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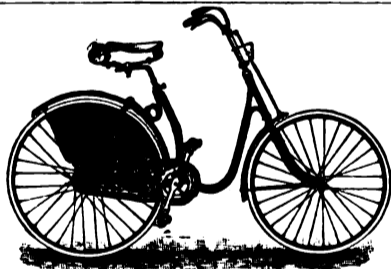
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MRS. VANDERBILT'S KITCHEN

MRS. CORNELIUS VANDERBILT has no ball-room in her ivy-covered city house, but she has a kitchen where her chops are broiled and her muffins toasted, that is big and beautiful enough for a king's coronation. The room is in the basement at the rear of the house; it fronts on Fifty-seventh street, and might command for the purse-proud chef a view of the velvet-like turf inclosing the estate of ex-Secretary Whitney but for the crystal slats that shelve the windows to keep out the gaze of hungry and curious passers-by. Entrance to this fire-proof king of kitchens is from a broad hall tiled in red and finished in hardwood. Bricks of terra-cotta and mosaic tile the floor; the walls are made of gleaming white English porcelain with a border of underglazed custard tiles, and overhead is an arching roof, after the Moorish, done in terra-cotta. There is not a particle of woodwork about the place but the door and window-sashes, and these, as well as the dresser, in which the platters and centre dishes are kept, are cherry, polished to look like old mahogany. In one corner is the range, every inch as large as the locomotive that carries Mr. Vanderbilt's private car, and equipped with the latest and most approved appliances known to science. Four fires can be made for boiling alone, each having individual ovens for baking and heating, and besides these there is a broiler the size of an ordinary boarding-house range. All the trimmings are nickel-plated, and the polish on the entire machinery is what a mechanical artist would call tip-top. Convenient to the range is a steel panier with running hooks, where the skillets, spiders, boiler, stew pans, and other cooking utensils hang. All are copper, not copper-bottom alone, but copper throughout, and every one shines. Then there are the copper boilers that supply the hot water for the baths, and an air-tight copper crematory in which the waste is consumed. The tables on which the kitchen maid prepares the vegetables, game and poultry for his lordship, the chef, are almost as large as billiard-boards, and the marble tops are thick enough to chop wood on without damage. The small tables are fitted with cherry planks, and when the cook has a dough or puff paste requiring a somewhat warmer surface than the hard marble, the wood tops are applied. Cook has a nice little cherry desk, with cut-glass and copper furniture, where he keeps his accounts, works out his gastronomic problems with lead-pencil and scales and files away the receipts borrowed from the writings of local and foreign epicureans. Then, too, he carries on an extensive correspondence with cooks as famous as he himself, and swops sauces, sajsads, side-dishes and the like with men who rule the stomachs of crowned heads, clubmen, and church dignitaries of both continents. No dishes are washed in the kitchen, and so nice is the management and so complete are the improvements that not so much as a pound of garbage or a pint of dregs has to be disposed of. Material in the shape of supplies is carried in, but nothing goes out of the kitchen, not even the smell of cooking—excepting, of course, the viands that the scullery-maid railroads to the butler's pantry. Instead of the ordinary sink, there is in the corner opposite the range a water-box built exactly like a bathtub, with hot and cold water faucets and a shower for washing lettuce, cresses, celery, mint, and the like.



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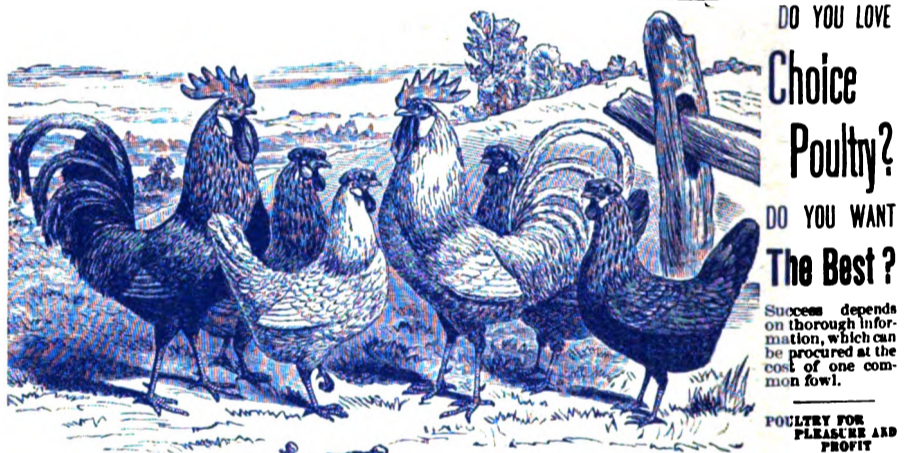
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The Ladies Home Journal

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ENTERED AT THE PHILADELPHIA POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER

Vol. VIII, No. 6

PHILADELPHIA, MAY, 1891

Yearly Subscription, One Dollar
Single Copies, Ten Cents

A Soul From Pudge's Corners

BY JESSIE F. O'DONNELL



PART I

HOW my brother ever come to marry a French woman was more'n I ever could see," said Mrs. Packer to the new minister, who was making his first pastoral call. "He used to peddle, Ezry did, and a powerful sharp hand he was at drivin' a bargain. But he didn't get no bargain when he got Toinette Despard."

"She was not a resident of Pudge's Corners?" inquired the Reverend Hugh Milton, with the slight hesitation and inward protest with which he always uttered the obnoxious name of the town where his clerical labors lay. "Mercy, no!" answered the woman, energetically. "Pudge's Corners' girls are all smart enough. No nonsense about them; but Ezry was like most men, a perfect fool when he saw a pretty face. So when he was stoppin' at the tavern in Maxwell, an' this girl was there, washin' dishes and blackin' boots an' such work, Ezry said 'twas a shame—she wa'n't over strong; so he lung roun' an' talked to her. She told him she was one of them emigrants, she an' her father an' mother. Both of them died with small-pox or somethin', on board ship, an' this girl had to go to work anywhere she got a chance. 'Poor child!' exclaimed Mr. Wilton, sympathetically.

Mrs. Packer continued in a scornful tone, "She was so homesick for France an' the green fields, she told Ezry, an' he was just gull enough to ask her if she'd hev him. Toinette jumped at the chance like a trout after a fly, an' they went at once to a minister an' got married. Then Ezry picked her up an' put her beside him in his peddlin' wagon, in her old dress, an' with nothin' but a little bundle of clothes, an' druv home to Deacon Coddington's, where Ezry boarded. I never was more beat in my life than when Packer came home an' told me of it, for there was sights of likely girls in Pudge's Corners who would have given their eyes to get Ezry, and could have brought him a bit of land, or money, besides a decent settin' out."

"Did your brother build this house?" asked Mr. Wilton.

"Yes, way on the outskirts of Pudge's Corners, away from the neighbors. He said 'twas so Toinette could be in the midst of the fields an' woods. But I should have suspected 'twas because he was ashamed of her if it hadn't been he thought nothin' too good for her. They put on awful airs; used to come into church Sundays, she wearin' a real black silk Ezry bought for her, lookin' proud an' happy as if he hadn't taken her right out of the dislapan an' blackin' box. Toinette was always a weakly little thing, an' after Josephine come she was never well. I don't think she tried to rally much, an' Ezry spoiled her—had a hired girl at a dollar a week to do the work an' take care of her! An' Toinette 'd jest lay on the grass for hours an' play with her baby, an' look at the sky. Ezry didn't do half so well in his business, because he spent more an' more time home with her; he'd wait on her and carry her roun' in his arms, as if she wasn't bigger'n the baby.

"When Josephine was four year old, Toinette died, an' I felt much encouraged for a spell," continued the woman, unconscious of the heartlessness of her words; "for I thought, of course, he'd marry a Pudge's Corners' girl. But Ezry never was the same man after that. Nobody but Josephine could ever make him smile. They lived here by themselves, Ezry

doin' the cookin' till Josephine got big enuf, an' takin' her with him peddlin'. When they were comin' into Pudge's Corners once, his team run away. Josephine was twelve year old then, but small an' slight, an' Ezry tossed her out in some soft grass by the roadside, so she wa'n't hurt a mite, but Ezry was killed. We got there, Packer an' me, but he lived jest long enuf to say 'Josie! Josie!'—he always called her that silly name. Of course he meant I should take care of Josephine, an' I hev. Nobody can say I havn't done my duty by my brother's child. Packer he died of rheumatic fever that very summer, an' I come right out here to live, an' took affairs into my own hands. Fact is, I hadn't got nowhere else to go. Packer was a hard drinker an' no saver, but Ezry meant I should use his money—he had several hundred dollars in the Sterling Bank, besides this little farm—for me an' Josephine.

"I tried to bring her up to work, an' not to have notions," she continued. "But it ain't no use. She's like her mother as one butterfly's like another, an' no more account, an' Ezry's coddlin' an' pettin' an' takin' her with him peddlin', spoiled the little common-sense she had. She don't think of nothin' but gettin' out in the fields and woods, an' she jest worships every book she can get hold of. An' she's that sullen! You had ought to have heard her go on when her father was killed—regular blasphemy, I called it—sayin' 'God didn't care nothin' for her, an' was cruel, and she didn't want to live. She got over that after awhile, for she's naturally fickle an' restless as the wind, an' there was days when she'd race through the woods, with flowers in her hair, an' vines trailin' about her, singin' an' carryin' on like all possessed; but for the last two years she's changed a sight. She don't hardly speak, an' never laughs, an' grows more sullen every day. I declare for't! My patience's worn out. But nobody can say I havn't done my duty by my brother's child.' And Mrs. Packer rocked back and forth in her creaking chair complacently.

"I should like to see your niece, Mrs. Packer," suggested Mr. Wilton. "Well, I should like to hev you see her, an' talk to her about the comforts of religion," replied the woman. "It ain't my fault she hasn't been converted long ago. We do need a revival here powerful bad, Mister Wilton. I hope you will take hold of the plow and bring the wanderin' sheep into the fold." And Mrs. Packer went to the front door, leaving the young man to smile secretly over the odd mixture of metaphors.

"Josephine! Josephine!" she called, "come right in, the new minister wants to see you. Don't dawdle!" she added, sharply, as the girl came listlessly up the walk. "See if you can't hurry for once in your life. She's a worthless minx if ever there was one," continued the woman, turning to the young man who sat awaiting Josephine's coming.

Hugh Wilton sighed as he glanced at the hard-featured woman; the straight, limp folds of her faded calico seemed the only clothing suitable for the angular figure; a material less plain, a cut less severe, a curve or an ornament would have seemed strikingly incongruous, the young man fancied, to this woman with the beady eyes and sallow skin, every feature betraying the uncompromising hardness of her spirit. He had met many like her in this isolated little settlement of Pudge's Corners. It was strange that a nature like his own, sensitive, loving, gentle, should be thrown among those so different. They were so hard. And again Hugh Wilton sighed. How could he hope to cultivate the Christian graces upon such a soil? Of all his parishioners, surely Mrs. Packer was the most severe and unbending. What a woman to have the care of a dreamy, wayward girl! And he looked up with quick interest as Josephine Allen entered.

Hugh Wilton was conscious of a faint feeling of surprise and disappointment. He had heard in the village, and from Mrs. Packer, of Josephine's mother. Mrs. Packer asserted that Josephine was "as like her as one butter-

fly is like another." He had therefore expected to meet a child of perhaps fifteen years, wayward and shy, yet of a happy, affectionate nature; a girl who needed kindness and sympathy, such as Mrs. Packer was incapable of feeling, and who would quickly respond in kind; he was unprepared for this tall young woman who came forward, indifferently, but with no appearance of shyness or awkwardness. Her face was concealed by a huge sun-bonnet, which she did not take the trouble to remove.

The young minister hesitated in some embarrassment before speaking. Mrs. Packer came to his rescue, sharply: "Josephine, take off your sun-bonnet," she said. "How do you 'spose the new minister can talk to you 'bout religion an' your duties, without seein' the effect of his words?"

Josephine stood unmoved, until her aunt continued: "I must say I don't wonder you're afraid and ashamed to meet him, since he must know you hain't ben inside of the meetin' house this two year an' more."

With an angry twitch the offending sun-bonnet was untied and thrown upon the floor, and "the new minister" met a defiant glance from a pair of gray eyes whose clear depths reflected a nature to which the sentiments of fear and shame were alike unknown.

"I am glad to meet you, Miss Allen," he said, advancing and holding out his hand, cordially, but the girl responded only by a dignified bow, and a cold "Good afternoon, Mr. Wilton."

Mrs. Packer having caught the odor of burning bread, hastened to the kitchen, with some last words to the minister about "showin' Josephine the sinfulness of her stubborn ways."

He turned to the girl with a feeling of relief

Indeed, the Rev. Hugh Wilton was not given to "talking religion" often, having become early accustomed to the sweeter grace and harder duty of living it. He crossed the room to the window by which the girl sat, sullenly awaiting his expected reproof.

"You have a beautiful view from this window, Miss Allen," he said, "and the sunlight on those hills is something to be remembered," looking over her head across the wide sweep of pasture lands, to the blue river and bluer hills beyond.

Josephine looked up in surprise. In all her eighteen years she had never been called "Miss Allen" until to-day. There was a deference in his voice, too, which unconsciously pleased her. Then she glanced coldly out of the window, with eyes that saw the glow and sparkle of the June day, yet retained none of its brightness, and responded, indifferently: "Yes, it is pretty."

"You have always lived in—this place?" He could not bring himself to say "Pudge's Corners" to this girl with the grave face and reserved manner, so different from the usual rural expansiveness.

"Yes, I was born here," and she again relapsed into silence.

Clearly he must bear the burden of conversation. He questioned her gently of her parents and childhood, but she responded only in monosyllables, and did not give him her confidence.

He studied her closely as he talked. She was a very handsome girl, or might have been so, with the heavy braids of golden-brown hair wound about the shapely head, the colorless purity of complexion which sometimes accompanies perfect health, and the dark gray eyes, had not the beauty of the face been well nigh spoiled by the sullen expression and



The new minister met a defiant glance from a pair of gray eyes.

after her aunt's departure. He would have been amused over Mrs. Packer's determination that he should "talk religion" to her niece had he not been annoyed at her words and manner which must inevitably create disfavor toward himself in the girl's mind. Nothing had been further from his thoughts than such a conversation with Miss Allen.

listless manner which took the fire from the eyes and drew tense, proud lines about a mouth which should have been tender and womanly.

"You have not attended church services recently?" he asked, suddenly.

The defiant look came back to her eyes and the sullen cloud on her face deepened, as she responded: "No, I am not a church member."

THE COMING OF MAY

BY MARY L. STORER

THE still sweet air breathes in prophetic tone, In whisperings low, and many a gentle moan. Young grasses leap with quick and joyous spring, And o'er the earth their freshest odors fling; The low-bowed crocuses, with murmurs say To one another, "There's a sweeter day." The golden sunshine, with its gladdening rays, Calls down from mountains brooks with silver sprays. The budding tree with joyous bird-song rings, Like echoes from a thousand golden strings! All nature smiles a welcome blithe and clear, While May comes through the doorway of the year.



TOLD FOR THE JOURNAL BY HERSELF



HAD to do something. We were strangers in a strange land, and the man whom I had promised to love forever and forever, was ill—ill unto death. Luxuries must be gotten for him;

there was little money, and everything in New York cost so much. So one day I said to myself: "Other women work, why shouldn't you?" Then I asked the question "Work? What can I do? God knows what kind!" And I started out to get it.

I was nineteen years old, had been a wife three years, and had known only a life among books. I had never had a doll, but I could not remember the time when I had not been possessor of a book. A delicate child, I had really educated myself, and my books were my friends and my world. So naturally I thought, first of all, that I could do something among books. I went from one publishing house to another asking if they had anything that I could do. I was so little versed in the ways of the world that I saw nothing wrong in this, and, to the honor of all the men I met, it must be said that everywhere I received courtesy and consideration.

At last one man asked me, "What can you do?" And this was my answer: "I do not know; but if you will hire me to sweep and dust this room, although I never swept or dusted a room in my life, I will do it better for you than it has ever been done!" "Well," said he, "you are going to make a success at something, and I am going to help you to it." And he did. He asked me if I could write anything. I told him I didn't know. You see I was a bit of a know-nothing all around; but I happened to have in my pocket a letter written to a friend, in which I described and gave my opinion of a sermon that I had heard preached by Henry Ward Beecher. I showed him this. He read it, said nothing; then looked at me and asked "How much do you want a week?" Here I was completely at sea; but a kindly man standing by me helped me a little. He told me to count up what I thought my board and washing would cost, and add a little to it for car fare. I suggested eight dollars. He said he thought they could pay more; so I mentioned ten dollars, which was immediately agreed to.

"When would I come?" I would stay then if they wanted me, but I had rather go home and tell my husband about it. Arrangements were made for me to come the next day, and to be there by eight o'clock. That afternoon, as I knelt beside my husband's bed and told him what I had done, for the first time I felt the tears come into my eyes, but as he put his hand on my head and called me a brave girl I grew strong again, and said, "No, no, my dear, it isn't I who am brave, it's people who are good." I thought that then, and ten years later I still think it, and, please God, I never want to lose my faith in mankind.

Ten minutes of eight the next morning found me at the office. I was put at a desk and given old numbers of the magazine to look over. This I did from Wednesday to Saturday. I read everything—descriptions of the fashions, articles on matters of interest to women, even the advertisements. When Saturday came around and I saw the messenger from the cashier's office handing each one an envelope, I felt my heart give a great thump, and I said to myself "Next week you'll get one," but I gasped with delight when one was handed to me then, and I really didn't think I had earned it because I had done nothing but read. I never knew how I got home. I wouldn't have opened that envelope, until I was alone with my husband, for anything in the world, and, when out of it there fell a beautiful five-dollar gold piece, there were diamonds on it that fell from my eyes, tears of absolute delight!

On Monday I was asked if I thought I could write an article. "I could try." Then, for a bit of fun, I suggested that as I wanted to raise the wind, suppose they let me write an article on fairs? And they did, and it was printed; and from that day to this I have never written one line for which I was not paid, and which did not appear in print. Time went on, the ten dollars grew to be fifteen dollars, the fifteen dollars grew to be twenty dollars, and when I had been one year with the magazine that had engaged me at first, I was earning twenty-five dollars a week. I was at my desk every morning at eight o'clock and worked there until five, going out at

twelve for a little bit of fresh air and a bite of luncheon. Hard? Of course it was hard; but it is just as easy to be on time as to be ten minutes too late, and if you want to succeed you have got to work.

One day, far in the summer, I knelt by the bed of my husband and realized that the dreadful shadow, that imperceptible veil that death throws over the face, was coming to him, slowly but surely. Even then my work was near me, and, holding one of his hands in mine, I wrote rapidly while the boy from the printing office waited for the article; and, later on, when everybody else saw what I did, who were the closest and kindest to me? The men among whom I worked, the men who had put out to me the hand of comradeship, but who had never forgotten that I was before all else a woman and a wife.

Then, when I was alone—all alone in the great big city—when I shrank behind a heavy crape veil that I might not see the faces of happy people, my work became more and more to me, and I grew to take such interest in it that my friends used to call my little stories—my "brain babies." I took to doing everything then; I wrote what I thought about men, women and ghosts. I wrote stories good, bad and indifferent; fashion articles that were at least correct; and even poems were not out of my line.

More money came, and after awhile editors knew they could order anything from me; and now, do you want to know the secret of it? I will tell you:—I am not a genius, not a bit of it. I am a woman, and a woman who believes that in this world adaptability goes further than extraordinary talent. I am interested in my work, and that's half the battle. If I am writing to some girl about how to treat her sweetheart, or how to make her winter gown, that girl is right before me; she is a living person, and I am talking to her. Then, I try to keep abreast with what women are doing, what they are interested in, and endeavor to possess that mental something which reaches out and seizes the topic that is going to please people. I never try to write like a man; I should just as soon think of putting on trousers. I do my best never to disappoint an editor; he gets his copy at the hour he expects it, and he knows that I have done my best. I do not believe in waiting for an inspiration. Nobody waits for an inspiration to sweep a room; whether one likes it or not, one picks up a broom and brushes out the dust—that's your work; now mine is to sit down and write a story, so why should I wait for inspiration? The inspiration comes with the dipping of the pen in the ink—the appetite comes with the eating.

I was asked a long time ago how I happened to get the *entree* to the editors whom I saw. I said this:—"It was because I was well-dressed and they didn't think I wanted to beg." By this is not meant that one needs to be finely dressed, for that would be silly and out of place; but it does mean that the woman who is suitably gowned and whose manner is good can gain admission into the sanctum of any American editor.

Then, too, the "open sesame" to success is a pleasant manner. The cheery "good morning" said even to the office boy, is so much bread cast upon the waters, and even if one is a little quick-tempered it is much better to reserve that temper for the solitude of one's room rather than to exhibit it in an office, because, when it is over it is horribly anticlimax to be present, and, really, a woman does not look pretty when she is inclined to let her angry passions rise.

"But," says the woman, "you say little of the kindnesses of women to you." To be quite truthful, I have worked but little among women, but I have invariably found them kind and sympathetic; and yet, in the saddest time in my life, it was men who came to my assistance, and to-day if I had to ask a favor of one or the other I think I should choose a man.

And so my life has gone on. There seems no special story in it. I am only one of many women who out in the work-a-day world have struggled, have had disappointments, had pleasures, and have learned this lesson—there is always a sunny side to every thing, and when the sky is blackest keep looking out for the sunshine. It will permeate your whole life; it will make your work good, it will make people love you, and there is nothing in the world that is as good as this. Look for the dark and you get nothing but it. Look for the sunshine and it's with you always.

Letters come to me from women who say that a little sentence has encouraged them; from men who thank me for giving them a pleasant half-hour, and from dear children who think they would like to see the face of the woman who knows so well about the fairies and the dolls and all the stories of the wood-elves and pixies. I am not loveless, for there are many who love me. I am not helpless, because it has been put in my power to give a helping hand to many another woman; and when I sit alone and think it all over I give my thanks for the daily work, and I feel as did Aurora Leigh

"How sure it is, That if we say a true word, instantly We feel 'tis God's, not ours, and pass it on As bread at sacrament, we taste and pass; Nor handle for a moment."

It may only be a word of good-will, it may only be a word that tells of hope; it may whisper to the bride of her wedding gown; to the mother of the tiny baby's little frock; to the maker of books, of pleasure found in his pages; to the actor on the mimic stage, of amusement gained for an hour; to the sweet singer, of the joy that comes from lovely music, and to the men and women all over the world, of laughter and tears, of pleasure and of sorrow. But whatever the word is, it comes from my heart, and for that reason, and that alone, it touches the hearts of others, and I know that they think me flesh and blood, and not pen and ink, although I am

A LITERARY WOMAN.

UNKNOWN WIVES OF WELL-KNOWN MEN

* V.—MRS. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW

BY ALICE GRAHAM LANIGAN



THAT good story-tellers are rarities is axiomatic, and that two good story-tellers living in this world as man and wife can be found, seems almost impossible. Yet the prince of that trade, —Chauncey Mitchell Depew—has, in his charming wife—whose

picture is shown just below these words a most dangerous rival in his own field, and the apparently impossible is here a fact.

Mrs. Depew is by birth, education and nature well fitted to be the wife of so eminent a man. She is a daughter of the late Mr. William Hegeman, one of the best known of the old Huguenot merchants of New York. Her mother was also a member of one of New York's oldest families, the MacNivens, and, like her husband, Mrs. Depew's father was born and bred in that city. Since his death, she has resided with her daughter. Mrs. Depew's devotion and love for her mother are fully shared by her husband, and the family life is a most beautiful and happy one.



MRS. DEPEW

Her marriage occurred in New York on November 9, 1871, and immediately upon beginning her married life, Mrs. Depew devoted her talents and cultivation to the assistance and lightening of her husband's duties. She acts entirely as his private secretary, and has done so ever since her marriage, with the single exception of a few months during which time Mr. Depew employed a secretary. It seems a very easy matter, to the unthinking, that of preventing a man's engagements from conflicting; but practical experience teaches differently, and when Mr. Depew found himself engaged at three different places during the same hours of the same evenings, he was more than willing to have his wife take possession and straighten things for him once more. She is of the greatest assistance to him in many other ways, and the frequency with which the private telephone—between his office and her suite of rooms—sounds, is evidence of the important part that she plays in his business, as well as domestic affairs.

In addition to her duties as secretary, which include the receiving and acknowledging of all Mr. Depew's invitations (and it must be remembered that these amount often to several hundred a week), as well as the care of all his personal mail, Mrs. Depew personally supervises the education, reading and recreations of her son, and of her two little orphan nieces; is her own housekeeper; and yet, with all this, finds opportunity to continue her studies in German and French, and to practice daily. Besides being a most proficient pianist, Mrs. Depew sings very well. Her voice is contralto and sweet in quality. That her tastes are artistic and cultured, her beautiful residence in New York is evidence. Fine paintings, bronzes, sculptures and engravings are to her of more value than jewels to other women.

In appearance Mrs. Depew is of medium height and slight, girlish figure, to which her stateliness of carriage imparts great dignity. She is probably between 35 and 40 years old, looking much nearer the former than the latter age. Her face is charming and beautiful, though like many such faces, a photograph misses much of its chief beauty—its gayety of expression and brilliancy of coloring. Her hair, which is of a dark brown, is worn in

* This series of pen-portraits of "Unknown Wives of Well-known Men" was commenced in the January number with a sketch and portrait of Mrs. Thomas A. Edison; in the February number, Mrs. P. T. Barnum; March number, Mrs. William E. Gladstone, and in the April number, Mrs. T. De Witt Taft. Future sketches will present the Princess Blamarck, Mrs. Will. Carleton, Mrs. John Wanamaker, Mrs. James G. Blaine, Mrs. Bishop Newman, Lady Tennyson, Mrs. Joel Chandler Harris, and other women.

soft curls high on her forehead and head; the eyebrows and lashes shade her most beautiful and expressive feature, the eyes, which are a deep brown in color, and of great variety in expression.

Having been so long in mourning, Mrs. Depew dresses almost entirely in black and white, very simply and elegantly; she wears little or no jewelry, and possesses but a small stock of jewels. A few handsome pearls and diamonds are noticeable in a collection much smaller than that of many women of lower position and lesser fortune.

Some years since, on the death of her brother, Mr. William A. Oden Hegeman, Mrs. Depew adopted his two little orphan daughters, and is educating them with her son. One of the children is a year older, and the other a year younger, than Chauncey, Junior, and the mutual devotion reigning is most touching. The little girls' writing desks are in their aunt's room, and this fact will serve as a slight indication of the care with which she watches over them. The three children are proficient linguists, their knowledge of the German, French and English languages having been obtained entirely from conversations. The three languages are spoken alternately in the home life, the mornings being devoted to German, the afternoons to French, and mealtimes and evenings invariably to English. This linguistic proficiency is one of Mrs. Depew's most practised beliefs. Another of the latter is her objection to fairy or imaginative tales, as children's reading, and her devotion to history. Her son, though over twelve years of age, has never read a fairy story, but is, on the other hand, conversant with the history of almost all nations. His appetite for his studies is remarkable, and his books have actually to be secreted from him. He is a tall, handsome lad, of twelve years of age, bearing a strong resemblance to his father whom he idolizes.

Mrs. Depew is rarely met in society as she has been in almost constant mourning for a number of years past, and her many occupations now completely occupy her time. She is a woman who believes that women's first duty lie in the home-life and home-cares, and that if these are thoroughly and properly done, there will remain but little time for "missions." Both she and her husband are devout attendants at St. Bartholomew's Episcopal Church, but combine, as of necessity they must, their share in church work to the liberal donations which they render towards it. Their pew, which is a front one, is always occupied by some, and usually by all of the members of the family.

And what of her charitable work? Publicly it is not much; privately it is excessive. As president of the Ladies' Hahnemann Hospital Association, of New York, she has a considerable amount of board and committee work to accomplish, and bears the reputation of being the most successful subscription raiser in the city. She feels great interest in the welfare of young girls and women who are earthing their livelihoods, and that this interest is well known among such classes is evident from the number of girls who seek her for assistance and advice, and to them she is very accessible. She supports several families and persons whom she has never even seen, believing that it is wiser for a mother to refrain from visiting among the poor when she can relieve their necessities in other ways, thus avoiding all danger of conveying contagious disease to her home.

In this, as in all things else, Mrs. Depew displays the practical common sense which has enabled her to use her many talents wisely and well for her husband, home and son.

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THE VIOLETS OF SPRING

BY ANNIE ISABEL WILLIS

'TIS spring. The softly swelling slopes are tender

With the green verdure of the May-time sweet.

'Tis spring; and flowers rising tall and slender, Bow at the tread of onward-coming feet.

The fields look up to greet the sky above them So long, they catch in bits its very hue; And here and there, like tender eyes unfolding, The dainty violets open, white and blue.

O flowers! in your dewy leaves low nestling, The sight of you brings back a thousand-fold

More memories than even winsome roses, Or nodding daisies with their hearts of gold.

I see a field pale with your clustered blossoms; The sunset's last caress has left a glow; It shines on stooping figures bending o'er you: We gathered you because we loved you so.

And to this day your fair and scented petals Recall the hours spent close to Nature's heart; Your leaves may fade, your tinted cups will wither, But memory's joys will nevermore depart.



WOMEN AS DOCTORS

THE WOMAN'S VIEW

BY PHEBE J. B. WAIT, M. D.

Dean of New York Medical College for Women



IN the medical profession women have an equal chance with men. The field is wide and there is money to be made in it. The knowledge that is necessary, can as well be acquired by a woman as by a man, and in many cases it is more thoroughly acquired by women. They are more studious. They have no distractions to divert attention from their studies. They do not indulge in games and play. They spend not only their days but their evenings and leisure moments in the study of their profession.

I speak from experience. During twenty-three years of association with women students and practitioners, I have seen or heard of but very few failures. On the contrary, I know of many who have achieved fortunes, and who are enjoying a lucrative practice.

Prejudice? Yes, there is prejudice against them. But it is the same prejudice that does not allow women to have political suffrage, the same that objects to women being anything but housekeepers or butterflies. It is the prejudice that every radical movement meets. There is no foundation for it whatever, and it will pass away in time. I find that foreigners, Germans especially, who have been accustomed to midwives in their own country, take most kindly to female practitioners. It is the American people that stick to the old exploded theory of woman's inability to own and manage property, to buy and sell, or to follow a learned profession. The extent to which this prejudice is being overcome is surprising, and the remarkable point is that we have got along so fast. When I contrast the situation of to-day with that of a quarter of a century ago, I see broad differences. During that period thirty-eight medical colleges have been opened to women, and seven others are exclusively for women. In the West they are more liberal than in the East. There are to-day upwards of three thousand women practitioners, where, twenty-five years ago there were but a score!

It is argued that women dislike the sight of blood. Of course they do. So do men. When I commenced the study of medicine I was fully convinced that women would not make good surgeons. But a long experience has reversed that conviction. I have seen some admirable surgery done by women. Many of them undoubtedly possess the nerve to perform any surgical operation. They do their work in a masterly manner, and without flinching. The theory that woman's nervous temperament and sympathetic nature militates against her in this connection, is absolutely without foundation in fact.

There is a defect in women which I have observed, and that is, they are sometimes lacking in business tact. They work as hard and as successfully as men, but they dread to send out their bills. The more business qualifications a medical practitioner possesses the more likely is she to succeed. In all other professions and trades women receive less compensation than men. But the woman who cures a cold or prescribes for a fever, charges and receives as much for her services as her brother in medicine.

*This series of papers "Women's Chances as Bread-winners," was commenced in the January number with "How to Become a Trained Nurse," and continued in the February number with "Women as Stenographers," in March with "Women as Dressmakers," and in April with "Bee-keeping for Women," both from a woman's standpoint, as well as from a man's view. The future papers in the series will consider "Women as Telegraphers," "Women Behind the Counter," "Women as Journalists," "Women on the Stage," "Women as Artists," "Women as Teachers," "Women as Type-setters," etc., etc.

The great requisite qualification is a thorough education. The more thorough the better. It is not necessary to have a pronounced taste for the profession, though one is more likely to succeed who has a strong liking for it.

There is money and reputation to be made by those who earnestly follow this profession, and the prejudice that exists against female practitioners is groundless. All a woman needs to do is to make good cures. She must plod away, and by hard work, continual study, and conscientious endeavor, show to the world that though her hand be gentle it can be firm and steady; though her sympathies be great, they only make her more careful in whatever she undertakes to do. Success is sure to attend honest endeavor, whether by man or woman.

THE MAN'S VIEW

BY GEORGE F. SHRADY, M. D.

Editor of "The Medical Record"



AN, it is generally believed, is so unable to discuss woman's work from an absolutely impartial standpoint, that your contributor may not appear to advantage in the present instance. Still more may this be the case when speaking of woman's chances in his own profession. However this may be, the impressions are offered for what they are worth.

In estimating the capabilities of the opposite sex for the field of medicine, we must be prepared to compare the work she is able to do, with that already being done by her masculine competitor. To have a fair chance she should be equal to him in every respect, if not his sphere, or demonstrate a new outcome for her energies and talents, it becomes almost a necessity with her to prove more than an ordinary fitness for the vocation.

With every desire to encourage her in her laudable ambition, we cannot admit that in medicine, at least, she has any peculiar qualifications which, as a woman, make her a superior doctor. When we are ready to grant that intellectually she is man's equal, and possibly his superior, that in gentleness of disposition, in force of sympathy and in delicate tact she may in the long run excel the old-time masculine doctor, we are conceding everything which the courtesy of the occasion can allow. Beyond this she is handicapped in many ways, simply because she is a woman. In the majority of cases she is physically unable to endure the hardships and privations of medical practice. She is incapable, also, by her natural sympathies, sensitive disposition and feminine prejudices, of fitting herself easily and profitably to her work. Her instincts are not in accord with her surroundings and its requirements. She is forced to cultivate the sterner qualities of her nature at the expense of her better womanly feelings—something always hard to do with one who may not be accustomed to the discipline of emergency.

Of course there have been successful woman doctors. There are now female physicians in all the large cities who have not only won for themselves positions and money, but have gained enviable reputations besides. These are, however, only the brilliant offsets to the dull background of mediocre merit, of faded hopes and disappointed aspirations. The exceptional few have succeeded not because they were women, but in spite of their being women. In fact, it is hard to resist the conclusion that even these few would not have done still better if they had only been men.

Far from intending any discourtesy to the female sex, I am striving to pay it a compliment by saying that the reason why woman is not fitted for medicine is because she is too delicate and good for its rougher and harder work. It is on account of this physical unfitness for such duties that woman is less likely to succeed in the medical profession than in that of any other, for instance, music, painting and literature, in which the higher intellectual faculties are equally trained.

Medical men do not begrudge women an equal chance in the race. In many instances they give them more encouragement than a man would receive under similar circumstances. But the profession is already overcrowded. Thousands of young men are graduated from the medical colleges annually, for whom there is no practice.

I must needs yield to the temptation, here and now, of saying what has often been said in these columns concerning woman's real place for woman's work, the place for which she was intended by God and man, where she can do the greatest good in the best possible way—and that place is Home. An ambition beyond being the affectionate sister, the loving wife and the fond mother, is so foreign to the recognized genius of woman, as not to be entertained in connection with her real advancement. What she may consider a step forward in that regard is a retrogression, the transformation of a ministering angel into a mere professional drudge. Would it not be more in keeping for our smart little Mary, who is studying typhoid in a distant hospital, to be at home nursing her sick brother, smoothing the pillow of her invalid mother, or, perhaps, cooking a dainty for her overworked father? Or perchance she is herself a mother. What recompense would there be even in the discovery of a new bacillus or the writing of a prize thesis, when husband and children may be suffering neglect at home? Does the end justify the means when even her new field is already more than occupied by those better fitted physically and in, perhaps, every other way for the struggle?

*** In answer to numerous inquiries the editor of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL begs to say that the series of papers "Women's Chances as Bread-winners" will be continued through a number of forthcoming issues. The success of the series is so great that it may seem wise to extend it beyond the original limit.

A SONG OF SPRING

BY A POETIC HOUSEKEEPER

BY MADELINE S. BRIDGES

BLOW, softly blow, sweet springtime wind, O'er budding lanes and fields of green.— (I must get Mike to fix that blind; The back door needs a new wire screen).

Brown robins flutter from the hedge Where nests are hidden—(Gracious me, The boys have notched this railing's edge Until its really minced—See?)

Swift lights and shadows on the hill, Bring back dear visions, dear, in vain— (We can't put up lace curtains, till We paint these window-frames—again!)

Oh, fairest dream! Oh, softest charm! If I could seize it—(Yes, I hear! Tell Kate to make the suds quite warm, And I'll be down directly, dear.)

Adieu to toil, to sordid cares— (The junk man, is it? Very well, Just ask him if he'll step up stairs And see these stoves I have to sell!)

