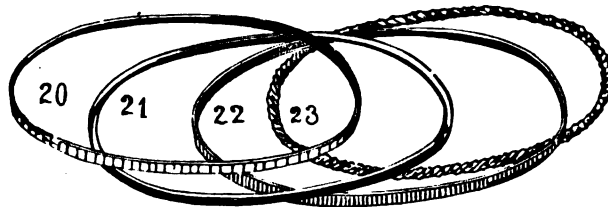
No. 612 Sent, postpaid, as a Premium for a Club of 2 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each. Price, 45 cents, postpaid. The "Lovers' Knot." One of the most popular of the many designs in rings. A Double Ring of twisted and plain Silver wire.

No. 54 Sent, postpaid, as a Premium for a Club of 5 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 3 Subscribers and 50 cents additional. This is the only plain Gold Ring in our collection.

A NOVEL IDEA

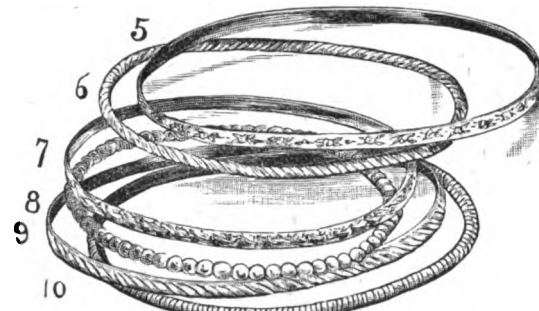
Sent, postpaid, as a Premium for a Club of 3 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each. Price, 80 cents, postpaid.

This is the new Gold Extension-Ring for girls. It is of Gold, and the setting is two Sapphires and a small flower in French Enamel. By an arrangement in the Ring, it can be adjusted to fit any ordinary sized finger. In ordering let us know what size ring you wear. Price, 80 cents, including cost of postage and packing.



A NEW ASSORTMENT OF BANGLE BRACELETS

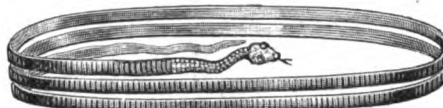
Any pair of Bracelets sent, postpaid, as a Premium for a Club of 3 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each. Postage and packing, 10 cents extra. Price, 50 cents each, postpaid.



New designs. New goods. All handsome, attractive and desirable. These, unlike our last year's assortment, are not Oxidized. They are bright and of the color of coin silver. First quality of plate. Price, 50 cents each, postpaid. Order by number.

NEW SNAKE BRACELET

Sent, postpaid, as a Premium for a Club of 2 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each. Price, 55 cents, postpaid.



Best quality silver-plate. New this season. The chasing is good, and the imitation of a viper excellent.

GOLD-PLATED LACE PINS

Given as a Premium for a Club of 4 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 2 Subscribers and 50 cents additional. Postage and packing, 10 cents extra. Price, \$1.15, postpaid.

The bars have the color of 22 karat gold, and the knots are light colored like 18 karat gold. The bars are polished. Set with a bright little Rhine-stone. Very pretty and attractive. Price, \$1.15, including cost of postage and packing.

No. 2638 Sent, postpaid, as a Premium for a Club of 3 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each. Price, 75 cents, postpaid. This is also a "Misses' Pin." A chased, twisted bar; Roman finish; set with a Pearl.

No. 2657 Price, 75 cents, including cost of postage and packing. Either number (2505 or 2657) given as a Premium for a Club of 3 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each. Postage and packing, 10 cents extra. Price, 90 cents each, postpaid.

No. 2505 These are intended for young ladies. No. 2505 is a very attractive design in Roman Gold; set with a Ruby doublet.

No. 2493 Price of either Pin, 90 cents, postpaid. Given as a Premium for a Club of 3 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 2 Subscribers and 25 cents additional. Postage and packing, 10 cents extra. Price, 90 cents, postpaid.

No. 2493 No. 2493 is an elegant chased Etruscan knot with a Pearl setting. We can especially recommend this as a handsome piece of jewelry, sure to please. Price, 90 cents, postpaid.

No. 2493 Given as a Premium for a Club of 3 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 2 Subscribers and 25 cents additional. Postage and packing, 10 cents extra. Price, 90 cents, postpaid.

No. 2493 No. 2493 is an elegant chased Etruscan knot with a Pearl setting. We can especially recommend this as a handsome piece of jewelry, sure to please. Price, 90 cents, postpaid.

No. 1821 GOLD-PLATED EAR-DROPS Given as a Premium for a Club of 3 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each. Postage and packing, 10 cents extra. Price, 90 cents, postpaid.

No. 1821 These Ear-Rings are handsome, neat and attractive. We can recommend them as being sure to please. Rhine-stone settings.

No. 783 Given as a Premium for a Club of 3 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each. Postage and packing, 10 cents extra. Price, \$1.00, postpaid. Very best quality of Gold-plate. Buttercup pattern with a seed pearl for a centre.

No. 2894 Very delicate and pretty: hollow globes, Etruscan pattern. Very best quality of gold-plate. In ordering mention No. 2894.

No. 2894 Given as a Premium for a Club of 2 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each. Postage and packing, 10 cents extra. Price, 65 cents, postpaid.

No. 2894 Very delicate and pretty: hollow globes, Etruscan pattern. Very best quality of gold-plate. In ordering mention No. 2894.

SOLID SILVER BANGLE BRACELETS

Any pair of Bracelets given as a Premium for a Club of 2 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each. Postage and packing, 10 cents extra. Price, 40 cents each, postpaid.

These Bracelets are Pure Silver, and the daintiest jewelry imaginable. Bright, new, fresh goods, sure to please all who receive them.

Price, 40 cents each, postpaid. Order by number.

BRACELET, No. 2873

Sent, postpaid, as a Premium for a Club of 12 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 8 Subscribers and \$1.00 additional; or, for 4 Subscribers and \$2.00 additional. Price, \$3.55, postpaid.

The best quality of gold-plate; for all practical purposes will wear as long and look as well as SOLID GOLD. In appearance it is fully equal to a thirty-five dollar Bracelet. Every Padlock guaranteed to be perfect.

Price, \$3.55, including cost of postage and packing.

"FRIENDSHIP" RINGS

Sent, postpaid, as a Premium for a Club of 2 Three Months' Subscribers at 25 cents each. Price, 25 cents, postpaid.

One of the "fads" in connection with rings requires a young lady to request of gentlemen friends a subscription of a cent a-piece. With funds so obtained a ten-cent silver-piece is formed into a ring with a bangle, on which are engraved initials or a date. We think our plan of sending 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. Price, 25 cents each, including cost of postage and packing.

No. 584 1/2 Sent, postpaid, as a Premium for a Club of 3 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each. Price, 70 cents, postpaid. "King's Daughters" GOLD Bangle Ring. This Ring is made to our order and, so far as we know, cannot be secured elsewhere.

No. 605 It is an exact imitation of a ring made from a five-dollar gold-piece. It is extra heavy. Price, 70 cents, including cost of postage and packing.

No. 605 Sent, postpaid, as a Premium for a Club of 2 Three Months' Subscribers at 25 cents each. Price, 40 cents, postpaid. "King's Daughters" Silver Bangle Ring. This is, in design, the same as our Ring No. 584 1/2—but differs in material.

No. 605 This is thicker than most of the Rings made of coins. Price, 40 cents, including cost of postage and packing.

BREAST PINS

No. 2634 Sent, postpaid, as a Premium for a Club of 6 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 4 Subscribers and 50 cents additional; or, for 2 Subscribers and \$1.00 additional. Price, \$1.55, postpaid.

No. 1424 This is the handsomest pin of this kind in our collection. It is Roman finish. The design is very graceful, and is sure to make this pin very popular. Set with a small Pearl. Price, \$1.55, postpaid.

No. 2514 Sent, postpaid, as a Premium for a Club of 5 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 3 Subscribers and 50 cents additional. Price, \$1.25, postpaid.

No. 2514 This crescent pin contains 43 Garnets, each stone mounted in a separate claw-setting, as in the finest and most expensive jewelry. Worn at night, this pin is extraordinarily brilliant. Price, \$1.25, postpaid. Send 5 cents extra to insure all jewelry.

No. 2514 Given as a Premium for a Club of 3 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each. Postage and packing, 10 cents extra. Price, 90 cents, postpaid.

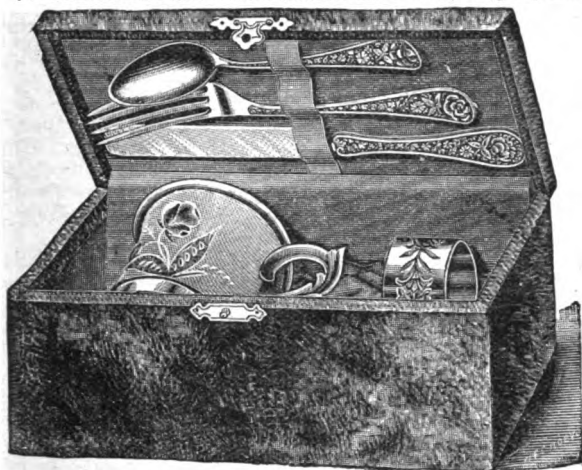
No. 2514 No. 2514 is a handsome design of twisted links, in Roman gold finish. This pin we can recommend as being rich and handsome. We can, if desired, furnish this design in Oxidized Silver-plate. If you desire this design in Oxidized Silver-plate, order No. 2514 1/2. Price, 90 cents, postpaid.

No. 1891 1/2 Given as a Premium for a Club of 2 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each. Postage and packing, 10 cents extra. Price, 65 cents, postpaid.

No. 1891 1/2 The pattern is an Oak-leaf; Roman finished; pierced by a pin which holds the setting—a small Rhine-stone. Price, 65 cents, postpaid. All orders for jewelry should be accompanied by an extra Insurance Fee of five cents, to provide against loss in the mails.

