

# THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST, 1892

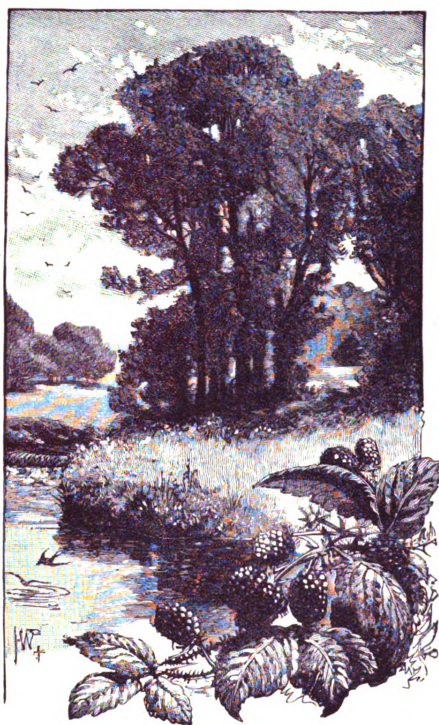
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## Contents

	PAGE
In August—Poem . . . . . <i>May Lennox</i>	Cover
A Live Ember—PARTS I—III . . . . . <i>Julia Magruder</i>	1
<small>Illustrated by Wilson De Meza</small>	
Love Over All—Poem . . . . . <i>Mary Ainge De Vere</i>	3
Unknown Wives of Well-known Men— XX—MRS. WILLIAM M. EVARTS . . . . . <i>Lilian Wright</i>	3
<small>With Portrait</small>	
In Hidden Ways—Poem . . . . . <i>C. H. Crandall</i>	3
Literary Women in Their Homes— II—MARY ELEANOR WILKINS . . . . . <i>Kate Upson Clark</i>	3
<small>With Portrait</small>	
How We Entertained the Editor . . . . . <i>Ella Higginson</i>	4
Are Women All Alike? . . . . . <i>Junius Henri Browne</i>	4
Flowers in London Windows . . . . . <i>Rose Wilder</i>	4
An Every-day Girl—PART III . . . . . <i>Sarah Orne Jewett</i>	5
<small>Illustrated by Alice Barber Stephens</small>	
Courtship at the Churn—Poem . . . . . <i>S. K. Bourne</i>	6
How Time Is Regulated . . . . . <i>Clifford Howard</i>	6
A Child of Earth . . . . . <i>Belle C. Greene</i>	7
<small>Illustrated by Wilson De Meza</small>	
The Care of Autographs . . . . . <i>Virginia Robie</i>	8
Women Behind the Counter . . . . . <i>Ida Van Etten</i>	8
Mr. Beecher as I Knew Him—(Conclusion) <i>Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher</i>	9
<small>With View of Mr. Beecher's Grave</small>	
Life at a Convent School . . . . . <i>Ethel Ingalls</i>	10
The Brownies Through the Year—XI . . . . . <i>Palmer Cox</i>	11
<small>Illustrated by the Author</small>	

### DEPARTMENTS

At Home with the Editor . . . . . <i>The Editor</i>	12
Across a Crystal Path . . . . . <i>T. De Witt Talmage, D. D.</i>	13
The King's Daughters . . . . . <i>Margaret Bottome</i>	14
From a New Inkstand . . . . . <i>Robert J. Burdette</i>	15
Side Talks with Girls . . . . . <i>Ruth Ashmore</i>	16
Side Talks with Boys . . . . . <i>Foster Coates</i>	17
Art for Art Workers . . . . . <i>Maude Haywood</i>	18
Knitting and Crocheting . . . . .	19
Hints on Home Dressmaking . . . . . <i>Emma M. Hooper</i>	20
Seashore and Mountain Frocks . . . . .	21
The Small Belongings of Dress . . . . . <i>Isabel A. Mallon</i>	22
The Complexion and Its Care . . . . .	23
Just Among Ourselves . . . . . <i>Mrs. Lyman Abbott</i>	24
Everything About the House . . . . . <i>Maria Parloa</i>	25
Mothers' Corner . . . . . <i>Elisabeth Robinson Scovil</i>	26
To Sterilize Milk at Home . . . . . <i>Kenyon West</i>	26
All About Flowers . . . . . <i>Eben E. Rexford</i>	27
Questions and Answers . . . . .	28



### IN AUGUST

THE echo of a whispered word,  
A fleeting cadence low and sweet,  
Fresh as the songs the streams repeat,  
Faint as the croon of nesting bird.

A deeper azure in the sky,  
Fields gleaming gay with green and gold,  
Closed wings that droning half unfold,  
As summer passes slowly by.

A breath of sadness scarcely caught,  
A minor note to swell the strain,  
A blossom bowed by falling rain,  
Gold strands with silver subtly wrought.

O, rare unfathomed August days,  
Rich with the glories of the past,  
What will you bring us forth at last?  
What lurks beneath your hovering haze?

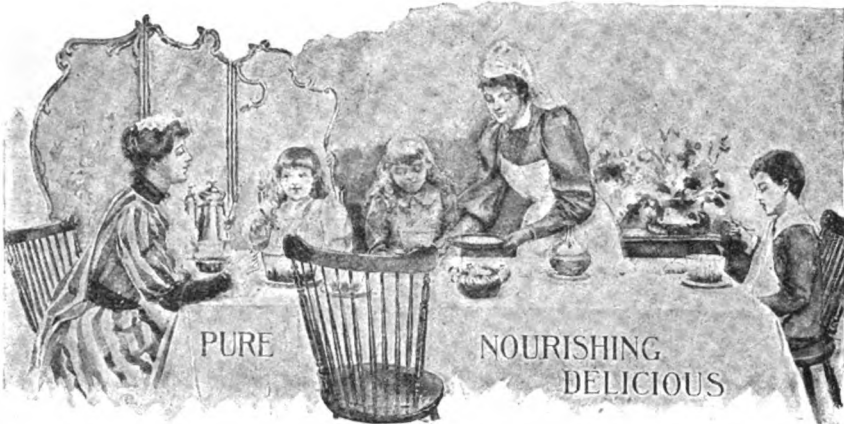
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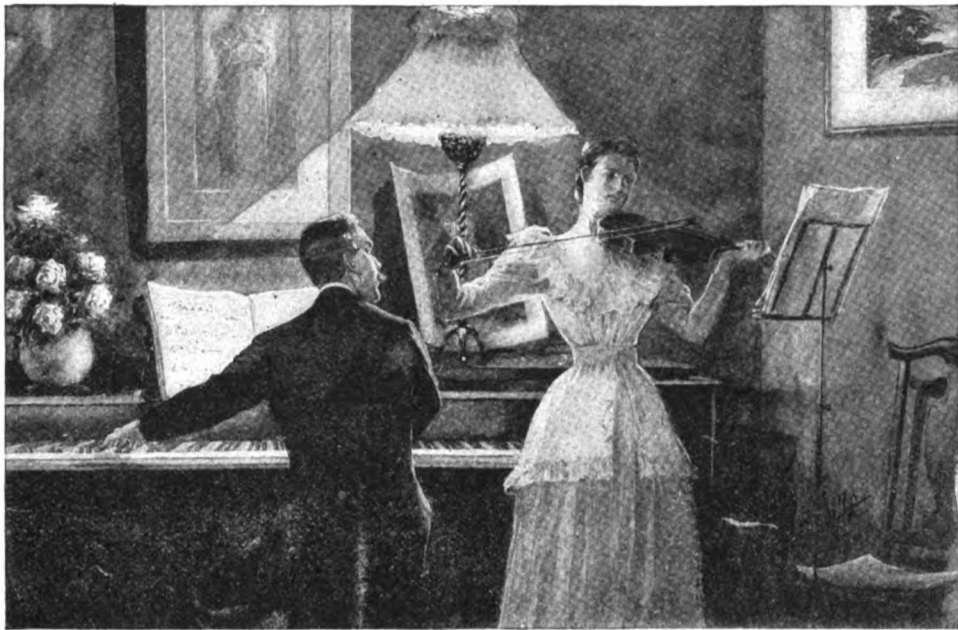
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"Higher and sweeter and finer swell the violin notes"

## A LIVE EMBER

By Julia Magruder

### CHAPTER I



It was a dark November day. The rain was falling in a fine, cold mist from a dense sky, that showed, through the bare boughs up above, and far away, across the drenched and sodden autumn fields, an unbroken surface of hard, expressionless gray. The few detached leaves which still clung to the swirling branches had had all their colors washed out, and were disfigured by unsightly specks and blotches.



MISS MAGRUDER

They looked lonesome and apologetic, as if detained against their will, and aware that it would be more seemly if they gave up trying to draw life from the congealed fount of the tree trunk and went to join their myriad sisters, where they lay in great soaked and flattened masses on the cold, soft ground. The raw and chilling wind that tossed the tree branches made a dismal, pitiless sound, and the scraping of the little twigs against the window panes seemed almost to demand entrance for all this dreariness into the room where Kate Carew sat.

No dreariness or coldness existed here, as far as the eye could see, at least. The floor was covered with a soft, rich-toned carpet, the windows and doors were draped with bright, warm hangings, the walls were hung with delightful pictures, and the furniture was quaint, old-fashioned, and altogether charming. Tempting-looking volumes, new and old, were liberally scattered about on the tables, with pretty writing materials, and rolls of new music and fresh magazines. A work basket, with skeins of gay silks in it, was set ready for immediate use, and a dark-colored, fascinating-looking old violin had been taken from its case and laid on top of the books and papers on the table, its bow across it, with one end thrust among the bright silks in the basket. Over all these charming objects the flames of a bright wood fire flickered, and over still another object in harmony with them. A young girl was stretched at ease in a low, deep-padded chair, a gown of soft, rich texture clothing loosely her long body; her hands, escaping from frills of light, full-gathered lace, were thrown up above her head and clasped on the chair's high back, and her slippered feet were stretched out to the blaze. Her face was lovely, but just now very sad, with eyes as still and steady and absorbed as if they looked upon a vision, as in truth they did. And this was what they saw:

A girl is standing before a slight music stand, with an open page upon it, a violin under her chin. Her right arm sways and bends with the bow; and sweet and clear and thrilling rise and fall the notes, until the agitated throbbing of her heart sends the warm color bounding to her cheeks, and the dark eyes sparkle back of their deep fringes. A

door opens and is closed again very softly. Some one silently draws near, a man in evening dress, who glides to the piano stool at the girl's elbow, and strikes some deep chords with which the violin song mingles as soul with soul. Higher and sweeter and finer swell the violin notes; deeper and richer and stronger sound the piano chords. The girl's rapt face grows pale with this keen, sweet feeling that is closing her in like an atmosphere, and her eyes are half blurred with tears. The strong hands striking the piano keys begin to tremble, the quick short breaths the man is breathing break in like whispered sobs upon the music. His hands fall from the keys, and, at the same moment, the hands holding the violin and bow drop to the girl's sides; and, turning each toward each, their full eyes meet. For an instant they rest so, while the music dies away in faint reverberations; and then, slowly rising, as if in a trance, he draws the girl's form toward him, and their lips meet in a kiss.

A long moment, still and sweet and full, and then the discord of approaching steps is heard. They move apart, and the girl lifts her violin and bow, while the man sits down and raises his hands to the keys. Fortunately, the two ladies who enter are talking too volubly to notice that it is confused discord and not harmony which they apologize for interrupting. In the midst of the conversation which follows the young girl manages to escape to her own quiet room, where, all night long, she lies in waking or sleeping dreams of joy, which the morrow dims and shadows, and the days that come after put out in darkness.

Such was the vision that Kate Carew saw in the fire as she sat alone in her pretty room while the gloom of the November day deepened outside. She had looked so often on that vision that it had become a sort of habit of sight, and every quiet moment was fatally apt to call it up before her. She wanted much to banish it; she resolutely determined to banish it. It had been with this aim and object that she had returned to her old country home with her grandparents, and refused to go abroad with her aunt, who had undertaken the guardianship of her, now that she was old enough to go out into the world. But, so far, it had refused to be banished, except for a while, when she could force her mind and hands to occupy themselves with present things. There had to be times allotted to rest and sleep, but these were often haunted hours. Many were the tears that had been shed in that silent room—many, many, many! She was eighteen years old, but she quite believed that life was over for her as far, at least, as joy in life was concerned. She had had one sip from the full cup; and when it had been snatched from her, and shattered before her eyes, she never doubted that that was the very end. She had tried to be brave, had resolved to face the blank life before her firmly, and had said she could do without love. Her hurt pride nerved her up to that, and generally it was support enough; but sometimes it failed her utterly, and this evening was one of those times. All day long she had been fighting the approach of a mood she dreaded. Now she had ceased to fight, and it was gaining on her hard. It was in obedience to this mood that she had taken from its case the violin she had not touched since she had been back in Virginia, and had carefully tuned it; then she had laid it by, half frightened by the influence its mere sound and touch had had upon her, and had thrown herself back in her chair before the fire, and that oft-recurring vision had come

to her again. There were times when she struggled hard to banish it, but now she gave herself up to it absolutely, feigning to herself every sound and sight and touch that composed it, and ending by reaching out for the violin and drawing the bow across it in a long, low minor wail. That ended the struggle; the claim of the past had asserted itself. She rose to her feet and nestled the little instrument under her chin, which dropped forward upon it familiarly. Then she began to play softly; the sight of a dear face rose before her; the sound of a dear voice was in her ears, blent with the violin's strains; the touch of lips was upon her mouth. Tears rose thick in her eyes and fell upon her cheeks as the violin wailed and pleaded. Faster and faster they came; her throat ached, and her breast rose and fell with stifled sobs, until she could bear it no longer; and throwing the violin and bow upon the lounge near by she dropped on her knees and buried her face in a chair and fell to sobbing violently. The sound of her crying was piteous and lonely in the quiet room. Poor girl! The love she thirsted for seemed more impossible to do without than it ever had before. She tried to pray, but love was the only thing she could ardently ask for; and she begged God to give her that, as if she were begging for the life of

some one dear. All the prayers she had said for patience and endurance and submission of her will seemed to her now but idle words, and she begged God to deny her every other gift, and only to give her love, even if He took it away again; even if she had to suffer more than this to pay for it.

Outside, the twilight had deepened into cold and gloomy night, and within, the fire had burned low, and the room grew dark and chilly. Worn out with her sobbing, Kate sat upright on the rug, and became suddenly aware that some one was knocking at the door.

"Is it you, Maria?" she said, clearing her throat and steadying her voice. Maria was the colored maid, a poor, ignorant creature who adored her. She came in now with almost noiseless steps and a cloud on her honest face, for her loving ear had already perceived, from the sound of her mistress' voice, that something was amiss. She understood her well enough to know that there was some trouble on the young girl's mind; but with an intui-

tive delicacy often found in her race she had never intruded so far as even to seem sympathetic. Now, as she came in, she said gently:

"Lor', Miss Kate, you done let yo' fire go mos' plumb out. Hit's nigh onter supper-time, en yo' ain' dressed, nor nuthin'."

She knelt before the fire and threw on wood, and as the blaze leaped up and she turned and looked at the young girl, the sight of her tear-stained, troubled face smote the negro's kind heart, and a look of sympathy came over her honest black face.

"O, Maria, I'm very wretched!" said Kate impulsively. "I wish it wasn't wrong to want to die, for I do. Maria, were you ever so unhappy as that?"

"Lor', no, Miss Kate, I din' never warn' die. I bin right miser bul myself, but I skurred to warn that. What mek you feel so bad, Miss Kate? Pears like you mought be happy."

"O, Maria, I'm not! I'm wretched, wretched, wretched! Do get a shawl and wrap me up. I feel so cold; and put some more wood on the fire, and don't leave me yet. I can't go down to tea; I don't want any. Make some excuse to grandmamma for me, but don't let anyone but you come."

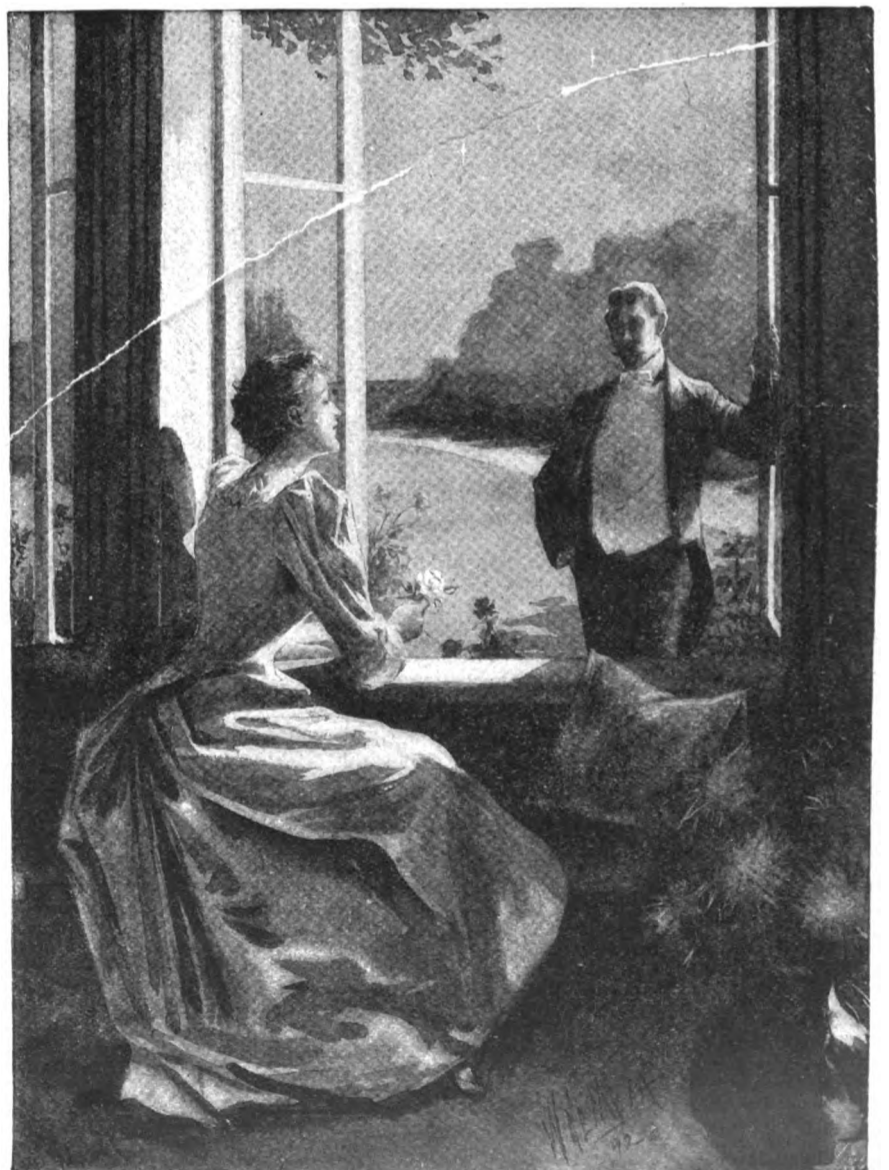
"Lor', child, yo' gran'ma 'bleeged ter come look arter ye, you mought know dat; but I'll try ter let yer ress sweet arter supper. Here, honey, lemme wrap yer up in dis yer."

She held the great shawl to the fire until it was heated through, and then wrapped her mistress in it tenderly. Then she warmed a cushion and put it behind the girl's back in the chair. Then she made up a roaring fire, and swept the hearth, and straightened out the rug; and then stole softly from the room. In a few minutes she came back with a cup of smoking tea and a light supper on a tray, and Kate, to show her gratitude, took the cup and tried to drink a little. But the effort was too much for her. Her throat began to ache, and the tears sprang up again.

"I can't do it," she said. "Take it away, Maria, and come back and stay with me."

And when the tray had been removed, and the poor black creature, with her humble, loving eyes had come back and stood again beside her on the rug, poor Kate, who was starved for sympathy, and had nowhere in the world to turn for it, reached up her two white hands for Maria's black ones, and drawing her down into a chair put her head against the loving creature's knees, and said half sobbingly:

"Hold my hands tight, Maria. It is good to feel some one near me that cares whether I'm unhappy or not. O, you don't know! I can't tell you what it is. All I can tell you is that my heart is just breaking!"



"The influences of this summer night were exquisite."

## CHAPTER II

IN a room that seemed, by visible evidence, to be the library of a student, the laboratory of a man of science, and the workshop of a mechanic all in one, a man was sitting on the same evening of the scene just described, with a lighted lamp on the table beside him, a cigar between his lips, and the unread evening paper folded across his knee. He wore a rather shabby brown velvet coat which had evidently seen much service, and that was worn in place of the more correct garment that hung over a chair near by. There was a sort of specialness in this man's appearance, accounted for in part, though only in part, by the fact that although he could not have been much beyond thirty his dark hair was liberally sprinkled with gray where the curly locks parted on top, and on each side, near the temples, there were patches almost snow white. It had a decidedly odd effect in connection with the youthful tone of his rather pale complexion, and his dark eyes and moustache. He had had a hard day's work, and it had been to little purpose. The results he had wished for he could not get, and he knew the reason had been chiefly the pre-occupation of his mind, which would not permit him to do any really good and serviceable thinking. His mind, in fact, was possessed, as it had been for weeks past, by a tormenting regret that would not be altogether stilled. He had been betrayed, in the most astounding manner, into the commission of an act which, in another man, and previous to that moment, he would have pronounced definitely and absolutely unpardonable, and yet in his own case, and with the recollection of that moment, he could not find himself wholly without excuse. He tried to bring his conscience to bear upon it, and to listen honestly to its decision. Many a time in the past had its rulings been clear against him; but now, by the strongest light he could hold up, with the memory of Kate Carew's young face before him, like the very image of truth, he could not feel he had been either false or cruel, because of that moment's self-forgetfulness, or because of the course he had followed afterward. And his justification was that he loved her. It had come all in a moment, and had taken him completely unawares. He had known the girl almost from a child, and had seen her for years familiarly at the house where they were both relatives, who came and went on equal terms of intimacy. He had been one of the first to perceive the promise of beauty, since realized, and it had always been a delight to him to come on her when she was practicing her violin, and to play accompaniments for her, and see how it pleased and helped her. It was true that, of late, he had found her more attractive every time he saw her, and that their chance interviews and duets lingered more and more pleasantly in his mind, but he looked upon Kate as almost a child still, and had to remind himself that she had left school, and that he would have to meet her in society next season. Certainly, nothing could have astonished him more than to find himself suddenly, and without the least prescience, in love with this girl. That moment of strange sympathy had revealed him to himself, and showed him this fact as beyond question. At first, outside the joy of loving there was no feeling but wondering surprise; but that was followed by two feelings, strong, significant and insistent. One was that he did not want to marry at present. The other was that, being poor, he did not want to marry a rich girl. Then, too, he had work to do to which marriage would be a hindrance. There came, also, another feeling, suggested by the thought that, if everything else were smooth and propitious, it would be equally wrong and unwise for a man twelve years her senior to ask the hand of a girl who had seen absolutely nothing of life, and of men whom she could contrast and compare with him.

On all three points he felt strongly, and it was, therefore, impossible for him to follow up that night's rash impulsiveness by a definite proposal of marriage. This was absolutely clear to him; and though the thought of renouncing her was intolerable pain while the memory of that kiss was such an exquisite reality to him, he would have been equal to the struggle appointed for him, would have found the renunciation a possible, obvious thing, but for one significant thought, which, do as he would, was more joy than pain to him, the thought that Kate loved him, too, as he loved her; suddenly, strongly, unexpectedly, yet for all that, completely, satisfyingly. Could this possibly be? Her willing yielding to his kiss seemed to justify the thought; but, on the other hand, might not that very willingness imply a childish trust and innocence to which he had, perhaps, been traitor?

He had spent a sleepless night after that strange scene. They were actually beneath the same roof, these two excited watchers, and by morning's dawn, when Kate had dropped into a happy sleep, the perplexities that disturbed the mind of Talbot were so far from a solution that he made a business errand out of town, and was on his way before the family had assembled for breakfast. When he got back, in three days' time, he had decided nothing except to see Kate and to be guided by his observation of her manner and treatment of him. If he decided from that that her feelings were really involved, that she cared for him, he would ask her to marry him at once; in spite of everything he would. If, on the other hand, her manner showed her to have been untouched, well, then, he would somehow overcome himself; and always there was the future, with Kate often near him, and all the possibilities of joy in view.

When he got home at last Kate met him with the frankness of a child; it chilled his heart to see how lightly she returned his greeting, and how vain it was to look for any hidden meaning in her civil words. What dreams had been fostering that this should hurt him so? The first time he was alone with her he looked her in the eyes, and said:

"It is very good of you, Miss Kate, to overlook my impertinence the other night, when the music so fuddled my head that I forgot you were no longer a dear little child, and treated you like one."

"And if I treated you like a dear old gentleman, I think we may call it even," she answered lightly, "for, at your age, I suppose it is as natural to want to take from one's years as it is at mine to want to add to them. No, indeed! I bear you no malice, and had, as you see, almost forgotten it."

And she gave a gay little laugh and turned away.

## CHAPTER III

MRS. OWEN'S summer home at the seashore was always filled with guests during the gay season; and this year the company assembled was more than ordinarily attractive. The two daughters of the house, Clara and Grace, had returned from Europe immensely refreshed as to their toilets; and Clara, the older, was engaged to be married, to the satisfaction of all the parties concerned, her mother in particular. Altogether, life was going with more than its usual zest and liveliness when Kate Carew arrived at her aunt's after her six-months' stay with her grandparents in Virginia. The two girls assured her that she looked very countrified, but added that the clothes she had commissioned her aunt to get for her would soon remedy that defect; and, altogether, they were more affectionate than usual, and seemed glad to see her. Grace, who was indolently amiable by nature, had always been fond of Kate in her way, and Clara, who had heretofore seemed to tolerate rather than to enjoy her as an addition to the family circle, treated her, now that she was herself engaged, with an affable condescension which Kate found very amusing.

Mrs. Owen, who was a woman of great self-reliance and conscientiousness, if only moderate warmth of heart, gave her the sincere and gracious welcome that she always had ready for her only sister's only child, and showed herself prepared to do her best by her in every way that opportunity offered. Now that Clara was so well disposed of, she felt herself the more at leisure to look after the interests of Kate.

"Kate is immensely pretty," she said candidly to Clara, who, in her new state of importance, was treated already with almost the amount of deference due to a matron, "and when she plays the violin she's fascinating. With nine men out of ten Grace would have not the ghost of a chance beside her, but the tenth man would infinitely prefer a safe and easy girl like Grace to an uncertain one like Kate, who is capable of giving you the most disconcerting surprises, as a clever man would quickly discover. The same sort of men would never admire the two girls, and there is no necessity for the slightest clashing between them. Kate's figure will show off her new clothes superbly, and with her beauty and good style, her money, her charming music, and the good chance I am going to give her, she ought to make an excellent match."

These sentiments were not, of course, expressed in the presence of their object, but Kate was entirely aware of her aunt's view and expectations concerning her, and realizing how her own antagonized them, she felt really sorry for the disappointment in store for her somewhat imperious relative, who was so accustomed to having things go as she wished. Kate's own determination was never to marry at all, but, of course, she did not say so. It would have sounded silly, and, besides, there were reasons why she would prefer not to have it known, even to her nearest friends.

The French dresses did set her off to remarkable advantage, and Mrs. Owen was not disappointed. She was noticed and admired quite to the measure of that lady's by no means humble expectations, and when she would consent to play for people her music awakened positive enthusiasm. But she was less conformable than her aunt would have had her, in that she much more often refused than agreed to play, when she was asked, saying it was no use, she could not do it when she did not feel like it, and giving to the words such an expression of finality that there was really no appeal from them.

As the season advanced toward its height the popularity of Miss Carew advanced with it, and Mrs. Owen had the satisfaction of hearing her talked of among the beauties, and seeing her the object of as much masculine admiration as any young lady present. Grace showed a little indolent jealousy, but was promptly snubbed for it by her mother, who called upon her to examine into her own possibilities of being a belle among such girls as were here this season, and learn in consequence to be glad that her own cousin should fill a place which could, under no circumstances have belonged to her. Grace did as her mother advised, and the effect seemed to be salutary. Kate was really quite fond of her, and never neglected or forgot her, and, on the whole, she fared much better for invitations and partners with Kate, than she could possibly have done without her.

All this sort of thing was unpleasant in the extreme to Kate—the comparing and calculating and envying that she saw about her on every side. She felt it to be both tiresome and vulgar. The world of fashion had already inspired her with contempt, and even the dull life at Rodney, where she had her time to herself, and unlimited music and reading, seemed better and higher than this. At least it had served its purpose, and given her strength to go forward, just as the life here, also, served its purpose, and contributed to the furtherance of an end.

"I thought John Talbot was coming this week?" said Clara Owen, one day, when the family, together with the female portion of its guests, were assembled in the morning-room, with their fancy work, novels and portfolios.

"So he is—or rather so he says he is," responded Mrs. Owen. "He's been putting it off, from time to time, in his usual way. It's frightfully hot in the city now, but he seems

to have something to absorb his attention there—business of some sort he writes me."

"What does he do? I never quite understood," said a young girl, who was painting some flowers on a fan.

"I don't quite understand myself," said Mrs. Owen, laughing. "I don't think it's exactly understandable. He seems to do a variety of things. For one thing, he is always dabbling in scientific experiments. He's awfully clever, you know, in a scientific way, and I wish he could turn it to some account, I'm sure. Then he tinkers with all sorts of metallic things, and experiments in electricity and machinery and all sorts of things like that. He knows a lot of scientific men, and has got no end of schemes, and, of course, he reads and studies a great deal—but I don't see what he has ever accomplished in his work, except to keep himself immensely interested, and that's a good deal. He has enough to live on, you know, and I never hear of him making any money, but I suppose his pursuits, whatever they are, serve their purpose if they keep him out of mischief."

"Ah, but do they?" said an old lady, who was seated in a wicker chair near the window. "Do they keep him out of mischief? I fancy he gets into mischief a-plenty with those meaning eyes of his, and those fascinating white love-locks that young ladies find so beautiful."

"O, he amuses himself, no doubt," said another lady, an attractive widow, who, though no longer young was still an object of admiration to the other sex wherever she went. "And what is more, he amuses other people. I don't know a more satisfying man to spend an evening with than John Talbot. He is simply never dull, or if he is, he must shut himself in with it, out of sight, for he never comes where people are without enlivening the scene."

"I agree with you in that candid opinion, Mrs. Torrence," said the old lady who had spoken before. "I don't know a young man I like better. I didn't mean, by what I said just now, to accuse him of trifling in any sense. I know him, perhaps, better than most people, and I'm very fond of him. He's anything but a trifle, I can tell you. See him thoroughly interested once, and you'll find whether he is an earnest man or not."

"But is he ever thoroughly interested in anything except these schemes or pursuits of his he's always dabbling at?" said Mrs. Torrence. "I confess I have not found him so. I don't complain of it, however, for I fancy him much more amusing as he is."

"Yes, he's thoroughly interested in more things than you think," said Mrs. Owen, speaking with authority, "but he's a man in reality rather *hors ligne*, for all he seems so conventional, and the things he is interested in are not the ones that usually come in our way. He's the most earnest man I know."

At this point Clara put in a word of commendation for her cousin, which was warm beyond her wont, but which plainly set forth the fact that her praise of him was comparative only, as an engaged girl's should be. Grace, too, added her quota by saying laughingly that she thought everybody knew how awfully nice John Talbot was, looking up from her novel in some wonder at the fact of there being any discussion on that subject. Kate Carew alone remained silent. Her silence was observed by the young girl painting the fan, who asked her rather suddenly if she knew Mr. Talbot.

"O yes; from my childhood up," answered Kate. "You know, Mr. Owen was his uncle, and Mrs. Owen being my aunt, we've been the niece and nephew of the establishment."

"Really?" said the young girl, with sudden animation. "Then you know him very well indeed! And is he really as charming as he seems? I only know him a little."

"He's very nice, I think," said Kate, in a matter-of-fact tone, "but you see he's so much older than I am that he looks upon me as quite a child."

"Really?" said the girl again, "and yet he isn't old! Just a nice age, I think. Don't you? So much nicer than a very young man."

"You think so?" said Kate. "He seems to me quite an old gentleman, with his vast worldly wisdom and venerable white locks. I told him so the last time I saw him."

It was perfectly well known to Kate Carew that her aunt desired her to make a brilliant marriage, and there was a sense in which she desired it herself. She would never marry any man who was disagreeable to her, but there was at least one man here who, so far from being that, was extremely pleasant to her as a companion. He was, moreover, well born, good looking and rich, and she knew her aunt would be gratified at her marrying him more than she could be gratified by any other result of her summer campaign, unless, indeed, Grace could have captivated Edgar Morrison, a thing soon seen to be impossible.

From the beginning of the season young Morrison had paid Kate especial attention, and the girl, passionately desiring to crowd out of her heart a feeling that it galled her to be aware of, determined to please and be pleased by him. He was the least aggressive of suitors, and she found it much pleasanter to be with him than with anyone else, and was comforting herself in the belief that, if he asked her to marry him, as she knew he would, she would find it simple and easy to say yes. And yet this possibility never suggested itself that she did not feel a strange touch of impulse to shut her eyes and stop her ears to the sights and sounds of both past and future. She was determined not to remember the past, and terrified if she looked into the future. One thing only could she bear to look forward to—the prospect of meeting Mr. Talbot as Mrs. Morrison, and giving him her hand with a cool, untroubled smile. When she thought of the calm triumph of that moment she felt she could do it.

One evening there had been guests to dinner, and Mr. Morrison had escorted Kate. He was a delightfully agreeable companion, and she compared him, with much inward satisfaction, to the other men at the table. He was far the most acceptable to her of all the large party,

and she felt herself very fortunate to be on the brink of an engagement to a man who would please and interest her, without making that compelling demand upon her feelings that shook her nature to its very center, and was capable of giving her such pain as even now to think of turned her sick.

Certainly Kate was lovely that evening, with a simple charm all her own. She was wonderfully natural and candid, and it undoubtedly gave her a stamp of unworldliness that made her distinguished. Her companion was no less unobtrusive and quiet than usual, but he could not keep a deeper admiration than usual out of his eyes. Kate did not mind this. It was of a piece with what she read in the eyes of all who looked at her tonight, and she felt the interest and pleasure she was exciting stimulating and agreeable. Oh, undoubtedly, she said to herself, she would marry this pleasant, handsome man, and think herself a happy woman to have escaped such fierce experience in love as she had once had sight of.

After the dinner was over, and the men after a short interval had joined the ladies in the drawing-room, Kate, with Mr. Morrison, had strayed into a bay window and seated herself in the low seat, from which she half leaned out into the moonlight. The sound of the ocean was in her ears; the smell of flowers filled the air. The influences of this summer night were exquisite, and her companion seemed not out of harmony with it. He had stepped through the low window and was standing on the grass outside looking at her. She felt his eyes fixed on her face, but her quiet heart remained unstirred. She was enough at home with him not to feel bound to talk, and she looked beyond him into the moonlight, while both of them were silent.

Suddenly a spell seemed laid upon her. As she gazed upon those bands of light and shadow, thrown by the tall trees across the grassy lawn, and as she listened to the wash of the waves beyond it, and smelt the fragrance of that summer night, a stirring in her heart, which had long been stilled, began to trouble her. Its throbs came faster, and a broken, unconscious sigh escaped her. The old longing for love rose up imperiously, and she reached and yearned toward it as the one thing that she craved.

A moment's stillness followed that deep sigh, and then a low voice very near her said:

"I love you."

She could not answer. It was what she had just been longing for—and yet! O why was it that she seemed to wait and listen for something beyond?

"I love you. I want you for my wife. I love you beyond words and thought. If you will say you will marry me—"

The voice broke off, choked with feeling, and out of the darkness and stillness a hand reached forward and touched hers.

She felt through soul and body an intense recoil. She sprang to her feet, and drew away, clasping her hands behind her. In a moment the young man, with a swift soft movement, had stepped through the window, and was at her side.

"Tell me," he said quickly, "have I startled you? Is it too sudden? Oh, forgive me if it is. I can wait a long time. Only tell me that some day you can give me something of the feeling I have for you. When, oh when, can you put your hand in mine willingly and promise to be my wife?"

"Never—never—never!" she said "Oh give it up, I implore you! Don't be unhappy. Don't let me make you suffer. It is so terrible. But give that idea up at once now—forever. I can never marry anyone. I cannot even bear to have it mentioned. Go away, and try not to suffer about it. I don't want to make you unhappy—but I'm miserable myself—more miserable than you can dream."

He stood a moment, breathlessly amazed. Then the absolute certainty that her words were true was borne in upon him. He saw that she was shaken and agitated. He thought of her more than of himself, and so, after a few seconds, said gently:

"You will want to get away to your room. Come through this window, and go in by the side door. In that way you can do it. I will go back then, so that no one may be surprised. Come—let me manage it for you—I love you enough to put your wishes above my own. Don't you believe it? Indeed you may."

Then she put her hand in his unfeigningly and trusted him to carry out his thoughtful, tender plan for her. She remembered hurriedly kissing that kind hand as she let it go, but every other thought was shortly merged into the abandonment to misery and despair which overtook her, when once she was alone, locked in her own room.

Leaving her rich evening dress a tumbled mass upon the floor she threw herself upon the bed and sobbed until her body shook. Oh the cruelty of it! The persistent, cutting cruelty of a haunting agony like that! How she had struggled! How she had fought and overcome, and held up her head before the world, and how miserably useless it was to pretend that she had forgotten! That spark of fire within her smouldered and smoked and would not die, and it seemed to be burning into the very fiber of her heart.

Poor Kate! One thing at least was plain, through all. John Talbot was the man who had it in him to command her love, and no other man in the world had even a chance of winning it, though he might sue and plead for years. It was plain and certain to her now, and she could never make a mistake again. She knew also that the man who had avowed his love for her to-night understood her. She felt she would see him no more, and she was grateful for it, but over and over the words occurred to her "And he who shuts out love shall be in turn shut out from love himself." She felt herself desperately guilty, but helpless, helpless and desolate alone. She could keep her secret, she knew that, but what was to be the outcome of such a dreary life as hers?

(Continued in the next JOURNAL)

LOVE OVER ALL

BY MARY AINGE DE VERE

RICHES are naught. A jewel crown May be undone, and gold will melt, But an ended pain is long, long felt.

Kisses are sweet, but prayers are best; Only the lips to a kiss are given, While the soul goes, with its prayer, to Heaven.

Dreams are shadows, yet sometimes come Like blessed curtains that drop upon The scorching light of a noonday sun.

Hopes betray us, but Faith is sure, Nor asks for an answer. She smiles and waits, A patient child at the heavenly gate.

Love over all! A jewel crown, A pain that stays, and a prayer, a kiss, Dreams, hope, faith, patience, are met in this.

meet for an astute lawyer and active politician, as well as a judicious mother to their ten living children. Mr. Evarts' business has been in New York, where they have a winter home; but "Runnymede," a beautiful estate of twelve hundred acres, is at Windsor, where they spend their summers. Formerly Mrs. Evarts remained there the greater part of the year in order to keep her children in the country. She has always been very careful of her children's health, believing no expenditure of time and money too great to secure to them strong and healthy bodies. Like the women of her generation Mrs. Evarts is a good needlewoman. There was always so much to be done for actual use, as she assisted in cutting and making her older children's clothes, that she had time for but little fancy work.

The eldest son, Charles B., died last December. The eldest daughter, Hattie, wife of C. C. Beaman, Mr. Evarts' law partner, has a delightful summer home, "Blow-me-down Farm," about two miles from "Runnymede," and with her four children is almost a part of the Evarts household. Mary, the next daughter, has of late years relieved her mother from the management of their always large household, taking entire charge of servants and purchases. Minnie, the third daughter, is now Mrs. Weed, of New York, and has three children. Betty is married to Edward C. Perkins, of Boston, also a lawyer, and has four children, while Louise, wife of Dr. Scudder, of New York, has but one child. Allan E. is in New York; Prescott and Sherman are twins—the former is an Episcopal clergyman in New York and has two children, while Sherman is a lawyer and in partnership with his father. The youngest, William Maxwell, also a lawyer, has devoted himself to the interests of "Runnymede."

Mrs. Evarts very heartily enters into whatever interests her family, and her children always found her ready to supplement all their pastimes. If the private theatricals, which were so delightful to them, meant hard work for her in preparing the costumes, scenery, and the repast which invariably followed, the little folks never knew it, and both Mr. and Mrs. Evarts constituted a delighted and appreciative audience—finding something to commend in the work of each child. The family are all very fond of the opera and the theater, and are regular "first-nighters," though none are specially proficient in music, nor have ever sought histrionic honors since childhood days. The daughters all sing and play well; during their earlier years they had a governess, and were given educations which fitted them for active, useful lives; the sons all graduated from Yale, and are well settled in life.

Mrs. Evarts always dresses in very quiet taste, sensibly and well, black, brown and gray being her favorite colors. Her gowns are well made in simple though prevailing styles. Her daughters have the same quiet tastes in dress. The "Mansion," as Mrs. Evarts' summer house is called, is the largest of the six houses on the estate, and is delightfully situated; screened from view by trees and shrubbery and surrounded by acres of beautiful gardens filled with Mrs. Evarts' favorite flowers, in which she takes great pride.

The yellow exterior of the "Mansion" is an introduction to the brightness within; sunlight, flowers, paintings, books and periodicals are adjuncts to this well-furnished house, but the home atmosphere is derived from the inmates themselves. During the summer all the children come to Windsor, and a grand family reunion is held. The family also entertain largely, many of their New York friends especially making long visits. During Henry Ward Beecher's life he and Mrs. Beecher used to spend weeks at a time at "Runnymede," Senator George F. Hoar, of Massachusetts, President Hayes and family, General W. T. Sherman and daughter, and President Harrison and suite have been among their distinguished guests. Mrs. Evarts possesses the secret of successful entertaining; the happy faculty of making her guests feel at home.