AVOCATIONS OPEN TO WOMEN

BY HESTER M. POOLE



NDER the inexorable wheel of life which is forever turning, those who are rich to-day may be poor to-morrow. Still worse than the loss of property, many are helpless; untrained in any practical occupation, dependent upon brothers, uncles or friends, the gentle, refined victim of reverses endures an agony of dependence worse than death.

Under the probability of future contingencies, the wise mother will see to it that her daughter learns to do one thing well. The very discipline which is necessary for that will enable her to fit herself for another avocation, should it be necessary. It will also produce those feelings of self-respect and of power which are quite as excellent as a "still, small voice in woman."

It is only the silly and inexperienced who think ladyhood and work to be incompatible. During the youth of his beautiful daughters the King of Denmark was comparatively poor. So these scions of an ancient race learned to do up their laces and trim their hats, besides accomplishing other tasks not so easy as those. Yet the regal beauty and grace of the Princess of Wales and the Empress of Russia were no whit lessened thereby.

"What can the poor girl do? She has never learned how to do one thing thoroughly," is the remark often made after reverses have come upon the father.

One generation ago and the door of woman's opportunity, only slightly ajar, gave tempting glimpses of what might be. To-day it is two-thirds open, and through it pour a motley crowd, the well-equipped, the half-fitted and the ignorant, all intent upon success.

Among unusual pursuits followed may be reckoned that of the study of astronomy, by Maria Mitchell, LL. D. Among her pupils two or three have won fair distinction, though none have discovered a comet.

In the field of medicine, women have shown more pluck, energy and real heroism than can well be estimated. When Dr. Jacobi—then Mary Putnam—sailed from New York to prosecute in Paris the study denied to her in the United States, she encountered ridicule and opposition. To-day 8000 women are ministering to the relief of their own sex and to children, and the rankest prejudice is being disarmed.

Quite lately several women have been graduated from dental colleges; and two, at least, in New York, are doing a fair practice.

In finance, women have had little opportunity to become expert; in fact, many at the present time, would find it as hard to draw up a note as to pay one when it became due. But there are those who have a proclivity in the direction of finance. In New Hampshire there is a successful bank president, and in different States are several cashiers and tellers. The cashiers of large retail shops, usually young women, are reported by their employers to be alert, honest and wonderfully expert in detecting counterfeit money. They are also good bookkeepers.

In the manufacture of fine jewelry and in gem-setting, women ought to be successful if quick eyes and a light touch count for anything, yet we seldom hear of women jewelers. As florists and caterers, women have been and are now successful. In deftness, taste, originality of conception and sense of color, woman ought to take the lead. In fruit culture she has already proved her capacity for success. Miss Austin, in Fresno county, California, with her three partners, all women who were weary of teaching, won for themselves a beautiful home and established an extensive business by the raising and curing of raisins and prunes. In this industry they were foremost among successful growers of fruit. In the year 1886 no less than 6000 boxes of raisins were picked, dried and packed and forty-five tons of apricots, fresh and dried, sent to market from their farm, which contained but little more than one hundred acres.

A few years ago a woman left penniless by the protracted illness and death of her husband, found herself compelled to support two little children, then hardly more than babies. At first she took the agency of a skirt and stocking supporter, and succeeded measurably well. But she was bright and energetic, and desired to do better.

Setting her wits to work, the widow invented a new clasp, then an attachment to the supporter, followed by a shoulder-brace, upon all of which she secured patents. These she put into the hands of a manufacturer of small "notions," receiving therefrom a royalty upon each one sold. This gave her means for leisure, and she continued to invent other appliances adapted to the toilet. To-day she owns twenty-one patents, seven of them her own inventions, and is the owner of the largest manufactory of women's notions in this country, if not in the world. She is still a beautiful woman, at the head of a handsome establishment, and unites, in a remarkable degree, the capacity to make money honorably and to spend it wisely.

A young woman of good family, who had been left almost destitute by the sudden death of father and brother, rallied after the first blow, and looked about to see what was before her. There was a cottage home, with the dear mother left as homekeeper, and property sufficient to give the two one hundred dollars a year. The mother was a semi-invalid, and separation was impossible. Whatever was done must be done at home.

Then she remembered her local reputation as a cake-maker. At once circulars were printed and sent to friends, in which orders were solicited for sponge and layer-cakes of all kinds. Special mention was made of the "fillings," such as almond, banana, chocolate, cocoonut, cranberry, date, fig, lemon, orange, peach, and raisin.

Gradually orders for cake flowed in, partly out of friendship and partly out of curiosity to see what a certain kind of cake might be like. And it must be confessed the shrewd girl knew that to announce a new kind of cake—especially a new kind of "filling"—is to attack a weak point of the average housekeeper, to say nothing of the housekeeper's husband and children. And so at the end of three months Miss Blank engaged the service of an expert cook to assist, and as her prices were good, she and her mother are now living in honorable, though busy, independence.

Another young woman, once fond of ordering and supervising the menu of an elaborate dinner, is now a professional "table-dresser." Her duty is to superintend the details of a stately breakfast, luncheon or dinner. If desired, she makes out the bill-of-fare, for which she does the marketing. Everything goes on under her direction, from the garnishing of the dishes to the serving of the coffee. She arranges the flowers, attends to the lighting and into each function interpolates some dainty original conceit.

Perceiving that another service was needed she has joined to her first profession that of decorating the drawing-room and the dressing-rooms for company. With her help the house-mistress is able to be occupied with her friends until it is time to dress, and yet have no solicitude concerning the preparations. Of course it costs something, but there are wealthy people who think nothing of that.

These examples of ways in which woman can gain pecuniary independence are unusual; they are intended to be. Drudgery is common; so is mediocrity. It remains for the bright, the thoughtful, the plucky and the persistent to rise above the level, do better work and receive its compensations.

THE DREAD OF SEA-SICKNESS



HUNDREDS of women—and men, too, for that matter—who intend going abroad this coming summer, dread the possibility of being sea-sick. Every precaution ever thought of, printed or told, is borne in mind, and many women go on board ship with a quantity of so-called "remedies" enough to kill ten ordinary persons. The simple fact is that no malady is so little understood by the doctors as sea-sickness, and no matter what they may recommend to quiet the fears of intending voyagers, there is no such thing as a remedy. Is there any cause for uneasiness in this? Not a particle. There is nothing in the world so productive of good results as sea-sickness. True, it is unpleasant, but so is any good medicine. If women would anticipate sea-sickness less, they would be more comfortable. A good dose of sea-sickness is the best internal Turkish bath imaginable. You may feel as if you are going to die, but depend upon it you will not. As a rule, two days is the limit, and then it is over, and never will you feel so well. Lemons, oranges, champagne—all these are recommended, but the best recommendation, the most practical and common-sense, is to let the sea-sickness have its way, and then you are over with it. You can modify any possible attack by a little care as to diet a day or two before sailing, by avoiding greasy and rich foods, and this is wise. But don't go on board with the settled idea that you are going to be sick. Dismiss the thought. Keep on your feet the first day out. Walk up and down the deck continuously. By this method you get accustomed to the motion of the ship, tire yourself out, and if you are any sort of a sleeper, you will sleep soundly the first night. Then the worst is over. But if not, and you do get sick, just accept it philosophically. Of course, you will feel miserable. But, let the spell run its course, and it is done. And you are better for it, and certainly wiser than to try and cure it by a mixture of things, which, instead of remedying matters, irritate the stomach and gives it a reason for a continuance of proceedings. One of the leading medical authorities in the world says that fifteen grains of sulphate of quinine, administered two hours, or four hours at the most, before embarking, will completely free even sensitive subjects from the horrors of sea-sickness. The experiment is worth trying. In any event, it will do no harm. What good it will do remains for every person to decide.

A GOLDEN GOSSIP

BY MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY

CHAPTER IV

(Continued from April number)



WHEN the little company had broken up, the two young men, at Dr. Harriman's suggestion, took leave together, lighted their cigars outside, and walked in the twilight down toward the Point.

"How much of that was earnest, King?" asked the doctor, as they went along.

"All of it," replied Putnam King, instantly.

"How much of it was meant for me?"

"As much as belongs. As much as you'll take. As much as you need."

"Thanks. But perhaps my appropriation might be in the way of somebody else getting a fair share. There are girls who will flirt, my friend."

"Then I think the question of tentative acquaintance would be set aside. But I only speak for myself. The girl whom I marry will be the girl who won't flirt."

"The definite article is well put. There may be one such girl to a half dozen square miles of civilization. I'm of your mind, precisely; but the world is small; we might run against each other."

How much was meant, or understood, neither knew as regarded the other. Each thought for himself, however, that he had learned something.

Meanwhile, two young women who had listened to the tea-table debate with more or less of self-application, were recalling it with characteristically different impressions.

Connie Norris drew from it a certain comfortable logical inference. It gave her quite an elastic little inward spring to think of the "tentative acquaintance" between herself and Dr. Harriman. With his definition of the thing, there must have been in it something of meaning, of possible purpose. What, then, had signified the recent withdrawal? Was it caution, or retreat? Connie wished she knew. She had been very frigid and unfeeling elsewhere lately; she had gone as far that way as she safely could. She had no mind to fall between two stools. Her fancy had been taken with Dr. Harriman, but he might not mean anything, while George Craigan did. Moreover, though she might appease young Craigan with surreptitious little relinings, and bring him back at her pleasure to full devotion, it would be harder to satisfy George Craigan, père, if this stigma of flirt got fastened upon her by too flagrant dereliction. And the approval of George Craigan, père—the solid, old-fashioned, money-strong and will-strong head of the family and firm, into the latter of which the son had just been received, and which stood upon old hereditary foundations begun away back before gold and telegraphs and railroads, and prosperous all the way down through all the changes and magnifications of business—was an essential element in the calculation. Connie Norris was a featherhead; but she was not exactly a fool.

Cyrilla Raye said to herself, recalling Putnam King's words, which had fallen upon some newly developed sensitiveness within her,—"The play of character—to be studied by seeing a girl in her other relations. What sort of staid would anybody make of me, that way, I wonder? A girl who never had any real, right relations? I have got them all to make, new, before I shall be real—before I shall have fair play; and who is going to believe it of me? Life is not fair, in this world! We are begun at the wrong end, so many of us! But then, if there is a wrong end, I suppose it is in ourselves, to begin with, or we shouldn't be where we are. What is—or ever was—the beginning? Why am I Rill Raye?"

CHAPTER V

FOLKS AND "CREETURS"

PUTNAM KING had arrived at Crooke Corner at one of his irregular times, and had found that his aunt Elizabeth was absent. The unflinching sign of the close-drawn gray shades did not escape him as he approached the house; but his step did not slacken, nor his face take on any blankness. It might have been with a not uncheerful sense of other possibilities that he kept on his way, and without making evidence of himself by any needless inquiry, went rather quietly upstairs to the library and settled himself to patient waiting. Why he chose a seat somewhat retreated from the diminished light and half shielded from the rest of the apartment by a large picture upon an easel, may not be a relevant consideration; the result was, however, that not long after, Miss Cyrilla Raye came lightly upstairs and into the room where she had been bidden to make herself welcome at all times; and, quite unconscious of any other presence, pursued her evident errand by going directly across to the opposite book-shelves, where she put up a volume she had brought, and began to examine others of the same set that stood in line with it. Putnam King knew that they were certain of the writings of the deep truth-seeker, Swedenborg. He was interested to observe how far her investigations would go in this direction, and whether having had one dip into occult themes, she would resolve immediately upon a second. He waited until she had chosen her book, which she did after slightly turning the leaves of several that she

took down and put back in succession. Then she slipped into a cushioned chair in the east window close by, rolling the Holland shade partly up as she did so. She had committed herself to her intention, opening her book and beginning at its first page, when Putnam King spoke ingenuously.

"I won't interrupt you, Miss Raye," he said; "but it seems fair you should know I'm here. Now please go on with your book. I won't speak again, if you don't choose. I've got an article here in the 'Fortnightly'."

Apparently this young man acted up to his theories when he had the chance. Rill had made a movement to start up; then she checked herself.

"I don't know that I shall go on," she said, coolly. "I just wanted to make up my mind. When I have done that I shall go off, thank you."

"Could I help you?" he asked, politely, seeing instantly his only possibility. What he wanted, of course, was to study the play of this young lady's character in relation to books. The decisions of Miss Raye would be precipitated, he was well aware, by resistance; the making up of her mind might be pleasantly, as well as wisely, prolonged. He ventured forward as he spoke, and glanced, as with a first notice, at the gap on the shelf, and at the corresponding volume in Cyrilla's hand.

"What has sent you to Swedenborg?" he asked, in kindly, curious tone.

"I don't know that I am sent," she answered. "I was reading Miss Phelps, first, I went 'Beyond the Gates,' with her; and then I tried 'Heaven and Hell.' One was an im-

row, twisted stairway, and made exit from the house into the orchard behind. He thought it would be better to arrive again, when he should have taken a little walk. The chestnut wood invited him, with its broad leafage beginning to turn golden in some places, its soft tracks leading down into deeply shaded hollows where the chestnuts ended and old pines sent up their columns in multiplied sweet vistas, and squirrels flashed from turf to summits, and far off the hermit thrush whistled a late, lonely song. Between the North Road and the Corner this forest bit lay wild and beautiful.

As he went along his thoughts pursued the study of a character which had given them an occupation, of late increasingly attractive; this occupation itself, very likely, suggesting much towards the shaping of his notions to definiteness as concerning means and methods in that sort of observation.

"She is no flirt," he said to himself for something like the twentieth time since he had first heard Rill Raye's name, and begun to compare hearsay with illustration. "She disdains the common opportunities; or, is it that finer coquetry of nature which will not make them, but waits that they shall be made? I wish I knew if that nicer coquetry would influence her toward me. If some delicate instinct of it might lie in her somewhat rigorous reserves." In such wise, without set words, his reflections ran. "It is a shame these people should translate her by their own little miserable vocabulary!" That last thought did speak plain. He repeated the four first words with a force that from a different man's mouth would have had a garnish. But Putnam King did not use oaths. He kicked a clod that lay in his path very vigorously out of his way. "What kind of a world is she shut up into, in the midst of all that is beautiful like this, and that might be dear and bright to her, that she should say what she did of the world just now? A fellow would like to take a case like that in hand for a good, strong holding up—and setting down."

There was a hint of the young lawyer in this—a hint, at least, of the enthusiasm of

reading and judgment as her friend's were sure to be. This feeling in her was an absolute prophylactic against any temptation to silliness where Putnam King might be concerned; even if, besides, she had not experienced such a sense of sphere—not mere worldly, but made up of just those realities which she had begun to know and long for—that divided her, as yet, from these persons so different from any she had come in close contact with before. She was too busy with herself in these days to play the part of mimic self, which is the experiment of vanity. She had never lost, for a moment, the strange effect and inspiration of that "pond-lily room." Its lesson had gone straight to the best and truest in her. A white stateliness, a sweet, delicate pride—a fearless uplifting from all that was low and common into beautiful, searching light, these seemed to her now the things to be striven—to be prayed for. She was scornful of her old self when she thought about it.

And yet, there was quite the chance that through this very awakening she might make a vital mistake, she would long to live her idea—the more that it was so fast outgrowing her present surrounding—so essentially changing herself. A girl so often marries as she might even die—in the hope of a new life that she may live more excellently. It is the next chance and change for her. It is a change of worlds.

A larger judgment had before this convinced Cyrilla Raye that there was nothing of meaning, nothing that could last with either, perhaps, in the relations between Dr. Harriman and Connie Norris. It was not the deep and lifelong reality that it would be such treachery to interfere with or divert. Interference would not even be worth while. A surer thing would finish it with Connie any day; it had flagged already to her weariness; she would not wait through much uncertainty; she would not take the trouble to be disappointed. It was but a question of brief time. Cyrilla had been quick enough to perceive that if she chose to allow it, Dr. Harriman would very readily displace—she would not deign to think of it as transferring—his trifling devotions to Cornelia Norris by a more quiet and dignified approach toward herself. Her expostulation with him, which had been prompted rather by a care for Connie's place in general estimation than by fear for her peace of mind, had resulted in simply strengthening her in this sense of the matter. She felt that Dr. Harriman liked to be with her; that he respected her—she had accomplished that; that he sought, at least, to become her friend. In the refined, intelligent intercourse of Miss Haven's chosen little circle, she knew that he appreciated her; she discerned, also, the best of him. If she compared him involuntarily with Putnam King, that sense of sphere interposed directly, and for her own safety she shrunk back from a possible preference or attraction that could only disappoint. The one was within her rear; the other she might not so much as question about, and she did not. She did not even ask herself if there were danger. She shut her eyes mentally, in pride, and walked on; only guarding herself carefully from least seeming to account herself as of account with him. And so, unconsciously, she was already commanding him, as we and he are finding out. Rill Raye would be long in imagining such a thing possible. Long after she might have gained that "transparent worthiness" she had learned to covet, she would still have held herself in the old scorn. Her aunt Amelia had done her this terrible injustice of "mortifying her"; of "touching her pride" in that deadly way which destroys a pure self-confidence.

Putnam King came back from his wood walk with certain things in him grown clearer and more purposeful. His faith in life was warm and strong, grasping the substance of things hoped for. In such mood he lingered before entering the house. He turned his steps around its westward side, and paused when he came to an old-fashioned settee-rocker that stood in a blank space against the clapboards. It could not rock; it was bedded in green turf and pushed close up to the building. Within was Miss Sarah's sitting-room. If he passed the door that opened just beyond upon the grass-plot, he would be seen and hailed. He stopped here and sat down. Presently he would go back and enter the other way. He thought he would have a talk with aunt Elizabeth to-night.

But aunt Elizabeth was not in yet, and he felt deliciously lazy. Warm shade and softened glow were all about him. Miss Crooke had set her "yard door," as she called it, open, and he could hear the short creak of her rockers as she sat near it and vibrated herself gently to and fro. The world was in sweet humor, and he was in sweet humor with the world. Except with that piece or aspect of it which had sent Rill Raye among Swedenborg's hells to locate her own planet.



"I won't interrupt you, Miss Raye," he said.

agination; I thought I should like to see what an authority would say."

"Do you fancy those researches?"

"I've had just about enough of this world to want to find out what any other world might be like."

"And your conclusions?"

"The only thing I've come to—it isn't a conclusion, nothing is, I suppose—is an idea that Swedenborg didn't get beyond the gates."

"How do you mean?"

"I mean it's all right here, without going out of this world for it. As far as I can find out from the book, there isn't any more Heaven than might be now, if people behaved themselves; and—well, on the whole—as they don't, I think this is probably one of the more respectable sort of hells. People are made as comfortable as they can be, and they are kept under by laws and punishments. It answers to the description exactly."

King laughed. "You are a most original interpreter," he said.

"I wonder it never occurred to anybody before—if it didn't," Rill answered, with composure. "I think I'll take this and see if I can make anything more out of the 'Wisdom of the Angels.'" She closed the book in her hand, and got up to go. Evidently, she would not be beguiled into forgetting that purpose.

Mr. King took another book from a higher shelf, where were recent additions of fresher works. "You will like this, I think," he said; and offered her Drummond's, "Natural Law in the Spiritual World."

"Thank you." She merely glanced at the title. "I will remember it for next time," she said; and passed him with the sweetest smile of pertinacity, without another word, but only a bowed good-bye.

She was on the stairs. The front door closed behind her. Mr. King stood still a moment; then he replaced the postponed Drummond, caught up his hat, went out through the little passage into which a farther door opened, and crossing from that through the room devoted to his own use upon his visits, descended unobserved a nar-

justice which ought to make a lawyer. But when a man takes up in eager imagination the rights and interests of a charming young woman, the cliency and counsel he imagines are very near an identification of cause.

Walking in the chestnut wood, and on down into the pines, his thought, and others that belonged and asserted themselves with it, grew and grouped, and kept him beautiful new company. A presence had come to him; and life, in this green delight between two dusty roads, looked lovely to him. The best things in us—the best that we have or dream of—do not need instant or continual presentment in their outer fact. We go away with a word or a glimpse, and it becomes to us in a blessed interval when nothing can contradict, a whole possession and experience. If people only knew how often the glimpses are best, and would not foolishly thrust themselves upon each other! It was this that Putnam King had sense of in the feeling that lay beneath his theories of tentative acquaintance. But this spiritual tact, which is the "finer coquetry," belongs to very few. So the world crowds and crushes and blunts out what it was meant to illustrate, less with outright showing than with exquisite reserves.

Whatever it was that had worked in Cyrilla Raye to put her at this unconscious advantage, it had worked in the higher ranges of her nature; not at all in that region of her which had used to concern itself with her gay little passing relations, and with the contingent possibilities to which they might sometime lead. There was none of the speculation, or the whim, in it, that would have made it a form of coquetry; rather it was a humility—a self-depreciation—born in her with the impression that had come to her of fairer things. She was held back from such nonsense as she might have fallen into a while ago, by new realities that had entered her life. Her eager, repressed affections had poured themselves out on Miss Haven, whose kindness had won her to such admiration and gratitude as could satisfy themselves with nothing less than growing worthy—becoming what could dare to be transparent before such

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If that strange insight of hers touched any truth, there was at least this comfort in it. The "great gulf fixed" was not impassable to all angel feet. World interpenetrated world—or might do so. He began to see the beauty of his aunt Elizabeth's coming here. Surely she had already brought some lights and airs of paradise. The murk had cleared away from the round of her own atmosphere; she was making a horizon of her own. Crooke Corner was becoming a little Ararat, whence the evil floods were subsiding, and a sweet greenness was lifting up. Sarah Crooke was learning to look with her beautiful eye. He thought that, perhaps, he would go in and see Miss Sarah, presently, for a moment, before he went upstairs.

But while he sat there, a change came upon Ararat. A cloud dropped over it. A surf of the old, turbid deep swept in.

Miss Sarah's rockers hitched about with a heavy shove. The quiet was broken by sharp, high tones of voices that had only learned to speak from the tops of lungs or of souls; upon Putnam King's ear there jarred the thin surface cackle that he had perceived to belong generically to the sort of human creatures who seem in the great round of evolution to have latest and most imperfectly achieved humanity. They enter its ranks from various lower stages of approach, more or less harmful or innocent of nature; these two whom he heard now were of cruel, predatory life, by heredity and selection.

Mrs. Porbeagle and Mrs. Sharke were second-cousins in the first place. Then they were double sisters-in-law, each having married the other's brother. Character tendencies were strongly developed by birth and environment. For a Sharke to become a Porbeagle, and a Porbeagle a Sharke, was to intensify strain in a way only adequately illustrated by a doubling of force, in a high potential electric current.

What they did not take hold of, throw light upon, decompose, scorch, shock and slay in Wewachet, was simply beyond their circuit, or any malignant crossing of their wires.

I am not going to accuse Mr. King by excusing him. He heard plainly enough the talk that followed, and he did not rise up and go away. If the women had discussed their own affairs, he would have done so at once, and gladly; or if they had not begun forthwith to deal out upon the air with the freedom which promised that the air was welcome to it, and might do what it would with it, the report-current of Wewachet, he might have felt more scruple; as it was, he lingered.

I am not going to set you listening to it all with him, my reader. I have changed my mind about that, though I could make you hear every word that was said. It is enough to have one to excuse, and the Sharke and Porbeagle atmosphere is not pleasant to tarry in. I would have nothing to say about it at all, but that we need to know and be reminded to what stratum, and to what development of pestiferous life, the germs fall finally that are blown often through cleaner places by thoughtless breaths that know not what they circulate. Everything that fell into the Porbeagle apprehension, straightway took coarsest, or most venomous form, and raised its head, presently, to poison, hiss and sting. So what Mr. King heard them say and rehearse here to-day, was result and deduction from any slightest little remote floats of talk, that so much as touched a failing or hinted a possibility of error or mistake. These had materialized to statement, taken positive shape in malice. From poor little Mrs. Rospey's domestic tempers that had become standard chronicle, and had now passed into current report of her present slavery to a mightier, if quieter, dominance in Lucretia Dawse, who, whatever "had ailed the woman in her old tantrums, had got the upper hand of her now"; with the dark charity of a hint that they "didn't believe the ailing was anything she used to keep in the cupboard"—to Mrs. Sholto and her stepson, lately returned from Europe, and the wonderful harmony between the two—"quite devoted; almost seems as if it might have turned out full as suitable if she'd waited awhile before taking the colonel,"—and then on, to Connie Norris and her "chasing" of Dr. Harriman—the miserable, irresponsible quoting of "they-says" and implications of "they-might-says," continued; broken once, to Putnam King's exulting delight, by an interjection from Miss Sarah: "They say!" she repeated with exceeding scorn. "Then why don't you stop saying, Harriet Porbeagle? What do you go trundling it round for?" An amazed silence followed; then it rippled into speech again, begun more mildly, but soon lapsing, by unconquerable tendency, into similar, slightly diverted channels. And it was now that it came close to Putnam King. Perhaps while it was meant, covertly, as a little revenge upon Miss Sarah Crooke.

"Rill Raye hasn't turned still and stiff for nothing; she knows what she's about. She's cunninger than Con Norris. It's a ring-around-a-rosy, this chasing or being chased; only depends on the distance you pretend to keep, for the look of the thing. Rill Raye knows how to lag back, and chase too. It's a circus, anyway."

Here Miss Crooke made her little mistake. It was an overdoing of her championship, whence came afterward a shadow of mischief. "I don't know what you mean about Rill Raye," she said. "But I can tell you this: if she wanted—anybody—she'd only need to take 'em. I know one or two that I guess stands pretty near ready."

Some impatient, contemptuous sound escaped Putnam King's lips; he started up, and his heel struck the ground with a stamp, grazing a soft, comfortable fuzzy coil that lay hidden beneath the rocker. The great gray cat sprang out with a forcible syllabic remonstrance, and rushed past the open door, his back arched and his tail big.

"What's that?" Mrs. Porbeagle exclaimed, within.

"It's George Washington," Miss Crooke

answered. "There's something round he don't like; I don't know whether it's folks or creatures. He's a very sincere cat; he always speaks himself right out."

With George Washington to cover his retreat, Mr. King withdrew in good order; but it was a pity he could not have heard Miss Sarah's explanation.

The talk that he thought he would have with his aunt that night resolved itself into two or three brief sentences at bedtime. They had played chess together, he had read aloud to her an article from Scribner's; they had spoken of half a dozen different things, but not till he stood up to say good-night did the words come that showed some flash of what had been burning unspoken in him all the while.

"Aunt Elizabeth, I think this world is getting to be—to have places in it—that it isn't fit a real, sweet, delicate woman should be born into. They talk of climate changing; it's more than that. I believe it is what Miss Sarah called it this afternoon."

"What did she call it?" Miss Haven asked, passing by all surprise, or inquiry of the afternoon.

"She said it was just after the description of one of Swedenborg's hells."

Aunt Elizabeth was silent. She was not curious for disquisition; what she was curious for she thought it quite as prudent not to ask about.

"Aunt Elizabeth, Rill Raye needs to be taken care of. She needs to belong to somebody who can change her world for her."

"I suppose she does so belong," said Miss Haven to that, gravely. "But we human beings need to be very careful what we assume or undertake as regards each other's worlds."

"Suppose a human being finds his own world getting involved?"

"Then I think the human being should be all the more careful, and wait until he is pretty sure of everything."

"Ah, you forget the 'human,' though we have been saying it all the time," returned Putnam, laughing. But he did not say any more that night of all he had thought he had to say.

Perhaps he had said enough; and perhaps Miss Elizabeth had given him the wisest and kindest answer possible. At any rate, he feared to provoke by persistence or haste, a less tolerant one.

In those same evening hours, the Porbeagles and the Sharkes had got together at the Hammerheads (q. v., Enc. Brit.) for a game of whist and a lobster salad. In the symposium over these, it was asserted, as an authentic piece of information, that Rill Raye had her choice of two offers—from Dr. Harriman and from young lawyer King.

"Then Dr. Harriman is a shameful jilt!" cried young Mrs. Sphyrna Hammerhead, tempestuously. "And I wish somebody would just tell him so!"

"I shouldn't crave the job," said her husband, dropping his heavy under jaw with a cold, hard laugh.

But the word was spoken and went on its way. Of course it drifted down to the Point, eddied back to Crooke Corner, and even swept around the North Road, where Miss Bonable heard it. And the view she took of it was not comfortable for Rill Raye.

The time had arrived for the picnic to Shepaug. All Wewachet was full of it. The odor of preparation was in everybody's oven or boiler. The odor of anticipation was in thoughts and talk. The pulse of pleasure, hope, anxiety, was in heart and vein with several. It was to be a point of history with some. Therefore we must go to Shepaug, reader, whether you like picnics or not.

Dr. Harriman was going. It would be very unpopular to stay away. Besides which, it would not mend his present matters, and he felt they were in some need of mending. Something might even be advanced, judiciously, toward a future, fine, "far-off" event which he had begun to perceive he might desire; which he meant, gradually, to place himself in a fair position to desire, and to realize, when the time should come; though he still said to himself, with a steadfastness not altogether unworthy, that the time might not be yet. He thought he could gently smooth the way for it; set his face, even, in that direction, so that he might be first upon the road. He did not suppose that any other, younger man, with no actual start in the world, would be in greater obvious hurry than himself. He knew what people were saying; he knew the complications into which he had fallen; these meddling interferences would make it yet more difficult for him to place things exactly as he wished they should stand. For that very reason, he must take some initial measures at once. He wished, at any rate, to be a gentleman, to put himself into the attitude of one. There should be no more flirting with Connie Norris; there could be nothing decisive elsewhere; but he would like to explain himself a little to Rill Raye. That was as far as he had got in his determinations. We shall see how he succeeded in carrying them out.

Connie Norris was going, as we know. Nothing short of broken bones, or a serious illness, would detain her. She regarded it as a crisis. It would be such opportunity as must bring out whatever valued opportunity, or show plainly that the value was not there. She was tired of railway trains, and the necessity for purpose too resolved and conspicuous in its demonstration to be expected before fixed rows of eyes. The free solution of a merry company in the wide spaces of Shepaug would be better, and would offer surer test. If nothing crystallized there, the fault would be in elementary attraction. Connie Norris made up her prettiest toilette, took care of herself to be in her prettiest looks, and put her fortune "to the touch, to win or lose it all." She did not "fear her fate too much," for, in the worst result, there would be George Craigan, the fine old place, and "the business" of which he was never tired of

talking now that he was in it and, as he thought, "magna pars." It was rather a nice lodgment of jackstraws to handle, undeniably. Connie was fluttered a bit when she thought of it; but it was a difficulty to stimulate the delighted dexterity of a thorough little flirt, which Connie Norris was. If she could pick out the prize-piece from the pile! And if only they would not joggle! She had heard the talk about Cyrilla Raye and her two offers, but it did not trouble her very much. The story went too far. She knew very well there had not been two offers. She did not believe there would be; Rill Raye did not know how to manage matters, for all her tacks and turns. She was more in love with old Miss Haven than anybody else; and with making herself up to old Miss Haven's standard. Connie had penetration enough to see this, from outside evidence, far as she was from sympathetic understanding. It only made her own little game of jackstraws more exciting; there would be the delight of puzzling, and perhaps surprising, all Wewachet. She was spurred; but in no wise discouraged.

Cyrilla Raye was neither satisfied nor expectant. It was always herself that she quarrelled with, and she looked for no beautiful thing that should befall her or surprise anybody. Why should any such thing come which could only come by force of that in her which she knew she had not? She would not care for liking that was drawn to what she was; she did not like or approve of herself, as she compared herself with the ideal growing in her, and gathered from such different being. Perhaps before she could stand out in the light—the very "light of the living"—in which the regard she might imagine as worth while could come to her and claim her, she would have to live out all her disciplinary years in such companionship as might happen. She might have to content herself with the less, knowing that all it could be to her would be but a shadow of the greater. Was this what her piece of the world was meted to her for, just now and here? Was this why she was Rill Raye?

She was displeased with herself for the truest things she had done, because of her way of doing them. Why had she been so rough and blunt with Dr. Harriman? Why should she have taken upon herself in such outright fashion, to rebuke or set him right, when there was so much to set right in her own self? It was her own self she had thought of when she had said the hardest thing was self-blame; but it had not seemed or sounded so, she knew. Why could she do nothing except with an outbreak and extravagance?

What had she snubbed Putnam King for, because she did not choose to stay there talking with him alone, as Connie Norris might have done? Connie Norris would at least have been sunny and merry and pleasant. Why must Rill Raye, in trying to reject a silliness of character, reject with it all that was sweet and gracious; casting off one sort of person that she had resolved she would not be, without taking on the likeness or reality of a higher sort? Why could she not say and do things as—Margaret Rextell, or any girl that might be invited into that pond-lily room—would do them?

"Why do I always take the bull by the horns, with aunt Amelia, and all?" she demanded of herself. "Why couldn't I have been civil for a minute or two with Mr. King, and then walked off, all the same? It was just as if I thought he needed to be—I wonder what he thought about it! And—I don't care!" She grew incoherent and angry, and foolishly mendacious with herself.

She told herself also that she did not care for these last rumors that had got afloat, and which had caused aunt Amelia to feel in duty bound to "mortify" her afresh. "A girl doesn't get talked of that way, unless she talks—or acts—herself" was what Miss Bonable had said; and although it did not hurt Rill as accusation from her aunt, it did thrust deep with a misgiving of what Mr. King might think if the word had reached him. But she "did not care." No—she would not care for anything. What was the use? A girl's life was hard—that was all. And this world was—well, it was not heaven, certainly.

It was in this mood that she went to Shepaug. Miss Haven was away at Newport; and Putnam King was off also. If there had been anybody whom he really cared to talk to—in libraries, by chance—Rill Raye thought he would have cared to come, and find the person here, in these places where to walk and talk would be so beautiful. But he had gone off to Newport, or somewhere else; he disliked picnics; and he did not care at all. He was very likely offended with her, to begin with; he was not such a one as would need, or take, twice snubbing. She had done her duty bravely, but she had done it with a rudeness. Clearly, she was not in the same range with what she most appreciated and desired. She was just nowhere. And so she had shown herself to be, and Mr. King had seen it. On the top of all, had come this impertinent buzz about him. No wonder he had gone to Newport, or the Adirondacks, or wherever it was. Well—it made no difference. Things would not have been otherwise, anyway. All she could do was to keep on with what she had, and be—what she was able. Perhaps by the time she was forty or fifty years old, she might have made her own individual place, and become some sort of individual creature that she would not be ashamed of. It was not in Rill Raye to sit down and despair. She would not have done it if she had been assured that her theories upon the Swedenborgian system were true. There were birds and sunshine, clear air and running water in the world, evil place though it had got to be through human imperturbation. And there were human spots of excellent sweetness in it yet, she knew. She might come to some of them by-and-by, that would own her and take her in. She had Miss Haven now. She was sure of Miss Haven, through all report; and she would not misuse her favor. But she would go to see her in the mornings, she thought, for a time.

There were green woods and birds and sunshine and bright waters at Shepaug. Very well; then Shepaug had something for her, even if all Wewachet were there too. She would simply go to Shepaug, for Shepaug itself, and let the pickers and the nickers take care of themselves.

Putnam King stayed away from Wewachet. He did not care, for his own part, for the word that was running round there. But he would not subject Rill Raye to any more observation or annoyance. He would not let her think that he had had any chance to hear. He would turn the tide of gossip if he could. By-and-by he could come again. In his own way, and at the right time, he could speak his own word. He accompanied his aunt to Newport, and then went to join some friends for a week or two in the Adirondacks. It would be his last lengthened holiday for a good while. In November he was to enter a law office, where the chief was among the foremost in his profession, and where a young man might look for advancement in his work as fast as he could take it. There was business overflowing into other hands, continually; Mr. Arbibon would not have more than two regularly installed under him at a time; but those two, he said, must be of the sort to come up alongside.

The bit of Shepaug which makes the pleasure ground to which our friends repaired, is as pretty a spot, and as unlike anything but itself, as can be found among New England hills and streams. Shepaug river makes a wonderful loop around a pile of ledge, and its marginal wooded slope and level; tracing through the meadows a sign like that of the Greek Omega, or the "eye" which is made for a hook to catch. It leaves almost islanded—enough so for it to be called Shepaug Island—the beautiful great green heap which rears up from its watersides. The river-loop is flung toward Wewachet; it doubles and redoubles itself opposite, at north and south of a narrow isthmus, which is little more than a broad roadway, shrubby-fringed, at once entrance and exit of the drive which follows round the waterline. There are two ways of reaching Shepaug island from Wewachet: by carriage, around over one of the two bridges at the North and South Mills, or directly across by boat to a pretty landing on the fair, outcurving hither bank. The river is wide and deep here, spreading up over the Wewachet meadows; the current widens and slackens, and is safe to stem. Many of the picnickers chose the the boating access; but three great "barges"—those curiously misnamed vehicles which sail overland by horse power—conveyed a goodly number of merry folk; and all sorts of private conveyances, from landaus and victorias to modest buggies and small wagonettes, complemented the further requirements, and made gay the Old West Road and the Otterbury Turnpike.