SILVER-PLATED CHILD'S SET

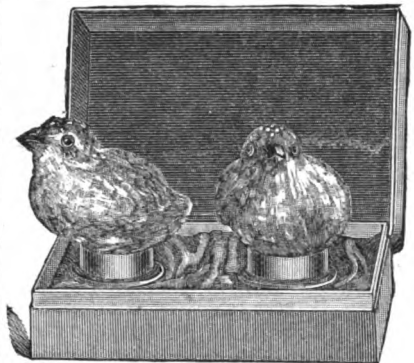
Sent, postpaid, as a Premium for a Club of 6 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 5 Subscribers and 25 cents additional; or, for 4 Subscribers and 50 cents additional. Price, \$1.50, postpaid.



This Set for children we can guarantee will please every one who obtains it. It is Triple-plated, and includes Knife, Fork, Spoon, Mug and Napkin Ring. All the pieces are chased, and the Mug is Satin-finished and Engraved. The case (7 1/2 x 3 1/2 and 3 1/4 inches deep) is of Silk-plush, lined. As a birthday or holiday gift it would prove a delight to any child. If you wish to purchase a set compare ours, in price and appearance, with those offered in retail stores. Price, \$1.50, including cost of postage and packing.

PEPPER and SALT-SPRINKLERS, No. 183

One pair sent, postpaid, as a Premium for a Club of 3 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 2 Subscribers and 25 cents additional. Price, \$1.00, postpaid.



These little Chicks are entirely new and very pretty. They are Triple Silver-plate. We do not break the pair, but send them together, packed in a handsome box, for a Club of 3 Yearly Subscribers, as above, or postpaid, on receipt of \$1.00.

NAPKIN RING, No. 183

Sent, postpaid, as a Premium for a Club of 3 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 2 Subscribers and 25 cents additional. Price, 85 cents, postpaid.

This Napkin Ring is Quadruple Silver-plate. We furnish it as an exact match to the Pepper and Salt Sprinklers above. The quality is first-class, and the Ring and Sprinklers make a most attractive table set.



Price, of the Napkin Ring, postpaid, 85 cents.

We will send a pair of the Sprinklers and a Napkin Ring, postpaid, on receipt of \$1.60. This low price applies only on the entire set when all three pieces are ordered together.

SILVER-PLATED SPRINKLERS, No. 565

Sent, postpaid, as a Premium for a Club of 3 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 2 Subscribers and 25 cents additional. Price, 80 cents, postpaid.

These Sprinklers are very handsome as well as desirable. Silver-plated on white metal, and chased, they make very pretty table ornaments. We send them out packed in a satin-lined case. In ordering specify "No. 565" as we have several varieties of these goods.



Price, per pair, 80 cents, including cost of postage and packing.

SILVER-PLATED MUG

Sent postpaid, as a Premium for a Club of 3 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 2 Subscribers and 25 cents additional. Price, \$1.00, postpaid.



Something sure to please every child. The Mug we offer is well and strongly made. The plating is good, and is upon a base of white metal, not upon brass, which means that it will wear well and for a long time. Gold-lined. The Mug is an improvement on the one we have been using; it is handsomely hand-chased and bright-cut. Price, \$1.00. Ask your jeweler his price for a similar one.

SILVER-PLATED TEA-SET

We have selected for this season's use what is, beyond question, the finest Silver-Plated Tea-Set ever offered as a Premium. It is, in every respect, of the first quality. The plating is on a base of white metal, and each piece is stamped

Quadruple Plate

The goods are manufactured to our order, and cannot be secured in the stores.

The design is very elegant, being satin-finish, bright-cut and hand-chased. We call special attention to the fact that the ornamentation on the various articles will be found on both sides of the piece. (Remember this when pricing or ordering silver-ware.)

The prices are higher than most silver-plated-ware offered in Mail-Order Catalogues—yet those who purchase ours will find it the cheapest (that is, the best value for the money) to be secured.

Each piece packed in a locked-corner wooden box. By special arrangements with the Express Companies, we are enabled to prepay the Expressage at lower rates than we could send the goods "charges collect." Those having no Express Office handy, may order by Mail, postpaid, at the same rates.

COFFEE-POT No. 6



Given as a Premium for a Club of 17 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 10 Subscribers and \$1.75 additional. Price, \$4.75. Boxing and Express, prepaid, 60 cents extra, whether Premium or purchase. (By Mail, postpaid, at same rate.)

TEA-POT No. 5

(Same shape and design as Coffee-Pot; in size slightly smaller.) Given as a Premium for a Club of 16 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 10 Subscribers and \$1.50 additional. Boxing and Express, prepaid, 42 cents extra, whether Premium or purchase. (By Mail, postpaid, at same rate.)

SUGAR-BOWL, No. 7



Given as a Premium for a Club of 12 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 8 Subscribers and \$1.00 additional. Price, \$3.50. Boxing and Express, prepaid, 40 cents extra, whether Premium or purchase. (By Mail, postpaid, at same rate.)

SPOON-HOLDER No. 8 Gold-Lined



Given as a Premium for a Club of 11 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 7 Subscribers and \$1.00 additional. Price, \$3.25. Boxing and Express, prepaid, 25 cents extra, whether Premium or purchase. (By Mail, postpaid, at same rate.)

CREAM-PITCHER No. 9 Gold-Lined



Given as a Premium for a Club of 11 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 7 Subscribers and \$1.00 additional. Price, \$3.25. Boxing and Express, prepaid, 25 cents extra, whether Premium or purchase. (By Mail, postpaid, at same rate.)

BUTTER-DISH No. 194



Given as a Premium for a Club of 9 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 5 Subscribers and \$1.00 additional. Price, \$2.75. Boxing and Express, prepaid, 45 cents extra, whether Premium or purchase. (By Mail, postpaid, at same rate.)

THE BEST MAKE OF SILVER-PLATE

THE BRAND: "1847.—Rogers Bros.—A 1." THE QUALITY: The highest priced of all the various "Rogers Wares." We have used it for five years—we have never received a complaint.

THE PATTERN: "The Portland"—the latest and the most desirable pattern used in plated-ware. Designed to closely imitate Sterling Silver-ware. It is unsurpassed for richness and elegance. It is handsomer, and in general appearance far superior to any of the old patterns.

We will send it out as Premiums and for Cash as follows:

"Portland" Tea-Spoons

One-half dozen given as a Premium for a Club of 5 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 5 Subscribers and 50 cents additional. Price, \$1.50 per half-dozen. Postage and packing, 10 cents extra for each half-dozen, whether sent as a Premium or purchased.

"Portland" Table-Spoons

Set of four given as a Premium for a Club of 7 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 5 Subscribers and \$1.00 additional. Price, \$2.00 for four. Postage and packing, 10 cents extra for four spoons, whether sent as a Premium or purchased.

"Portland" Forks

Set of six given as a Premium for a Club of 11 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 7 Subscribers and \$1.00 additional. Price, \$3.75 for six. Postage and packing, 15 cents extra, whether sent as a Premium or purchased.

"Portland" Butter-Knife or Sugar-Shell

Either sent, postpaid, as a Premium for a Club of 2 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each. Price, 70 cents each, postpaid.

Engraving

We will engrave initials at the rate of 5 cents per letter.

ROGERS BROS.' SILVER-PLATED KNIVES



Set of six given as a Premium for a Club of 9 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 5 Subscribers and \$1.00 additional. Price, \$2.75. Postage and packing for six knives, 25 cents, whether Premium or purchase.

SILVER-PLATED WARE

No housekeeper can afford to be without a set of Silver-Plated Tableware, if only for "company" use. Read our offers as they follow. This "Jewel" ware is not the very best quality of quadruple plate; however, it is not the cheap, miserable trash which is so often offered "Free!" The goods are of steel, plated first with nickel and then with silver, and a practical test has shown us they will wear well for a long time and look remarkably well.

We begin to believe that all are not willing to pay for the best goods, even though offered at the lowest possible price, and we now offer, in conjunction with our regular line, plated Tableware which everyone, even the most economical, can afford.

Much of the plated-ware offered for sale is made of brass. While goods of this character will look better and smoother when first received, the base metal underneath soon shows through the very thin coating of silver with which they are washed, and in a short time the ware is wholly unrepresentable and unfit for use, for no one wants to eat with brass forks and spoons.

One Dozen "Jewel" Tea-Spoons

Sent, postpaid, as a Premium for only two Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each. Price, 75 cents per dozen, postpaid.

A Set of Four "Jewel" Table-Spoons

Sent, postpaid, as a Premium for only two Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each. Price, for set of four, 50 cents, postpaid.

A Set of Four "Jewel" Dinner Forks

Sent, postpaid, as a Premium for only two Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each. Price, for set of four, 50 cents, postpaid.



CAKE BASKET No. 691

Given as a Premium for a Club of 8 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 4 Subscribers and \$1.00 additional. Price, \$2.25. Boxing and Express, prepaid, 50 cents extra, whether Premium or purchase. (By Mail, postpaid, at same rate.) New pattern: latest design. Triple-plate, well and strongly made. Satin-finish, hand-chased and bright-cut. A very desirable basket.



PICKLE JAR No. 20

Given as a Premium for a Club of 4 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 2 Subscribers and 50 cents additional. Price, \$1.15. Boxing and Express, prepaid, 50 cents extra, whether Premium or purchase. (By Mail, postpaid, at same rate.)

This Pickle Jar is superior in manufacture and design to the one we used last season. The jar is of clear glass.

It is carefully packed, as is all of our hollow plated-ware, in strong, wooden locked-corner boxes, which permits of the goods being safely sent to any part of the country. Price, \$1.65, by Express (or mail) prepaid.



WHICH WINS?