Since the accident to Mr. Evarts his wife has felt great solicitude for his health, and devotes herself most assiduously to his happiness and comfort, spending much time with him in conversation, reading aloud, driving or visiting some of their children domiciled near. They have traveled extensively both in this country and Europe, and have been much in Washington and New York society, but Mrs. Evarts finds her chief happiness in her home and family, and is happier in these than in her abundant worldly possessions. Mrs. Evarts does a great deal in a quiet way for the sick and unfortunate, her daughter assisting her in her work among the poor, and both taking special interest in the welfare of former servants. Mrs. Evarts is very much interested in the Episcopal church, and does much to support it and its charities. Her summers are spent very quietly at "Runnymede," gaining health and strength for the more wearing city life, and all social obligations are laid aside, only occasional informal calls on a few very old friends being paid. Unknown she may be as a leader in fashion or art, for her life work has been wholly domestic, and her sole aim and purpose to be a devoted, self-sacrificing wife and mother, receiving the loving homage of those who constitute woman's kingdom, her husband and children.

IN HIDDEN WAYS

BY C. H. CRANDALL

STRANGE is it that the sweetest thing Forever is the shyest; The sweeter song, the swifter wing, Ere thou the singer spyest.

The more the fragrance in the rose, The more it hides a-blushing; And when with love a maiden glows, The more her face is flushing.

In depths of night, in gloomy mine. In wildwood streams—in stories Of lowly lives, unsung—there shine The world's divinest glories.

As low arbutus blossoms rest In modesty unbidden, So man and nature hide their best, And God himself is hidden.

frame. Her transparent skin, her changing eyes, sometimes seeming blue, sometimes hazel, her heavy braids of golden hair, her delicately moulded features, all proclaim a singularly high-strung and nervous temperament.

Miss Wilkins has known much of sorrow. The pathos which she infuses into her stories could not be so genuine unless she herself had suffered. One after another, during the first years of her writing, her father, mother and only sister died. She lived with them in the beautiful village of Brattleboro, Vermont, but she has resided since their death in Randolph, Massachusetts, with friends, whose love and devotion could scarcely be greater if they were connected with her by ties of blood.

Her two pretty rooms in the simple white house in which she lives in Randolph are full of her own quaint personality. The first is furnished in terra cotta. The second, in which is a wide, old-fashioned hearth before an open fire, is in old blue. Near the hearth stands a desk in colonial style, with brass hinges and locks; also a couch with a Bagdad rug thrown over it. A Madagascar rug forms the portière between the two apartments. Old decanters, candlesticks, pewter plates and other memorabilia of "ye olden time," nearly all of which have come down to Miss Wilkins by inheritance, abound on every side. In the terra cotta room stands a pretty desk of bog-oak, surrounded by Hindoo relics. There are fur rugs on the floor, and all the furniture is antique, having belonged to the owner's grandmother.

"I suppose," wrote Miss Wilkins to a friend when she was just settled in her new home, "that my blue room is one of the queerest-looking places that you ever saw. You should see the people when they come to call. They look doubtful in the front room, but say it is 'pretty'; when they get out here they say the rooms look 'just like me,' and I don't know when I shall ever find out if that is a compliment."

Miss Wilkins is thought by many to bear a striking resemblance to Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, though her features are smaller. She looks best in children's hats, and her clothes are most becoming when made after children's patterns.

She has no bump of what is called "locality," and it is a joke among her friends, in which she joins heartily, that the only route which she can follow with absolute accuracy is the straight path to the post-office in Randolph.

It has been said that Miss Wilkins draws all of her characters and incidents from life. This is not true except in the broadest sense. She has a wonderful faculty for generalizing from types, which belongs with her extraordinary imagination, and this she utilizes in the highest degree. She has recently devoted much of her time to the drama. One of her plays, a marvelously realistic production, called "Giles Corey, Yeoman," was read before the Summer School of History and Romance, at Deerfield, Massachusetts.

Miss Wilkins thinks out the details of her stories much more completely than most writers before putting pen to paper. Like all skillful raconteurs, she appreciates the value of the opening and closing portions, and these are often the first parts of the work that she does. The last sentence she considers more important than any other. Once at her desk, with her matter well in mind, she composes easily and seldom recopies, unless an odd page here and there. She calls one thousand words per day her "stent," though she often goes a week or more without writing a line, while she sometimes writes three or four thousand words between breakfast and sunset. Evening work she seldom undertakes unless pressed for time.

Environment affects her strongly. She finds it difficult, sometimes impossible, to compose anything when away from home. In this respect she resembles many, if not most, of our great novelists, one of whom has testified, in speaking of this subject, "We are the slaves of objects around us."

Miss Wilkins is a standing reproach to the sensationalists. Nothing could be more interesting than are some of her simple sketches, and yet they are almost destitute of plot, and depend upon their absolute fidelity to life for their success, while she is incapable of a motive that is not uplifting. The "erotic school" may well sit abashed and confounded before her bewitching, yet absolutely pure, creations. She forms a force in our literature which, without being either "preachy" or didactic, makes always for righteousness, because her ideals are noble.

She is so strongly sympathetic that she has been advised not to study modern writers, but to confine her reading mostly to classic models. To this wise counsel, which she has conscientiously followed, may be largely attributed that charming originality which she has preserved intact, though occupying a field which has already been, it would have seemed, exhaustively traversed.

Miss Wilkins is wont to say that she has "no accomplishments." She does, however, write musical verse, which is worth all the strumming of wordless lutes in the world. Her poetry is finished, and is full of captivating conceits.

UNKNOWN WIVES OF WELL-KNOWN MEN

XX—MRS. WILLIAM M. EVARTS

BY LILIAN WRIGHT

It would be impossible to be long in the presence of Mrs. William Maxwell Evarts without feeling that the many excellent qualities and charming characteristics which her friends ascribe to her are deserved. Helen Minerva Wardner, which was the full maiden name of Mrs. Evarts, was the eldest daughter of Allen Wardner, a prominent banker of Windsor, Vermont, in which historic town Mrs. Evarts was born about seventy years ago.

Mrs. Evarts was educated in the schools of Windsor and Burlington. While she was yet a young girl her mother died, leaving her to take her place at the head of the household, and to become, as far as possible, a mother to her sister and three younger brothers. The grave responsibilities of such a trying position were bravely borne, although involving the sacrifice of many pleasures, and, without doubt, this experience better qualified her for the duties of after life. Nevertheless she found time to devote to music and drawing, beside attaining the more practical accomplishments of good house-keeping. Born and reared amid beautiful scenes, in a society free from sham and pretence, a society that believed in "Honest work for to-day, honest hope for to-morrow," all that was best in her character was very strongly developed.

After graduating from Yale, in 1839, William M. Evarts, of Cambridge, Mass., went to Windsor to study law and teach, and the acquaintance between the grave, learned law student and the pleasant, practical young girl which began then, culminated in their marriage, August 30th, 1843, Rev. W. D. Wilson, rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Windsor, being the officiating clergyman. Mr. Evarts had in the meantime established a good law practice in New York. In every respect the marriage has been a most felicitous one; Mrs. Evarts having unbounded confidence in her husband's ability, as well as a pardonable pride in his achievements, has been content to let him do his own work in his own way, while she has had the entire management of household affairs. No sound from the domestic machinery has ever been allowed to distract his mind from graver matters. Each very wisely recognized the fitness of the other for his and her special line of work; consequently the combined results have been mutually satisfactory.

Since her marriage Mrs. Evarts' life has been so interwoven, her individuality so completely involved in that of her family, that it is almost impossible to speak of her apart from it. Mrs. Evarts' good health, even disposition, absence of nervousness under trying circumstances, have made her an inestimable help-



MRS. EVARTS



MISS WILKINS

Table listing names and months for the 'Unknown Wives' series. Includes names like Mrs. Thomas A. Edison, Mrs. P. T. Barnum, Mrs. W. E. Gladstone, etc., with corresponding months from January to July.

LITERARY WOMEN IN THEIR HOMES

II—MARY ELEANOR WILKINS

BY KATE UPSON CLARK

ABOUT nine years ago, Miss Mary Eleanor Wilkins, then quite young, took a prize offered by a Boston weekly for the best short story. This was a fortunate thing for the public. The young girl had always longed to write stories, but had been too diffident to show her efforts in this direction outside of her own family circle. The winning of this prize encouraged her so much that she resolved to devote herself thenceforth to this work.

Her first literary attempts were almost entirely for children, but at the urgent solicitation of friends she soon began to take up a deeper kind of work, and sent her first story for older readers to Miss Mary L. Booth, then editor of "Harper's Bazar." Miss Booth thought that such cramped and unformed handwriting promised little, and that she was the victim of some ambitious but "unavailable" child. With her usual conscientiousness, however, she looked the little piece carefully over. It was Miss Booth's habit, when attracted by a story, to read it through three times, on different days, and in different moods, before accepting it. She paid this compliment to "Two Old Lovers," the contribution which Miss Wilkins had submitted to her. Two days later the "ambitious child" received a handsome check for it.

From this time forth, Miss Booth befriended the young writer in every way, and Miss Wilkins, who is almost morbidly appreciative of kindness, and as true to her friends as one of her own inflexible New England characters, rewarded Miss Booth's thoughtfulness by giving to her, as long as she lived, the first choice of her stories. The career of this young woman thus disproves two favorite theories among the cynics of the present day, namely: that editors do not read the contributions of unknown writers, and that women do not help each other.

There are few writers who have been the recipients of such unreserved and spontaneous tributes of appreciation from famous men and women as the modest subject of this sketch. Dr. Phillips Brooks pronounced her "Humble Romance" "the best short story that was ever written."

Two volumes of Miss Wilkins' stories have been collected. The first, called "A Humble Romance," was brought out three years ago. It has had a large sale, and has been translated into several languages. The second, "A New England Nun," is enjoying an even wider popularity than its predecessor, while her first novel is now reaching its conclusion in "Harper's Magazine."

It must not be imagined by those who long for the skill and the fame of this fortunate writer that she has won her place without a struggle. She has toiled faithfully and incessantly, often discouraged, but never giving up. The remarkable evenness of her work is due to her "capacity for taking pains." She thinks her stories out until they are perfectly clear, before putting her pen to paper.

The difficulties against which she contends are largely physical. Though her constitution is apparently sound, she is small, being only five feet tall, and is very slight. She possesses the sensitive organization which accompanies a large intellectual development in such a

This series of glimpses of the home life of famous literary women was commenced in the June Journal, with a sketch and portrait of Mrs. Augusta Evans Wilson. The object of the series is to present those literary women whose home life has escaped excessive portraiture.

## HOW WE ENTERTAINED THE EDITOR

By Ella Higginson



NELL and I were orphans and lived with our brother Tom. Tom was an orphan, too, of course, but then male orphans are never the recipients of sympathy and motherly advice from every dear old lady in the neighborhood, so that by and by they really forget that they are orphans.

Tom was twenty, and he kept a stationery shop, and we lived in four small rooms in the rear of the shop. This was in one of the new towns that spring up in a night on Puget Sound, and although the town itself was rough, bustling and noisy, we were very happy there, for our rooms were within a hundred yards of the opaline waters, and the shore sloped to them, green as emeralds the whole winter through.

Nell assisted Tom in the shop, and I, besides being housekeeper, contributed to several magazines, which helped wonderfully in the way of new gowns, gloves, bonnets, and all the dainty things which delighted our souls.

We were quite the noisiest and most harrum-scarum household you can imagine. As I have said, we had only four rooms. In one of these Tom slumbered the dreamy hours away nightly, and it was "the meanest, darkest, smotheriest room in the whole shebang." Tom was given to declaring each time he entered it on slumber bent. Then there was a room wherein Nell and I slept, and from whose window we could see at dawn dear, white Mount Baker towering into the primrose sky. Then the kitchen, and lastly the parlor, which Nell called the drawing-room, and which also served as dining room. Between the parlor and the shop was a tiny cubby-hole of a room, about six feet square and dark as a dungeon, in which Tom kept surplus stock, and in which we likewise smuggled away sundry bags from the greengrocer's, trusting to the friendly darkness to conceal them from the inquisitive eyes of our visitors.

Our parlor was a thing, having once been seen, to be remembered. It was eleven feet wide and sixteen feet long, and in it were one stove, one organ, one sewing-machine (we made our own gowns), one three-ply carpet, one big, black dog (by the name of Jeff, who was a fixture and the object of our devoted affections), one dictionary and stand, one walnut table, four chairs (more or less broken), one trunk (deceptively cretonned and cushioned up to allure unsuspecting guests into the rashness of sitting upon it), one bookcase, some pictures, and, alas! that I must chronicle it of a parlor! a bureau! "A really and truly bureau in a parlor," as a little girl said once, to the hysterical mirth of ourselves and the speechless mortification of her mother, who had brought her to call. However, the size—or lack of size—of our bed-chamber forbade the introduction of a bureau, so into the parlor it went.

One autumn evening Tom was in the shop, and Nell and I were making ourselves very comfortable in the parlor, tipped back in our rocking chairs, with cups of chocolate in our hands, and our feet on the low nickel rod that encompassed the stove. We had been sewing, and the room was in the wildest disorder. The machine was in the center of the floor, its box was upside down, the bureau was littered with yards and yards of embroidery, spools, scissors, tape-lines and buttons; there were piles on piles of muslin uncut, and dozens of muslin garments in various degrees of "cut, basted and sewed" all over the floor, chairs, organ and trunk.

"We'll have our chocolate," Nell had said, "and then we'll have a char'n-up spell."

But suddenly we heard the shop door open, and then a gentleman's voice—the kind of voice we did not hear frequently in that rough town. It was low, quiet, courteous. In another moment he had introduced himself to Tom as "Mr. Everett, of the South African Review." I waited to hear no more. I leaped to my feet, overturning the footstool and the dog with a dreadful racket; the smile and the chocolate froze on my lips; my heart jumped into my throat, and thumped there so fast I could scarcely breathe.

I had contributed regularly for some time to the "South African Review," and my correspondence with the editor had grown very friendly, indeed, but never, never, in my wildest imaginings had I foreseen such a catastrophe, Nell suggested afterward, as this.

I cast a glance of frenzied, but speechless, appeal at Nell. She nodded, pale as a ghost. She had heard, too.

"Char up," she whispered briefly, and then she began to laugh, noiselessly and hysterically. I thought this downright mean of her, but I didn't have time to remonstrate. I heard Tom tell our guest in a very loud tone—for our benefit—that he would show him in just as soon as he had finished a little matter then claiming his attention in the shop. This was to give us time, God bless him! And we improved it. The way we did set chairs to their right-abouts and jam things into those bureau drawers! Nell got hold of the muslin and struggled to get it into the trunk, but there was too much of it.

"Put it behind the trunk," I gasped, and as she obeyed, I added: "There's one consolation. He can't hear us, because he's as deaf as anything," he told me himself.

"Well, that is bliss," responded Nell, lapsing into slang in her agitation. We had barely begun to get things to rights, it seemed, however, when we heard them coming, and with hopeless glances into the mirror we sunk into our chairs.

Tom pushed aside the portière and walked in, followed by a tall and fine-looking gentle-

man. With a terrible "Boo-woo-woo!" in the voice of a lion, Jeff leaped from his own individual corner and made a rush at our guest, and as the latter was just in the act of taking a step, the dog, more astonished than any of us, went straight between the South African ankles and floundered against the wall. As the gentleman recovered his equilibrium and his self-possession, Tom lamely introduced him.

"Speak louder, Tom," said I, concealing the motion of my lips behind my kerchief. "He is awfully deaf; he told me himself."

"Is that so?" said Tom; and then he fairly shouted the introduction.

Nell came forward looking as cool and sweet as a lily and gave him her hand, telling him how really glad she was to welcome him.

"O fudge!" said Tom, making a wry face at her over Mr. Everett's shoulder; "if he's deaf that's all Greek to him. Speak up, my little man."

For one dreadful moment I thought Nell was going into one of her convulsions of laughter, but she pulled herself together and presented me.

"So this is our little contributor," said he, taking my hand and looking at me with kind but amused eyes. I shouted out "yes," but as that sounded rather flat, and hearing Tom giggle in the background, I limply subsided.

"Have a chair?" cried Nell, her voice rising to a little squeak as she proffered the best and really safest chair in the house. To our consternation, however, he showed a preference for a guileless looking chair that was at heart one base deception.

"Great guns!" ejaculated Tom, in a tone of exaggerated emotion, while we all stood shivering in agonized suspense. "It's the chair with the broken leg!"

Before our guest could seat himself, however, Nell had a happy inspiration.

"Do, do take off your overcoat!" she cried, and then in a rapid aside to me, "And Kate, do substitute another chair while I'm taking sweet to him! Tom, take his coat."

For one instant I thought a flash of uncontrollable mirth swept across Mr. Everett's face, almost as if he had heard. But a second glance assured me of my mistake, for his expression was Sphinx-like.

"Now, that I have his coat," put in Tom, with cold irony, while I deftly changed the chairs, "what shall I do with it? Toss it on the trunk?"

"Heavens! No!" said I, sternly. "Put it out in the—in the—"

"Cubby-hole," suggested Nell, giving us a brief, innocent glance, and then adroitly continuing her conversation with Mr. Everett.

"Sure enough," said Tom, giggling as he went out. "I'll put it on the bag of potatoes. He'll think we have a hundred-dollar hat-rack concealed in the darkness."

Tom, I may say right here, was in his element. A guest who was deaf, and two sisters who had been caught in a dreadful plight! What more could the imp ask? He took the tide at the flood, too. He came back and seated himself in the shadow so he could fire funny remarks at us without the motion of his lips being observed by Mr. Everett.

Nell behaved like an angel. She sat quite close to our guest, and carried on with him an animated conversation in a clear, high, flute-like tone which seemed to carry every word to him distinctly, as he did not hesitate once in his replies.

Suddenly my alert ear heard something dropping, or, to be more accurate, running. Nell gave me a startled, mystified glance.

"My guns!" ejaculated Tom, in a tone of fairly diabolical mirth. "You hid your chocolate cup on the organ, didn't you? Well, Miss Brilliance, it's upset, and it's meandering down right into his silk hat!"

We would have been more than human could we have kept our horrified eyes away from the fatal spot. I even thought poor Mr. Everett gave a startled glance toward the floor, but, of course, I must have been mistaken. The unfortunate man had deposited his hat, with sublime trust in its safety worthy a nobler object, behind him. The chocolate was really running, not into it, but so close to it that we knew it would be dreadfully spattered.

Nell was in the middle of a sentence, but she broke down flatly with, "So, that—a—" Here her eye wandered again to the hat.

"So—that—a—" she repeated absently.

"So—that—a—" mimicked Tom, at which I laughed, weakly and helplessly. Nell gave him—both of us, in fact—a furious glance, and returned to her chair.

All this time Mr. Everett had behaved admirably. He must have observed our hysterical nervousness, but I presume he attributed it to the dire confusion and disorder of our surroundings.

When he finally arose to take his departure, Nell put her kerchief to her lips with a shameless pretense at coughing—she, who had the strongest lungs in the family—and said rapidly: "For heaven's sake, Kate, pick up his hat and wipe the chocolate off before he sees it!" Then louder: "I'm so sorry we did not know you were coming, so we could have made your visit pleasanter."

"By jingo," said Tom, making a dash for the cubby-hole. "That reminds me I'd better be getting his coat before he investigates and finds it between the potatoes and the coal-oil can! My!" he ejaculated, sniffing exaggeratedly, as he returned with it, "It smells of coal-oil!"

"By the way," said Mr. Everett, turning to me, kindly, "here is a letter for you from my brother, which I should have given you before. I shall tell him how greatly I enjoyed my call." And as he bowed himself out there dawned upon his face a slow smile of such in-

tense and uncontrollable amusement that it made me feel as if an icy hand was clutching my heart. We all stood transfixed until we heard the door close behind him. Then—

"His brother!" exclaimed Nell, in a low, terrible tone. "Wretched girl! Who is his brother?"

"I don't know," I faltered, almost in tears, tearing open the letter.

"Ten to one," said Tom, strutting around with his thumbs in his button-holes, "it's a proposal of marriage."

"Or a hundred-dollar check for that last story," said Nell, laughing nervously.

They came behind me and looked over my shoulder, all reading together. It was not a proposal of marriage, but it was a check—an effectual one—to our spirits.

MY DEAR MISS ORNE: We have long desired to make your acquaintance, and as one of us must go to your town on business I shall let my brother have that pleasure, denying myself because I am so deaf—as I have told you—that you would find conversation with me embarrassing. My brother is so fortunate as to enjoy perfect hearing. I am sure you will like him, although I believe I have never mentioned him to you. He is associate editor of the "Review." I am

Yours very sincerely,

HUGH A. EVERETT.

For a moment that seemed a year there was deadly silence. Then I began to sob childishly, and Nell—I regret to be compelled to tell it—Nell went into regular hysterics of mirth, and laughed and cried alternately. Nor did she entirely recover for weeks, but would go into convulsions of merriment at the mere remembrance of that evening. Tom neither laughed nor cried. He just sat down on the edge of the organ stool and twisted his faint presentment of a mustache and swung his long legs to and fro and reflected. When his thoughts had had time to travel down to the bag of potatoes and the coal-oil can, I imagine he concluded that he could reflect more clearly if alone, for he arose silently and stole into the store, nor did so much as a murmur emerge from him during the remainder of the evening. It was the first and last time in my life that I ever saw Tom completely squelched.

## ARE WOMEN ALL ALIKE?

By JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE



NE of the constitutional opinions of the average man is that women are all alike. It crops out in his speech perpetually, sometimes in the way of kindness and sympathy, oftener in the way of derision and contempt.

When a wife has forgiven some great wrong done her by her husband, when a mother has sacrificed herself for her children, we hear: "It is just like a woman." We hear the same thing if she has deceived her lover, or involved her father in debt. This dissent is due to the fact that some men are sentimentalists, and that more men are cynics. The former are always praising woman, the latter are generally sneering at or decrying her; but both think that she has only one nature. The sentimentalist believes her to be good, gentle, loyal, truthful under every circumstance; the cynic pronounces her bad, harsh, inconstant, hypocritical on instinct. Neither is wholly right nor wholly wrong. She is good and bad, gentle and harsh, loyal and inconstant, truthful and hypocritical. Her qualities depend largely on the individual, and the individual varies with mood and environment. She is not cut out of the ideal, nor is she drawn from debasement. She is primarily human, as man is, a compound of brain and body, of strength and weakness, of generosity and selfishness, of charity and prejudice, of altruism and egotism, of affection and aversion. Some women are far better, some women are far worse than the mass; but better or worse, they are fundamentally unlike one another, and often unlike themselves.

Poets and novelists may, to a great degree, be responsible for the average man's opinion of women. The poets have ordinarily used her as a vehicle of passion and romance; as a source of light to set off the darkness of men's sins. She has been portrayed as their better angel, as turning them from vicious courses, as comforting them in illness and affliction, as recompensing and blessing them after all their trials with her unalterable love. This she frequently does, though she frequently does the opposite; but the opposite is rarely described in verse. Poets so idealize women that they are apt to think it unpoetic, a violation of their art, to show that she may at times be so cruel as almost to drive a man to despair and destruction, through his faith in and worship of her. When they present a really wicked woman, they so over-paint her, so deprive her of common humanity, that she appears unreal and impossible. They do not know how, at least they seldom try, to delineate a woman in whom good and evil are struggling for the mastery, or a woman full of kindly, noble impulses, whose destiny is decided by the perverse, malign influence of her surroundings.

The novelists err in the same manner, and their effect on the reader is more direct, and more unfortunate, because they assume to paint life as it is, while the poets necessarily paint the ideal. Thackeray, who owns the reputation of a close student of life, has but two kinds of women, the amiable but insipid, and the clever but vicious, indicative that goodness is incongruous with force and intellect. Even Balzac, who, many think, has sounded every depth of the feminine heart, and whom Thackeray took as his model, has in his numerous gallery of portraits charming saints in one row and hideous sinners in the other.

The two do not change places, do not melt into one another, until saint is sometimes lost in sinner, and sinner in saint. The sentimentalists accept the pleasant personages as true; the cynics, rejecting those, accept the unpleasant as true, and thus the opinion is strengthened that all women are alike, whether good or bad. Nature is immeasurably in advance of art, and always must be, and she makes a totally different revelation.

The individuality of women should be as clear as the moon in an unclouded sky. The individuality of women exceeds the individuality of men, whom no one, except an incurable misanthrope, has ever charged with uniformity. It is a question if any one is properly qualified to generalize about women, as so many of us are in the habit of doing. Who can possibly make intimate acquaintances with a sufficient number of women to warrant a generalization? Who of us has ever really known more than two or three women, much less a hundred or a thousand, which still would not be enough for the purpose? Who has ever unraveled the profound mystery of one woman, even of his own wife? Husbands are often more ignorant of their wives than a stranger might be. Familiarity may dull the sight, as prejudice blunts perception.

Men of a marked character are apt to be drawn to women of a marked character—those of the same or a similar order. But the men, unmindful of the cosmic law that like seeks like, imagine that their feminine friends represent the full range of their sex. Hence their broad deduction of the close resemblance between women, of their substantial identity under different forms and different names. They are convinced that they have gone to the root of the matter; that they have, so to speak, interviewed nature, and received her final answer, when they have merely been in alliance with a few congenial persons.

Men deplorably ignorant, remarkably limited by their organization and encompassment, are the most addicted to reporting what women are or are not. If they know nothing else, they at least know women, and are free to say so. No wonder that women resent such assurance from such a source. The idea of a born blockhead pretending to supreme wisdom on a subject about which the best informed would hardly hazard a guess! No wonder that women object to classification under one head; that they would rather be regarded in part as extremely selfish, deceitful, mercenary, heartless, than be goody-goody to a point of nausea. They must be tired out with the iterations of cheap sentiment and fulsome flattery such as abounds in toasts at masculine dinners, and in common masculine palaver they now insist that they want to stand for themselves, and for what they actually are, not for the silly, inane, spiritless creatures that the ages have handed down.

There are commonplace women as there are commonplace men; but fewer of these than of these. It is not to be doubted, indeed, if women so readily resign themselves to the conventional, humdrum, vegetative round into which men so continually sink. While they are more helpless, more bound by custom and circumstances than men, they are more eager for light, for change, for betterment.

The irrepressible individuality of women is denoted by its survival of the early routine and hamperment to which she has been subjected. How often in the case of several sisters, who have been educated and trained in the same way, who have necessarily the same inheritance of blood, they are as dissimilar in taste, mind, character and temperament as if they had been born at opposite poles. The women in one section of this republic are widely different from those of another section, as in one State and one county they are different from women in another State and county. The process of differentiation goes steadily on, especially in the New World, to which the future points, and which the recompense of time awaits. The individuality of women is ever increasing in the direct line of the evolution of humanity; and it naturally finds here its fullest and most significant exemplification.

## FLOWERS IN LONDON WINDOWS

By ROSE WILDER

IT seems to be part of a Londoner's creed to cultivate flowers in window boxes; for in every dwelling, whether mansion, cottage, or tenement house, are plants of some sort, and they blossom and bloom as though it were a delight. In the drawing-room windows of a great house on Grosvenor Place (the Fifth Avenue of London) last summer were boxes of daisies. In one the large white daisy with yellow center, and in the other the beautiful yellow "ox-eye."

In the window of an adjoining house was a box of sweet alyssum and forget-me-nots; they responded to the care evidently bestowed on them, showing dainty foliage and millions of tiny blossoms, white and blue. The moist atmosphere of England induces wonderful results in this or any sort of gardening.

An English woman of my acquaintance in America attributes her remarkable success with house plants to her constant effort to provide moisture for the part of the plant above ground. She occasionally drenches the soil, and daily sprinkles the plants with cool water, and every fourth or fifth day refreshes every leaf or branch by dipping a sponge into a pail of cool water in which is dissolved a little castile soap and an atom of ammonia, squeezing it over them. This she does so dexterously and quickly that it is no trouble, but as she declares, a great pleasure.

Her plant stands, one in the breakfast room where the rising sun glorifies every leaf and blossom, and another in her own "snuggery," dividing honors with a small bookcase of favorite authors, a desk, a sewing machine, and a couch with a dozen downy pillows, and adding a charm to all, are placed on squares of oil-cloth, so that all traces of the "sprinkling" can be easily removed.



"She suddenly looked surprised, and listened intently to a long message."

AN EVERY-DAY GIRL

By Sarah Orne Jewett

PART THIRD

HERE were very few idle hours when the month of August came in. The great house was as full as it could be, and all the girls were busy early and late. Mrs. Preston, the housekeeper, often looked pale and tired, but she was never impatient with those young helpers who tried hard to do their work and had some conscience about it, even if they did make mistakes, or get a little behind-hand. There were some girls who did vex her every day, and who could not be trusted, and tried to take advantage. The little world of the guests knew almost nothing of the little world of those who served them, of its trials, or its hopes and ambitions. Mary Fleming had found some very kind friends among the guests in her corridor, and it even surprised her sometimes to find how anxious she was to please them and make them comfortable. She had learned to take good care of the pretty dresses as if they were her own, to hang them up carefully and protect them from the dust. Mrs. Preston had spoken to all the girls about this one day, and shown them exactly how to do certain little things that often came in their way, but some one had smartly said that she was not hired to be everybody's waiting maid, and many of the girls had given themselves as little trouble as possible on these grounds. Mrs. Preston was always saying that the people who came were guests of the house, and that one's duty to one's guest was usually plain. Politeness is a habit of doing the kindest thing in the kindest way, and sometimes it is the rudest person who needs one's kindness most. Mary Arley liked Mrs. Preston, but she was fond of her fun with the other girls, and a gay frolic was dearer to her heart than anything else. So it came about in time that Mary Fleming knew and loved Mrs. Preston the best of the two, not that she did not take her share of much of the fun that was always going on, but she had much that was grave and serious to think of about her home affairs and her own future, and then there was the new joy about John. She could not say anything yet about these things to anybody, but she felt sure of the sympathy of a wise, sweet, elderly woman like the housekeeper, who had known so much of the joys and sorrows of life.

The two Marys had a little room together next Mrs. Preston's own. They used to talk a good deal late at night about people and things, as girls will, and sometimes Mrs. Preston had to tell them to be quiet and to go to sleep. They grew very well used to her quick rap on the wall.

One night when Mary Arley was in the middle of an entertaining account of a battle between the colored head waiter and one of the porters, both being persons of great size

and dignity, the familiar rap sounded, and then while they were still whispering and laughing softly they heard it again and again.

"She wants something; I'll get up," said Mary Fleming, but Mary Arley said no, that she was only hushing them. "We weren't making noise enough for her to hear," insisted Mary Fleming listening; then she got up and hurried to the housekeeper's room. Poor Mrs. Preston was really ill; there was an anxious moment or two before they persuaded her to let them go and wake the doctor.

"I always say that this hotel is just the same as a town. All sorts of people live in it," said our Mary, dressing as fast as she could. It was the middle of the night and the great house was still; before they could get back with the doctor Mrs. Preston was even more ill than before. "I'll take care of her," Mary Fleming told her friend, "if you can manage part of my work for me in the morning. Go to bed, Mary; that's a good girl, and I'll stay here."

The doctor was an elderly man who had been staying in the house all summer, and he looked at our friend earnestly as he came back to the room with some medicine.

"Can you keep awake?" he asked. "Can I trust you to do just what I say, so that this good friend of ours may be a great deal better in the morning?"

"Yes, you can trust Mary Fleming," said Mrs. Preston eagerly. "I will answer for her," and the doctor went on mixing his doses and giving the directions. After he went away Mary sat by the window. It was a lovely night; the waning moon was just rising behind the great hills, and one by one their shadowy shapes stood out clear in the dim light. It was only a little after twelve o'clock, and for a girl who had been on her feet, quick and busy all day, the time until daylight seemed long. It was lucky that there was a good deal to do for Mrs. Preston at first, and then after awhile when she was better it was very hard to keep awake. She did not like to walk about the room or even to move for fear of waking the patient. Suddenly she noticed that the sky had a strange light in it that was not moonlight, down toward the south. Mary wondered idly what it could be; not northern lights, not moonlight; fires in the woods perhaps; but at that moment the strange red glow grew higher and spread wider. It was a great fire, and it was in the direction of her own home! At that moment her own father and mother might be in danger. She leaned far out of the window and strained her eyes to look and watch, and fairly shook with excitement and worry. There was no large village between the hotel and home.

The great hotel and all its buildings seemed as sound asleep on the long hill-slope as anybody under their roofs. The stillness was profound out of doors, and the sick woman slept quietly, free from pain at last, in her narrow bed at the other side of

the room. The light was turned very low, and an open closet door shaded the room. At last Mary could not bear to look at the great red light any longer; she was afraid that she should forget and scream or cry aloud. She left the window and crept softly over to the bed and sat down on the floor by the foot and leaned her head against the edge. The tears stole down her cheeks; she could not help crying. Oh, if she could only fly to her mother! She covered her face and turned away from the light. It was still three or four hours before morning. She thought of all the troubles of their household at home, and could not see what she could do to help them. She must go on working for the small wages that she was only fit to earn, and give her father and mother what she could. Oh, if her father could get away from Dolton; he could not get well there and so he could not work, he had no money and there were too many houses in Dolton already. There was no hope of either letting or selling theirs, and the weight of the mortgage would trouble them more and more. She never could let John Abbott weigh himself down with the burden of such failure and poverty. She had not known what to say to him when he talked on in his lighthearted way, making plans about what they were going to do together by and by.

In the gray dawn Mrs. Preston stirred and awoke. "Why, Mary dear!" she said, puzzled at first and then remembering. "Were you so frightened, child; have you been awake all night? Don't mind, I'm all right now. I suppose that the doctor frightened you a little, but in a day or two I shall be quite myself again. Why, Mary dear, I'm very sorry; come, creep into bed and go to sleep for a little while." But Mary was already at the table measuring one of the small doses that the doctor had left.

She pulled the curtains down. She felt stiff and lame; it was a great comfort to have something to do instead of sitting and thinking of all the awful things that might or must have happened.

Early, before anyone else was stirring in the house, Mary heard the doctor coming along the corridor. He was a lame man and she knew the sound of his limping step, and went out to meet him.

"You did not send the night watchman after me?" he said. "I am glad to hope that everything has gone well."

"Why, yes!" he said cheerfully a moment later. "You do your young nurse great credit!" and Mrs. Preston smiled.

"And my doctor, too," she said.

"You have done just as I told you," said the doctor to Mary, looking at the medicine and a slip of paper. "Mrs. Preston was a very sick woman last night. I was very much worried after I went down stairs, and feared that I ought to have got somebody else to come and watch, but I thought that I could trust you and I was afraid of the bad effect of coming back and disturbing you."

The housekeeper smiled. "Yes, you can always trust Mary," she said.

It was daylight now, the sun was fast coming up. Mary Fleming's young heart was full of excitement. Thank God she was good for something in this world, but oh, her mother, and the great horrible light of the fire! She could not wait longer; she stepped out of the room and flew down stairs and knocked at

the telegraph girl's little bedroom door in one of the lower corridors. "Oh, come, come quick, Nelly," she implored. "Ask what happened at Dolton last night; there was an awful fire."

"What's the matter with you?" asked the sleepy girl. "You are as gray as ashes; have you been up all night?"

"Yes, yes! Don't talk. Come quick."

"But the office there won't be open yet," said Nelly Perrin, looking a little rueful at the loss of her morning nap. Nevertheless, she hurried into her clothes, and starting off bravely, soon reached her desk at the office. Seating herself at her instrument, she said, impatiently: "You needn't drive me to pieces;" but after a few brief clickings she suddenly looked surprised and listened intently to a long message.

"The office in Dolton was burnt," she said gravely. "There was a great fire last night. I get word by way of Harrisville. Almost the whole town was swept by flames—the shoe factories and churches and business section. Oh, I'm real sorry, Miss Fleming. I hope nothing happened to your house!"

But Mary had already gone, racing up stairs to tell Mary Arley the bad news, and the two poor children cried together and began their day's work with heavy hearts. Toward noon Mrs. Preston was so much better that they dared to tell her, and to ask if there was no possible way to manage so that they could go home.

Mrs. Preston's face looked pinched and pale on the pillow. "No, no, don't think about it," said Mary Fleming affectionately. "I know all about the people who are going to-day and the new ones coming to take their places. Mother would send me word if she or father were hurt or anything. We'll see to our pitchers just the same as ever, won't we, Mary Arley? Your house is far enough out of the village not to be in much danger. Don't you worry, and I won't."

"I'm sure to be about the house to-morrow," said Mrs. Preston; "the doctor has been here again and says so. And Mr. Dennis sent me word to let you, Mary Fleming, do the best you can in my place to-day, and to send for him any minute you want him."

Mary Fleming's cheeks grew crimson. What would her mother say if she knew that she was useful enough already in this great establishment to be put into Mrs. Preston's responsible place even for a single day.

"I don't care who says she is young!" Mr. Dennis had said. "She's the most able and conscientious girl in the house. Not so quick as some, but if I could have twenty such girls I should take a long breath and think that it was a happy day for the hotel business."

Mary Fleming felt all that day as if she were made of something curiously light, and flew about as if she never needed to stop. The fatigue and excitement stimulated her wits and her energies. Even the worry about the fire was indistinct and unreal in her mind, with the hurry and responsibility of the great inflow of new guests to the hotel. She went with winged feet from room to room, directing two or three girls here and doing something herself as it ought to be done there, and now finding a few minutes to ask Mrs. Preston for advice and orders. There were only a few people in the hotel who knew much of Dolton, and they could learn nothing more



"They kissed and kissed each other."

than the first news in the morning. Toward supper time, when her cares were over, she put on a fresh, cool gingham dress, it is always the best way to begin to rest to take off one's "tired clothes," and then she went out to watch for John Abbott. It was his day to come over from the farm.

Next morning early there came a short message to Mary Fleming from Mr. Dennis that if she liked to go home to Dolton for the day there would be no objection, provided she could arrange for her work among the other girls. She felt tired enough as she got up and went to see Mrs. Preston, who was already up and equal to some part of her cares. She kissed poor sleepy, anxious Mary, and told her by all means to go at once, and to ask the clerk to have her sent down to the railway station in time for the first train. She must not think about the work, either; it should all be managed, and she must not come back until early morning. The new people in the corridors were welcome guests, very quiet and considerate, apparently, except one or two. So off flew our friend, and an hour or two afterward Mary Fleming, feeling bewildered enough, was finding her way across the open smoking space where the Dolton House had stood, and all the Dolton shops and churches. She had heard on the way down that her father's house was saved—the fire came almost to the next door; but when she walked up the little street, littered still with cinders and miscellaneous heaps of household furniture, and then caught sight of the house, and of the two green pear trees that stood by it, and had unlatched the gate and walked up the little side path, opened the kitchen door and saw her mother, she was the most delighted, contented girl in the world!

They had never been separated so long before. They kissed and kissed each other, forgetting to be restrained and undemonstrative.

"How womanly and wise you look to me!" said Mrs. Fleming, impulsively. "You aren't my same old going-to-school Mary at all!"

"I've been in a good school up there," said Mary, smiling. "You don't know how good Mrs. Preston is; I feel as if I were going to be learning of her all the time. Oh, there are so many things I've been keeping to tell you! But tell me how father is, and I want to know all about the fire."

"Have you been keeping something to tell me about John Abbott, I wonder?" asked Mary's mother.

"I suppose so," answered Mary, much confused. "Why, has he said anything to anybody yet?"

"He has," said Mrs. Fleming. "He has behaved like a man. I suppose neither of you will ever think of anybody else. But there's plenty of time ahead to think of getting married."

"Yes, of course," Mary spoke dutifully. But to be just past nineteen herself, and to have John within a week of his twentieth birthday, seemed old enough to satisfy the most exacting. They had great plans for making themselves useful and for making money apart before the time should come for being married; but Mary no longer thought that a crowded country village was the only place in which to live. She had learned in these few weeks to feel at home among the green fields and the hills, and John's plans for getting a farm of his own just as soon as he could seemed the most sensible plan in the world.

It was an exciting day in Dolton, or in what was left of the poor little town; and Mary and her mother went out and tried to find and to console some of their homeless neighbors. The Fleming house was crowded with such people already, and Mr. Fleming was so busy that he could hardly find time to speak to Mary, though he welcomed her with delight.

That evening, after she had refreshed herself with a long sleep in the late afternoon, and had had a quiet supper of bread and milk in her old childish fashion, she joined her father and mother, who were sitting on the door-steps. The green grapes hung in heavy clusters on the old vine, and the pears were beginning to look brown and shiny on the two pear trees. She loved them in a new and unexpected way because they reminded her of the country. She could not help remembering how at a loss she was that day in early summer when school had finished, and she did not know of anything to do with her incompetent self, and feared that she was going to be a failure in life. How busy and how happy she had really been, and how fair the future looked now.

"Yes," her father was saying, "I've done pretty well with picking up odd jobs of carpentering, and with your help that you sent us home; and, you know, we've had some boarders that strayed along; but now that's all past, and I'm going to do what your mother has urged me, go back up country again; 'twill be better for my health and your mother's, too. I may's well tell you that Farley, of our old shoe firm, has offered to buy me out on this place. They were well insured, and are going to rebuild, but it's going to be hard work scratching along in Dolton for a man like me, and I want to go back up country where your mother and I were born and used to know everybody. John Abbott's a good boy; I ain't got one thing to say against John. Only the week before last he was down here and stopped over a train, and was urging me to move up near where he is; there's a good small farm that he's got his eye on, and he said he'd put something he's saved with mine. I was short with him that day, for what I owned here was only a burden. But now, if Farley gives me my price, why I'll pay off the mortgage and I'll go up and see that little place and take it."

Mary listened eagerly; it seemed strange to have her father so interested and pleased, telling her his plans, and making a new life for himself. She thought, with great happiness, of John's goodness and helpfulness to her discouraged father. Perhaps, by and by, she and her mother could take some people to board for the summer. She would learn everything she could, and do her best for her

guests, strangers and foreigners though they might be, if ever this plan came true. It was a lovely and rewarding thing to make people a home in strange places, to make them like the place, and like you, and be contented and happy themselves.

"Father," said Mary, suddenly, "are these pear trees too large to move?"

"Yes; I suppose they are," answered Mr. Fleming, turning to look at her with a smile. "You ought to know enough to know that."

"Perhaps we could have a graft or something," said Mary, "and a piece of the grape vine to carry away; there are some things that I like about this house, if it is in the village! I was so sorry when I thought it was burnt. When did any of you see Aunt Hannah? I was just thinking of that day when she came along last spring and I cleared up the yard."