For ourselves, we need take neither way; we simply wish to be there; and with a thought-spring, we may alight among the rapidly assembling groups that are finding their relations and taking form and place here and there about the landing head, or deeper in the pleasant wood-glades; or up, with adventurous feet, along the sides and crest of the beetling ridge, upon its mossy rocks and among sweet-smelling cedars.

A young party had quickly established itself upon a well-known jut, commanding and overlooking the lovely river bends, and uplifted into the soft, sunny air so high that it seemed doubly islanded by the fair water-flow far down, and by the buoyant ocean of the atmosphere. Here Dr. Harriman presently found Rill Raye, Connie Norris, Sue Wilder, with half a dozen other girls, and an escort of young men, among whom, closely attendant upon Connie Norris, was Mr. George Craigan, quite faultlessly attired in summer suit of gray, with a sprig of dull-green savin and its bloomy clusters of gray berries in his buttonhole.

Connie Norris had given it to him, as "just matching"; and then had set him off, with purposed mischief, upon his "hobby-stilts."

"I don't see how you could get away so early," she had said. "What will become of things in Berkshire street without you?"

"O we have got nearly settled there; and it's a grand move, I can tell you, Miss Connie. We ought to have had that branch long ago. And there are other things we're thinking of—not quite matured as yet; but they'll lead to a good deal by-and-by. We're going to manage our foreign purchasing differently; I may be abroad next year," he added, lowering his voice to Connie's private ear, as a proper business reticence required.

"Ah, indeed?" the girl returned carelessly. "In that case, whom do you leave in your place here? I hope you find your father of considerable use to you in your business, Mr. George?" She raised her tone with the question; it was too good a hit not to have an audience. Dr. Harriman came up in time to hear it. He turned a little, and lingered, postponing his greeting, while the half-restrained laugh followed which recognized the shrewdness of the sarcasm.

(Continued on page 31)

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THE CARE AND DRESSING OF THE HAIR

By Isabel A. Mallon



THE young girl talks of having the "knack of dressing hair"; when absolute youth has past she knows it isn't a knack—it is an art in which few make great successes. The woman who "just tosses up her hair" may look picturesque for a minute

her hair, and doing it herself, she is not only keeping her locks in good condition, but she will develop her arms and her bust.

AN ARTISTIC MODE

SOMEbody with a piquant oval face with blonde hair—that rather ashy-blond that is so often seen with dark eyes, and which French women have a great desire to attain—has achieved an artistic coiffure as is shown in illustration No. 1. The hair is not very long, and is, in front, cut in a short bang and fluffily curled; that drawn to the back has its ends curled and then combed out, while the usual black ribbon draws it together and forms an effective contrast of color. This mode of dressing the hair is one of the outcomes of a fancy of Sarah Bernhardt, although it must be confessed that it is rather more tidy looking—though it retains the picturesque effect—than the arrangement affected by the divine Sarah. A clasp may be used instead of the ribbon, but the women who set the fashion think that the ribbon itself is in better taste. I do not advise this method for black hair, which, when it is curled in a mass like this, will, even if the utmost care is preserved, look woolly. How to curl it? Roll it over a lead-pencil, then put the papers over that and pinch it carefully with an iron that is not too hot; in this way the hair is not injured.



A GREEK STYLE (Illus. No. 7)

would show exactly how wise he is, for the locks have not been cut, they are only carefully arranged to simulate those that have. Of course, it would be impossible for this arrangement to be followed if one possessed a very heavy, oily suit of hair. It is the woman who has fine light hair, rather than hair that is not very long, who can achieve it. The hair is curled all over the head, and is then pinned down with hundreds of little lace pins close to it so that just the ends show. The size of the head is not added to, and before mademoiselle is seen in her evening gown a bit of tulle is bound loosely over it to get the curls to lie in place. There is no reason in the world why this should injure the hair; of course, it is impossible to arrange it one's-self,

but from the picture and with these suggestions, a helpful sister ought to be able to do it for you. No ornament is worn with such a coiffure, though if you have a great desire to carry out the Grecian idea it would be in harmony to bind around it three fillets of white ribbon. Don't wear either gold or silver; leave them for older women, and let the young girls use the narrower ribbons. A ribbon for the hair must always look fresh. If it is white it should be immaculate; if it is black it must be smooth. Too many of us have seen hair ribbons that only suggest shoe strings.

A KNOT OF HAIR

A PRETTY simplicity characterizes this head (Illustration No. 5). Indeed, simplicity might be said to be the key-note of all hair-dressing to-day; to keep the hair beautiful being a greater object than to arrange it elaborately. If you have sufficient long hair to make a loose knot, and fasten it low on the neck, you may be certain that your mode is one approved of. Wear with it, as does the woman in this picture, a rather short bang, parted far forward, brushing as much of the hair back as you possibly can. A shell pin may be stuck through this knot, though usually the hair shows to better advantage without it. The first lines of age, those lines that mark the passing of thirty, come just behind the ears, and that woman is wise who draws her hair down over them for that reason. Wearing the hair low makes women look younger, and as the inclination of the American woman is to age herself as rapidly as possible I would like to suggest to her that she consider these facts. No woman can afford to let youth go without adopting all reasonable means to retain it.



A FLUFFY ARRANGEMENT (Illus. No. 1)

or two, may attract the eye, but never thoroughly satisfies the looker-on, because nothing about a woman's toilet should ever suggest hurry or carelessness. The beauty that draws by a single hair is not apt to be the one that has its locks in disarray; indeed, the hair itself is much more likely to be in absolute position, and just to have caught a glimpse of sunshine on it to show how beautiful it is. Before selecting the style in which to wear your hair, it becomes necessary to think of the shape of your face, the color of your hair, and, sad as it may seem, a little thought must be given to the number of summers that have passed over your head.

THE POPULARITY OF THE BANG

TO women of all ages the bang is becoming; it softens and takes away the bare look so often noticed on the forehead, and it shades, in a most artistic fashion, the eyes; and, properly cut and cared for, it should



A PICTURESQUE COIFFURE (Illus. No. 4)

bring out every feature of the face to the best advantage. We are a bit inclined to think that the bang is a modern discovery, but the Greek women wore it, and the Egyptologists now claim that Cleopatra had her wonderful golden tresses cut straight across her forehead. For an oval face, a somewhat short, rather fluffy bang is advised, and only an absolute round face can bear a straight, or pointed Russian bang. If your head is sufficiently well shaped, and your features nearly enough perfect for you to part your hair "Madonna-wise on either side your head," then do it by all means.

THE VALUE OF BRUSHING THE HAIR

I WISH American women would give more attention to the brushing of their hair,



THE LONG KNOT (Illus. No. 6)

for then it would be more beautiful; fifty strokes at night and fifty in the morning with a good brush—and a good brush is one that is not too stiff and has tolerably long bristles—will make the hair glossy, and make it grow and keep it young. Do you know what young hair is? If you do not, just look some day at the head of a woman who has been criminal enough to dye her hair either gold or red, and you will see that there is no gloss, the hair itself looks dry and tired, and that is what the artists of hair-dressing call old hair—hair which, to speak plainly, has not received the attention it should. The slender girl may as well know that in giving the fifty strokes to

A PRETTY COIFFURE

THE woman whose face is a little more round, and who wishes to achieve an oval outline by the dressing of her hair, will do well to adopt the mode pictured at illustration No. 2. The hair is drawn up from the back in a French coil, braided at the top, and then bound around making a line longer than round. The mass of hair in front is drawn off the forehead, a small fringe just breaking what might be a harsh line. Glossy brown, or shining black hair, looks very well when arranged in this fashion, and, of course, the woman with dark-brown or black hair, must have it look like the proverbial satin; brushing will do this for her, but if she has neglected it and is anxious to get the gloss all at once, then she can do it by applying a little vaseline every night, brushing it into the hair, which really means brushing it out, for it brings the gloss to the surface, and in her brush she will find the greater part of the vaseline she has put on. A jeweled pin might be put through the braids, or small amber or tortoise-shell pins used to fasten them in position.

THE MADONNA FACE

VERY few women can afford to wear their hair with such perfect simplicity as is shown in this picture (Illustration No. 3). It is parted exactly in the centre, a few short locks just in front making the part more positive, although they really break it. The hair is then drawn down softly close to the tips of the ears to the back where it is braided and looped very low on the neck at the back. Above the braid, where the hair is smooth, a veritable sheen is given it, and one has a continual desire to put one's hand there to see if it is as absolutely satiny as it looks. The woman who can wear her hair this way should never attempt any other style, for it is one that has been approved of by famous painters, it has a special dignity of its own, and the arrangement is so absolutely simple that, if it had nothing else, that would commend it.

AN EVENING COIFFURE

THE impression given by this coiffure (Illustration No. 4) is that the hair has been cut short, and a man who happened to look at it would probably say how foolish a woman was who would sacrifice her hair in her desire to show the good shape of her head; and, in saying this, he

AT illustration No. 7 is shown the veritable Greek coiffure. It is only becoming to women with oval faces, and should not be attempted by the witching maid whose face is round and dimpled. The bang is short and fluffy, soft rather than frizzy. The hair at the sides and back is slightly waved either on an iron or by pins, and is then drawn up to the



THE LOOSE KNOT (Illus. No. 5)

top as pictured, and fastened with lace pins. The band about the hair is of gold set with turquoises. It is necessary, not only that the face should be oval with this arrangement of the hair, but the head must be well-shaped, so she must know her points who would dare it.

HOW TO CARE FOR THE HAIR

I WOULD advise curling the bang by rolling it on a lead-pencil, putting papers over it and then using a pinching iron, for this will not—unless one is absolutely careless—



FOR A ROUND FACE (Illus. No. 2)

injure the hair in any way. Ordinary curling-tongs are safe if one does not allow them to get too hot, but it is very difficult to decide just when they are and are not at the proper temperature. If you want to keep your hair in good condition, you should remember to brush, brush, brush and brush again; it is the only way to have it glossy, free from dandruff and absolutely healthy.

For washing the hair, a small piece of kitchen soap put in very hot water until a thick white sud is achieved, is best for it. Use this first water to cut out the dust, and after that, wash the soapy water out of it thoroughly with clear water that should be very hot, holding your head over a basin and letting it be poured from a small pitcher. Dry the hair first with towels, and then do not braid it while it is damp, but have it either fanned until it is dry; or, if possible, stay in your room and let it hang loose until it is free from all moisture. Do not be induced under any circumstances to use a fine-comb upon it; it is death and destruction to the hair and not good for the scalp. If there are obstinate spots of dandruff, rub in a little vaseline and brush that place well the next morning.

Women write to ask what to use to increase the growth of their hair. The hair is very obedient to the treatment it receives, and if that is good and regular, and if one is in good health, it does not require a tonic at all. However, if one is needed, the most disagreeable is the best, and that is made of two parts of brandy to one of castor-oil. Rub this into the scalp with your fingers, but do not permit it to get on the hair and make it sticky.

A woman ought to take good care of her hair, for it is her crown of womanhood and she certainly cannot afford to let anything which stamps her as a queen go from her. Every woman who has been famous as a great beauty has been famous for having marvelous hair, and to-day there is shown one of the greatest curiosities imaginable—a strand of the hair of Catherine Borgia—remarkable not only for its golden color, but for its wonderful length. There is no reason why your hair and that of your sister should not be as beautiful in its way. All that is necessary is for you to give it just what I have advised: the very best treatment in the world.



THE SIMPLEST MODE (Illus. No. 3)

WITH LISZT FOR MY MASTER

By Etelka Willbeim Illofsky



WEIMAR is the German Athens. It is one of the prettiest cities in the Empire. It nestles lovingly on the banks of the Ilm, and is only an hour's journey from Leipzig. It was the home of many famous men and women. It abounds with memories of the most brilliant period of German literature. There Schiller lived, and Goethe gave to the world his matchless songs. And there Liszt lived, for a considerable period, and is now sleeping his dreamless sleep. It was in Weimar that the world's greatest pianist was affectionately regarded as an uncrowned king. It was there he did some of his best work, and there he wished to be buried. His grave is in a beautiful spot where in the summer days the birds sing sweetly, and the flowers send forth a rich delicious odor. It is just such a spot as the master would have chosen for his interment, and there crowds of people daily pay their tributes of love and respect to his memory. As I write I turn back the pages of my life. I am a girl again. I am in the master's presence. I am at the piano. He is by my side, a pale-faced, eager-eyed ascetic. He watches my fingers as they move rapidly over the ivory keys. He sits in silence until the last note has died away. He rises to his feet, fills my mouth with pop-corn, kisses me on the cheek, and strokes my hair. I have pleased him. His face lights with a smile.

"Bravo!" he says, "you have done well!" For four years I studied under this great master of the piano-forte, and aside from the incalculable advantages that such a course of instruction was to me, I retain many delightful memories of my generous and kind-hearted master.

It was Liszt's custom for many years to spend four months at Buda-Pesth each year, and the remainder of the time in Weimar. He usually came in October and remained until March. His success and fame had been attained at Weimar, but such was his love for his native country and his interest in its musical advancement that he was induced to accept the presidency of the Musical Academy at Buda-Pesth, to the more advanced pupils of which he gave instruction. Weimar and Buda-Pesth were the only places he ever taught. At the latter place he had eight pupils and about twice as many at Weimar. When he traveled, and during his winter residence at the Hungarian capital, he was usually accompanied by several of his pupils, who thus had the value of his instruction all the year round. The annual visit to Buda-Pesth was always made the occasion of rejoicing, although he seldom appeared at public entertainments, except as an auditor. He went very little into society.

After completing my studies at the Musical Academy of Buda-Pesth, under Director Erkel, I was taken as a privileged pupil of Liszt. Besides myself there were three others who received, in addition to the usual class lesson of two hours, three times a week, private lessons at his own residence in the Andrassy street. This was considered the greatest favor the master was capable of bestowing on any one. At these private lessons Liszt would himself play or he would invite the pupils who stood around the room to play something. It was considered a very great honor to be asked by the master to play for him. He would pay the closest attention to the work of his pupils, and if he was pleased with their playing he would fill their mouths with pop-corn, of which he was very fond himself. This was his usual method of rewarding his pupils, male and female alike.

Liszt never gave lessons to his pupils for a monetary consideration. His class at Buda-Pesth consisted of pupils recommended by the Musical Academy, or rather such of them as gave evidence of high musical ability. His usual course in selecting his pupils was to sit them down at his piano and ask them to play something, anything they wished. If their playing was satisfactory to the master they were then allowed to attend the regular lessons from two to four o'clock every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. As may readily be imagined this system was capable of being abused by unscrupulous people of little real talent, who were ambitious to become pupils of the great master, and so it not infrequently was. Many persons would assiduously practice a single piece of music until a high degree of proficiency was attained in it. They would then apply to Liszt to become one of his pupils, and by playing their own piece sometimes deceived him as to their musical ability. The Abbe had an original way of dealing with such interlopers, for, of course, the deception could not be kept up for any great length of time. He would not accuse them of deceit, but on the contrary, he would totally ignore them. I have known a pupil who became admitted to his class in this way to attend the regular lessons for a year without ever having been invited to play by the master, or ever having received a word of encouragement from him except what was bestowed on the other and more privileged pupils. This was perhaps the most severe mode of punishment he could possibly have adopted, and there were very few people who would not take the hint very quickly that their presence at the lessons was not desirable. At the same time the Abbe would never dismiss a pupil from the class after having given him or her the privilege of attending.

As to Liszt's plan of teaching, it consisted of a thousand little things, each important in

its way. He believed that the teacher should be master of his or her art, and attached infinitely more importance to practical demonstration as to how a piece should be played than to any other instruction. For those pupils in whom he took a deep interest he could not do too much. He would take them with him to concerts, for which he would himself procure the tickets, and criticize the work of the performers for their benefit. The presence of Liszt and his pupils at a musical entertainment always gave an added interest to the performance.

When one of his pupils played a piece very well, he would advise him or her to take up the regular concert programme, thus giving an increased zest to the work of his students. He believed in hard and constant practice. He often told us that no good result could come unless we labored long and intelligently. He wanted his pupils to thoroughly understand every note of music, and he never tired of trying to make us understand that brilliancy of execution and delicacy of touch were inseparably connected. Again and again he would illustrate his meaning, and then bend lovingly over us while we followed his example in playing. He practiced constantly himself. He never wearied of his work, and he insisted that his students should follow his example.

Others have often attempted to describe Liszt's so-called method of instruction, while the fact is he had no method. Only the most advanced pupils of piano-playing were taken under his care, and it was more with the idea of gathering inspiration from his playing and practice than this course was pursued. He did not teach the scales. One must have had not only a good education in piano playing, but, in addition, possess considerable talent in that line to gain admittance to Liszt's music-room. I can best describe what I mean by saying that his pupils were somewhat in the position of a student of philosophy sitting at the feet of a wise man. The student must needs know a good deal about philosophy to have gained the wise man's confidence to the extent that he was allowed his friendship. It was so with Liszt. His pupils had to pass a very severe examination before they became of the privileged few who sat at the Abbe's feet. There were a thousand little things about his plan of instruction that I could not describe. The fundamental rule, however, was persistent practice. I have seen him stand lovingly by the side of a pupil illustrating his meaning by brief object-lessons, giving words of advice in difficult passages, telling where there was lack of expression, or where there was too much force. He seemed to take deep interest in it, and his most promising pupils were treated like delightful younger children. As I recall it now, the object of each one of that little circle was, if possible, to follow the master absolutely in all that he did. We hoped to catch inspiration from him.

Although his is one of the gentlest memories the world has ever known, he could be severe at times. He disliked to be imposed upon. I do not believe, however, that it was so much on account of himself being hoodwinked as it was on account of his art, in which he was completely absorbed and in connection with which he utterly despised everything that partook of deceit in the remotest degree. As an illustration of this I will relate a circumstance showing to what extent he could vent his wrath upon those persons whom he caught trying to impose upon him.

There is in Hungary a place called Kassan, which is celebrated for the excellent quality of its hams. On one occasion a young man from that justly-famous town applied to Liszt with a view of taking lessons from him. As was usual with him at such times, he invited the young man to take a seat at the piano and play something. When he had finished the piece he waited for several moments to allow the Abbe an opportunity of pronouncing judgment on his playing. At last the master, noticing that the young man was waiting for him to speak, asked him where he was born and where he lived.

"In Kassan," replied the youth, with pardonable pride.

"Well," returned Liszt, "I can only say that I prefer the Kassan hams to the Kassan piano players." Liszt could also be very sarcastic when he chose. It touched his vanity, of which he had a little, if his auditors did not pay very respectful attention to his playing. It sometimes happened that at the private lessons, to which I have referred, the students would break up into little knots and indulge in light conversation, while the master would be so completely absorbed in his playing that he would seem oblivious to what was going on. On one of these occasions he had just finished a beautiful and extremely difficult selection lately composed by him, and on turning round to see what the effect was on his pupils, he found them, not carried away by the brilliancy of his playing or the beauty of the piece, but, on the contrary, talking and apparently paying not the slightest attention to him. He looked at the scene in amazement for a moment, and then cried out, half in anger and wholly sarcastically:

"Well, will no one listen to me any more?" That was all he said, but his words had a magical effect on his shame-faced pupils.

Liszt had an almost inexhaustible fund of good humor, and was always on the best of terms with his pupils. He never took a scrupulously exact in requiring punctual attendance on the part of his pupils. A little incident in this connection occurred on a New Year's Day, although it will also illustrate the

fact that even the greatest geniuses have their foibles. He was conducting his class the same as on any other day, when his servant, Miska, entered the room and said that there was a chimney-sweep at the door, who had called to collect his *pour boir* for cleaning the chimney. Liszt told the servant to send the man away as he was busy giving lessons. The servant retired, but soon came back bringing word that the man would not go away until he received his money. Liszt smiled sadly, and putting his hand in his vest pocket, where he always carried his money, drew forth a silver guilder, and handing it to the servant bade her give it to the sweep. Turning to his pupils who were greatly interested in the scene, he said:

"Now, you see that? In every other country I am given incense for nothing, while here I am obliged to pay for chimney smoke."

When he was in very high spirits and good humor he was in the habit of kissing all the pretty pupils in his class. I remember on one occasion a very lovely young girl came to the lesson wearing a hat that had a rather extraordinarily wide brim. Liszt noticed the hat at once, and going up to her kissed her gaily, but with some little difficulty, owing to the projecting brim of the hat. Then he said, half seriously:

"My dear, you will have to get another hat; one with rather a less brim to it."

Liszt never bought anything. Every piece of furniture in the three rooms he occupied during his stay in Buda-Pesth was a present from a different person. He lived very plainly, and his house consisted of a salon, dining-room and sleeping-apartment. Taborszky, the musical publishers of Buda-Pesth, supplied his meals and furnished him with pop-corn, of which latter he ate continuously, and consumed a prodigious quantity. He had presents from queens and emperors, but a gift that he prized most highly was a little bronze lamp, sent to him from the Vatican at Rome.

Liszt never gave a public concert in Buda-Pesth to my knowledge. For some reason, probably because he was bound by a vow, he played at the charitable entertainment of the English Sisters at Buda-Pesth every year on his return from Weimar. At these entertainments only a few of the most distinguished members of the aristocracy and officers of the government and religious dignitaries would be present. The entertainments were in all respects unique. Liszt would play pieces of his own composition, which he seemed to prefer above all others, not only at these entertainments but on any occasion when he would take his seat at the piano.

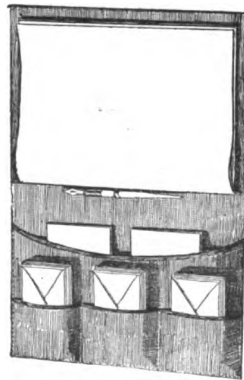
The last time I saw Liszt was in 1886, just before he went away from Buda-Pesth, never to return. It was at a banquet given by him to his favorite pupils at the Hotel Hungaria on the eve of his departure for Weimar, where he died soon after. There was a Hungarian gypsy band present, the music of which Liszt was very fond. When the band had ceased playing, Liszt at the earnest entreaty of those present, also played. As was usual on these occasions, Liszt, before leaving, kissed his pupils on the face, who in return kissed his hand. The leader of the gypsy band approached the master and received the same salutation as the pupils, but instead of kissing him on the hand in return, as he had seen the pupils doing, he kissed him full in the face. Liszt was deeply moved by the man's mark of affection, and as he left the dining-hall, tears suffused his eyes.

I never saw him again.

A USEFUL WRITING CONTRIVANCE

TO make a most useful writing contrivance, fasten together two pieces of stiff skirt-facing, each fourteen and a half inches long and eleven inches wide, by sewing them both to one strip of inch-wide muslin, so that the two leaves will be joined at the side edges by over half-an-inch space of muslin, like the binding of a book.

Cover the outside of the case with brown enamel cloth, by taking long stitches from side to side, as in covering school books; then baste the silk over the inside of the case and turn in all the edges and corners neatly. Sew in the ends of a slender piece of brown silk cord at the two opposite sides of the centre,



making the cord lie in a flat loop across the middle of the inside of the case. Use the sewing machine to stitch the silk and the enamel cloth together along the four edges.

Make a large pocket, with three small ones on the outside, as a receptacle for paper and envelopes; let the pocket be of stiff dress-facing, covered with brown silk; blind-stitch the pocket securely on one side of the case, and sew on a loop of brown ribbon for a pen-holder.

Cut several sheets of good blotting-paper, a little smaller than the case, and slide them between the silk cord and the case; then fold the leaves over the cord through the centre, and the cord will hold them in place.

TO GIRLS ABOUT TO MARRY

By FELICIA HOLT



ALLOW me just a word or two in the ears of many of the bright JOURNAL girls who are about to marry.

Do not marry, my dear, until you and Jack have a small bank account. I take it you have had to work for your own living, therefore you are the more independent, and, to use a Hibernianism, "What is yours, is your own."

The land teems with saving-funds; I hope you have a book in one of them, with a good balance in your favor. If necessary, draw out some of this for your house furnishing, but not all; leave a reserve for the rainy-day which may come in the shape of ill-health or we know not what form. Let your furnishing be simple, but tasty; do not devote the greater part to a swell carpet for your parlor, or a walnut suite for your bedroom. Paint your rooms round the edges for about two feet, and have tasty ingrain carpet rugs, and remember there is much light-wood furniture which is inexpensive and really charming.

This suggestion, if followed, will give you excellent effects, less work, and more health in your family. Buy yourself good and durable clothes, and a sufficiency to last for some time. In place of an imitation seal sacque, and a hat surmounted by a cockatoo as big as a young turkey, select a fine cloth coat and, at least, two woolen gowns and plenty of durable underwear.

A young girl of my acquaintance, in very moderate circumstances, was extremely particular to have a black silk dress in her wedding outfit, which was much coveted by her less pretentious friends, but I doubt if she would have been considered such an object of envy had they seen her as I did, six weeks after the wedding, when she entertained me in a much worn "Mother Hubbard" wrapper, and with slip-shod feet, which disclosed all too plainly the holes in her stockings; her face wore a lugubrious air of discontent; she had not found marriage the holiday it promised to be. As I looked at her front door, already covered with finger-marks, I sighed to think what a little industry, combined with soap and water, would effect, and what a miserable future awaited her companion in misery, who, out of the great lottery had drawn such a blank. I will give but one more illustration out of, possibly, a hundred. I knew a young woman who moved out of a tasty little home, because, as she told me, she "would rather have a handsome bedroom suite, and a real brussels carpet, than a whole house to herself." I may add that she lived to miss her husband, as well as her house, for he, having no longer a home of his own, began to look around him and meeting plenty of idle people like himself, he soon found more congenial company than his lazy wife. Remember how much you have in your own power; unless you have married an exceptionally bad man, you can make or mar him. Do not be persuaded to marry unless you can see your way clear before you; then, having joined hands, throw all your heart, courage and determination into your work.

It is for life; make then, I beseech you, an earnest effort to secure your happiness and his. Give him a loving welcome, an attractive home and a well-cooked meal, and, above all, let him find you fair to look upon. Let your eyes be as two jewels for depth and brilliancy, and your soft hair shade a brow whereon sweet content shall rest.

"Continual dropping wears away the stone."

The continual breaking of lamp-chimneys costs a good deal in the course of a year.

You can stop it. Get Macbeth's "pearl top" or "pearl glass." You will have no more trouble with breaking from heat. You will have clear glass instead of misty; fine instead of rough; right shape instead of wrong; and uniform, one the same as another.

You will pay a nickel a chimney more; and your dealer will gain in good-will what he loses in trade; he will widen his trade by better service.

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COMMON SENSE IN HOUSE CLEANING

BY HELEN JAY

THE greatest amount of worry and ill-health can be avoided if the housewife exercises common-sense and system in her spring cleaning. There is a homely old saying which gives this advice: "Let your head save your feet." An ounce of planning saves pounds of anxiety. Before anything is attempted, provide the sinews of war, so that the campaign need not be interrupted by lack of means to prosecute it. Supply yourself with soap, sapollo, household ammonia, borax, lime, coppersas, tar-paper, brushes; cleaning, drying and polishing cloths.

Early in the season engage a man to shake your carpets and clean the garden or diminutive city yard; even germs and all manner of bacilli lurk in a very tiny pile of rubbish exposed to the spring sun-light. Have every inch of your out-door domain carefully cleaned before you begin in the house. No muddy foot-prints and droppings from wheelbarrow or basket will then mar the result of your in-door purification.

The cellar is almost invariably the best point at which to place the lever of renovation. It should be as immaculate as the drawing-room, for in it are the lungs of the house; bad air—caused by decaying scraps of vegetable matter rising as all air does—poisons alike "the queen in the parlor and the maid hanging out the clothes." Therefore after the walls, ceiling, and floor have been swept, scrub them with soap and water in which a pound of coppersas has been dissolved. When dry whitewash the ceilings and walls, adding to the lime another pound of dissolved coppersas. It is a good plan to have a bucket of chloride of lime constantly in the cellar; mice run away from it and it is a wonderful atmospheric purifier.

From the cellar go to the garret or store-room. On some unpleasant day, long before the calendar says it is time to begin housecleaning, look over the magazines, papers, disabled furniture, discarded garments, and household ornaments which even twelve months accumulate so wonderfully. Be brave, and do not save an indiscriminate mass of articles against the possible needs of the seventh year of which we hear so much. Give away the best of the old garments and sell the remainder to the junk man. The magazines and papers which you do not intend to have bound or to utilize in your scrap-book, will be eagerly read in some hospital or other institution. Even the furniture and ornaments will greatly brighten the dreary surroundings of some poor family. A large share of the health and comfort of the home depends upon an orderly store-room where one can turn about without danger to limb and temper, and where moth and dust do not generate. Have the courage of your convictions in dealing with the contents of trunks and boxes. Dispense with non-essentials and systematize the remainder, and your reward will be a delightful sense of space and a feeling of almost physical relief.

The closets should be next attended to, beginning at the top of the house and working downward to the kitchen cupboards. This work may be so interwoven with the regular household tasks by taking one at a time as to cause no discomfort to any member of the family. At this stage of the work it is a good plan to attend to repairs. Before the upholsterer has more than he can do, send him the mattresses which are to be remade, and the furniture which needs mending.

The bedrooms can now be cleaned. A day or so beforehand, arrange all the drawers, cleaning every "gettable" lurking place for dust. Wash all the washable bric-a-brac, and do what gilding, varnishing and polishing you deem necessary; you will not then be so exposed to draughts and over-fatigue as will fall to your lot if you leave everything to be done at once. The first thing in the morning send the bedding and mattress into the fresh air; then clean the bedstead thoroughly with ammonia; dust the furniture and place it in the nearest room, and shut the door, leaving the hall free from temper-trying and time-wasting obstructions. When the wood-work and floor are cleaned, it will be such a comfort to feel that the furnishings are ready to be put back in their old quarters.

By a little sum in division you can manage so that only part of your carpets need beating in the spring, and it will not be necessary, as in your grandmother's day, to live on bare boards for a week. After the sleeping-rooms are in order, clean the sitting-room, parlor, dining-room and, lastly, the kitchen. One factor in household comfort is too often overlooked, namely, the keeping of the range in good working order. Have it cleaned thoroughly by a man who understands the business and can be trusted to investigate the condition of the chimneys as well. The furnace, Baltimore heaters or stoves, should also receive attention. A good blacking will protect the latter from summer dampness, which quickly generates rust, and a furnace in perfect condition enables you to avoid much discomfort when the fall fires are started. Do not follow the ancient but dangerous practice of cleaning all the beds at once, then flying after all the carpets, then after all the furniture, and all the china, from the baby's dog to the best platter. Never disturb more than one room at a time. In brief, employ common sense.

TAKING UP AND CLEANING CARPETS

BY MARIA PARLOA

SYSTEM is more important than anything else in the cleaning of carpets. Ingrain carpets should be taken up every year, if in a room much used. If Brussels carpets be properly swept, it will often suffice to take them up once in three, four, or even five years. Attend to only one room at a time, to avoid getting the rest of the house dusty or disorderly. Have two strong sheets made of unbleached cotton. Brush all the furniture and remove it from the room; brush the pictures and cover them; take down all the draperies and shades. Now remove the tacks with a tack-lifter, putting them in a cup. Fold the carpet lengthwise, and roll it up and put it in one of the sheets, tie tie. Put the linings in the other sheet. Take both sheets into the yard or some field near by, and after spreading the linings, sweep them on both sides, pile them up, and cover with the sheet. Spread the carpet and beat with a rat-tan or long switch. Sweep it, and then turn it over and beat again. Let it lie on the grass, wrong side up, until the room is ready.

After sprinkling wet sand over the floor, sweep, and take up the dirt. Now sweep again; also brush all dirt from the doors, windows and base-boards. Pin a piece of Canton-flannel on a broom, and brush the ceiling and walls. Sweep the floor once more and wash with hot water, wiping very dry. Next wash the paint and windows. Lay the linings on the floor, putting a small tack here and there to keep them in place. Put the carpet on the floor, unrolling it in the direction in which it is to be laid. Begin to tack it at the end of the room which is the most irregular. If there be a fire-place or bay-window in the room, fit the carpet around these places first. Use large tacks to hold the carpet temporarily in place; they can be withdrawn when the work is finished. When the carpet is fitted to a place, use small tacks to keep it down. Tack one end of the carpet, stretching it well; then a side, then the other end, and finally the other side. Be careful to keep the lines straight and to have the carpet fit tightly; for if it be loose it will not only look badly, but will not wear well.

When the carpet is laid, pour a little naphtha on any soiled places and rub with a piece of flannel until the spots disappear. Always have a window open at such times, to allow the gas to escape. Put about six quarts of warm water in a pail and add four table-spoonfuls of household ammonia. Wring a woolen cloth out of this and wipe the carpet.

IN PACKING THE BREAKABLES

BY ANNIE R. RAMSEY

Packing the china, the first step should be to collect into one place all the breakables and bric-a-brac in the house. This gives you an opportunity to see the condition of each piece, and to sort and count your possessions, besides allowing you, to judge better just how much packing space you are likely to need. In this last matter, however, you must remember to leave a liberal margin.

Order from your grocer a number of empty barrels—those used for sugar are stronger and better than others—and get together a quantity of stuffing material. The best I know for ordinary purposes is "Excoisor," but there are many substitutes, good and cheap—such as wood-shavings, paper-clippings and the like, and sold at china stores or wherever breakables are handled. If you are not within reach of these city conveniences, the packing away may be done with old newspapers, cut up; under-clothing and stockings, rags, hay or straw. Barrels are better than boxes because being light in themselves and not very large you do not pack them so heavily that they may not be readily moved.

I believe in packing together, as far as possible, all the articles that naturally belong together. That is, all the china from the dining-room in one barrel, the kitchen ware in another and the glass in a third; then, when the new house is reached each barrel may be put into its own room, unpacked on a linen floor-cloth, the contents stood in place and the stuffing carried off with the linen, all with much less trouble than when the objects are scattered through the house.

In packing breakables there is one principle which will save the pieces. Every article must be so prepared that not an atom of its surface is left exposed to pressure without support. The moment the weight from without is greater than the resistance from within, you may expect to see the frail wares yield. To avoid this, stuff all hollow articles as full as possible, surround all handles, goblet-stems and parts in relief by padding so thick that the object becomes—as nearly as you can make it so—a solid ball.

Each piece should be separated from every other and from the sides of the barrel by layers of wadding.

Cups and glasses should not be slipped inside each other unless well covered with padding. Plates carry best in a pile with layers of stuffing between, and the whole pile made solid by muslin bands wound round it.

THE ART OF MOVING EASILY

BY CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK

BEFORE beginning to pack make a clear plan of operations. Decide what you mean to keep, and do not commit the blunder of carrying a quantity of rubbish with you into your new abode. Winnow your possessions mercilessly, rejecting all those that have no value except that of association. Find some poor person to whom your "cast-offs" would not be worthless, and bestow them freely, or else throw them away.

Do not start your packing too long before you intend to move. There is no sense in rendering the house a chaos of untidiness for a fortnight before you quit it. There are plenty of small out-of-sight tasks to be accomplished. Pack certain trunks with clothing that is not in use, with the multifarious boxes of odds-and-ends to be found in nearly every closet and bureau. Save yourself endless trouble in unpacking by affixing to the inside of the top of each trunk a general list of its contents.

When you begin to dismantle your house, attack bric-a-brac, pictures and draperies first. Beat and brush the latter, and wipe off books and ornaments, that you may take no old dust with you in your hegira. Provide plenty of clean, strong boxes, with good tops, ready for the reception of the contents of book-cases and cabinets, choosing small boxes, rather than large, as being easier to handle. Do all the packing in one room, if you can, taking up the rug, carpet or matting, and storing the boxes in there.

Next, have your carpets lifted and sent to the beaters. Draw the tacks from the mattings, brush and roll them, tying them securely that they may not slip. If the matting is at all stained or spotted, wipe it off with a cloth dipped in a strong solution of salt and water. You will probably have more time for this now than when you put the matting down in your new house. In these days of padded vans it is not necessary to box pictures, mirrors and furniture, though handsome upholstery should be covered with burlaps or stout, cotton cloth. Mattresses may be rolled and corded; pillows tied together and blankets packed in trunks or boxes. The drawers of bureaus, tables and desks may be filled with clothing and light articles, but such heavy goods as bed and table linen should be stowed away in trunks.