These boys are trying to decide this question to their mutual satisfaction, and are using two of the most popular of all the Premiums we have ever offered the boys. In the larger of the boats the graceful form of the well-known Side-Wheel Steamer has been adopted, and great pains have been taken to retain the proper proportions of all the parts, and at the same time to construct a Boat which will not only work properly, but will present a fine appearance when steaming in a tank of water or on a still pond. Measures from stem to stern, 12 inches; 3 1/2 inches beam; 5 inches high; runs one-half hour at each firing.

In order to always secure the proper working of steam cylinder, crank, shaft and paddle wheels, they have all been secured to the top of the boiler, and the boiler is hinged at one end to the Boat, so that it can

Price, \$1.00. Send 50 cents extra to prepay postage and packing, whether you secure it as a Premium or a purchase; or, we will send it by Express, the receiver to pay the charges.

The other Boat is a Screw Propeller 11 inches long, and is a perfect model of a small Steam Launch. It has sharp bows and is a fast sailer. The boiler is brass and is perfectly safe. The metal hull is hand-somely painted, and the works and deck are covered with an ornamental canvas awning.

This Screw-Boat we send, postpaid, as a Premium for a Club of 5 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 5 Subscribers and 50 cents additional. Price, \$1.50, postpaid.

Provided with these boats, two boys can have no end of fun. All sorts of races and trials of speed can be arranged for Saturday afternoons. They can be used as "Mail Steamers." Notes can be sent across the pond and the boat turned around on the other side for a return trip with the answer. The possibilities for sport, which will suggest themselves to any live boy, are unlimited.



readily be swung upward to give ready access to the lamp for trimming, lighting, etc., etc. The boiler can be readily filled with water through a filler in the pilot-house. The rudder is adjusted as usual. Unusual pains have been taken with the details, such as windows, molding, eagle on pilot-house, etc., etc., while she is finished with coppered bottom and bright-colored upper works, like our handsome excursion steamers.

Every Steamer is thoroughly tested and fully warranted.

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

We will give the Side-Wheel Steamboat as a Premium for a Club of 7 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 5 Subscribers and 50 cents additional; or, for 3 Subscribers and \$1.00 additional.

OUR NEW "FAVORITE" ENGINE

Send as a Premium for a Club of 2 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each. 15 cents extra must be sent to prepay postage and packing. Price, 50 cents. Postage and packing, 15 cents extra.

The "Favorite" Engine measures 6 inches in height.

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.

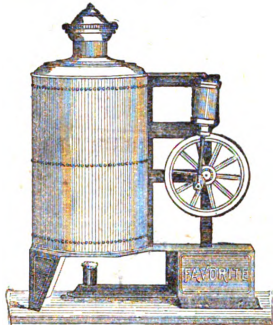
The essential parts are as perfect, and as carefully made, as in our larger and more expensive Engines.

The "Favorite" has sufficient power to run small toys.

Richly finished in red and gold colors.

Each Engine is thoroughly tested before being sent out.

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



UPRIGHT ENGINE, No. 4

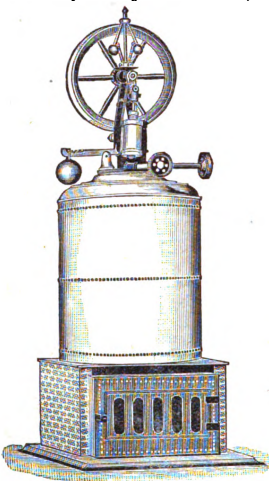
Given as a Premium for a Club of 5 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 2 Subscribers and 75 cents additional. Price, \$1.75. Postage and packing, 45 cents extra, whether secured as a Premium or purchased.

This Engine is larger, stronger and very much more elaborate than our Upright, No. 1.

It stands over 11 inches high. It has a rotating Governor—an entirely new feature. The Balance-wheel is large and heavy.

It has a double Boiler, giving economy in fuel and preventing loss of heat by radiation. It is richly finished in bronze, red and gold.

Each Engine is thoroughly tested before it is sent out. Price, \$1.75. Postage and packing, 45 cents extra.



UPRIGHT ENGINE, No. 1

Given as a Premium for a Club of 4 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 2 Subscribers and 50 cents additional. Price, \$1.00. Postage and packing, 30 cents extra, whether secured as a Premium or purchased.

A real, complete working machine. You can blow the whistle, or start and stop the Engine by opening and closing the throttle-valve, as in a large engine. It is both amusing and instructive. It is safe and easy to operate. It will run small toys and develop ingenuity. Every Engine is tested before it is sent out.

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

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

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



Price, \$1.00. Postage and packing, 30 cents extra.

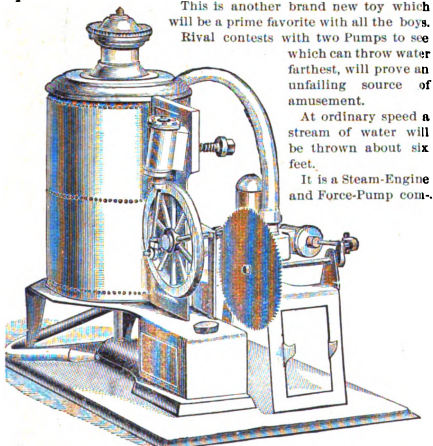
STEAM FORCE-PUMP

Given as a Premium for a Club of 3 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each and ten cents additional. Price, \$1.00. Postage and packing, 30 cents extra, whether secured as a Premium or purchased.

This is another brand new toy which will be a prime favorite with all the boys. Rival contests with two pumps to see which can throw water farthest, will prove an unending source of amusement.

At ordinary speed a stream of water will be thrown about six feet.

It is a Steam-Engine and Force-Pump combined.



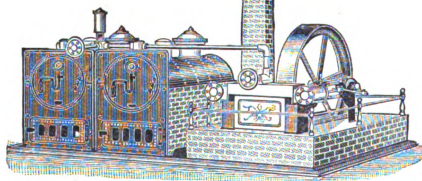
Suction-Hose, Leading-Hose and Nozzle are provided with each. Price, \$1.30, including cost of postage and packing.

DOUBLE MILL-ENGINE

Given as a Premium for a Club of 10 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 6 Subscribers and \$1.00 additional. Price, \$3.00. Sent by Express, charges to be paid by the receiver, whether secured as a Premium or purchased.

This Engine is just on the market, finest steam toy yet produced. It has two Boilers, two Lamps, two Safety-valves and Whistle. A steam pipe conveys steam through the throttle-valves. It is really made up of two complete respective Cylinders, Pistons, Crossing-rods, the latter being connected and so set that while one engine is pushing. This Engine is finished

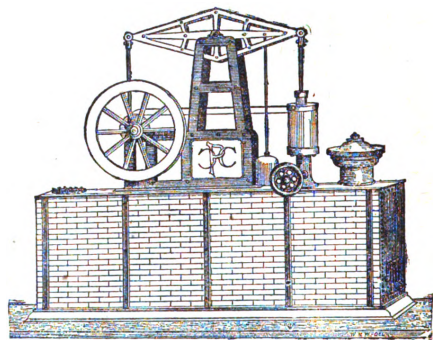
and is probably the most complete Valves, Steam-Dome the steam from both to the steam-chest, engines, with their heads and Connect-with the Crank-shaft, is pulling the other in bronze, scarlet,



gilt and black. Each one is thoroughly tested before being sent out. Price, \$3.00. Sent by Express, charges to be paid by the receiver.

BEAM ENGINE

Given as a Premium for a Club of 5 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 4 Subscribers and 25 cents additional; or, for 3 Subscribers and 50 cents additional. Postage and packing, 30 cents extra. Price, \$2.05, postpaid.



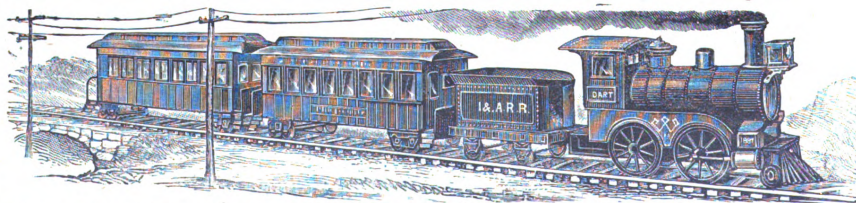
This has all the essential features of a Cornish Pumping Engine. The boiler is mounted in imitation of the usual brick setting, including iron stays and working furnace door for management of fires. The top of boiler is provided with manhole, gallow-frame with walking-beam, and filler with safety-valve. Instead of an oscillating cylinder, there has been arranged, as a special feature, a new device for the introduction of steam into a stationary, vertical cylinder, consisting of rocking-steam with valve rod, worked by an eccentric on the main shaft, the inlet of steam to the steam-chest being controlled by a screw throttle-valve.

Each Engine is thoroughly tested before being sent out. Price, \$1.75. Postage and packing, 30 cents extra.

STEAM LOCOMOTIVE AND TRAIN

Locomotive, Tender, Track, and one Passenger Car given as a Premium for a Club of 10 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 6 Subscribers and \$1.00 additional; or, for 5 Subscribers and \$1.25 additional. Price, \$3.00. Postage and Packing, 65 cents extra, whether secured as a Premium or purchased. If we can send it by prepaid Express at a lower price we shall do so, and return the balance.