"That was the day you first began to take hold, wasn't it?" said her father, reflectively. "I seemed to be lettin' everything go myself, but now I'm goin' to begin all over again. I took to this plan o' John Abbott's from the first. No; we haven't seen Aunt Hannah since."

The next morning early Mary was all ready to begin her work at the hotel again. It seemed so beautiful to look out of the car windows and see the broad, quiet landscape after a day spent in the desolated village with its excited, disturbed people, its slow trails of smoke, and whiffs of acrid ashes that blew about with every breeze. And John Abbott, boyish and eager, with all his manly strength and soberness, John Abbott came over to see her after dark, and they talked about their happy future together.

"It seems as if nothing ever happened to me until this summer, and then everything happened at once," said Mary Fleming. "Now, what do you think that Mrs. Preston told me to-day? She has been with Mr. Dennis two winters in that splendid New York hotel, and he thinks everything of her; and he wants her to have an assistant housekeeper, and she says that I may have the chance. What do you think the salary is from the first of November until we come back here in the summer?" and she told him.

"Dear me!" said John Abbott. "Why, that's amazing! but I can't have you going off to New York; how can I?"

"Oh, yes, John," said Mary. "It would give us such a start; it would help us out splendidly. Now, let's be good, John! It's all Mrs. Preston's gift, too. She has helped me and taught me everything. I'm only an every-day girl, but I love my work, and I suppose a good many girls don't."

"But when we have our own house, John," she said shyly, looking at him with a dear smile, "one person is always going to have a corner whenever she wants it, and that's Aunt Hannah. I was just as cross and miserable as I could be that day last spring, and I didn't see my way one step ahead. I suppose it's just so with lots of girls beside me. She just talked to me a little while, and told me what I've often said since, that it isn't what you do, but how you do it, that builds your reputation. She said that we could be famous for doing the commonest things, and talked to me that way as nobody ever had before; and something struck a light for me that I've gone by and lived by ever since. I shall be grateful to Aunt Hannah as long as I live. Don't you remember that day last spring when you came down to Dolton and I was trying to tie up the grape vine and you helped me?"

"I do," said John Abbott. "And we went to walk and stood on the little bridge."

"Don't go yet," said Mary. "I want to tell you something more. I never used to like father, and now I begin to think everything of him. I used to be cranky myself, and then when he was cranky I hadn't a bit of patience. I've learned one thing in this houseful of girls this summer, and that is if one comes down cross in the morning she can set all the rest of us by the ears. I used to think 'twas other people's fault if I was cross; but I have found out long ago that sometimes it's my fault if others are."

"All those things are so," replied John Abbott soberly. "Come, Mary, who do you think is stopping over at the farm this minute?"

"Why, I don't know," said Mary, wondering.

"It's Aunt Hannah," said John. "Mrs. Haines has always known her; she happened along last night, and she says she wasn't very far from here, and she had heard about the new hotel."

"Why, the dear old thing! Oh, John, do bring her over, and Mrs. Haines, too, and I'll show them round. Oh, Aunt Hannah likes pretty things so much she'll have a beautiful time. I'll take her to see my lovely Mrs. Duncan in the east corner rooms. I told Mrs. Duncan about her one day, and all her pretty old-fashioned ways, and how she goes about the country, and her good sayings and all her funny stories; she said she wished she could see her."

"I dare say I can come," said John promptly. "I would be such a treat for both of them. All the women folks think the hotel is a kind of a palace."

"Of course it is," exclaimed Mary, "and I'll tell you one thing, John; the people out of cities think just as much in their turn of knowing country people and seeing how they do things. It makes 'em have a great deal better time up here to know somebody on the farms, and be asked in and taken notice of; it really does. You know Aunt Hannah always says that there ain't but a few kinds of people in the world, but they're put in all sorts of different places. Oh, I do think it's really beautiful to be here; and I lost all that time when I was growing up just because I hadn't found out how to enjoy myself. I thought for ever so long that an every-day girl hadn't a bit of a chance, and now I think that nobody's chance in the world is half so happy as mine. There is something wonderful that comes and helps us the minute we really try to help ourselves."

## COURTSHIP AT THE CHURN

By S. K. BOURNE

HE—O leave that hateful churning!  
For your company I'm yearning!  
How reluctantly I'm turning  
To the woods and fields away!

SHE—Pray do not stand and tease, sir!  
Go as quickly as you please, sir!  
Do not wait at all for me, sir,  
I must stay and churn to-day.  
Hark! I have begun already,  
And the cream says "Flap a-tap,"  
And my arm is strong and steady,  
"Flap a-tap, a-tap, a-tap."

HE—Will it take you all the day, dear?  
Can I help you if I stay, dear?  
Come and welcome back the May, dear,  
Welcome back the lovely spring!

SHE—Oh, I fear 'twill be too late, sir,  
And too long for you to wait, sir,  
Better seek some other mate, sir.  
I've no time to laugh and sing!  
See! how rapidly I'm turning!  
And the cream says "Flap a-top;"  
Oh, I love the work of churning!  
"Flap a-top, a-top, a-top!"

HE—Dear, you know how I adore you;  
How my heart is longing for you,  
Since the time when first I saw you  
Full of girlish life and joy!

SHE—Do not speak of trifles now, sir;  
Say good-bye, and make your bow, sir.  
Sentiment I can't allow, sir,  
Work must all my mind employ.  
Hark! I do believe I hear it!  
For the cream says "Flump a-tump,"  
And the butter sure is near it!  
"Flump a-tump, a-tump, a-tump!"

HE—Your indifference is killing!  
And your answers, hard and chilling,  
Show too well a heart unwilling;  
I will leave you to your churn!

SHE—Really now, 'twas all in fun, dear;  
See, my work is almost done, dear;  
And my heart is fairly won, dear,  
Take it for your own!  
Yes, my heart is in a flutter!  
For the cream says "Swish a-wish!"  
And—Hurra! there comes the butter!  
"Swish a-wish, a-wish, a-wish!"

## HOW TIME IS REGULATED

By CLIFFORD HOWARD



WAY out at the western end of the city of Washington is a wooded hill overlooking the Potomac, and forming part of a large government reservation or park, which reaches down to the river's edge. On the top of this hill, remote from all the other public buildings in Washington, stands the United States Naval Observatory.

This branch of the Navy Department is of great service to the government, and plays a very important part in the daily affairs of the country; for it is here that standard government time is reckoned for the use of the departments, and for the primary purpose of testing and rating the chronometers used on the United States war vessels, and it is from this observatory that standard time is regulated all over the country.

Precisely at noon each day it sends out an electric signal to the various government offices and buildings throughout the District of Columbia, and, by means of the telegraph, this same signal is flashed over the United States at the same instant.

In order that this signal may be sent out at the right time, it is necessary that the officers in charge of the government time service at the observatory should know at just what instant the sun crosses the seventy-fifth meridian, or is directly above the meridian seventy-five degrees west longitude, which, as you have learned, is one of a number of imaginary lines stretching from pole to pole across the earth's surface, and reckoned according to their distance east or west from Greenwich. Now, this seventy-fifth meridian has been chosen as the standard for regulating time, so that when the sun gets exactly over that line it is twelve o'clock at Washington, eleven o'clock at Chicago, ten o'clock at Denver and nine o'clock at San Francisco; for, as you perhaps know, according to this system of standard or "railroad" time (it being originally adopted for the convenience of the railroads) the country is divided into four sections—Eastern, Central, Mountain and Pacific—each just one hour in advance of the other, and time at all places in the same section is the same. Accordingly, when it is noon at Washington it is also noon at Philadelphia, New York, Boston and every other place included within the eastern section. This, of course, is not strictly correct, for it is really noon at only such places through which the seventy-fifth meridian happens to pass, as the true noonday of a place is when the sun is directly overhead. Washington, for example, is on the seventy-seventh meridian, or two degrees farther west, and, consequently, according to its local time it is only eight minutes of twelve, while the true time of Boston, which is four degrees to the east, is sixteen minutes in advance. But if every city were to use its own time it would, in

many cases, give rise to a good deal of confusion and inconvenience; and it was for the very purpose of avoiding this that the present system of standard time was adopted.

As we have seen, the time for sending out the noon signal from Washington is the instant the sun crosses the seventy-fifth meridian. This, however, is not the sun which gives us light and heat, but an invisible, imaginary one; because, for certain reasons, the true sun does not cross the meridian at the same moment every day, but during one part of the year he gets over it a little more ahead of time each day, and during the other part he is correspondingly behind time; and so this fictitious sun is used, because its apparent path around the earth brings it exactly over the same line at the same moment every day. Now at just what instant this sun crosses the meridian is determined by means of the stars; for time at the observatory is not reckoned by the sun, but by the stars.

Every clear night an astronomer at the observatory looks through a large telescope for certain stars which he knows must cross a certain line at certain times, and by the use of an electrical machine he makes a record of the time each star passes, as shown by a clock which keeps sidereal or star time. He then consults a printed table, which shows him at just what time each star must have passed, and by as much as this time differs from that recorded by the clock the latter is wrong, and in that way the sidereal clock is regulated. This star time is then reduced to sun time, which requires some calculation, as there is a difference between the two of about four minutes each day, a sidereal year consisting of just one day more than a solar year.

These two clocks—the one keeping star time, and the other sun time—are of very fine quality, and are as near perfection as possible. Although they cannot help being affected by changes of temperature and different conditions of the atmosphere, they very rarely are more than a fractional part of a second out of the way. No attempt is ever made to correct such errors, but they are carefully noted and allowed for in making calculations.

For the purpose of distributing time a third clock, known as a transmitter, is used. This is set to keep time by the seventy-fifth meridian, and is regulated by the standard clock before mentioned. It is, in all respects, similar to the other clocks, except that it has attached to it an ingenious device by which an electric circuit may be alternately opened and closed with each beat of the pendulum. This clock controls two such circuits, one of them being used for dropping the Washington time-ball, and the other one connecting with the several telegraph instruments, known as repeaters, which stand on a case near by. These instruments in turn connect with the telegraph company's offices at Washington and New York, and control the Washington fire-alarm circuit and the observatory clock line. By means of the former the alarm bells in all of the fire-engine houses in the city are struck, the horses unhitched and the doors thrown open, all by a single spark of electricity, just as is done when an alarm of fire is sent in; for the noon signal to the engine houses is used for the additional purpose of striking the alarm for the daily practice of the fire department. The observatory clock-line connects with the several hundred clocks in the government offices and buildings, including the White House and the Capitol, and sets them to correct time at noon by means of a simple mechanical device in each clock, operated by electricity; so that, whether a clock loses or gains during the twenty-four hours, its hour and minute hands spring to twelve, and its second hand to sixty.

A few minutes before noon the transmitter is compared with the standard clock, and if it is not found to be exactly eight minutes, twelve seconds and nine one-hundredths of a second ahead of the standard clock (that being the exact difference between Washington and standard time) it is set right by making it gain or lose, as the case may require, by quickening or retarding the pendulum with a gentle touch of the finger.

At fifty-six minutes and forty-five seconds after eleven, everything being in readiness, a switch is turned on, and the next instant the beats of the pendulum begin to tick the seconds on the telegraph instruments in the Washington and New York telegraph offices. At this signal all work on the telegraph lines is at once suspended, and connections made from one office to another, from town to town, and from State to State, until the tick, tick of the clock at Washington is heard in the telegraph office of every railroad station, town and city in the United States.

Every twenty-ninth tick is omitted, because there is no signal goes out at the twenty-ninth second; so that a pause of a second signifies that the next click of the instrument will mark half a minute, or thirty seconds, and the first click, after a pause of five seconds, indicates the beginning of a minute, as the ticks corresponding to the fifty-fifth, fifty-sixth, fifty-seventh, fifty-eighth and fifty-ninth seconds are omitted. In order to distinguish the last minute, and afford time for making connections with time-balls, clocks, etc., the signals stop at the fiftieth second, or ten seconds before twelve.

Then, precisely at noon, the instant the sun crosses the seventy-fifth meridian, the signal is flashed over the wires, there is a single throb from one end of the land to the other, the telegraph instruments from Maine to California give a final click, the time-ball on the building of the State, War and Navy Departments drops, and, simultaneously with it time-balls drop at Havana, Cuba, and at all the prominent seaports from Boston to New Orleans, those on the Pacific coast being operated by a branch observatory in California, the hands of every government clock point to twelve, while the fire-alarm bells throughout the city of Washington sound forth their clangorous announcements of noon, and the whole nation is informed of the correct standard time.





"What should a little Shaker maiden know of love?"

## A CHILD OF EARTH

By Belle C. Greene

**H**IGH up among the hills, as if desirous of getting literally near to heaven, is perched the Shaker settlement where the scene of our story is laid. It is yet early morning, but the thrifty Community is all astir, and the sounds of labor in mill and workshop can already be heard.

At an open window of one of the buildings known as the women's dormitories stands little Sister Janet. She is very young, not more than sixteen years of age, and her close lace cap and severely simple dress only render more conspicuous the fresh, radiant beauty of her face, and the remarkable grace of her figure. Leaning far out of the window she inhales the morning air luxuriously and looks off upon the familiar landscape of pine-clad hills and green valleys that stretch away to the great city and the life beyond. A wistful look creeps into her eyes, and she drops her head upon her hand and falls to dreaming. But not for long. The voice of an elder Sister passing her door breaks the spell, and she hastens to complete her task of putting the room to rights before going down to breakfast.

This room of Janet's is a picture. Bare, severely simple, it yet has a quaint esthetic beauty of its own. The wood-work is stained a peculiar yellowish tint, the dark floor is polished like glass, and brightened with homemade rugs. The curtains are a marvel, and deserve special mention. They are of white linen, starched very stiffly and ironed in plaits from top to bottom. They are fastened by brass rings upon a rod, and are allowed to hang straight down, or the plaits are gathered in a mass and looped high up on the side of the casement, over a fixture resembling a shepherd's crook. These are the regulation curtains throughout the house, and are as much a matter of pride to the Sisters as their caps or shoulder capes.

A dainty white bed in one corner, a modest toilet table and chest of drawers to match, complete the furnishing; no, we must not forget the stove, a little cast iron affair, about the size and shape of an ordinary family loaf of bread, in which, however, no fire is allowed, even in winter, except in case of illness.

Her room in order at last, Janet hastens down the polished stairway and enters the great dining room, where she seats herself beside the Sisters, opposite a long row of Brothers.

They breakfast in silence, not a word being spoken, except to the Sisters in waiting, who stand behind the chairs mute, but alert to serve.

When the meal is finished all go about their respective duties, for there are no drones in a Shaker community.

Sister Janet is a teacher in the school, but this morning when she rose from the table Eldress Rachael laid a hand on her arm to detain her.

"Sister Janet," she said, "one of your friends from the world has come to call upon you. We will go to the sitting room and see him."

The sitting room door was wide open, and the young man who stood by the window did not hear the light footfalls of the two women when they entered.

Janet never forgot how Robert Kilton looked that first moment when she saw him standing

there, his magnificent blond head and handsome face glorified in the morning sun that streamed in upon him. In truth, he seemed a very different sort of man to the good brethren with whose appearance she was so familiar.

Mother Rachael cleared her throat suggestively, and their visitor turned toward them, introducing himself with the ready tact of a man of the world.

"You have forgotten me, I see," he said to Janet, smiling. "Perhaps I do not deserve to be remembered, being only a cousin far removed, and not having seen you since you were a very little girl; but I was traveling through the place and could not pass without calling upon you."

The eyes that smiled at him from under the little close cap spoke a warmer welcome than any words could have done, and the two were soon the best of friends. Eldress Rachael herself, be it said, was scarcely behind her younger sister in yielding to the charm of their visitor's presence and conversation; so that when an hour had passed, and he finally took his leave, both felt that a bright bit of the outside world had come into their lives, and gone all too quickly.

Janet stood for a moment by the window watching him as he went away down the hill, and suddenly, as if conscious that her eyes were following him, he turned, doffed his hat and waved a graceful adieu. Then Janet blushing, trembling, she knew not why, drew back hastily and fled to the school room, where her scholars came swarming around her as usual, claiming her full attention.

Odd-looking children these scholars were. The girls had little, old, plain faces, and wore long-sleeved calico aprons and frocks down to their heels. The boys were still more unattractive if possible, with their hair cut square across the forehead, and wearing coats and trousers like their elders. They seemed in truth, both boys and girls, only grotesque caricatures of their grown-up brethren and sisters. But such as they were, Janet had always loved them, or, perhaps the feeling had been only a deep and tender pity, for in her heart she knew that these children were deprived of the real birthright of childhood. She had a far-away but quite distinct recollection of a home life altogether different, which appeared to her now like a heaven of delight; a home where she had been a pet and a plaything. Visions of gay and dainty dresses, of curls and ornaments, of merry romping games and fascinating toys, once part and parcel of herself, often came to her even now in her dreams. She remembered also, with an exquisite thrill of bliss, being kissed and wept over, and clung to, as if she were some precious thing that must be relinquished—and then her life here began, the life which had thus far been not unhappy, only empty and dull.

But to-day it had been suddenly filled and brightened. Her short interview with Robert Kilton had changed all things. The thought of him, of his words, his smile, filled her with joyous excitement. She felt that she should never be dull any more; just to remember him was happiness enough. In her innocence she little dreamed that this was but the beginning of a great unrest. What should a little Shaker maiden know of love?

The next day at noon, when Janet was going from school to the women's workshop to look after some of her scholars' clothes that had been left there for repair, she suddenly came upon Robert Kilton, whom she had supposed to be miles away by this time.

She started consciously at sight of him, for he had been so much in her thoughts that she felt almost as if he appeared now at her summons.

"No doubt you are surprised that I am still here," he began impetuously, stopping in the road before her, "but I could not go till I had seen you again. Tell me where and when can I see you—alone?"

"Alone!" she repeated, drawing herself up with a pretty assumption of dignity. "That would not be permitted here; it is contrary to our customs."

"But I must. I have that to say to you which concerns the life and happiness of us both!" he argued.

"How can that be?" she asked, wonderingly, but she hastened to add: "I cannot stand here with you; if you indeed wish to see me again, come to the house as you did before. I—we—have no secrets—"

"No secrets! Ah, have we not?" he repeated, his dark eyes seeming to pierce and read her very soul.

She looked up at the old clock in the tower. One moment and it would toll the dinner hour and the whole Community would see them together, if they had not already.

"Do not detain me longer, I beg," she entreated. "I really cannot, must not stay!"

"Go, go then! But tell me first, will you be glad to have me come—tell me—one word!"

"Yea, yea! I shall be glad!" she murmured. "But oh, I fear me I ought not to say so!" And she sped away.

Robert Kilton stayed on in the little village at the foot of the hill, managing upon one pretext or another to visit the Shaker community often, and to see Janet.

One day his errand was to order socks and mittens made for his winter wear (the humor of the idea amusing him exceedingly); at another time it was to procure a remedy of their manufacture of whose rare virtue he had heard; and finally, at his wits' end for expedients, and having by this time won the confidence and good-will of the simple-minded guardians of the house, he begged permission to bring his camera and photograph bits of the interior—the halls with their tiny paned windows and quaint furnishings of high-backed settees and huge desks; the beautifully carved staircases, each having a tall old clock standing guard at its head; the dining room with its long white tables, over each of which depended strange balloon-like ornaments cut in paper by the Sisters, and named mysteriously, "air castles."

These visits, though affording occasional

never came here to weep beside their buried loves. But in the spring of the year in which our story opens a little girl had died; she was one of Sister Janet's brightest scholars and a favorite with all the Community. Her grave Janet by special permission had undertaken to make beautiful. She had covered it with sods of grass, which she had kept fresh and green by watering. She had also transplanted several of the choicest plants from her own garden, so that the spot was now bright and fragrant, a striking contrast to the other graves around. Here Robert Kilton found her one afternoon, coming upon her by chance as he was returning from a tramp up the mountain several miles to the north.

He stood some moments leaning on the wall watching her, before she was aware of his presence. When he drew nearer and spoke her name, "Janet, cousin Janet!" she turned quickly, a flush of unmistakable joy in her face.

She had a watering-pot in her hand, and her little bonnet hung by its strings down her back. Her golden hair lay in fascinating disorderly rings upon her moist forehead, and her face was as radiant and rosy as that of a floral goddess. The young man thought he had never seen anything half so lovely.

"What! you here?" she said, smiling. "I thought perhaps you had left the town!"

"Oh!" he interrupted, reproachfully, "you knew I could not go without seeing—without speaking to you of what is in my heart! and fate is kind at last!"

She looked embarrassed, and began hastily gathering up her belongings.

"It is nearly sunset; I must return," she said.

He took off his hat, and threw himself down under a tree.

"Oh! but I am tired and thirsty!" he exclaimed. "I would give a good deal for a drink of water," looking askance at the empty watering-pot.

"Thirsty!" she cried, impulsively. "How glad I am that I can relieve you! Wait a moment, and I will bring you some water!"

She ran swiftly to a little spring that lay hidden away among the bushes a few rods distant, and as swiftly returned with her watering-pot full of pure, cool water.

"I wish I had a cup to offer you," she said, apologetically, "but I made this as clean as possible, and it is new and bright."

He took it gratefully, and drank a long, deep draught.

"That is good," he said, "but sit down a moment and rest; you must be tired."

"Oh, no! I am not tired, and I must be going," she answered.

He rose up and stood leaning against the tree. "Well," he said, as if acquiescing, though reluctantly, "but tell me first, have you thought of me a little since you last saw me?"

His eyes, half laughing, half tender, looked straight into her own, and she answered:

"Yea, I have thought of you," then dropped her eyes, and setting the watering-pot on the ground she began nervously arranging her bonnet strings.

Her manner, and the sweet admission of her words gave him hope.

"Janet!" he cried, eagerly, "I must speak out now, and you must listen. I love you; I have loved you since the first moment I saw you. Oh, Janet, try to understand!"



"You forget how we are taught to look upon marriage here"

opportunities for cultivating the acquaintance of his new-found distant cousin, were far from satisfactory, but they served to deepen the impression she had made, and render him more determined to win her for his wife.

The old burying-ground was a deserted spot. The neglected graves were overgrown with weeds and tangled vines. Among the Shakers headstones only occasionally mark the resting places of the dead, sometimes not even a mound is raised. Dust once given to dust rests in undisturbed repose. The Shakers

He stood still and waited, watching her face. She turned pale and trembled visibly. These were such strange words; and yet were they so strange, after all? Had she not already heard and responded to something of their meaning in her forbidden dreams?

He seemed to read her thoughts.

"Have you never longed for a closer, dearer friendship than these Brothers and Sisters can give you?" he asked. "Have you never dreamed of love, of what it would be? Oh, Janet!" as she averted her flushing face, "do you not know what love is?"

He ventured to take her hands and draw her nearer, his eyes seeking hers.

At the touch of his hand, the first man's hand that had thus clasped hers, the door of Janet's soul flew open, and love no longer knocked without. She knew love.

Unconsciously she leaned against him, faint and dizzy from ecstasy—or was it pain?

"Love!" she murmured. "Oh, I ought not to think of it, much less speak of it!" Then wrenching herself away, a look of horror on her face. "Let me go! Oh, I must go!"

But he detained her with gentle force. "I cannot let you go—I will not—till you tell me what I must know. Tell me, I implore you, Janet, and think well before you speak. Could you ever love me enough to give yourself to me—to be my wife?"

To his surprise she drew herself up and answered with something like composure:

"You forget how we are taught to look upon marriage here. Virgin, not wife, is our ideal woman. To propose marriage to a Shakeress is almost to insult her."

He smiled gravely, and shook his head. "That is what you have been taught," he said, "but you do not believe it. You do not feel the offer of my love to be an insult; your heart tells you, and tells you truly, that love such as mine for you is the crown and glory of woman's life."

"Not that I have a word to say against the faith in which you have been reared," he continued, "but can it be that the Shakers alone, of all the world, think and live rightly? They are but a handful; is the great world wrong? But let the Shakers rest; they are suited in their religion and in their social life—we will hope they are content. You, Janet, are not content; you are no Shakeress at heart, certainly not in appearance. Why, here you are like some fragrant flower among a garden of weeds. Youth, beauty, an impassioned nature are yours. You are eminently fitted to enjoy life and love in their fullest, highest sense."

She only looked at him dumbly, she dared not speak. It was all so new, so bewildering.

"Forgive me, I seem cruel," he pleaded, "but I assure you if I did not think it to be for your highest happiness I would never speak."

"You say too much about happiness!" she burst out impatiently. "What is my happiness, what is yours, what are both together compared to the great object of life?"

"Very well, let us be miserable then," he said, seriously, "only let us be together."

She saw that he was laughing at her, and, like the child she was, resented it.

"You can join the Shakers, I suppose," she remarked demurely, "then I shall love you, we shall love each other. I love Elder Jonas and Brother Sanders and all the rest, and they love me. Join us." She repeated.

"I join the Shakers!" He threw back his head and laughed uproariously.

"I beg ten thousand pardons!" he gasped at last, holding on to his sides as he met Janet's half angry glance, "but in all honesty and full respect to Brother Sanders and the rest, do you think I would make a good Shaker?"

She frowned severely and shook her head.

"Nay, nay, I do not," she said.

"No, and why?" he asked, a little piqued by her manner.

She eyed him critically from the top of his handsome head to the toe of his fashionable boot, and laughed aloud.

"Oh!" he said, with an air of chagrin, "am I to infer that you disapprove my—my personal appearance? You prefer Brother Adoniram, perhaps?"

She clasped her little hands in an ecstasy of enjoyment.

"Oh, oh!" she cried hysterically, "you have seen him then! You know Brother Adoniram! Is he not droll? Why, I can never even look at him without laughing; and Mother Rachael says it is a shame and sin for me, because he is so good. But I cannot help it, I cannot!" going off into another uncontrollable fit of laughter.

"But, now, how is this?" he asked, whimsically, "you laugh at me because I would not make a good Shaker, and you laugh at Brother Adoniram, who is, you say, an excellent Shaker. Tell me, are you not inconsistent?"

"Yea, I am, I am indeed!" she agreed, nodding her bright head merrily.

She had forgotten everything in her momentary happiness, and he would gladly have prolonged it, but he began to realize that it was growing late, and he must not detain her much longer.

"Janet," he said, with sudden seriousness, pointing to the sinking sun, "I fear we must part—for to-day—and I ask you once more can you, will you, love me and be my wife?"

The revulsion of feeling was painful. She turned upon him in a sort of desperation.

"I do not know what to answer," she cried, her eyes dark with misery. "I only know that if you leave me the remainder of my life will be but a memory—of this hour with you. I—I—oh, what shall I do!"

She leaned against the tree and closed her eyes in mute agony.

"Janet," he said, softly, "you love me. This is love. You spoke of my leaving you," he continued, "but those who love each other so should never part. Come with me to my mother; she will receive you and love you as a daughter."

The words "mother," "daughter," seemed to break the spell and recall Janet's senses. She snatched away the hand he had taken.

"Oh! how could I for one moment forget!" she groaned, remorsefully. "Speak not to me of another mother! I have Mother Rachael—and I should break her heart. Nay, nay! I will not go! I will do nothing without her consent, and I know she would never let me leave her to go with you—a stranger."

"Forgive me that word," she added, gently, "it sounds so ungrateful after the—the kindness you have shown me; but I have been very wicked, very foolish. It only remains for us to part, forget this day and each other."

"Forget you, after you have confessed that you love me! Ah, Janet, you little know men. You are mine, and I shall hold you. Sooner or later you must yield to me."

But for the time the spell was broken. Janet lifted her head and said with spirit:

"I must? Nay, but I will not. Rather, I must school my wayward heart to rest content where duty keeps me. Let me explain: No ordinary love and duty bind me here. I am Mother Rachael's dearest, best beloved of all the Sisters. I am her child. When I am ill she watches over me with a mother's tenderness; in trouble she carries me on her heart; her sweetness and strength have been my happiness and support always. Oh, you cannot know what a grand woman she is! And shall I forsake her for the friend of a day? Nay, nay! go, and let me try to forget you."

She turned from him with a gesture of farewell.

"I see that I have been rash," he said, sadly. "I should have given you time—I will give you time, not to forget me, but rather to learn what love is, and how powerless we are to resist it. And now, since you desire it, I will leave you."

He uncovered his head as he spoke, bowed low before her, and with one adoring glance left her standing there, white and motionless, in the shadow of the great tree, her bright young head drooping forward on her breast.

And Janet went back again to the old life, but she was changed. A strange feeling of restlessness and discontent seemed to have come upon her, and she could not throw it off, struggle as she might.

The simple duties and pleasures of the little Community had suddenly become irksome and altogether unsatisfactory.

New desires, new instincts took possession of her being and tormented her. No longer content with reading the books allowed her in the library, she searched in out of the way places for stray newspapers and books that told of the world, of society and love, seeking thus to satisfy the craving that was mastering her.

One day Eldress Rachael entering Janet's room suddenly found her reading an old newspaper that had been brought from the village store wrapped around some parcel of goods. She had that moment finished a rather sensational story of two lovers, their unhappy love, and tragic death in each others' arms. Its effect upon her had been wonderful, and her face, as she turned toward her visitor, wore an expression of exaltation far surpassing any fervor of religious emotion she had ever seen upon it.

Without a word Janet handed the paper to the Eldress, who hastily scanned its contents, and laying it down looked at her with a great pang of dread and fear at her heart.

Then Janet, weeping, threw herself at her friend's feet, crying out passionately.

"Oh! mother, Mother Rachael! I am so miserable! what shall I do; tell me what to do!"

And the woman who, for a score of years had chosen to know not love, save in its higher, spiritual sense, took this child of earth in her arms and listened to all her story.

Janet told her of the interview with Robert Kilton in the burying ground, and of the change that had been going on in her nature since first she saw him.

"And oh!" she said in conclusion, "if you knew how I have fought against my fate, how I have tried to keep on in the old, calm ways, you would not judge me harshly! Am I to blame? I did not go out to seek love, it came to me here. Who shall say but that God himself sent it! He made me as I am, a woman, not a saint, like you and the other Sisters. Your hearts are in Heaven, I know; mine, alas! is here!" Clasp her hands over her throbbing bosom: "And since I am made so, how can it be wicked for me to love?"

"If not wicked, is it not unwise, child?" said Mother Rachael, sadly. "Tell me, has it not brought you thus far more pain than happiness?" She looked into the young girl's face, her own strangely agitated, moved, perhaps, by some haunting memory of her own heart's struggle.

"More pain than happiness?" repeated Janet, drearily. "Nay, I cannot say; only this I know, that when he was with me I was happy, and now I suffer, suffer! Oh!" she continued, with a searching look of appeal into the elder woman's face. "Oh, you yourself must have felt—you surely understand!"

"Nay, nay," interrupted Mother Rachael coldly. "You said aright a moment ago; my heart is, I trust, in heaven. I have little sympathy with this weakness of yours. But it is not fitting to prolong such converse. I will make your case the subject of my prayers, and pray yourself, child, pray!" she added earnestly, as she rose to go.

But Janet seized her hand. "Stay! dear mother!" she pleaded, "I must tell you more. It is not love alone that has changed me. I have often felt of late that I am not fitted for this place, this life."

"You will remember a year ago I went to the city with you to sell our work and buy supplies. Being pressed for time, you sent me alone to deliver some socks at a house not far from the store where you were trading. As I approached that house I heard sounds of music and dancing, and from where I stood waiting on the steps I could look within. It was a home. All was beautiful, warm, and light, and the music stirred my soul. Two young girls and two young men were dancing. One of the girls had hair like mine, I noticed, and she wore a white dress with a great bunch of red roses in her bosom. I noticed, too, that her feet were small and her shoes pretty."

"My first ring was not heard through all the music and the laughter, so I had plenty of time for observation. The two young men were very handsome, and they certainly did not look wicked, but oh, so happy and gay, and I thought, 'why are our young people never so? Only the cattle in our pastures are allowed to be frisky and gay,' and I wished that it were different."

"When I came away from that house I was a different girl, and I began to be curious about many things to which I had never given a thought before. I have often felt disturbed and restless, I have had strange dreams and yearnings, but believe me, I loved you always, always! and for your sake I strove to put them all away. Then he came and woke my soul to love, and these vague thoughts and impulses took on more definite shape. Oh! Mother Rachael, I find I am no saint, only a woman, and all my struggling is in vain. Though my body lingers here with you my spirit roves far away to the great world outside. Mother Rachael, let me go! Let me go!" she repeated, "let me follow my heart and soul down and away; across the valleys and over the hills, out into the world beyond."

For one moment the Eldress bowed her head in silent anguish, perhaps she prayed.

"Child," she said at length, tremulously, "child, it may be the will of God that you go. We will see. Meanwhile, pray! pray as you never prayed that He will give you light."

She took Janet for one moment in her arms, and then left her; poor Janet, who scarce knew whether to weep or rejoice.

Two weary months dragged by, and at last one morning Mother Rachael came to Janet and said: "Child, Robert Kilton is here. He is come with my permission. Follow me."

Janet started up with a cry of delight and walked toward the door, then turned and fell on her knees before Mother Rachael.

"Forgive me, my mother, my more than mother!" she cried remorsefully. "I am not ungrateful, oh believe me! I do love you—better than all the world—except him!"

The Eldress stooped and gathered her to her breast.

"My child, my dear one!" she murmured brokenly, "you say well; I am indeed your more than mother, for lo! have I not struggled with throes of more than mortal agony to bring you forth into the heavenly light. Yes, you are mine, my own, my best beloved one! Would to God I could keep you—but His holy will be done!"

"Say no more! I will never leave you!" sobbed Janet passionately. "Come! let us go quickly and tell him so!"

"Hush, child! you know not what you say," returned the Eldress with an effort at composure, "and do not weep so. Doubtless I shall find comfort. Indeed," with a tender smile, "to know that you are happy will be no insufficient return for my sacrifice."

Janet never forgot that glimpse into the heart of her Shaker mother, that heart at once so strong and loving, and so unselfish.

The meeting between the two lovers was a quiet, almost a solemn one. After exchanging greetings they remained standing before the Eldress, who bowed her head a moment in silent prayer, then turning to Robert Kilton addressed him in these words:

"Young man, since receiving your letters in reference to Sister Janet, expressing the desire to unite yourself with her in marriage after the manner of the world, we have endeavored to find out the will of God in the matter; also, we have made it our duty to inquire into your life and character. We find nothing amiss in you. That you are not a Shaker may be the fault of circumstances," she added with a grim smile, "all are not among the elect."

Then with a tender grace she placed Janet's hand in his and said: "In this Community we neither marry nor are given in marriage; but as it seems to be the will of God I give this girl, this child of my heart, into your care and keeping, and as you fulfill the trust, so be it unto you."

She raised her hand in silent benediction above the two bowed heads, and thus their love was sanctioned.

## WOMEN BEHIND THE COUNTER

BY IDA M. VAN ETEN

[PRESIDENT OF THE WORKING WOMEN'S SOCIETY]



HOUSANDS of girls of the better class, who have had good school facilities, and many who have gone through normal colleges expecting to teach, and failed to obtain positions, turn to the stores for employment. They consider working in a store a higher grade of employment than working in a factory. They forget that it is harder work, and that the pay is

less. A few women in every store are paid good wages, and some are exceptionally well paid. But take an entire store through, the average pay is less than that in a factory. It is difficult to average the wages of girls in shops, for the reason that different places pay different rates, and the pay varies in the same place. Hundreds of cash girls sell notions and fancy articles while they are still paid as cash girls, and get only from \$2.50 to \$3.00 a week. These may be employed several years before their pay is increased to \$4.00 a week. After they become good saleswomen they are paid \$6.00, and even more in some establishments. A fortunate few are paid \$25.00 a week; but they are women who are thoroughly familiar with the business, having worked up from much lower positions, and are possessed of exceptional ability. They are given charge of a department, or are buyers, or hold some equally responsible position. The wages paid to these exceptions should not be an incentive to others looking for situations, as there is room for but a few in these important positions. It is safe to say that women of corresponding ability make more money in almost any other employment than they do in this. Even when they are heads of departments, or buyers for the big retail stores, women are paid much lower salaries than men who occupy similar positions. In some cases they receive one-third less. In many cases they get only half of what is paid to men. It is difficult to learn just what women in shops are paid, as they are not organized, and are at the mercy of their employers, and when asked what they receive, feel ashamed of their low pay and are inclined to exaggerate the sum.

Employment in stores is an unhealthy occupation. The standing and the poor ventilation make it that. In only a few of the better class of shops is the air good. This and the long hours make the existence behind counters especially unhealthy. Ordinary hours are from eight o'clock in the morning until six o'clock at night, through the week, and until ten o'clock on Saturday night. The stores are supposed to close at ten o'clock, but it is considerably later than this before the employees get their work finished, and it is nearly midnight before they reach their homes. This would be bad enough on any day of the week, but it is particularly so on Saturday. The girls lie in bed until noon on Sunday to get rested, and the only holiday in the week is spoiled. It is cruel to keep girls standing from eight o'clock in the morning until ten o'clock at night, as is done in the large stores every Saturday, and for two or three weeks before Christmas every day in the week.

The long hours that are exacted of saleswomen on Saturdays and at holiday times are not accompanied by any extra compensation. Some stores have saleswomen in the basement where the poor ventilation and the heat, caused by keeping the gas lighted all day, combine to produce a most unhealthy atmosphere. Girls who are required to stand and sell goods all day in these places are often overcome, and are carried out in a fainting condition. The rules of many establishments are arbitrary and unjust. The girls are fined for lateness, which is not so bad as the other fines for talking, laughing, singing, or failure to put away their aprons when the work of the day is ended. Often at the end of the week a girl who is careless finds that nearly all of her wages is used up in fines. In factories, the law compels employers to give an hour for dinner, but in stores the girls are obliged to wait their turn before going to the lunch room. In the busy season only a few are allowed to go at a time, and it is often four or five o'clock before some of the girls get a chance to eat their mid-day meal. Eating in the store is forbidden at all times. It is no wonder that the girls faint, when they are compelled to stand all day without eating. Some of the better class of stores are more considerate, and even give one or two weeks' vacation with pay to the girls in the summer.

If the normal schools taught girls book-keeping, many of them could become clerks and book-keepers instead of trying to get places as teachers, and when they find no place open to them turning to the stores and overcrowding them. Girls have few opportunities to prepare for positions that are remunerative. The two or three occupations which are considered genteel for women are overcrowded, while there is often a demand for girls as feather workers for example. If trades such as the making of jewelry, surgical instruments, and similar manufactures, were taught here in technical and industrial schools like those of Paris, girls would receive better wages than they do now. Even now girls of equal ability make more money in factories than in stores, excepting the few who have positions of trust. Occupations like feather making are not overcrowded. The only trouble is in the dull season, when there is lack of employment, but the wages when there is work are sufficient to enable a girl to get along even if she is idle a part of the time. Many provide for this by learning two or three trades. On the whole, the employment of women in mercantile pursuits is undesirable; it is poorly paid; it is not regulated by law as it should be; and while it is considered more genteel than at the light trades, it is less remunerative.

## THE CARE OF AUTOGRAPHS

BY VIRGINIA ROBIE



THE autograph collector always comes the question: How shall I preserve my autographs? Shall they be pasted in an album or placed in a portfolio? To the first, no, most emphatically, for one must arrange and rearrange from time to time. The best of paste cracks or "cockles," and in the case of letters and documents pasting becomes at once impracticable. On the other hand, a portfolio is not the safest of repositories, and the autographs are liable to become defaced by handling.

A simple and effective way is the following: Arrange poets, painters, musicians, authors, etc., in separate groups, and have for each a linen or parchment envelope of the required size. Next choose a quotation for each envelope.

The one containing poets, might have:

"God's prophets of the beautiful,  
These poets were."  
ELIZABETH BROWNING.

The musicians:

"Their instruments were various  
In their kind."  
DRYDEN.

The authors:

"An author! 'tis a venerable name."  
YOUNG.

The painters:

"The master's hand, which to the life can trace."  
DRYDEN.

The quotations may be written or painted in old English or German letters. If parchment be the chosen paper, simply a broad pen and black ink may be used with good effect. Then if one wishes to decorate a little, a bar of music might be added to the musicians' envelope; a palette and brush to the painters', a scroll and quill to the authors', and so on as fancy may dictate.

One large envelope made to order at any stationer's will hold the smaller ones, and when finished with its quotation, the autographs are in a neat, compact form, ready to show to other collectors.

Mr. Beecher As I Knew Him

By Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher

IN TEN PAPERS CONCLUDING PAPER

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**I**T seemed to me fitting that the last year of Mr. Beecher's triumphant life should occupy an entire and separate chapter of these reminiscence papers, and bring to a close this meagre story of his home or private life. This closing chapter is now reached, and with its narration I leave those who have so patiently read these written words. For the innumerable messages of encouragement which have come to me from so many of the millions of readers of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL during the publication of these papers, I shall never cease to be grateful. If I have by these simple words of his life brought Mr. Beecher closer to any one, my task of love shall not have been in vain.

THE LAST TRIP TO EUROPE

**I**T was with pleasure that I hailed the first suggestion of an European journey for Mr. Beecher early in 1886. He needed rest and an entire change, and a sojourn in Europe would afford both. I cannot go into details of that blessed last vacation with him, the respect accorded him, the honors paid and the enthusiasm which greeted him on every hand. I had never been abroad, and everything was, of course, new to me. As Mr. Beecher could not take me out of the route pre-arranged for him, he was anxious to put me in the hands of a courier, or some friends, for a trip through France and Italy. But I declined, preferring to remain with Mr. Beecher, and now how thankful I am that not a day in all those four months was I absent from his side.

On the 24th of October, 1886, we embarked for home, which we reached on the morning of Sunday, the 31st. The trip had vastly benefited Mr. Beecher. Although speaking every evening, except Saturday, and preaching nearly every Sunday, traveling almost incessantly, he seemed rejuvenated by it, and his eyes did not show the slightest trace of fatigue. The trip seemed to renew his youth, he often said. And so upon his return he was in perfect health, and ready at once to resume his labors with renewed zeal and interest. We arrived at the dock on Sunday morning too late to preach, or I think he would have been in his pulpit. After dinner he went directly over to Sunday School. Nine persons out of ten, after seven days of continued sea-sickness—for Mr. Beecher was not a good sailor—would have required rest, but not he! If he was too late for church, he said, he would be early for Sunday School.