Unless you are an exceptionally expert packer, secure the services of a professional for packing your china and glass. You can usually find one at any good crockery store. Should this prove impossible, pack the china yourself. Never intrust the task to a servant, unless her proficiency in that line has been proved. Wrap each piece of porcelain or glass in paper and pack them in barrels, with plenty of hay, jute or fine straw. Be careful that no two pieces touch one another and put a thick layer of the packing material between the fragile ware and the sides of the barrel. Have barrels, also, for the transportation of your kitchen utensils. You will do well to see that all these are well scoured a week or so before the moving. With all the care you can exercise there is nearly always a collection of odds-and-ends that have to be stowed somewhere at the last moment. Provide for these by leaving empty a trunk, and a box or two.

Trust to no one the final inspection of the premises, but go yourself from room to room, from closet to closet, satisfying yourself that nothing has been overlooked. As a matter of common decency, engage some one to come after you leave and make the house at least broom-clean before the arrival of the next tenant.

When moving-day actually arrives you will have little voice in the disposal of your possessions. The practical movers will take charge of everything, and will sweep the furniture out of the house with wonderful rapidity. Have everything ready for them—mirrors unscrewed from bureaus and chiffoniers, beds in pieces, boxes nailed up, trunks locked and strapped. It is a needless waste of their time to keep the men waiting while you give the necessary finishing touches to the packing.

One trustworthy person should be left to superintend the loading of the vans, while another goes on to the new house. It is a boon when this is vacated long enough in advance to permit of its being cleaned, but this is not often the case. Let a good worker be there, ready to sweep and scrub, and brush off walls and ceilings before the furniture comes. Washing windows and paint may have to be postponed until later. Have each piece of furniture, as it is brought in, put into the room where it belongs, that there may be no agony of confusion to remedy afterwards. The carpets should be sent to the new house directly from the cleaners, but if all the moving is to be done in one day, do not try to lay them until after the furniture is in order. Put down hall and stair-carpet last. Get the house clean and the carpets down before you attempt ornamental touches, such as hanging pictures and curtains. Be content with bare walls and window-shades for awhile. Make haste slowly. Spare yourself all you can, and resolve not to wear yourself out in the endeavor to bring your home to perfection within a week.

MOVING YOUR DRESSES

BY ISABEL A. MALLON

MOVING gowns is almost as troublesome as moving entire suits of furniture, and yet to the woman who knows how to do it the right way, their very moving results in pleasure. How? Because when the new house is occupied, when the chairs and tables are all in their proper places, then, when she is ready to assume her gown, she knows that she can open the boxes in which they have been encased, select any one she wishes, and put it on at once because it is sweet, thoroughly clean and fresh.

In cleaning a gown—which should be done before the moving—the brush and broom must play a conspicuous part, and every particle of dust removed from the frock itself before the stitches required are put in it, or the spots that are there, removed. Very many stains are best submitted to a professional cleaner and, certainly, unless you know absolutely what has caused the spot, it will be found wiser not to dabble with benzine, milk, bread-crumbs, hot water, soap, brown paper, or any of the numerous stain-removers known to the careful woman. Very often soap and water will do more for the disappearance of a spot than anything else; that is, many of the wool stuffs can have a stain washed out of them; but the way to do this is to take a piece of your material, experiment on it, see if it will stand not only the soapsuds, but whether it fades in the drying or under the iron.

In packing the gowns be liberal with tissue paper, putting it between all trimmings, in the sleeves and between the bodices. How to pack them? Well, the best way is to go to a boxmaker with the measurements of your skirts, and, allowing about a quarter of a yard more than they are, have him make you four or five deep, strong boxes, covered with either black or green heavy paper. Four or five ordinary gowns can be put in each box, and with them can be any little adjuncts belonging to them. Two evening gowns, with all their belongings, have plenty of room in such boxes, and are not in the least degree crushed. For my own part, I cannot say enough in favor of these boxes, not only for moving the frocks, but for holding them after one has moved. Cover them well with paper before the lid is put on, tie them up securely with strong cord and let the boxes go into a room where they will not be disturbed until you are really at home and can take out your gowns with a certainty that not a loop or a hook is missing, that they do not require a brushing, and that they are absolutely as fresh as the daisy in the fields.

WHEN YOU ARE MOVED IN

BY RUTH ASHMORE

WHEN you are moved in, conclude that happiness and joy, pleasant words and hospitality are going to reign in your household.

That you are going to make it a real home, and not just a house where chairs and tables stand around.

That you are not going to permit a wrinkle to come on your brow because a chair is moved out of its place by one of your boys so he may get closer to father.

That you are not going to refuse to let one of your girls arrange her room to suit herself, because if you do, you will not only take away from her a great pleasure, but you will stop in her the first instinct of home-making.

That you are not going to let the house simply be a place to sleep and eat in, but a place to live—a place where the heart is cultivated and where people are made happy.

That you are not going to let disagreeable words be said, or positive discussions entered into at the table. You desire, properly enough, that every meal shall be a love-feast, and those feasts to be remembered when others are forgotten.

That you are not going, though you are a good housekeeper, to let a frown salute the boy who is five minutes late to breakfast, or a cross word be spoken to the one who has been unfortunate enough to break a tea-cup.

That you are not going to make home the last place they wish to come to, but rather, it is going to be the one spot where the boys and girls, grown up or not, will want to have their pleasures and bring their companions, and you have got to be the queen of the kingdom.

That you are not going to forget that those who do service in your kitchen are part of your own people, and that the grief that comes to Mary, or the joy that is hers, should possess an interest for you. Then, and then only, will you get good service.

That you are not going to forget you are working for the future, that you are building every day a house beautiful, one that, when your eyes are closed to this world forever, when your hands are folded and do no more service, will live in the hearts of those around you, and every one will talk of the home that was made for him or her, and will remember that it was mother who did it all, and that in that home was learned the sweet truths of life—a home filled with love and sunshine.

That is what you should do: that is what you should create when you are moved in.

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

An Illustrated Family Journal with the Largest Circulation of any Magazine in the World.

Published Monthly by

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, At 433-435 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa. With Press Rooms at 401-415 Appletree Street.

Edited by EDWARD W. BOK

In association with

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Advisory and Contributing Editors.

With editorial representatives at London and Paris.

Subscription Rates

One dollar per year, payable in advance. Single copies ten cents.

Advertising Rates

Three dollars per Agate line each insertion before (this) editorial page; two dollars and fifty cents per Agate line on succeeding pages. Reading Notices, five dollars per Nonpareil line.

BRANCH OFFICES:

- New York: Potter Building, 38 Park Row; Boston: Cor. Tremont St. and Temple Place; Chicago: 226 and 228 La Salle Street; San Francisco: Chronicle Building

Philadelphia, May, 1891

AT HOME WITH THE EDITOR

FEW evenings ago I was sitting in the easiest chair I could find in my home—for you can always rely upon a man searching out the most comfortable chair in a house, even if he has to go to the cellar to find it—reading the various articles published of late in our magazines on "Why Our Girls Do Not Marry," "Are Our Young Women Content With a Single Life?" "The Rapid Decrease of Marriage," and kindred topics. Having absorbed all I could from the minds of these authors, I turned, from instinct probably, to three miniature mountains of letters from JOURNAL readers, waiting for me to read. And then, for two hours, it seemed to me as if I read naught but letters from young women who wished to know something about the bridal trousseau, the etiquette of weddings, the duties of married life. Surely, I thought, this is an incongruity!

THEN I began to ponder over the problem: Here, on one side, are writers telling the world that our girls are not marrying, and that the percentage of marriage is becoming smaller every year. On the other hand, here are scores of our American girls refuting these very statements by their own letters. And, after awhile, the more I thought of it the stronger came the realization that here, at my own fireside, there had come to me the most convincing proofs that sometimes even authors could be wrong. It was hard to believe it at first, for to me the author has always seemed an infallible being. Like unto the editor he was always certain to be right!

NOW, the simple fact is, there is no more truth in the statement that marriage is on the decline, than that the size of the sun is daily becoming smaller. Love and marriage will go on until the end of time, and if one year there may seem to be a smaller number of marriages than during the preceding one, depend upon it, the following year will show an increase and counterbalance things. A great deal of this current talk about the decrease of marriage is pure moonshine. Marriage is always a popular topic to write about; it rarely loses its charm. One time it is the ponderous question "Is Marriage a Failure?"—always a ridiculous query, since no one can answer it—; at another, crops up the perennial interrogation: "What Is the Marriageable Age?" The facts in these matters which we can draw from actual life, and these will answer for you, most reliably, all questions which you may care to ask regarding marriage. They will tell you plainly and more happy unions exist to-day than at any time since the beginning of the world, and that there is steadily growing a broader comprehension of the marital state than ever existed before. I do not claim to possess any private information on this subject out of the reach of those authors who have recently written about it. My facts are accessible to all who choose more for an article, nowadays, in some quarters, which stirs discussion, than you can for one of a quieting nature.

A SCORE of letters have recently asked "What is the right age to wed?" "Am I too young to marry?" The right age to wed? Well, I will tell you, my young heart! Just that age when you feel in your own heart, when you know, from that instinct which is God's own gift to girlhood, that you have met just that man, in all this big world of men, who will love, protect and care for you, whose eyes can look clearly into your own and tell you that he can offer you a man's greatest gift to woman—a pure love and an honest hand. You will say: "Oh, that is pretty enough, but how old must a girl be?" How old? Well, just old enough to have good common-sense to fully realize what she is doing. Believe me, my girl, no man or woman living, can set for you an age when it is best for you to marry. Reams of paper have been used on this topic, pages upon pages have been printed, and what have they settled? You know just as much when you have reached the end of an article on "the age to wed," as you did when you began it. I know whereof I speak, for I have myself fathered some of the discussions printed on this very subject. Some five years ago I published what turned out to be quite an exhaustive discussion of this topic. I secured the views of more than fifty of the wisest men and women of the land. And when I was editing the material for publication, I thought, as I read opinion after opinion: How unsatisfactory! How much these people know of other things; how little of this!

MARRYING at too tender an age is as great a mistake as it is to wait too long. The fact cannot be disputed that for the large majority of the human race, marriage is not only wise, but is an imperative duty which a good woman owes to some good man. The greatest joy in this world is to be found in a happy marriage. But the keenest pain also lurks just the other side of the altar. And it is too often found by those whose eyes were too young, too inexperienced to detect its presence. To tell a girl, as some are so fond of doing, that marriage is a lottery in which more blanks are drawn than prizes, is a mistake, and works only injury. On the other hand, to picture it as a garden in whose soil all the most beautiful flowers grow, and weeds never thrive, is likewise an error. Between the two statements lies the truth. The heart should be full, but should never reign the mind. Like fire, the heart is an obedient servant, but, oh! what an unwise master! Sentiment is a beautiful thing; without it the world would be barren, but common sense is a powerful adjunct. Temper the two and you have a happy medium. It requires a good mind to understand the pulsations of the heart; it takes a few years, my dear JOURNAL girls, to form a good mind. Therefore, you see why it is unwise to marry too young. Every end has a beginning. Approach marriage through the door of the mind and you will reach the altar more safely than if you began at the end. Do not let marriage be entirely of the mind; such a course rarely brings happiness. Make your mind the companion of your heart.

TOO many of our young girls are filled with the dread most forcibly, if homely, expressed, in the phrase of "being laid on the shelf." One change, I am inclined to think, has come into this question of marriage. Ten years ago, when a girl passed her twentieth year, the world began to look at her curiously and wondered when she was going to marry. To-day, the majority of brides are beyond that age, and the dreaded "shelf" is scarcely ever associated with a girl of twenty-three or twenty-five. "Girl-wives" are happily becoming more and more of a rarity. The girl who graduates, or leaves school, at nineteen or twenty, looks forward to a few years between the desk and the altar. And in the great majority of cases a girl's knowledge of human nature and of the world, is formed during those years. The school-room, where many little faults are overlooked, and the great outer existence where criticism is more plentiful than credit, are two different worlds, and it is fortunate that so many of our girls ascertain the difference for themselves.

THE girl who hastens to an alliance because of the dread that she may be "shelved," is happily becoming the exception, rather than the rule. Our modern girl has a keener realization of facts. Marriage is not slavery, but it has not the freedom of girlhood. The step is only a slight one; but the difference which that step brings is vast—far greater than, I fear, some of the girls who have written to me realize. It is the most utter folly for a girl to say that she will have as much freedom as a wife than now she has as a maid! My dear girl, wherever these words may reach you, do not allow yourself to fall into this delusion. Many of you, I feel confident, will make true and loving wives. There is not a man in this whole land who would lift his pen or voice to tell you not to wed the man of your heart. Each, if they could, would gladly twine an orange blossom in your bridal wreath. But there is one who would say, with as much warmth of friendship as that which you have extended to him: Do not think, for a moment, that you can be a girl and a wife at the same time. You can be as happy, as light-hearted, as joyous as ever; you can make your husband's heart and home as bright as your own sunny soul with the ring of your merry laugh. But, with all that, there will come little cares that you do not now see. Walking as you do, in the sweet and dreamy temple of courtship, you may see nothing before you but a pathway radiant with sunbeams of love. But, just beyond that is another world just as fair, but a trifle more practical and every-day. You could not always live on dishes of nightingale more practical dish just as palatable, and, perhaps, more wholesome, but be sure that your digestion is ready for it.

NO matter how we might wish it to be otherwise, lovers do not always remain lovers after they become husbands, no more than do sweethearts remain sweethearts when they become wives. If there was a little more of the lover in some of our modern husbands, it might be better for the happiness of thousands of our women. There is, in many cases, too much affection before marriage, and too little afterwards. Too many of our men have the idea that the affectionate role should cease with the marriage ceremony, forgetting that a woman needs a stronger love when she is alone with a man, away from her own kindred, than when she is at home and amongst them. Be this as it may, the fact exists, and our girls should know it. The husband often wears better than the lover in the long run, but a girl does not always appreciate that fact at the beginning of her married life.

MY purpose in these words is not to paint the sky of married life an indigo-blue to girls who during these next two months will form their life alliances. I believe in marriage, believe that it is for the good of ninety-nine of every hundred men and women to marry; and for the remaining one who chooses, from a good motive, to remain single, I likewise lift my hat in deference. But we see all around us too much of this entering the married state with the idea of cloudless skies and sunny days, with results always directly opposite to the expected. Moderate as may be the influence which this plea for more common-sense in marital matters can exert, I shall have the self-satisfaction, at least, of feeling that perhaps I may slightly open the vista of one or two to the realization that something else exists beyond the portals of honeymooned courtship; that there is another sphere in a woman's life in which there is more prose than poetry.

THE careless training which hundreds of our American girls are receiving at the hands of their mothers to-day, is positively astounding. I am neither an alarmist or pessimist: it is my joy and pleasure to see the bright side of life, to walk in sunshine and avoid the shadows; but to some things we cannot close our eyes, try as we may. And much of the modern training of girls for the duties of wife and mother, is one of them. Extravagances are permitted, whims are laughingly approved of, habits are allowed to be contracted, indulgences are smiled at, until when the daughter grows up she is surprised to find that what was tolerated by her mother is not received as pleasantly in the outer world. "It is very strange how different things are than what I thought, in this whirl of life," said a bright young wife to me one evening only a week ago, at a social affair. "Why, in our home, we girls were petted and waited upon, and mamma never led us to suppose from her casual remarks to us, that things in the outside world would not be as they were at home. Why, do you know, I knew positively nothing of marriage until I was a wife, and now I find I am just beginning to learn those things which it would have saved me a great many little heart-burns had I understood them before?"

I BLAME very largely the mothers for many of the unwise marriages made by our girls. Strange as this may sound, it is nevertheless true. It is a cruel fact that there is by far too little confidence existing between the mothers and daughters of our land. If that holy confidence existed between every American mother and daughter which should exist, and which every girl has a proper right to expect from her mother, it would be unnecessary for me, or for any other public writer, to say what I have said in the preceding paragraphs. You say this is a self-appointed duty? My dear woman, you, into whose mind such a thought may occur, I wish you could come to my home, sit with me as I open, day after day, the letters which come from young girls, and see if that self-appointed duty is justifiable or not. Not a day passes but letters come to the JOURNAL editors—yes, I am not exaggerating when I say that each day sees nearly a score—asking their advice upon some point which the mothers of those girls should answer for them. These girls fly to strangers for the advice which they should find in their own homes. The common complaint is: "My mother will not listen to me when I talk to her about these things." How many girls have written that to me! Or, again, "My mother says: 'Wait until you grow older and you will understand these things better.'"

LET me tell you, my dear mothers, this is radically wrong. There is something the matter in your home, something wrong with you when your daughter goes to an editor—an entire stranger to her—for advice. I hear some mother say, "But she doesn't ask me!" The trouble is, my dear woman, you don't encourage her to do so. If you were all what God intended you to be, a womanly woman, filled with the love and welfare of your kindred, your daughter would come to you with these questions as she came to you for sustenance when, as an infant, she lay close to your breast. If you put your daughter off when she comes to you with her worries, her troubles and her questions, if you are indifferent to her girlish perplexities and wonders, depend upon it she will go to some one else for the light which you deny her. I tell you, it makes my heart ache sometimes for the girls who write to me, or my associates, asking questions which should be carried to a mother and answered by her alone. Motherly indifference is one of the greatest evils of our day, and here in our office, at the homes of all our editors, at my own fireside, we see it so directly, so constantly, so cruelly that it has driven the pen to these written words. A mother who is neglectful of the interests of her daughter knows not the injury which she is working upon herself, her children and upon future generations.

I AM an ardent believer in woman's progress, in her advancement toward the highest position in life to which she is capable of attaining, and I yield to no one in my admiration for woman's onward march. But, sometimes, when I read these letters from girls which constantly flow in upon me, I begin to wonder if woman is not progressing in the wrong direction, if she is not drifting away from that home anchorage for which God intended her. There is no mission so great or urgent which justifies a woman from leaving a home in which is her husband and her children. I say this firmly and stoutly. Her place in public can be filled by some one else; her place in the home no one can fill. I often see women attending public meetings, addressing various gatherings in places away from their city of residence, with husbands and growing sons and daughters left at home to shift for themselves. I have heard these women try to excuse themselves by saying: "My husband is at home, and looks after things when I am away," forgetful of the great and all-important fact that a home without a mother is like a garden without flowers. A mother's place is in the home; and if she seeks a mission she will find one there a thousand times more important and God-freighted than any she can find outside.

THE great element of danger with woman's progress before the public, lies in this fact: that it takes women away from home who ought to be there and nowhere else. The public platform is no place for a mother who has either sons or daughters to educate. If woman's progress is going to tend in that direction, then the sooner that advancement stops the better. The first thought of a wife or a mother should be her home; all things, no matter how important, are secondary to that. No matter how rampant may become certain public evils, let her see to it that she keeps the evils out of her home, and she performs her greatest duty to her God, her family, and mankind. When a woman tries to remedy an evil by striding the lecture platform, warning others, when that very evil is invading her home by her absence, she is mistaking her mission in life, and she cannot realize it too soon. The good that a woman can do towards the great world-at-large is as nothing compared to her possibilities in her own home, if she be wife or mother.

THESE words must not be construed as casting discredit upon those women whose circumstances make it possible for them to labor in the great outer-world. Among them are my personal friends, and I bid them God-speed in their efforts. Women like Frances Willard, Clara Barton, Linda Gilbert, and a score of others I could name, are doing a work which none other of their sex could do as well. But these women have no distinct family ties, no children to train, and they must not be regarded as examples for women differently situated to follow. Take a mother away from the family circle, and you shatter a home. It makes no difference how good, how domestic the husband may be, how good a housekeeper, governess or children's tutor there is; in that home, there is no mother, and to the son, to the daughter and to the husband it ceases to be home. They may not say so—a great many people think far more than they say. But from the daughter in such a home there will come one day a missive to the editor of some periodical saying: "I have no one to turn to for advice, so I come to you." Such girls are daughters only in name!

A HOME is what a woman makes it: a daughter is, in nine cases out of every ten, the reflection of her mother. The training of the girl of fifteen is shown in the woman of fifty. A son may, by contact with the rough world, sometimes outlive his early home influences—a daughter rarely does. She may make a mistake. Indiscretion may be her necessary teacher; but her early domestic training will manifest itself sooner or later. A mother's word, a domestic proverb, told at eventide by the quiet fireside, has been recalled by many a woman years after it was uttered. "I thank God that my mother told me what other women have been taught by the world," said a gentlewoman to me not long ago. This, my friend, is the tribute which your daughter and mine should be able to pay to our memories long after we are gone. The world has a sharp way of teaching its truths to a girl. Is it not far better, then, that her mother should tell her with that sweet and sympathetic grace and gentleness which only a mother knows? Let the world build upon your foundation, but do you lay the ground-story. Any builder will tell you that the whole strength of a house depends upon its foundation. The flowers most beautiful to the eye and sweetest to the smell, grow in good soil. The world's noblest women have sprung from good homes.

IT is human nature never to apply a public statement to ourselves. We always think it is intended for some one else. So a great many mothers who read these words will say: "Oh, well! this does not apply to me." Perhaps not, my dear woman. I hope not. But make sure that your daughter has your confidence. Sit down and think whether you are to her all that is implied in motherhood. Do not force her, by indifference or neglect, to come to me or to any other man or woman on earth for advice which she should receive from you. Let your fireside be a seminary and a confessional. Enter into the thoughts of your children. Make them feel that their mother is their best friend, their safest counselor, their closest confidante, and years after you have gone from them let it be said of you that you were all to them what a mother could be: loving, sympathetic, frank, and the companion of their own choosing. Then will your memory ever be green, and

"Like sweet perfume, will rise At every morning sacrifice."



THIS evening as I sit at my desk to have my monthly talk with the JOURNAL readers, there comes to me a story which will, perhaps, best suit you for reading during the pleasant May evenings. I have told the story before, but so many years ago

It will be new to many of you. And then, I never told it to suit an immense audience as the one to which I now write. I often wonder, in this connection, if ever a minister had such an audience as that which the JOURNAL accords me the privilege to address each month.

TWO SIDES OF A FENCE

I WAS sitting in the country parsonage on a cold winter day, looking out of our back window toward the house of a neighbor. She was a model of kindness, and a most convenient neighbor to have. It was a rule between us that when either house was in want of anything it should borrow from the other. The rule worked well for the parsonage, but rather badly for the neighbor, because on our side of the fence we had just begun to keep house, and needed to borrow everything, while we had nothing to lend except a few sermons, which the neighbor never tried to borrow, from the fact that she had enough of them on Sundays. There is no danger that your neighbor will burn a hole in your new brass kettle if you have none to lend. It will excite no surprise to say that we had an interest in all that happened on the other side of the parsonage fence, and that any injury inflicted on so kind a woman would rouse our sympathy.

THE STORY OF AN ICE-CREAM FREEZER

ON the wintry morning of which I speak, our neighbor had been making ice-cream; but there being some defect in the machinery, the cream had not sufficiently congealed, and so she set the can of the freezer containing the luxury on her back steps, expecting the cold air would completely harden it. What was my dismay to see that my dog Carlo, on whose early education I was expending great care, had taken upon himself the office of ice-cream inspector, and was actually busy with the freezer! I hoisted the window and shouted at him, but his mind was so absorbed in his undertaking he did not stop to listen. Carlo was a greyhound, thin, gaunt and long-nosed, and he was already making his way on down toward the bottom of the can. His eyes and all his head had disappeared in the depths of the freezer. Indeed, he was so far submerged that when he heard me, with quick and infuriate pace coming up close behind him, he could not get his head out, and so started with the encumbrance on his head, in what direction he knew not. No dog was ever in a more embarrassing position—freezer to the right of him, freezer to the left of him, freezer on the top of him, freezer under him. So, thoroughly blinded, he rushed against the fence, then against the side of the house, then against a tree. He barked as though he thought he might explode the nuisance with loud sound, but the sound was confined in so strange a speaking-trumpet that he could not have known his own voice. His way seemed hedged up. Fright and anger and remorse and shame whirled him about without mercy.

LANDSEER'S LOST OPPORTUNITY

A FEELING of mirthfulness, which sometimes takes me on most inappropriate occasions, seized me, and I sat down on the ground, powerless at the moment when Carlo most needed help. If I only could have got near enough, I would have put my foot on the freezer, and, taking hold of the dog's tail, dislodged him instantly; but this I was not permitted to do. At this stage of the disaster my neighbor appeared with a look of consternation, her cap-strings flying in the cold wind. I tried to explain, but the aforesaid untimely hilarity hindered me. All I could do was to point at the flying freezer and the adjoining dog, and ask her to call off her freezer, and, with assumed indignation, demand what she meant by trying to kill my greyhound. The poor dog's every attempt at escape only wedged himself more thoroughly fast. But, after a while, in time to save the dog, though not to save the ice-cream, my neighbor and myself effected a rescue. Edwin Landseer, the great painter of dogs and their friends, missed his best chance by not being there when the parishioner took hold of the freezer and the pastor seized the dog's tail, and, pulling mightily in opposite directions, they each got possession of their own property. Carlo was cured of his love for luxuries, and the sight of a freezer on the back steps till the day of his death would send him howling away.

TO GET IN IS EASY, BUT TO GET OUT!

NOW, my dog found, as many people have found, that it is easier to get into trouble than to get out. Nothing could be more delicious than while he was eating his way in, but what must have been his feelings when he found it impossible to get out! While he was stealing the freezer the freezer stole him. There is a striking lesson here for dogs and men! "Come in!" says the gray spider to the house-fly; "I have entertained a great many flies. I have plenty of room, fine meals and a gay life. Walk on this suspension bridge. Give me your hand. Come in, my sweet lady fly! These walls are covered with silk, and the tapestry is Gobelin. I am a wonderful creature. I have eight eyes, and, of course, can see your best interest. Philosophers have written volumes about my antennae and cephalo-thorax." House-fly walks gently in. The web rocks like a cradle in the breeze. The house-fly feels honored to be the guest of such a big spider. We all have regard for big bugs. "But what is this?" cries the fly, pointing to a broken wing, "and this fragment of an insect's foot? There must have been a murder here! Let me go back!" Ha! ha!" says the spider, "the gate is locked, and the drawbridge is up. I only contracted to bring you in. I cannot afford to let you out. Take a drop of this poison and it will quiet your nerves. I throw this hook of a fang over your neck to keep you from falling off." Word went back to the house-fly's family, and a choir of great green-bottled insects sang this psalm at the funeral:

"An unfortunate fly a-visiting went,
And in a gossamer web found himself pent."

SMOOTHNESS OF A ROUGH ROAD

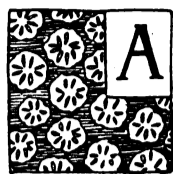
THE first five years of a dissipated life is comparatively easy, for it is all down hill; but when the man wakes up and finds his tongue wound with blasphemies, and his eyes swimming in rheum, and the antennae of vice feeling along his nerves, and the spiderish poison eating through his very life, and he resolves to return, he finds it hard traveling, for it is up hill, and the fortresses along the road open on him their batteries. We go into sin hop, skip and jump; we come out of it creeping on all-fours. I tell you, there is nothing so safe as for flies, dogs and men to keep out of mischief. It is smooth all the way there, and rough all the way back. It is ice-cream for Carlo clear down to the bottom of the can, but afterward it is blinded eyes and sore neck and great fright. It is only eighteen inches to go into the freezer; it is three miles out. For Robert Burns it is rich wine and clapping hands and carnival all the way going to Edinburgh; but going back it is worn-out body, and lost estate, and stinging conscience, and broken heart, and a drunkard's grave.

THE MODERN STRUGGLE FOR LUXURIES

BBETTER moderate our desires. Carlo had that morning as good a breakfast as any dog need to have. It was a law of the household that he should be well fed. Had he been satisfied with bread and meat, all would have been well. But he sauntered out for luxuries. He wanted ice-cream. He got it, but brought upon his head the perils and damages of which I have written. As long as we have reasonable wants we get on comfortably; but it is the struggle after luxuries that fills society with distress, and populates prisons, and sends hundreds of people stark mad. Dissatisfied with a plain house, and ordinary apparel, and respectable surroundings, they plunge their head into enterprises and speculations from which they have to sneak out in disgrace. Thousands of men have sacrificed honor and religion for luxuries, and died with the freezer about their ears. Poor Carlo is dead now. We all cried when we found that he would never frisk again at our coming, nor put his paw against us. But he lived long enough to preach the sermon about caution and contentment of which I have been the stenographer, and here it is.

*I will fill out this column, so that I may begin the next one fresh, by expressing a single thought which occurs to me just here: That there are hundreds of good men and women brave enough in other things in life, who, simply for the lack of manliness and womanliness, stay from God. They dare not say: "Forever and forever, Lord Jesus, I take Thee. Thou hast redeemed me by Thy blood; here is my immortal spirit. Listen, all my friends. Listen all the world. They are lurking around about the kingdom of God; they are lurking around about it, expecting to crawl in sometime when nobody is looking, forgetful of the tremendous words of Christ: "Whosoever doth not bear his cross, and come after me, cannot be my disciple."

STORIES FROM MY STUDY



AN officer of a church neighboring to mine, told me that he was in a store in New York—just happened in—where there were many clerks, and a gentleman came in and said to a young man standing behind the counter: "Are you the young man that arose in the Brooklyn Tabernacle the other night and asked for prayers?" Without any flush of cheek, he replied: "I am. I haven't always done right, and at times I have done things I knew to be bad; but since I arose for prayers, I think I am better than I was." It was only his way of announcing that he had started for the higher life. God will not cast out a man who is brave enough to take a step ahead like that.

A GENTLEMAN in England died leaving his fortune by will to two sons. The son that stayed at home destroyed the father's will and pretended that the brother who was absent was dead and buried. The absent brother after awhile returned and claimed his part of the property. Judges and jurors were to be bribed to say that the returned brother and son was no son at all, but only an impostor. The trial came on. Sir Matthew Hale, the pride of the English court-room, and for twenty years the pride of jurisprudence, heard that injustice was about to be practiced. He put off his official robe. He put on the garb of a miller. He went to the village where that trial was to take place. He entered the court-room. He somehow got impaneled as one of the jurors. The bribes came around, and the man gave ten pieces of gold to the other jurors, but as this was only a poor miller, the briber gave to him only five pieces of gold. A verdict was brought in rejecting the rights of this returned brother. He was to have no share in the inheritance. "Hold, my lord," said the miller. "Hold! We are not all agreed on this verdict. These other men have received ten pieces of gold in bribery, and I have received only five." "Who are you? Where did you come from?" said the judge on the bench. The response was: "I am from Westminster Hall. My name is Matthew Hale, Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench. Off that place, thou villain!" And so the injustice was balked.

It was all for another that Sir Matthew Hale took off his robe and put on the garb of a miller. And so Christ took off his robe of royalty and put on the attire of our humanity, and in that disguise He won our eternal portion.

GOVERNOR Alexander Stephens—dying a few years ago—persisted in having all business matters brought to his bedside. There was on the table a petition for the pardon of a distinguished criminal; the petition was signed by distinguished men. There was also on that table a letter from a poor woman in the penitentiary, written and signed by herself alone. "Dying," said the great governor. "You think that because I have been ill so many times and got well, that I shall get well now; but you are mistaken; I will not recover. Where is that letter by that woman in the penitentiary? "I think she has suffered enough. As near as I can tell she has no friends. Bring me that paper that I may sign her pardon." A gentleman standing by, thinking this too great a responsibility for the sick man, said: "Governor, you are very sick now, perhaps you had better wait till to-morrow; you may feel stronger, and you may feel better." Then the eye of the old governor flashed, and he said: "I know what I am about." Putting his signature to that pardon, he wrote the last word he ever wrote; for then the pen fell from his pale and rheumatic and dying hand forever. How beautiful that the closing hours of life should be spent in helping one who had no helper!

MR. APPLETON, of Boston (the daughter of Daniel Webster), was dying after a long illness. The great lawyer, after pleading an important case in the court room, on his way home stopped at the house of his daughter, and went into her sick room. She said to him: "Father, why are you out to-day in this cold weather without an overcoat?" The great lawyer went into the next room, and was in a flood of tears, saying, "Dying herself, yet thinking only of me!" Oh, how much more beautiful is care for others than this everlasting taking care of ourselves!

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SIDE TALKS WITH GIRLS

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

THERE came to me in a letter the other day the sentence: "Mother is so unsympathetic," and I wished that I could reach out to the girl who wrote it and tell her what a mistake she had made. And then I suddenly remembered that it was not one girl, but many who had written this, and that there seemed to be a general misunderstanding about it. Don't you think that some of the fault is with you? Don't you think, as the days of your life go by, you tell your mother less and less of what happens, until she, of all others, is ignorant of your desires, your companions, your hopes and your disappointments? What shall you do?

A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND
REMEMBER that the best friend, the best confidante, is your mother. Have no friend with whom she is not acquainted. Make her interested in what you are doing, and if the trials of her life are many, just remember that to gain sympathy you must give it. Make yourself your mother's companion and friend, then she will be yours. Do nothing that you conceal from her, and never believe for a minute that when you have really made her understand, she will not care for what interests you. Mother isn't so very much older than you after all—it hasn't been such a long time since she enjoyed just what you do, since life seemed as full of brightness as does yours, since she made as many inquiries and tried to think out as many problems as you do, and once you two can meet on this common ground, be sure that you will have nobody who will as thoroughly sympathize with you as does your mother.
Never, my dear girl, permit yourself to say or write this again; try first to find out if the fault is not with you, and take as much care to cultivate the friendship of your mother as you would that of a stranger, and be very sure that it is a thousand times much better worth the having. That it is a friendship upon which you may always rely, and that it will be that most marvelous of all friendships, one where the thought of you will be first and always.

SOMETHING ABOUT VISITING CARDS
PRETTY Miss Dorothy, who has come to town, and who has to pay a number of formal visits, is standing dazed at the array of cards before her, and wondering just what she shall do about her own. Some of those she sees are folded over, some are little, some are big, some are worded one way and some another. Now Miss Dorothy being the second daughter of the Capulet family, will have a medium-sized card of plain white on which is engraved in the simplest script "Miss Dorothy Capulet," and down in one corner is the name of the country place "The Cedars." If she lived in the city she would have the number of her house and the street put there, and if she had a special day it would be engraved on another corner. Folded cards are supposed to mean that they were left in person. But this is a fashion that is rapidly going out, and which, as it was not always understood, is not to be commended. When Dorothy calls she starts out at half-past three, and at a house where there is a mother and two daughters who are not at home, she leaves three cards; whereas, if it is their reception day, she drops one card in the receiver in the hall and goes into the parlor and speaks to the hostess. When she cannot call on the "at-home" day, she sends a card so that it will arrive during the progress of the reception, and this may go either by messenger or by post. After she has been entertained, and all her visits have been returned and she is going back to the delights of the country, she leaves for each friend a visiting card, in the lower left-hand corner of which is written "P. P. C.," which means, by-the-by, "Pour prendre congé," that is to say, good-bye. It is not necessary to go into any house to leave these cards, or, indeed, if her departure is rather earlier than she expected it to be, and she is hurried, they may be sent by post; but, if possible, they should be left in person.
Dorothy's elder sister has "Miss Capulet" on her visiting card, and their mother, though she is the wife of a judge, has "Mrs. James Montague Capulet" on hers to distinguish her from her sister-in-law, the doctor's wife, who is "Mrs. Robert Montague Capulet." Neither of them would commit such a piece of bad taste as to put either judge or doctor on their cards. If Dorothy had five sisters, instead of one, it would then be in good taste for an additional card to be provided on which could be engraved "The Misses Capulet," and this could be left with their mother's card, though only two of them might be calling. Never under any circumstances would Dorothy permit herself to use either a fancy tinted, or uniquely shaped card. That is an announcement of ignorance, and Miss Dorothy, though she may at first be a little puzzled about what she should do in regard to her visits, is wise enough about this, and so I hope all girls will be.

A BEAUTIFUL FACE
SOMEBODY said it was a beautiful face, and the second somebody who looked at it discovered it wasn't a young face, while the third somebody said that it was not a correct face, but still they all united in saying it was a beautiful face. I will tell you how it happened to be so. It was the face of a woman who, early in life, when she was a girl like you and Kate and Dorothy and Mary, discovered that her face would only be beautiful if she did not allow herself to speak the pettish word, or think the unkind thought; that petulance and sullenness drew down the corners of her mouth until they made lines there; that anger gave her a corrugated brow, and that a violent indignation made her draw her lips close together, made them lose their Cupid's arrow shape and become thin and pursed up.
She learned that ill-temper affected her complexion. Now, you laugh at that! But it is true, nevertheless. Every part of the human being is affected by the mental action, and anger is quite as likely to give you indigestion and dyspepsia as it is to give you headaches and make you feel nervous. Indigestion and dyspepsia mean dull eyes and a sallow skin; so, quite irrespective of its being a virtue to restrain your angry passion, you see it is a good beauty preserver. The woman who, as a girl, never learns exactly how undesirable it is to show outward visible signs of peevishness or irritability, will certainly have outward visible signs of them on her face, and when she is the age of this woman—this woman who is described as having a beautiful face—hers will be wrinkled and ugly. Ugly is a very disagreeable word. You know it doesn't mean lacking in fine features; it doesn't mean not having a skin like strawberries and cream, but it means being repulsive and disagreeable. And so, my dear girl, that's what you must not do. You must, when you are fifty, have a beautiful face—the result of a careful consideration of your temper and the outspoken words that proclaim it; a consideration of such weight that it never lets the ugly, angry words even formulate, let alone express themselves.