Length of locomotive, 8 1/2 inches; height, 4 1/4 inches. Length of tender, 4 inches; height, 3 inches. Length of car, 10 inches; height, 4 inches. Length of complete train, 24 inches. Gauge of track, 2 3/16 inches. Runs on a track made of steel rails and wooden sleepers. Runs half an hour at each firing. Puffs the exhaust steam like a large locomotive. Runs eight times around track in one minute. No danger from explosion; safety-



The locomotive is complete in all its parts, and has all the essential features of a large locomotive, as well as an ornamental wheel guard, headlight, etc. It will run on a straight or curved track equally well. Our artist shows two cars to carry out his idea of a train; our offer includes one passenger car only and the tender. We can, however, furnish extra cars for 60 cents each, postpaid. The track packed with each locomotive is circular, and eleven feet around, but we can furnish any number of extra sleepers and rails, either straight or curved, so that any length of track may be constructed. Price, 4 1/2 cents per foot, postpaid. The track can be placed on the dining-room table, on the floor, or on a regular railroad embankment built in the yard. We can also furnish truck frames with wheels and axles fitted to track, so that flat, dump or box-cars can be made either from pasteboard or wood, and easily fitted at home. Price, 30 cents each, postpaid. Price of locomotive, tender, track and one car, \$3.00. For charges see above.

valve perfectly adjusted. A most fascinating and amusing steam toy. It will delight the old as well as the young. Richly finished in steel, bronze and polished brass. Perfect in design and workmanship. Every one fully tested by steam and guaranteed. Complete train with track securely packed in a wooden locked-corner box. Our cut here is an accurate representation of the locomotive standing on the track.

MAGIC LANTERN EXHIBITIONS

We sent out last year three times as many Magic Lanterns as we had previously used in any one year. This season we shall use a great many more. The reason is, we have found two Lanterns which surpass any other low-priced ones we have ever seen. The first one we call

Maglo Lantern No. 1

Given as a Premium for a Club of 3 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 2 Subscribers and 50 cents additional. Price, \$1.00. Sent by Express, charges to be paid by the receiver, whether purchased or secured as a Premium. This new Lantern of ours has a high illuminating power and is built upon an entirely new plan, strictly in accordance with Optical Laws. It is very convenient to operate, and has as a special feature a SCREW FOCAL ADJUSTMENT, so that by the use of the thumb and forefinger of one hand the pictures can be sharply defined with ease and precision. No danger of tipping the Lamp over. Has metal Chimney and powerful Lamp.

Slides

We furnish with each Lantern six (6) slides; but we also have a large variety of special slides, as follows: We can furnish first: Views of a miscellaneous character, 4 views on each slide, for 40 cents per dozen. Postage and packing, 20 cents extra per dozen. No order for less than one dozen received. Second: We furnish special slides in sets as follows: Little Red Riding Hood, Puss in Boots, Robinson Crusoe, Famous Men, Races of the Earth, Geology. These are in sets of twelve (12) slides each, 4 pictures on each slide. Price, 50 cents per dozen. Postage and packing, 20 cents extra per dozen. No order for



less than one dozen received. These sets of twelve (12) cannot be broken. Third: Mechanical Comic Transformation Slides mounted in Tin. All the boys know what these are, and no boy is half a showman who does not include in his Entertainment some of these funny pictures. Price, 35 cents per half dozen slides. Postage and packing, 10 cents extra per half dozen. Fourth: "The Chromatrope," in wooden frame; with a beautiful colored disk with its interesting kaleidoscopic changes, which is always the last slide in "THE SHOW." Price, 35 cents each, postpaid.

Our glass slides are sent out in partitioned cases of our own special design, and packed in fine sawdust. We rarely have a breakage. In ordering Slides, be careful to select just what you need. No Slides can be exchanged. Don't forget this!

Tickets of Admission and a Show-Bill are packed with each Lantern. A DESCRIPTIVE LECTURE is sent with each set of the special slides (Red Riding Hood, etc.); none go with those of a miscellaneous character.

Boys! Here is a chance for lots of fun during the long winter evenings, and an opportunity to make considerable pocket money. One boy may commit the Lecture to memory and assume the character of "showman" while another attends to the Lantern.

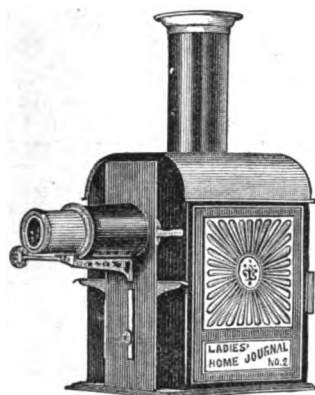
Magic Lantern No. 2

Is given as a Premium for a Club of 6 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 4 Subscribers and 50 cents additional; or, for 3 Subscribers and \$1.00 additional. Price, \$2.00. Must be sent by Express, charges to be paid by the receiver, whether purchased or secured as a Premium.

This is a thoroughly good Magic Lantern, by far superior to any we have ever seen at the price.

It has a high-power Burner and Fount, French Polished Condensing Lens and Metal Reflector.

The Slide-rest is adjustable, so that any width of slide can be used. This can be found on no other Lantern. The Rack and Pinion focusing adjustment has hitherto been found on the highest-priced Stereopticons only. In place of the bungling and uncertain method of getting the right focus by sliding the Tube (which always sticks) in and out by hand, with the thumb and forefinger of the right hand the proper adjustment is easily and precisely obtained.



This Lantern is this season's production, and will undoubtedly prove a very great success, as it is certain to give entire satisfaction.

Admission Tickets and a Show-bill and 6 Slides sent with each Lantern.

Price, \$2.00. Sent by Express, charges to be paid by the receiver.

STEAM PILE-DRIVER

Sent postpaid as a Premium for a Club of 5 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 3 Subscribers and 50 cents additional. Price, \$1.00. Postage and packing, 30 cents extra.

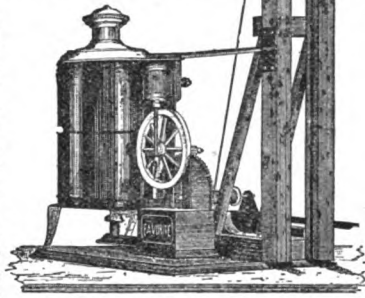
A perfect working model of the machine used around canals, docks, railroad bridges, etc. It stands twelve inches high. On the main shaft of the engine a pinion runs in a large gear-wheel on the winding-drum, with a shipper-lever, which throws

the winch in and out of gear without stopping the engine.

The hammer is raised by the action of the engine, which winds the rope on the drum, and at the top the gripper jaws are opened automatically and the hammer falls, striking a blow sufficient to drive small piles six inches long.

The shipper is then used, the gripper descends and catches the hammer again and the blow is repeated as often as desired. It is a very interesting and instructive toy.

Price, \$1.30, including cost of postage and packing.



THE POLYOPTICON

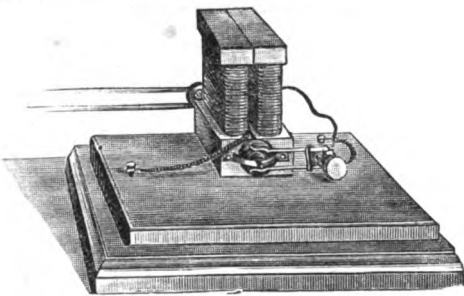
Given as a Premium for a Club of 15 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 10 Subscribers and \$1.25 additional; or, for 6 Subscribers and \$2.25 additional. Price, \$4.25. Sent only by Express, charges to be paid by the receiver.

This is a wonderful invention, whereby views from Newspapers, Magazines and Book Illustrations, Portraits, Comic Cuts, Photographs, Chromo Cards, IN ALL THEIR COLORS, Flowers, etc., can be thrown on a screen in the parlor, enlarged many times.

Over 200 pictures are given with each Polyopticon. Price, \$4.25. Sent by Express, charges to be paid by the receiver

ELECTRIC MOTOR

Sent postpaid as a Premium for a Club of 6 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 3 Subscribers and 75 cents additional. Price, \$1.50, postpaid.



The greatest novelty in mechanical toys. A source of infinite amusement and of the greatest educational value to a youth, especially when taken in conjunction with the treatise on Dynamic Electricity which we send with each.

It is a perfect working miniature dynamo, complete with its batteries, field-magnets, armatures, commutators, brushes and driving shaft. "Two teaspoonfuls of water" is all that is necessary to start it for a five-hours' run at a speed of 1200 revolutions per minute. New battery-pads at a nominal cost. No danger, shocks, fire or acids. One of the leading scientists of this century pronounced it the "Wonder of the Age."

Price, \$1.50, including cost of postage and packing.

OUR FISHING OUTFIT FOR THE BOYS

Given as a Premium for a Club of 4 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 2 Subscribers and 50 cents additional. Price, \$1.10. Postage and packing, 30 cents extra, whether secured as a Premium or purchased. (See remarks below regarding ordering it by Express.)

This Outfit for trout and bass fishing is one of which any boy might be justly proud. The Rod is of genuine Calcutta Bamboo, 12 1/2 feet long, in three joints, with double Brass Ferrules. The balance of the Outfit consists of 1 Brass Balance Reel, with screw handle and raised pillars. Braided Hse-thread Line, 25 yards long; 1/2 dozen long-shank Carlisle Hooks, for Trout, and 1/2 dozen Bass Hooks on double-twisted gut; one varnished Quill-top Float, and an assortment of Artificial Trout Flies. We put these Outfits up here in our own workrooms, and will recommend and guarantee them in every particular. The Rod is made 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.

Price, \$1.40, postpaid. A similar Outfit cannot be purchased for the same money at any retail store in the country.

Poles by mail will measure only eleven or twelve feet long. For \$1.10 (or, 4 Yearly Subscribers) we will send the Outfit by Express, charges to be paid by the receiver, with longer and heavier poles. Packages over four feet long cannot be mailed.



A UNIQUE TOY

A pair sent, postpaid, as a Premium for a Club of 2 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each. Price, 25 cents each, postpaid.

The "Wizard Bubble-Blower" is a brand new Toy. When the small boy gets out his mother's washbasin and his father's clay pipe, and starts into business with a can of soap and a gill of water, there is sure to be fun on foot. But when the same small boy, with one of these new toys, succeeds in blowing a large bubble with one, or even two, smaller ones inside; balloon bubbles, whole chains of them and lots of new and strange things hitherto unheard of, his delight is unmeasured. Just the thing for Bubble Parties. Fun and enjoyment for old as well as young. A sheet of full and explicit instructions sent with each. Price, 25 cents each, postpaid.