Upon Friday after our return, at the regular prayer meeting, he spoke to his people for the first time. With deep feelings he referred to the marks of affection and honor that had been shown him, and said the cordiality extended on every hand had made him young again. He confessed that before leaving home he had been depressed and had felt that his usefulness was on the wane, but he had discarded all such fancies, and with a stronger faith in his Father's wisdom he felt that he might yet be years before him to work in his Master's vineyard.

WERE THESE PREMONITIONS?

**I**N December arrangements had been made for a fair, from the proceeds of which we hoped to enlarge and refurbish the church parlors. But I was suddenly taken seriously ill, and the fair was postponed. For weeks Mr. Beecher allowed no one to watch over me and nurse me but himself. Always cheerful, and keeping me so, even when suffering and most severely, by no look or word did he show his alarm at my illness. After his breakfast he would carry me down stairs to his study in his arms—I was too weak to take one step—so that he might have the care of me all the time he could remain in the house. When taken ill I did not think I should recover. Nor should I but for Mr. Beecher's unceasing care. He declined all engagements, and left the house only for his regular church services and important duties connected with his church and people; always most kind and thoughtful when any one was sick, but never before did he attempt to nurse and take the whole charge of me in sickness. And why did he now? Was it through any unrecognized influence or premonition?

As soon as I recovered, the work of the fair was hastened forward. In the object which it was hoped could be accomplished by this fair Mr. Beecher was greatly interested, and together we were requested to select and buy the carpet and furniture. In this work he was very happy and efficient. But the aid he thus gave did not interrupt his regular duties or prevent his beginning once more to work on the second volume of "The Life of Christ,"

Mr. Beecher never liked the confinement of writing. His pen could not keep pace with his thoughts at first, and he shrank from returning to work so long interrupted. But at last, when impediments had been removed, inspiration to finish came to him. He soon began to work hopefully and enthusiastically, much helped, he often said, by running away from his study for an hour to see how vigorously the work at the church was being pushed forward, and his presence and eagerness to have it hastened was always like an inspiration. When I returned at night from this work his first remark was often: "Well, how is the work progressing? How soon will the fair be opened?"

Once I said to him: "Only a few days now, but what makes you so anxious?" "I don't know," he said, "I never was in such a hurry. I feel ready to take hold and push."

"But the ladies are working as fast as they can," I said.

"Yes, I know that, but I don't know what has come over me to be so eager to have the fair over and learn what will be the result. Perhaps my anxiety to get you off South before you get sick again."

Was that the reason? Or was it foreshadowing the end of all his cares and labors? Yet how perfectly well he seemed—never better—and often remarked, when urged to give up

With that strangely intent look still on his face he remained silent looking so far off for a few moments; then, rising, throwing back his head and straightening himself as all who knew him have so often seen when roused out of intense thought, he drew a deep heavy breath, and wheeling his chair to his desk began to write.

The strangeness of this short scene, particularly the expression of his face, unlike any I ever saw before, startled me—and oh! if I could know what revelation was made to him then! Nothing ever struck me with such solemnity.

LAST DAY IN THE OUTER WORLD

**U**PON the afternoon that the dear church parlor was elegant with the so much needed enlargement, and the carpet, which Mr. Beecher had selected, on the floor, and new furniture all in, nothing seemed wanted but a mantel over the simulated fireplace, which I was commissioned to select. I greatly desired Mr. Beecher's help in doing this, but his work on "The Life of Christ" was now progressing so fairly that I disliked to ask him to go with me, as I knew before we would be suited it might occupy a large portion of the day. But in the evening he inquired how much more of the work on the parlors I should expect to do. I told him, adding "If your work did not need all your time I should ask your aid in selecting the mantel." He made no reply. That was sufficient, and I understood that he could not go with me.

But the next morning at breakfast he gravely asked: "Have you ordered the coupe?"

"For what?" I asked.

"Didn't you order me to go with you to select that mantel, and did I ever disobey your orders?" And to my relief he went with me. On this, his last day in the outer world, we spent most of the time looking through furniture stores, and were successful in our search. In this last blessed ride together I never knew him so inclined to talk when riding, or

And was not that what he did do? How his face shone upon me as he turned and drew me close to him. Twice during that ride he repeated this, using almost the same words, but with even more earnestness. How his face lighted up! How his eyes kindled! And oh, how blind I was! Why did I not understand that heaven was just opening for him and drawing him away from me? From all who so loved him? I simply watched him as if it was one of those inspired moments I had often seen, though never so wonderfully illuminated, when his soul shone out from his face. Did he feel that his Saviour was calling to him, "Come up hither?"

All through that ride he talked constantly of almost everybody we had known—everything we had experienced together. He was very earnest in urging me to do all I could to keep up the social life in the church, as he thought it one of the best means to keep the church united, and in that way the greatest help to the pastor of the church.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END

**W**E returned from this precious ride in time for dinner. He had a short nap, and awoke very cheerful and happy. In the evening he had some engagement from which he did not expect to return before ten, and handing me several letters, requesting me to answer some of the most important, which he had marked, before his return, and then went out. But he came back, not long after eight, to my surprise, and, still remembering I was to go South the following week, he had excused himself to come back and be with me.

At about nine o'clock he said he was tired and would go to bed.

"Why, Henry! are you sick?" I asked.

"No, indeed! only tired," he replied.

"Well, then, I will come right up and do this writing in the back room," I said. I simply set back the chair, took my parcel of letters, turned out the gas and followed him. It could not have been five minutes after I expected to find him not half ready for bed. When I entered, the room was dark. Turning on the gas I found him in bed. It was so quickly done that I had no thought but that he was hoaxing me until I turned and saw his clothes on the chair nearby. Passing to his bedside I found he lay on his right side, with the right hand under his cheek, apparently sound asleep. Why did I not see the darkness that was closing around us?

As I stood over him his face looked so serene—so youthful. Why were my eyes so blinded as not to understand how he was, even then, changed?

My hands being cold, I did not dare to touch him, but kneeling at his side I placed my ear over his heart; it was beating far more easily and quietly than my own. I turned down the gas, and took my writing into the back room, but where I could look on him without going in. I wrote awhile by the fire until my hands grew warm, and then went to him and felt his pulse. It could not have been more regular and natural. I felt of his brow, the back of his neck and the temples. No stronger indications of health could have been desired. Yet I felt troubled. He still lay so peacefully, undisturbed by my examinations, or the gas over his head, either of which would have usually wakened him instantly. Returning to my writing, I continued at it until one o'clock, going to him often, but finding no change in that peaceful, apparently healthful sleep.

At one o'clock I prepared to retire. But he was sleeping so quietly that I would not disturb him, and so laid down in the room where I had been writing. I could not sleep, however. But why? I thought to myself. Why this great anxiety? I could find no indication of illness and was ashamed of my apprehensions.

About three o'clock I heard him vomiting, and was by his side instantly. When quiet I asked what had caused the vomiting. "Oh, only a slight sick headache," he said.

"Why, Henry, you never had a sick headache before," I suggested.

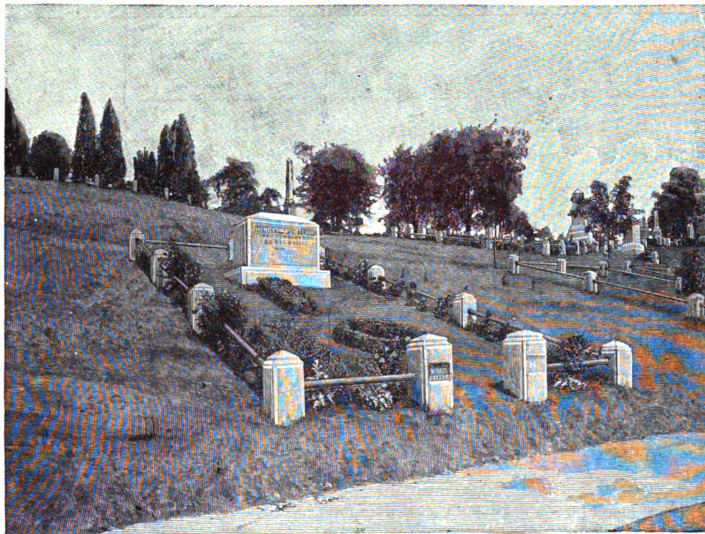
"Well, can't I do something original once in a while," he replied, laughing in an easy, cheerful manner. "I am all right, now. But why are you not in bed? You will be sick going round in your bare feet." And in a moment he was again fast asleep.

ENTERING UPON HIS LONG SLEEP

**I** TRIED to get him to go into a clean bed after his illness, but could not. Putting dry towels about him, and over the pillow, I went back and dressed. I could not sleep; I tried to write, while I sat where I could go to him instantly if needed. I was sadly depressed, yet not knowing why, as I watched the remainder of that night.

The breakfast bell rang, and the little children and their father met near our door, laughing and merry, but their grandfather still slept, or appeared to, with his right hand under his face, so peacefully and so tranquil. Why did not all this noise rouse him? He, who usually waked at the first sound? I called our son and told him how anxious I was, and how long his father had lain yet not waking.

He chided me for needless anxiety, saying: "Let father sleep; that always cures a Beecher. Come down to breakfast, mother. Don't worry; father's pulse is all right; no extra heat about his head. Let him sleep." At breakfast another son came in, and I took him upstairs to see his father. He, also, thought my anxiety groundless, and found neither pulse nor heart suggesting any trouble, and both sons begged me not to worry, but by all means let him sleep. By the afternoon I could endure it no longer and sent for the doctor, and he, from my report before seeing



MR. BEECHER'S GRAVE IN GREENWOOD CEMETERY

[On Dawn Path, near Hillside Avenue, on the Southeastly Slope of Ocean Hill: Lot No. 25,911]

some of his cares until that writing was finished. "Why, I have not felt so well for years—so buoyant and so ready for work."

The fair was at last over, and most satisfactorily it resulted for all interested. Not being strong, it was decided that now, as soon as the furniture for the church parlors was bought, I was to go South. My trunk was packed and Tuesday, March 8th, I was to leave for Florida.

WRITING HIS "LIFE OF CHRIST"

**O**N Wednesday morning, March 2d, a gentleman from England called. I think for a letter of introduction. After Mr. Beecher had written it they sat talking for a few minutes. As he was bidding Mr. Beecher good morning he stopped at the door, saying:

"Mr. Beecher, excuse me, but may I ask when you will finish 'The Life of Christ'?"

"I am now closely at work on it, and hope to complete it very soon," Mr. Beecher replied.

"I am rejoiced to hear that," the gentleman said, and then passed into the hall, but turning back, repeated:

"I cannot tell you how rejoiced I am that you will soon finish 'The Life of Christ.'"

As he passed from the hall, Mr. Beecher stood for a moment perfectly still. Then with bowed head, as if in deep thought, he walked slowly back to his desk, and, as was often his custom, knelt on his revolving chair, with his arms crossed on the back, and gazed earnestly out of the window.

I was writing at my desk near by, but he remained so still I half turned so I could see him. That almost rapturous expression that shone on his face can never be forgotten. But he seemed so far away.

After a moment of this weird silence, he spoke in a slow, solemn tone, as if communing with his own heart, unconscious of the presence of another:

"Finish 'The Life of Christ!' Finish 'The Life of Christ!' His life was never finished. It never can be finished. It goes on—it will go on through all eternity!"

in such a tender, happy frame of mind; everything he spoke of seemed golden colored.

Once he said laughing: "I am glad you made me take this ride. I have been working so steadily for a day or two my head feels tired, but this ride quite brightens me up."

I said to him: "I wish I had not been so ready to encourage you to finish 'The Life of Christ' this winter. You have had so many more applications for extra work."

"Oh, you needn't worry about that," he replied. "It is a long time since I have sat down to regular continued study, as this work requires, and of course, at the beginning, I have felt it a little burdensome; but I am getting broken into the harness, and now the work will be comparatively easy. But let me tell you, dear, you little imagine how I dreaded to take hold again, and particularly to examine the first volume. I feared to find much that I must correct, or write all over again, and I dreaded to do that. But are you not glad with me? I find I shall be delayed by comparatively little rewriting or change."

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When I think of him, a great luminous cloud appears to rise before me; and as I look the glory bursts out beneath it, bright, shining like the sun. Heaven opens before me as if I needed to take but one step forward and enter the promised land."

LIFE AT A CONVENT SCHOOL

By Ethel Ingalls

the patient, agreed with our sons that it was a slight bilious attack. But on seeing Mr. Beecher he saw at once, I think, cause for anxiety, but he did not say so until his second call, less than half an hour after the first. He roused him when he first went in easily, asked what caused the vomiting, and received a laughing reply. I noticed Mr. Beecher did not open his eyes.

Immediately on his second visit the doctor asked him to put out his tongue. The patient could only eject the tongue a little way. "More! farther!" said the doctor quickly; but the effort was a complete failure. Then, for a moment, Mr. Beecher opened his eyes and looked into my face. Love and sorrow for me mingled with a look as if he would say: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my work." And he closed his eyes, never again to open them here. I was holding his hand, and he gave mine a loving, earnest pressure that interpreted his look. It was "Farewell." The cruel truth was now plainly revealed, and all hope abandoned. The left side was paralyzed, and, recalling the earlier symptoms, the case was plainly apoplexy and of a type for which there was no hope.

It was generally supposed that from that time Mr. Beecher was unconscious. I did not believe it and never shall. I held his hand all the time unless called aside for a moment. In that case, as I returned, the nurses would say: "He's hunting for you, Mrs. Beecher." He would move his hand over the bedspread as if hunting for something, until I put my hand in his again. Several times he raised our hands together to my lips. The last time was but a few hours before he died.

Very early on Tuesday, March 8th, a change came over him. Death was close at hand. The family clustered about his bed, where one a thousand times more dear than mortal words can tell was passing away from us. But his singular vitality was not yet conquered, and there was a few hours longer left to us.

About seven o'clock on Tuesday morning the family were again hastily summoned. Death was now indeed near. That strong, active brain had finished its appointed work. Only a few more breaths and death was swallowed up in victory. The great loving heart was at last still. The freed spirit ascended to the heavenly Home.

"Through the pearly gates and the open door,  
His happy feet on the golden street  
Have entered now, to return no more;  
For his work is done, and the rest begun,  
And the training time is forever past,  
And the home of rest in the mansions blest  
Is safely, joyously reached at last.

MRS. BEECHER'S COMPLETE ARTICLES

IN response to many inquiries, the management of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL states that to any who may desire to keep a complete set of Mrs. Beecher's articles of "Mr. Beecher As I Knew Him," it will send the entire series, covering ten numbers of the JOURNAL, to any address, postage free, for one dollar (\$1.00). Mrs. Beecher's articles will not be issued by the JOURNAL in book form, as has been erroneously announced. Owing to the demand for these papers, it is requested that those desiring to take advantage of this offer will do so at once, as the supply of back numbers is limited.

MR. BEECHER'S UNPRINTED WORDS

THE "JOURNAL" TO PUBLISH A SERIES OF HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED MATERIAL

IT is with great pleasure that the editor of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL announces that he has succeeded in securing for publication in the JOURNAL a series of important articles of spoken words and writings by Henry Ward Beecher never before published in any manner. This material has long been in the possession of Professor T. J. Ellinwood, who was for nearly thirty years Mr. Beecher's private stenographer and authorized reporter, and who made it a rule on all proper occasions, in public and in private, to transfer to paper every thought expressed by Mr. Beecher. From this interesting material, the articles to appear in the JOURNAL will be made up under the personal supervision of Professor Ellinwood. The series will, in every respect, be a notable one, as it will present some of the most characteristic utterances on popular topics ever uttered or written by Mr. Beecher. Among the subjects these papers will treat are:

- HOW A CHRISTIAN SHOULD DRESS
- THE ETHICS OF PEW RENTING
- PRACTICAL ADVICE TO USHERS
- WOMAN'S PART IN CHURCH WORK
- WINE DRINKING ON NEW YEAR'S DAY
- THE WISE TRAINING OF CHILDREN
- HOW TO CONDUCT A PRAYER MEETING
- WEAR AND TEAR OF HOUSEKEEPING
- THE CONTROL OF THE TONGUE
- THINGS WE EXPECT OF MARRIED PEOPLE
- HOW TO LABOR FOR A REVIVAL
- COMMENTS ON MEN OF HIS TIME
- SEWING SOCIETIES OF WOMEN
- RELIGIOUS BEHAVIOR IN SUMMER
- WOMEN TEACHERS AND MISSIONARIES
- THE LITERARY VALUE OF THE BIBLE

and a number of equally interesting and trenchant topics.

This series will begin in an early issue of the JOURNAL, so soon as the careful editing of the material is completed.



HERE clings to the convent, even in these days, much of legendary romance, aiding the belief, even among intelligent people, that the cloister is at best but a prison house in which many a woman lives out a miserable existence. But this is not the case. The woman who enters a convent in this nineteenth century does it not only of her own free will, and because she is actuated to lead a life of sacrifice and seclusion from purely religious motives, but does so only after the prolonged trial of the novitiate. Should she find, during this time, that she cannot be content with the life she is purposing to lead, she is urged to return to the world by the advice and with the assistance of the religious order to which she has belonged.

TO the majority of the convents of the religious orders in the United States are attached schools, usually called academies; and although the number of nuns in the convent community may be great, but a small proportion are commonly employed on the faculty of these academies. The latter comprises the directress, who superintends the entire school, an assistant, prefects, and teachers of English and the accomplishments.

To the uninitiated there is no distinction between the terms academy and convent; but the pupils of the former speedily learn to distinguish between them. They, although actual inmates of the convent school, are allowed to cross the threshold into the convent proper but once a year, just prior to the annual closing exercises. This interior is forbidding and gloomy, but only because of the absence of decoration and luxury which startles the unaccustomed eye, and is more than compensated by the exquisite cleanliness and order which pervade every corner.

But it is not of the lives within the convent that we are to speak, but of the pupil's life in a convent school, under the supervision of these religious women.

THE great outcry against a convent education is the proselyting of which the nuns are so frequently and unjustly accused.

During my entire school life, and out of a probable thousand souls that were sheltered within the cloistered walls, there were but two converts, and neither of these had been previously united with any church, nor had they ever been baptized. Under no circumstances will a pupil be permitted to embrace the faith without the entire sanction of the parents or guardians; and even when consent is given, it is preferred that the step be postponed until the girl has entered the world and can determine for herself whether she was merely fascinated by the religion, which is seen under such spiritual surroundings in a convent, or whether she has been sincerely converted. The women placed at the head of these institutions are of the highest order intellectually; wise, judicious, and practical, and thoroughly conscious of the fact that proselyting would seriously injure the future of their schools.

THAT some girls are disastrously affected by a convent education I cannot deny. The sentimentalist of tender years, and, perchance, the youthful pessimist, who has shadowed the sunshine of her girlhood days with sombre literature, are more deeply impressed with the isolated lives by which they are surrounded than is the merry-hearted, blithesome maiden who breathes in the atmosphere of unalloyed happiness. The more sensitive minds and hearts look deeper into the secluded lives, and weave beautiful tragic romances about the sable-robed women. These girls are inclined to linger over such day-dreams to the exclusion of the more practical side of this existence, and their tendency toward melancholia is exaggerated. Then, when the books are closed and lessons are ended, instead of coming out into the world with minds filled with sensible, wholesome knowledge, they mope and pine and dwell on visionary possibilities. Sometimes these maidens, ere they have stood within the vestibule of the great wide world, already imagine it wearisome and unsatisfying, and announce, often publicly, their intention of entering the novitiate as soon as the wreath of white blossoms their goodness rewards, and the laurel-wreathed medal their knowledge proclaims. But when the world, in all its freshness, dawns upon them, it seems a fairly good place to live in; and as the years speed onward, and love has filled the emptiness of the existence, these same pensive maidens, now grown to noble mothers, bring their little daughters to place in the good Sisters' care.

It has been claimed by careful observers that a Protestant, educated with Catholics, either becomes an ardent advocate of her own belief, or develops a total lack of religious fervor, and sometimes becomes even skeptical. But as there are many skeptics in the world who have never been within the portals of a convent, this skepticism may not necessarily have been born of a conventual training. But even should her ardor cool, she never forgets that the utmost respect is due to all sacred things; and she always retains that veneration for them that was required of her at school. Convent girls, as a rule, are never guilty of levity or disrespect. That is a truth which no student of convent training can gainsay. Whatever a convent girl may fail to learn, she never fails to imbibe a wholesome religious spirit.

A CONVENT education can scarcely be called a thoroughly practical one, and if a girl wanted to study so as to be able to teach in an advanced school I would not recommend a convent as the place in which to secure such qualifications. The course of instruction, while differing widely from that offered by the fashionable boarding or day school, is yet far below the training of collegiate institutions.

If a girl is not naturally of a thoroughly practical temperament, school life at a convent will not make her so. Generally, the girls' wardrobes are cared for entirely by some Sisters who are in charge of that department, all the mending, darning and renovating of the garments being done by them. The bedrooms, too, are in charge of the working nuns, and though the older girls are given some slight duties, such as gathering up the stray books and shawls left about, or keeping the piano keys polished, they have no practical knowledge or experience of household affairs. Tuition, board and lodging are all paid for by the term, so but a scant knowledge of the care of money is possible. Each girl is allowed from twenty-five to fifty cents a week for palatable indulgences, all money being placed in the hands of the directress for distribution. But though she may be very inexperienced and incompetent when leaving the convent, the framework that she has been constructing out of the knowledge of what she knows to be right, after a little experience is ready for all kinds of additions, and before long the little school maid blossoms into noble womanhood.

THERE can be no life more regular in its routine than a convent, unless it is that of a military academy. From the rising of the sun until dark, every hour has its special task; and so intimately are these duties associated with the hours to which they are assigned that long after the school days are over the girls think of eleven o'clock as "mathematics," one o'clock as "drawing," and so on. Most of us enjoy a half hour's slumbering consciousness after a deep sleep, and lie abed indulging ourselves in this most delicious languor. Renouncing this bit of luxury is one of the trials of convent life. Immediate response to duty's call is one of the first principles instilled into the mind on entering the school; so when the bell arouses you at about six A. M., from a delicious dream of that far-away home which you now realize, if you never have before, is the dearest spot on earth, you are not permitted to awaken in a jolt, but must arise and put yourself together in the most presentable manner you can in thirty minutes. Then follows the morning prayer in the assembly room, where all the sleepy-eyed girls are gathered. If you are a Protestant you may repeat your own prayers privately. After a brisk run in the early morning air a bell calls you to breakfast. Then forming in line you file down to the refectory which, if you have not seen before, reduces the strength of your appetite for convent fare. Walls are bare of ornament, and the long rows of narrow tables contrast unfavorably with the cozy circle that recalls itself to your memory.

Grace is offered. A bowl of oatmeal mush, with the accessories of good milk, and all the sugar you want, a piece of beefsteak, bread and butter and coffee, is the menu for the morning meal. After your first home-sickness is past, you will find your breakfast, as all your meals, both palatable and wholesome.

From eight to nine you prepare for English recitations, which occupy the morning hours, after which comes the time for play in tennis courts or gymnasium. Just before dinner the mail is delivered, and this is the happiest moment of the day if the letter you have looked for comes. The afternoon is filled with the accomplishments—languages, music and painting; and at four o'clock you are off again for exercise. The last hour of study is from five to six, for there is no studying by gaslight. The evenings are very jolly, for dancing is not prohibited, and like all finishing schools, a dancing master comes regularly to instruct those who may care to learn the intricacies of the modern graceful attitudes.

At half-past eight evening prayers are said, and as each girl leaves the room she turns and makes a deep curtsy to the directress, who presides over the evening recreation hour. One finds this performance a bit agitating at first, but practice soon makes perfect.

Corrections for misdemeanors are often very droll in their character, and though during the time of their infliction one suffers keenly, the memories that are retained of them in after years are the source of much amusement. A time-honored custom at the Georgetown Convent (the oldest institution of its kind in the United States) is what is known as being "sent to the clock." The clock is one of the kind "too tall for the shelf, so it stood ninety years on the floor." And probably for more than a century it has been keeping in close relationship with old Father Time. To be sent to the clock one must be guilty of some serious offense, for this punishment is regarded as the most serious wound that can be inflicted upon the dignity of the insubordinate maiden. And when a girl has once been seated before that wise old time-piece, she is remembered always as one of the girls who were sent to the clock. The disgrace of being before it impresses you the more keenly if you are fated to be there while strangers are being shown through the building, when so curious a spectacle usually brings forth a query as to your occupation. In the muffled explanation of the accompanying nun you detect the faintest laughter, and then you wish to be anywhere but before that tall clock, and you almost cry in your anger.

EVERY day what is known as "interrogation" takes place. Each girl is questioned separately and publicly if she has transgressed any of the rules which she listens to every Sunday morning—talking in halls, whispering in ranks, carrying bits of sweets in your pockets, and numerous other offenses—and responds according to her conscience. If guilty she is given a penance, which is usually a page of her dictionary, to copy from one to ten times, according to the magnitude of her sin.

Sometimes a band of mischievous maidens, who can no longer restrain their youthful spirits, commit a series of depredations, raiding the "sweet press" (a pantry where the jellies, jams, cakes and cookies of the household are kept), having midnight processions, visits and similar digressions from the regular proceedings of the establishment. If the offenders are successful in evading the watchful eyes and eager ears of the prefects, the faculty, in despair at their vain and fruitless attempts to detect the disturbers of the peace, order a general penance, and for several successive nights the entire school is put to bed at sundown. Other individual penances consist of solitary confinement during recreations, when you may employ the hours in meditation on the folly of indulging in forbidden pleasures, and in strengthening your irresolute soul against the invasion of future temptations. Expulsion is a rare occurrence in convents, and only takes place for really grave offenses, wherein the retention of the pupil would seriously affect the well-being of others. Now and then a girl surreptitiously leaves the convent; and should her parents urge a request for her re-admission, it is always refused.

ALL the vanities of this wicked world are discouraged, and all temptations leading thereto are removed as far as possible. That all-consuming desire of the feminine heart for dress is allayed by a uniform of black, made into the simplest of frocks, the sombreness of which may be relieved by a bit of bright ribbon. Any display of jewelry is prohibited; the only ornaments allowed are brooches and watches. Mirrors are of the minutest dimensions. A girl's mirror, indeed, is usually her neighbor, of whom she inquires the hang of gown or the becomingness of hair arrangement; for it is quite impossible to gain a correct idea of appearance in a six-inch looking-glass. After some months' seclusion in a convent the first time one beholds herself in a full-length mirror, the experience has, at least, the delight of novelty. Powders and cosmetics are also forbidden, and are sure to be confiscated if found.

AT one of the convents at which I was a student for a number of years, during a morning study hour we were surprised by a visit from the directress. Her appearance at this hour always portended trouble, and many a girl hastily consulted her memory to see if there were any rule she had wilfully transgressed.

"Young ladies," she commenced, "a convent is not the place for frivolity, though some of you, I am led to believe, regard it as such. From this date bangs, bustles and beaux shall be banished from this establishment." After this command we retired to her room, where we were individually searched and relieved of those hideous appendages which a few years ago were such prominent features of the feminine wardrobe; and as I survey from memory that ridiculous array of cast-off apparel, it seems to me that the minds bent on bustle construction must have been legion, for of the dozens condemned no two were of the same shape or make. Having passed through this trying ordeal we were next subjected to round combs, first preceded by a plastering of wavy and unruly tresses with soap and water. The movement must have been premeditated, and not the caprice of a moment, for a comb had been provided for each girl. This, of course, banished curl-papers and tongs, and one's night rests were, consequently, more peaceful. With palpitating hearts we waited for the command which should include in this wholesome banishment the third item in the catalogue of the directress—the beaux of our belles. But, fortunately, the attack and capture of the bustles and bangs seemed to satisfy, at least for that time, the conquering spirit, and the banishment of the beaux was reserved for a future occasion. But I doubt if, when it came, it was as successful in its accomplishment as the exile of the inanimate objects.

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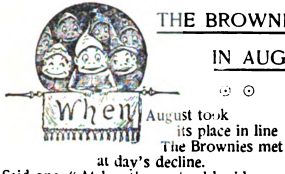
By Palmer Cox



NUMBER ELEVEN

## THE BROWNIES

### IN AUGUST



August took its place in line  
The Brownies met at day's decline.  
Said one: "At length we stand beside  
A stream that is the nation's pride;  
No longer river finds its way  
Around the world to gulf or bay,  
And since our pleasures first began  
No better journey we can plan  
Than one upon the river bright  
That rolls before us here to-night."



Another said:  
"I well agree  
With what you say,  
and trust to me  
To be the pilot  
for the band;  
To take the lead  
and give command.  
I know the river well,  
my friends,  
Just where it starts  
and where it ends.

Each bend and bar from first to last  
Is in my mind established fast.  
The trip will take a week or more;  
We'll hide by day along the shore,  
And when returns the evening gloom,  
Our journey to the sea resume."



Why need I use my valued space  
To tell of smiles that lit each face,  
Or eyes that rolled with knowing smug  
To see how others took the hint.  
No longer talk was needed there  
To make the Brownies soon repair  
To where some boats could be secured  
That by the river's bank were moored.

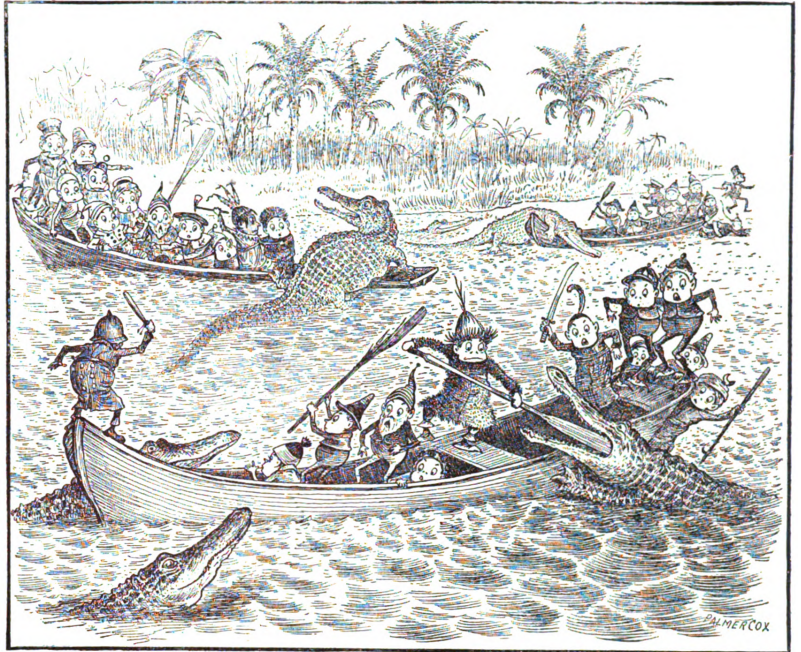
Where boats careened in every cove,  
And made a deck load out of place.  
Indeed, the pilot's craft was caught  
Upon a snag, and quick as thought  
Was overturned until the keel  
Did to the moon its shape reveal,  
And Brownies all, from stern to stern  
Were forced to cling  
for life, and learn  
What fearful dangers  
may surround  
A party, though  
on pleasure bound.  
At length, to cause  
no small dismay,  
A misty fall  
before them lay,  
That seemed to speak  
with thunder sound  
Of nothing else than  
Brownies drowned.  
One cried: "'Tis strange  
that no one knew  
About these falls,  
now plain in view,  
Though tumbling here  
with stunning din  
Since first the world  
began to spin."

Another said:  
"My friend, too late  
About our ignorance  
you prate.  
Did we of dangers  
earlier know  
We might avoid  
much pain and woe.  
'Tis useless now  
to bend and strain  
In hopes a friendly  
shore to gain.  
Let each one his  
position keep  
And take the chances  
of the leap."

The fleet of boats,  
with even bow,  
Seemed sweeping to  
their ruin now;  
Already eyes  
strained out to see  
How deep the fearful  
plunge would be.  
One boat was caught just at the bend,  
Or spring, and turning end for end  
With all its crew, stern foremost sped,  
When most they wished to look ahead.  
The scene below the falls was wild:  
The crews were all together piled,  
Some Brownies clinging to an oar,  
Some to a trembling friend, and more

To please the spryest speckled trout  
That ever threw a tail about,  
And yet lack force to quite subdue  
Or overwhelm a Brownie crew.

In sugar mills our skill display,  
Or in the fields of cotton show  
How much about the plant we know;  
But now our duty is to steer



Thus night by night the Brownies passed  
Through trials strange, until at last  
They reached the southern country mild,  
Where sweet the white magnolia smiled,  
Where sugar-cane and cotton grew,  
And handsome palms attention drew.

Ahead, nor heed attractions here."  
At times, some laid aside the oar,  
And ran for miles along the shore,  
And to some noted station got  
Ere those in boats could sight the spot.  
Once while they in a bayou lay



The pleasing sight  
should be allowed  
To all mankind,  
when Brownies crowd  
Into a boat,  
with jam and dim,  
All anxious to  
be counted in.  
The Brownies, as  
you know, are not  
Inclined to grumble  
at their lot,  
Or whine because  
some are not blessed  
With comforts granted  
to the rest.  
'Tis pleasant drifting with the tide,  
Or down a stream to smoothly glide,  
But such mild currents often tend  
To rougher waters at the end;  
And Brownies found in their descent  
Some rapids that great mischief meant;

Advising how they should proceed  
And courage show in time of need.  
But water may be deep and rough,  
And, like a kettle, boil enough

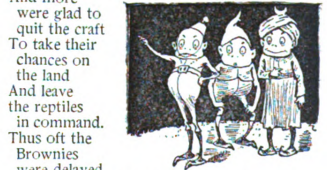


The Brownies viewed  
the land with pride,  
Saw fine plantations every side  
That spoke of peace and patient toil,  
And rich returns from fertile soil.  
At times they went on land to try

To hide from human kind away,  
Some alligators every side,  
To interview the Brownies tried.  
And only through their mystic skill  
Were they preserved to charm us still.  
Some fought, and some jumped fore and aft,  
And more



The tempting fruit that caught the eye,  
And found the kind both good and fair  
That ripens in the southern air.  
Said one: "Not only is this land  
Well noted for the valiant stand



were glad to  
quit the craft  
To take their  
chances on  
the land  
And leave the  
reptiles  
in command.  
Thus off the  
Brownies  
were delayed  
As to the gulf their trip they made,  
But nothing daunted, still intact,  
With every member free to act,  
They drifted on from night to night  
To reach the point with spirits light,  
Where pours the river's waters free  
From many mouths into the sea.  
At length the Brownies looked ahead,  
And saw the Crescent City spread  
In grandeur by the widening stream,  
And saw the domes and steeples gleam  
That marked the site of church and hall,  
Then caught a glimpse of shipping tall  
Where ocean waves and river blend,  
And knew their journey at an end.



its people made on field and flood,  
Until in rivers ran their blood,  
But enterprise and thrift, as well,  
On every side their story tell."  
Another said: "Sometime we may



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**AT HOME WITH THE EDITOR**



**W**Henever a man raises his pen to criticize any phase or probable result of the modern progress of woman and her interests, he is immediately pounced upon by a certain class of "reformers." He is told at once that he is jealous of her advancement, and that, "man-like," he fears she will usurp the advantages which it is generally understood are exclusively his. His sole object in life is very vividly set forth to impede woman's progress, and he is set down as a foe of the sex and its best interests. These little compliments have already been hurled at the writer of this page, and so they will at least have lost their sense of novelty if the sentiments that follow evoke a repetition of them.

**F**ROM my earliest years I have ever believed in woman. That belief was instilled into me by my mother, the confidante of my boyhood, the greatest joy and blessing of my life ever since. I have always believed that there were by far more good women in the world than there were women of other tendencies. This belief came to me, perhaps, as a natural one; for it is easy to believe in woman when one looks at her through the character of a good mother. I was always taught to believe that woman was the best friend that God ever gave to man, and steadily and firmly has that lesson grown into personal conviction. I believe that women are better than men—better in their lives, purer in their thoughts, more conscientious in their motives, and morally stronger in every respect.

But the strongest belief in womankind cannot shut from even partial eyes the fact that there is appearing upon the womanly horizon certain types which, if their number increase, will do more to impede woman's progress than anything else possibly can. Every now and then I hear from these types, and I wish I did not. They are the women who are progressing so fast that they are losing all faith in those things we have always associated as the most beautiful things in womanhood. They are donning masculinity, not only in their garments but in their ideas; they want to vote; they are beginning to believe more in certain fanciful "rights" than in their children; they are acquiring mental knowledge at the expense of heart affection; they are restless; they don't know exactly what they want, but it is something that they have not and they want it. Anything will do. These "positive" and "assertive" women are going to "reform their sex." Reform nothing! It is not the world that needs reform half so much as the people who are always talking of reforming it.

**T**HERE are, undoubtedly, certain women in this country to whom the modern progress of their sex is going to prove a dire misfortune. What is going to prove a blessing for thousands of women is going to be a curse to them. These women do not seem to have the slightest conception of the true meaning of woman's present advancement. They believe that for years and years they have been slaves, particularly of men, and now they are going to have freedom; hence, they must be something different from what they have been in the past. They must *assert* themselves. "Positive" and "assertive" are their favorite terms. They must be positive in their ideas, assertive in their attitudes. They must cease to believe in the home, but must cultivate a burning desire and longing for the platform or rostrum. They must be seen and heard. Hitherto they have been caged up in the home; they have been abused, subjected and plainly told that they are the weaker sex. They must read books which their mothers shunned. They must not believe that God's greatest gift to a woman is a babe fresh from the hands of the Almighty, beautiful in its texture and marvelous in its conception. No indeed! What is the destiny of a child to them compared with the great burning question of "Shall women vote?" What is the gospel of loving kindness in the home to them in comparison with the theories of Ibsen and Tolstoi? What if the little child at home wonderingly asks "Where is mamma?" so long as she points out to an assemblage of women the only way of "How to Manage a Husband." "Progress!" is her cry. "Women have been slaves long enough! Now for our reign!"

Well, then, my dear woman, for your reign. Be a queen, if masculinity can be queenly. But, thank God, whose ways are not your ways, your subjects will be few! And why do I know this? Let me tell you a truth or two.

**I**T is my appreciated privilege to write each month, through the JOURNAL, to a direct audience of over seven hundred thousand women, and an indirect one of far greater numbers. For the most part this immense audience is, perforce, to me an invisible one. The great majority of it I shall never see, much less know. But during the three years it has been my pleasure to write to this audience I have come to know a goodly number, not personally, of course, but through their letters. Within one period of six months, not long since, over fourteen thousand letters came to me, and each month has brought and brings its quota. It has been given me to enter into the domestic spirit of many homes, and to know something of the influences which have made those homes happy. Into thousands of homes I have been allowed to enter more as a friend than as a stranger. From hearthstones of refinement and content, where women are happiest, and men most loving and considerate, messages of confidence and womanly goodness have come to my desk. Every written word has seemed to meet with some response which gratefully I have cherished and shall ever cherish. We know women best, and we see the tenderest side of their natures, when we appeal to their sympathies, enter, so far as we can, into their deepest joys and sorrows, and strike some responsive chord. I will not say that my opportunities have been better for the study of womankind than those afforded to any one. The path which it has been given to me to walk is open to every one. But I believe that a study of the best side of woman's nature has been made possible—through confidential correspondence, through public writings, and by personal contact sufficient for me to know something, if not all, of the true inner feelings which sway a very large percentage of what is best in the womanhood of America of to-day. And whatever I write on this page, from month to month, merely reflects what this knowledge brings to me.

**A**ND as one result of certain facts which have come to me, let me say to those women who fairly bubble over with ideas of "reforming" their sex, giving them "rights," sending them to the ballot box, and similar bosh: Your so-called cause of "woman's rights," whatever you may mean by that term, is one which finds absolutely no sympathy with the women of good judgment and refined feelings in this country; and all the agitation in the world will not change their views. The average American woman, the woman of nice feelings, knows and realizes in each moment of her daily life that she is head and shoulders above any race of women on the globe. Her "rights" are precisely what she chooses to make them. She knows that she is the queen of her home, a sovereign in her family, the ruler of the destinies of her husband and her children. Nor is she willing to believe that that sphere is so contracted as some of your band of "reformers" try to picture it. The right kind of a woman makes her home and domestic life as broad as she chooses, and through that home life she knows that her influence upon the great world at large is far greater and more potent than if she were more of a "seen and heard" portion of that outer sphere. She realizes the power which she exercises in her home, and she asks for no greater arena. She is content to see that her husband and sons shall make good citizens, and that her daughters shall develop into worthy women. She may mould the minds of but a few, but those are living testimonials to the thoroughness of her work in the years to come. She believes that a queen's greatest influence is among her own subjects. And when you and other women agitators try to belittle woman's influence in the home, these women accept it as an aspersion upon some of the greatest achievements in history attained through the domestic circle, and upon some of the noblest of womankind since the beginning of creation. These women, my friend, believe that there is always something lacking in the nature of a woman who makes light of home and of the associations which make home happy.

**D**O you know, my positive woman, why women do not vote? It is because the vast and overwhelming majority of women in this country do not want the ballot, have absolutely no desire for it, and do not waste a moment of their time thinking about it. Do you know why these women do not care to "broaden" their minds by reading Ibsen? It is because they think they sweeten their lives by reading Hawthorne and Thackeray and Longfellow and Walter Scott and Charles Dickens and the great mass of living writers whom you believe simply burden the earth with their presence. Do you know why these women will not don the ridiculous "reform" garments which you unblushingly flaunt before audiences of American girlhood? It is because they prefer to be womanly, and dress tastefully and prettily as God intended women should dress. Do you know why these women will not go to club meetings? It is because they have a little club in their own homes, and the members of it are of their own flesh and blood, with which God has sanctioned and beautified their lives. Do you know why they turn with disgust from your prattings about "the rights of our sex?" Because their husbands give them every right of love and kindness they want. Do you wonder why they will permit themselves to be "subjected to the tyrannies of mankind, and remain a slave to the rule of husband?" It is because they have good men for husbands, and good men respect their wives. All these things seem very difficult of comprehension with you, but that is only because an all-wise Dispensation has a way of dividing the gift of comprehension. To some He gives in abundance; to others He withholds.