A FEW DON'TS FOR GIRLS
DON'T keep the fact that you are corresponding with some man, a secret from your mother.
Don't let any man kiss you or put his arm about you unless you are engaged to be married to him, and even then be a little stingy with your favors.
Don't let Tom, Dick or Harry call you by your first name, or greet you with some slang phrase.
Don't let any man believe that simply for the asking he can get "that pretty Smith girl" to go out driving with him, to accompany him to the concert, or to entertain him for an hour when he can't find anybody else.
Don't write foolish letters to anybody, men or women; you never know who may see them.
Don't think that you can go untidy all day and then look very fine at night, for fine feathers do not always make fine birds.
Don't believe that you can be careless in speech or manner without its absolutely having a bad moral effect upon you.
My dear girl, it's in your own hand as to what you will be. An intelligent, charming woman, or a foolish, ignorant one, and certainly if a few "don'ts" will save you from being the last, you ought not only to read and learn, but inwardly digest and practice.

HOW TO BE A HAPPY OLD MAID
THAT is what one girl wants to know, and this is the way:
To have so much to do that there is no time for morbid thoughts.
To never think for a moment that you are not attractive, and to make yourself look as charming as possible.
To be so considerate of the happiness of others that it will be reflected back to you as from a looking-glass.
To never permit yourself to grow old, for by cultivating all the graces of heart, brain and body, age will not come upon you.
To conclude to waken up cheerfully in the morning and to close your eyes thankfully at night.
To believe that a life-work has been mapped out for you, that it is near you, and to do that which your hands find for you.
To remember that the happy old maid is the one member of a family who, not having any other claims on her, can be God's own sunshine to those in sorrow or in joy.
To be willing to give a suggestion that will help somebody over the bad place in life's journey.
To be ready to talk about a book, a picture or a play, rather than to permit yourself to indulge in unkind words about anybody.
That's the way to be a happy old maid. But now I come to think about it, that's the way to be a happy woman in any station of life, no matter whether you are married or not; and a happy old maid is just a happy woman and a good one whom no man has been fortunate enough to obtain for his very own, as mistress alike of his house and heart.

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.]

I want to say this to each and every one among my girls who write to me. As far as possible all letters are answered in this column or by mail; but very often, especially when a number of letters come on the same subject, a special little talk is arranged for it, and there the answer will be found. I want to thank all my girls for the pleasant way in which they have spoken to me, and I want them to know that every month my heart goes out to them, and I think "God bless you wherever you are and whatever you may be doing."
RUTH ASHMORE.

A WESTERN GIRL—It is impossible for me to give advice about your marriage. That is a subject upon which you must consult with your father and mother, and you will be wisest if you act according to their judgment.

M. F.—A very high polish to the nails has never been considered good form. American women hope to attract more by the brilliancy of their brain than the brilliancy of their nails. A slight polish, that is a pretty rosy color, is, however, in good taste and very desirable.

NELL B.—A young lady should not introduce herself to a stranger. In entering a church aisle, a lady always precedes her escort. Personally, I think it is better to address a letter to "Mr. John Brown," rather than to "John Brown, Esq." The title of Esquire should be reserved for men of position and age. While a lady should be courteous to the clerk who waits upon her in a store, it is not necessary for her to be effusive in her thanks to him—he is simply doing the work that he is paid for. Jamaica rum and lemon-juice used on the face will tend to soften and whiten the skin.

W. W.—Black melton is the finest and best material for riding-habits; buttons that are almost invisible, being small and flat, are used away from the face. An announcement of commencement exercises usually means an invitation. I do not think it necessary for a young girl to send a man friend a present upon his graduation, nor even a note of congratulation. When you see him express your good wishes in words.

A. M. B.—If you have not cut your hair, and it is becoming to you drawn from your face, I would advise you to forego the bangs, as there are few girls who are fortunate enough to be able to do without the softening line, and when one is, she ought to be very proud of the shape of her face and the beauty of her hair.

MARY—Almond meal is perfectly harmless, and may be used on the face as well as the hands. Of course, it is always washed off. I know of no preparation that will make the hair stay in crimp in bad weather. A careful use of curling-tongs will not injure the hair.

DOROTHY—A gentleman walks on the outside of the pavement, but in offering his arm he presents his left. A lady does not rise when a gentleman is introduced to her unless he is very old, or a man of great importance. When you are asked to do without the softening line, you should not ask a man friend to call on you without first finding out whether it will be pleasant for your hostess, and, even then, it is decidedly better taste to let her give the invitation. If you do not care to say "Certainly" to some one, who offers to be your escort, say "Thank you, you are very kind." "Certainly" is always the answer to "I beg your pardon." As you have no sisters your visiting card should have "Miss Smith" engraved upon it.

DORO—A man caller is supposed to look after his own hat and coat. It is wiser to wait until a young man asks permission to call upon you rather than seem too anxious to have him come.

UGLY DUCKLING—At twenty, wrinkles should not come on the face. Just think if you do not encourage them by drawing your brows together and knitting your forehead when you are especially interested in something. Then when you discover that this is the reason for their existence, put your hand up and stop it by smoothing out and unknitting the ugly lines.

A. W. B. AND OTHERS—Almost all copying and addressing nowadays is done by the typewriter, because it is counted more legible and more exact. I very much doubt if copying by hand can be gotten, and I feel quite sure that it would not be sent out of town by large business houses.

MADLINE—As you are of bilious temperament I would suggest your taking sulphur and molasses during the spring months; that is, a heaping teaspoonful every other morning. Get the sulphur in the quantity you desire, and mix the molasses with it until it is the consistency of a thick custard. This will tend to clear your skin of the spots and pimples mentioned. Just at first more spots may come out, but these will, with the others, disappear.

SOUTHERN GIRL—Bathing the face with lemon-juice and Jamaica rum is much to make it white and remove the tan. However, just remember that nothing is accomplished in an hour or a day; and if you really wish to whiten your skin you must give it constant and unceasing attention. I would also advise you to try a series of Russian baths, and to apply the lemon-juice and rum at night just before you go to bed, washing it off in the morning with hot water.

ESTELLA—If God has other work for you than that which is best to you, be sure in His own good time He will lead you in the way you should go. He will show you exactly what He wishes you to do. In the meantime be as cheerful and bright as you can, and find out the best in people and in your surroundings.

A FRIEND—When people are ill or in very great trouble, it is proper to leave a card in person upon which is written "With kind inquiries." Your other questions are answered in a paragraph in this column.

CLAIRE—It is usually customary to address a dentist as "Doctor." It is not in good taste to address your fiancé by his Christian name in the presence of strangers. When a man friend has obtained your permission to write to you, the first letter should certainly come from him.

ELISE—In writing to a man friend address him as "Dear Mr. Smith." It is not in good taste for a young girl to ask a man for his photograph. Indeed it may be said that it is not in good taste to ask anybody for a photograph. Usually if people wish you to have one they send it to you, and very often they are forced to give them away to people for whom they do not care, simply because they are urged to.

LILLIAN—Have your "at-home" day engraved on your visiting card, and then send it out to your friends. I think a girl of eighteen would be received at the school for nurses, but I would suggest your writing there and so gaining exact information.

DORA—It is not in good taste to wear a tea gown in the public dining-room of an hotel at breakfast or any other meal. In calling leave your card on the table that is most convenient on your way out.

BLURKELL—There would be no use in sending anything but a finished story to publisher or magazine, and instead of working at several I would suggest that you finish one and submit it to one of the large publishing houses.

M. R. S. AND OTHERS—I cannot recommend any hair dye.

S. J. F.—R. S. V. P. means "Repondez, s'il vous plait," that is, "Answer, if you please." Women whose taste is undoubted prefer using the English words to the initials of the French ones, and write "The courtesy of an answer is requested."

PHILADELPHIA GIRL—It may not be wrong for a girl of sixteen to go to parties of various kinds, but I do not think it is right. She is almost a child at that age, and until she learns a little more about the world it will be wisest for her to go only where she is accompanied by her mother or an older sister.

MARGARET M.—An engagement ring usually has the initials of the two people engraved on it. Very often the date is added, but nothing else is necessary.

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WIFE SAYS SHE CANNOT SEE HOW YOU DO IT FOR THE MONEY.

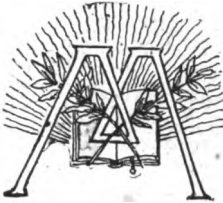
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THE KING'S DAUGHTERS

EDITED BY MRS. MARGARET BOTTOME

PRESIDENT OF THE ORDER

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



AY! The beautiful month that makes us sure that summer is almost here, for our dear lilies-of-the-valley are with us this month, and the violets "lift up the same dear faces" and all is new again. Now, dear "Daughters," I want you at this lovely time of the year, to have a more beautiful dress than you have ever worn. I hear a Voice speaking to the "Daughters," and saying: "Arise, put on your beautiful garments." We children of The King should be wonderfully attired this month. Did you ever offer this prayer?

"Heavenly Father, I would wear
Angel garments, white and fair;
Angel vesture, undefiled;
Wilt Thou give them to Thy child?
Take the raiment soiled away,
That I wear with shame to-day;
Give my angel robe to me,
White with Heaven's own purity.
Let me wear my white robes here,
Even on earth, my Father dear;
Holding fast Thy hand, and so
Through the world unspotted go.

TEXTURES OF A BEAUTIFUL DRESS

WILL you not offer this prayer this month of May, when Nature is putting on her beautiful dress? Will you not be a lily-of-the-valley, a lovely violet character hinting of Heaven wherever you go? It is a great thing to be a "Daughter of The King," but I don't want you to start back and say: "Well, I will take the cross off; I know I am not like Him." This will not help you, and you are His "Daughter" anyway, and you do not want to be His idle, careless, ill-dressed Daughter," and the beautiful dress is waiting for you all the time.

A short time ago one of our loveliest "Daughters" wore her bridal dress, and stood at the altar and gave herself to the care of a noble man for life; and that was to me a symbol of the true, the eternally real. We make ourselves ready by choice alone, and give ourselves to the man "Christ Jesus," the God made manifest in the flesh. And we say:

"Thine will I live, Thine will I die,
Be Thine through all eternity;
The vow is passed beyond repeal
And now I set the solemn seal."

Will you thus consecrate yourself afresh to Christ? Then your trust, your love, your gladness in doing or suffering His will, will make such a beautiful dress that the very angels will love to see you in it and you will thus be ready for earth and ready for Heaven.

THE WAY TO BE IS TO DO

"IS it possible to lead a Christian life when those around me are so indifferent, or seem so?" "Can one help being influenced?" "I am so weak and have no one to confide in." "I do want to lead a Christian life, if I only knew how." "I don't want to be indifferent." "Couldn't you show me the way?" "Must one have an experience of any kind to pass through before becoming a Christian?"

Could any questions from a young girl be more interesting, more touching than these questions that have come to me from one who comes to our little room every month? How they have carried me back to my girlhood when I asked just such questions! Let me answer the last question first, and of course we want to get the right teaching, so we will listen to the Teacher. He made desire to be such the only experience necessary to becoming a Christian. For to become a Christian we simply have to come to Him. To come to Him, to my mind, is simply to trust in Him. Of course you only trust persons in proportion as you know them, so at first you are not a great believer because you have not great knowledge of Him. But you will grow in the knowledge of Christ. You have all the experience necessary to become a Christian when you feel the need of being one. "All the fitness He requireth is to feel your need of Him." Now, in regard to your first question, "Is it possible to lead a Christian life when all around you are so indifferent, or seem to be so?" Yes, indeed you can, "for stronger is He that is for you than all that can be against you."

You must remember, to be a Christian is to have Christ with you. My definition for a Christian life, when I was a girl attending school, was keeping company with Jesus. I used to ask Him to go to school with me and help me with my lessons; and I will remember one lesson that was very hard for me, and I found in my Bible this verse: "In Him are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge." I was delighted. It was a discovery for me. There I said to myself, He did help me with my mathematics—and He did.

BREATHE THE PUREST AIR

MY girlhood Christian life was so simple, so sweet! Such a perfect friend He was, and so I was happy in Him. And I determined to be an out-and-out Christian, and not a "private one" either. So I chose to read the lives of great and good people, and I sought the society of the good. I gave up reading the trashy stuff that I had been reading. I made a straight path for my feet to walk in. You would smile if I should tell you all my experience of the girlhood days when I started on the journey of Christian life, yet as I look back to-day I see a great deal of common-sense in the way I acted. If you are going to study German you get a German teacher, and you talk German all you can, and you are delighted when you can talk with those who understand it better than you do. All this common-sense rule you apply to the Christian life. Settle it that, cost what it may, you are going to be a Christian, and your first battle is won. And as to being influenced by others to prevent you from being a Christian, aim at influencing them at least by your Christ-like conduct. There is nothing so influential as a life. That which is strongest is apt to win.

THE INFLUENCE OF EARNESTNESS

I REMEMBER that one of the queer things I did when I started on the Christian path, was to call to say good-bye to a young friend of mine who had a great influence over me. I told her I had come to bid her good-bye. She said, "Where are you going?" I replied, "I have made up my mind to go to Heaven." She was startled, of course, and said: "Well, why must you bid me good-bye?" I said: "Because you will make fun of me, and I am weak, and fear I could not stand it. If I were stronger I could hope to influence you, but I am uncertain about that, and so I have come to bid you good-bye." Of course she questioned me to see if I meant it, but she found I did; at last she said, "Don't you think I want to go to Heaven as well as you?" And she commenced to cry. But they were penitent tears, and she started with me!

So I say to you, my dear girl, be earnest, be brave, for the little child's song is true—
"It takes a valiant soldier to march the heavenly road." You are on the road now. Your choice of Christ makes you a Christian; all you have to do now is to go on. Be obedient to the still small voice within you. Have before your mind the question now hanging before my desk as I write: "What would Jesus do?" Act out your convictions in your every-day life. Have ever the perfect pattern before you.

WHERE WAITING IS WORKING

FEW letters have touched me more deeply than one which begins "I have looked so long for a word for those who cannot work." This dear "Shut-in" says: "It seems as though everything I pick up to read is urging to work; it tires me, for my ambition is sure to lead me to do more than I ought." Let me say a few words to you my dear "Shut-in" sister. I am a mother and so are you. Would you ever urge a sick child to work? Or, if the poor little sick one was in your arms and hearing of what others were doing should say, "O I must do something," would you not say "Be still, darling, until you are well, and then you shall work." And is not God as kind as we are, though we often act as if He were not? If you could only see that the hardest work is to be patient under suffering, and if any one has a right to say, "One more day's work for Jesus," it is one who has spent a suffering day without murmuring. Mind! I do not say mourning; there is a great difference between mourning and murmuring. We may be sorrowful and yet rejoice in God. We must come to see that suffering is a vocation, and say when we seem idle, "I must be about my Father's business." And that business is often lying with folded hands.

I love to think how much the world is indebted to "Shut-in." Years ago there was no hymn I loved so much as Miss Waring's: "Father, I know that all my life is portioned out for me, And the changes that are sure to come I do not fear to see, But I ask Thee for the present mind intent on pleasing Thee."

One summer I found myself visiting in the old world very dear friends of Miss Waring, and when I told them how much she had been to me through her writings, they asked me if I would like to see her. I said more than I can tell. On writing, however, they found she was in such a nervous condition that she could not see any one beside those who minister to her, so I only received her picture with a few lines expressing her regret. The beautiful "Shut-in" that had many a time let me out into His pastures broad and green! Think of all the world has had from "Shut-ins"!

ONE WHO NEVER FINDS FAULT

A NOTHER writes: "I still at times wear the cross, but one thing worries me." And now you "want me to tell you if you are doing right in pursuing a certain course." And "Would I do so?" I will tell you what I would do if I were you. I would make sure in the first place of my relation to God as my Father. I would have nothing uncertain in my relations in that direction. So many problems vanish when we are living a spiritual life. Nothing helps us like having God for our helper. If you would only believe that no matter what you are or what you are not, what you have done or what you have left undone, Christ stands before you with un-accusing lips! He said, "I came not into the world to condemn the world." You must have One that never finds fault with you, and that one is Christ. If you would only take this in, you would not say "I wear the cross sometimes." You would wear it always, letting it mean to you his own words, "I do not condemn thee." And then you would want to go and sin no more, and as soon as you were assured of His love, which would begin to take possession of you, all your troubles in reference to what you wrote me would pass away. You would simply know by this spiritual instinct, what was right and what was not right. Believe me, dear child, nothing less than the Divine love, the Divine compassion apprehended, will reach your need. You will come to see it, and the one joy of your life will be in two words, "no condemnation." But you must not wait for an experience before you realize the joy in these two words. They are for the sinful, the weary, the perplexed. They are for you now. And a new life starts from the moment you believe them.

WORK FOR WILLING HANDS

MANY of you write me in regard to the work you shall do as you come into our Order after having gathered a circle about you. Now, in answer to your question "What work shall I do?" always remember this: the work nearest to you; for instance, the poor in your neighborhood, if there are any, and you must find out. But where shall I begin to tell you of the work that is crying for help? I could give you plenty of work to do, just to help in work in which I am engaged. There is a beautiful work called Medical Missions, in which we care for the body and soul of the poor in our cities and in heathen lands. And if you will write to me personally, signing your names and giving your address, you shall know all about the work our woman's branch is doing, of which I am president. Then there is what is called The Needlework Guild of America. I will only speak of these two interesting works at this time, promising you shall know all about them by asking me for information; because I want to help you to some definite work as a circle.

A WORD OF EXPLANATION

I AM in receipt of letters asking me for assistance for friends, and giving me the name and address of the friends the writers wish to have helped, and one says "Let me hear through the JOURNAL if you have relieved these cases." Let me remind you that all our circles are independent of each other, and the aid we can give at the centre must only be that of encouragement and suggestion; it is difficult enough to keep the machinery going as it is.

IS THERE NOT ANOTHER?

THE greatest joy that has come to me since I took this department in the JOURNAL, has come to me in these words: "To you I owe the gratitude of a regenerate heart. For one evening, while seated in solitude beside the glow of an open fire-place, intent upon the contents of one of your articles in the JOURNAL, and inspired by its truths I sincerely renewed my obligations to The King, and from that moment to this have been a devoted member of The King's household, the glory of which shall never die." As I read it, and thought of the thousands who read the JOURNAL, I thought of the joy that might come to so many hearts if others would say: "I will not be satisfied in reading about The King and what The King's children are doing; I too will serve Him. I will give myself to Him now; will believe that He loves me, and I will make my life a life of service to The King." Then step out, as this dear friend, a regenerate soul! For life is what we want; new life, new love, and then service becomes a joy; any service done "In His Name."

Will not some one who reads the above experience, go and do likewise?

And now one word to my dear new sister: All the light and joy that comes to us is for the purpose of helping others. I am so glad you are going to work. As you received Him, so walk in Him, by simple submission to His will; allegiance to His service and trust in His love. Your loving sister "In His Name," with great joy in your joy,

Margaret Bottome

There is something new which is destined to become very popular with many King's Daughters. It is a silver ring made in imitation of the "Friendship" Rings cut from silver ten-cent pieces. The bangle is in the shape of the distinctive lettered cross of the order. A gold ring apparently made from a ten-dollar gold piece can also be procured. The Premium Department of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL supplies these at low prices: 40 cents each for the silver; 70 cents each for the gold rings. Send a strip of stiff paper to exactly encircle the finger on which the ring is to be worn.

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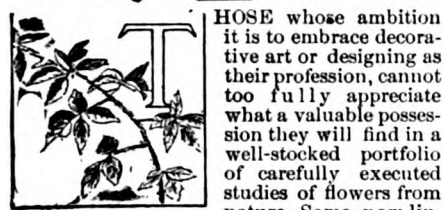
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EDITED BY MAUDE HAYWOOD

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

SUGGESTIONS FOR FLOWER-STUDIES



HOSE whose ambition it is to embrace decorative art or designing as their profession, cannot too fully appreciate what a valuable possession they will find in a well-stocked portfolio of carefully executed studies of flowers from nature. Some, now living in the country, may perhaps contemplate such a career as a future possibility, and are looking forward impatiently to the day when they will be able to gain the requisite technical training in this or that city school, not in the least realizing that their period of waiting, which seems now like so much lost time, may prove to them of almost incalculable value in the future, if they will only spend it in making as many studies as possible of the flowers, fruit and foliage growing so abundantly all around their own homes. Later, if they attain their end, they will find that in the press of work it will be difficult to find leisure to make such studies, and probably still more difficult to procure the subjects, which generally seem to be out of season just when they are needed; while at all times dwellers in a city labor under a disadvantage, for it is next to impossible for them to get the more fragile blossoms in a sufficiently fresh condition to show their real beauty. Now, then, is your chance to set to work, and think well before you allow this to be numbered among the lost and ever-to-be-regretted opportunities of your life. Rather, start at once, this very month, when trees and plants are bursting into bloom about you, and the orchards, particularly, are unsurpassed in their fleeting loveliness. Above all, be thorough, practical and systematic in your work.

THERE are two methods of making these studies, which are both to be recommended, and each has its particular advantages. Either or both may be followed according to the taste of the artist. One way by which it is easy to preserve good, clear, firm drawing, is to outline the study with pencil and to wash in the tints broadly with water-color. It is best to almost invariably copy the subject the exact size of nature, and to be careful to represent the entire growth, with leaves and flowers in all stages of development, from bud to withered decay. Remember that you are working for future guidance, when the original will not be at hand to refer to; therefore, put in every detail with the utmost accuracy which can possibly be of use to you. For these studies, manilla paper, which may be purchased at a few cents a yard, will be found capable of good effects, while at the same time possessing the advantage of cheapness. Chinese white may be used where it is necessary to represent white or very light flowers, for, although in a finished painting water-colors should be kept entirely transparent, in this instance the use of body-color is quite permissible, the object being to make a note, so to speak, of the tinting as quickly and truthfully as possible.

WHERE the aim is to give rapidly an effective idea of light, shade and color, rather than delicacy and precision of drawing, it is better to make studies in oils. Paint broadly when first sketching in, massing the subject as much as possible, and touching in the detail just at the last. These sketches may be made on academy board, or, better still, mill-board, for then you are saved the trouble of painting a background. The mill-board should be sized, which you can easily do yourself. Buy a lump of common size, melt it in a little boiling water, and apply it with a varnish brush. Bass-wood panels are also very inexpensive, and are sold ready prepared for painting. For those who contemplate using their studies as subjects for designs, it is imperative that the drawing should be clear and definite in detail. One point should not be forgotten: each study should be marked with the name of the flower, the date it was made, and the locality.

FOR those whose future hopes lie in the direction of illustration work in pen and ink, for books or magazines—a practical branch of art in which I find that many of my readers are interested—a slightly different method of working should be followed. The studies need not necessarily be life-size; a drawing of blossoms, for instance, might be about the size of, or rather larger than, those in the design for the heading of the department "All About Flowers," in this paper. They should be made on bristol-board, or on drawing-paper with a very smooth surface, with liquid India ink. It is a great mistake to try to work with too fine a pen. Use Spencerian, No. 1, or, where possible, a stub pen, in order to acquire freedom and boldness in your work. Shade broadly with parallel lines, aiming for vigor and strength, with a good contrast of light and shade.

LESSONS IN CHINA PAINTING

THIRD PAPER



OUR last lesson we brought the painting of the wild roses to the point where it required nothing to complete it but the final accentuation. At present the design ought to be very soft and good in color and gradations of tone, but wanting in strength and vigor. A very little remains to be done in quantity, but to the ultimate result that little must make all the difference. Every stroke now put on should have its meaning, and not onesuperfluous touch added; the aim is to supply what is wanting with the least possible amount of painting, the grand fault of beginners being that they are apt to work too much over the first laying-in and shading, and to lose thereby all clear freshness of tint, without gaining much in effect. The high lights and half-tones must be carefully preserved, for strength with delicacy is obtained by contrast of light and shade properly gradated, not merely by the amount of dark color laid on. Bearing this principle in mind finish the painting of the flowers with a darker gray, made of the same colors as those recommended for the first shading, namely, black and silver-yellow, with a little deep blue-green, touching them up—where it seems necessary to gain a sharper relief—with some brown-green and dark-green mixed and applied very sparingly. This latter mixture is also used for working up the leaves, the thorns and stems being accentuated with violet of iron, and the shadow leaves shaded slightly with the darker gray.

The directions which I have given for the treatment of wild roses will apply to almost any flower, with the exception of the colors to be used in the blossoms, which naturally vary according to the tints it is desirable to copy. In painting yellow roses, lay them in with mixing yellow; put in the most delicate half-tones with gray (black, silver-yellow and deep blue-green); work them up with silver-yellow, gain warmth by means of yellow ochre, and do the final touching up with brown-green and dark-green mixed. Some yellow roses have a pinkish hue, which can be obtained with carnation No. 1, or rose pompadour. Do not forget to always dry one tint well before painting over it, according to the advice given in the lesson last month.

Purple pansies may be laid in with a mixture of light violet of gold and blue-green, used very thinly and delicately, and shaded with dark violet of gold and less of the blue-green. As the violets of gold are rather expensive, some may prefer to use ultramarine and purple No. 2, which, mixed in various proportions, makes a very good substitute for the coloring of these flowers. The brownish-yellow ones are pretty laid in with yellow ochre and shaded with violet of iron. Do not attempt, as a rule, to paint the very dark pansies; choose the lighter varieties as more suitable to the decoration of china. The pale mauve orchids, which make such wonderfully artistic subjects, should be laid in with light violet of gold, as delicately as possible, shaded with a light gray, more violet of gold added in places to gain the necessary amount of color, and the final touching-up done with a slightly deeper tone of the gray. In some flowers dark violet of gold by itself, or with deep blue-green added, may be employed in the working-up; where they have the deep crimson markings, ruby-purple must be used.

In white flowers the china itself serves for the high lights, and the yellowish tinge observable in the petals as they approach their centres, is to be obtained by mixing yellow laid on very delicately. Shade them with gray, working in yellow ochre in places, and in large flowers use brown-green and dark-green for the deepest shadows. The pinkish magnolia makes an excellent subject for larger pieces. Lay them in with a very faint tint of yellow ochre, put in the lightest half-tones with gray, get the pinkish tone on the edge of the petals with carnation No. 1, work them up with violet of iron and yellow ochre used separately, accent them with brown-green and with red-brown. This is not an easy flower for quite a beginner, but if well rendered it is wonderfully effective.

Partially withered leaves, or those with autumn tints, may be washed in with yellow ochre or with red-brown used very light, and shaded with violet of iron, or, sometimes, with brown-green.

In some designs blue shadow leaves are preferable to the gray ones, painted with a faint tone of deep blue-green, to which a little dark-green No. 7 has been added.

This same mixture, namely, deep blue-green and a little dark green in various proportions proves a very soft and artistic color where blue only is to be used in the decoration of any piece. For monochrome in red, orange-red, violet of iron, or red-brown, each answer the purpose admirably.

HELP IN YOUR OWN WORK.

Under this heading I will be glad to answer every month questions relating to Art and Artists. MAUDE HAYWOOD.

YOUNG ARTIST—Solar printing is the process of throwing an enlargement from a negative on to sensitized paper by means of the sun's rays passing through a solar camera. It is not undertaken by amateurs, as the outfit is very expensive, costing at least several hundred dollars. There are two methods of making these prints: one upon ordinary silvered paper, which is afterwards toned in the usual way; and the other upon platinum paper, on which the image is invisible until it is developed by means of the proper chemicals.

L. C.—In the April number of the JOURNAL I gave some information with regard to tapestry painting, with a description of the outfit required. If you wish to paint a mantel lambrequin with these dyes you should choose a somewhat conventional design, perhaps a border of scroll-work, or an old-fashioned needle-work pattern. There is a silk tapestry canvas very suitable for decorative purposes; it costs from three or four dollars the yard upwards, and can be procured either white or of a delicate ecru shade, which forms in itself a good background color. If the silk is used, you should outline the design with brown, to which yellow has been added, and not used too heavily. Then, wash in the tints flatly, and shade them slightly without attempting to do much working up, or you will lose all delicacy of effect. Try colors on a spare piece of silk before using them. This will show you how very different they look when first laid on and after they have become dry, and will teach you, when painting, to allow for the change.

M. A. D.—Probably the best opening for a young artist, if competent and practical, is in illustrating for the press. There is always a demand for this work; but you must understand what is required by editors before you attempt to send them any drawings, otherwise nothing but disappointment can be the result. Study the illustrations which appear in the daily and weekly newspapers and in current periodicals, remembering that they are all made originally several times larger than they are published, so that, in drawing, your lines should be much farther apart than you mean them ultimately to appear. In newspaper work especially, the aim is to get the effect with the fewest possible strokes, and finely shaded work would be useless, the paper on which it is to be printed not being suitable for its reproduction. Practice by yourself, with good work, of the style you wish to adopt, by your side as a guide. Do not be in too much of a hurry to send your earliest efforts until you have gained some experience. If possible, have a few practical lessons. Make the drawings with India-ink on bristol-board, and do not use too fine a pen. I shall be very pleased to give you any further information that you may wish. You see that the editor has anticipated your desire that an Art Department should be started in the JOURNAL.

M. S.—If you wish to have the colors burnt into the china, you cannot use ordinary Winsor and Newton paints, but must have the properly prepared mineral colors.

E. M.—You do not say what kind of painting your questions refer to, but I suppose from your letter that you work in oils. (1) For the face, use raw umber and crimson-lake in the shadows; rose madder and white in the highest lights; with crimson-lake, scarlet-vermillion and white, mixed, for the local color. For the cool bluish half-tones a little cobalt may be used, sparingly. (2) In tea-roses paint the shadows with a mixture of raw umber, cobalt and white, and the rest with raw sienna, light cadmium and pale lemon-yellow, without any white added; white mars the purity of yellows. Get the pinkish tinge in places with rose madder. (3) In a fair face the local flesh tint is made of scarlet-vermillion and white, with rose madder and more of the same colors for the flush on the cheeks. Lay the broad shadows in first, rather transparently, with raw umber, adding to it a little Venetian red, ivory-black and white mixed. In the half-tones use cobalt, ivory-black, yellow ochre and white. For the yellowish high lights touch in pure pale lemon-yellow.

Mrs. Ds. J. R. R.—Kilns for baking painted china, are boxes made of baked fire-clay. The fire can be either underneath or at the side, and has flues by which the heat around the boxes is kept at a uniform temperature. No crack or flaw in the oven allows the fire direct communication with the ware. I think your best plan probably would be to purchase a portable kiln. They are made very cheaply nowadays. You can ascertain all particulars by writing to the makers for price-lists. My own preference is for those heated by gas, as being the least troublesome to manage. Later on I hope to give some helpful advice as to firing, in the series of lessons on china painting now appearing in this department.

AN AMATEUR—A tracing is a copy made by placing transparent paper, or linen, over a picture or design, and reproducing the lines of the original. An etching is an impression or print from an etched plate, on which the drawing has been made with a sharp point and the lines afterwards eaten away by means of a strong acid.

Mrs. R.—Your mistake was probably in using turpentine. A proper varnish is sold with the transfer designs for decoupage, which has to be applied to the back of the picture, without going beyond the outlines, and allowed to remain until the varnish becomes tacky. Then, with a water brush, wash the paper surrounding the design, in order to avoid soiling the silk; apply the design, press it until it adheres, and rub your hands in the design, and rub it on well, and carefully lift the paper. The design, now transferred to the silk, may be washed with the water brush, and the operation is complete.

J. M. C.—(1) The outfit mentioned in my first lesson in china painting would cost between four and five dollars. (2) In my second article on the same subject, published in April, I explained how to use the lavender oil.

Mrs. JAY E. EFF.—(1) Add cobalt and yellow ochre to the palette you give in your letter, and with it you will readily be able to get the tints you need. Procure a good colored study of bees in action, and mix your paints in different proportions, grading the ones nicely, and matching your copy as nearly as possible. In order to produce the gauzy and iridescent effect on the wings, put them in last of all, with delicate touches, not hiding wholly the background, but allowing whatever is behind them to show through, making the wings in shadow especially transparent, and the parts which catch the light more opaque. (2) Get the mother-of-pearl tints by laying on the most delicate shades of pale blue, pink, green and yellow separately, allowing them to merge on the canvas, but not mixing them on the palette. (3) Write the line of poetry on the frame, or you might manage to work it into the shadow part of your foreground grasses and leaves with artistic lettering, but unless you can do this very well, and without making it in the least obtrusive, you had better not attempt it. I have been much pleased to give you this advice, which I trust will prove helpful, and I wish you great success in the completion of your study.

ART TEACHER—Your question is not very clear. Classes for decorative painting, where the instructor is competent, usually prove successful and popular. The subjects taught would be varied, such as painting in oils, tapestry work and china painting.

E. B. J.—The outfit for china painting spoken of in the March number, would cost four or five dollars.

A. R. T.—(1) You can get your china fired by M. T. Wynne, 65 East Thirteenth street, New York, or by John Bennett & Son, 4 Great Jones street, New York. (2) The price of a cup and saucer is from 25 cents upwards, according to the shape and to the quality of the china. (3) As you live within easy distance of the firms mentioned, your best plan is to take the china down to be fired yourself.

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AUTHORS WHO WRITE TOO MUCH

By EDWARD W. BOK



Some of our famous authors are setting a pace which is not only dangerous to themselves, but they serve as harmful examples to the literary beginner.

A CERTAIN number of well-known authors seem to possess the idea that to hold their public they must write often and much. One story from their pen appears upon the heels of another, now in one periodical then in another, and often simultaneously; their articles are met in the newspaper, the weekly and the magazine, and gradually, but surely, they are cheapening their names, thinning out their work, and the public is surfeited. And not only do they injure their own interests and value, but, as I said in the preceding paragraph, they are setting a wrong standard for the young author. He is inexperienced, takes one of these over-writing authors for a model, and believes that to be as successful as Mr. he must do as he does: keep before the public.

NOW this idea of "keeping before the public" is, in the main, a good one, provided it can be done judiciously and by good work. But here is where nine authors in every ten fail. They think their quality is good, but unconsciously it has become quantity instead. Unwittingly, they are training their public, whose eye they caught with some early or striking piece of work, to be perfectly ready to drop them the moment a new star appears upon the literary horizon. To be personal for a moment, take the case of Rudyard Kipling. Few authors of recent date made so pronounced and instantaneous success as did this young writer of twenty-four. No sooner was his first story digested by the public, however—and it had not time to catch its breath, and even begun to wonder who was the new genius—than along came a second story, a third, and so it has gone on until six of his books are now on the market, and a series of injurious newspaper articles in addition—all within the period of one year. The result is that the best literary judges agree that Kipling is overdoing it. "Oh, we are having too much of Kipling," is the general opinion. In consequence, the sales of his books are dropping off, and the name of Rudyard Kipling is losing the magic it might have retained for itself.

NO matter how clever an author may be, how well he writes, he cannot afford to overfeed his public. The literary public likes its daintiest desserts in small doses, and then, as in everything else, there is created an appetite for more. Human nature is the same in everything. Money easily earned is seldom valued. A good author who writes too much has never the same value as he or she who writes occasionally. The latter is the author who always finds his public ready for him. Mrs. Humphry Ward has issued nothing since "Robert Elsmere," and her public is eager for her next novel. Edna Lyall has not written for a year or more; when her next story comes out, the people will read it with interest. Mr. Howells does not write too much; hence everything he does write finds a waiting public. And the same is true of such other writers as Mr. Aldrich, Miss Jewett, Dr. Holmes, Mr. Lowell, Mrs. Whitney and Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. They do not write too much, and certainly no one will say that these writers are lost to the public eye or mind! What they do, they do well, and not too often. Hence, their literary value is high, and editors like to tempt them, with the best of fodder, into the literary pasture.

THE simple fact is, that the great gospel of moderation applies to literature as it does to everything else. And, looking at it from a financial standpoint, this moderation pays. A good author who writes only one story in a year, oftentimes receives more for that single piece of work than does he who writes five or six novels during the same period. This value of moderation in literary work should specially be borne in mind by our women who write. Many of our literary women are far too prone to overwrite themselves. Almost constantly do I see women whose work was once held in high value in editorial offices, cheapening their work by overproduction. Now, they do not receive as much for four articles as formerly they did for one. Formerly, the editors sought them; now, they knock at the editorial doors. It makes no difference how popular an author may be, too much of anything, however good, is too much. And the young author starting out to make a success in the literary world will make no mistake by avoiding the examples of those authors who have made and unmade themselves by writing too much.