THREE-DRAW, 12-LINE ACHROMATIC TELESCOPE

Given as a Premium for a Club of 7 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 3 Subscribers and \$1.00 additional. Price, \$2.60. Postage and packing, 15 cents extra, whether purchased or secured as a Premium.

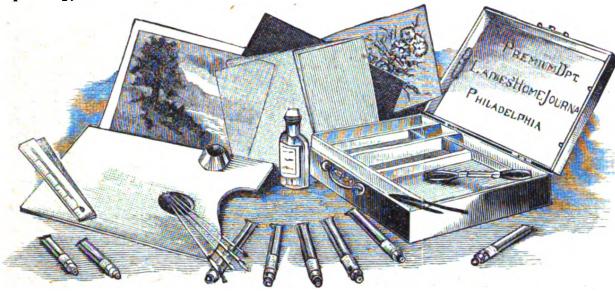
Length, when extended, 16 inches. Length, when closed, 6 inches.



The lenses in this Telescope are Achromatic, and objects seen through them are very clearly defined. The extension tubes are of Polished Brass, and the body is covered with French Morocco. Packed in a neat cloth-covered case. We warrant every one we send out, and guarantee it will give the utmost satisfaction. A handy companion for a stay at the sea-shore, or a trip to the mountains. Price, \$2.65, postpaid.

THE YOUNG ARTIST'S SKETCHING-BOX

Given as a Premium for a Club of 5 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 3 Subscribers and 50 cents additional. Postage and packing, 25 cents extra. Price, \$1.65, postpaid.



This Outfit consists of: Polished Wooden Box with Brass Handle, containing Wood Palette, Tin Palett-cup, 8 selected Artists' Oil-Colors in tubes, 1 bottle Pale Drying-oil, 2 Flat Bristle Brushes, 2 Round Fitch-Hair Brushes, 1 Brass Crayon-Holder, 2 pieces Oil Sketching-Paper, 1 piece each of Impression and Tracing-Paper and 12-inch Folding Rule. We also send a collection of Colored Studies mounted on card-board. This box is put up for our special use, and the materials are such as we can recommend. The Colors are those we keep in stock, which are first-class.
Price, \$1.65, postpaid.

DECORATIVE ART COLOR BOX

Moist Water-Colors

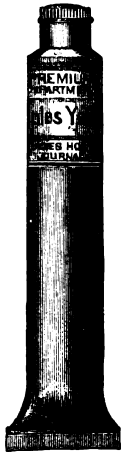
Sent, postpaid, as a Premium for a Club of 2 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each. Price, 40 cents, postpaid.



To any one desiring a reliable set of Water-Colors we can offer this box of first quality French Moist Water-Colors, of which we here give a representation. The box is of Tin, japanned black on the outside and white on the inside. The lid of the box is arranged in six mixing-trays, and, when open, affords ample room for mixing the paints. A ring in the bottom of the box itself, permits of the box being held in the hand and conveniently used as a palette. There are twelve colors in the assortment, each inclosed in a tin tray. Three good brushes, of different sizes, complete the set. With each box we send a sheet of instructions regarding the using of colors, and the mixing and blending of tints. Boxes of this character are usually retailed at 50 cents each.
Our price, 40 cents, including cost of postage and packing.

OIL-COLORS IN TUBES

One dozen tubes sent, postpaid, as a Premium for a Club of 4 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 2 Subscribers and 50 cents additional. Price, 10 cents per tube; or \$1.00 per dozen, postpaid. Selections may be made from the following:



- | | |
|--------------------|------------------------|
| American Vermilion | Light Naples Yellow |
| Indian Red | Medium Naples Yellow |
| Light Red | Deep Naples Yellow |
| Rose Pink | Gamboge |
| Brown Pink | Chrome Green, No. 1 |
| Brown Ochre | Chrome Green, No. 2 |
| Venetian Red | Olive Lake |
| Crimson Lake | Emerald Green |
| Carmine Lake | Zinnober Green, Light |
| Geranium Lake | Zinnober Green, Medium |
| Scarlet Lake | Zinnober Green, Dark |
| Purple Lake | Vandyke Brown |
| Prussian Blue | Sepia |
| Indigo | Mauve |
| Permanent Blue | Neutral Tint |
| New Blue | Cremnitz White |
| Chinese Blue | Flake White |
| Antwerp Blue | Zinc White |
| Burnt Sienna | Ivory Black |
| Burnt Umber | Cork Black |
| Raw Sienna | Blue Black |
| Raw Umber | Lamp Black |
| Chrome Yellow | Megilp |
| Medium Chrome | Chrome Orange |
| Deep Chrome | Brilliant Yellow |
| | Yellow Lake |
| | Yellow Ochre |

Price, \$1.00 per dozen, postpaid; in quantities less than one dozen, 10 cents per tube, postpaid.

OUR NEW OUTFIT FOR OIL PAINTING

Given as a Premium for a Club of 12 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 8 Subscribers and \$1.00 additional; or, for 5 Subscribers and \$1.75 additional. Price, \$3.50. Must be sent by Express, charges to be paid by the receiver, whether secured as a Premium or purchased.

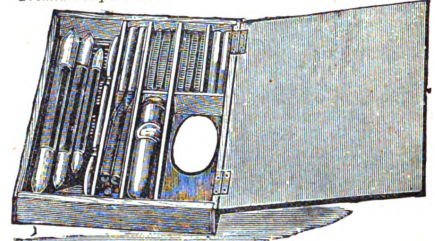


This outfit includes a most complete assortment of materials for Oil Painting, all of which we can recommend as being first-class in quality. The box is of Japanned Tin, size 6x11 inches and 1 1/2 inches deep. The details of the Outfit are—12 tubes of Winsor & Newton's finely prepared Oil-Colors, Mahogany Palette, Palett-Knife, Bottles of Rectified Spirits-of-Turpentine and Pale Drying-Oil, Tracing and Transfer-Papers, 4 Artists' Sable and Bristle Brushes, Badger Blender, Japanned Tin Palette Cup, 1 Academy Board and 4 Colored Studies.

The regular retail price of this Outfit in all art supply stores is \$4.00. We can supply it for \$3.50. Sent by Express, charges to be paid by the receiver.

PALETTE CRAYON BOX

Given as a Premium for a Club of 5 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 3 Subscribers and 50 cents additional. Price, \$1.25. Postage and packing, 15 cents extra, whether secured as a Premium or purchased.



This Box contains Conté Square Black Crayons, White Crayons, 1 bottle Velour Sauce Crayon, Paper Stamps, Leather Stamps, White and Gray Tortillon Stamps and Brass Porte-Crayon. The lid of the Box is covered inside with Chamomile Leather for stamping, and the Thumb-hole is so arranged that the Box may be held on the hand as comfortably and conveniently as the ordinary palette.
A complete Crayon Outfit for students, schools of art, etc., which will be appreciated by those interested in crayon work.
Price, \$1.40, including cost of postage and packing.

FOUR-FOLD JAPANESE SCREENS

Given as a Premium for a club of 10 Yearly Subscribers, at \$1.00 each; or, for 11 Subscribers and \$2.00 additional. Price, \$5.00. Sent by Freight, charges to be paid by the receiver.

Lack of space prevents our showing a cut of these elegant screens which we guarantee to be of superior quality. They are 5 feet long, 4 1/4 feet high. Gilt bullion embroidery in relief on a ground of fine black cloth, with a gilt and white border. The reverse is in gilt and colors. The frames are black lacquer, with brass corners. We import them from Japan, and feel sure they will please all who secure them.
Price, \$5.00 each. Sent by Freight, receiver to pay the charges.

WONDERFUL KALEIDOSCOPE

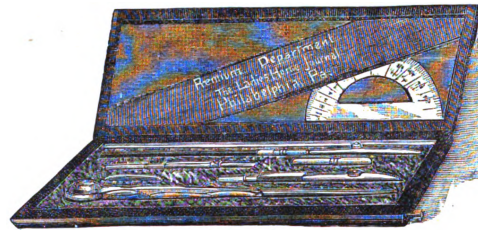
Given as a Premium for a Club of 7 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 3 Subscribers and \$1.00 additional. Price, \$2.25. Sent by Express, charges to be paid by the receiver, whether purchased or secured as a Premium.



Every one recognizes in the Kaleidoscope an inexhaustible source of entertainment. The one we offer is specially convenient and desirable as a parlor ornament. The cells contain a varied collection of brilliantly-colored solid and fluid objects, presenting, by a revolution of the brass object cell, an ever-changing number of elaborate designs. The regular retail price of this particular Kaleidoscope is \$3.00. We offer it for \$2.25. Sent by Express, charges to be paid by the receiver.

NICKEL-PLATED DRAWING INSTRUMENTS

Sent, postpaid, as a Premium for a Club of 3 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each, and 15 cents additional. Price, 85 cents, postpaid.



This Set of Instruments is manufactured in Europe to our order, and put up specially for our use. We guarantee it to be very superior in every respect. They are of Brass, Nickel-plated. The Dividers are fitted with removable steel needle-points. The Pens are of a new patented variety. Adjustable Lead-holder. Both Pen and Pencil parts are jointed. The Set is packed in a velvet-lined box, of a special pattern, which is closed with a rod passing sideways through the box. The box closed is only 3/8 of an inch in thickness and 2 1/2 inches wide, and is made to permit of its being conveniently carried in the pocket. We offer it as the best low-priced Set of Instruments in the country. By reason of the greatly increased foreign importation duty the cost this year, to us, is much higher; our selling price, however, will not be changed.
Price, 85 cents, postpaid.