**W**E want brainy women!" is your constant shout. Of course we do, and lots of them, too. But, my dear soul, we already have some brainy women. The trouble with you and your guild is that you never concede anything as existing; it is always something that you want and is not. From the noise which you make one would think that this age of women was a race of dribbling idiots. The fact is, women are more brainy than you give them credit for. The great trouble is: you do not know of them. They are outside your ranks rather than within them. They do not make themselves as conspicuous as you do, and by this one fact they demonstrate that they are brainy. The difference between you and other women who say less and think more is this: you do not know the real brainy women of this country, and they do. You and your followers always remind one of the shouters in a great political campaign. From the way these men talk on the street corners and from the platforms the unknowing would imagine that they carried the vote of the country in their pockets. But, my dear woman, do you know the vote that always carries an election in this country, the vote that has the real power of decision? It is the quiet vote; the thousands of men who never attend great political gatherings. We must have political exhorters in a great campaign. They are like a great many other evils in this country: necessary to the few. But they never influence the deciding vote. And you by your exhortations do not influence, by a single iota, the quiet and retiring women of this country. If you accomplish anything, it is to disgust women with your theories. The very attitude which you assume offends their good taste.

**T**HE fact is, that the manner which you have chosen to "reform" your sex regards the cause of woman's progress rather than advances it. Your idea is that woman must unsex herself; she must assume a masculinity of thought and manner. But those are not the ideas of the true believers in woman's future. Man's advancement does not depend upon his assuming femininity, and just in proportion as woman becomes masculine will she stand in her own light and as an obstacle in her own path of progress. You are apt in your speeches and articles to take a great deal of personal credit for woman's present rate of advancement. But others give some credit to the development of woman herself, and the times in which she lives. It is always very pleasant to believe one's self to be a reformer, but it is quite another thing to induce the rest of the world to regard you in the same light. It is well enough for you, in order to make a certain point the more effective, to insinuate that women are simply cringing in slavery and subjection, and picture her as the slave of brutal man! But the trouble is, that there happens to be a deal of good, hard common sense abroad that does not agree with you, and that intelligence happens to belong to the very people whom you think are such abject slaves.

**A** TRUE sympathetic response will never be given to those women who seek to make of women anything but what she is by her own birthright—womanly, gentle, loving and true. If woman's mind must be cultivated at the expense of her heart—well, my friend, if you will pardon us I think we will leave the head alone. The most of us want womanly sympathy more than we want womanly aggressiveness. There are a number of people in this world who believe that woman is about right as she is, and they do not care for many changes, especially if those alterations are going to make her less of a woman. If we look very close, we may find a fault here and there, but that is because she belongs to this earth, and faultless she would not be earthly. I know men have peculiar ideas on a great many things, but somehow or other they do not care that their wives and daughters shall be so totally different from their mothers. They were women, and why should not our wives and daughters be women? We men have a foolish notion that we want to leave a legacy of women to the succeeding generation; not a race of "what-are-they's?"

**T**HE great majority of men may be foolish and "behind the times," but, I tell you, they like an essentially feminine woman. They may sometimes sneer at what they call foolish little femininities, and wonderingly ask how women can be so patient over needlework, or waste their time making pretty tidies or draping a dainty scarf over a chair or a picture. They may think a woman's love of silk stockings and pretty underwear a foolish fancy. They may tell you that they consider it a weak failing for a woman to have a dainty scent around her wardrobe. They may seem to regard a silver toilet set as extravagance. They may turn up their noses and arch their eyebrows over the thousand and one little things that are the belongings of an out-and-out feminine woman. But way down in their hearts they do not mean a word they say. The average man would far rather that his wife know the art of turning a steak to the brown than construe the most difficult Greek sentence. In his heart he would much rather she revel in new dresses, fondle his babe and indulge her womanly tastes than that she should plague him with Tolstoic ideas or Ibsenic theories. He would much rather that she put her faith in him, nestle close to him, and say she wants him to advise her, than that she should strut around his house in an assertive manner and "lay down the law" to his children and his servants. He feels that God gave him a woman to protect, and he is proud of the privilege. He wants in his wife a loving, gentle woman, a woman of a heart full of sympathy rather than a head full of fads and fables, a woman who will comfort him when he is worried, counsel him when he is perplexed, and soothe out the wrinkles which business trouble has accumulated on his forehead during the day. He wants a woman whose loving kiss and soft embrace will send him into the busy world in the morning, and who will be glad to see him when he comes home at the close of a long and trying day. He does not want a nurse, a child wife, or a weak-minded woman, and he does not ask it, but he does want what God intended woman to be when He made her, loving, gentle, and considerate; in short, a feminine woman. He wants a man to be manly and he wants a woman to be womanly. Just as he despises femininity in a man, so he is repulsed by masculinity in a woman.

**W**E hear a great deal nowadays about the management of husbands, and the matter is discussed as if, like embalming the dead, it was one of the lost arts. But I notice that the women who are agitating the question are not the gentlewomen of this country. No, my positive friend, you who will rise at this and say that these other women are under the subjection of their husbands and are afraid to speak. This is not so. These women have found a warm and tender place in the hearts of their mankind. They have found the secret of "managing a husband," and you have not. Prate all you like, agitate all you wish at club meetings and at woman's gatherings, but the secret will not thus be found. The place to learn how to manage a husband is not at the meeting of your club, but in your home, at the side of your husband and with your children. "That's the old-fashioned idea," said a positive woman contemptuously to me the other day. Yes, thank God it is, my friend, and it would be better for the happiness of hundreds of women to-day if they would be a little more old-fashioned in this respect.

**L**ET us be progressive, I say! Women as well as men. Let us throw the electric spark of modern progress in whatever enters into our daily lives. To be progressive to-day means to be alive, to be imbued with the electricity of the dying nineteenth century, and of the twentieth soon to be born. Let women widen their minds and broaden their homes. Let men be progressive in domestic ideas and in their daily vocations. Let us teach our children that this is the greatest century which the world has ever seen, and that it is a privilege to live in it and to be a part of it. Let women acquire wisdom—the wisdom that will make them stronger in love, stronger in truth, and stronger in mercy to her sex. A woman of heart is far better than a woman of theories. A natural woman is more attractive than a woman striving for originality. But with all our rightful modern tendencies, let us be careful how we apply new ideas of progress to the holy affections which God implanted in man and woman long before the nineteenth century was thought of. The higher education of woman is a grand thing, but it can prove a curse if it stifles the emotions. Love, as fashioned by its Creator centuries ago, has made this old world as beautiful as it is; it has made men and women what they are. For ages it has been the closest link between heaven and earth. It is a gift from God himself, and if it were not applicable to modern days, depend upon it He would change it. Love has grown old, it is true. Everything else goes out of fashion, but love has remained from the day when bards first sang and writers first wrote. Its hold upon the human heart and mind is as great to-day as ever it was, and it really seems pretty late in the day to think of changing it. The "woman of brain" may tell you that love belongs to children and not to full-grown women. But there will always be a goodly percentage of this world, the percentage which can fortunately always be depended upon, who will prefer to keep the old-fashioned love of husband, wife and children within their homes. And long after the "positive" woman will have had her reign, and her disturbing theories will be forgotten, there will be peoples and peoples who will still believe that it is

"Love which makes the world go round,"—that it is, as it always has been, and ever will be; the greatest factor in the earthly happiness of the human race, the essence of all religions and creeds, and the corner stone of the American home.



**E**VERY man ought to cross the ocean at least once to find how many unwarranted things have been said about it. Those who on the land have never imperiled their veracity by mastodon statements, are so metamorphosed by the first stiff breeze off Sandy Hook that they become capable of the biggest stories. They see billows as high as the Alps, and whales long enough to supply a continent with spermaceti, and have perilous escapes from sudden annihilation, and see over the gunwales spectacles compared with which "The City of New York" is a North River clam sloop.

**FALLACIES ABOUT THE SEA**

**O**NE does not find things as they expect them on shipboard. We have very often heard that sea-sickness makes one feel that he would like to be thrown overboard. One day on our ship there were a hundred or more passengers whose stomachs had turned somersets; but not one of these people, so far as I could detect, would like to have been pitched overboard. Indeed, an effort to deposit these nauseated Jonahs on the "fishing banks" would have ended fatally to the perpetrator. Not one of the sickest patients looked at the sea as though he would like to get into it. Those who were most desperate and agonizing in looking over the taffrail for the lines of latitude and longitude, held tight fast, lest some sudden lurch of the ship should precipitate them into the Canaan of water for which the army of the sea-sick are said to be longing.

One is often told, in many well-rounded addresses, that the sails of British and American commerce "whiten every sea." But we averaged during our voyage only about two vessels in four days. The cry of "a steamer" is so rare a sound that it brings all the passengers to their feet. The mere ghost of a shroud along the line of the sky calls up all the field glasses. The most palatable food is dropped when, during the dining hour, it is announced that a ship passes. Let "Fourth of July" orators steer clear of the fallacy that the sails of our commerce whiten the sea. They make about as much impression upon it as a fly crossing the ceiling.

One hears, too, of the sense of loneliness, isolation and almost desolation felt when out of sight of land. But on board a popular steamer such a feeling is impossible. We leave a world behind, but we take a world with us. We do not any more think of how far we are from the shore than we do of how far the shore is from us. Though in mid-ocean, we are in the heart of the city, and hear feet shuffling, and hammers pounding, and wheels turning, and voices shouting. We have not found any of the monotony of the deep. We have not seen an iceberg, nor a whale; only a porpoise, here and there, a Mother Cary's chicken, or a flying fish. In simply watching the ocean and thinking, we found each day so pleasantly occupied that we sorrowed at its speedy termination.

**PASSENGERS ON AN ATLANTIC LINER**

**S**O many styles of character come together on shipboard that they are a perpetual study. Men by the third day turn inside out. (I refer to their characters and not to their stomachs.) Their generosity or their selfishness, their opulence of resource or their paucity, their courage or their cowardice, are patent. What variety of mission! This one goes to claim a large estate; this one to culture his taste in foreign picture galleries; that one to amass a fortune; this one to see what he can learn. On some the time hangs heavily, and they betake themselves to the "smoking room." Since coming on board some of them have lost all their money by unsuccessful wagers. Two or three have won everything, and the others have lost. They have bet about the speed of the ship—bet that it would be over four hundred and seventy-five knots a day, bet that it would be less, bet that the number of miles run would be an even number, bet that it would be odd. Pools, pools, pools! Pools of betting that are pools of sin! I make them all in all, we never dwell on our men and women of finer culture, and better heart, and nobler life than our fellow passengers.

**THE SMILE OF THE WATERS**

**W**E are accustomed to build up all the stories of seafaring men into one tremendous imagining of the ocean. We go on board an ocean steamer ready for typhoons and euroclydons. We think the sea a monster with ships in its maw, and hurricanes in its mane. But, my readers, in our seven days' voyage we saw it in various moods, but were impressed with nothing so much as the smile of the sea. While we did not find the poetic "cradle of the deep," we concluded that the sea is only a vigorous old nurse that jolts the child up and down on a hard knee without much reference to how much it can endure.

I cannot forget the brightness of the morning in which we came down the bay. All day long we were bathed in its welcome rays. Then the sun set, and the moon took the veil of a nun and went into the dark turrets of midnight cloud, and melted into the blackness, but the sunlight of the cheery faces at the starting shone on three thousand miles of water. So many friendly hands helped steady the noble ship, and the breath of so many kindly voices filled the sails, which by the help of the great screws bore us onward and across.

Though a gentleman has pronounced the sea a vast dose of ipecac, and though it may betray me in the future, I set down the sea as one of my best friends, although I do have a way of lingering around the funnel at the stern end of the boat. We never were treated so well in all our life. We had a little wild tossing, but the waves are swarthy giants, and you must expect that their play will not be that of kittens, but of a lioness with her cubs, or a leviathan with its young. When Titans play ball, they throw rocks. The heavy surge which rolls the ship is only the effort of the sea to stop laughing. It has been in a grand gale, and its sides must heave with the uproarious mirthfulness.

**INDISCRETIONS OF THE TOURIST**

**T**HERE are physical constitutions that will not harmonize with the water; but one-half the things that writers record against the sea is the result of their own intemperance. The sea air rouses a wolf of an appetite, and nine-tenths of the passengers turn into meat-stuffers. From morn till night down go the avalanches of provender. Invalids, on their way to Europe for the cure of dyspepsia, are seen gorging themselves at nine o'clock, at one, at five, and at nine. I heard men who, the night before took pigeons and chicken, and claret, and Hock, and Burgundy, and Old Tom, and Cheshire cheese, and sardines, and anchovies, and grouse, and gravies, complaining that they felt miserable in the morning, and wondered what made them ill! Much of the sea-sickness is an insurrection of the stomach against too great installment of salmon, and raisins, and roast turkey, and nuts, and pies, and an infinity of pastry. One-half of the same dissipation on land would necessitate the attendance of the family doctor, and two nurses on the side of the bed to keep the howling patient from leaping out of the third-story window.

**ACROSS A SEA OF REST**

**O**H, the joy of the sea! The vessel bounds like a racer on the "home-stretch," bending into the bit, its sides flanked with the foam, and its white mane flying on the wild wind. You drop the world behind you. Go to Long Branch, to Bar Harbor, to Saratoga or to Sharon Springs, and your letters come, and the papers, but it would be hard for cares to keep up with an Atlantic liner. They cannot swim. They could not live an hour in such a surf. They are drowned out, and are forgotten. With care behind you, you breathe the delicious freedom of a free man!

Oh, the beauty of the sun on the ocean! On the land, when morning comes, it seems to run up from the other side of the hills, and, with its face red from climbing, stands looking through the pines and cedars. On the sea, it comes down from God out of heaven on ladders of light to bathe in the water, the waves dripping from their ringlets and sash of fire, or throwing up their white caps to greet her, and the sea gull alights on her brow at the glorious baptism. No smoke of factory on the clear air. No shuffling of weary feet on the glass of the water-pavement. But Him of Genesareth setting His foot in the snow of the surf, and stroking the neck of the waves as they lick his feet and play about Him.

**WHAT MAKES THE OCEAN LAUGH**

**H**E who goes to sea with a keen appreciation of the ludicrous will not be able to keep his gravity. We confess our incapacity to see without demonstration or merriment the unheard-of postures taken by passengers on a rocking ship. Think of bashful ladies being violently pitched into the arms of the boatswain, and of a man like myself escorting two ladies across the slippery deck, till, with one sudden lurch, we are driven from starboard to port, with most unclerical sprawl, in one grand crash. Imagine the steward emptying a bowl of turtle soup into the lap of a New York exquisite, or one not accustomed to angling fishing for herring under an upset dinner plate. Consider our agitation, when, in the morning, after waking our companion with the snatch of some familiar tunes, we found her diving out of the berth head-foremost, to the tune of "Star Spangled Banner," and "Dundee," with all the variations. If, on all the ships on the deep there are so many grotesque goings on as were on our vessel, we wonder not that the sea from New York to Liverpool occasionally shakes its sides with roystering merriment.

**IN A SEA OF PHOSPHORESCENCE**

**B**UT the grandest smile of the sea is, after a rough day, in the phosphorescence that blazes from horizon to horizon. Some tell us it is the spawn of the jelly fish, and some that it is a collection of marine insects; but those who say they do not know what it is probably come nearest the truth. The prow of the vessel breaks it up into two great sheaves of light, and the glory keeps up a running fire along the beam's end till the mind falls back benumbed, unable longer to take in the splendor. In one direction it is like a vast mosaic, and yonder it quivers, the "lightning of the sea." Here it is crystal inlaid with jet; or the eyes of sea serpents flashing through the hissing water; or a tall wave robed in white, flying, with long trail, toward the east; or the tossing up in the palm of the ocean a handful of opals, answered by the sparkle on one finger of foam; and then the long-restrained beauty breaking out into a whole sea of fire. On this suspended bridge many of the glories of the earth and heaven come out to greet each other and stand beckoning to ship, and shore, and sky for all the rest of the glories to come and join them. Meanwhile the vessel plunges its proboscis into the deep, and casts carelessly aside into the darkness more gems than ever came from Brazil and Golconda. Historians think it worth recording that, at an ancient feast, a pearl was dissolved in the wine and drank by a royal woman; but a million pearls are dissolved at this phosphorescent banquet of the deep, around whose board all nations sit drinking. The stars are to drop like blasted figs, and the sun is to be snuffed out, but when the ocean dies its spirit will rise in a white robe of mist, and lie down before the throne of God, "a sea of glass mingled with fire."

**SPECIAL NOTE.**—I hereby reserve the privilege of taking back all I have said if, on my way back to America, the sea does not behave itself well.

**THE AMERICAN IDEA OF TRAVEL**

**A**MERICANS traveling in Europe are for the most part in an immensity of perspiration. Starting with what they call "the small and insignificant island of Great Britain," and having adopted the feeling of the Yankee who said he thought England a very nice little island, but he was afraid to go out nights lest he should fall off, they expect to see all Europe in a few days. They spend much of their time at depots inquiring about the next train, or rush past Mont Blanc, with no time to stop, chasing up a lost valise.

I remember on board the steamer "Java" many years ago, I met an English gentleman by the name of Mr. Gale. "And who was Mr. Gale?" you ask. I know not, except that he was of so bland a nature I felt he must be a "Gale from Heaven." I was leaning over the rail of the vessel watching the first appearance of land, Ireland, sending out to meet us the "Skelligs," a cross-looking projection, like the snarly dog that comes out to serenade you with a volley of yelps at the gate of a friend, or like a dark-browed Fenian appearing to challenge the British ships and bid them "mind their eye," and look out how they run "forinst ould Ireland," when Mr. Gale summed up all his advice about European travel in the terse phrase:

"Dr. Talmage, I hope you will not be rushing about Europe as Americans generally do. Stay where you're happy."

I set this down as among the wisest counsels ever given me. In traveling we should go where we like it best, and then we will be happy. The manufacturer should go to Birmingham and Manchester. The skillful and mighty-handed machinery will make an impression upon him that he can get from nothing else. Let the shipwright traveling in Europe take considerable time at the Liverpool docks, and watch the odd-looking craft that hover about 'Je French coast. If a man be fond of a nue horse, and wants to see the perfection of neck, and hoof, and back, and flanks, tamed thunderbolts controlled by caparisoned drivers, let him go out to Hyde Park, or St. John's Wood, or into the royal stables back of Buckingham Palace—if he can get in—and see the one hundred and sixty-eight white and bay horses that wait the Queen's bidding. It is folly for a blind man to go and see London Tower, or a deaf one to hear the Westminster Abbey organ, or a man whose lifetime reading has been confined to the almanac and his own ledger to spend much time in the reading-room of the British Museum.

**STAYING WHERE WE ARE HAPPY**

**M**UCH of the world's disquietude comes from the fact that it will not take the advice of my English friend of many years ago. Queen Mary was fondled and caressed in France. Courts bowed down and worshipped her beauty. But she went to Scotland, and Elizabeth cut the poor thing's head off. Why did she not stay where she was happy? Walter Scott had a good home in Castle Street, Edinburgh; no debts to pay, all the world bringing offerings to his genius. But he went up to Abbotsford; must have a roof like Melrose Abbey, and the grounds extensive as a king's park. He sank his fortune and roused up a pack of angry creditors, each one with his teeth at his throat. How much better for his peace if he had continued in the plain home. Why did he not stay where he was happy? Maximilian had the confidence of Austria, and the richest of all earth's treasures—the love of a good woman's heart. He gathered up all that he had and went to Mexico. A nation of assassins plotted for his life. He fell riddled with a crash of musketry, and his wife, Charlotta, goes back a maniac. They had enough before they went. They wanted more. One dead! The other crazy! Oh, that they had been wise enough to stay where they were happy.

**VOLAPUK, WITH VARIATIONS**

**M**ANY Americans abroad are exceedingly annoyed at their lack of skill in the use of the European languages. After a vain attempt to make a Parisian waiter understand French they swear at him in English. But I have always remembered when traveling abroad the art of the physician who put all the remains of old prescriptions into one bottle—the oil, and the calomel, and the rhubarb, and the assafetida—and when he found a patient with a "complication of diseases," he would shake up his old bottle and give him a dose. And so I have compounded a language for European travel. I generally take a little French, and a little German, and a little English, with a few snatches of Chinese and Choctaw, and when I find a stubborn case of waiter or landlord that will not understand, I simply shake up all the dialects and give him a dose. It is sure to strike somewhere. If you cannot make him understand, you at any rate give him a terrible scare.

I never had the anxiety of some in a strange land about getting things to eat. I like everything in all the round of diet except animated cheese and odorless codfish; always have a good appetite; never in my life missed a meal save once, when I could not get any, and knowing that "eine gerostete rindfleisch schiebe" means a beefsteak, "eine messer" a knife, and "eine gabel" a fork, and "eine serviette" a napkin, after that I feel perfectly reckless as to what I can or cannot get.

**OVERCOMING FINANCIAL PERPLEXITIES**

**I**N journeying from country to country the change in the value of coins is apt to be confusing. But guineas, and florins, and kreutzer, and double ducats have ceased to be a perplexity to me. I ask the price of a thing, look wise as if I knew all about it, and then hold out my hand and let the vender take his pick. As riches take wing and fly away, I am determined to lose nothing in that manner. Fifty years from now a Turkish piaster will be worth to me as much as a Holland guilder, and it worries me not when I am cheated, for the man who cheats me must, in the end, suffer more than I, so that my chagrin is lost in compassion for his misfortune.

*To be with Talmage*



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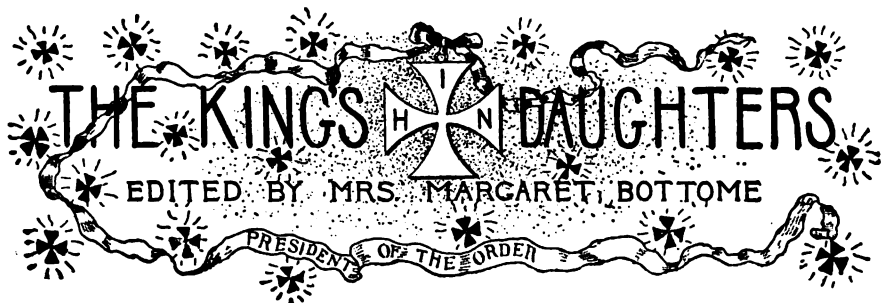
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HEART TO HEART TALKS

I should meet with you my Circle, face to face today, I should tell you of a lesson I have just learned from a rose bush that was given to me a few days ago.

COMFORT THE SORROWING

IF the human flowers received as much attention and tenderness as I gave to my rose bush yesterday, maybe they would come back to life again.

WATERING HIS FLOWERS

WHAT do I write all this for? Only to tell you what I learned, and to help you to be more tender to those who have fallen.

THE ANGEL OF LITTLE SACRIFICES

A FRIEND has sent me a little clipping from a paper with this heading, and from it I want to quote: "The Angel of Little Sacrifices has received from heaven the mission of the angels, of whom the prophet speaks, who remove the stones from the road lest they should bruise the feet of travelers."

THE REAL THING

I MET two friends of mine the other day who had been shopping. They are not members of our Order, but stopped me and told me they wanted to tell me something encouraging.

THE JOY OF DOING

WELL, I have wandered far from the "Angel of Little Sacrifices," but I can easily get back. It is all along the line of doing little things to make others happy.

A short time before Dean Stanley's death he closed an eloquent sermon with a quaint verse, which greatly impressed his congregation.

"Say well is good, but do well is better; Do well seems spirit, say well the letter. Say well is godly and helpeth to please. But do well lives godly, and gives the world ease."

And what is this but the principle that Jesus himself laid down: "If a man love me he will keep my words." We say we love our friends; but we prove it only when we do for them.

"THROW OUT THE LIFE LINE"

ONE of the most helpful and encouraging letters I have received was from one of my Circle, who tells me that I have been a "shore line" to her from month to month.

"Out on that sea we are in harbor still, And scarce advert to winds and tides; Like ships that ride at anchor, with the waves Flapping against their sides."

How I wish I could be a life line to draw all that read this page to a spiritual life. I hope all who are in my Circle will keep this uppermost in their thoughts, the being King's Daughters.

LEADING A DOUBLE LIFE

I AM sure you must often say, as I have said: "I wonder what is back of all this in the newspapers? What led to this miserable ending?" I often think of the words of the Master: "Think ye that those men on whom the tower of Siloam fell were sinners above all that dwelt in Israel? I tell you, nay. But except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish."

A WORD FOR THE SAD

YOU write me so pitifully, and sometimes almost despairingly, and you want me to tell you what you shall do, where you can go. I do want you to take refuge somewhere, but I know of only one—God is our refuge!

And, after all, it is not where we are that brings happiness. The vacation of the soul is what we should seek for, and that does not always come through change of place.

While place we seek, or place we shun, The soul finds happiness in none; But with a God to guide our way, 'Tis equal joy to go or stay."

Margaret Bottome

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"Perhaps it may turn out a song,  
Perhaps turn out a sermon."



ONCE upon a time, so long ago the pilgrim dust was new upon my sandal shoon, there lived a man who wrote his summer diaries with his jack-knife. Every year, while "hot mid-summer's drowsy tone counted for him long days of sunny hours," as he loitered in the pleasant tangles of the thronged and populous wilderness, he yielded to the universal infirmity of resting minds, and gathered of the rare and common treasures of shore and forest, cavern and crag, beautiful and curious things to take home. He said: "My winter evenings in all years to come, and all the dark and stormy days of restless life, shall by these sweet mementoes of my care-free days of summer idleness be made delightful memories." This man is a mild sort of collector. He is a victim to the cane habit. He cuts walking sticks in every "climb," and drags them to his once happy home, now, alas, shadowed by the gloomy cloud of the incurable collection mania. When once that wily serpent, outcast of Eden, bites man or woman, until pitying Death effects a cure the victim knows no freedom from the restless working of the subtle poison.

SERMONS IN STICKS

"SEE," this man of ancient time once said to me, in a soliloquizing moment when he alone was within hearing of the hat rack, "See; here is the chronicle of all my summer outings for many a backward-looking yesterday. This gnarly bit of jack-oak I cut on the historic hills of Valley Forge. Beside it used to lean a wand of dogwood from the summer land of Yorktown, but it was used for a poker last winter. I had a pretty bit of pine I cut at Chamcook Mountain years ago, but the washer lady levied on it as a fitting implement wherewith to punch her own weekly collection in the boiler. To what base uses may we come at last. There was a most gracefully crooked snarl of manzanita that I got from the chapparal on my way to Yosemite, but it is now on duty as a prop for the lid of a bin in the cellar. I was proud of a live oak stick from Louisiana, with a most indescribable and incomprehensible natural curl on the end, but the Fates decreed that it should be a 'shiny club' for the boy, and who shall fight the fates? Not even the gods; and I am but a little tin god, on wheels, which you pull about with a string. Here is a maple, a Nova Scotian born, which I brought away from Evangeline land, a treasure of the brightest of all sweet summers, when 'all my days were made of gold and all my nights of silver.' Oh, I have a splendid collection of noble alpenstocks, orange sticks from California, sweet-scented canes of spice wood and choke cherry from the Adirondacks, but they are mostly utilized for pea brush and bean poles. I bring these things home with me, silent but eloquent and tender chroniclers of my wanderings, and they find their places and missions of decoration and usefulness in their new environment.

EACH TO HIS OWN

"SOME of these sticks, in all the vicissitudes of the wilderness and civilization, retain unchanged their romantic nature, and are my companions in my daily walks, although not altogether, lest I should be mistaken for a drummer for a cord-wood house. Some of them, like Aaron's rod, even in wintry days, in uncongenial climates, and in the face of incredulous minds, bud and blossom with fragrant memories. Some of them have patrician pedigrees, and every knot and wrinkle is a well-attested date or circumstance. Some are of such plebeian origin that all their poor and barren history is lost, and they are as sticks cut from the deady Upas tree, distilling from their dry and sapless veins a poison of mendacity, as the man who leans upon them unblushingly invents memoirs for them. Some are ever ornamental—the dudes of the hall and hat rack, unfit even for the light exercise of twirling in one's fingers. Some become useful, and assist the gardener, the housemaid and the cook. But whatever they are, and whatever they do, the scent of the wildwood clings to them still. I own I do not like to see them set to work. I look upon a degraded walking stick as I would upon an Indian chieftain, torn from his wigwam in the heart of the aromatic, pulsing woods, and made to wield the puissant hoe in a bug-infested potato patch; a Bras Coupe with bowed head and broken spirit; 'honor rooted in dishonor;' a wood-nymph grubbing a sassafras thicket; a river god wearily pumping muddy rain water from an over-flooded cellar on Front Street; a poet torn from the seventh line of his sonnet, and sent to the village for a bar of soap, a yeast cake, two gallons of kerosene oil and a slab of liver. Still, these things have to be done. The great Shakespeare went down on his knees more than once before a fire that was enjoying a quiet little smoke with a bundle of wet faggots, striving to 'revive it with his breath,' the while, perchance, 'it sparkled in his eyes, and, like the dog that is compelled to fight, snatched at his master that did tarre him on,' before he completed that passage in 'King John.' The useless, however beautiful, is never long lived.

AS THE TWIG IS BENT

"WALKING sticks have their eccentricities, as have their human companions. Sometimes, when the summer is but newly ended, and the garrison in vase and hat rack has been heavily reinforced, the entire colony will come crashing and rattling down in the night, and there follows a general eviction the next day. Weeks afterward I spend my days as a tale that is told a great many times, seeking to discover and collect the scattered remnant that is left. I once had an alder stick so crooked that every time any one walked across the floor, even in a distant room, this stick would rock and tremble and fidget uneasily in its place. This, happening at all hours of the night and day, drove the whole family into a nervous fever, until at length I labeled the stick and presented it to a college museum. Some of the sticks come home all right, but in the process of domestication slowly shed their bark, so that the hall carpet is reduced to a state of chronic wood-yard chippiness. Others, as they dry out, develop a malodorous odor that leads to the unanimous diagnosis that they were picked before they were ripe, and are straightway ordered forth to cremation. Some wait until they have been carefully scraped, painted with three or four coats, and varnished with infinite pains-taking, and then calmly split from end to end, curling up at the edges of the split. Others take kindly to steaming, and straighten out until a straight-edge cannot find a fault in them, and as soon as staining and polishing is complete, and an expensive head fitted on, suddenly develop inflammatory rheumatism and curvature of the spine, legacies of the marsh whence they were taken, doubtless, and hump themselves into more misshapen shapes than a wet clothes-line, hastily coiled in the dark by an inexperienced man, can imitate. But soon or late, usually soon, they all go the common way of summer walking sticks, and thus by a providential arrangement make room for the new and carefully selected stock which I intend to bring home the next summer."

FROM NATURE'S STOREHOUSE

THUS far the man. But it is not only walking sticks that come hopping home with the family from jaunt and pilgrimage. Even in this blessed August month, as the JOURNAL seeks you out in your summer loitering, you are in the very fever and madness of collecting things. When you went to your room in the hotel you found in bureau drawer, on closet shelf, in nook and corner, pebbles and bits of rock, and shells and moss, leaves, flowers and fungus left there by departed guests who had gathered of the beauties and wonders of strange lands more things to carry home in three trunks, already full of outing raiment, than could be packed by hydraulic pressure in six empty ones. Bark is a favorite. In a few generations there will be, in the processes of evolution, a species of birch tree that will have no bark below the first branch. A forest of such trees will appear as though they had rolled up their bark preparatory to wading the brook. And moss; you have enough moss already gathered to make a mattress. How beautiful it is in the woods, down in cool, moist places under the balmy pines and the whispering hemlocks, where it creeps about the foot of the plummy ferns, and peeps, a fringe of green over the bank, to look at the brook sparkling in song as it hurries on its way to find a mill wheel! When you carry it to your room by the basket, and pack it into a trunk, how beautiful it is when you drag it out by the handful. When it is pressed out flat, like a murdered fly upon the wall, then it is a study. The moss is, you guess what it was when it was alive. That is the game. Fungus that smells to heaven, but not of heaven. Rather of the earth—earthly. Bulrushes to stand in the long-necked vase—pronounced "vauze"—in the corner of the music room. All winter long, they silently shed their gracious fuzz and memories until every curtain and carpet in the house is flocked with the touch of the meadow marsh. When you throw them away in the spring the boys get hold of them and hold a knightly tournament with these reedy lances, that makes it pleasant for the carpets of the neighbors who leave their windows open. They close the windows and say—but never mind what they say. There are some speeches which sound better unspoken.

A PECK OF POLISHED PEBBLES

ONE summer, the collection in a family of which I wot somewhat, ran exclusively to pebbles—pebbles of all sizes and all colors, from all along shore from Halifax to Plymouth Beach. They were made welcome into the house, being what the housekeeper calls "clean dirt." Not only were they pretty, and suggestive, and reminiscent, but they were handy in a score of ways. Every trunk and bag came home in ballast with them, and they were stacked and spread and scattered in every room. They provided a store of "fixed ammunition" for firing at tramps and dogs, that made the yard a haunt of terror to all two and four-footed marauders. When the boy, who has mastered the mysteries of hard pitching, dropped an "in curve" on the short ribs of a brindle dog, with a gleaming pebble

that had been pressed by the foot of Mary Chilton or held in the fair hand of Priscilla herself, perhaps, that unhappy dog thought he was smitten of Miles Standish's great iron pot, loaded with dynamite at that. And he said so, too. And kept on saying it until he was three miles down the road. The family resolved to include pebbles, hereafter, in every collection. They are going to bring home bigger ones next month, because this is presidential year, and they will come handy as messengers of fraternal greeting with which to salute the transparencies of "their friends the enemy" as he flaunts his insolent banners in front of the house. True it is, that once or twice a nest of round white pebbles being left upon a stairway, the man of the house, as he thoughtlessly picked them up with his slippered feet and went recklessly down stairs with them, has been heard to say what he would do with the person who next brought a rock—he always calls them rocks under these circumstances—into the house. But as he has so often said what he was going to do next time and no one has ever suffered the slightest inconvenience from the working of his malignant charms, there is no terror in his threat.

BREATHINGS OF THE SEA

"PRAISE the sea, but keep on land," wrote Herbert, and people largely follow his advice, although, if they keep on transporting the seashore to their inland homes, in a few generations there will be nothing but sea and no place for us to put the souvenirs which we bring away from the "always wind-obeying deep." I knew a man from the wild and woolly west, who, on his first visit to Nantucket went off Wauwinnet and caught a shark a mile long. It was not a geographical mile; only a marine mile. He packed it in a box with a number of other marine bric-a-brac which he collected and cured with his own hands. At least he thought they were cured. They were sick enough to need it. Aquatic plants, sea weed, shells and things, specimens of real and still life. He sent the box express to his brother in a far-away inland town. When it arrived his brother's first impulse was to hurry it out to the cemetery and bury it without notifying the Board of Health. But then he reflected that he might get into trouble if he did, and this gave him pause, and reminded him that it would be an unchristian thing to bury his brother without any religious service, even though he had died of a malignant and infectious disease of some tropical nature. So he sent for the minister, notified the coroner, invited a few friends who could stand anything, and they read the shortest funeral service they could find, with pastilles burning in the room, a tar barrel blazing in the yard, and a gentle dew of disinfectants distilling from every corner and nook in the house. About three weeks after the funeral the man came home unexpectedly, and presenting himself unannounced at his brother's door, frightened his sister-in-law into a series of shrieking hysterics. They arrested the man, fined him, and sent him to jail for attempting to defraud a life insurance company.

IMITATION MEMENTOES

THAT is the trouble, frequently, with marine and other souvenirs which you collect yourself, unless you buy them at a store and fib about them. And nobody cares a cent for such things when you buy them. You can purchase anything you want from mountain and desert, cavern and seashore, much more cheaply and far better in quality in Chicago or New York than you can in Denver or California or Nantucket. You do not buy views of Yellowstone Park when you are there; you wait until you get home; then you take your time, and select good ones. But as a rule you do not care very much for things you buy in this line. At least I do not. I would not give ten cents for the cradle in which George Washington was rocked. In fact, as I have no babies about the house, I would not care to have it lumbering up the place. You buy meat and shoestrings and lard and soap and "that sort of things." But when it comes to buying relics and souvenirs and ancestors, that is another kind of shopping. You see why the poor bits of things which you gather and bring home are so much more beautiful, so much more eloquent and companionable than the highly finished article in the same line displayed in the shop windows, can possibly be to you. It is just the difference between a friend to whom you show your heart and tell your thoughts, and who is so poor that he can not afford a Sunday countenance and has to wear the same one all the year, and an amanuensis to whom you dictate a letter, but who dresses so much better than yourself that you half feel your dictation an impertinence.

SUMMER MEMORIES

PLUME-drooping ferns and tufted reeds, From woods where tangled sunbeams lay Snared by the wild untrampled weeds,  
Where blackbirds whistle all the day;  
Fringed mosses, softer than the light That kissed away their tears of dew;  
Long trailing vines with leafage bright And Autumn blooms of brilliant hue;  
White gleaming shells from where the waves Sing once again the Siren's song;  
And pebbles, found where ocean's caves The chorus of the sea prolong;  
Big, ghostly moths, with mottled wings, And spooky bugs in armor dressed,  
And grotesque bones of unknown things And some things worse than all the rest—  
With these I startle room and hall;  
I pin them up with memories glad,  
Until each staring frenzied wall Looks like a crazy quilt gone mad.

Robert J. Burdette.

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SIDE TALKS WITH GIRLS EDITED BY RUTH ASHMORE

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.



WONDER if you are the sort of girl who never knows when it is wise to close the gates of silence and let speech remain inside them?

THE ART OF REPRESSION

YOU do not see where the virtue of repression comes in. It is a virtue then, and a great one; for just so surely as the story was brought to you, just so surely will what you have said be carried back to your friend.

SOME OF THE IRRITATIONS

I KNOW just as well as you do how perfectly delightful it is to swing in a hammock and read the story of some famous woman's life; or, even just to dream there about your sweetheart; and I know just how irritated you get, and how plainly you show it in your face, when somebody asks you to come in and help dress the children, or set the tea table.

In this world we get many friends, there may be many sweethearts, but there is but one mother. There is but one woman in this wide world who has suffered that you might live, and but one woman to whom it ought to be your greatest pleasure to give the helping hand cheerfully.

You say you cannot help getting irritated. Yes you can. At heart you are a good girl, and you can do anything you want to. I am moved to say this by having been in the house with a girl who found everything that was not to her own pleasure an irritation.

ARE YOU A CHRISTIAN?

THAT is what a girl wrote to me the other day. I do not think she meant to be impertinent, but she was. Suppose I had answered "Yes," suppose I had answered "No."

Have you been like unto Christ Himself, loving, forgiving even unto death? Have you been like Christ Himself, considerate of the sinner? Thinking out the cause of the sin, and tempering justice with mercy?

It is possible that you have not even tried to be all, or part of this; it is possible that your idea of Christianity is the reading of sermons and questioning the faith of your sister woman. Do not do this, my friend. Make your own life every day so much more like Christ's that out of your gentleness and sweetness will come not the unkind interrogation, but the beautiful example that makes every woman look at you and say, as a quiet prayer, "This woman is a Christian. Dear God, make me like unto her."

A BOUQUET FROM THE COUNTRY

DID somebody ever bring you a bouquet from the country? Somebody of whom you were fond? It is not like the one got at a florist's shop. Each flower has been picked just as it grew, so that all the blue ones are not massed together, all the pink ones on another side, and the perfume group does not have its stems done up in tinfoil.

THE HEATED DISCUSSION

MY dear girl, what earthly good does it do you to lose your temper, to say silly words, and very often to show your absolute ignorance by allowing yourself to be drawn into a heated discussion about religion or politics? One never makes converts by showing that one cannot control one's own temper.

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.

F. H.—For suggestions as to fancy work refer to general articles on that subject in this Journal.

SUNIE B.—As I do not approve of piercing the ears, I cannot give the advice asked for in your letter.

A SUBSCRIBER—You certainly do not put "Miss" before your name when writing it in an autograph album.

ELLIE—A tall girl, even if she is young, should wear her skirts sufficiently long to prevent her looking awkward.

EMELINE—A light collation during the summer would be one of chicken or tongue sandwiches, tea and iced lemonade.

A. B. C.—A call is not required after an ordinary tea. With evening dress oval links of white enamel are best liked by men.

C. M. T.—It is not necessary to acknowledge announcement cards in any way, unless the people who are married are intimate friends of yours.

NAN—In sending out the invitations for a birthday party, it is considered in better taste not to state that it is in commemoration of the day of your birth.

SINCERE ADMIRER—Unless the young man has made a proposal of marriage to you, or signified his intention of doing so, it would be very foolish for you to give up your other men friends.

RUTH W.—You evidently mean the mixture of rose-water and benzoin known, centuries ago, as virginial mix. A few drops of it thrown in a basin of water will tend to soften and freshen the skin.

READER—Souvenir spoons are those having engraved upon them, in an artistic way, either the name of the city in which they are sold, or the head of some noted person specially connected with that city.

P. A.—It is in rather better taste to give a reason for declining an invitation, if you have one that can be told, but if not, it is equally polite to simply regret your inability to accept the kind invitation offered you.

SISTER—It cannot be said that a girl has disgraced herself who has run away and got married; certainly, however, she should go to her father and mother and ask their pardon rather than expect them to come to her.

DOTIE—The only time to wear a wrapper is in the early morning, or in the privacy of one's own room. (2) A lounge, a couple of pretty chairs and a table with a card receiver on it, are sufficient furniture for a small reception hall.

MINNEAPOLIS GIRL—You say your hands perspire whenever you assume kid gloves; the remedy for this would be to wear a loose-fitting glove and to powder your hands with ordinary toilet powder just before assuming them.

KITTIE A.—A little borax thrown in the water in which you bathe your body will tend to make your skin dryer and subdue extreme perspiration; usually this results from great weakness, and a tonic or a positive rest is required.

A SUBSCRIBER—Vaseline rubbed well into the roots of the hair will, it is said, thicken it. (2) If a man friend stops visiting you, the best way to treat him is to be perfectly polite when you meet him, but to abstain from asking him to call upon you.

MAY—There would be no impropriety whatever in your and your girl friend going to the opera alone, but if the man to whom you are engaged to be married objects to it, then it would be wisest to give it up. (2) Do not believe that a properly made, well fitting corset, is injurious.