NOTED BEAUTIES AND BEAUX

THE MEN AND WOMEN WHO MADE FAMOUS THE MOST BRILLIANT SOCIETY OF EUROPE



HERE is a charm about the society of England and France of a half century or more ago, which time can never efface, and which it is delightful to look back upon now and then, and read about in leisure moments. Men and women were widely different from those who grace our society at the present day, and in that difference lies the charm. Personal attractions were sometimes given a higher place than intellectual endowments, but they were clever men and women who graced the French salons and English court circles of fifty years ago. Force of character vied with personal accomplishments; political connections rivaled with the weight of family prestige. They made unique circles—these wits, these social queens, these beaux. Each had their claim upon public attention, and their conquests were often made at the result of friendships.

IN few works now generally accessible can the modern man or woman get such entertaining glimpses of these European social figures as in the four volumes by Grace and Philip Wharton, of which Messrs. Porter and Coates, of Philadelphia, have just issued a new edition. The four volumes, in reality, comprise two separate works, though one requires the quartette to comprise the set. And a beautiful set it is when brought together. The art of bookmaking shows its steady progress in these volumes, and there is a feeling about them which is satisfactory to the touch, while the text appeals most delightfully to the eye.

IN the two volumes appropriately called "Queens of Society," we find, in reality, the beginning of the work. Eighteen of the most famous beauties and clever women known in French and English society, are sketched in these volumes. As a rule, the selection has been most fortunately made from women of irreproachable characters, though, as the authors themselves say, one or two have been chosen by way of contrast and by way of warning. And thus we spend an hour in turn with the beautiful Duchesse of Marlborough, through all her social conquests; with the strange and varied career of Madame Roland; with Lady Mary Montague, she of perfect face and keen mind; with the admirable Madame de Sevigné, the queen of the social world under Louis XIV.; with the "uncrowned queen of France," Madame de Maintenon; with Madame de Staël, among France's greatest writers; with Madame Recamier, the greatest beauty of fair France; with the Countess of Pembroke. These are the women who held social sway during the first half of the nineteenth century, and whatever we may personally conclude was the individual effect of their lives, they were women, each in their own way, of remarkable calibre—sometimes greater in shrewdness than in brilliancy, but fascinating in the personal anecdotes and intrigues which are told of them in these records of their reign.

THE two other volumes which follow under the title of "Wits and Beaux of Society," are as succeeding chapters to "Queens of Society," in that the men herein portrayed were closely associated with the women of that record. Men like Beau Brummel, the best-dressed fop in all England, the intimate of kings, queens and princesses, and the final outcast—his whole life a study and a warning; the dashing Count Grammont; Beau Nash, "the romantic and foolish," and Beau Fielding, "the complete gentleman"; the witty Sydney Smith; Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the author of "The School for Scandal"; Horace Walpole, Theodore Hook—these are the men with whom one consorts in these two volumes. And in their lives one may find many a lesson, many an index-finger pointing to life's two roads.

TO be entertaining and pithy has been the aim of the authors of these enticing records, and success has crowned their labors. Their work is good, their style of writing most pleasant, and their references and data most accurate. Whether we take only the two first volumes, or the work entire, we are fascinated, our interest is carried from page to page, and altogether one can spend many a pleasant hour over this backward glance at a society now known only in records as these. The volumes are most tastefully bound in cloth, each being handsomely illustrated with portraits of the subjects of which they treat. This new edition is the best ever published of the work for library use. Four volumes, \$10; or, divided into two sets of two volumes each, \$5.00 per set.

For the convenience of JOURNAL readers, all books reviewed, noticed or referred to on this page will be supplied by the JOURNAL at the price mentioned in connection with each book—postage paid by the JOURNAL.

LITERARY QUERIES

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

C. M. S.—I cannot place a pecuniary value upon the magazine to which you refer. Apply to some of the large dealers in periodicals in New York.

INQUIRY—You say you want "a good weekly paper," but that "the New York Illustrated weeklies are too expensive." The "Illustrated" is always cheap. A good weekly cannot be made at a cheap price. Be a general reader to yourself, and try either "Harper's Weekly," or "Harper's Bazar." The best is always the cheapest, and that is a rule to which there is no exception, especially in reading matter.

Mrs. J. McH.—I know of no such book as you describe. The nearest approach to it is Dr. Charles A. Briggs' book on "Messianic Prophecy."

H. M. B.—I cannot give you a list of the best works on the subjects you mention. Apply to some large retail bookseller.

GEORGE B. L.—Under the existing laws of the United States copyright is granted for twenty-eight years, with the right of extension for fourteen more; in all, forty-two years.

E. N. D.—I think you have entirely misconstrued Mr. Stedman's meaning in the lines you quote. Doubtless, if you were to write to Mr. Stedman, in care of his publisher, he would be glad to give you his own interpretation.

Mrs. N. C.—The name of "Edna Lyall" is Miss Ada Ellen Bayley; she resides in England. A portrait and sketch of her will shortly appear in the JOURNAL.

A. C.—All the magazines you mention are published in New York city. A book which would give you the information you desire is "Periodicals that Pay Contributors." The JOURNAL will furnish you a copy for \$1.00.

Mrs. C. V.—We publish nothing but the JOURNAL, hence we cannot undertake to print or publish the books you mention. If you intend your books to be comprised of original verses, the selections you refer to should not appear in them.

M. L. D.—(1) Offer your manuscript to one of the large publishing houses in New York, Boston or Philadelphia, and if it is accepted you will understand all about the business arrangements. (2) See answer given below to "An Old Subscriber," and write to the periodical there mentioned.

Mrs. F. E. P.—Mrs. Le Plongeon's "Here and There in Yucatan" can be had by writing to "The Truth Seeker" office in Lafayette Place, New York. Also, Dr. Le Plongeon's work, "Sacred Mysteries." The other works of our writers are out of print.

D. L.—Rates of payment for literary material vary with the magazines. There is no standard scale of prices. "Copy of ordinary merit" does not attract either much attention or money with the magazines of today. In dealing with good periodicals you can safely afford to leave the matter of compensation to the editor.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER—There is a very good magazine devoted to stenography and typewriting, "Frank Harrison's Shorthand Magazine," published in New York city.

Mrs. M. B. A.—"The Lady of the Isle" by Mrs. E. D. N. Southworth, is published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, of Philadelphia.

Mrs. J. J. N.—I cannot tell you where you can get the desired poem. It does not appear to be in the standard collections of poetry.

A. L. C.—Write to the authors of the quotations you wish to use, and the permission, unless they think otherwise themselves, will be sufficient. Something depends upon whether the authors or the publishers own the books from which you wish to select.

ANNA K. M.—See answer to "Phya," in April number.

B. J. P.—Inquiry fails to place the poem you refer to.

C. B. M.—(1) A second-hand bookseller can tell you far better than I as to the value of the book you mention. (2) Your handwriting is an exceedingly pleasing one.

Mrs. M. H. S., who asked for a sketch of Cella Thaxter, is informed that there is such an article in number 25, volume I, of a periodical called "Literature," published in New York city.

OWEN OWEN—The JOURNAL prefers never to destroy a manuscript, even when it is explicitly asked to do so. Only the silliest of people will chide you because a manuscript is returned to you, since a declination by no means indicates a lack of merit in a piece of work.

Mrs. S. C.—The best books giving the history of musical compositions, etc., are Upton's "Standard Opera," "Standard Oratorios," "Standard Cantatas," and "Standard Symphonies." The JOURNAL will supply them to you at \$1.50 each. A number of musical articles will appear in forthcoming numbers of the JOURNAL.

SYLVIA—(1) I do not know. (2) "Mrs. Partington" was the nom de plume of Benjamin P. Shillaber, who recently died at Chelsea, Massachusetts. (3) See answer to Mrs. C. L. F.

A. L. D.—I know nothing of the two books you mention. Inquire of some old bookseller—Leary, of Philadelphia, for example.

Mrs. C. L. F.—(1) The daily paper controlled by a woman, to which you refer, is probably the "New Orleans Picayune," of which Mrs. Nicholson is part proprietor. (2) "Carmen Sylva" is Elizabeth, Queen of Roumania.

Mrs. GEORGE C.—The full name of "Bill" Nye, the humorist, is Edgar Wilson Nye. His work at present consists principally of a weekly humorous letter to a number of Sunday newspapers.

J. B. J.—The JOURNAL can supply you the following books you mention: Thomas Hughes' "Manliness of Christ," 15 cents; Ruskin's "Ethics of the Dust," 20 cents; Cannon Farrar's "Life of Christ," 30 cents—all in paper covers.

CARRIE L. M.—The success which has met your work should be most encouraging to you.

SUBSCRIBER—(1) Words in manuscripts intended to be italicized should be underscored once. (2) Legible size paper is best for type-written manuscript. (3) Always attach your name to a manuscript as well as to your letter accompanying it. Then, if they become separated, the identity of the manuscript still remains.

Mrs. G. B. M.—One of the best books of literary advice is Whittier's "Discs of Authorship." The JOURNAL will send you a copy for \$1.00, postage free.

M. B. A.—(1) Write to the Editor of the "Fresh Air Fund," of "The Tribune," New York city. (2) No such list as you ask could be given.

SUBSCRIBER—(1) An author's name can be placed directly under the title or at the end of the manuscript; it is purely a matter of choice. (2) Authors of books receive their remuneration through the publishers, the latter have all the relations with the booksellers.

M. E.—(1) As I have said a score of times before to others, the way to publish a book is to send the manuscript to a publisher. (2) The usual publishing basis is on a certain royalty for each copy of a book sold, generally 10 per cent. (3) Deal with a good house, and you need have no fear of your proper share of the profits. (4) The author should have reserved her copyright to the stories in order to bring them out in book form afterwards.

G. E. M.—Send your letters for Gen. Lew Wallace and Mrs. Wilcox in care of the JOURNAL, and we will forward them.

INEXPERIENCED—(1) Newspapers use but little original poetry; what they accept they usually pay for. (2) It is not necessary to accompany a manuscript with a letter; simply put your full name and address on the former.

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Advertisement for TO INTRODUCE, featuring HAY & CO., Publishers, Box 1906, San Francisco, Cal.



CULTIVATING CONTENTMENT

MUCH of the happiness of life is lost by sacrificing the substance to the shadow, the real to the seeming.

We all desire to have the best the world can give, but we differ very much in our idea of what the best is. Too often our standard is set by our neighbors, not by ourselves, and we wear ourselves out in trying to live up to it.

THERE are many families in exactly the position in which the old prophet prayed to be—having "neither poverty nor riches." There is enough to live on in comfort if the income is spent for comfort and not for show.

IT will buy all the necessities of life and many of its comforts, including ease of mind; or, it may be used to purchase expensive luxuries, whose possession will give the family a certain standing in the eyes of its neighbors.

IF a mother can teach her children that it is what a man is, and not what he has, that entitles him to respect, and helps them to live up to the noble ideal that she sets before them, she has done them a service that will benefit them all their lives.

WE do not seem to realize that display is vulgar—in the real meaning of that much-abused word. To have everything in perfect keeping is a much surer evidence of refined taste than to have handsome garments for great occasions, and shabby ones for everyday wear.

DRESS is the great touchstone with us all, and especially with women to whom it is—and rightly so—a matter of extreme interest. We like to be becomingly and well dressed, and a few—a very few—know how to combine economy and elegance.

CHILDREN who are brought up in a refined home where there is no attempt to make things seem other than they are; where it is frankly admitted that there are some things their parents would like which they cannot have because they cannot afford them, but which they can cheerfully do without because they have so many other blessings.

ELIZABETH ROBINSON SCOVILL

HAPPIEST CHILDREN IN NEW YORK

BY FANNIE B. MERRILL



SHE was a sweet little woman, but she puckered up her brow in a terrible frown. "I never allow my children to go out in the evening, nor to go to children's parties and balls."

approval. "No more do I. My children have never witnessed dancing nor been up after eight o'clock, and I do not intend they shall do so, while I have control of them."

And then, if you please, the sweet little woman smiled like a cherub. "But I do feel!" she said, "that my little folks are the happiest there are in New York city. What do you think, Bob, dear?"

Bob was a rascal in reefer and top boots—just came into his mother's room pink-eared and cheeked from helping the man shovel the snow from off the sidewalk. He grinned a bit, and then said, "May I whisper?"

"Yes dear, if Mrs. Blanque will excuse it!" "You bet!" And then he kissed her cheek and ran before he could see the finger lifted in reproach.

"You see," his mother commented to her guest, "my youngsters spoil me almost as much as I spoil them; but it is very sweet spoiling."

It was very easy to see that some recollection ranked in Mrs. Blanque's mind.

"Do I not remember hearing you speak of your children's parties?" she said, with the conventional air of polite interest.

As the little mother's hobby approached she was ready for the mount, and in ten minutes Mrs. Blanque had heard more on "How to make home happy," than she had ever heard in her life.

"Four nights a week my husband and I take for ourselves and our friends, and the children go to bed at half past seven. In their room there is an office dial which is set with the hour at which they are to be in bed. It is my rule never to say, "Now children, it is bedtime," or in any way begin that daily squabble which so often ushers in the hour.

"The remaining three nights of the week belong to the children, and the dial is set two nights at nine and one night at nine thirty; Friday evening being the late evening, since on Saturday there is no school. On Monday and Wednesday evenings the children entertain friends of their own, if they desire, or it is convenient; their father and mother, if not. Judith chooses the flowers for the dinner table, and Bob selects the dessert. Both 'dress for dinner' to the extent of something more than the usual clean collars and clean faces and hands. Judith has a white hair ribbon; and Bob an unfailing boutonniere.

"It is quite true that we do not go so far as to give up our own seats at the table when we become the guests of our children; but my husband and myself try always to talk at these times of things in which the children are, or ought to be, interested. No bragging is allowed, and no foolish stilted nonsense is talked, which the children could, at most, only pretend to find interesting. As nearly as possible we chatter and laugh and tell the little stories which make certain tables and certain groups of well-bred people so warmly sought after.

"After dinner, if we four dine alone, we have music, perhaps a bit of singing by us all, or it may be that we read aloud. At a quarter before nine the children excuse themselves. If they are asked to remain until a chapter is finished, well and good; if not, they bid us good-night, light each a candle in the hall and toddle off.

"Friday night, Mrs. Blanque, is probably the night that you have heard spoken of as "the children's parties." It is dancing class night. We believe that it is a good thing for all young people to know how to dance, and to learn, when very young, the arts of drawing-room 'pose and repose.' But we do not believe in promiscuously patronized dancing-schools, nor in the folders of white muslin and silk stockings these cold winter nights. We talked it over. I held a private 'mothers' meeting' with the mothers of my children's little friends, and we organized a dancing-class. Our house is an old-fashioned one, you see, and the parlors are tremendously out of proportion to the rest of it, so that my offer of establishing the class here and having it meet here every night was quickly accepted.

"Each child pays ten cents a lesson, and as there are twenty-four children now in the class—just three sets—we pay Miss Bennett, the teacher, very well for her time. I play the piano, and my husband the violin, so that the music is free. Mary, the waitress, does her part in furnishing and serving promptly at a quarter before nine, muslin sandwiches and hot cocoa in tiny chocolate cups. Miss Bennett takes great interest in our class, and is a gentlewoman by birth, and she even directs the manners of the boys in offering to procure refreshments, and the girls in accepting the same, and in asking to be relieved of cup and plate afterwards.

"I was somewhat in doubt as to my success when I started the class, for fear of some parent finding it to be different from what she had expected. But on the contrary, so many fathers and mothers drop in to watch the class, and everything is so exceedingly harmonious, that we are planning now to establish a Saturday-morning banjo class. If I do, Mrs. Blanque, I should dearly love to have your children join it."

Mrs. Blanque hesitated a moment, but her answer brought a thrill of delight to the cherub mother's heart.

"Did I understand you to say," she said thoughtfully "that your dancing-class was quite complete?"



A SUNDAY SCRAP-BOOK

A Sunday scrap-book is a source of almost unlimited pleasure and profit to children who can read and write. The book should never be brought forth except upon Sunday, though the materials should be gathered during the week.

Select a picture and cut it carefully from the paper; paste it neatly into the scrap-book, somewhat above the center of the page. Then, by aid of the concordance select a verse which the picture suggests, and write it neatly below the picture, adding the chapter and verse from which it is taken.

Comic pictures should be excluded, and such as are manifestly unsuitable. Yet it is surprising to see how large a number that a young person would select are capable of Scripture illustration.

A boy of twelve lately chose one of Frederick Remington's, representing a scout upon a rearing horse. After pasting it in his book, and with the aid of the concordance, he wrote beneath the picture the following:

"A horse is a vain thing for safety; neither shall he deliver any by his great strength." Pa. xxxiii: 17. Another was a scene in a hospital ward. A poor boy in a bed, several poor people standing by, and the physician nurse in attendance. Under this picture was written—

"The Lord will strengthen him upon the bed of languishing: Thou wilt make all his bed in his sickness." Pa. xli: 3. Children wearing snow shoes. Verse: "He giveth snow like wool; He scattereth the hoar frost like ashes. Pa. cxviii: 14.

Again, a picture of a fair English mansion, with pleasure grounds. This was called "The Mansion House." Instantly the boy exclaimed, "I know the word for that. In my father's house there are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you." John xiv: 2.

This employment cultivates the imagination, the hand gains skill. Great facility is obtained in finding Scripture references, while the verses are unconsciously committed to memory.

OVERCOMING "STOOPING" IN CHILDREN

"Alice S." inquires through your column for advice in overcoming "stooping" in children. Having had a long and varied experience in teaching and training many children and young people, as well as many teachers, I will offer a few suggestions to her that may be useful if they are put into practice.

In the morning when the children arise, when they are in light attire, ventilate the room, and let them practice this exercise for a few minutes:—

Stand firmly on the floor, heels together, hands by the side. Keep the arms straight and stiff, raise them vertically over the head and lock the thumbs. When they begin to raise the arms they must take in a long breath through the nostrils—never through the mouth—breathe all the time the arms are going up. When the thumbs are locked force the arms well up, but do not strain; hold the air in the lungs a few seconds and then exhale slowly through the mouth or nose, as you prefer. Repeat twelve times. In the evening, when the children are about to retire and are in light attire, the exercise can be repeated. In a few weeks increase the repetitions to twenty. Another good method is this:—Take a position as before. Place the hands on the hips, fingers in front. Take a deep breath, hold a short time, and then slowly exhale. Repeat as before. This can be done any time without removing the clothes. If dizziness ensues do not be alarmed; it will pass off in a few minutes.

You must persevere until the habit is formed, then the children will enjoy it, for the exercise becomes exhilarating. A sense of buoyancy is experienced when all the lungs are used in breathing, better health will follow—as the lungs are daily flooded with an abundance of pure air, the eyes will grow brighter, the step more firm and elastic, the body more erect and graceful; the voice will be improved for singing and reading, and, in fact, the whole being made stronger and better by these simple exercises that any one can easily practice, and consumption, which claims one out of seven, can be defied.

W. H. BELTZ, Teacher of Elocution.

COURTEOUS CHILDREN

Let us begin early to teach our young people true courtesy. One thing especially important, I think, is a letter sent back to the hostess who has so kindly entertained them for a few days or a week. Teach the children to be prompt with such acknowledgments. One of my boys, not long ago, delayed several days to acknowledge the hospitality of a lady friend. A reply came in the form of a kind rebuke, which made so deep an impression I am sure he will never again be so remiss. A friend from the South, with two little children, visited me last summer. She returned to her Southern home three months ago and I have never had one line from her.

On the contrary, it is pleasant to recall the many appreciative letters I have received after visits from young people. In fact, just as kind to inform those whom we have visited, of the journey home and our welfare.

JUDICIOUS PRAISE

How often is a fine nature warped, a really good disposition spoiled, by the omission of a few timely words of encouragement. A child receiving nothing but blame, constant scolding, becomes, in time, deaf to correction, sullen and defiant, and in the end, one of those children who neither hears nor sees.

On the other hand, a child who is occasionally encouraged, is proud of pleasing another, consequently is pleased with himself and is urged to renewed exertions to gain a repetition of that praise, so dear to the human heart, be that heart young or old.

A few days since I had occasion to lay aside a portion of the goodies from dinner for my little boy, aged three years. Upon receiving his treat, he exclaimed, gleefully, "Ah! that's a good mamma." I was really anxious to see the great thrill which would come through me on hearing it. How much more susceptible are children to such a feeling. Without doubt, I would deny myself again to hear that "good mamma." It was certainly sweet praise to me.

Human nature is like a musical instrument responding to the touch of the player. The ignorant hand will bring forth discordant sounds, while a proficient touch creates beautiful chords in perfect harmony. A. M. SCHRADER.

A SIMPLE CURE FOR COLIC

A teaspoonful of lime-water will cure the worst case of colic. This is something every mother should know.

RELIEF FOR MOTHERS

A physician rarely meets with anything in his labor as a healer of "his fish's bell" to which so calls for his sympathy as a bad case of abscess of the mammary glands. Often both breasts are involved, and I have, in one case, lanced each five times at one sitting. Weary weeks of bandaging followed, while suppuration exhausted the vital forces, and the poor baby took its chances at the hands of a nurse.

After using the remedies given in our medical books to no purpose, I made a careful study of these cases and can offer a glad release from this terrible, and often disfiguring, malady. In about three days after confinement, when the breasts begin to fill, if hard, painful spots appear, bathe them with hot water, dry thoroughly with a hot cloth and anoint all the hard and tender spots with vaseline. Repeat every half hour, if necessary. The relief is generally immediate. If the case has been allowed to "take" or has done so in the mother's well-meant endeavors, do not hesitate to suggest its use, as it will absolutely cure the pain and cause the inflammation to cease. If suppuration has actually taken place, the lance may have to be used. Let the doctor decide.



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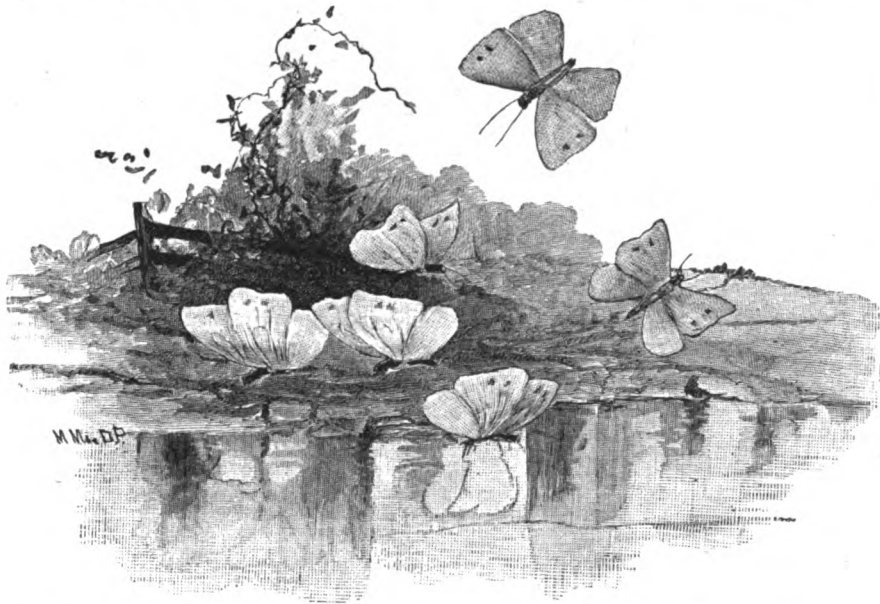


SIX LITTLE BUTTERFLIES



BY MARGARET MACD. PULLMAN

“ONCE upon a time” there were six little butterflies, all dressed alike in the most dainty yellow gauze dresses, with golden trim-



ming; they always wore these dresses, and they were always fresh and new; they belonged to the same family, and you knew the family by their beautiful yellow dresses.

One night there had been a rain, but when morning came the sun was shining on the flowers and drying up the little pools of water in the roadway. These six little butterflies felt the warm sun and smelled the flowers, and so, after a little whispering, they decided to take a journey. No one knew where they had slept, but they started out bright and early. The first thing they came to was a great pool of water in the road. As soon as they saw it, with a flutter of their wings, and a little laugh—so low no one could hear it except a butterfly—they came down to the water, and six little butterflies looked at themselves in the water and thought their yellow dresses were very beautiful. All at once they all flew off, as an ugly

angle-worm pushed his head up from the wet ground; but he did not hear the laughter of the butterflies as they left him. Through fences and over fences they went, up and down in the sunshine, smelling of flowers here and there, and always glad and happy. Once when they had all settled down on some flowers in a fence corner, and were

whispering of the flowers and the glad day, and of their love for each other, a boy's great straw hat came down over them, and one poor little butterfly was caught, while the other five flew up and off over the fields. The poor little one was taken off, and Johnnie shut it up in a paper box in his bedroom. That night when he went to bed he put his ear down to the box and could hear a little flutter of wings. He went to sleep hoping the little butterfly would sleep, and when morning came he would put it out on his own flowers in the garden. When morning came, Johnnie quietly lifted the box lid and thought it was asleep; but when the box was open wide it still slept.

At last he knew it was dead! Poor little butterfly; it had beaten its wings against the box, and the gold dust was all off and its beautiful dress all spoiled. Its heart was broken! Johnnie buried

it in the garden under the flowers, and hoped some day he could find the other five to tell them how sorry he was he had taken their little sister.



THE YOUNG GROUSE SHOOTER

BY ERNEST GILMORE

“I am far frae my hame, an' I'm weary aften whies, For the langed for hame-bringing, an' my father's welcome smiles. I'll ne'er be fu' content until my een do see The gowden gates of Heaven, an' my ain countrie.”

DEAR old Scotchman was singing those touching words one evening, and when the following morning dawned he had gone to his “ain countrie.” His last words to his oldest child and only son had been, “I've left my mantle for you, my lad, put it on, put it on.”

“A mantle for me! His mantle for me!” Donald said in grieving wonder. “He had no mantle.”

But the old Highland pastor enlightened him as to his father's meaning. “You've to take his place, my lad,” he said; “to be the man of the house, to let your father's mantle fall upon you. He was a good man, a godly man, a man who'll be sorely missed. Put on his mantle, Donald lad, you can't do better than that.”

Donald listened while he wept, and then when the old pastor had gone he stole softly out of the little cottage on the moor to “think it out” alone. The swallows were twittering, the larks caroling away above him, seemingly hidden in the snowy, fleecy clouds in the bright blue sky. The peaceful waters of the loch shone like silver wavelets moved gently by the soft wind. The fragrant breath of the heather fanned his cheeks. He sat down under a young larch, and while his hands were absently plucking bunches of wild thyme, his eyes were watching the sun's bright rays over the Highlands.

“Father's mantle,” he said. “I don't want it. I want him.” And his glance over the Highlands was a piercing one, as if he would look into Heaven, which abode seemed to him must be in that direction.

Do not think that Donald was a coward, but he was human, and naturally shrank from assuming the care of providing for a large family. He was only thirteen, and there were six children younger than himself.

His mother was weary and worn; the long sickness of the father, added to her many family cares, had proved too much for her. Her pale cheeks and tired, tearful eyes shone before Donald as he sat “thinking” under the larch. For nearly an hour the battle kept up; then, suddenly he sprang to his feet. The victory was won. He had put on the mantle. “I'm not a lad,” he exclaimed, “I'm the man of the house,” and in a very few moments he was back in the cottage on the moor.

On an old lounge, whose great square calico-covered pillows he could remember as far back as his remembrance reached, lay his mother. Her head was bandaged, her eyes heavy. He knew she was suffering. He knelt down beside her and took her hard-worn hands tenderly. “Mither,” he whispered, “It's hard to have father gang awa', but if he were here when trouble came he'd say: ‘Tis the Lord's will,’ Wadna he, mither?”

“Yes, lad,” she answered, sobbing. “Mither,” very tenderly pressing her hands to his ruddy young cheek, “since he's gang awa' I want you to lean on me—your own laddie, mither dear.”

And although the bereaved woman could not answer then because of her tears, she leaned on her “laddie” from that moment. The following morning she took down the big Bible which Donald's father had read aloud regularly before his sickness, and looked toward the son appealingly.

“Yes, mither,” he said, in answer to the look, “I'm ready,” and he read aloud the selected passage—the “sisters” watching him wonderingly. Then he offered a prayer—a short and broken one, but it answered the purpose, for it pleased his Father in Heaven and comforted his sorrowing mother.

When “prayers” were over, the eldest daughter, a girl of eleven, asked, “Are you going to do just as father did, Donald?”

“Just as near as I can,” he answered, and his mother, catching his look, grew hopeful.

Days passed on. As soon as the little cottage was arranged comfortably—for it had been disorderly during the long sickness—Donald found plenty of remunerative work to do outside. The owner of a pine plantation kept him busy for two long months. Sundays were the only days that he had any rest—all of the others were filled from morning until night. But he slept at home, that was in the agreement, it was necessary for the “man of the house” to sleep near the dear ones over whom he was watching. Morning and evening there were chores to do for “mither.” Then, when there was no more work for Donald on the pine plantation, it was time for grouse shooting.

He entered into this with great earnestness. Accompanied by his two dogs, Scotia and Torquay, he almost flew over the moor and up the hillside—his bag for grouse hanging over his shoulders, his fowling-piece grasped tightly in his hands. Ah, there is a covey of birds! A report is heard, and, lo! there go some grouse into Donald's bag. All day long the sport continues. Up-hill and down again, racing over the heather, climbing to some high ridge, peering out from some steep peak. He did not go home to dinner, being too far away, but he ate a lunch which he had tucked into the pocket of his blouse. A little rest at noon, and then at work again. At last the sun is setting, and Donald, with a bag so heavy that he can hardly drag it along, is homeward bound, Scotia and Torquay at his heels. Over boulder and peat-hags, over the heather, through the bog, by the side of mossy springs, he speeds on. There is home, “mither” and the little “lassies” are waiting for him. “Laddie! My little laddie!” is the former's greeting to her sturdy son.

A very tired boy went to bed that night, but when morning came he was off again over moor and crag.

Weeks have passed away—busy, profitable weeks—and the aldus are all russet and gold now, but Donald's mother does not seem to care that the summer is past.

“My little laddie is such a comfort,” she says to the old Highland pastor. “I'd never have thought that I'd be leaning on him so heavily.” “He accepted his father's mantle,” is the reply given heartily. “Bless the lad! Bless the lad!”

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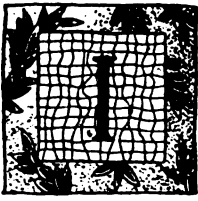
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BRIGHT THINGS FOR BOYS

BUILDING THE FIRST HORSE-CAR

BY JOHN STEPHENSON

(INVENTOR OF THE AMERICAN HORSE-CAR)



I AM eighty-one years old. The sun is going down, and as I sit musing in my evening-tide, I am asked to turn down for the JOURNAL boys a few pages of my life. Seventy years I have spent in mechanical pursuits. My thoughts, for the most part, have

been busy with mechanical problems. When I look back to the days of my boyhood I am amazed at the difference in the condition of things then and now. It seems like a fairy-tale. Then, New York city consisted of several small villages. The boys of one hamlet fared badly if found within the precincts of another, and on Saturday afternoons, the boys of two rival hamlets would face each other on either side of a pit or cut and fight one another with stones. The first Sunday-school in New York was held in public school No. 1, which stood near where City Hall now stands. There were no ferry-boats on the East or North rivers then, and one had to cross on horse-boats.

My father was a working man in comfortable circumstances. He intended me for the mercantile profession. But I had a taste for mechanics and joinery. I had a little room of my own where I spent much of my time, as a boy, making all kinds of things. My first tool was a six-bladed penknife. At sixteen years of age I entered a dry-goods store, the first one in the Bowery, in which business I continued for three years. Then I told my father the bent of my mind, and I was put to work in the coach-building shop of Andrew Wade, in Broome street, near the Bowery. And here is a hint, boys. If you are put to work that you do not like, that is not agreeable, and you fancy something else, be bold enough to try it. Thousands of boys have failed simply because they were not employed in the line of work best suited to them.

After serving some time with Wade, I was employed by Brower, of Broadway, the man who put the first coach on Broadway. This coach was nothing but an old English family-coach, altered in a few details by Brower. This occurred in 1828. While working at this latter place, I voluntarily went to night-school and learned drawing and other branches of study which I wished to become skilled in. At that time the construction of a coach was a tedious and laborious affair. I was the first to adopt draughting in my line of work, and in the year 1831 I devised the first street car, or omnibus, as it was then called. This car was composed of an extension to a coach body, with seats lengthwise instead of crosswise. On the outside of the vehicle was printed "Omnibus," in large letters. People would stand and look at this word, and wonder what it meant.

"Who is Mr. Omnibus?" many of them would inquire.

I had a shop of my own at this time, and there I built the first horse-car. It was run for the first time in 1832, from Prince street in the Bowery, to Fourteenth street. This car had three compartments of ten seats each, entrance being had from the sides. On the top there were also three rows of seats, facing back and front, seating thirty persons. Engineering was very crude in those days. Boring tunnels and laying car-tracks was a much harder and less satisfactory work then than at the present time.

I was burnt out the first year, and lost everything I had. I felt the loss keenly then, but as I look back, I can see how good a thing it was for me. It developed my character; made me more able to meet reverses, and induced me to redouble my energies. As gold is tried by fire, so is the mind of man by trials. Don't give up, boys, at the first setback. Keep a good heart, and try again.

Well, I borrowed \$500 of my uncle, and started in business again. I built up a good business, and had patrons all over the country. Then came seven years of hard luck. Between 1836 and 1843, everything went down, down, down. Money was scarce, very scarce. One couldn't trust anybody. Failures were frequent. There was no money to be made. I executed several orders for cars, which were never paid for. Some were returned, some were not delivered, but they were all made, and the expense of their manufacture came out of my pocket. I filled the orders from one firm and at the same time was suing them for the value of cars previously delivered. Real estate decreased in value. The lots or which my present shops are built were worth \$3500, but they fell to \$300.

Notwithstanding this severe and continued strain, mentally and financially, I should have weathered the storm, but that the mortgage of the lots on which my Harlem shops were built, foreclosed my mortgage. \$80,000 worth of assets went for \$18,000. This broke me completely, for I was \$50,000 in debt.

However, I did not lose courage. I had the confidence of all my patrons, and their goodwill beside me. More I started in business,

this time on the spot where I still am, and in seven years I made a clean sweep of all my debts. Business became brisk, and success attended my efforts. No more set-backs confronted me. To-day the cars made in our workshops are to be found in every country in Europe, with the exception of Italy and Switzerland; in forty cities in Mexico; in every city of note in South America; in India, Japan, Australia and elsewhere. The home trade was very large.

My time now is being spent principally in developing new inventions in connection with the cable and electric cars. I have over a hundred patents on my list at present, and there are a few more on file at the Patent Office.

I am often asked, whether I consider a trade or a profession the better for boys to enter upon. The only answer I can make is, it depends upon the boys themselves. If a boy's taste be for mechanics, all right. Let him be a mechanic. If he prefer law, let him study law. Personally, I prefer mechanics. I am very fond of music and literature. On Sundays I teach my class of forty scholars. And I find that I turn from my daily work to books or religious exercises with a feeling of joyous anticipation.

The conditions surrounding boys and manual labor have changed much in eighty years. No boy who is employed by me goes through near so much as I did. I bear the marks on my hand yet that were the result of hard work done when I was a boy learning my trade. In this era of machinery work is far easier. But there appears to be a strong dislike of manual labor among boys of the present generation. Perhaps this is to be attributed to the growth of our large cities and the progress of education.

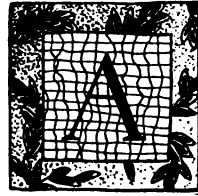
But, after all, if a boy doesn't have a taste for mechanics, let him look elsewhere for his life-work. To boys that are learning trades I would say, Do your best and work your hardest. You will have no brain worry, but you will gain knowledge, skill and physical strength, and you will find the calmer pursuits of life more truly delightful and profitable. To young men and others in business for themselves, I would say, Still work on. Don't give way to adversity. When dark times come upon me, I always trusted it was for the best, and patiently worked on and hoped for good times to come again. And they came. To-day I am not a millionaire, but I am in comfortable circumstances, and happy?