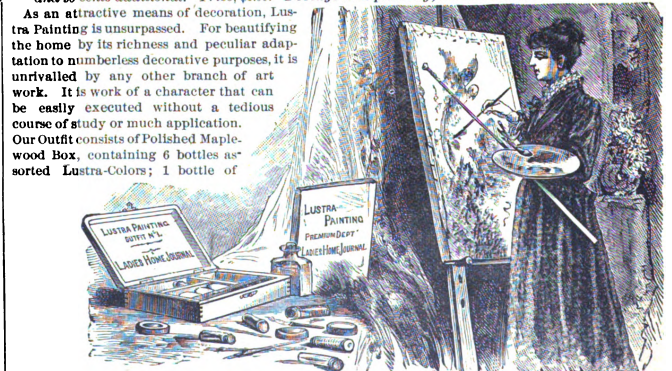
FOUNTAIN PEN

Given as a Premium for a Club of 7 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 5 Subscribers and 50 cents additional; or, for 3 Subscribers and \$1.00 additional. Price, \$1.75, postpaid.

The Pen we offer, we have tested by practice use, and believe it to be as successful a working Fountain Pen 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. We unconditionally guarantee every Pen, and will 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. Our price, \$1.75, postpaid.

LUSTRA PAINTING OUTFIT

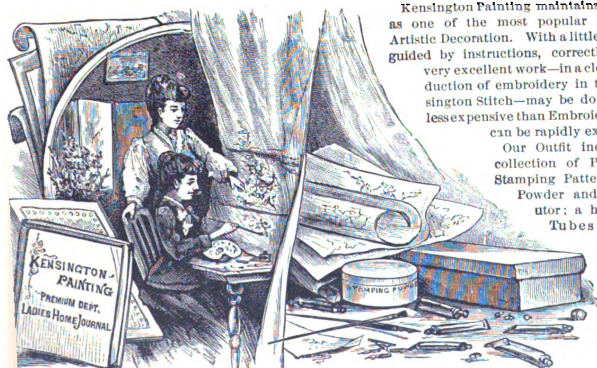
Sent, postpaid, as a Premium for a Club of 4 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 2 Subscribers and 50 cents additional. Price, \$1.00. Postage and packing, 15 cents extra.



As an attractive means of decoration, Lustra Painting is unsurpassed. For beautifying the home by its richness and peculiar adaptation to numberless decorative purposes, it is unrivalled by any other branch of art work. It is work of a character that can be easily executed without a tedious course of study or much application. Our Outfit consists of Polished Maple-wood Box, containing 6 bottles assorted Lustra-Colors; 1 bottle of

KENSINGTON PAINTING OUTFIT

Sent, postpaid, as a Premium for a Club of 3 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 2 Subscribers and 25 cents additional. Price, \$1.00, postpaid.



Kensington Painting maintains its place as one of the most popular forms of Artistic Decoration. With a little practice guided by instructions, correctly given, very excellent work—in a close reproduction of embroidery in the Kensington Stitch—may be done. It is less expensive than Embroidery, and can be rapidly executed. Our Outfit includes a collection of Perforated Stamping Patterns, with Powder and Distributor; a half-dozen Tubes of Oil

ors, and a Brush; 4 Kensington Painting-Pens; a Felt Banner, stamped and all ready for painting. We also send an Illustrated Manual of Instructions. Price of Outfit, \$1.00, postpaid. Price of extra tubes of Kensington Oil-Colors, ten cents, each.

Medium; 3 China Mixing-cups and an assortment of Camel's-hair Brushes. We also send an Illustrated Manual of Instructions. Price, \$1.15, postpaid. Extra bottles of Lustra-Colors, and Fillers in all Colors (for Iridescent and Brocade Painting) 15 cents each, postpaid.

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL CARPET SWEEPER

MANUFACTURED BY THE BISSELL CARPET SWEEPER CO., GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

Given as a Premium for a Club of 7 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 5 Subscribers and 50 cents additional; or, for 3 Subscribers and \$1.00 additional. Price, \$2.50. Sent by Express, charges to be paid by the receiver, whether secured as a Premium, or purchased.

This Sweeper is a handsome one, being hand-decorated, and finished in Cherry or natural Walnut, making it an ornamental article of furniture.

It contains the following features, comprising all that has yet been invented to add to a sweeper's utility or convenience:



The celebrated broom movement, which makes the Sweeper self-adjusting to any carpet, and to light and heavy sweeping. On an Ingrain carpet, where all the dirt lies on top, it makes no attempt to dig into the carpet: when it touches a Brussels or a Moquette the pliable bristles force their way between the threads, taking out every particle of dirt without raising dust. Four Rubber-tired Wheels, of a size sufficient to impart a constant, steady motion to the brush, and to prevent all rattle and noise. The Rubber Furniture Protector. A Pure Bristle Brush, set in such a manner that it is impossible for threads to wind up on the bearings and stop it. A New and Convenient Spring Dump,

operating both pans at a time with the greatest ease, and preventing the covering of One's self with dust in emptying.

The price is \$2.50. Sent by Express, charges to be paid by the receiver. In order to save money for those of our subscribers who order these Sweepers, we carry a stock here in Philadelphia, and another at the factory in Michigan, and we ship from the point nearest the town from which we receive the order.

STEAMLESS AND ODORLESS COOKER With Iron Base

Given as a Premium for a Club of 7 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 4 Subscribers and 75 cents additional; or, for 3 Subscribers and \$1.00 additional. Price, \$2.75. Must be sent by Express or Freight, the receiver to pay the charges.



With this Steam-Cooker neither steam nor odor escapes into the house—both pass into the stove, and so up the chimney. It can be very conveniently handled, and will do the work of several iron kettles. It is easy to clean. We consider it one of the most practical and useful household inventions we have ever seen, as it can be used as a common Boiling-Kettle and Steam-Cooker at the same time.

We have given this Cooker a practical cooking test, and can

confidently recommend it. Twenty quarts capacity. Price, including one tin extension, \$2.75, by Express or Freight, charges to be paid by the receiver.

A FRUIT, WINE AND JELLY-PRESS

Given as a Premium for a Club of 10 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 6 Subscribers and \$1.00 additional. Price, \$2.25. Sent only by Freight, charges to be paid by the receiver.

For seeding and extracting juice from all fruits and berries.

With this Press can be extracted the juices from strawberries, raspberries, cranberries, huckleberries, gooseberries, elderberries, blackberries, cherries, currants, peaches, plums, tomatoes, pineapples, pears, quinces, grapes, apples, etc.



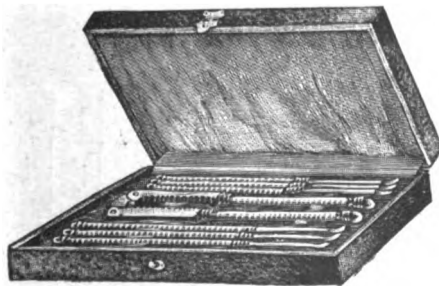
The seeds and skins are discharged perfectly dry. Nothing is wasted!

Wines, jellies, fruit-butters and sirups can be made from anything that has juice.

Can be used as a perfectly satisfactory Lard Press. Price, \$2.25. These Presses must go by Freight: the charges are to be paid by the receiver.

NUT-PICKS AND NUT-CRACKER IN A PLUSH CASE

Given as a Premium for a Club of 4 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 2 Subscribers and 50 cents additional. Postage and packing, 20 cents extra. Price, \$1.35, postpaid.

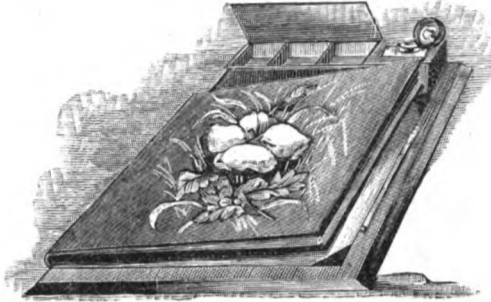


This is a new and very handsome Nut Set, including Cracker and 6 Picks. They are of steel, nickel-plated and embossed as shown in the cut. The case is of Silk Plush, lined with Satin. Price, \$1.35, including cost of postage and packing.

WRITING-TABLET

Given as a Premium for a Club of 3 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 2 Subscribers and 25 cents additional. Price, 90 cents. Sent by Express, charges to be paid by the receiver, whether secured as a Premium or purchased.

This Writing-Tablet is our own importation. It is of a generous size and very convenient. Well made and covered with silk-finish cloth. The cover is hinged at the side, as shown in the cut. It has



the usual compartments for holding envelopes, paper and letters, and the writing surface is fitted with a blotting-pad. At the top is an inkstand and three small compartments for pens, stamps, etc., with an ornamental Penholder in a sheath at the side.

In appearance the Tablet is most attractive. The ornamentation covering the entire top of cover and pen-boxes is hand-painted—not stenciled or stamped.

Price, packed in a wooden case, 90 cents. Sent only by Express, charges to be paid by the receiver.

CHATELAINE BAG

Given as a Premium for a Club of 2 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each. Postage and packing, 10 cents extra. Price, 70 cents, postpaid.



Chataleine Bags appear to be as popular with the ladies as ever, and no wonder; they are among the most convenient of all articles ever adopted for ladies' use, and few who have once worn one would care to set forth on a shopping tour without it. The one we offer is well made of Leather, in imitation of "Ooze Calf." The trimmings are Nickel-plated, oxidize finish.

By means of the hook at the top the bag can be worn at the waist, or, by detaching it, carried as an ordinary hand-bag.

Price, 70 cents, including cost of postage and packing.

ROYALOOZE COIN-PURSE

Sent, postpaid, as a Premium for a Club of 2 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each. Price, 55 cents, postpaid.