GRACE B.—It is in very bad taste to put "no presents" on your wedding cards. People who think at all have gotten over that old idea that an invitation to a wedding necessitated a present, and so it would seem rather too suggestive of your expecting them for you to decline them in advance.

CINTHA—Say to the bride that you wish her all happiness and to the bridegroom that you congratulate him. (2) Your escort sits on the right side of you at the table. (3) When a party consists of one man and two women, the gentleman would sit at the head of the table with a lady on each side of him.

J. M. H.—A clergyman is introduced exactly as any other man would be, his clerical garb usually indicating his profession. (2) At a dinner served in courses you should take each dish offered and eat a little of it, even if you do not care for all.

E. C. A.—As you do not care for silk sleeves in your silk gown, why not have them of some of the pretty wool-crinkle materials that look like soft crepe? (2) In writing a letter to a man friend commence it: "Dear Mr. Brown" and not "Dear Friend." Thank you very much for your kind words.

MRS. G.—It will be wisest to submit your heavy draperies to a professional cleaner. (2) A powder made of equal proportions of prepared chalk and orris root will be found a pleasant tooth powder and one that will not injure the teeth, if you are careful to wash them well so that no powder remains on them.

SUFFERER AND OTHERS—I cannot recommend any depilatory, and while I sympathize very much with those who suffer from superfluous hair, I can give them no help. I have said this a number of times, and as I receive a great many letters I shall be forced in the future to ignore all letters containing this question.

X. Y. Z.—"Dear Miss Brown" is a rather more formal address than "My Dear Miss Brown." (2) For the questions about the wedding, reception, etc., I would advise your consulting a good book on etiquette. The answers required are too many for me to treat them properly in this column. Will you allow me to wish you all joy and happiness in your new life?

A. W.—Cold, or any other innocent cream, may be used upon your skin and will tend to keep it smooth. Do not think about the summer freckles, for they will fade away with the autumn winds. (2) You seem to have read a very good class of books. I do not think that a good novel, honest in purpose, pure in tone, and picturing life as it is, will harm any one.

SUBSCRIBER—The article on complexion will give you the suggestions that you wish about caring for your skin. My experience with wire brushes is that they pull the hair out. The best kind of brush is one that has long bristles of medium stiffness, which while they go well through the hair, removing the dust and dandruff, do not carry off locks of hair with them.

F. L. J.—It is not necessary to bow to young men who are your fellow students unless you have had a formal introduction to them. It would be quite proper, as you and your sister are twins, to have one set of cards upon which should be engraved: "The Misses Jones," to be used when you call together, and then for each to have a card with her Christian name upon it. For suggestions by "Miss" to be used when you are making visits alone.

E. W.—First calls should be returned within two weeks. (2) As you are the only daughter your visiting cards should have "Miss Smith" engraved upon them. (3) If a party of gentlemen sang for your benefit it would be merely polite for you to write them a note thanking them for the courtesy. (4) You say that you asked the young man to call upon you, that he accepted the invitation and has since been visiting at your house. It certainly would seem superfluous for him to ask your permission to do so at this late date.

CASSY—Vaseline will darken the hair if applied directly to it, exactly as all grease will, but in recommending it for the hair I distinctly stated that the vaseline is to be rubbed into the scalp, and that great quantities are not desirable. It will tend to make the eyebrows grow. (2) Girls of fifteen do not wear fancy veils, though it is quite usual to see a gauze tied over their hats, so that the delicate skin is protected. (3) In meeting a man friend you give the initiative by bowing first. (4) For suggestions as to the care of the hair see the article in the June number of the JOURNAL on that subject.

WHAT DO YOU FEED THE BABY?

Lacto-Preparata and Carnrick's Food are the only perfect Infant Foods that have ever been produced.

Lacto-Preparata is composed wholly of milk, and when added to water, yields a food that is almost identical with human milk in composition, digestibility and taste. It is designed more particularly for infants from birth to seven months of age, during which time infants should have only milk.

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REED & CARNRICK, NEW YORK

"My Baby Weighed



8 lbs. at birth 15 " " 3 mos. 12 " " 4 "

I think we were starving it,

for no food agreed with it. Dr. Hodgdon, of Dedham, was called in as a last resort, when the child was four months old. He recommended Lactated Food and

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This medicine for babies prevents and cures pains of teething and resulting diseases, not by putting children to sleep with an opiate, for it contains no harmful drugs, but by supplying the teeth-forming ingredients which are lacking in most mothers' milk and all artificial foods. It is sweet and babies like it. \$1.00 a bottle, at all druggists. Send for pamphlet, "Teething Made Easy."

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Make nursing easy, and prevent much colic, because they admit air into the bottle as the milk is drawn out, and prevents a vacuum being formed. Sample free by mail upon request, with valuable information for cleansing and keeping nipples sweet and healthy. WALTER F. WARE, 70 N. Third St., Phila., Pa.

# 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.



**D**URING the past six months fully two hundred letters have reached me from boys making inquiries about electrical matters. All of these I have answered briefly by mail, but the subject is so large, and the interest in it is so absorbing, that I have determined to devote my page in the

JOURNAL this month to a full discussion of the matter.

I may say at the outset, that of all the pursuits open to the boy of to-day—that is, the boy who wishes to win name and fame—there is none, perhaps, that is more fascinating than the study and development of electricity. Part of the attraction that is connected with this great science or industry, no doubt comes from its novelty, for, despite its gigantic growth of late years, it is as yet a new and almost unexplored force. Compared to steam, it is as an infant to an elderly man. Yet this infant, in all probability, will be the ruling force of the world within a few years.

### THE INDUSTRY OF THE COMING CENTURY

THOMAS A. EDISON has done more than any other living man to open up this great field of industry. At the same time he has a wide and more thorough knowledge of its possibilities. Yet he said to me not long ago: "I am only beginning to learn the business. The mind of man is not capable, at this time, of grasping the future developments of this wonderful force. What may yet be done through its agency remains to be seen. I could not, if I would, prophesy as to the final results, and I fear that I should be laughed at if I tried. You may look at the progress that has been made during the past ten years, and then consider that this new industry has all the future before it. It is a scientific miracle; one of the greatest ever evolved, and its possibilities are almost limitless. The best informed of scientific men will not attempt to say what may or may not be done by means of electricity. It would be worse than rash, for no man knows. We are constantly studying and just as constantly discovering new wonders. It is a study that is fascinating, and that one never wishes to give up after he learns its first rudiments."

### THE OPPORTUNITIES OFFERED

NOW, my boy readers will doubtless form in their own minds one short and simple question: "What are the opportunities for the boy of to-day who engages in the electrical industry with the intent to make it his life work?"

That is the question that I have asked of a dozen or more men who are leaders in the development of electricity in its several branches. They gave various answers, but there was one statement that they made in common: That a boy's success, in this as in any other pursuit, depends mainly on the boy and his mental and moral make-up. But they all agreed that there is no pursuit that offers greater inducements to the right sort of a boy. The boy who is clever with his hands or his brain, who is willing, ambitious and persevering, and who takes up the study of electricity in good earnest, will find no reason to regret his course. He may not, to be sure, become an Edison. But he will have at his hand work that will bring to him all in the way of material compensation that a reasonable person should wish for, and he will be engaged in a field in which his mind may constantly find new delight.

### EDISON'S WONDERFUL SUCCESS

WHEN I speak of the success that will be met by the clever, industrious boy who enters that pursuit of which this talk treats, I do not mean mere monetary success. As this world is made up, money is a useful and necessary thing. But the boy who enters upon any pursuit with no thought save to accumulate money is making a mistake. His effort to become wealthy may be successful, but he will miss the great undercurrents that make the life of the poorest man sweet and wholesome. There is no evidence that Galileo, or Newton, or Darwin put money above all other things, but their names will live for all time. Theirs was a success that succeeded. Nor has money been the moving influence with Edison. The development of the wonderful force that he has spent the better part of his life in studying, has brought him money in the natural course of things, but no one who has met the famous man and talked with him has ever been able to note that he is in any way mercenary. His inventions produce money, but he looks beyond this to their results on the world at large. He thinks more of his experiments than of his bank book. He lives for his profession and not for the profit there is in it. Were it otherwise he would be less great than he is. His is a career that is an object lesson that every boy may study with profit. It has been one of honest, manly endeavor, the finer by reason of the fact that there has been nothing to equal it.

### MIRACLES OF MODERN SCIENCE

TEN years ago there was but one electrical branch that was really worthy to be classed as a great industry, and that was the science of telegraphy. Telegraphy in itself was, and is, a wonderful thing, but it was but the first of a series of scientific miracles. The result of these has been the opening up of many hundreds of companies that are engaged in the perfecting of electric forces and the manufacture of electrical machinery. The foremost experts now reckon that from \$800,000,000 to \$1,000,000,000 is invested in the business. There is one firm that was started some ten years ago that has a capital of \$50,000,000 invested. The Western Union Telegraph Company alone has a capital of over \$100,000,000. These are large figures that show clearly what great progress has been made in this new industry. Yet even now it is in a crude and in many ways unfinished state. But crude, though it may be, with a future before it that even experts hesitate to speculate upon, it is being utilized in all manner of ways for the benefit of mankind. Not only are written messages now signaled over the wires, but spoken ones as well. It is used to operate machinery in the place of steam. It runs railway cars. It is driving gas from the field as an artificial light. It supplies heat. It is the hope of the foremost experts that the time is now at hand when it will furnish the natural power to our great ocean steamships. Then there is the domestic branch that in itself is a highly important one. Electric bells, burglar alarms, and scores of other conveniences are now in thousands of business and private houses.

### VARIOUS BRANCHES OF THE BUSINESS

THE average boy who reads all this may be puzzled as to what branch of the electric business will suit him best. The matter is not so complicated as it may seem. After all, there are but five branches to be considered. They carry the rest with them. Any of these branches is of sufficient importance, and holds out inducements to move anybody to take it up as his profession. But the studying of any one of these branches will lead to the study and consequent familiarity with the others. Perhaps it would be more correct to say there are four branches to the electrical industry proper. These are the telephone, the telegraph, lighting by electricity, and the development of the electrical power for the use of railroads, steamships, and those various lines of business that in the past have had to depend upon steam as a motive power. The fifth division referred to is what is known as the general electric trade. It lies in the manufacture of tools, appliances and general supplies to the other divisions of the general industry, and in this way is as important as any of them. It is growing just as rapidly, too, for the development of the great force has been such as to call for constant progress in the business of making instruments and tools.

### WHAT OFFERS THE BEST INDUCEMENT

WITH that branch of electricity known as telegraphy most of my boy readers are doubtless more or less familiar. It is the older branch of the business. It has reached that state of development where it does not offer the same advantage that it once did. Still the boy who takes it up and does his full duty by it will find that it is not without its reward for the persistent worker. What is true of telegraphy, is in a measure true of the telephone business. It is in a sense a monopoly controlled by a few. But it is in its further developments that opportunities for inquiring minds and willing hands are to be found. Even now there are more than 200,000 miles of telephone wires in use, and upwards of 400,000 instruments connected.

Electric lighting is newer than the two branches mentioned, but its growth has been wonderful. There is the great sum of \$150,000,000, or thereabouts, invested in it. This represents the operation of upwards of 150,000 arc lights, and more than 1,500,000 incandescent lights. Still newer than this branch is the development of power by electricity, applied to locomotives, steamships, stationary engines and all that. The possibilities in this line seem almost limitless. A few years ago the idea of an electric railroad was dismissed with the mere suggestion of it. Now, the subject is puzzling the brains of thousands, and in some of our great cities the electric car has been tested, not with great success, it is true, but it is the general opinion that with new discoveries and improvements from time to time, the old horse and steam railroads will disappear entirely. It is in these latter pursuits, the development of the electric light, and of the electric motive power, that the young man of to-day may find work ready to his hand. The rest depends upon himself. He may become a great electrician or inventor along the line of his profession, or he may remain an inferior and poorly paid workman all his life. But if he remains the latter, he will have himself to blame, for there is no pursuit that seems to offer greater or more solid advantages to the young man or boy than does electricity in its several branches.

### SECOND TO NO OTHER FORCE

I HAVE dwelt at some length upon the magnitude of the electrical industry, for the reason that it is so young that most of my boy readers can scarcely be acquainted with it. It naturally follows that a business so vast, and with so great a future before it, is one that holds out special inducements to young men who enter it now, and to use an expression, grow up with it. It was advice of this kind that the famous railroad magnate, Commodore Vanderbilt, gave to his protégé, Chauncey Depew, many years ago, when the latter seemed inclined to make politics, to a large extent, his profession.

"Stick to railroading, Chauncey," said the wise old man, "railroading is going to be the business of this country."

He was right. Mr. Depew took the advice. He advanced as the railroad grew, until he is now, as you know, at the head of the great Vanderbilt railroad system.

Now, if Mr. Edison and other prominent experts know anything of the matter, electricity opens up much the same field of endeavor to young men that the railroad did twenty years ago. Indeed, it may in time outgrow it. Yet it is not in any way the rival of the other industry. On the other hand, it is the hope of electricians that they may help in the further progress of the railroad by supplying it with a motor power superior to steam. When they do this, and furnish steamships with the same, when they light all our houses and streets, when they supply heat, and do one hundred and one other things that are now done by hand, and when the telephone, the phonograph and all the other wonders of late years are fully perfected, electricity will rank second to no other force from an industrial standpoint. Then the boy who has taken it up and grown with its growth will find himself in an enviable position.

### THE RIGHT WAY TO START

MR. EDISON and the other experts all agree on another point, besides, in the opinion that the boy of to-day will find the study of electricity a good thing to take up. They agreed that when a boy started in this profession he should start in at the bottom. He cannot start at the top. He may be a born inventor, but he cannot hope to vie with Edison, or even inferior men, in one year, or two, or more. He must remember that the very best of the experts are at this time but feeling their way in this profession. They are developing a great power, whose force, strength and usefulness in the future they can but imagine. Mr. Edison, whose accomplishments in this branch of science have been so many, might claim to know, but he makes no such claim. He says that he is only beginning to learn it.

This is an important time in the history of the business, for the leaders in it are working hard to make electricity a motive power, capable of supplanting steam. It cannot now. So far, even in the running of railroads, it has been found impossible to economically generate the electric currents directly. Steam and water are used for the purpose, but in most of the electrical establishments in this country steam is depended upon almost entirely. But the electric motors, when perfected, will be far cheaper than steam motors, and the man who provides the means for bringing the former to the right point will have fame and fortune at his feet.

### ONE WAY TO BEGIN

HOW to enter upon the profession is the question that will confront the boy who has a desire to engage in it. Let me repeat that the best way to get into it is to start at the bottom. Of course, it is possible for him to study electrical engineering and all that in regular classes. But that will cost, surely. The science is taught in trade schools, but these are not numerous enough to be accessible to all the boys who would like to know something of the wonders of this modern science.

But for those boys who cannot attend these schools, where the first rudiments of electricity are to be learned, there is still a way. There are electrical works and factories in every town of any consequence in this country. There are always opportunities for a boy to obtain places in these. These positions will at first be humble ones. The work will be hard. The compensation will be small, or for that matter, there may for a time be no return at all. But the boy who really wants to thoroughly learn this great business will not be dismayed by these conditions if there is any good in him.

To succeed in this profession, the boy must be clever with his hands, as well as with his brains. That is what has helped Mr. Edison to his present high fame. Not only is his a master mind, but his is also a skilled craftsman's hand. There is no man's work about his factory whose labor he cannot do. He is master of every branch of the business, even down to the making of the most delicate tools that are required in it. All this he learned by hard study and persistent labor. What he has done other boys may do, in at least a degree, by copying his methods.

### POSSIBLE REWARDS OF ELECTRICITY

AS to the compensation that a boy may expect in the electrical field that is a matter that cannot at this time be reduced to any reliable statistics. It is another thing that depends a great deal upon the boy himself. Inferior, or careless boys, who continue as such, must expect no great rewards. Boys of the right sort may look forward to almost anything that is in reason, for at the rate this business is developing there is no telling if it will not reward those who follow it, just as the great railroads have done.

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# Knitting and Crocheting

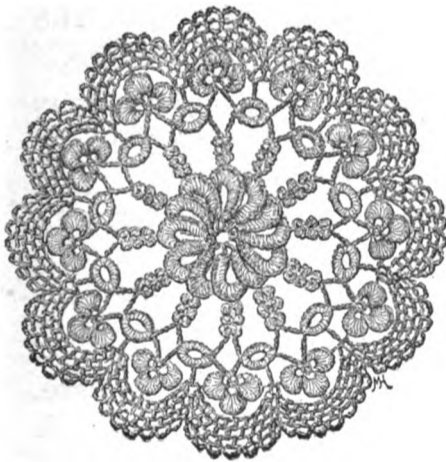
## ARTISTIC CROCHETED COVERS

By Sara Hadley

The accompanying illustrations show patterns for the manufacture of the most dainty little covers in crochet work, for small pincushions, intended to be worn by ladies when employed in sewing. The covers, crocheted in white or ecru, are

slipped over the cushions, made in silk or satin of any desired shade, and finished off prettily with a ribbon bow to match. The pincushions measure about three inches across, and the border, three-quarters of an inch wide, extends some distance beyond.

Directions for working round pincushion (Illustration No. 1): Make 8 ch join in a ring, work 12 tre with 1 ch between into the ring; join, catch a sc into the 1st space, \* 12 ch, 1 d c into same space; work 16 tre into half the loop made by the 12 ch, then 6 ch, catch back to 5th ch to form a picot; repeat twice more; 15 ch catch into 6th stitch back, 5 ch, 1 d c 3 times into loop thus made. This forms the foundation of the trefoil. Work 1 d c, 12 tre, 1 d c into each section, 16 ch, catch into 12th stitch back, work 20 d c into the loop thus formed; 5 ch, catch into last of the 3 picots worked on the way up to the trefoil; work 3 picots as before, joining them to those already made with single stitches, 1 ch between each picot, then 16 tre into the 2d half of the loop starting from the foundation ring, 1 d c into the same space the loop started from, 1 s c into the next space of

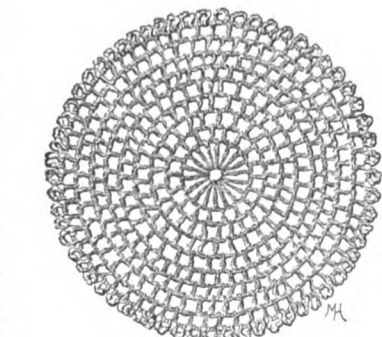


ROUND DESIGN (illus. No. 1)

the foundation; repeat till 12 trefoils are made from \*. Take note that after the 1st ring of 20 d c has been made instead of making 15 ch after the 3 picots make 5 ch, catch to the center of the ring of 20 d c, then 11 ch, catch back into 6th stitch and work the foundation of the trefoil into this loop as before directed. Border: 1 d c into center leaf of trefoil, 10 ch, 1 d c into center of last leaf of trefoil, 2 ch, 1 d c tre into center of top half of ring formed of 20 d c, 2 ch, 1 d c into center of 1st leaf of trefoil, 10 ch, 1 d c into center of next trefoil; repeat.

2d row—4 tre with 2 ch between under the 1st 10 ch, 1 ch, 1 tre under the 2 ch, 1 ch, 1 tre under the next 2 ch, 1 ch, 5 tre under the next 10 ch with 2 ch between each; repeat.

3d row—1 d c under the 1 ch directly over the double treble; 2 ch, 1 tre under next space; repeat until reaching the space over the next d tre; miss over the space behind it, work 1 d c as before into the space over the d tre; repeat.



REVERSE SIDE (illus. No. 3)

Directions for working square pincushion: (Illustration No. 2.) For the center rose make 10 ch, join in a circle; into this work 1 tre, 3 ch 8 times.

2d row—1 d c, 5 tre, 1 d c into each of the 3 ch. 3d row—At the back of the scallops make 4 ch, 1 d c into the tre between the 3 ch into which the 5 tre are worked; then work 1 d c, 9 tre, 1 d c into each 4 ch. At the back of the 2d row of scallops work 5 ch, 1 d c between each group of 9 tre; into each 5 ch work 1 d c, 11 tre, 1 d c. On to the 13th stitches, in each scallop work as follows, starting from the beginning of a scallop: 6 d c into each stitch; this brings it next the center stitch. Then make 5 ch, and into the 4th ch back 1 d c; repeat 3 times, making in all 4 picots, 1 ch, miss the center tre in scallop 12 d c, this brings the work next the center stitch in next scallop, 11 ch, catch in 6th stitch back. To form the trefoil work into this loop 1 s c, \* 3 ch, 6 d tre, 3 ch, 1 d c; repeat twice more from \*, then along the 5 ch work 2 d c, 3 tre, 1 more tre into the side of the last d c on the scallop, miss 1 tre, 12 d c up to the middle of the next scallop. Repeat the picots and trefoils until 4 of each are made. Then work 1 d c between the 2d and 3d picots, \* 5 ch, 1 d tre between the 1st and 2d d treble in the 1st leaf of the trefoil, 4 ch, 1 tre, miss 4 d tre, 1 tre, 4 ch, 1 tre between the 1st and 2d d tre of the center leaf of trefoil, 4 ch, miss 4, 1 tre, 4 ch, 1 tre between the 1st and 2d d tre of the 3d leaf of trefoil, 4 ch, miss 4, 1 d tre, 5 ch, 1 d c between the 3d and 4th picots; repeat from \*.

Next row—9 d c under the 5 ch, 2 d c into the next space, 3 ch, 3 d c into same space, 3 ch, 2 d c into same space; repeat into all the spaces over the trefoil, then 9 d c under the 5 ch; miss the d c worked between the picots, and repeat from \*.

Next row—10 tre, with 5 ch between into the loops of 3 ch, over the trefoil, 5 ch, 1 tre, into the middle stitch of the 1st 9 d c, 6 ch, catch back into the tre just made, 1 tre into the center of the next 9 d c, 5 ch; repeat from the beginning of the row.

Next row—2 tre, with 2 ch between each into every 5 ch, 1 tre into the loop between the two tre over the picots.

Next row—1 tre into each tre in preceding row, with two ch between.

Next row—Begin at a corner space, work 1 d c into it, \* 4 ch, 2 d c into same space, 3 d c into the next 2 spaces, 1 d c into next space; repeat from \*.

Border—Into one of the loops formed by the 4 ch in the previous row work \*, 5 dou tre with 2 ch between 3 ch, 1 d c into next loop, 3 ch; repeat from \*.

Last row—Work into each of the 2 ch between the 5 d tre, 2 d c, 3 ch, 2 d c, then 6 d c into each of the 3 ch, without any ch between.

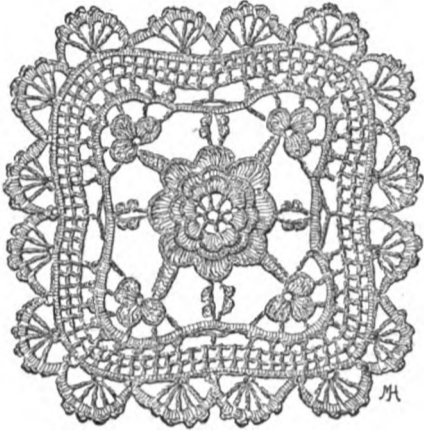
Back for square cushion: Make 8 ch, join; work into the ring 16 tre, with 1 ch between.

Next row—1 tre 2 ch, 1 tre, into next space 4 times, then 2 tre into the same space with 2 ch between to form a corner; repeat. Work 8 more rows in the same way increasing between the corners occasionally by working 2 tre into the same space.

Last row—1 d c, 3 ch, 1 d c into next space; repeat, catching the center of each alternate loop at intervals into the d c, forming the foundation of the border for the front square. Leave one side of the square open, to slip the cushion into it.

Ground for the back of pincushion (Illustration No. 3): 10 ch, join; work into this ring 24 d tre with 1 ch between each, then work 8 rows of 1 tre into each space with 2 ch between, increasing them so that the circle lies flat by working 2 tre with 2 ch between into one space at intervals.

Outside row—1 d c into any space, 5 ch, \* 1 d c into same space, 1 d c into next space, 5 ch; repeat from \*. In working this last row catch the back to the front at base of the trefoils and between them in the 1st row of the border, leaving opening large enough to slip in the cushion.



SQUARE DESIGN (illus. No. 2)

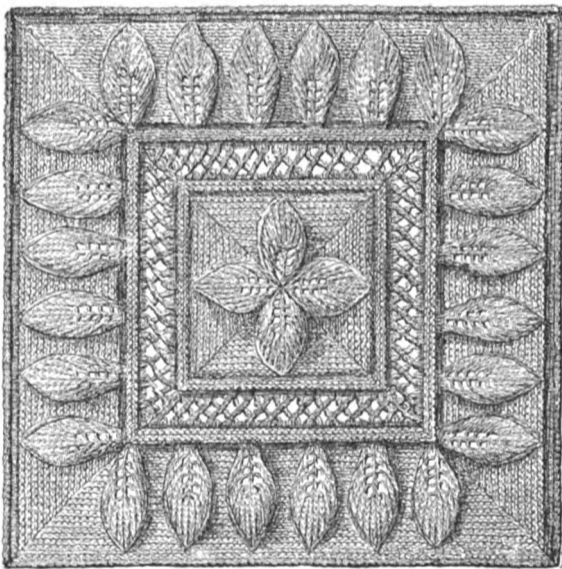
## A KNITTED BED QUILT

By May Winkworth



EXTER cotton No. 10-4 thread. Cast on 3 stitches and knit plain. 2d row—make 1, knit 1, make 1, knit 1, make 1, knit 1. 3d row—make 1, purl 5, knit 1. 18th row—make 1, purl 8, slip 1, knit 1, pass slip stitch over knit stitch, knit 7, knit 2 together, purl 8.

4th row—make 1, purl 1, knit 2, make 1, knit 1, make 1, knit 1, purl 1. 5th row—make 1, knit 1, purl 7, knit 2. 6th row—make 1, purl 2, knit 3, make 1, knit 1, make 1, knit 1, knit 2, purl 2. 7th row—make 1, knit 2, purl 9, knit 3. 8th row—make 1, purl 3, knit 4, make 1, knit 1, make 1, knit 1, knit 3, purl 3. 9th row—make 1, knit 3, purl 11, knit 4. 10th row—make 1, purl 4, knit 5, make 1, knit 1, make 1, knit 1, knit 4, purl 4. 11th row—make 1, knit 4, purl 13, knit 5. 12th row—make 1, purl 5, knit 6, make 1, knit 1, make 1, knit 1, knit 5, purl 5. 13th row—make 1, knit 5, purl 15, knit 6. 14th row—make 1, purl 6, slip 1, knit 1, pass slip stitch over knit stitch, knit 11, knit 2 together, purl 6. 15th row—make 1, knit 6, purl 13, knit 7. 16th row—make 1, purl 7, slip 1, knit 1, pass slip stitch over knit stitch, knit 9, knit 2 together, purl 7. 17th row—make 1, knit 7, purl 11, knit 8. 19th row—make 1, knit 8, purl 9, knit 9; thus continue until 3 stitches are left in the leaf, then knit the 3 together, making 1 stitch in the leaf. 26th row—make 1, knit 26. 27th row—make 1, knit 27. 28th row—make 1, purl 28. 29th row—make 1, knit 29. 30th row—make 1, purl 30. 31st row—make 1, purl 31. 32d row—make 1, knit 32. 33d row—make 1, purl 33. 34th row—make 1, knit 34. 35th row—make 1, knit 35.—36th row—make 1, purl 36. 37th row—make 1, knit 37. 38th row—make 1, purl 38. 39th row—make 1, knit 2 together; repeat until end of row, when knit 1. 40th row—make 1, purl 39. 41st row—make 1, knit 2 together until 2 stitches are left, then make 1, knit 1, knit 1. 42d row—make 1, purl 41. 43d row—make 1, knit 2 together until 2 stitches are left, then make 1, knit 1, knit 1. 44th row—make 1, purl 43. 45th row—make 1, knit 44. 46th row—make 1, purl 45. 47th row—make 1, knit 46. 48th row—make 1, knit 47. 49th row—make 1, purl 48. 50th row—make 1, knit 49. 51st row—make 1, purl 50. 52d row—make 1, purl 51. 53d row—make 1, knit 52. 54th row—make 1, purl



53. 55th row—make 1, knit 54. 56th row—make 1, purl 55.

57th row—make 1, purl 2, \* knit 1, make 1, knit 1, make 1, knit 1, purl 7; repeat from \* until end of row, then purl 1.

58th row—make 1, knit 1, \* purl 5, knit 7; repeat from \* until three stitches are left, knit 3.

59th row—make 1, purl 3, \* knit 2, make 1, knit 1, make 1, knit 2; repeat from \* until end of row, then purl 2.

60th row—make 1, knit 2, \* purl 7, knit 7; repeat from \*; knit 4; repeat the above until 6 holes are made in the leaf.

69th row—make 1, purl 8, \* slip 1, knit 1, then slip stitch over knit stitch, knit 11, knit 2 together, purl 7; repeat from \*, then purl 7.

70th row—make 1, knit 7, \* purl 13, knit 7; repeat from \*, then knit 9, thus continuing until 3 stitches of leaf remain, then put the 3 stitches together, make 1 stitch.

82d row—make 1, knit 69. 83d row—make 1, knit 70. 84th row—make 1, purl 71. 85th row—make 1, knit 72.

86th row—make 1, purl 73. Cast off as loosely as possible.

This forms one of the four triangles which are used to make each square. The number of squares required depends on the size of the bed upon which the quilt is to be used.

## EDITORIAL NOTE

As Miss Mary F. Knapp retired from the editorship of this Department some months since, and is no longer identified with THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, correspondents will kindly refrain from addressing letters or manuscripts to her. All manuscripts or letters pertaining to knitting, crocheting or needlework should be addressed, impersonally, to "The Editor, THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Penna." The Editor of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL cheerfully invites any new ideas in knitting or crocheting which readers may wish to submit. So far as possible, the original design, or an accurate drawing thereof, should accompany the manuscript.

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# HINTS ON HOME DRESS MAKING



BY EMMA M. HOOPER

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

## GOWNS IN COTTON DRESSES

THE fashionable modistes always bring out, late in the summer, some advanced styles of pretty cotton dresses, and lately they have taken a fancy to satines in a great degree; but these must have either a gray, bright blue, or red surface, with cashmere-colored scrolls, or white figures. They are made for dresses, where most cottons become the fashionable bell skirt, with a row of velvet ribbon, or three ruffles of black satin ribbon, gathered thickly up each other, which makes a very full on the lower edge. The round gown worn with an Empire sash of black five inches wide, which is tied on the left with two upright loops, and one fall with two short ends. The sleeves gathered in at the arm holes, and also to a deep cuff below the elbow. The bodice covered with *écru* or Irish point lace, the yoke to match may be pointed, round or square. Narrow black satin ribbon is tied at the top of the cuff, with the bow at the right; the same ribbon encircles the collar, on the left. A dressy gingham gown of black and cream stripes, with a little pink ad here and there, has a bell skirt and a row of the goods, with a ruffle of white Irish at above. A round waist has a pointed collar, plain collar and deep cuffs of the lace, with a pointed girdle of blue moiré ribbon six inches wide, which is folded narrowly around a waist, like a belt from the girdle, and hangs two ends at the back to the bottom of the dress, with a rosette where the ends part at the waist line. A dainty morning dress is made with a princess back, having the bias well seam up the back, and shirrings at the waist line, which fits the otherwise seamless back to the form; the front is cut with a slight point and a gathered skirt.

## HOW TO TRIM

FRENCH batiste, in cross-bar patterns having a white ground, are made over plain lawn, making the lining a low-neck waist, sleeves and bell skirt. An evening dress of batiste will have a full skirt gathered thickly in the back, and slightly in front with a deep hem. The round waist has a yoke of the inevitable Irish point lace and deep cuffs of the same; or the sleeves may be long and full, ending in a wristlet which is tied round with ribbon. Wherever the cotton dresses show a hair line, or figure of black, the ribbons are selected in black moiré or satin; the slightest excuse being thus taken advantage of to use black on the dress, but black Irish point is never used on a light-colored cotton dress. For a slender figure there can be no prettier trimming than a bertha ruffle on the waist, which is sewed on the dress, and turned over so as to fall wider and fuller on the shoulders. A new vest for lace or embroidery on cotton dresses is V shaped, ending at the waist line. On either side are revers from the waist line to the bust, ending at the top with a bow of ribbon formed of three upright loops and a small knot in imitation of the Prince of Wales' plumes; this is placed on either side of the vest, heading the revers. They are also used as shoulder bows, and if there is a trimming of a jabot of lace from the collar to the bust the bows finish the lower end.

## WHAT COLORS TO COMBINE

IN making new gowns, or while remodeling old ones, care must be taken to combine harmonizing colors as well as materials that agree. This season has witnessed an almost unbounded popularity for green, which is one of the most useful of colors, as it corresponds with tan, gray, black, white, and even lavender has been stylishly arranged with pale green, but any such apparently glaring contrast must be arranged only by an artist in colors and shades. Tan and brown forms an admirable contrast, and the gray shades are worn with pink, cardinal, black, yellow and green. Navy blue looks well with a vest of tan, yellow, pink, paler blue or deep red, and lavender has been very fashionable with pink and pale green, besides always agreeing well with clear purple shades. There is a clear lavender, as well as a pinkish shade, and the latter is more becoming as well as the stylish selection at present. A sharp contrast is as agreeable as a slight one, but harmony and appropriateness must be preserved. Very often a shade lighter or darker than the dress will combine better than a contrast, especially if the fabric of the gown is of a prominent stripe or figure, as then a subduing effect is desirable. An eye for colors is a welcome gift to any dressmaker, but is also one that may be cultivated when nature has denied the talent, now a necessary one.

## FOR STOUT FIGURES

IN my last article I spoke of the difficulty that stout figures had in dressing at the present time in a manner becoming to the person, and yet stylish as to design. I am forced to speak of this again, for not a week expires that I have not complaints on this score. It is most unfortunate that the present styles are so illly adapted to stout figures; but, unfortunately, a fashion writer does not and cannot make the styles. By using a little ingenuity and taste, however, many of the present designs may be well adapted for stout figures. But I must impress it upon my readers that it is not really the manner of making that is as important as the material selected. No power could make a stylish costume for a large woman out of a dress with a huge pattern upon it, or one with wide stripes, but a material with a very narrow stripe and plain surfaces, or delicate figure, would add greatly to the appearance.

## SUITABLE DESIGNS

THEN, of course, crosswise trimming must be avoided; stout people cannot wear broad, heavy frills, or what is generally termed any "fussy" styles of trimmings. Their sleeves should be moderately full, and in place of being high upon the shoulders should droop more toward the elbow, giving the present wide appearance rather than the high. The close-fitting bell skirts are most unbecoming to a full figure, but the addition of a small fold on either side, draped into the belt, will at once disguise the extreme plainness and keep to the idea of the bell. This skirt I fully explained in the issue of last month. The folds around the bottom, or a plain trimming like rows of velvet or ribbon, should be worn in preference to any ruffle. A slight train in the back adds to the height, and thus takes away from the breadth. Very stout women are apt to sink in at the back just below the waist line, which gives a broader appearance to the hips. This is easily avoided by wearing a very small pad fastened to the skirt under the belt; it should be very small, so as to round out the basque in the slightest manner, and yet take away the depressed appearance. Where the waist is rather small and the hips large, jutting out like shelves on either side, there must be what is called a "give" to the bottom of the basque, which is made by letting out the side gore seams, and taking in the waist line very sharply. Stout people should use the very best of whalebone for their basques, and not only bone every seam, but put an extra bone in between the side form and second dart, and one up the center front on the button side. Where the waist is over twenty-eight inches in measure, a double side form should be used. It would be impossible to describe the shape of this basque so that the different parts could be cut out without a pattern; but the two side forms are really no larger than one, but having a bias seam they make the figure look more tapering. As paper patterns cost but thirty cents apiece, I would advise any one of this figure to buy one with the double side form. The fashionable basque, showing only the side the shoulder seams in the outside material are extremely unbecoming to full figures. The point in front should be about four and a half inches below the waist line, then shaped to fully two and a half inches below over the hips, with a point at the back the same length as in front, or cut the back with a deep narrow coat-tail, which is opened up the center, eighteen or twenty inches long, below the waist line, and at the bottom three inches in width.

## FLANNEL GOWNS

THIS material has become a standby for all ages, though commonly grouped under the name of "outing" dresses. Plain navy blue and white flannel, stripes and cross-bars of many sizes, are worn indoors and out. Boating, yachting, tennis, mountain, seaside and country walking costumes are all of this seasonable and serviceable material. The trimming should never be fussy, and always something that will endure sun and rain, as rows of machine stitching, or a bias border of a contrasting flannel, machine stitched on the edges, or finished with rows of feather stitching in wash embroidery silk. Yachting gowns are gayly decorated with rows of gilt braid and buttons. Either this must be replaced often, or be of the best metal, though even this tarnishes in a short time in the salt air. A flannel dress should be sponged before making it up, though a few of the domestic flannels are not of the shrinking class. Nowadays, a dress of this material has a bell, or gathered skirt, with a sailor or plaited waist, a Russian blouse, or a blazer, to be worn with a silk or flannel waist.

## DESSMAKERS' CORNER

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

JESSIE JONES—Your questions were answered in articles in May and June issues.

A. S. N.—I do not give the names of corsets in this column. (2) Jet or silk gimp and a vest of black bengaline.

MALOTTE—Try navy, clear dark green, pinkish tan and gray, never a cold steely gray, faint pink, light blue, cream and very delicate yellow.

NETTIE MAY—Let out the under arm seams, dampen and press out the traces of stitching on the wrong side, shoulder seams the same, and add a vest of silk.

DAISY—I am afraid the color will never return to your dress, but try benzine on a piece to experiment with; if unsuccessful, the dress will have to go to a dyer.

MISS L. L. A., PORT HURON—A private letter was sent you, April 6th, to the address given in your letter of inquiry, and it has been returned with the stamp "unclaimed" upon it.

P. E. M.—The necessity for your answer is now over, but in any case such a long reply should have been sent you personally, as so much space in this column can not be spared for one person.

M. F.—Of course this is too late to be of any assistance, but I must remind correspondents that to avoid disappointment they must enclose a stamp and their address or write me in time to avoid a crowded column.

MISS OLIVE—I am sorry that your letter arrived so late, but as I have said many times before, when in a hurry send your personal address and do not wait for an answer through the columns of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

MISS B. A. W.—You requested an answer by mail, yet failed to give any address beside your name. Black satine, alpaca and mohair are used for petticoats when silk is not wished. (2) A tan or black reefer, Russian or box coat.

MILICENT—Your silk is really not fashionable, but is wearable for an elderly lady, making it with a slightly draped front and bell back, ruffle, high sleeves, pointed coat—all basque and jet on the edges, lace ruffles at the wrists and as a jabot down the front.

OLD-FASHIONED GIRL—Your organdy will remodel into a full skirt of five breadths, hem or ruffle, full sleeves to elbows, low round waist, with a yoke and deep cuffs of point de Genes lace laid over lavender silk. Then wear a ribbon belt tied in a long bow at the back.

AN ORPHAN—Place your black satin skirt down at the bottom, hiding this with a ruffle of the same or a flat border of moiré ribbon three or four inches wide. (2) Trim the waist with narrow jet gimp, and if a pointed basque, back and front, lay the ribbon folded on the edge, tying it in a long bow at the back.

M. L. M.—Bell skirt, flat border of No. 16 moiré ribbon lined with narrow jet gimp; basque pointed with deep narrow "habit" back, high sleeves, jet on collar and wrists in two rows, and a narrow vest of beaded net or colored bengaline. You might prefer a corset front, which has been described several times in the JOURNAL.

N. M.—It will be impossible for you to remove water stains if they have spread over the surface of your silk dress. A French dyer could probably do this, but they would have to clean the entire material. If you have not such a place in Kansas City as a French dyeing establishment, your dress could be sent by mail to Chicago, your nearest large point.

W.—Wear the cream wool. (2) Full skirt, round waist, full sleeves, V or square yoke and deep cuffs of Irish point lace, or have a surplice waist and V of lace; ribbon or leather belt. (3) Make green with bell skirt, ruffle, new high sleeves, basque pointed in back, corset front, the rest of the dress of *écru* or white gimp; finish edges with jet, silk or changeable green bead gimp.

PERPLEXITY—Bayadere stripes are so unheard of that it would not pay to remodel yours for a dress. Why not use it for a silk petticoat? (2) Girl's dresses have been written of many times before this will get a chance to appear. (3) The gingham should have a full skirt, ruffle or hem, full sleeves, round waist, yoke and deep cuffs of point de Genes lace, and a waist belt of ribbon.

M. W.—Wear navy blue, grayish green, golden and darker brown and fawn shades. (2) Navy blue serge and blazer, striped white and tan gingham, black China silk having small lavender figures. (3) A narrow striped taffeta silk for the evening dress in changeable effects of tan and green, blue and gold, navy and gold, etc. (4) Princess back and pointed basque front. Wear a well-fitting corset.

C. M.—I should not advise a princess shape for a thin cotton dress. The one you mention would be much prettier made with a gathered skirt having a deep hem, and round waist and very full sleeves, and a waist yoke, with deep cuffs and pointed yoke of *écru* or white gimp; pure lace. Then wear a pointed girdle of blue ribbon, five inches wide, to match the dress, which can end in the back like a narrow belt, or have two long ends to the bottom of the dress, but no loops.

POVERTY STRICKEN MOTHER—Serge and flannel are correct. (2) Line the jacket with *alézia* if of serge, but not those of flannel; one jacket outwears fully two kilts. (3) The skirts can be worn with blouse and shirt waists of thinner materials. (4) As many as he can afford; certainly two every day, one best and one second best. (5) They do not wear gingham aprons. (6) They do not wear hokes, as a well-shaped figure does not disturb youthful heads, and they soon outgrow the fleshy look.

INQUIRER—There have been several articles written concerning the making of thin wash goods, and in them I think you will probably find a suitable model for a middle-aged lady. If you have not noticed them, however, the dress should be made with a gathered skirt and a round waist, and embroidery or plain trimming could be used, a round yoke and very deep cuffs of embroidery with the waist belt of No. 16 ribbon which you can tie at the side or back, or finish in front with rosette and buckle.