Free Dollars for the Journal Boys

To each of the first five boys sending the correct solution of this problem between the dates of May 1st and May 15th, the JOURNAL will send a new Dollar Bill. All answers received before or after the dates given will not be noticed. Names of winners in this problem will be printed on this page in the June JOURNAL. Address,

HOW TO MAKE AND USE DARK-ROOMS

BY ABRAHAM BOGARDUS



DARK-room, properly arranged, is essential if you would make good work. Careless workers will make any dark corner answer for their weak and imperfect results. For uniform, clear, crisp negatives, good apparatus, good plates, and a well ordered dark-room are necessities. To save trouble, mother's pantry is often used. Fit it up with three tiers of shelves; the lower one should be wide and strong, and placed as high as your waist. If your house is not supplied with running water, use a pail with faucet; this should be raised a few inches higher than your developing dishes. You will also need another pail placed below to receive the waste water. The other shelves are for the plate holders, boxes and drying racks. But mother will soon need this pantry for her household matters, and it is better to build a room that will be your own.

A good room is not necessarily expensive. It is not well to place it in a cellar. It needs good ventilation. It is not well to build it out-of-doors if you propose to use it at all seasons; it should be located so as to be warm in winter and cool in summer. The temperature of your room should be between 60° and 75°. In most instances the room should be built of "tongued and grooved" boards, but, if inside of another room, it can be formed of light strips of wood or frame work, and covered with two thicknesses of dark muslin; between the muslin must be placed thick brown paper, so as to make it perfectly "light-tight." Such a room will be cooler in summer, and in winter will readily partake of the warmth of the room of which it is a part.

It must be perfectly dark, not a ray of light being allowed to enter it while you are developing your plates; just a gleam of light coming under the door has spoiled thousands of plates. It should be supplied with running water and a good-sized sink for carrying off the washings; a rack of narrow strips of wood over the washing sink to hold the developing dishes, will be found convenient and useful. I say a good-sized sink, as you must not spill hyposulphite of soda, or, in fact, any other chemicals, on the floor; these will dry, and your walking on them will disturb the dry particles and cause them to rise; they will settle on your drying plates and cause spots. It is always better to dry your developed plates outside of the dark-room, where they are not liable to damage.

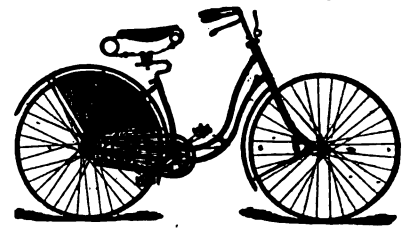
Let the room be large enough to enable you to work without being cramped and, yet not so large as to require many steps to reach the article you wish to use. Arrange each shelf for convenience. Have cleats on each shelf; they will save plates from falling and getting scratched. "Everything in its place" if you are to find it in the dark. Never sweep the floor of your dark-room. It will fill the room with dust, and produce spotted plates. I do not

mean that you should allow your room to get dirty, far from it; neatness and cleanliness are requisites in making good pictures. A slovenly kept, or dirty dark-room will produce corresponding work. Instead of the broom use a wet mop or cloth on the floor and shelves. This will keep everything clean and prevent the dust from making trouble with your plates. Your room will need ventilation. If it can be built against a window, have that window so covered as to exclude all light when developing, and yet easily opened for ventilation when you have finished. Or, if built where there is a chimney, a good ventilation can be secured by an opening in the chimney so boxed as to exclude the light.

There are so many good ruby lamps that it is not worth while to name any one in particular. They can be used with a lamp or placed over a gas jet. A small pasteboard screen between your light and plate in the first stages of developing, is desirable; as development progresses, remove it that you may see when to stop. As a precaution have a bolt or hook on the inside of your door, and always use it when working, it will prevent a visitor from unintentionally spoiling a plate by opening the door.

These rules and cautions strictly followed, will insure good work as far as the dark-room is concerned.

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The Omitted Colors.

One day when the boys were gambolling on the the wind which had been rather boisterous all the morning a boys hat into the river. The boys dropped the boquets of s they had been gathering and ting softly on the bank to avoid sinking into the mud they tried to reach the hat. It floated out of their reach however and they watched its course with ve faces. The owner of the hat grew with anxiety and suddenly yelled "Oh! my hat is gone for good!" One of the others the eldest of the party replied "It is all very well to but that wont bring back your hat. I will wade out and get it." He did so and the play was resumed.

THERE are several words and portions of words omitted from this story, and each one of them is a color. When the colors are introduced in their proper places, the story will be complete. The greater part of the colors are secured by sound, and will not, therefore, be spelled exactly as they would if written in the usual way. There must be twelve (12) omissions supplied to get the correct solution.

There will be more of these problems, even better than those already printed. So watch this page closely, boys.

Knitting & Crocheting

EDITED BY MARY F. KNAPP

This Department will hereafter alternate each month with "Artistic Needlework," so that both of these branches of woman's handiwork may be distinctly and more fully treated. Both Departments are under the editorship of MISS KNAPP, to whom all letters should be sent, addressed to 20 Linden street, South Boston, Mass.

Terms in Crochet

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

A SIMPLE GRECIAN LACE



MAKE a chain of 66 stitches.

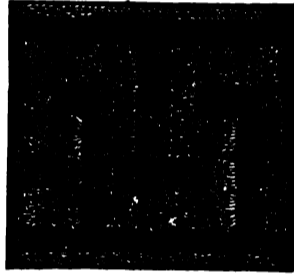
1st row—1 d c in 4th st from hook. 1 d c in each of next 6 stitches, * ch 4, skip 4, sc in next st, ch 4, skip 4, d c in next st, repeat from star 4 times. 1 d c in each of next 6 stitches, ch 5, skip 5, s c in the next st, ch 5, 1 d c in each of next 2 stitches. 2nd row—ch 3, d c in d c, ch 8, 7 d c in 7 d c, * ch 8, d c in d c. Repeat from star 4 times, 6 d c in 6 d c, ch 8. 3rd row—1 d c in 2nd st from hook, 5 d c in 5 stitches of ch, 1 d c in d c, * ch 4, s c in 4th d c, ch 4, d c in 7th d c, ch 4, s c under ch of 8, ch 4, 1 d c in d c, 6 d c under ch 8, 7 d c under ch 8, repeat from star twice, ch 4, s c under ch of 8, ch 4, 7 d c in 7 d c, ch 5, s c under ch 8, 1 d c in each of 2 d c. 4th row—ch 3, d c in d c, ch 8, 7 d c in 7 d c, ch 8, 21 d c in next 21 d c, ch 8, 1 d c in d c, ch 8, 7 d c in 7 d c, ch 8. 5th row—1 d c in 2nd st from hook, 5 d c in 5 stitches of ch, 1 d c in d c, ch 4, s c in 4th d c, ch 4, d c in 7th d c, ch 4, s c in 10th d c, ch 4, 7 d c in last 7 d c, ch 4, s c under ch 8, ch 4, 7 d c in 7 d c, ch 5, s c under ch 8, ch 5, 2 d c. 6th row—ch 3, d c in d c, ch 8, 7 d c in 7 d c, ch 8, 1 d c in d c, ch 8, 7 d c in 7 d c, ch 8. 7th row—1 d c in 2nd st from hook, 5 d c in 5 stitches of ch, 1 d c in d c, ch 4, s c in 4th d c, ch 4, d c in 7th d c, ch 4, s c under ch 8, ch 4, d c in 10th d c, ch 4, 7 d c in last 7 d c, ch 4, s c under ch 8, ch 4, 7 d c in 7 d c, ch 5, s c under ch 8, ch 5, 2 d c. 8th row—ch 3, d c in d c, ch 8, 21 d c in 21 d c, * ch 8, d c in d c, repeat from star twice, 6 d c in 6 d c, ch 8, d c in d c, ch 8, 7 d c in 7 d c. 9th row—slip st along 7 d c, 7 d c under ch 8, ch 4, s c under ch 8, ch 4, d c in first d c, ch 4, s c in 4th d c, ch 4, d c in 7th d c, 6 d c under ch 8, ch 4, s c under ch 8, ch 4, d c in d c, ch 4, s c under ch 8, ch 4, d c in first d c, ch 4, skip 2, s c in next, ch 4, skip 2, d c in next, ch 4, skip 3, s c in next, ch 4, skip 2, d c in next, ch 4, skip 3, s c in next, ch 4, skip 2, d c in next, ch 4, s c under ch 8, ch 4, 2 d c. 10th row—ch 3, d c in d c, * ch 8, d c in d c, repeat from star 5 times, 6 d c, ch 8, d c in d c, ch 8, d c in d c, 6 d c. 11th row—Slip st along 7 d c, ch 3, 6 d c under ch 8, ch 4, s c under ch 8, ch 4, d c in d c, ch 4, skip 2, s c in next, ch 4, d c in last d c, * 5 d c under ch, d c in d c; repeat from star 4 times, ch 4, s c under ch 8, ch 4, 2 d c. 12th row—ch 3, d c in d c, ch 8, 35 d c, ch 8, d c in d c, ch 8, 7 d c. 13th row—slip st along 7 d c, 7 d c under ch 8, ch 4, s c under ch 8, ch 4, d c in d c, ch 4, skip 2, 1 s c, ch 4, skip 2, 1 s c, ch 4, skip 2, 1 s c, ch 4, skip 3, 1 d c, ch 4, skip 2, 1 s c, ch 4, skip 3, 1 d c, ch 4, 1 s c under ch 8, ch 4, 2 d c. Repeat from 2nd row. Mrs. H. R.



GRECIAN INSERTION



MAKE a chain of 53 stitches. 1st row—1 d c in 4th st of ch, ch 5, s c in 9th st, ch 5, 1 d c in 13th st, 1 d c in each of next 30 stitches, ch 5, skip 4, 1 s c in next st, ch 5, 1 d c in each of last 2 stitches. 2nd row—Ch 3, 1 d c in 2nd d c, ch 8, 1 d c in each of 31 d c of previous row, ch 8, 1 d c in each of 2 d c. 3rd row—Ch 3, 1 d c in 2nd d c, ch 5, 1 s c under ch 8, ch 5, 7 d c in 7 d c, ch 4, s c in 10th d c, ch 4, 1 d c in 13th d c, ch 4, s c in 16th d c, ch 4, d c in 19th d c, ch 4, s c in 22nd d c, ch 4, d c in 25th d c, ch 4, s c in 28th d c, ch 4, d c in 31st d c, ch 5, s c under ch 8, ch 5, 1 d c in each of 2 d c. 4th row—ch 3, 1 d c in 2nd d c, * ch 8, d c in d c; repeat from star 4 times, 6 d c in 6 d c, ch 8, 1 d c in each of 2 d c. 5th row—ch 3, 1 d c in 2nd d c, ch 5, s c under ch of 8, ch 5, 7 d c in 7 d c, ch 5, s c under ch of 8, ch 5, 7 d c in 7 d c, ch 5, s c under ch 8, ch 5, * 1 d c in d c, 6 d c under ch 8, repeat from star twice, 1 d c in d c, ch 5, s c under ch 8, ch 5, 1 d c in each of 2 d c. 6th row—ch 3, 1 d c in 2nd d c, ch 5, 22 d c in 22 d c, ch 8, 7 d c in 7 d c, ch 8, 1 d c in each of 2 d c. 7th row—ch 3, 1 d c in 2nd d c, ch 5, s c under ch 8, ch 5, 7 d c in 7 d c, ch 5, s c under ch 8, ch 5, 7 d c in 7 d c, ch 5, s c under ch 8, ch 5, 7 d c in 7 d c, ch 5, s c under ch 8, ch 5, 1 d c in each of 2 d c. 8th row—ch 3, 1 d c in 2nd d c, * ch 8, 7 d c in 7 d c. Repeat from star twice, ch 8, 1 d c in each of 2 d c. 9th row—ch 3, 1 d c in 2nd d c, ch 5, s c under ch 8, ch 5, 7 d c in 7 d c, 5 d c under ch 8, 7 d c in 7 d c, ch 5, s c under ch 8, ch 5, 7 d c in 7 d c, ch 5, s c under ch 8, ch 5, 1 d c in each of 2 d c. 10th row—ch 3, 1 d c in 2nd d c, ch 8, 7 d c in 7 d c, ch 8, 19 d c in 19 d c, ch 8, 1 d c in each of 2 d c. 11th row—ch 3, 1 d c in 2nd d c, ch 5, s c under ch 8, ch 5, 1 d c in first d c of preceding row, ch 4, s c in 4th d c, ch 4, d c in 7th d c, s c in 10th, ch 4, d c in 13th, ch 4, s c in 16th, ch 4, d c in 19th ch 5, s c under ch 8, ch 5, 7 d c in 7 d c, ch 5, s c under ch 8, ch 5, 1 d c in each of 2 d c. 12th row—ch 3, 1 d c in 2nd d c, ch 8, 7 d c in 7 d c, * ch 8, 1 d c in d c, repeat from star 3 times, ch 8, 1 d c in each of 2 d c. 13th row—ch 3, 1 d c in 2nd d c, ch 5, 1 s c under ch 8, ch 5, * 6 d c under ch 8; repeat from star three times, 7 d c in 7 d c, ch 5, s c under ch 8, ch 5, 2 d c. Repeat from the 2nd row.



MEDALLION BRAID LACE



CUT off two pieces of the braid, each 45 medallions in length. Cross and tie with a bit of thread at the space between every 3 medallions. These threads are cut off when the work is done. There will be 15 circles, which is the usual length for an apron trimming. Take No. 36 spool cotton and ch 5; fasten with 1 s c into the 2nd picot of the medallion; turn and make 5 d c in the 5 ch; 5 ch fasten in next to last picot of same medallion. 5 d c in this 5 ch. Repeat in same way all round the circle, being careful not to twist the braid, and join, ch 3, 1 d c between next two clusters, * ch 1, 1 d c between the next two clusters; repeat from star all round the circle, join. This row must be made rather tightly. Fasten off the thread.



Fill in all the circles in the same way. For the border, fasten thread in 1st picot, ch 5, fasten in two middle picots of same medallion, ch 5, 1 s c round the bar between the medallions, ch 5, fasten in 1st picot of next medallion, and continue round the scallop till the last picot, when the needle must be passed through that and the 1st picot of the next, and 1 s c made to hold them together. Continue in same way to the end, and turn; ch 6, 1 d c in 1st loop of 5 ch; 1 d c in next loop, ch 6, 1 d c in same loop; 1 d c in next loop, ch 6. Repeat all round the border, except that the 6 ch is omitted where the scallops come together.

For the heading, ch 7, fasten in 1st picot, ch 7, fasten to 1st stitch of previous ch 7; ch 5, fasten in next to last picot of same medallion, ch 5, fasten to 1st stitch of last ch 5, ch 7, 1 d c round the bar, ch 5, 1 s c in each picot of next medallion, ch 5, 1 d c round the bar, ch 12, fasten in 2nd picot of next medallion. Ch 5, fasten in 5th stitch back of the 12 ch, 7, fasten in last picot of same medallion and 1st picot of next. Ch 7, fasten to beginning of last ch 7, ch 5, fasten in next to last picot, ch 5, fasten back to the beginning of last 5 ch, ch 7, d c round bar, ch 5, 1 s c in each picot of next medallion. Repeat to end. Turn, ch 4, * skip 2 stitches, 1 d c in next, ch 2*. Repeat to end.

PRETTY PARLOR SACHET-BAG

MATERIALS, three-quarters of a yard of yellow satin ribbon, four and a half inches wide, and one and one-eighth yards of black satin ribbon, four inches wide; sixty-one brass rings about one-half inch in diameter, and one ball knitting-silk to match the shade of yellow satin, and one yard of one and a half inches wide yellow ribbon.

First cover twenty-four of the rings with



the yellow silk in single crochet stitch, working all the way round one ring before joining to the next, then half-way round the second and join to the third, and so on, until you come to the twenty-fourth ring, which you will work all round and then follow down the uncovered halves of the rings and finish them, until you come back to the one you started from. Your last join will then come between the two rings, and all this time you have not broken your thread. Make a second strip of twenty-four wheels

in exactly the same manner. Fold the yellow ribbon in halves, and sew the strips of wheels along its sides, so that they will stop at equal distances from the opening at the top, which is to be fringed to the depth of two inches.

The black ribbon is now to be folded along its entire length and fastened in a similar manner to the rings on both sides of the yellow strip. A row of rings is crocheted and sewed to the bottom of the bag, and twenty-five threads of the silk tied into each ring for a fringe (to be two and a half inches long when done) completes this lovely bag. The fringed yellow top of ribbon is tied together with about a yard of Tom Thumb ribbon, and the black handle is suspended from the wall by a pretty bow of one yard of one-and-a-half inch yellow satin ribbon. A narrow strip of sheet wadding, neatly concealed, may be laid between the yellow ribbons, and sachet powder be sprinkled through it.



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

E. M. J.—You can find Hemlinway's crochet silk at any of the large notion stores. It costs 35 cents per half-ounce spool.

L. M. P.—You will find directions for knitted and crocheted bed-spreads in book No. 1, "Reliable Patterns."

SUSIE—Crocheted skirt directions are in book No. 1; also, directions for crocheted long silk pursa.

SUBSCRIBER—The knitting abbreviation, t t o, means throw thread over.

FAITHFUL READER—We printed directions for "Melon seed bag, with steel beads" some time since. For further particulars, send your address, with stamp enclosed, to M. F. Knapp.

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Narrow Knitted Edging

LAST on 9 stitches, knit across plain. 1st row—Slip 1, knit two, thread over, narrow, knit 1, thread over twice, narrow, knit one. 2nd row—k 2, k one loop, purl one loop, k 3, t o, n, k 1. 3rd row—Slip 1, k 2, t o, narrow k 5. 4th row—k 7, t o, n, k 1. 5th row—Slip 1, k 2, t o, n, k 1, thread over twice n, thread over twice, n. 6th row—K 1, knit one loop, purl one loop, k 1; knit one loop, purl one loop; k 3, t o, n, k 1. 7th row—Slip 1, k 2, t o, n, k 7. 8th row—K 1, bind off 3, k 5, t o, n, k 1. ALICE.

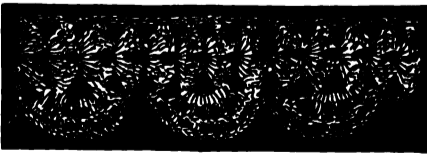
Narrow Crochet Edge

MAKE a chain of eight stitches. 1st row—3 d c in fifth stitch of ch. Chain 1; 3 d c in same turn. 2nd row—Chain 3, 3 d c under chain 1, ch 1, 3 d c under same. 1 d c in top of last d c at end of row, turn. 3rd row—3 d c under chain 1, ch 1, 3 d c, in same. * 1 d c under ch 3, ch 1, repeat from * four times more; 1 d c under same, catch in to last stitch of foundation ch, turn. 4th row—Ch 3, 1 s c between first and second, d c, ch 3, 1 s c between each d c round the scallop. 3 d c under ch 1, chain 1, 3 d c under same; 1 d c at end of row; repeat from second row. At the end of third row catch with s c under last ch 3.

A LITTLE GIRL

Narrow Crochet Edge

MAKE a chain of 5 stitches. 1st row—3 d c in last stitch of chain, ch 1, 3 d c in same; turn.



2nd row—Ch 3, 3 d c under ch 1; ch 1, 3 d c under same. Ch 4, catch with slip stitch in top of last d c of first row; turn. 3d row—10 s c under ch 4, 3 d c under ch 1, ch 1, 3 d c under same. 1 d c in last d c at end of row. Repeat from 2d row, catching the ch 4, between the first and second s c. ALICE.

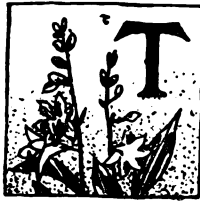


HINTS ON HOME DRESS-MAKING

BY EMMA M. HOOPER.

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

SOMETHING ABOUT BODICES



THE first and last idea in the spring and summer bodices seems to be the quantity of trimming lavished upon them. Have the skirts as plain as a demure Quakeress if you will, but make up in the garniture of your basque what you have saved in the skirt. Give long and straight effects in the latter garment, but "frivol" all you wish when decorating the bodice, which is of as many styles as there are leaves in the Vale of Valambrosia.

THE DETAILS OF BODICES

THE coat effect is a fashionable one, that proves remarkably becoming to a tall or slender figure. This is formed by cutting the basque with a long coat-back, laid in a single hollow box-pleat, which means the pleat is on the wrong side, or lapping it in tailor style, with short hips, and a rounded or sharply-pointed front. The sides are then lengthened by large hip-pieces, resembling false pockets, in one piece or two layers of the goods, the upper one being shorter and narrower than the lower piece. Another plan is to have these hip-pieces, or basques, of side-pleats from the point to the coat-back. The extra pieces are usually the same depth, which is from six to fourteen inches. A flounce of lace is used in this manner on silk or net dresses. On a velvet trimmed bodice, the coat appearance was given by loops of No. 20 velvet ribbon, arranged just to touch each other. Other basques have a coat or pointed back, pointed front and are longer on the hips than of old. Jacket-fronts show a blouse vest of striped silk, which has a silesia back, the jacket-bodice slipping on like an outside garment. Double-breasted fronts often show revers above the bust where the double part begins, and a V between, laid in plaits like a shirt. Vest fronts are shaped similar to a man's vest, with rounding revers, and the space between may be filled in with a third material.

AN INEXPENSIVE OUTFIT

SEVERAL readers have written me for an estimate regarding the absolutely necessary wardrobe for spring and summer. To attempt to give this is like working in the dark, as everything depends upon the position in life, amount of money on hand, condition of the present wardrobe and place of abode. Nothing is accomplished without some supposition, so I will suppose a very moderate supply of gowns on hand, say a cheviot walking dress, white lawn, one gingham and one nice dress, be it a silk, net or fine cashmere, with a flannel blouse left over, and, probably, a half-worn woolen skirt. I imagine my heroine as a teacher, clerk, typewriter, etc., a self-supporting young woman in a large or medium-sized city, who will have a vacation of two weeks or a month, has \$75 for her outfit and wants to look as well as possible. Keep the walking dress for bad weather and have a pretty checked cheviot, six yards at \$1.50, trimmed with silk braid. Then a toque to match this of straw, velvet facing, ribbon and a few flowers for \$4; glacé gloves, \$1.25; total, \$18.25. This answers for a nice spring suit and traveling dress. Have a wash-silk blouse to wear with the different skirts, and a tan cloth reefer to wear over it on the street, using up \$11 more. Add chamois gauntlets for outing wear, walking shoes and Oxford ties, or about \$7 more. Allow \$5 for a tissue and net veils, lingerie, handkerchiefs, etc., and \$1 for a couple of tan and gray hose to wear with the pretty house afternoon toilettes, keeping black for general use and street wear. We have now spent \$42. For country wear we have an outing suit of flannelette, at 15 cents, in neat stripes, not requiring any trimming. A silk crêpe or lace hat will certainly cost \$5, and a nice pair of Satiné gloves, \$1.35. A black ground China silk, having yellow, turquoise or vieux-rose figures, at 89 cents, will cost, when trimmed with a little tinsel galloon, about \$15, making \$65 already spent, and the remaining \$10 I would like to put in a pale yellow or deep cream albatross at 65 cents, trimmed with gilt passementerie, which will answer for evening wear, or an afternoon entertainment. I would like to add cream chamois gloves, and a white hat trimmed with yellow roses, to make this a lovely dress for *al fresco* entertainments where my heroine is a picture of charming simplicity. I have seen this last toilette fashioned out of cheese-cloth at 15 cents, and still look an embodiment of style and charm, but the "know how" and natural chic were present in the wearer. A street suit, nice visiting dress, evening toilette, outing gown, two cotton dresses and one home costume, with a couple of blouses, will answer.

DESIGNS FOR COTTON GOWNS

THOSE of embroidered skirting have the same full skirt, with high sleeves, on the round bodice, made sufficiently long to tuck beneath the skirt belt. This bodice may lap over the bust, have a row of insertion outlining a round or pointed yoke, or be of the simplest spencer shape, with the sleeves of the embroidery. Simple hemstitched lawns are trimmed with nainsook edging and insertion on the round bodice. The neck is often cut in a slight V in front. Velvet ribbon bows are worn on these thin white dresses. Satines are made up with full-fronted bodices, high sleeves, straight skirts and velvet accessories, or those of heavy écru, guipure or Irish point lace. Yokes of embroidery on gingham dresses fasten invisibly along the left shoulder seam. It is then a pretty fashion to have the gingham waist reach up over the yoke in a point, back and front, with the edge gathered and finished with embroidery. Surplice and spencer waists are worn on gingham gowns, with full skirts. Many bodices are given the coat appearance by a deep side plaiting fastened to the skirt belt. Shirt sleeves have a wristband of insertion, and the full topped coat design has turned back cuffs of edging. Percelles are made with a blouse waist, with one plait in front, yoke in the back, high or rolled collar and shirt sleeves. The skirt is simply hemmed and gathered.

DRESSES FOR THE LITTLE ONES

PLAIDS cut entirely on the bias are prettily made up with the usual gathered skirt, high elbow sleeves and a round, full waist gathered to form an erect frill at the top or bound with velvet. A guimpe of white nainsook finishes out the low-cut neck and elbow sleeves. Jacket fronts of velvet are as popular as ever. A very neat bodice trimming consists of five rows of the No. 3 velvet ribbon coming from the right side seam between the arm-size and waist-line, crossing the full front and ending on the left side low down near the waist-line under two rosettes. Yellow cashmere frocks are fashioned with gathered skirts, high waists and long sleeves shirred at the wrists. A ruffle of silk of the same color is turned over from the neck. The only trimming is black velvet ribbon as rosettes, bretelles and as described above. Pink China silk dresses are trimmed with olive velvet ribbon. Round waists and those pointed in front are worn. Necks are square, round and V-shaped over guimpes, though there is a strong liking for high waists on every-day dresses of woolen or cotton fabrics, thus dispensing with a white guimpe.

A LITTLE OF EVERYTHING

TO obtain the desired bias effect in basque fronts, make the back dart very deep, and the front one narrower than usual. The half-inch extra length, left in bodice linings, should be folded in the seams from two inches above the waist-line to two inches and a half below the line, which will cause the outside material to fit smoothly. If a hollow appears in the centre of the bust, lay a crosswise V, or dart, at the fullest part of the bust, in the lining only, which should be about an inch and a half long. Use an extra side-form for stout figures. Taper the centre-back and side-form seams at the waist-line to give a long-waisted appearance. It pays to use the best bones procurable in a bodice, and bone every seam for a stout figure. The hip-pieces, written of above, may begin at the first dart, allowing the front to be cut in one or two points. Short revers, like a notched or "step-collar," are worn again, as well as the single triangular revers on diagonally-cut bodice fronts. Full-topped sleeves are still in favor.

ITEMS REGARDING SKIRTS

THE top of the hem is finished with stitching when the edges of the basque are, selecting the heavy silk for this purpose.

The skirts showing plain fronts and sides and fan backs should measure one hundred and twenty inches on the bottom edge. Half of this quantity goes in the fan back.

The fan-plaited backs are laid in very deep plaits that do not fall out of place when the wearer moves. They are four and a half inches wide at the top, and the fan is about nine inches wide at the bottom.

Bias ruffles on the edge of the front and sides may be of silk, velvet or the dress fabric. Lace ruffles are stylish when rounded upon the sides, as they were worn years ago.

The seamless skirts are of material sufficiently wide to make up crosswise of the goods, bringing the seam in the back, where it is gored sharply to the top, to prevent too much fullness at the belt, while the front and sides are plainly fitted with darts, two on each side of the centre front and two in each side gore.

DRESSMAKERS' CORNER

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

AMELIA—The yellow satin would make a V-shaped plastron, but would be richer if covered with black net. Trim with black cord and gilt passementerie. Have a fan back, nearly plain front, ruffle across the foot, high sleeves and a deeply pointed basque. Lap the right side over the left and follow the opening with the trimming, which also place on the collar and wrists.

B. E. H.—Wash silk, in dainty plaids or stripes, make the prettiest shirt waists. In woolen materials the new sanitary woolen taffeta, or striped light-weight flannel, would answer capitally.

JACK BROWN—Your cream will dye a pretty tan, and then combine with a tan and brown brocade for sleeves and guimpe, with the low basque trimmed around the top and wrists with a brown silk and gilt passementerie. Have a full back to the skirt, easy, though close-fitting front, and a ruche of goods across the front and sides at the foot.

JACK'S SISTER—Your letter came too late to tell you concerning late winter dresses. The number depends entirely upon the amount at your call for dress money. For spring a cheviot street dress, one visiting costume of Henrietta, a pretty home gown of woolen crêpe, two morning dresses and two evening gowns for the "small parties" would be a fair allowance, as you already have something to start with. For the latter, one of black lace and the other of broché Châta silk would be stylish and serviceable.

MAUDE V. D.—You can use a tan-colored Henrietta with the dark-green silk. If this seems too light, how would you like a striped woolen goods showing the green with a contrasting color. Black brocade could be combined with it, or green of several shades. Girls' summer frocks are treated of in this issue.

KATYDID—Your hair is light-brown, almost on the drab brown. You can wear warm gray shades, brown, dark green, black, bright navy-blue, rich reds, cream, turquoise shades, as well as mauve and some of the heliotrope shades. Have a toque to match the silk. Make the silk with three breadths in front, trimmed with a ruche or bias ruffle across the front and sides, and three widths fan or box-plaited in the back. High sleeves, pointed basque lapped to the left, and a yoke of mauve or turquoise crêpe, with the jeweled passementerie to match on collar and wrists. Bonnets are not to be thought of; wear large fronted hats and turban-touques. A few brides have worn colored flowers, but white is thought more appropriate. The white wool gown can have yoke and sleeves of white silk brocade, and a trimming of silver and silk passementerie on wrists, and low, full bodice of the white woolen material. Read description of these yoke gowns in the March issue. Your letter, like all others, must wait its turn, though the delay seems a long one to you no doubt.

Mrs. S. E.—Have your skirt back plaited in a space of four and a-half inches at the belt. Wear flannel and silk blouses with the black cashmere skirt in the summer. Use either a ruche or gathered ruffle on edge of skirt, both five inches deep, and have a fan or box-plaited back, flat sides and the front plain look broken by a few diagonal folds at the waist on each side to draw the front to the right. Make the sleeves over a coat-shaped lining, cutting the outside five inches longer and the same wider, thus forming the fullness over the shoulder when gathered to the edge of the lining. The basque have pointed, with a coat-tail back, crocheted buttons, and trim with black and gilt passementerie around the collar, wrists and cuffs, and from the side seams, outlining a girde. I cannot recommend patterns or any other article by name through the JOURNAL, but will privately, if you desire it. A gingham make with a full gathered skirt, high sleeves, and a surplice or ruffled front, leaving it sufficiently long to tuck beneath the skirt belt, with a trimming of embroidery for collar, cuffs, a V, or revers, and wear with a ribbon, canvas, silk or leather belt.

"POLLY"—Some dyers profess to take the shine off of such a fabric as you describe, but I can not say that I have ever seen perfect success obtained through their efforts. Get plain material just the color of your goods, and use it for a pointed basque and fan-plaited skirt back, also plain sides, as the plaid will probably run short as it should form the plain skirt front, sleeves and basques or hip pieces now revived. If you have sufficient of either fabric, make a bias ruffle for the foot of the skirt.

Mrs. A.—Your letter was unfortunately too late even for the April issue, and not having any address attached will be unobtainable. The pouce is rather passé; but, if on hand, why not keep it for a house dress, as it is always cool and neat? You might remodel it and have velvet yoke effect and edging of tinsel. The two wash dresses should be gingham. The nice American gingham are now really lovely goods, at 16 and 20 cents. Plaids, checks and stripes are all stylish for a round skirt, having a gathered ruffle on the bottom, high sleeves, and a round waist, which may have fullness from the shoulders, be in yoke form, a simple spencer shape or tucked in the centre, back and front. Trim with collar, cuffs, V, revers, belt, small yoke, lengthwise bands of insertion, etc., of embroidery.

JENNIE E.—In asking what is necessary for a summer outfit I can only say that everything depends upon how much you have to spend, and where the summer will be passed.

C. D. G.—Fit the dress waist over the slight bustle and corsets to be worn with it. The underclothes make all the difference imaginable in the fit of a basque.

Mrs. ANNIE A.—Light woolen dress goods, India silks, grenadines and gingham will be the chief dress materials for spring and summer, in gray, tan and mode shades principally.

S. W. K.—Five yards of cashmere will answer for the skirt and low bodice, which has a round neck, no darts and a slight point, back and front. Lay the dart fullness in tiny overlapping plaits and edge the neck and lower front with half-inch passementerie of the same color. Now buy a pretty brocade, two and a quarter yards for high sleeves, collar and deep yoke, back and front. Hook the bodice invisibly down the left shoulder and under arm-seam.

A. D. T.—The capes reaching to the waist, such as have been illustrated in the fashion department, will undoubtedly be worn all during the spring. A very pretty one would be a light-tinted broadcloth, with a draped collar of velvet a shade darker, wide and rolled back permitting a lining of feathers to show. A ruffle of black lace, with a black lace hood and long black ribbon ties, will be worn during the summer, and is an extremely pretty finish to a black lace gown. However, it is purely decorative and does not give the warmth of the short cloth cape. Fur collar and cuffs, that is, deep cuffs coming over the coat sleeve, and a rolling collar of white linen, are in vogue, and are fancied by women who can stand their severity. They must be as immaculate as the newly fallen snow, for the least soil upon them suggests a careless cavalier rather than a careful puritan.

MOTHER—Dress your little ones simply and comfortably. That is the way that the most fashionable children on both sides of the Atlantic are dressed. A silk gown on a child is very bad taste. Leave something for the future. When your girl is eighteen or nineteen let her find pleasure in a simple silk gown, though a thoroughly wise mother would let the bridal dress be the first silken one worn by her daughter. Simplicity is not only fashionable but sensible, and when a woman gowns her babies in silks and laces it not only stamps her as lacking in the knowledge of what the fashionable woman does, but it also shows that she herself is entirely wanting in common sense.

LEAH W.—Buttons are rather small and are usually placed three-quarters of an inch apart. The new tailor-made buttons, having braided buttonholes attached, will trim your cheviot prettily.

ADELAIDE—By referring to the October number of the JOURNAL you will find a bicycle dress described, such as are also worn for the tricycle.

Mrs. W. D.—Such dress forms are made for a large size, as twenty-dollars, etc., but they are not a perfect success, as the material is hard and does not "give" as the human form does, so the bodice never fits in to the figure. The wire forms are equally as good at a third of the expense, as you can alter them to exactly suit your requirements. The address of such forms as the latter you can find in THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

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FOR THE GIRL WHO GRADUATES

By Isabel A. Mallon



woman, thoroughly sympathized with. It is just the same feeling that prompts the putting

THE desire of the young girl who is just leaving the school of books to go out into that wide world where she must study in the harder school of experience, to bid good-bye to her comrades in an entire white gown, is easily understood, and by a woman, thoroughly sympathized with. It is just the same feeling that prompts the putting

A NUN'S-VEILING COSTUME

WHITE nun's-veiling is used for this costume (Illustration No. 1), which is very well suited to the tall, slender girl who is going to step forward and read an essay at the college commencement. The class have all thought over their gowns and have been wise enough to know that a skirt in which one stands on the stage, must be a little longer than is usually worn, or else the feet look specially prominent and very large. This one has not only the necessary length in front, but a little train in the back. The skirt is made with a plain front, finished with a narrow double box-plaited ruffle, which extends across each side to where the back joins, and this, by-the-by, is laid in full, soft folds, that fall as only that most artistic of materials, nun's-veiling, can fall. At one side, from under the bodice, is a long loop and longer end of white gros-grain ribbon. The bodice is pointed in front, arches over the hips and is laced down the back to a point shaped like that in front. A soft effect is gained by the material being in surplice folds in front; the neck finish is a full frill of white chiffon, the sleeves are high on the shoulders, shaped into the arm, and meet the long white gloves that are worn. The hair is drawn off the forehead, braided and looped, and fastened to the head with tortoise-shell pins.

Nothing could be prettier than this dress; and yet, when it is remembered exactly how wide nun's-veiling is, how simply the frock is made, and how it is possible for the amateur to achieve it, one can realize how absolutely inexpensive it is. Developed in cashmere or crepe cloth it would cost a little more, but as the veiling is decidedly the most graceful there is no reason why either of the others should be chosen. If classes have concluded, as they occasionally do, to wear pale colors, this would be equally effective developed in pale yellow, old-rose, pale blue, very light brown or whatever shade is chosen as most becoming for you to be one of a rosebud garden of girls.