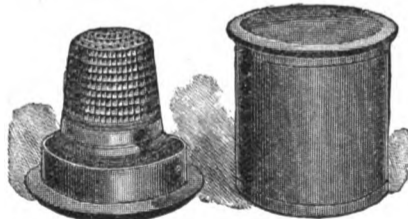
We have selected this Purse from a large variety, as being the most desirable and the best value. The material is "Royal Ooze Calf," the finest quality made. Spring lid in Oxidized Silver-plate; chain and ring to match; can be worn as a chataleine, or carried, by the finger-ring, in the hand. This kind of a Coin-Purse is not only very convenient—it is quite fashionable, and will be carried a great deal during the coming season.

Sells in stores for 75 cents. Our price, including postage, 55 cents.



GOLD THIMBLE AND CASE

Sent, postpaid, as a Premium for a Club of 3 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 2 Subscribers and 25 cents additional. Price, 90 cents, postpaid.



The Thimble we offer is of 10 karat gold. It is formed of two layers of SOLID GOLD and between them a lining, or stiffening. The gold is much thicker where the wear comes. 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, 90 cents, postpaid, for Thimble and case; price of Thimble alone, 55 cents, postpaid. Be careful to give correct size.

ENAMELED LOCKET No. 3137

Sent, postpaid, as a Premium for a Club of 6 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 3 Subscribers and 75 cents additional. Price, \$1.75, postpaid.

This Locket is of Silver, hand-engraved. The settings are Seed Pearls and Rubies in this season's most popular design—the fleur-de-lis—on a ground of black enamel, shot with hand-cut silver bars.

Price, \$1.75, postpaid.



ENGRAVED LOCKET No. 2408

Sent, postpaid, as a Premium for a Club of 7 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 4 Subscribers and 75 cents additional. Price, \$2.00, postpaid.

We guarantee this Locket to be of the very best quality of gold-plate. The design is hand-engraved.

A very pretty locket, suitable for wear either at the neck, or, as a charm on a watch-chain.

Price, \$2.00, postpaid.



A NOVEL WALL-POCKET

Given as a Premium for a Club of 4 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 2 Subscribers and 50 cents additional. Price, \$1.25. Must be sent by Express, charges to be paid by the receiver, whether purchased or secured as a Premium.

New goods—new idea. This combines all the utility of a capacious Wall-Pocket, with the beauty of a fine line Engraving in a massive Carved Frame. When folded flat against the wall there is nothing to indicate the Wall-Pocket. The pictures are very fine, and the subjects pleasing. They are under glass. The Frames are of Polished Oak—3 inches deep. The picture itself, inside the frame, measures 12 1/4 x 9 1/2 inches. The outside Frame measures 18 1/2 x 15 1/2 inches.



Price, \$1.25. Sent by Express, charges to be paid by the receiver.

PLUSH-CASED CLOCK

Given as a Premium for a Club of 7 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 5 Subscribers and 50 cents additional; or, for 3 Subscribers and \$1.00 additional. Price, \$2.00. Must be sent by Express, charges to be paid by the receiver, whether purchased or secured as a Premium.



New goods, made especially to our order. The Case (10 x 8 1/2 inches) is beveled, and covered with Silk Plush. The ornamental metal work we can recommend as being an unusually good imitation of Frosted Silver. This Clock is sure to be a great favorite. Price, \$2.00. By Express, charges to be paid by the receiver.

DRESSING-TABLE CLOCK

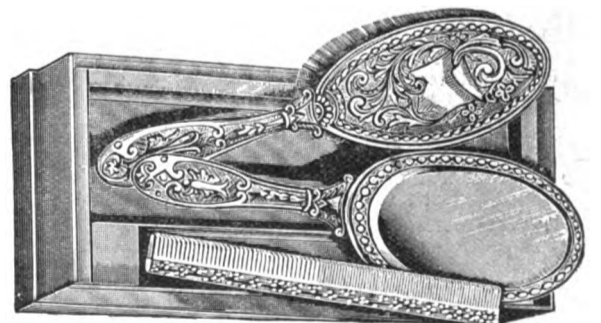
Given as a Premium for a Club of 5 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 3 Subscribers and 50 cents additional. Sent 10 cents extra for postage. Price, postpaid, \$1.50.



This dainty little Time-piece is specially adapted for a place in a lady's boudoir. The case is nickel, front and back, and the sides glass. Clocks of this character are seldom manufactured to sell at anything like a reasonable price, and this is a decided innovation. Fine steel-cut pinion movement, and the manufacturer who makes it for us warrants it to us as a good Time-keeper. Price, \$1.50, postpaid.

SILVER BRUSH AND COMB SET

Given as a Premium for a Club of 8 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 6 Subscribers and 50 cents additional; or, for 4 Subscribers and \$1.00 additional. Price, \$2.40. Sent by Express, charges to be paid by the receiver, whether secured as a Premium or purchased.



This is a very desirable Set. The backs of all the pieces are Silver-plated, and the embossed designs are very handsome. The Bristles in the Brush are of good quality; the Comb is Celluloid, the Mirror Bevel-plate. The whole is packed in a neat box. This Set is usually retailed at \$3.00; our price is \$2.40. Sent by Express, charges (which will be light) to be paid by the receiver.

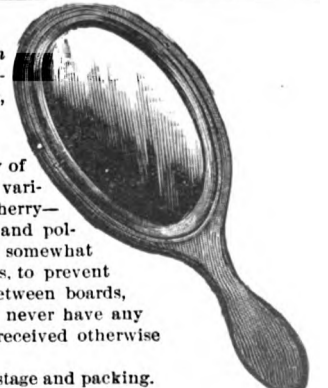
HAND-MIRROR

Sent, postpaid, as a Premium for a Club of 2 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each. Price, 65 cents, postpaid.

Size, 10 x 4 inches.

The glass is of a good quality of bevel plate. The frames are of various woods—Walnut, Oak and Cherry—and are beautifully finished and polished. As these Mirrors are somewhat liable to damage in the mails, to prevent breakage we pack each one between boards, and in such a manner that we never have any complaint about their being received otherwise than in perfect condition.

Price, 65 cents, including postage and packing.



A RARE CHANCE FOR MUSICIANS AND MUSIC LOVERS

Everybody likes good music as well as good books, but while books can now be everywhere secured at a very moderate cost, good music is seldom offered at anything like reasonable prices.



ing them to order of the publisher, from a catalogue of thousands (also furnished)—

ANY PIECE OF MUSIC FOR NINE CENTS!

Think of the Overtures to Tannhauser (\$1.50), William Tell (\$1.50), and Sonnambula (\$1.00) for nine cents each!

Ordinary miscellaneous Sheet Music, not in the special catalogue, can be ordered at half the regular price; and Music-Albums, Books on Music, etc., can be secured at a discount on the regular rates.

Our subscribers will be prompt to recognize in the above, not an advertisement of uncertain character, but one of our own Premium Offers, which may be accepted with confidence.

A Club of 3 Yearly Subscribers to THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL secures as a Premium the privileges above set forth.

Be particularly careful to state whether you wish your monthly music to be Vocal or Instrumental.

MUSIC-BINDER

Sent, postpaid, as a Premium for a Club of 3 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each. Price, 50 cents. Postage and packing, 35 cents extra.



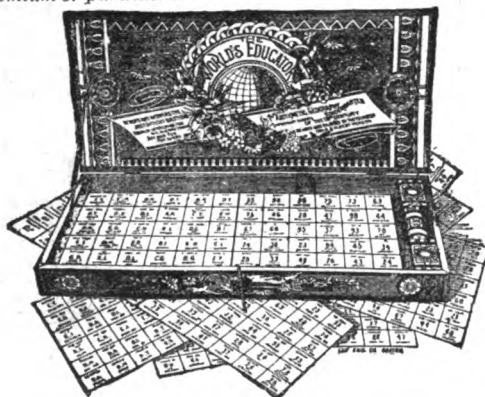
This Music-Binder differs from all others now in the market by reason of the entirely new method employed in the binding.

and replaced without disturbing any other portion of its contents. Thus preserved, music cannot be lost, torn or soiled, and each piece can readily be found when wanted.

Price, 85 cents, postpaid (packed in boards).

THE WORLD'S EDUCATOR

Given as a Premium for a Club of 3 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 2 Subscribers and 25 cents additional. Price, \$1.00. Postage and packing, 30 cents extra, whether secured as a Premium or purchased.



Size of Box, 15 inches long, 7 inches wide.

We know of nothing in the way of a game, from which the same amount of instruction can be derived, or which will impart it so pleasantly.

Price, \$1.00. Postage and packing, 30 cents extra.

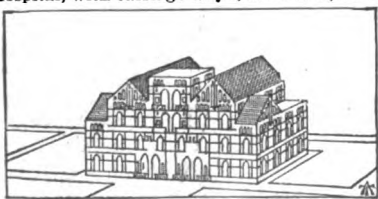
BUILDING BLOCKS

THAT ARE NOT ONLY TOYS FOR CHILDREN, BUT A FUND OF AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION FOR GROWN PERSONS.

Given as a Premium for a Club of 3 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 2 Subscribers and 25 cents additional. Price, 75 cents. Postage and packing, 30 cents extra, whether purchased or secured as a Premium.

With each Set we send a Manual of Instructions, and Plans for Fourteen Buildings.

One set will build—palace with central gateway, school-house, penitentiary, triumphal gateway, art-gallery, museum, seminary; university, with tower for observatory; cathedral, with west towers; hospital, with carriage ways; town-hall, club-house, railway-station.



COLLEGE.

do not upset. The set consists of 24 pieces, each piece being a section of a rectangular building, and while plans and instructions are given for only fourteen buildings, an almost infinite number may be constructed.

The toy is fascinating for an intelligent child, and one which affords an inexhaustible fund of amusement, and is highly instructive.

We have secured the entire stock of these Blocks from the manufacturer, and as no more will be made when our present supply is exhausted we cannot duplicate them.

Price, 75 cents; and 30 cents additional for postage and packing.

LEATHER MUSIC-WRAPPER



Sent, postpaid, as a Premium for a Club of 4 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 2 Subscribers and 50 cents additional.