A. B. C.—You can make the tennis suit of striped flannel or outing cloth, or if you wish something very pretty, though quite expensive, use the wool taffeta, an imported fabric. This is forty inches wide and \$1.75 a yard. The prettiest striped flannel would be blue, yellow, tan, or gray, with white for the alternate stripe. The most suitable way to make this is a full skirt and a sailor blouse. The most stylish is a bell skirt and jacket waist and blouse vest. It requires no trimming except the collar and deep cuffs of a contrasting color, like plain blue, with feather stitching on either side of white silk.

POLLY—It would be impossible to tell you what outfit you should have for a season in the White Mountains unless you gave some idea of the amount of money you wish to spend. (2) At a hotel entertaining thirty guests there would not, of course, be as much dressing as in one of the large, fashionable houses, but at the same time you would need a mountain or climbing suit, a couple of morning dresses, which should be of wool, and at least two evening dresses, and a wrapper for your bedroom, and if they give hops or small parties you should have one or two dancing dresses. But everything depends upon the amount of money that you wish to put in this outfit. In asking such questions please give more details in the future.

PUZZLED MOTHER—Your friend was mistaken, as boys wear shirt waists of linen, percale, cambric, flannel, cotton chevot, "outing" cloth, etc., with knee trousers and a Windsor cravat tied in a large bow. (2) By "coat suits" was meant a short, round jacket worn with trousers or kilt skirt, with deep collar and cuffs turned over the jacket, which suits are not intended for summer wear in your climate. (3) The dressiest and yet simplest suit for a boy's best wear is a man-of-war suit of blue, white or blue and white striped flannel, with a sailor hat. Such a suit was illustrated in the JOURNAL over a year ago. (4) You can have navy blue flannel trousers washed. This is probably too late to assist you, but in the meantime I have written of boys' suits in the JOURNAL.



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SEASHORE AND MOUNTAIN FROCKS

BY ISABEL A MALLON



THE woman who wishes to enjoy herself, who wishes to get good health with a breeze from among the mountains or at the seaside, is the one who, while she considers her gowns, and also has a determination to look well, does not give herself up to the adoration of frocks or the dressing four or five times a day.

DRESSING AMONG THE MOUNTAINS

IF you are going up among those hills where certainly there does lie repose, I would first advise you, in selecting your wardrobe, to give a thought to the house in which you are to stay and to the climate.

I have said silk blouses, because there seems to be a general liking for them, but the striped flannel ones are in equally good taste, while those made of French piqué, with a deep turn-over collar and turn-back cuffs, are rather newer.

ADJUNCTS OF A MOUNTAIN COSTUME

FOR mountain wear you must give a great deal of thought to your shoes; well-fitted, comfortable russet ones are most desirable for all the day, while patent leather is not recommended at all unless it should be in the form of a pair of fancy slippers intended for evening wear.

Have becoming hats. You can get all the wide-brimmed, picturesque ones that you desire. You can have a big blue or black felt hat fastened up at one side with a big red quill or a small bunch of mottled feathers; and you can have an Alpine one with no decoration, one which may be put far back or far forward on your head as suits your face, the time and the place.

Of course, cotton frocks daintily made may be worn, but for early morning and in the evening a jacket is required over them, which takes away from their pretty look, and so the tailor-made get-up is given the preference.

TO GO IN WITH THE GOWNS

JUST remember that drug stores and fine groceries are not to be found among the hills, and so if you are inclined to sunburn, that sunburn that stings and burns until you suffer agonies, take with you the remedy that you have always used for it, and do not rely upon getting it where you are going.

FOR WEAR AT THE SEASIDE

IT almost seems, when each wave comes rushing in with its story of the immensity of the world, as if frill and frivols should not be thought of. But then everybody does not listen to the story of the waves, and from the very little people who dance amid the billows, and who dig and build wondrous forts in the sand, to the girl who is listening to a love story, there is a thought of what must be worn.

THE PRETTIEST SEASHORE GOWNS

ALL materials are possible at the seaside, for the sun comes out with such vigor early in the day that even if the cotton gown suggests chilliness when you first get up, by the time you have breakfasted and listened to the music, or are ready to go for a walk, you are perfectly comfortable without any outside wrap.

Do not be induced to wear last season's ball dresses unless, indeed, they have been made over and are as fresh and dainty as possible. Crushed crépes, stringy-looking nets, soft silks that have a mussy look would make even the prettiest of girls look ordinary.

A pretty gown that I saw worn by a fashionable girl was a pink muslin, having roses of the deeper shade stamped upon it; the material was thirty-five cents a yard; the skirt was made dancing length and quite plain, the front and sides having for their decoration long strips of ribbon set at regular intervals reaching almost to the edge of the skirt and finished with a small pink rose.

At the watering places there is a decided tendency to wear a great deal of jewelry, a something which is in extremely bad taste in a hotel, unless, indeed, it should be at some elaborate ball or private dinner given outside of the public dining-room.

THE BATHING COSTUME

IF you are well and strong you are going to add to your strength by going in to find out whether the waves are really sad, or whether they won't tell you a story of their merriment, and of their acquaintance with fascinating mermaids and jolly mermen.

Of course, you want a pretty dress for this occasion. People of refinement choose for their bathing costumes those which, while they are most comfortable and permit the greatest freedom of the body, are yet absolutely modest. We read, and occasionally see very elaborate suits of white and pink, and those that are trimmed until they seem better suited for a Roman chariot race than a sea bath.

By the by, that woman will feel the best who takes her plunge after having a very light breakfast; she will come out feeling desperately hungry, and then she should eat something, after which she should rest, and, if possible, sleep awhile. If you are inclined to be chilly as you come out of the water, have a long cloak of red Turkish toweling, with a pointed hood attached to it; throw this about yourself, drawing the hood over your head.

THE CHAPEAU AT THE BEACH

OF course, feathers are impossible. I say impossible with an addendum; that is, the woman who has an efficient maid who understands the art of curling feathers is the one who can with perfect propriety assume them. Under other circumstances they grow druggled, and give a generally miserable look to what otherwise might be a very smart get-up.

The large felt hats are specially for mountain wear, though the smaller tennis hat in felt may be assumed by the young woman who controls the court, the ball and the racquet. Tulle, chiffon, or lace parasols, that is, those of thin lace with no lining, must not go too near the water even in a carriage, for they seem to absorb an unseen dew and to get a droopy look that is not at all smart.

THE FEW LAST WORDS

IT is the thinking of the weather-effect on one's wardrobe that teaches women how to dress properly either at the seaside or the mountains, and until they have learned this, they will make innumerable mistakes. The most important thing of all is that you are going away to enjoy yourself, and to do this you have got to think of your gowns before you start, so that they will be ready to put on when the good time comes.

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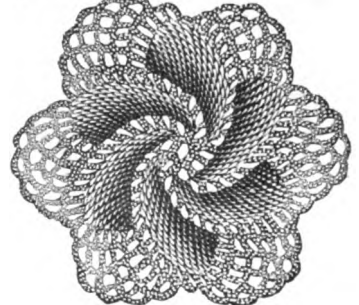
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THE SMALL BELONGINGS OF DRESS

By Isabel A. Mallon



NE material that is very popular in England does not seem to obtain very largely here, and that is the colored alpaca. On the other side they are wearing it in steel blue, snuff color, which is the best name that can be given to the fashionable brown, moss green, and white. A very thin quality of white alpaca is frequently used for petticoats, and then it is trimmed with three narrow ruffles of ribbon, each differing in shade; that is, a crimson one at the bottom, a deep pink will be next and a very pale pink will be on top.

A pretty frock of white alpaca that is not expensive, and which may be worn at a garden party, has three scant ruffles of three-inch wide pale-blue satin ribbon about the edge. The bodice is a round one, draped over the figure, so that the few seams required are not visible. It is confined at the waist by a ribbon belt that terminates in a large ribbon rosette, placed a little to one side of the front. The collar is of blue ribbon, and the sleeves have cuffs of it. The hat is a stiffened lace one decorated with a large ribbon bow, and a standing up bunch of forget-me-nots. The gloves are white undressed kid.

The mode alpacas are oftenest made in tailor fashion, a coat and waistcoat constituting the bodice part. Such a get-up makes a pretty traveling suit and a useful one, for it shakes the dust as a clever woman does an undesirable acquaintance.

IN the country, at the seaside, or in the mountains, it is quite permissible to ride in a habit that would not do for park use. That is to say, the close-fitting, warm bodice may have substituted for it a comfortable silk blouse, and a broad-brimmed sailor hat may take the place of the silk one. The skirt must be the same as that assumed for more formal occasions and, like Cæsar's wife, it must be above suspicion, inasmuch as it must tell that it was cut by a first-class tailor.

THE short Eton jacket of black broadcloth, which is so fashionable this season, was described and illustrated in the JOURNAL two years ago, which goes to prove that it is the business of the fashion writer to see far into the future.

THE double-breasted piqué waistcoat is very popular, though it must be confessed that as a shirt and a jacket are necessary with it, it is not very cool. With the shirts the tailor-made girl has elected to wear the stiff, black satin tie that gentlemen choose for evening. There is always a method in her choice, and finding that the white scarfs soil very easily, she decides to wear the one that will last the longest, and elects that it shall be the most fashionable.

BELTS and braces of two-inch wide gold galloon are fancied with skirts of black or blue serge and blouses of black or blue silk. At a fete of any sort the girl who admires symphonies in white and gold will wear such glittering belongings over her all-white costume.

A VERY beautiful necklace has a rope chain with small pearl pendants from it at wide intervals, while about them is festooned another gold rope that makes a frame and is most effective against a white throat.

THE girl who can embroider well on linen may, during the long summer days, do a kindness for her women friends, by embroidering on their handkerchiefs a very small and curious mingling of their initials.

A COARSE linen known as "butchers' blue" is in vogue for those blouses made with flat plaits and fitted closely to the figure. The material is sufficiently strong to permit its being made up without a lining.

WITH the princess gown, which is undoubtedly returning to us, has come the fancy for striped silks, and they are noted in black with pale blue, black with rose, and black with mode. If a color is used upon them as a decoration it is oftenest hidden under black lace.

FASHION has decreed that soft, undressed leather shoes in the natural russet shade may be worn all the day long, unless, indeed, one is gotten up very gorgeously for some special occasion. I cannot recommend a white shoe, for even the foot of a Cinderella looks large and ill-shaped in it. For wear with an all-white costume, nothing is so pretty as a black patent leather shoe, fitting one well and being sufficiently large so that the foot is not forced into the narrow, pointed toe.

FOR people who like flannel bodices in place of silk or cotton ones, the very lightest weight of flannel, having hair lines of blue, olive, black, brown, lavender or pink upon it, is most fashionable, and then the collar, cuffs, and girle can be of ribbon to match the narrow stripe in color.

WOMEN who consider themselves good dressers do not permit any decoration to be put upon a sailor hat. It may be as jaunty and becoming as possible, but under no circumstances is it counted a dress hat, and, therefore, any trimming save its simple band of ribbon is in bad taste.

A VERY picturesque hat is made of stiffened black lace, and has as its decoration a large bow of pale-green ribbon, while that anomaly in nature, pale-green roses, stand up at the back.

THE very wide revers known as the "Empire" are most effective on house dresses of scarlet, pink, or blue crepon; though made of black satin, no other portion of the gown needs to be of the sombre shade.

MOST of the stiff, creamy lace hats are of Irish crochet. This work is done most beautifully in the land of wit and pretty women, and sells there for what seems a ridiculous price when the amount of time required to do it, and the skill with which the fine needle needs to be handled, is taken into account.

THE little Toreador jackets of velvet are not only very smart-looking, but may be put on over a thin silk when the evening is cool.

A RATHER greswome brooch is one made to represent a bat. The wings are outstretched and are black enamel, while the body of the bat is formed of a moonstone and the eyes of two tiny rubies. Speaking of brooches, the girl who is going yachting wears a brooch of gold rope twisted as if it were intended to be thrown ashore and hooked on to the post at the wharf.

THE tailor-made girl scorns all watch chains, unless, indeed, she should wear a fob. Usually, however, she carries her watch loose in her coat pocket.

A PRETTY scarf pin to be worn in a four-in-hand scarf is of gold with a head that shows the sharp-pointed nose and odd face of a fox.

SILK stockings with the old-fashioned clocks are shown in the stores, and although they are pretty, I do not think they are as refined looking as the all-black stocking. Quite a number of very elaborate ones have gold thread used for embroidering the clocks, but as these stockings will not wash, I should not think many would be chosen. A very comfortable stocking for summer wear is known as plated silk. It is not as expensive as pure silk, but has its gloss and wears well. Women with sensitive skins find lisle thread stockings uncomfortable, and to them I recommend, from personal experience, the silk plated ones.

IF a parasol to be worn with many gowns is desired, then one of the changeable ones will be found most useful. A certain amount of thought, however, must be given to the colors in it, so that it may be in harmony with each costume. Blue and scarlet will, I think, be found the most desirable, as these colors go well with almost any shade worn, unless it should be lavender.

AUGUST is essentially the month of the leghorn hat. With its broad brim bent to suit the face and its decoration of gay flowers or pale tinted feathers, it is not only fashionable, but seems essentially in season.

OVER all-white costumes it is counted good form to wear a primrose yellow waist-ribbon, caught at one side with a large rosette formed of many loops of ribbon. Of course, with such a decoration the hat would either be all white, or would have a yellow rose as its trimming. Frequently hats are seen with the crown cut right out and a large, yellow rose that fits right in made to form the top of it.

YOUNG women who affect oddity in their handkerchiefs are having extra-sized squares of white lawn finished with a narrow hem, while in one corner is an oval embroidered in pale blue, pink, lavender or dark scarlet, against which comes out in full relief the initial letter, which is in white.

A SMART black straw hat has a poke brim and a very low crown; around the crown is a band of narrow green ribbon velvet, and at the back and just in front are bunches of yellow forget-me-nots—a flower unknown outside of milliner shops. The ties are of dark green velvet, come from the back and are knotted under the chin just in front. It is said of Worth that he very much approves of the combination of yellow and green, but that he has never yet been satisfied with the shade of green attained by the manufacturers. Unless it is very carefully managed, the green and yellow will suggest to the frivolous an early spring salad with hard boiled eggs rampant upon it.

THE brooch composed of two united hearts outlined either in diamonds, pearls or any precious stone, continues to have a vogue, and suggests that, after all, as a nation we are a bit sentimental, and that we think of the two hearts but with a single thought, though the most that can be said about this brooch is that they are but two hearts with a single pin, and that this is given to breaking in a very unpleasant way.

A FRENCH corset maker shows this season the corset made of undressed kid; he claims for it perfection of fit and an elasticity equal to the gloves. Unfortunately he does not say anything about its wearing powers, and really, when it is remembered how satin will fray and coutille will split, that certainly the delicate undressed kid will have but a short life.



Examine the new oil cloth on the kitchen floor; its color and gloss are being destroyed and you may see where a cake of common soap fresh from the hot water in the scrubbing bucket has been laid on it for a moment, the free alkali having eaten an impression of the cake into the bright colors. A more careful examination will show small "pin holes" here and there where the alkali has cut through the surface to soak into and gradually weaken the whole floor covering. This is what cheap soaps and washing powders do. Professor Cornwall, of Princeton, says of the Ivory Soap, "It will not injure the most delicate fabrics."

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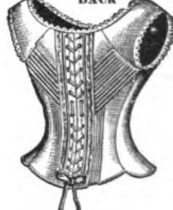
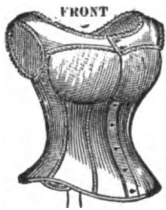


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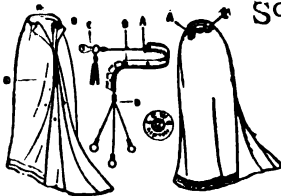
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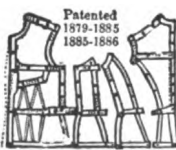
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# THE COMPLEXION AND ITS CARE

By ISABEL A MALLON



**H**AT every woman should wish to have a beautiful complexion is as natural as that a gardener should desire each of his peaches to have a perfect skin. If peaches require to be carefully looked after, to be protected from too intense heat, or from too great

chill, it is certain that a thousand times as much care is required for the skin of a human being. It has been claimed that the finest skins in the world are seen in England, but this is not so. For while an English woman's complexion is most beautiful while she is young, after she passes twenty-five she is apt to show a too great tendency to redness, which bright color exploits itself on her cheeks, her elbows, and to her regret, very often all over her nose. The land of beautiful complexions is that of wit—Ireland. There, where it is never very hot and where a natural moisture exists in the air, the skins, even among the peasantry, are a clear white with an exquisite pink coming and going on the cheeks, a pink that is absolutely suggestive of a real rose. Among the better classes, where good food is the rule, not only are the most perfectly beautiful complexions, but the most perfectly beautiful women to be discovered. The combination of black hair, blue eyes and a clear skin is the one oftenest seen in the land of bogs, a combination that a painter pronounces perfect. In America, where we have extremes of heat and extremes of cold, the women incline to delicate complexions requiring much care, but which when properly cared for are lily like in their beauty.

### THE FIRST GREAT NECESSITY

**I**T cannot be doubted that what one eats will make or mar the skin. The famous French writer on food, Brillat-Savarin, says, "rich food makes beautiful women." But this was badly translated; he meant by it, not rich as indicating greasy, or oily, or heavy food, but he meant good food, that which is properly cooked and which is fresh. The pale pasty complexion of many of our women is attributed, without any extra thought, to too much pastry, too many sweets, over-done meat and an insufficient quantity of fresh vegetables. The green salad in any shape, from the long curling lettuce leaf to the crisp little watercress, is a constant beautifier, and more than this, regularly eaten, it quiets your nerves and gives you a pleasant sleep. But if you flood it with vinegar and powder it with sugar you have simply made for yourself a dish that will have no effect upon you whatever, unless it should be by the force of the vinegar to break the enamel of your teeth.

The right way for you to eat this most beautifying of dishes is to have upon it a good French dressing, that is, one formed of pepper, salt, a small portion of vinegar, and a large portion of good, sweet olive oil; if you do not care for this then eat your salad as did the hermits of old, dipping a leaf in some salt and having with it a piece of bread and butter. All fresh vegetables, especially asparagus, tend to improve the skin. I do not say give up all sweets, but I do say eat them in their proper place; that is, after you have had your dinner and when you will not require a great quantity. Pastry, if eaten at all, must be so light that it is above reproach; then it will not have any apparent effect on the skin, but it will tend to fatten you.

Meat should be under, rather than over done, and whoever carves for you should give you a thin slice, so that it may be easily chewed, which means easily digested. Mutton and beef will tend to strengthen you, while fowl and game of all kinds, as well as fish, are direct agents working in the interest of your complexion. To the fact that so many chickens are eaten in the south many doctors attribute the peach-like skin possessed by southern women. However, each person while governed by general rules must make individual ones for herself, as that which is one man's meat is another one's poison is particularly applicable as applied to the result on the skin. Too much cannot be said about the value of all fruits, and if to begin the day you can get nothing but an apple for your breakfast it will be much better to eat it than to permit yourself to go without any fruit. Oranges, grape fruit, melons and all the small berries are not only desirable, but really aid in getting one's constitution in such good condition that clear eyes and a good skin are the natural results. If you do not care to eat oranges, squeeze the juice of them in a goblet, weakening it with a little water and drink that. The first great necessity toward making one's complexion good is the knowledge of what to eat.

Speaking of fruit, how many people know that one of the most cleansing, as well as the most delightful washes for the teeth, is a ripe, sweet strawberry. The way to use it is to take it by the stem, press it against one's teeth, rub it all over them, and then, still retaining it in the mouth, rinse your teeth off with clear water, which, when it disappears, carries the crushed strawberry with it. Not only are the teeth whitened and made clean by this, but a delightfully fresh taste is given to the mouth.

### THE VALUE OF BATHING

**E**VERY woman flatters herself that she knows how to bathe, and that she does it well, and yet when some one induces her to take a Russian bath it dawns on her that never before has she been entirely clean. Personally, I recommend the Russian or vapor bath taken once a week as the greatest factor toward preserving the skin. It is not as exhausting as the Turkish bath, it causes a natural perspiration, the pores of the skin throw out the dirt that has accumulated in them, clogging and making them unhealthy, while the thorough scrub that follows and which one cannot give to one's self, removes every possibility of uncleanness, and the various showers and sprays brace one up and make one feel capable of great deeds. Women who cannot take a Russian bath, however, can have its near equivalent at home. That is, a very hot bath can be gotten into and one can remain there until perspiration is the result; then the shower, warm at first and gradually growing colder, can be used, after which the bather will feel as if her skin were as smooth and white as satin.

I cannot too strongly recommend the use of the hot bath. The great beauty of Mrs. Langtry was her fine skin, and people who did not know credited her with taking a cold bath every morning, whereas the truth was that she took one so hot that for a few moments she could scarcely stand putting her foot in it, but in which she eventually got and from which she went back to bed where she took a cup of tea and a bit of toast, which formed her breakfast. If one has not time for a hot bath in the morning it is equally good at night, and if one finds it difficult to sleep, the cold spray can be omitted and the languid feeling resulting from the hot water will tend to make tired eyelids droop upon tired eyes.

### THE BATHING OF THE FACE

**I**F I asserted that you did not know how to wash your face you would think that I had said something that was at once rude and displayed of my ignorance, and yet do you? Do you take a basin full of water and laving your face with your hands dry it with a rough towel, believing that the harder you rub the more attention you are paying to your face? That is not washing your face. That is giving it a dab. The requisites for a good bath for your face are a big basin, a soft towel, a cake of pure, good soap, and considerable wisdom. With a rough towel you treat your face as if it were made of iron, you enlarge the features, you risk injuring the eyes and you make your skin coarse. The face wants to be gently, but thoroughly dried with a soft, absorbing towel. While advocating the use of hot water for the face, still, as it is not always desirable in cold weather if you are going out, I would say use water that has the chill taken off of it. Then with a thin flannel wash cloth, well rubbed with soap, give your face its first treatment, closing your eyes so that the soap, like truth, may reach to the innermost parts; after this wash the soap thoroughly off your face, and if you use a good quality of soap the shiny appearance, which is so often offered as an objection to using soap, will not exist. There seems to be an idea that women must not use soap upon their faces, though it is plentifully used upon all other parts of the body, few remembering that the face, above all other parts, is exposed to the dust and the wind, and requires special treatment.

If your skin has a dull, dead feeling, throw a few drops of either eau de cologne, gin or whiskey in the water, and give your face a thorough bath with it. This tends to exhilarate the skin, and if the circulation is bad will bring the blood to the surface so that a pretty blush is the result. Where the skin is inclined to be dry, vaseline or cold cream, well rubbed in at night and thoroughly washed off in the morning, will tend to make it smoother and less harsh.

### SOME SIMPLE MEDICINES

**T**HE simplest medicine for the skin, the one that will cool it when it is sunburnt, and will do much to remove summer freckles, is the oldest known preparation. It is said that Cleopatra used it, and that it was prepared regularly for Mary, Queen of Scots. It is the preparation known as "Virginal milk." It is made by taking a quart of rose or elderflower water, as is most fancied, and adding to it one ounce of simple tincture of benzoin, drop by drop. Keep this well corked, and when you wish to use it throw a teaspoonful in a basin of water; this quantity should give the water a faint milky hue and the odor of pine. Be sure and get exactly the ingredients mentioned, for any other tincture of benzoin may prove injurious to the skin.

For greasiness of the skin what is known as toilet vinegar is desirable; this may be applied with a soft rag, and it should be dabbed, not rubbed on the face. By the by, do not use soap either before or after the toilet vinegar, as the acid of one will decompose the other, and an undesirable effect may result. When the skin is stained from furs, or black material close about the throat, a slice of lemon rubbed over the marks will effectually remove them. Lemons are good taken both internally and externally, drinking lemonade frequently giving an impetus to the digestion, while the juice of the lemon applied to the skin is commended for removing freckles and tan.

### A RECEIPT FOR A COMMON COMPLAINT

**B**ECAUSE of her sensitive skin the American girl is particularly apt to freckle, and these freckles seem to give her a great deal of worry. Now, my dear child, if you will only think that with the autumn chills the freckles will disappear and stop worrying, you will be much happier, and will gain a bright look in your face where otherwise wrinkles might come. Funnily enough, men never object to freckles, and I think it is because they are sure that the girl who has them is displaying a clean face, and cleanliness, which with them means daintiness, is always admired. However, if you insist upon a prescription to try and remove the sun spots I will give you one recommended by one of the greatest authorities on skin, that is, Dr. Erasmus Wilson: "To one ounce of elderflower ointment add twenty grains of sulphate of zinc; mix this well and rub it into the skin at night; in the morning wash it off with plenty of soap, and when the grease is completely removed apply the following lotion: Infusion of rose petals, half a pint; citric acid, thirty grains. All local discolorations are said to disappear under this treatment, and if the freckles do not entirely yield they will in most cases be greatly ameliorated. Should any unpleasant irritation or roughness of the skin follow the application, a lotion composed of half a pint of almond mixture and half a dram of Goulard's extract will afford immediate relief." I give this prescription because it comes from a famous skin doctor, but I do not vouch for it; instead, I advise enduring the freckles and not bothering about them.

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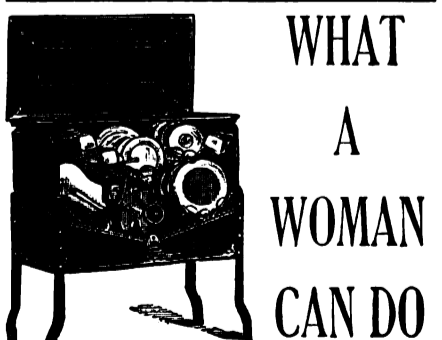
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**JUST AMONG OURSELVES**  
 EDITED BY MRS. LYMAN ABBOTT

A Department devoted to a sociable interchange of ideas among JOURNAL readers. Address all letters to MRS. LYMAN ABBOTT, care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, 433-435 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.



ARE we more quarrelsome than men? Poets all along down the ages have called us gentle, forbearing and forgiving, and have attributed all the combative qualities to men; but can we honestly claim the praise the poets have given us? Much self-examination is never good, nor is any introspection good unless it leads to reformation, but a little questioning of ourselves, and a speedy change for the better if we find ourselves in the wrong, will not harm us. Whence come neighborhood feuds? Most likely from unkind words spoken by feminine lips, carried by gossips' tongues to feminine ears. Why is it that so often come divisions and dissensions in women's organizations for philanthropic and literary work? Are we jealous? Does envy provoke the mischief? Do women, more than men, meet one another one week with effusive cordiality, and the next with stiff coldness? Life goes much in waves, I think, and, perhaps, just now I have happened to feel the spray from a wave of quarrelsomeness, and that it is only temporary. But it has led me to ask myself, and I repeat the question to you: Can anything be done in the family to give the daughters those peace-making qualities which in theory we admire? And can we contribute more to the various departments of social life of that charity which "suffereth long and is kind, envieth not, vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil, rejoiceth not in iniquity but rejoiceth in truth, beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things."

THE ghost which questions whether woman will not lose her womanly qualities in the process of higher education will not down. It appears not only in the quiet and the shade of midnight, when ghosts have a right to appear, but it stalks abroad in open daylight. The innocent have always borne the penalty of the guilty, and the clamorous women who parade on public platforms, and who make themselves obnoxious in public conveyances, who give their families peace at home by going abroad with their debates, these are they who throw discredit on their innocent sisters. I wish I might picture the homes in which I am so happy as to be a welcome guest, where highest education for man and for woman combine to make highest happiness and highest usefulness. Woman may dwarf her best powers by cultivating only her emotions, she may do it by cultivating only her body, and, of course, she may do it by cultivating only her mind; but that is not higher education, and wherever a young woman has found a place where she may obtain knowledge, and also the other fruits which a perfected character should bear, she cannot be hurt by that pursuit.

WILL you kindly enlighten a mother upon the following point: Do you think it is right that girls of sixteen should be allowed to visit art galleries unaccompanied by teacher, mother or married friend?  
 AN ENGLISH READER.

As a rule, no. But some girls at sixteen are better fitted to care for themselves, to maintain their womanliness and their independence than others are at thirty. Apart from the question of propriety, the value of such visits would be increased if the young girl had for a companion an older friend whose comments would open her eyes to the beauties and the defects of the exhibition. Here, as in every other means of education, the pleasure is doubled, and the profit immeasurably increased, if the novice be under the captivating influence of a wise discriminating older friend whose companionship is prized. Lacking such a companion, circumstances must determine whether a chaperone is required.

SOME one has told us about an interesting little club which suggests that she and others may be pleased to hear of the one I have joined out here in the far west. We meet every second Friday evening from seven until ten o'clock. The officers are president, vice-president, secretary and librarian.

Our doings consist of music and songs, readings, recitations and dialogues, with a debate once a month on a subject selected by the club a month in advance; the debaters are chosen at the same time. We have "Hat night" occasionally, which means that each one in the club writes a topic on a piece of paper, and drops it into a hat, which is then well shaken and passed around. Each takes out a slip and speaks for two or three minutes upon the topic suggested on the paper drawn. We have no membership fee, but any who are able give a book to the library, which is not extensive yet, as we are just beginning. I would be happy to be told how they get along in similar clubs, and shall hope for some suggestions.  
 ALICE.

Societies such as this not only give entertainment for a passing hour, but are means of education. If the topics considered are those which call out thought and stimulate study, the result will be far greater than you could have supposed. In many towns magazines are taken by such a club, and sent from one to the other of the members in regular order; while each member pays but the cost of one magazine, she may have the reading of many more. Some one will perhaps give us the details of the management of such a book club.

DO you believe that a wife should always seem pleased when her husband brings home an unexpected guest? Or, should she endeavor to impress upon him that indiscriminate hospitalities are both expensive and unwise except upon special occasions; and that, unless the family is a very wealthy one, the husband should give his wife some notice of his intention to invite guests to their table?

Unless she could be pleased, I do not think it is best for her to try to seem pleased. Certainly, she might try to make her husband understand that unexpected guests do present difficulties in ordinary households, and certainly every husband should be careful not to add to the household burdens unnecessarily. Sometimes the pleasure which a guest brings is quite compensation enough for any added care or labor. Mutual concessions must be made in this as in so many other cases in the conduct of a home. The household would be a very unhappy one where the head of it was in too great fear of making trouble, or where the wife was unnecessarily annoyed with an unexpected demand upon her labor. A very amusing incident occurred in the family of a friend. The master announced in the morning that he would not be at home to dinner, and the mistress, adjusting her plans to that fact, arranged to take her own meals with her little children, joining them at their noon dinner, and their bread and milk supper. Such a plan gave an opportunity to favor the cook with an extra holiday, and the kitchen fire was allowed to go out. As the mother was in the nursery, enjoying an unusually free hour with her little ones at their bedtime, she heard a noise down stairs, and found that her husband had entered, bringing home two gentlemen to dinner, forgetting entirely that his own absence would make so much difference in the domestic arrangements. After a brief, probably somewhat spirited conference, a messenger was sent to a caterer, and in an hour and a half a dinner was served in the house. I am not sure whether the bill for the dinner emphasized the lesson to the master, but I think he should have seen that circumstances are very much changed, in even a liberally-managed home, by the absence or presence of two or three people. Of course, no lady would exhibit displeasure before the blameless guests, but I cannot think that she could be called upon to exhibit positive pleasure when she must feel quite a contrary emotion. In a very little while, however, an attractive meal might be prepared, and her husband would feel an added pride in his wife and home; and possibly a certain sort of pleasure would be excited by the opportunity to show her ability to meet an emergency; and if he appreciates the effort she has made, and avoids giving her needless burdens in the future, a wife may really feel glad that she has had the experience. We are very complex beings, never wholly glad nor wholly sorry. You have heard of people who enjoy poor health. Some people enjoy being annoyed.

I HAVE a daughter of seventeen who is very fond of reading, but she seems to object to my selection of her books. Do you think that parents and teachers should select the books of a girl of that age to read, or is it better to allow her the free range of a public library?  
 E. F.

Neither. Unless one has the sympathy of a girl it is no use to undertake to select reading matter for her. One young girl of that age has taken an older friend for a mentor and is following, of her own choice, a course of reading which has been laid out for her. In most cases the girl chooses her reading because of the influence of some other person, and there is nothing, I think, which can be done, which is more effective in the way of education, than the stirring of the inclination in a young mind toward good reading, but it must be done with care. You must allow for a difference in taste which is not reprehensible. One cultivated reader is devoted to history, another to poetry. One finds modern literature the best, another sees nothing worthy in that which has not the flavor of age. You may find science in some of its fascinating presentations is the subject which must be the pioneer in opening the way to your daughter's mind, or it may be fiction, or poetry. To insure docility, one should begin to read with a child very early, and watch carefully what is enjoyed, and give the best of that kind, gently guiding from that to other forms of literature.

PRAY allow me a word in commendation of your remarks in the January number of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. I am so glad to see you advocating a line of reading within the reach of all, and which to me has proved an inexhaustible source of wealth. There is such satisfaction in being able to read a newspaper with the thought: "I know something about that place." I hope you will again urge this plan, as it cannot fail to give a life-long pleasure, and who knows how soon may be of practical use, as opportunities for foreign travel sometimes come unexpectedly. For years books of travel have proved a delight, for often they are the keynote to a most charming bit of history or romance, and one thing leads to another.  
 NEW SUBSCRIBER.

I am very glad to have this plan of foreign travel, taken around the evening lamp or the winter fireside, brought again to remembrance. It can be taken just as well on the lawn, under the trees, and I hope many of the young readers of this page will find it a good way to pass their more leisure summer mornings. Could it not be made to supplant some of the rapid talk on hotel piazzas?

I OFTEN see letters from the far west, but seldom one from Virginia, although we have many subscribers here. I like to read letters from the west and hear how our sisters live there: it gives us in the east an idea of western life. Pope was right in saying, "The proper study of mankind is man," but if one cannot visit the west and see its inhabitants, the next best thing to do is to read about it. Of course, all know of Virginia, her resources, her mountains and valleys, her fields, verdure, her culture, refinement and hospitality. Yet many are not satisfied, but go west to seek fortunes. I wish to know if any of the sisters belong to the "Chautauqua Society?" I have joined it, and must say the work is harder than I expected, but very improving. It takes one back to the time when Columbus first saw a bird flying to what he supposed was land, thence onward and upward to the present age of advancement. It crosses the broad Atlantic to Europe, tells us of her poets, generals, artists and all men who have left their "foot-prints on the sands of time," and shows us the cities, the beautiful plantations of nature and of art. Those who live on isolated plantations in the west would be much pleased with the "Chautauqua Course."  
 L. K. L.

We forget, I think, that these letters do give us glimpses of parts of the country with which we otherwise would not be familiar, and although the glimpse is a very little one, it helps us to know our far-separated sisters. I am glad you have enjoyed the "Chautauqua Course."

I TOO, am very much interested in the blind women spoken of. I am very sure, for a woman who does her own work, they could be a very great help, but as servants in the city it would be a very different matter. I have had three years' experience in city life not far from where the JOURNAL is published. I hope here is help, not servants. I am doing far more work than I am able to because my experience is very much as "M. E. C." says, but all the help I have I use, and have no doubt but that a blind woman, if capable and willing, could be of great assistance.

I have given up trying to keep help, because it's far more comfort than to have such as I have had. I know the dirt-blind very well. And if I must leave some things go now I know the reason. I am deaf, totally deaf, but I take the whole care of my house, ten rooms, on a farm, and do all the work about the house. I sit at the head, or rather foot, of the table, and it's in very few places that I cannot fill my place. I think for this reason I can more readily understand something of what a blind woman might be able to do. I lost my hearing when a young woman and now read the lips.  
 P. A. S.

No disability is great enough to overcome a noble and purposeful spirit.

I HAVE a family of small children. Their father is an active worker in church, but hasty in speech and given to exaggeration of language. He has learned that it runs all through his family. The men all speak slightly of the women, talking of their waste, lack of management, etc., and as the women, of course, come from different families, it hardly seems reasonable to consider all of them "weights to support." How I dread to see my children follow right on, as I was trained to consider the mother to be greater than consideration always and given all affectionate respect. An untruth was never thought of, but continually I hear, "What's the use of telling a lie about it?" You know there's no truth in that." One of my boys said, doubting a fact as I gave it to him, "Well, I don't know; papa says you lie, so if you don't, why he does." Now what can I do? His teaching is useless. Are there not books teaching indirectly, perhaps, respect for truth, obedience, honor to womanhood? I don't want to bring up any more of that kind of husbands and fathers; men that try to be good, but have high tempers, narrow views and an inordinate value of their own importance. They don't make comfortable homes. I thought, perhaps, by reading I might gradually change their modes of thought and grow to look upon it as a weakness of their father's rather than a right, to storm around and demand constantly.  
 PERPLEXED MOTHER.

It is very hard to row up stream, and to make your children refined and true when the current of the home is turned in the other direction must require all the help which you can get from the Divine arm. But do not be discouraged. Success has attended such efforts as yours in quite as hopeless conditions. A friend recommends you to get and read to your children a very sweet story called "Mrs. Mainwaring's Journal," which will help to give them noble aspirations.

A FRIEND who has lived in our home writes me that she recently had occasion to tell some parents, who have a very troublesome baby, how we have trained our little one. "Oh!" the father replied, "we think too much of our baby to treat it that way." This is just the mistake many parents make. They are too near-sighted in looking to the welfare of the child. In the matter of governing them, as well as of promoting their happiness, their future good is eclipsed by the anxiety for present results. A child's physical, mental and moral natures should be carefully guided from the moment of birth, if not even before, on through his infancy, childhood and youth. Let me tell how our little boy, now ten months has been brought up. From the first he was allowed always to go to sleep with his arms held, or rocked, and to take his meals at regular periods. The latter was no easy task, as his stomach was so deranged that he seemed to be begging for food continuously, and I have sat and held his little hands and almost cried with him, but he finally became established in the habit and satisfied with the plan. We avoid everything that would tend to form habits in him which could not, or should not, be indulged, such as taking him up as soon as coming into his presence, going to him while he cries unless he needs our immediate attention, thus discouraging his disposition to cry, letting him remain up after his retiring hour, etc. We cultivate regularity in all his habits. Our laws are love, sympathy and firmness. We were warned by the saying, "Beware of being led up a baby by rule," and said it could not be done. But they were mistaken; baby is one of the happiest, healthiest children I have ever known, and we feel that his moral, mental and physical natures have been directed into a line of healthful development.  
 EVA.

There is more labor in bringing up fathers and mothers than in bringing up their babies. The greatest difficulty in the management of children is in the unwillingness of parents to take the trouble to do the thing which they know is right. A mother who, with far-seeing love, is willing to suffer the present pain of training her baby, will surely reap her reward, but one must not carry rules too far. Each baby is a distinct individuality, and while there may be, and should be, many laws in the mother's reign, she must be quick to adapt the application of those laws to the special need of the child and the occasion. We are learning, I think, to make baby a little less uncomfortable in his first days with us, by giving him proper clothing, and the cries which are the natural expression of discomfort will be less frequent. It is perfectly reasonable that the calls of the child who is a little uncomfortable, continually bringing to it the soothing of its mother, should multiply as he grows to enjoy the pleasure of society. The boy who roared vociferously, bringing his frightened nurse to his bed "only to have his tears wiped away," was but one of a large number of old and young who want to be soothed. It is a characteristic which grows very disagreeable with age, but after having been zealously cultivated for years it cannot be easily uprooted.

A. J. H. Abbott.

**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. PEOKSNIVV  
**PERFECTLY PURE.**  
**VAN HOUTEN'S PATENT PROCESS**  
 increases by 50 PER CENT. the solubility of the flesh-forming elements, making of the cocoa bean an 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 & ZOON, 106 Read 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 & ZOON, Weesp, Holland.

**THE "FERRIS" FAMOUS HAMS**  
 FOR Frying never use a Ham of less than 13 or 14 pounds, and a heavier one is equally as good. Hams from young pigs, though good for boiling, if broiled or fried, will serve juicy and dry. Only the center of the Ham should be sliced. Both ends may be used for boiling, served in various ways, as suggested in our little booklet of recipes. Cut from each side of the Ham with a very sharp knife cleanly to the bone, dividing the slices in the center. You will thus avoid the necessity of sawing. The slice should never be cut more than one-quarter of an inch thick, and one-sixth of an inch is still better. Trim very closely the skin from the upper side of each slice, and also cut from the lower edge the outer rim of muscle that has been somewhat hardened by smoking.  
 Have the frying-pan very hot before the meat is put in. Turn the slices quickly, and as soon as the fat is nicely browned on each side, add one-half cup of boiling water. Cover the pan tightly and place where the water will boil slowly for fifteen minutes. By this time much of it will have disappeared. Serve at once.  
 The first process retains the juices of the meat, and the second makes the muscle tender and moist, if these suggestions are closely followed.  
 We invite every housekeeper to supply her table regularly this summer with

**The "Ferris" Delicious Hams and Bacon**

If you are not familiar with their high quality, please TRY THEM. When you decide in their favor, don't let your Grocer put you off with anything else.

"Only a little higher in price, BUT—!"  
 COWDREY COWDREY COWDREY COWDREY

"What say you to a ham sandwich?"

"If prepared with Cowdrey's Deviled Ham I'll welcome it with delight, good Grumio. Bring it me, Katharine."  
 COWDREY COWDREY COWDREY COWDREY

**BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD.**  
**THE RISING SUN STOVE POLISH**  
 DO NOT BE DECEIVED  
 with Pastes, Enamels and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron, and burn off. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, Durable and the consumer pays for no tin or glass package with every purchase.  
**HAS AN ANNUAL SALE OF 3,000 TONS.**  
**LADIES, PRESERVE YOUR FRUIT WITHOUT HEAT**  
 Use Pettit's Cider and Fruit Preservative. Always successful, and retains natural fruit flavor. Sold everywhere, or will mail a sample box for 25 cents.  
 HAMILTON MED. CO., Canajoharie, N. Y.



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. Address all letters to MISS MARIA PARLOA, care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pa. Cooking receipts are not given in this Department, hence do not ask that they be printed and do not send manuscripts of that nature to MISS PARLOA.