Full size; one piece of flexible Morocco, cloth-lined, with handle, strap and buckle. Retail in stores for \$1.25.

Our price, \$1.00, including postage and packing.

LEATHER MUSIC-ROLL



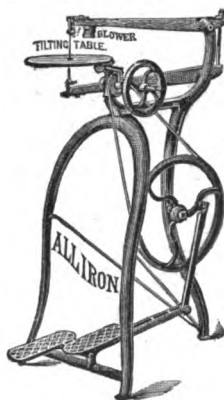
Sent, postpaid, as a Premium for a Club of 3 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 2 Subscribers and 25 cents additional.

Well and stoutly made of the strongest board, covered with Morocco; with strap; full size. Such a Roll as sells in the music stores for \$1.00.

Our price, 80 cents, including postage and packing.

FOOT POWER SCROLL-SAW

Given as a Premium for a Club of 12 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 8 Subscribers and \$1.00 additional; or, for 5 Subscribers and \$1.75 additional. Price, \$3.50. Must be sent by Express or Freight, charges to be paid by the receiver.



The entire frame-work is of iron, japanned black and striped with red. The Arbors, etc., are of steel, carefully gauged and fitted to their bearings.

Each machine has an Automatic Dust-Blower and a Rotary Drill.

The Tilting Table is arranged for inlaying work, and is a very desirable feature.

Each machine is securely boxed, and we send the necessary tools for setting up and running the same. Price, \$3.50. Sent by Freight or Express, the receiver to pay the charges.

COLLAR-BOX CUFF-BOX AND GLOVE-BOX

Given as a Premium for a Club of 2 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each. Postage and packing, 10 cents extra. Price, 65 cents, postpaid.



tion of antique leather—a most acceptable present for either a lady or gentleman. We have used many thousand sets.

The price at which we sell the three pieces is very low—65 cents, postpaid. We cannot break the Set.

HANDY TOOLS FOR USE IN THE HOUSEHOLD

Sent, postpaid, as a Premium for a Club of 4 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 2 Subscribers and 50 cents additional. Price, \$1.00, postpaid.

A most convenient and useful article for wives and daughters, as well as for men and boys.

These Tool-handles are made of Rosewood, with Lignumvite Cap, highly polished and of beautiful appearance. The ferrule and jaws are heavily Nickel-Plated.

There are numerous other sets of tools made in imitation of this one, but they are of inferior quality. The Tools we use are made for service, and we will guarantee them to give the greatest satisfaction.

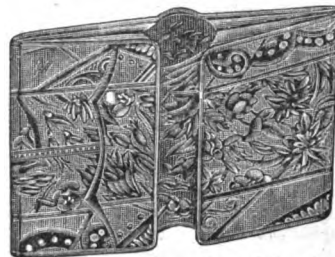
The Steel jaws will hold perfectly, not only the Tools contained in the hollow handle, but all other things from a needle to a mill-file. No other Tool-Handle in the market will do this. It answers the purpose of a small Hand-Vise.

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. The Jaws in the handle shut over the shoulders of the tools so as to make it impossible to pull them out when in use. The handle measures 6 1/2 inches in length. The saw Blade (which can not be shown full-sized in the cut) is 7 inches in length. Price of Handle and 10 Tools, \$1.00, postpaid.

EMBOSSSED LEATHER CARD-CASE

Sent, postpaid, as a Premium for a Club of 2 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each. Price, 65 cents, postpaid.

Well made, good quality Leather. Two compartments for visiting cards and two smaller spaces for postage stamps, etc. The entire book, inside and out, is finely embossed in artistic designs. It is suitable for either a lady or gentleman.



Ordered at the same time with the Copper Card-Plate and Fifty Cards (see offer below) the price of the Card Case is 50 cents, postpaid.

Price of Card-Case when ordered alone, 65 cents, postpaid.

ENGRAVED COPPER CARD-PLATE AND FIFTY PRINTED CARDS

Given as a Premium for a Club of 4 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each. Price, \$1.85. Postage and packing, 10 cents extra, whether secured as a Premium or purchased.

There is but one correct Visiting Card—that printed from a Copper Plate, and every lady should have her own plate.

The plates we furnish are the best. The workmanship cannot be surpassed. The Cards are of the finest "Wedding Bristol." The styles of lettering are many. We will select the letter, or, on receipt of your order, mail you a sample sheet of styles for your own selection. We then mail you the Engraved Plate and Fifty Printed Cards. In sending copy write the name and the address VERY PLAINLY (if you wish an address, it will be extra).

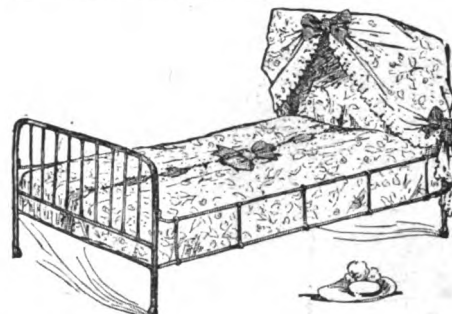
Price of Plate, with one engraved line, and Fifty printed Cards, \$1.25. Postage and packing, 10 cents extra.

This price, and Premium offer, is for one line only. Additional lines on plate, 40 cents extra, each. Additional Fifty cards, 50 cents.

Price of Plate, Fifty Cards and Embossed Leather Card-Case, if ordered at the same time, \$1.85, postpaid.

FOLDING DOLL'S BED—POLISHED BRASS

Given as a Premium for a Club of 3 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each; or, for 2 Subscribers and 25 cents additional. Price, 80 cents. Sent by Express, charges to be paid by the receiver, whether secured as a Premium or purchased.



A never-failing delight for all the year round. It will last a child the lifetime of many dolls. Made to fold into a flat package.

Made of best Brass Wire, securely riveted by a patent process. Size, 11 x 18 inches.

The Express charges on the Bedstead are light, as it does not make a bulky package—25 cents to 35 cents will pay the Express charges to any reasonable distance.

We have this same Bedstead in Tinned Wire, instead of Brass, which we will give as a Premium for a Club of 2 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each. Price, 50 cents. Must be sent by Express, charges to be paid by the receiver, whether secured as a Premium or purchased.

This Bedstead is the same in all respects and measurement as the other, differing only in the material.

The above offers are for the Bedsteads alone. We can furnish a Mattress and a pair of Pillows for 50 cents additional

BRITANNIA TEA-SET

Given as a Premium for a Club of 2 Yearly Subscribers at \$1.00 each. Price, 50 cents. Postage and packing, 20 cents extra, whether secured as a Premium or purchased.

Very pretty in design; brightly polished and very hard to break; teapot is 3 1/2 inches high—other pieces in proportion.

WILL COST YOU NOTHING TO LOOK!

CORNISH

When you see this advertisement write to us at once for our new 1921 CATALOGUE, Organ or Piano, say which. JUST PUBLISHED. The Handsomest Catalogue of Musical Instruments in the World. Specially Designed for CORNISH & CO. by a renowned artist. CHARMING SOUVENIR. Illustrated in fancy colors by a new process.

CORNISH AND PIANOS have determined to introduce in every part of the civilized world where not already sold, and with that end in view, beg leave to submit the following offer—which is the most liberal ever made—for the consideration of the American Public, who always appreciate a genuine bargain and a good thing whenever they see it.

A WONDERFUL OFFER!

We offer you this first-class, brand new, High Grade, Newly Designed, \$75.00 PARLOR ORGAN (altered for Church or Chapel use when desired), the very latest in style, and containing our newly invented and Patented **Stop Action**, for the astonishingly low price of **\$35**

ORGANS and PIANOS upon the INSTALMENT PLAN

TO SUIT ALL PURCHASERS. When not convenient to pay all cash, we are willing to sell on easy monthly instalments. An experience of a "Quarter of a Century," coupled with ample capital, enables us to make better terms than any other house in America. There are many tempting offers made that are never carried out, by irresponsible advertisers, but this old Established and Reliable **CORNISH ORGAN AND PIANO COMPANY** carry out their contracts to the letter. We refer to the First National Bank in our city, where we deposit thousands of dollars every day, to any of the Mercantile Agencies, and, what is better, to the thousands of happy purchasers all over the world who are using our Organs and Pianos to their complete satisfaction.

OUR NEW PIANO CATALOGUE is now ready, and is free upon application. Don't buy elsewhere till you have seen it. We can save you \$100.00, and sell you a first-class piano, at factory price, upon the easiest instalment plan in the world. Prices from \$150.00.

WRITE TO-DAY FOR CATALOGUE OF ORGANS OR PIANOS. We have one million dollars' worth of instruments ready and in course of construction for our fall and holiday trade. Orders shipped same day as received. No waiting. A Catalogue will cost you nothing, and will save you money. Write at once.

ADDRESS TO-DAY,
CORNISH & CO. Old Established New and Reliable. **WASHINGTON, NEW JERSEY.**

KIRK'S SHANDON BELLS TOILET SOAP

NO OTHER LEAVES A DELICATE AND LASTING ODOR.

For sale by all Drug and Fancy Goods Dealers or if unable to procure this wonderful soap send 25c in stamps and receive a cake by return mail.

JAS. S. KIRK & CO., Chicago.

SPECIAL—Shandon Bells Waltz (the popular Society Waltz) sent **FREE** to anyone sending us three wrappers of Shandon Bells Soap.

AJAX BRAND TABLE SYRUP

DELICATE IN FLAVOR.
CLEAR AS CRYSTAL,
SWEET AS HONEY.
WHOLESAME FOR CHILDREN.
WE USE IT AT HOME.

HOW TO GET IT:
FREE Sample will be mailed on application to any address.

If your grocer does not keep this Syrup, we will ship you as directed, a 5-gallon keg, at 60 cents per gallon, provided you send us \$3.00 by Express or Post-office Money-order.

B. S. JANNEY, Jr., & CO.,
Philadelphia, Penna.

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