ANY questions are asked me as to why the white clothes grow yellow, the flannels shrink, the prints are cloudy or streaked, the starched clothes stick, and so on. The limited space in this department forbids an exhaustive article on the subject, but here are some suggestions which, if followed, will insure satisfactory results. It must be remembered, however, that under certain adverse conditions, it will never be possible in the city to have the clothes as spotless and white as in the pure air and the sunshine of the country. The greatest natural bleacher is the sun, and clothes allowed to dry out in the open air, exposed to its full influence, demonstrate that fact.

MONDAY MORNING MATTERS

IF the clothes must be dried in a close city yard, where the sun never shines, and dust and smoke fall on the damp garments, they will not look clear. It often happens that the water is so impregnated with iron and other substances that it is impossible to give white clothing a clear appearance. On washing day arrange the white clothes in this manner: Half fill two tubs with warm suds. Put in one tub the pieces soiled the most; put the remainder of the articles in the second tub. Have a third tub half full of warm water and the wash boiler half full of cold water. Wash the cleaner clothes first, rubbing soap on the parts which are soiled the most. Wring from this water and drop into the tub of clean warm water. When all are done, rinse the clothes well in the warm water, then wring out and soap the parts that were badly soiled. Put these same pieces in the boiler of cold water and on the fire. Let the water get almost boiling hot, then take up the clothes and put them in a tubful of cold water. Rinse them from this into another of warm water and from this into a third of bluing water. Wring them as dry as possible, then shake them out and hang on the lines. They should become perfectly dry before they are folded. All the white clothing should be washed in this manner. The second tubful can, of course, be rubbed out and rinsed while the first is being scalded. If clothes be not thoroughly rinsed and bluing be used, the soap will combine with the bluing to give a yellow tinge to the clothing. This is especially the case when liquid bluing is used. A thorough rinsing is really one of the most important steps in all the work.

TO WASH SILK UNDERGARMENTS

TO three gallons of warm water add three tablespoonfuls of household ammonia. Let the silk garments soak in this for twenty minutes, then rub soap on the parts which are the most badly soiled and wash the articles with the hands. Never rub them on a board. Rinse in two waters, wring dry, and hang on the line. When nearly dry take in and fold, and, if possible, iron within a few hours. Never let an iron come in contact with the silk. Lay a piece of cloth over the fabric and iron on that.

SATINES, GINGHAMS AND PRINTS

THESE kinds of goods look better when no soap is used and they are not starched in the usual way. For two dresses make one gallon of starch by mixing one cupful of flour with one pint of cold water. Pour on this three quarts and a half of boiling water. Pour half of this mixture into a tub containing four gallons of warm water. Wash one of the dresses in this, rubbing the fabric the same as if soap were used. Now rinse in two clean waters and hang out to dry. The starch cleans the fabric, and enough of it is held in the cloth to make it about as stiff as when new. Wash the second dress in the same way. This method is not for light cambrics, but only satines, gingham and dark prints. If the colors run, put half a cupful of salt in the second rinsing water. If the color of the fabric be blue and faded, put two tablespoonfuls of acetic acid, or twice as much vinegar, into the last rinsing water. This will often restore the color, but not always, as it depends upon the chemicals used in the dyeing. The acid can be used in the last water in which faded blue flannels are rinsed. Colored goods should be dried thoroughly and dampened only a few hours before you are ready to iron them. They should be ironed on the wrong side.

NEVER RUB SOAP ON FLANNELS

HAVE a tub half full of strong soap suds, in which has been dissolved a tablespoonful of borax. Shake all the dust and lint from the flannels and then put them into the suds. Wash them by rubbing with the hands and sopping them up and down in the water. Never rub soap on flannel. Wring them out of this water and put them into a tub of clean, hot suds. Rinse thoroughly in this water, then in a second tubful. Wring dry, shake well, and hang on the lines. Take them in and fold, rolling them very tightly. Wrap a clean cloth around them, and, if possible, iron the same day. Do not have the irons very hot, but press the flannels well. Have clean suds for the colored flannels. To prevent shrinking, the temperature of the water should be the same in all the tubs.

POINTS ON STARCHING AND IRONING

IN making and using starch have all the utensils and the water perfectly clean. Mix the dry starch with cold water enough to make a thin paste. Pour on this the required amount of boiling water, stirring all the while. To each quart of starch add a teaspoonful each of salt and lard. Boil the starch until it looks clear, which will be in about ten minutes. Strain it through a piece of cheese-cloth (it will have to be squeezed through the cloth). White articles should be dipped into the hot starch, but have it cooled a little for colored articles. For collars, cuffs, shirts, etc., have the starch very thick; for white skirts it should be rather thin; for dresses, aprons and children's clothing also, the starch must be thin, and for table linen only the thinnest kind imaginable should be used. Always have starched clothing thoroughly dried; then sprinkle evenly with enough cold water to make them very damp. Fold smoothly and roll up in a clean cloth for several hours. In ironing, begin with the plain pieces, like the sheets and pillow cases. This will get the irons in condition for the starched clothes, which should be done next; and after these finish the plain pieces. Have the ironing blanket and sheet spread smoothly on the table and tacked in place, and have some fine salt spread on a board. Tie a large piece of beeswax in a cloth, and after rubbing the hot iron on the salt, rub the beeswax over it. Finally wipe the iron on a clean cloth. This process will make the iron clean and smooth. Starched clothes must be made very damp; other articles should be dampened only slightly. Starched clothes must be ironed until perfectly dry. In ironing, do the rubbing, when possible, the length of the cloth—that is, with the selvage.

WHEN WASHING WINDOWS

WHENEVER it is necessary to wash windows, use plenty of clean cloths, change the water often, and rub the panes until perfectly clear and dry. Then the glass will be clean, no matter what particular method is followed. To go more into detail, here is a good rule: Half fill a pail with tepid water, and add to it four tablespoonfuls of household ammonia. Wash the glass with old linen, or a piece of cheesecloth. Rinse the cloth often, and squeeze so dry that the water will not run from it. Rub the glass quite hard. Now wipe dry with a clean piece of cheesecloth and polish with a chamois skin or a piece of newspaper which has been crushed in the hands until soft. Change the water often, and always have the drying cloth perfectly dry and clean. Some housekeepers use only chamois skins for washing and wiping the windows, but I have found the above method more satisfactory.

THE MARKET FOR JELLIES

WHERE to find a market for preserves and jellies is what one reader asks. Nearly all the first-class grocers in the country sell home-made preserves, jellies, pickles, etc. The woman's exchanges also sell large quantities. There are many women who have no time to look after this branch of their house-keeping, being away through the fruit season. They employ other women to do this work for them, or buy at the stores. I would advise any one who intends to make a business of this kind of work to see what customers she can get among the people she knows, and also learn what she can do with the stores and the exchanges. If the product be of a superior quality I am sure that there will be a demand for it. This, like any other business, takes time to build up, therefore one need not be discouraged if she cannot get orders at first. Do good, honest work and persevere and one will succeed.

REMOVING STAINS FROM MARBLE

ONE of the questions asked by several subscribers is, how they can remove stains from marble tables. It depends largely upon the manner in which the stains are made. If by grease, spread wet whiting or chloride of lime on the stains and let it remain for several hours, then wash off. Washing soda, dissolved in hot water, mixed with enough whiting to form a thick paste, and laid on the stains for several hours, will remove grease spots. Sometimes the marble has a discolored appearance from scratches. If it be rubbed hard with wet whiting and then washed and wiped dry, the mark will disappear. Ink and iron rust are usually removed with an acid, but that cannot be employed on marble, as it would dissolve the stone. The remedies given for grease spots can, however, be used. Should an acid be spilled on marble, pour ammonia water on the spot and it will neutralize the acid, thus saving the marble.

WHEN ACIDS ARE SPILLED

A BOTTLE of household ammonia should be kept where it can be reached conveniently at any time; then, when an acid is accidentally spilled, pour ammonia over the spot at once. In the case of marble, all acids attack the lime and unless the ammonia be used instantly, a rough surface will be the result. I know of nothing that will restore the polish to this rough surface.

WHAT THE SIDEBBOARD IS FOR

SEVERAL people have asked about the uses of the sideboard. The drawers are for the silver and cutlery, the closets for wines, if they be used, and often for such things as preserved ginger, confectionery, cut sugar and, indeed, any of the many little things that one likes to have in the dining-room, yet out of sight. The water pitcher and other silver and pretty bits of china can be placed on the sideboard. Cracker jar and fruit dish also belong there. At dinner time the dessert dishes are usually arranged upon it.

HOW CUCUMBERS SHOULD BE SERVED

A COUNTRY girl asks how cucumbers should be served. Pare them and slice very thin into a bowl of ice water. Let them stand in a cold place for half an hour, then drain off the water. Put the cucumbers in a deep glass dish with a few pieces of ice. Put about two heaping tablespoonfuls in a small sauce plate, and let each person season to suit his or her individual taste. Vinegar, salt and pepper and oil should be passed with the cucumbers. Sometimes a few slices of onion are mixed with the cucumbers, but this practice is very disagreeable to many persons.

NICKEL-PLATED TABLEWARE

ONE subscriber asks me about nickel-plated tableware. Several years ago I bought a dozen nickel-plated tablespoons to use in my lectures, because they seemed so much stronger than plated ware. I found that the nickel melted and peeled off when exposed to a high temperature, making the spoons rough and unsightly. A dealer told me a few days ago that this ware is not made now because of this flaw.

WHAT DOILIES ARE, AND HOW USED

A NEW subscriber asks what doilies are, and how used. They are small squares, or round napkins, which are placed on the dessert plates, under the finger bowls, etc. Sometimes very small round ones are placed under the Roman punch glasses, on small plates, like those for bread and butter. These doilies are usually made of fine linen, embroidered with colored or white silks; or they may be ornamented in drawn work. They are sometimes fringed, and often hemstitched.

A WAY TO REPAIR WALL PAPER

HAVE a set of children's paints, selecting those that have creams, browns, yellows, and perhaps green, blue and red. Mix the colors until you get the shade of the foundation color of the paper, then lightly touch up the broken places. If the breaks be small this will be all that is necessary; but, if large, it will be well when the first color is dry to touch up the place with the other colors. This is a much easier, and more satisfactory, method than patching the paper.

WHAT SOME CORRESPONDENTS ASK

TO keep flies from chandeliers, wipe the chandeliers with a soft cloth that has been wet in kerosene oil. This should be done several times during the summer. Fly specks can be wiped off in the same manner, even when on gilt picture frames; but the cloth must be only slightly moistened in the latter case, and used lightly, else the gilt itself may come off.

If the readers who want to know how to make lace curtains look creamy, and how to wash Madras curtains, will refer to the May number of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL they will find the information they desire; and some points about removing stains from, and renewing the color of leather, were given in the March JOURNAL.

Several correspondents ask for my soap receipt. They will find it in the January number of the JOURNAL.

Somebody asks if a painted floor can be stained. No. To be sure, the paint could be scraped off and the staining done then, but it would be an expensive undertaking.

The correspondent who asks how tea should be served from a five-o'clock tea-table will find the answer in the April JOURNAL.

A subscriber asks if pastry and layer cake should be eaten with a spoon or fork. With a fork.

A reader of the JOURNAL asks if castors are used on the table. No; they are not used on private tables. The oil and vinegar are put on in handsome glass bottles, and the pepper in dainty silver or china pots.

One of the safest and best things for washing the hair is tar soap. It is a good plan to use it once a month.



A TABLE LUXURY,  
A CULINARY ARTICLE,  
AN INFANT'S FOOD.

Unsweetened and free from all preservatives. Keeps for any length of time in all climates. Its Uniform Quality, Convenience and Economy render HIGHLAND EVAPORATED CREAM preferable to all other forms of cream or milk for Coffee, Tea, Chocolate, Ice Cream, Charlotte Russe, Custards and all uses to which ordinary cream or milk may be put.

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Write for our Infant Food circular and Highland Evaporated Cream booklet entitled "A FEW Dainty Dishes."

HELVETIA MILK CONDENSING CO.  
Sole Purveyors, Highland, Ill.

Is this pie delicious?  
My Mamma made it in 20 Minutes!

NEW ENGLAND  
CONDENSED  
MINCE MEAT  
T. E. DOUGHERTY,  
CHICAGO, ILL.

In paper boxes; enough for two large pies. Always ready; easily prepared.  
**THE ORIGINAL**  
and only Complete and Satisfactory Condensed Mince Meat in the Market. Cheap Substitutes and Crude Imitations are offered with the aim to profit by the popularity of the New England. Do not be deceived but always insist on the New England Brand. The best made. SOLD BY ALL GROCERS.

Unlike the Dutch Process

No Alkalies  
—OR—  
Other Chemicals  
are used in the preparation of  
W. BAKER & CO.'S  
Breakfast Cocoa

which is absolutely pure and soluble.  
It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY DIGESTED.

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

A Graceful Act

Of hospitality is to offer your evening guests a cup of Bouillon before leaving. Use Armour's Extract of Beef and boiling water; add salt, pepper and a thin slice of lemon to each cup. Serve with plain crackers.  
Armour & Co., Chicago.

GOOD NEWS  
To LADIES, BOYS and GIRLS

Gold and Silver Watches Free. Beautiful Imported Decorated China Tea and Dinner Sets, Toilet Sets, Lamps, Castors, Silver Butter, Fruit and Cake Dishes, Silver Tea Sets, Knives, Forks, Crayons, Webster's International Dictionaries, etc., Given Free with \$12, \$15, \$20, \$25, \$30, \$40 orders. For full particulars address THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO., P. O. Box 289, 31 and 33 Vesey Street, New York

IF YOUR HUSBAND FINDS FAULT

With your cooking, send us ten two-cent stamps for Miss Parloa's New Cook Book and make him happy. E. B. GOODNOW & CO., Box 1887, Boston, Mass.

BARLOW'S INDIGO BLUE

The Family Wash Blue, always giving satisfaction. For sale by Grocers. Ask for it. D. S. WILTBERGER, Proprietor, 223 North Second Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

PERFECTION Loose bottoms. Cakes removed without CAKE breaking. Agents wanted everywhere. Set by RICHARDSON MFG. CO., D St., Bath, N. Y. TINS

BURNETT'S  
FLAVORING EXTRACTS  
Are in our judgment the best goods that are now or have been on the market.  
Dec. 1, 1890. C. JEVNE & CO., Chicago





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.



Nothing gives a finer display during the early fall months than the gladiolus, and no flower is of easier cultivation and it may be added that no flower is cheaper, for of late years so many firms have gone into the growing of bulbs for the market that the supply bids fair to exceed the demand, and fine bulbs of this plant can be bought for so small a sum that it would seem as if everybody could afford to have a few of them. Some of the choicer varieties bring fancy prices, but some of the most beautiful sorts are very cheap, and the seedlings which are offered at less prices than it seems possible for them to be grown for, are just as satisfactory to most persons as the named sorts. Be sure to send for some of these plants next spring. You will be sorry you did not when you come to see your neighbor's garden bright with them, and think that the money you invested in a "novelty" that proves an eyesore would have bought enough of these charming plants to fill a good-sized bed.

THE CULTIVATION OF THE GLADIOLUS

The cultivation of the gladiolus is very simple; it will grow in any soil that is rich and mellow. It should be planted as soon as the weather becomes really warm. Put the bulbs about six inches under ground. If you want to produce the best effect with them set them in clumps. Eight or ten in a mass will give you from twenty-five to thirty-five or forty stalks of bloom, or ought to, at least, and from this number you get a solid effect that is much more satisfactory than where the bulbs are set singly, and there are only three or four stalks in a place.

From a dozen bulbs set in spring you should have thirty or forty bulbs in fall, as they increase very rapidly. In a short time you will have enough to fill your garden and to give away to your friends; but you will find that you can make use of a great many. Nothing is more useful during August and the early part of September for cutting. Half a dozen stalks of scarlet and rose and creamy white and vivid cherry flowers in a tall vase will produce a charming effect in a corner or beneath a mirror. Dig the bulbs on a dry, sunny day, after the frost has killed the tops; lay them in the sun through the sunny part of the day. Cover at night, and next day expose them to the sun again. After a little cut the tops off to within six inches of the bulb. When the remaining portion of the stalk seems quite dry, tie the bulbs together and hang in a cool but frost-proof room; or the bulbs can be wrapped in paper and hung in some closet in paper bags, until spring. Examine them once in a while to see that they are not molding; this will not be likely to happen if you are careful to dry the bulbs well before storing them away.

GROWING WATER LILIES

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "I have enjoyed your talks about flowers in the JOURNAL and had so many helps that I take the liberty of giving a little experience, which may help some one else; a sort of floral reciprocity. For many seasons we have been growing nymphæ odoratæ in a large tub, sunk level with the surface of the lawn. We chose an eastern exposure, where the pond is shaded from the afternoon sun and the west winds. The bottom of the tub was covered to a depth of five or six inches with mud from the border of a creek or pond, the roots laid upon this and covered three or four inches deep with soil from the vegetable garden. The tub was then filled—by pouring gently—with water from a well. As the water evaporates the tub must be refilled, generally a pailfull each day, and kept as nearly as possible level full. By the last of June a few blooms appeared the first year of planting. When hard freezing weather seems probable we fill the tub full of water and cover with boards, over which long, coarse straw or old carpet may be spread and kept in place by a few small boards. Last season we had water lilies from June fifteenth until September first; some days the pond showed half a dozen blossoms, and was at all times "a thing of beauty." The glossy green leaves nearly covering the surface of the water. During my summer "outing" I gathered and brought a few roots of the amazingly large white and small yellow varieties from Ontario, Canada, and placed them at one end of the pond, which had been changed last April from a tub, to a tank, three and a half by five feet, and two and a half feet deep, made of two-inch oak planks, precisely as a cistern. The tank was covered with boards only during the last winter. Ice two inches in thickness covered the water during several weeks, while at least one foot of water beneath it kept the lily roots safe from frost. This on the southern border of Pennsylvania.

THE BEAUTY OF BORDER PLANTS

It will be time to set hardy herbaceous plants next month, and I want to tell you about a few that I know will give you perfect satisfaction. All are entirely hardy, and that is what you should make sure of in plants for the border, for half hardy sorts that come through the winter in a dead-alive condition are worse than none at all. I have a group of perennial phlox that affords me much pleasure, and attracts a great deal of attention. It is composed of rose and pure white varieties, the rose occupying the center of the group. For two months it is a perfect mass of flowers, and many persons have stopped to ask me what those beautiful plants were. There are crimson, purple and lilac varieties that are equally as desirable. This plant sends up so many stalks, and each stalk bears such an immense head of closely-clustered flowers, that it makes it possible to obtain solid masses of color with it. The plants increase in size from year to year. They are easily propagated by division of the roots. You will want some of the new varieties of iris. These flowers rival the orchid in beauty and delicacy of color. Such blues, and purples, and delicate ethereal shades of yellow and lilac and violet you can find nowhere else. No border is complete without at least half a dozen varieties of this most exquisite flower. Be sure to get a few plants of it. If I were obliged to confine my choice to one hardy plant I think it would be the iris.

VARIETIES OF BORDER ORNAMENTS

You will want some of the aquilegias. Cernulea is a Rocky Mountain variety, with very large flowers, the outer sepals a deep lilac shading into blue, petals white, with green tip to the spur. A chrysantha is a bright golden yellow, and is a charming flower. It blooms for about two months, and forms a bush two or three feet across. One of the most distinct aquilegias we have, and also one of the most desirable.

Dicentra is not a new plant, but it is none the less meritorious because it is not of recent introduction. It has very pretty fern-like foliage, of a soft green, and there is so much of it that each plant forms a cushion of verdant beauty, above which the long, arching flower stalks are effectively displayed. The flowers are borne in long, slender sprays, and droop in the most graceful manner imaginable. They are rose colored, with a white center.

Gaillardia grandiflora is one of the most gorgeously showy flowers I know of. Its blossoms are shaped like those of the wild daisy, but are about three inches across. The center is a dark reddish brown, with a texture like coarse plush. The petals are orange, crimson and red, with these colors divided in rings running around the entire flower. It blooms from June to November. There are many other good border plants, but most of them are so well known that it is needless to mention them here.

In preparing the border for the reception of these plants, make it rich with old manure. Spade the ground up well, and have it mellow and light. Keep the grass from getting a foothold among them if you want them to do well.

PREPARING FOR THE AUTUMN

MANY of your plants will require re-potting before you take them in for the winter. Begin to get material ready now. You will find it a pleasant task to go into the woods and pastures with a basket and a trowel, and gather turfy matter and leaf-mold from about old stumps and in the corner of the fence. And while you are getting soil together for re-potting plants this fall be sure to get more than you need for that purpose, and store it away for winter use. There will always be plants that need top dressing with fresh soil, and some will require an entire change of earth, and there will be new ones, and so a supply of potting material will come handy all the year round. Don't wait until cold weather is at hand before you begin the work of re-potting. Do it while you have warm and pleasant days, and the work will be done better than it would be in cold, raw weather. Another reason why it should be done now is: It will give your plants a chance to get established before it is time to take them into the house. If you wait until the last moment, they will not have recovered from the disturbance which their roots must undergo, and they will go into winter quarters in a condition far from what it ought to be.

A DESIRABLE WINTER BLOOMER

HAVE you some plants of linum tryginum growing for winter use? If not, you ought to have, for this is one of our best winter bloomers, and perhaps our very best yellow winter flower. It is as showy as an allamanda, and can be grown as easily as a geranium. One good plant of it in full bloom will brighten up a window as if the sun was shining in at it in midsummer splendor.

FLORAL HELPS AND HINTS

T. E.—Increase violets by rooting the runners. Trim your lilacs in spring after blooming. They generally bloom every year.

LDA.—You can get orchids at all prices from dealers in your city and New York. Better buy the orange; it is a slow grower from seed.

E. A. W.—The best hardy white rose is Madame Planter; the best yellow, Persian or Harrison's. Cut back the La France and give it a rich soil.

I. T. F.—There are books that will assist the amateur gardener, but he can never depend wholly on them. He must study, experiment and find out for himself.

J. W. C.—I do not know anything about such a "bug" as you describe. Ask some of your local florists. Your orange plant is probably taking a rest; if the stalk is green and plump it will doubtless grow again.

E. D. C.—Cover the whole bulb of your gloxinias. A soil of leaf-mold and sand suits this plant. Keep it moist, but never wet. Allow no water to get on the leaves. All hairy, soft-leaved plants are injured if water stands on their foliage.

Mrs. H.—Water does not injure the foliage of begonias when the surface of the leaf is smooth like those of the rubra, weltonensis, etc. but the rex class is injured by it. As a rule, never apply water to the foliage of any plant unless it is smooth.

SUBSCRIBER.—Sow pansies for next spring flowering in August and September. Cover the young plants in fall with some leaves over which place branches of evergreen to hold them in place. Do not cover deeply, as the pansy requires a free circulation of air.

Mrs. J. W. K.—An excess of water or sunshine will always cause the begonia to shed its foliage unless the one caring for it is wise enough to see the cause of trouble, and remove to a north or east window, and dry off. Use a light soil, water sparingly, and keep your plants in a north or east window.

G.—The mealy bug is a white downy-looking mass that you would hardly think a living organism. It looks more like a bit of cotton than anything else, but it is able to do great injury to plants. Kerosene emulsion is the best of antidotes for it. Angle worms can be driven from the soil by using lime water.

E. A. W.—If the rose has been grown all along in a pot, and you care to keep it for winter flowering, I would not turn it out, as it will weaken it when you come to take it up in the fall. The roots will be injured at the very time when they ought to be in the best condition. I do not think it would stand a winter out of doors.

Mrs. J. S.—You do not say whether you have your caladium in a pot or the open ground. Only the fancy-leaved sorts are advisable for pot culture. In the open ground the ordinary variety, used to produce tropical effects because of its great foliage, should have a great deal of water, and the soil it is planted in should be as rich as possible.

Mrs. J. D.—If your pomegranate grew well I cannot see why it should not bloom. With me it is sure to blossom well if it grows well. Callus should be put out to rest in June or July. An average sized root should have a six or seven inch pot to grow in. Larger roots, of course, require larger pots. Keep the soil well drained. Warm water is good, but hot water is not.

Mrs. W. R. F.—The heliotrope can be propagated very easily from cuttings. Insert in sand, which should be kept very moist and warm; they will start at any season. Hydrangeas are propagated most readily by layering. If paniculata grandiflora is hardy as a lilac, Thomas Hogg stands the winter well as far north as New York city. To make pink bushes and compact keep all flower stalks pinched off through the summer.

H. L. E.—A convenient protection for grapes from bees is to take grocery paper sacks, about 6 x 8 inches in size, and slip them over the bunch of grapes, and fold in the opening, and fasten the sack with a pin. The grapes ripen a little more slowly, but they are all the sweeter for that, and they are entirely protected from birds, bees, and dust, and they can be left on the vines till all the leaves have fallen. Put them on when the grapes begin to turn color.

E. R. T.—The agapanthus plant is of the easiest cultivation. Give it a soil of loam, which need not have much sand in it, as the strong and fleshy roots require a somewhat heavy soil. While growing freely water liberally. This plant is what is called an evergreen; by that it is meant that it does not die like the amaryllis, and that it keeps on growing the year round, though more or less dormant in certain seasons than at others. Its blooming period is from April to June.

M. E. S.—Callus bloom repeatedly; so does the amaryllis. You can remove the young bulbs, or let them grow along with the parent plant, as you think best. It does not affect the plant in any way to remove them or to leave them. If you want plenty of flowers from your geraniums in winter, cut the plants back in spring, and allow no buds to grow. Re-pot as soon as the plants begin to start after cutting back. They will not require re-potting in fall if good, rich soil was given. When they begin to bloom some fertilizer can be applied.

Mrs. GEORGIA LANE.—You can grow petunias, or any kind of annual, for that matter, in beds where bulbs are planted, without interfering with the bulbs, unless you dig up the soil to such a depth that you touch the bulbs. This will not be necessary if the soil is kept mellow and free from weeds. I know nothing about the hardness of the Mary Washington rose. There are ordinary blooming roses that would be hardy with you. Some of the hybrid perpetuals would bloom in fall, and could be taken through the winter safely with a covering of leaves, but they are not ever-bloomers.

C. C. K.—A correspondent writes that she has tried to kill worms in the soil of her pot plants by inserting matches, and her plants have been killed or injured by it. Others have written that their experiments have turned out similarly. I have tried them, and my plants have not been injured in the least. A correspondent in one of our horticultural magazines says that it makes a great difference what kind of match is used. "The parlor match, the kind I tried, is not like the ordinary cheap match," this writer says. She claims that it will kill the worms without injuring the plants, while the other match is death to both plants and worms. It would be well to experiment cautiously with both. Keep the heliotrope from blooming in summer if you want it to flower profusely in winter.

Mrs. H. A. T.—This correspondent writes that she has a month ago. It has grown five new leaves, and seems to be a stand-still, with no signs of flowering. The plant would have to become established after re-potting, and the disturbance incident to removal would be quite sure to interfere with its blooming if it were inclined to do so. If it has grown well it may be getting ready for blooming as soon as its period of rest is over. This plant makes its growth after flowering, not before, as many seem to think it ought to. Generally the first indication of new growth is the appearance of a flower stalk. After that, new leaves are sent up, and at this time preparation is made for flowering. The bud is formed, but remains out of sight until the plant takes a new start. If you have had your plant only three months you cannot expect a great deal from it. It has not fairly got started.

Mrs. M. B. S.—To winter geraniums without potting them, take the old plants up as late as possible in the fall and tie them together in bunches of two or three and hang them to the beams of the cellar, where they will be kept cool and rather dry. It is well to cut off most of the tops a week or two before lifting the plants. Begonias like a soil of loam and turfy matter, with some sand, to make it friable. Water about as you would a geranium, and keep out of the hot sun. So many varieties of rex begonia have red markings on the leaves that it is impossible to say what variety you have in mind. Marguerite carnations are good winter bloomers. Sow seed in October, in order to bring the plants into bloom early in the season. If you want your gladiolus to bloom profusely, give a soil made up mostly of leaf-mold, with good drainage, and apply water freely every day, both at roots and foliage. Keep out of strong sunshine. After the middle of summer apply some kind of fertilizer once a week. Shift the plants as fast as the roots fill the old pots, till you have them in ten and twelve inch pots if you want to grow superior specimens of this fine flower. Never let the soil get dry, or the plants will be almost sure to drop their leaves and buds.

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LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S BOOTS AND SHOES. Awarded highest honors at Philadelphia 1876, Melbourne 1880, Berlin 1877, Frankfurt 1881, Paris 1876, Amsterdam 1883. And wherever else exhibited.

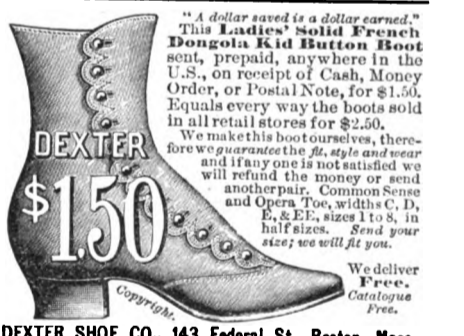
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Almond Meal. MINER'S. Whitens and nourishes the Skin, removes Pimples, Eczema, Blackheads, Wrinkles, Shiny Skin, Moth, Tan, Freckles, Liver Spots and all skin blemishes. Ask for Miner's (the original). Perfectly harmless. 25 cents by mail. H. A. MINER, Malden, Mass. Send Silver or Postal Note.

IT'S WONDERFUL! "The New Treatment" for Catarrh, by Petroleum. Send stamp for 30 page pamphlet, free. Agents Wanted. HEALTH SUPPLIES CO., 710 BROADWAY, N. Y.

A POWDER THAT DISSOLVES THE ROACHES. 10c, 15c, 30c. Pound Boxes, 50c. Sifting Tops. Ask at the Stores. By mail on receipt of price. Quantity Discounts. GREGORY MFG. CO., Depot, 207 E. 64th St., N. Y. SURE

PARTIAL DEAFNESS. The SOUND DISCS are guaranteed to help a larger per cent. of cases than all similar devices combined. The same to the Ears as glasses are to the Eyes. Positively invisible. Worn months without removal. H. J. WALES, Bridgeport, Conn.

FREE Eye Tester by mail. Shows at once the kind of glasses needed. KEFENEE, 1301 Washington Street Boston, Mass. 10 Cactus for \$1.00 Book on Cacti, 116 pages, 10c. Catalogue-free. A. Blanc & Co., Philada. CACTUS

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

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

GRACE—There are no harmless dyes for the hair.
CELIA—The Washington Monument is 555 feet high.
SUFFERER—We cannot give addresses in this column.
TRAVIS PARK—September 24th, 1875, fell upon a Sunday.
ANNA—The colors of Vassar College are pink and gray.
M. S. C.—Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher lives in Brooklyn, N. Y.
NANNIE—Chloroform will usually remove stains from light silk.
MRS. M. M.—"The Mayflower" returned to England in April, 1621.
PITTSFORD—Col. Valentine Baker was dismissed from the British army.
DOR—It is said that cloves will prevent mould from collecting on ink.
DAYTON—It is quite improper and incorrect to speak of children as "kids."

LOUISA—You will find the quotation: "Two souls with but a single thought, Two hearts that beat as one." in the play of "Ingomar."
CURIOUS—The United States Government issues bills of the following denominations: one, two, five, ten, twenty, fifty, one hundred, five hundred, one thousand, five thousand and ten thousand.
M. C. N.—The music to Moore's "Last Rose of Summer" was composed by Sir John Stevenson.
ANITA—An act passed in June, 1872, authorized the Postmaster-general to issue postal cards, and the first in this country were on sale in May of the following year.
P. S.—A wedding that is held before six o'clock in the evening is a "morning wedding."



You Can't Keep Cool while you're rubbing away over a tub of steaming clothes. If you want to keep comfortable and save your health (think of inhaling that fetid steam) and strength, stop the rubbing—and the steaming. Pearline does it. Pearl-ine; cold water; no boiling; little work; that is the programme for hot-weather washing.

and ruinous wear and tear to all your summer clothing. Direction for this easy, safe and economical washing, on every package of Pearline. 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, if your grocer sends you an imitation, be honest—send it back. JAMES PYLE, New York.

WHITING'S FINE STATIONERY

One wishing to fill all the demands of polite society will be careful that one's writing papers be entirely correct. Whiting's Stationery is the standard form for correspondence, and has been for over 26 years. These papers are the most elegant made. Come in rough or smooth finish, and all the fashionable tints. At all first-class stationer's. WHITING PAPER CO., New York Offices: 150 and 152 Duane St.

ROOZEN'S DUTCH BULBS for Fall, '92, and Spring, '93, PLANTING

Hyacinths, Tulips, Narcissus, Lilies, Crocus, Ranunculus, Iris, Amaryllis, Glorinas, Paeonies, Delphiniums, Gladioli, Dahlias, Etc., Etc., in thousands of varieties, new and old. The flowers which, if planted indoors in the Fall, cheer the homes in the gloomy Winter months; which, if planted outdoors in the Fall, are among the first to show their exquisite beauties in the Spring.

Our 2d annual edition of "MODERN INTENDING BUILDERS HOMES" is now ready for. It contains 40 designs of dwellings we erected during '91, and we quote actual contract figures which is IMPORTANT TO YOU show designs that are impractical and impossible to build at costs quoted.

For All Stockings. worn by ladies and children. there is only one hose supporter which cannot cut the stocking. All genuine WARREN HOSE SUPPORTERS are made with Warren Fasteners with Rounded rib on Holding Edges—all other supporters must cut the stocking. The Warren is for sale everywhere. Made by George Frost Co., Boston.

Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder. Thoroughly cleanses the teeth and purifies the breath. Used by people of refinement for over a quarter of a century. Sold Everywhere.

Famous Faces. A collection of rare beauty and value,—fine engraved portraits of Phillips Brooks, Lady Henry Somerset, Tolstoi, "Pansy," and many others. The HOUSEKEEPER'S WEEKLY PORTRAIT ALBUM is a gem,—the result of years of labor, and cannot be bought anywhere.

SYLPH CYCLES RUN EASY. No complication; no ungainly features. A power saver; speedy everywhere. More fine special features than any other two makes. STOP THAT JOLT! It's the vibration that tires not the labor of propulsion.

The Bryant Rings. Ask your Jeweler for. TAKE NO OTHER MAKE WE CHARGE NOTHING FOR REASONABLE REPAIRS OF OUR RINGS. M. B. BRYANT & CO. 10 Maiden Lane, N.Y.

WELL-ATTESTED MERIT

Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher writes:

"40 ORANGE STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y., FEBRUARY 11, 1890. I have used ALCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS for some years for myself and family, and as far as able, for the many sufferers who come to us for assistance, and have found them a genuine relief for most of the aches and pains which flesh is heir to. I have used ALCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS for all kinds of lameness and acute pain, and by frequent experiments find that they can control many cases not noticed by your circulars. "The above is the only testimony I have ever given in favor of any plaster, and if my name has been used to recommend any other it is without my authority or sanction."

Russell Sage, the well-known financier, writes:

"NEW YORK CITY, December 20, 1890. For the last twenty years I have been using ALCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS. They have repeatedly cured me of rheumatic pains and pains in my side and back, and whenever I have a cold, one on my chest and one on my back speedily relieve me. "My family are never without them."

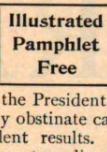
Marion Harland, on page 103 of her popular work, "Common Sense for Maid, Wife and Mother," says:

"For the aching back ALCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER is an excellent comforter, combining the sensation of the sustained pressure of a strong, warm band with certain tonic qualities developed in the wearing. It should be kept over the seat of the uneasiness for several days—in obstinate cases, for perhaps a fortnight."

Buffalo Lithia Water

Not half so many people kill themselves with drugs as formerly. They've found out what nature's remedy, a perfectly pure water, can do for them, and give it a chance. The results are wonderful. Send for our 32-page pamphlet and hear what eminent physicians and others say of this remedy, and find out what it can do for you.

Did you know that this Water is in constant use at Hot Springs Arkansas? Dr. Blaydes, the President, says: "We use it in many obstinate cases with uniformly excellent results. It certainly possesses some extraordinary property." And the editor of Christian at Work, in a strong testimonial, says: "I use it constantly as a table water, and trust to it entirely, using no drugs."



T. F. GOODE Buffalo Lithia Springs, Va.

HOTEL NOW OPEN

A POINTER!

POSSIBLY it has not occurred to our readers that the HAWLEY MFG. CO., 221, 223 and 225 North Eighth St., Omaha, Neb., one of the largest manufacturers of Bicycles, Children's Carriages and Refrigerators in the United States. A tone through their immense Factory is positive proof. In their magnificent salesrooms you will find a very large stock of Cycle Sundries and Bicycle Suits. The carriage department presents a grand appearance with several hundred Coaches handsomely upholstered and trimmed. The Glycer Refrigerator with three or four compartments is the only practical Refrigerator made. We also notice a great variety of Seating Chairs, Roller Top Beds, Invalid Chairs, etc. Name goods desired, and a catalogue fully describing each article will be sent.

EVERY LADY should have a bottle of Hawley's Unique Curline on her toilet table. It will keep the hair in curl from one to two weeks in the most trying weather. Try one bottle and be convinced of its merits. It is conceded by all who use it to be the only preparation that will keep the hair in curl and give it the soft, glossy appearance of naturally curly hair. Follow instructions minutely and you will never be without Hawley's Unique Curline. Children's hair can be beautified beyond measure by using this marvelous preparation. For sale by druggists, or sent on receipt of price. Price one dollar. The original and only patented Curline receipt. No cheap imitations. Agents wanted.

WANTED Everyone to send us their cabinet and drawers at 25 cents. We return 12 Minutes, 2x2 1/2 inches, regular card mounted, also cabinet for extra two cents. Crayons, 16 x 20, \$5.00; 20 x 24, \$6.00. HAVEN & STRATTON, L. B. 1228, Pittsfield, Mass.

ARE YOU DEAF?

THE AURAPHONE will surely help you if you do. It is a new scientific invention which will restore the hearing of any one not born deaf. When in the ear it is invisible, and does not cause the slightest discomfort in wearing. It is to the ear what the glasses are to the eye, an ear spectacle. Write for particulars. THE AURAPHONE COMPANY, 300 and 302 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

15c. We will send you, on receipt of 15 cents by return mail, an exquisite perfumed Sachet for the Corsage, made of satin, and bound with gold and satin cord. Odors—Jockey Club, White Heliotrope, White Violet, White Lilac, White Rose and Ess. Bouquet. Address BEN. LEVY & CO., French Perfumers, 24 West Street, Boston, Mass.

YOUR NAME ON 25 ENAMELED WHITE CARDS (each) 25 Imported Ornaments, 12 PENS, 1 Chair, 1 Lace Fan, 1 Ring, with one of our FINEST JEWELRY Souvenirs. Send for one. LAUREL CARD CO., Cincinnati, Ohio.

The Rev. Mark Guy Pearse writes:

"BEDFORD PLACE, RUSSELL SQUARE, LONDON, December 10, 1888. "I think it only right that I should tell you how much use I find ALCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS in my family and amongst those to whom I have recommended them. I find them a very breastplate against colds and coughs."

W. J. Arkell, publisher of Judge and Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, writes:

"JUDGE BUILDING, COR. FIFTH AVE. AND SIXTH STREET, NEW YORK, JANUARY 14, 1891. "About three weeks since, while suffering from a severe cold which had settled on my chest, I applied an ALCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER, and in a short time obtained relief. "In my opinion, these plasters should be in every household, for use in case of coughs, colds, sprains, bruises or pains of any kind. I know that in my case the results have been entirely satisfactory and beneficial."

Hon. James W. Husted says:

"When suffering from a severe cough, which threatened pulmonary difficulties, which I was recommended to go to Florida to relieve, I determined to test ALCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS. I applied them to my chest and between the shoulder-blades, and in less than a fortnight was entirely cured."

Henry A. Mott, Jr., Ph. D., F. C. S., late Government chemist, certifies:

"My investigation of ALCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER shows it to contain valuable and essential ingredients not found in any other plaster, and I find it superior to and more efficient than any other plaster."

Alcock's Corn and Bunion Shields. The best, surest, cleanest, and cheapest remedy for corns and bunions ever produced. Easily applied—give immediate relief—a afford absolute comfort. A package of the CORN SHIELDS or a sample of the BUNION SHIELDS sent, prepaid, on receipt of 10 cents. The Corn Shields are made large and small. In ordering, state size wanted. POROUS PLASTER CO., 274 Canal Street, New York.

PILLOW-INHALER. For Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Hay Fever, Mrs. S. T. Rorer, 1017 Chestnut St., Philada., authoress of "Cook's Book," says: "I have used the PILLOW-INHALER, and I recommend it to those who wish to get rid of catarrh." Mrs. J. B. D. Myers, Raritan, N. J., says: "It cured me of throat and lung trouble." Send for pamphlet and testimonials, or call and see it. PILLOW-INHALER CO., 1217 Filbert St., Phila., Pa.

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THIS MACHINE \$12. You can give this elegant machine a thorough test before sending us one cent. TRIAL FREE. All attachments free. Every machine warranted 5 years. For catalog, full particulars, etc., cut this ad. out and send to us to-day. ALVAN MANUFACTURING CO., Chicago, Ill.

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KIRK'S SHANDON BELLS TOILET SOAP. LEAVES A DELICATE AND LASTING ODOR. An Ideal Complexion Soap. For sale at All Drug and Fancy Goods Dealers, or if unable to procure this Wonderful Soap send 25 cents 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.

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CRIPPLES, Ladies and girls, or exercise, buy a Fairy Tricycle. Address: FREE SAMPLE CARDS OF ALL FAST COLORS. GUIDE BOOK. N.Y.

MISS BEACH'S Curling Fluid. Keeps the hair in curl for days innocent as cologne. A toilet necessity. No scalp on trial. 30,000 Ladies Have Endorsed It. At druggists, or prepaid, 50c. LADY AGENTS WANTED. DENISON CHEMICAL CO., 56 (C) LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill.

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WRINKLES! With Almond Nut Cream, you can positively rub them away. Satisfactory results in 2 wks. MARY E. MURRAY, 1059 Washington Boulevard, Chicago, Ill. Agents wanted.

FILL YOUR OWN TEETH with Crystalline. Stop Pain and Decay. Lasts a Lifetime. Circular free. T. F. TRUMAN, M. D., Wells Bridge, N. Y.

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