A PICTURESQUE BODICE

SEVERAL of the commencement costumes show perfectly plain skirts, with extremely picturesque-looking bodices to them. A favorite style, not unlike the Valois, being pictured in illustration No. 2. For this gown, muslin, on which is embroidered a white flower, is used, and the skirt is a full plain one, drawn back a little from the front, and having as its edge-finish a hand-sewed hem. The bodice looks like a corselet, the figured material extending just above the bust, handkerchief-folds of white silk muslin being drawn over the shoulders and permitting the throat to show prettily and modestly. The outlining of the corselet is done with small pearl beads, and its fullness is drawn in toward the centre so that a long-waisted effect is achieved. The same effect is produced in the back where the lacing is. The sleeves are very full, high ones of the figured stuff, shaped into the arm at the elbow and then cut out in square cuff fashion, outlined with pearls and finished with a frill of chiffon. A ribbon girdle hides where the skirt comes over the bodice, but the long-

waisted effect is retained because the ribbon is narrow, folded down to a point in front and hangs in two long ends in the back. This is a bodice that is so absolutely of all times that the graduate who has a picture taken in her commencement dress, will be able to show it twenty years after, and people will be surprised to see that it doesn't look in the least old-fashioned, but that it is thoroughly artistic. The lacing must in every instance be carefully done and the material not pulled by it, else the back view will not be a proper match for the front.

VERITABLE MUSLIN GOWN

OUR grandmothers reveled in the delights of dotted muslin. With the coming of the sewing-machine, dotted muslin disappeared for awhile, as its frills could not have the somewhat heavy seam that the machine made upon them; but nowadays, when long seams and bodice seams are all that the sewing-machine operates upon, and the ruffles are once more hemmed by hand, dotted muslin is again a favorite. A young girl who believes that life itself is rose-colored or not, as you make it, concluded that her gown should suggest this and not be entirely white, and so she chose a white dotted muslin and had it made over a skirt of pale-rose silk, while the rose color showed in the peasant-waist that was worn outside the costume, and this is the dress shown at illustration No. 3. The silk used for the skirt is of the most inexpensive kind, and that is made up simply as the ordinary foundation. The front part of the dotted muslin skirt has three narrow frills, hemmed by hand as its foot finish, while the slight



A PICTURESQUE BODICE (Illus. No. 2)

of a white gown on a bride, the wearing of white when the first communion is taken, or the laying on of hands is given. A young girl never looks as charming, or as perfectly sweet and innocent, as when she does wear white, and the French writer's inclination to speak of a maiden "fair to see," as "Mademoiselle Sainte Mouseline," thoroughly expresses not only the man's opinion of the young girl, but the suitability of her attire.

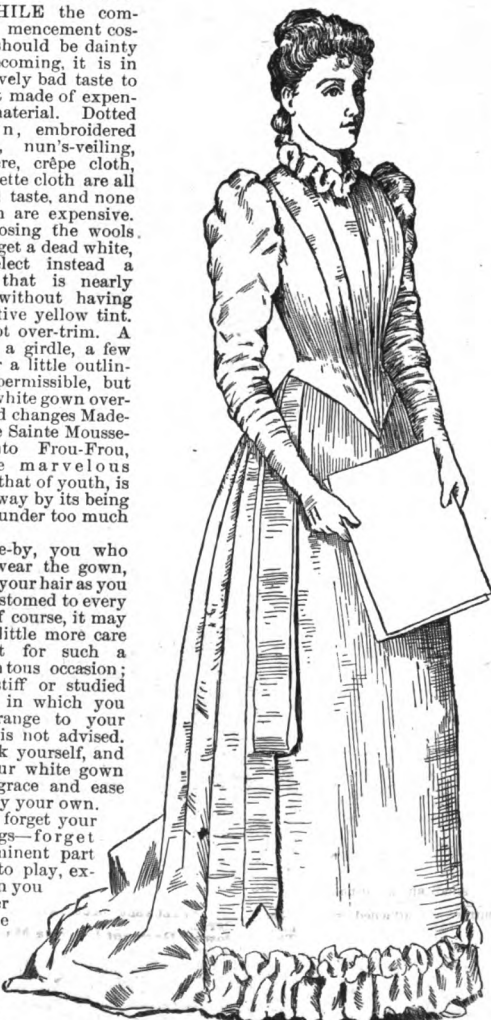
THE FAVORITE FABRICS

WHILE the commencement costume should be dainty and becoming, it is in excessively bad taste to have it made of expensive material. Dotted muslin, embroidered muslin, nun's-veiling, cashmere, crepe cloth, or clarette cloth are all in good taste, and none of them are expensive. In choosing the wools do not get a dead white, but select instead a white that is nearly cream without having its positive yellow tint.

Do not over-trim. A ribbon, a girdle, a few frills, or a little outlining is permissible, but even a white gown over-trimmed changes Mademoiselle Sainte Mouseline into Frou-Frou, and the marvelous charm, that of youth, is taken away by its being hidden under too much finery.

By-the-by, you who are to wear the gown, arrange your hair as you are accustomed to every day. Of course, it may have a little more care given it for such a momentous occasion; but a stiff or studied coiffure, in which you look strange to your friends, is not advised. Just look yourself, and wear your white gown with a grace and ease peculiarly your own.

Try to forget your belongings—forget the prominent part you are to play, except when you remember that while you are natural, you also should be, in a befitting manner, dignified.



A SIMPLE NUN'S-VEILING GOWN (Illus. No. 1)



THE MUSLIN DRESS (Illus. No. 3)

train is full enough to make any decoration unnecessary. The bodice is a softly draped one of the muslin, with a chemisette of white mousseline de soie fastened in position by two pearl pins. The peasant-waist is a close-fitting one of pink gros-grain, laced over the front with pink silk strings made to come very close together at the waist-line and broadening toward the bust so that a good figure effect is achieved. The edges at the top and bottom are cut out in scallops. The high puffs on the shoulder, from under which comes close-fitting sleeves that reach almost to the elbow, are pretty, and the long white undressed kid gloves worn fully cover the arms.

In plain muslin, in mull, or in any fabric fancied, this gown could be duplicated, or it might be made in dotted muslin without the pink with it, and have a bodice of white silk and a lining of white silk, or of the ordinary silk-finished lining that is sold for such purpose.

A FEW LAST WORDS

MY dear girls, no matter how strong the temptation may be, do not wear any jewelry, unless it should be a small brooch or pin, with your commencement costume. Do not choose, if you should carry a fan, a very elaborate one, and the more of this world's goods you possess, the more careful you should be in having a simple gown. Remember, I do not say that it must not be pretty—that is most desirable; but when all the class is together for the last time, when one is going to one part of the world and one to another, there should never for a minute be such a feeling as that of envy excited by a very gorgeous gown. The world is yours and you may do as does my little friend, meet it in a rose-colored way; but you want to begin right, and, even if to carry out your theory you are forced to give up the rose gown and choose a simpler one, that some girl's feelings may not be hurt, do it. You will carry a happy heart under the simple frock because you will know you are doing right. And that is the way you want to feel on the day when your life-work commences and the school-days are all over. You want to take to heart very much more than is generally done, that quotation which appears in so many commencement essays:

"Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever,
Do noble things, not dream them all day long,
And so make life, death and that vast forever,
One grand, sweet song."

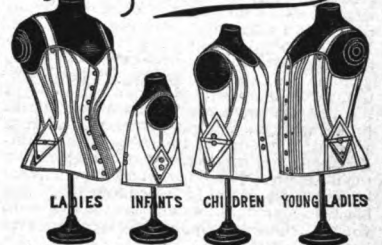
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What is India Pongee? SEE PAGE 23

SOME SUGGESTIONS FOR SPRING

By Isabel A. Mallon



In the early spring there is always the young woman who dares pneumonia and all the ills that come from going without a wrap, in her determination to show not only her pretty gown, but her good figure. Another type, who may be counted as the wise virgin, is a little older and she wears the light-weight, well-shaped spring wrap, and suffers from none of the evils of thoughtlessness, and looks marvelously well. Married women specially affect short wraps, and as they can be made either with the greatest simplicity, or the greatest elaboration, each can be satisfied. Plain and brocaded silks, fine cashmeres, very light-weight cloths and crêpes are used for the wrap proper; and lace, fringe, jet, passementerie or braid are favored trimmings. When the more elaborate materials are used, a silk lining, with an absolute contrast in color, is selected; but many of the wraps have no lining at all, and others have one that match them exactly. Pale gray, wood-color, golden-brown, light green, steel, navy-blue, and black, as a matter of course, are the shades in vogue. The elderly lady who expects to wear her wrap through the entire season, sensibly enough selects a black one, for it will harmonize with almost any costume, and she will not easily tire of it.

AGAIN THE PANIER

THE modistes have been announcing that panier loopings will again be in vogue, and although it cannot be said that any very pronounced ones have been seen, still there are drapings that suggest the panier. Such draperies are absolutely impossible for women who are much developed about the hips, or who incline to be short and stout, and for this reason they are dedicated to the tall, slender girl, or the one whose figure is not fully developed. The monstrosities of the fashion book of twenty years ago are not likely to be repeated, but the tendency to drapery on the hips is certainly to be revived, though whether it will obtain or not, only fair woman-kind can decide.

In the illustration is shown a pretty costume with its drapings after this style. The material used for it is pongee silk; the skirt is laid in small box-plaits that flare but slightly, and the drapery, which is petal-like in outline, is joined to the waistband. It is also laid in plaits, and the long point on each side of the front, which is achieved by the draping, has a flower decoration wrought out in varying shades of brown and pale green. The bodice is doubled-breasted and closed with small buttons the color of the pongee. It turns away from a full gilet of pongee colored crêpe de chine, the reverses being faced with the pale green shade that is found on the embroidery of the gown itself. The high stock is of pale green ribbon; a ribbon girdle conceals the band of the skirt, and some distance above it a girdle comes from each side and is knotted and looped very near the centre of the bodice in front, the long ends falling far over the skirt. The full puffed sleeves are gathered into cuffs of the green. The hat is an unbleached straw, decorated with pale green ribbons and white blossoms. The parasol is of pongee silk, finished with frills of *œru* lace; a long ribbon of the pale green shade being carelessly thrown about the handle and drawn up, as illustrated, to the inside of the parasol so that when it is opened a decorative effect is achieved. Such a costume as this would be particularly dainty developed in white silk, cotton or wool, or indeed in almost any of the fabrics or colors peculiarly dedicated to summer.

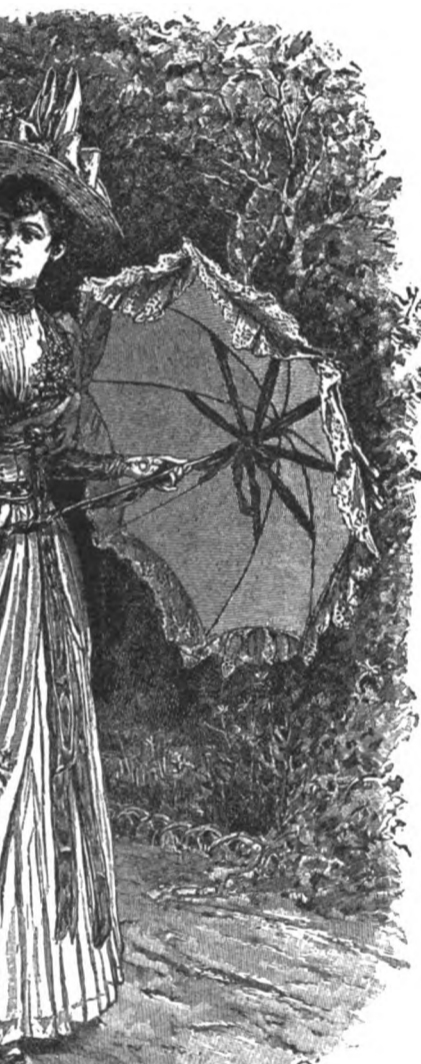
A WORD ABOUT GLOVES

THE fashion in gloves might be called a standard one, for, all reports to the contrary, the shades seen are gray, black, and all of the various tan ones. In the heavy walking glove, made with overlapping seams and closing with four large buttons, the deep shades of tan—those that verge on the reddish—

are best liked; but for general wear the undressed kid glove, six-button length and closing with two buttons, in one of the lighter tan shades, is to be preferred. The sack glove, that is, the one that slips over one's hands and has no buttons, is noted in white, light gray and tan, and is more desirable in the white and gray, for the reason that either of these colors clean so very easily. Very few mitts are worn, and as silk gloves have the unpleasant habit of wearing out at the finger-ends in a marvelously short time, and as they are not beautiful, they cannot be commended for either economy or good taste. The tan glove harmonizes with every color worn except gray, and for that the gray glove is in order. Though a few glacé gloves are seen, they have not the vogue of the undressed kid, which by its extreme softness and pliability recommends itself to most women. Do not make the mistake, under any circumstances, of choosing a glove that is too small. Get one that will fit you easily and give free play to your fingers, so that you do not hold your parasol in a strained manner, nor will you find it impossible to count your change in the street car.

FOR THE THROAT

THE ribbon stock retains its position among women who do not care to have, or who do not find becoming, a white finish at the throat; but for those who do the flat folds of crêpe lisse are chosen for any except cloth



A SPRING COSTUME

gowns, they demanding either a linen collar, or a fold of piqué if something beyond the cloth finish is desired.

The high collar with the shirt-front showing for a short distance, is good form; but, of course, its use is limited, as it must have in company with it a gown that suggests that a tailor made it.

The Henri Deux frills of dotted net, or of lace, tied in front just as were the feather collarettes, are pretty with light summer gowns, and specially where one has a long, slender throat.

Where the throat is short and the face above it full and round, the effect is not picturesque, as the standing ruff seems to separate the body from the head. For cool days the feather ruff in black or white is in good taste. Small fichus, made of crêpe lisse and finished with two frills of crêpe lisse, are in the pale shades of blue, rose, lavender, golden-brown, cream and black and white; these are drawn up about the neck at the back, and may be knotted after the manner of Madame Bernhardt, close under the chin in loops and ends, or may be drawn down to form a V, and fastened with a ribbon rosette or a brooch on the bust.

ABOUT PARASOLS

THE parasol is always an important adjunct to a summer gown. It must be becoming, for it is the movable background, and you cannot afford to have for it a color that does not absolutely suit you and your general style. Chiffon, tulle, silk and cotton are all in vogue; but for the woman who only proposes to get one I should advise a silk one of medium size, with a handle of natural, on which the silversmith has put some of his sterling metal. The gold and silver handles are not considered

good form. A drawn parasol of black dotted net is suitable for use with a black lace gown; but in choosing this be sure that the net is a good quality, or else it will grow brown and rusty-looking. The beautiful white, blue, rose and lavender chiffon parasols are only proper for use in carriages, and cannot be commended to the general woman. The red silk parasol, almost as large as a sun umbrella, is fancied by women who like the ardent color for use with cotton frocks. But a golden-brown, a dark blue, or a black one lace-trimmed, will be found, after all, the most useful and the one that does not, by its trying tone, affect your complexion or your hair.

With your cloth costume carry a sun umbrella that when not in use, may be daintily strapped until it looks as slender as possible. An elaborate parasol with a tailor-made gown looks as out of place as would soup and ice-cream served together.

THE FASHIONABLE GIRL

OF course it is called the Cleopatra. It is of inch-wide black ribbon, and has slid over it three small jet buckles—one that is close up on the back at the waist-line, one on each hip; just in front and coming quite low is a band of cut-jet that hooks in the centre just as do the belts fancied by the divine Sarah when she pictured Egypt's queen. These belts are in gold, steel, and silver; sometimes they are set with imitation gems, but the black one will be found most useful, and of it one will tire the least. These girdles look best when worn with loose-fronted costumes, but if the material is soft they are not out of place with a gown made to fit in front. They cannot be commended for very stout figures or, indeed, even for those who are more than slightly plump, as they belong to the slender, tall woman of whom Madame Bernhardt is a type, and for whom she has set so many fashions. To her is owed the glove that, while making the wrist look small, seemed to increase the size of the arm; to her is owed the full sleeve, and that one of the Valois time, which coming far down on the hand hid its defects in the way of slenderness; to her is owed the high ruff, the soft, full-fronted bodices, and the adoption of stuffs that tend to make curves rather than of stiff, unyielding silks that only described and made positive the angles; to her is owed the adoption of jewelry that is becoming and artistic, rather than that which is merely costly. It is said to be the century of the woman. It is very certain that though there are men who make gowns, yet the gowns that are successes are those that are approved of by a woman who knows what best suits her type. Much, indeed all of the art of dress, lies in finding out your style and then dressing to suit it.

THE SUMMER SHOE

THE low shoe that is laced, with a high vamp of patent-leather and an upper of kid, a medium high heel and an arched instep, is given the preference in black; and, unless one is going to have a great many shoes, that would be the wisest to choose.

The tan undressed kid, also laced, will again be worn, but with it, as with the gray shoe, there must be stockings to match, so that in selecting a color like either of these the expense does not just stop at the shoes. Scarlet slippers are shown that have jet beads in a most elaborate fashion all over the toes, and this permits the wearing of black stockings with them, though it must be confessed that the scarlet ones look better. Do not believe for an instant that the very gaudy stockings that are displayed in the shop windows are bought by people who give a thought as to suitability in dress. Plain black stockings, or those matching the shoes with which they are worn, are the ones favored, and those showing elaborate stripes, plaids or very gorgeous patterns are bought by people who are ignorant of what is proper, or who have excessively vulgar taste. One never sees in wearing black shoes and stockings.

I want to say a little word about heels. I am not a believer in the extremely high French heel; but if a heel is chosen at all it should be one that lifts the foot a little from the ground, and assists in the walking. An extremely high heel, throwing the foot forward until it is in an abnormal position, is as senseless as it is out of fashion. Fashion, my dear woman, seldom dictates that which is not desirable. Good fashions are introduced to you, and you, by exaggerating, make them silly and unhealthful. Dame Fashion herself thinks out what is good for the woman, what is suitable for her position in life and what she can honestly and truly afford to wear; and when she is not seen in this it is because she is foolish enough to elect to wear that which Fashion has never set her seal upon, but which the Dame would scorn as being out of place and in extremely bad form.

Spring, 1891.

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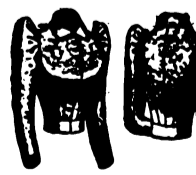
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SILKS FOR THE SUMMER

By Isabel A. Mallon



HERE is probably no material as useful or as becoming for summer wear as the light-weight inexpensive silk. It does not wrinkle easily, it can be made up simply or elaborately, and as every color of the rainbow and every shade emanating from those colors are brought out in the soft fabrics, there is no reason why it should not always be exactly adapted to the style and complexion of the wearer. This season very dainty effects are shown in dark-blue, golden-brown, black, lavender, olive and old-rose, with a cluster of flowers, small ones usually, thrown here and there in a careless manner as if their being there was an artistic accident.

Other designs are those known as the standard ones and show small dots, crescents, stars and figures that look like Egyptian hieroglyphics in dark colors upon light grounds, and in bright colors upon faint ones. The very narrow hair-line is again noted, and is to be commended for its refinement, as during a long, hot summer it never grows tiresome. One of the prettiest of these contrasts is the white ground with a scarlet line upon it, the contrast usually being intensified by the dressmaker who, very properly, has its girdle, ribbons, or whatever its decorations may be, made of black. The scarlet silks show white, black, or gray figures upon them, and the sash, waistcoat, or material decorations should then match the figure in color.

THE WISDOM OF WOMEN

FRENCH women are especially wise about these dainty gowns, and seldom err in making them too elaborate. They realize that they are material representations of comfort and coolness, and, consequently, believe that too much garniture is not in good taste. The wise French dressmaker models her summer silks and her cottons after the same design, for she knows that the woman of good taste feels equally well dressed in either, and that the pink-and-white cotton can stand beside the pink-and-white silk at a garden party in the afternoon, or evening, and be in equally good taste. Pretty results, very much more than elaborate stuffs, are commended for the sunny summer days of the summer.

A typical summer silk, that is, for street wear, shows the faintest royal blue background, tiny clusters of white violets forming the figures printed upon it. The skirt is made with absolute plainness, being drawn from the front, so that a few wrinkles are obtained, while in the back it is gathered in and falls in straight, full lines. The basque is a long, turreted one, the edges being finished with a narrow binding of blue silk braid. Across the front the material is draped so that the closing is hidden, and the draping, which comes far across to one side, is fastened on the bust and at the waist-line under stiff rosettes formed of blue braid. The collar is a high one of silk, with a fold of braid outlining it, and the full sleeves that stand high on the shoulders have a similar finish at the wrist. The hat is a blue straw Toreador with three rosettes of the blue braid as its decoration, and with blue silk pendants all about the rolling brim.

A WORD ABOUT COTTONS

NOW, to the general woman, I want to say that this frock would be equally effective developed either in gingham or saten; that it could be trimmed in exactly the same way, worn all summer without washing, and would be suited to any occasion; that is, it is perfectly proper for a shopping or visiting gown, or for wear to church. Experience has proven that the women who wear simple gowns are the ones who appreciate their suitability and who know that a hot, heavy silk, a glistening brocade, or a stuffy wool material is out of taste at church on a warm Sunday. I specially say this for the woman I like and who lives in the country, because too often she seems to scorn the cotton, forgets its beauty, and doesn't realize just how dainty it may be. She would be surprised, as was one other American who, when talking with a famous dressmaker, asked him how much a certain frock would be made up in silk. He said three hundred dollars. She then inquired how much it would be made up in cotton. Again he said three hundred dollars. And when she said the cotton would not cost five, he reminded her that it was not the material for which he charged; it was the novelty and daintiness of the design, which was as well adapted, and would be as perfectly developed in cotton as in silk.

SUMMER BODICES

WITH the plain skirts fancied, the bodice of the summer silk aims to be picturesque. The sleeves are sometimes very high, sometimes only slightly so, but they are always decorative. Girdles of ribbon or velvet encircle the waist, and vests, or guimpes of contrasting materials make the bodice beautiful. The guimpe is invariably arranged directly upon the lining, and is not, by this careful disposition, likely to pull out of place, or to look as if it were put on awry. Draped bodices are liked, and the closing is concealed with as much care as if the wearer wished everybody to believe that a strip of silk simply draped about herself, and fitting as the clinging silk would, formed her waist. Other styles are more exactly fitted, and the one shown in the illustration, which is a late French model, is an evidence of the fancy for the guimpe, as well as for the fitted bodice. The material is

pale lavender and white striped silk; the skirt is moderately full in front, much fuller at the back, and has for a finish a scant frill of the silk, nearly half a yard wide, which is gathered and sewed about the edge, sewed, by-the-by, very carefully, and by hand. The bodice portion is fitted after the manner of a peasant-waist, except that it comes high upon the shoulders, and closes in front where it folds over. Its rounded edge is finished with a folded frill of lavender silk, a shade darker than that shown in the stripe of the skirt. Above this is a full guimpe of white crepe de chine, finished about the throat with a stock of lavender ribbon. The sleeves are prettily high, shape into the arm and have a cuff finish of lavender ribbon. About the waist is a girdle of the ribbon, which is folded down in loops on one side, and has long ends and loops on the other. The hat is a black straw, faced with lavender velvet, and decorated with white lace ribbon and lavender flowers.

Such a bodice would be very pretty developed in any of the silks, and where as light an effect were not desired, the guimpe could be made of black, or any crepe de chine that would be in harmony with the gown or becoming to the wearer. If a little heavier material were preferred for it, then surah silk could be used, but the crepe de chine has a softer and somewhat more elaborate air, and is an essentially becoming fabric.



A GRACEFUL FRENCH BODICE

ABOUT SILK BLOUSES

FOR wear with skirts of any kind there are shown blouses of blue, brown, red, or black silk with polka dots, crescents, stars or hieroglyphics, very tiny ones all of these, in white upon them. They are made tucked slightly in front from the throat to the bust-line, after which they flare, and the fullness is held in at the waist by a belt. The sleeves are very high on the shoulders, full and gathered into deep, straight cuffs at the wrist, a cuff which permits three white buttons to close it.

All of us know what it is to have skirts that outwear bodices, and the black one and the blue one, or what color it may be, can be carefully freshened up, made as near like new as possible, and the blouse selected to go with it that is in harmony with its color. A well-made silk blouse should last all summer, but it must be remembered that I am talking not of pale rose or cream ones, but of the refined indigo-blue, the dark seal-brown, or the black; the pink and the blue and the white are, it is true, as dainty as the daisies, and just about as perishable.

A BLACK-AND-WHITE SILK

A PRETTY costume is of black silk with a wide stripe formed of fine white hair-lines upon it. The skirt is almost smooth-fitting at the front and sides, while in the back a plaited effect is produced. The bodice is a basque with coat-skirts added, so that it produces much the effect of a three-quarter coat. The collar is a high stock of white ribbon; the sleeves are very full, and are finished with ribbon cuffs. The buttons are cut-steel ones; the bonnet is a small one of black straw, with a mountain of tiny white roses upon it and ties of black velvet ribbon; the parasol is of silk like the gown, and the gloves are of white kid, having their backs stitched

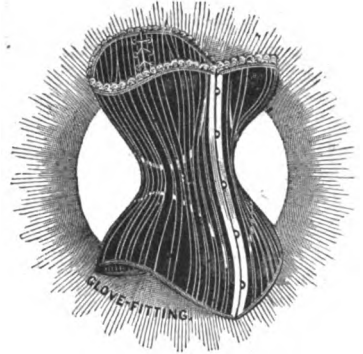
with black. In any of the contrasts a costume like this could be developed, but nothing in the way of color would be as absolutely smart as the black with the touches of white upon it.

AN ALL-BLACK GOWN

BLACK surah, light of weight and not too dull in tone, is made into a pretty gown. The skirt has a deep, scant ruffle that extends over the front and sides, a style of decoration much in vogue. The back is prettily full and trains just a little. The basque is a long one, having its edges outlined with small jet beads. A waistcoat effect is produced by a full jabot of French lace, which extends from the throat to the edge of the basque. The sleeves are moderately full and have lace cuffs as their decoration. A small, round lace cape, formed of three ruffles, is worn with this gown, and the bonnet accompanying it is a lace one, with a jet coronet upon it; the gloves are black undressed kid, and the parasol is of black dotted net.

Black surah is a desirable dress, because it "shakes" the dust—a something that very few black gowns do. For a black surah that will be given general wear, nothing is in better taste than one made with a plain, full skirt, and having with it a tucked blouse that can be fitted as one may desire. In indigo-blue such a costume will also be found as becoming as it is useful. Either blue or black in the plain colors are to be chosen; blue is specially fashionable this season, and black, very properly, is always in vogue. The olives are occasionally becoming in the soft silk, but most of the other shades are neither specially becoming nor do they make-up picturesquely. Of course, I am referring to the dull shades and not to the light or bright ones.

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* * * Mrs. Mallon begs to say that she is always glad to answer any questions sent to her. She asks, however, that she be permitted to do so through the JOURNAL, and not by mail.



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EDITED BY MRS. LOUISA KNAPP.

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PLAIN WORDS PLAINLY SAID TO YOUNG FOLKS BEGINNING HOME-LIFE

By JULIET CORSON
FIRST PAPER

MANY young housewives whose plans are most intelligent, have not the ability to apply them to the exigencies of everyday life. They may be thoroughly interested in conducting the routine of the household, anxious to carry it forward in the best possible manner, and yet many lack just that capacity for working out details which marks the dividing-line between success and failure.

Close observers of events cannot fail to perceive that the permanent success of every operation in life depends on the nice and definite attention to the smallest point of every plan, whether it be the fastening of the last stitch in a seam or the careful washing of a potato before cooking. For we may as well expect the seam to withstand wear and tear unfastened, as to have an outburst of mealy snow from a grimy, soggy, dirt-bound fruit of the earth.

Especially is this close attention to detail necessary in cases where the novice in domestic economy endeavors to materialize her ideas hampered by small means and limited supplies. In such case her first attempt at economizing will probably result in an endeavor to do the housework with the least possible assistance; or, from stress of circumstances, she may be forced to dispense altogether with help. Unless she is a very vigorous woman, such an attempt to do all the necessary work of a family, even for herself and her husband, may prove a serious handicap to health, the results of which may not be fully felt for years. Later we shall recur to this question of overwork; but let us now see how ordinary family work can be done when there is help with the heavy washing, scrubbing, etc. Later, also, we shall consider the housework of a farm, and the conduct of a large city household. Now let us see what is possible of accomplishment by a young, healthy woman, attempting to do her own housework for the first time, providing she has a husband who loves her unselfishly enough to be willing to spare her strength by doing for her some of the heaviest manual labor, which no young American woman ought to undertake.

Let our first supposition be, then, that unless the stores of fuel and water are within doors, the husband has sufficient regard for his wife to bring them there. The beginning of the daily work is the building of the fire for cooking. Unless this fire is also used for heating purposes, after the evening meal is over the fire can be allowed to die out so that the stove can be emptied and made ready to build the fire, even if the cinders and ashes are too hot to admit of sifting; an operation which so immediately bears upon economy deserves mention; so far is it from that degree of saving, that much of the success of fire making depends upon having on hand a supply of well-washed cinders. The dry ashes left upon the half-burnt coals would clog the draught somewhat if the cinders were left unwashed, and the fire would lack the accession of burning material it receives from the water remaining upon them. Note, in this connection, that an insufficient quantity of water thrown upon a conflagration increases its fury; equally does the water remaining upon recently washed cinders become fuel.

The draught should be strong enough to carry the atmosphere and smoke upward and out of the flue; when chimneys have been unused for sometime, they are apt to impede the passage of the smoke from a small fire freshly lighted; the remedy is to drive out the accumulation of heavy air in the flues by lighting a quantity of dry waste-paper or straw in the fire-place farthest from the top, the burst of flame and the heat accompanying the consuming of such a mass of light material, generally drives the damp air upward; if the first attempt fails let a second quantity be lighted; when the draught is clear and strong, the lighting of the fire will be easy in proportion to the convenience of the stove and the excellence of the fuel. Shavings, shivers of light-wood for kindling, little cakes of saw-dust and pitch or resin, refuse dried together, balls of waste-paper crushed loosely; any such kindling should be laid at the bottom of the grate, small pieces of dry wood upon it, and then the wet cinders and coals; the draughts of the stove should be open and the covers closed. Sometimes, when the draught is poor, the kindlings are lighted before the coals are put on, and a good body of fire from wood insures the perfect combustion of the coal.

The fire being started, preparations for cooking the breakfast can begin with the heating of the coffee, as directed in the receipts, which will be given in another article; and

after the breakfast is prepared, and the various utensils used in the cooking are each one emptied, they should be filled with warm water and set at the back of the fire in readiness for washing; with the use of soap and ammonia or sapollo, both dishes and utensils can be kept bright and clean—a most important point, for much sudden sickness in families is caused by imperfectly cleaned cooking utensils and receptacles for keeping food.

Plenty of hot water should be provided in the stove-tank, boiler or kettle, and clean, soft towels dried in the air. A clean, soft dish-cloth or mop for the glasses, crockery and silver, and a coarser crash for the utensils; a dish-tub or pan of hot water, with soap or ammonia for washing, and another of clean water for rinsing, plenty of soap and borax or washing-soda for neutralizing the grease upon the dishes and in the sink and waste-pipes, and some good kind of scouring-soap will insure absolute cleanliness. Wash the glass first, then the silver, and tea or coffee service; next the plates and large dishes, and, finally, the cutlery. Use plenty of scouring soap for the utensils, making them bright inside and out at every usage.



CONTRIBUTED BY READERS OF THE JOURNAL



Test the heat of lard in deep frying, put in a piece of bread, and if it browns while you count sixty, your fat is hot enough for raw material. If it browns while you count forty, it is right for food prepared from cooked material, such as croquettes. Use plenty of lard which should be strained and put away for future use.

THE best shirt-bosom board is one made of seasoned wood, a foot wide, one foot and a half long, and one inch thick. This should be covered with two or three thicknesses of flannel, drawn tight and well tacked in place. Cover again with canton-flannel drawn very tight, and liberally tacked. Make outside slips of white cotton cloth fitted to the board, and put on a clean slip every week.

IN mixing cake dough use cups of exactly the same size for measuring the different ingredients.

IF a cake cracks open when baking, it is either because the oven is too hot and cooks the outside before the inside is heated, or else the cake was made too stiff.

TWO or three rose-geranium leaves, put in when making crab-apple jelly, will give it a delicious flavor.

BEAT the yolk of an egg and spread on the top of rusks and pies just before putting them into the oven. The egg makes that shine seen on baker's pies and cakes.

IN flavoring puddings, if the milk is rich, lemon flavoring is good; but if the milk is poor, vanilla makes it richer.

NOTHING made with sugar, eggs and milk should reach the boiling point.

THE molasses to be used for gingerbread is greatly improved by being first boiled, then skimmed.

OIL-CLOTHS should never have soap used upon them, as the lye will destroy the colors and the finish. They are greatly benefited and last much longer if a thin coat of varnish is applied once a year.

THE best dish-cloths are made from glass toweling. When canning fruit, do not use your dish-cloth to lift the jars from the fire. Always wash your dish-cloths out, when washing your towels, and rinse in cold water.

A GOOD plan for keeping butter cool and sweet in summer, is to fill a box with sand to within an inch or two of the top; sink the butter-jars in the sand, then thoroughly wet the sand with cold water. Cover the box air-tight. The box may be kept in the kitchen and used as a table.

THE pungent odor of pennyroyal is very disagreeable to ants and other creeping things. If the herbs cannot be obtained, get the oil-of-pennyroyal and saturate something with it, and lay around the places infested by these pests.

FOR FLOORS AND FURNITURE

FURNITURE POLISH

A GOOD furniture polish consists of one ounce of linseed oil and two of turpentine, or fifteen ounces of white wax, one ounce of powdered yellow resin and a quart of spirits of turpentine; stir until dissolved, lay it on with a cloth and polish with flannel.

Old oak is polished with a little dry beeswax rubbed in with a piece of cork.

Polish a mahogany dining table with a piece of flannel upon which melted wax has been poured.

Many old housekeepers prefer beeswax and turpentine for polishing furniture, to linseed oil and turpentine.

TO STAIN FURNITURE

To stain furniture to imitate old oak, paint it with a dark oak stain (all stains now come put up in pint cans), put on three coats every other day, letting each application dry thoroughly, then polish with a cloth dipped in linseed oil. Stop when it is dark enough.

STAIN FOR FLOORS

A good spruce stain for a kitchen floor is made of one quart of water, four ounces of glue and three pounds of spruce yellow paint. Dissolve the glue in the cold water the night

before; then heat in the morning—it must not scorch—and paint while hot; if too thick add hot water; dry for three hours, oil, and the floor is ready for use in twenty-four hours. To stain a floor a light shade, paint it with three coats of a mixture composed of equal portions of linseed oil and turpentine. A mahogany stain for pine is made of half a gallon of water boiled ten minutes with four ounces of madder and two ounces of fustic; apply hot, and afterward give a coat of varnish. A stained floor is cleaned with one part of linseed oil and two parts of turpentine. Put it on with a woolen rag and then wipe off with a second cloth.

Generally speaking, one quart of staining fluid is sufficient for twelve square yards of flooring; use a good-sized paint-brush, passing it lengthwise along the boards. The more coats of stain you apply, the darker the shade when finished. For a walnut shade first wash the wood in a strong solution of sulphuric acid, one ounce to a pint of warm water. Stain with six pounds of common shag tobacco, boiled in water enough to cover it, until like a syrup; then strain and use one or two coats, according to the shade desired. When dry, brush over with half-a-pound beeswax, half-a-pint linseed oil and a pint of boiled linseed oil.



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THE PRACTICAL HOUSEKEEPER

EDITED BY MRS. LOUISA KNAPP

MRS. KNAPP cordially invites the JOURNAL sisters to send her any new receipt or idea for kitchen or table. All such accepted will be paid for at liberal rates. Questions of any sort, relating to house-keeping, may be asked without hesitation, and will be cheerfully answered in this Department. Address all letters to MRS. LOUISA KNAPP, care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pa.

TEN CUPS OF COCOA.

CONTRIBUTED BY MANUFACTURERS OF THE LEADING BRANDS OF THE WORLD.



COCOA is undoubtedly becoming more and more an American drink, and with the increased consumption arises the question: "How should a good cup of cocoa be made?" Not long ago the editor of this department submitted this question to the leading cocoa manufacturers of the world, and their answers are herewith appended. They give the most explicit directions for making a cup of cocoa of their own particular kind. None should know better than they how to make a delicious cup of cocoa.

Cup No. I.—"Phillips's."

TO make one cup of "Phillips's Digestible Cocoa" mix two slightly heaping teaspoonfuls of the powder with as much cold or lukewarm milk as will form a thin paste. Rub this paste well until thoroughly mixed, and let it stand one minute. This is imperative for the proper action of the pancreatine. Then add hot milk and water in equal proportions, or all milk sufficient to fill a breakfast cup. Boil one minute, stirring to prevent burning. Sweeten, if necessary, with loaf sugar. It is essential that directions be followed explicitly. If properly prepared, the cocoa will be free from fat, scum, sediment or lumps, and will make a delicious drink.

CHARLES H. PHILLIPS CHEMICAL CO. NEW YORK.

Cup No. II.—"Wilbur's."

TO make "Wilbur's Breakfast Cocoa" take two heaping teaspoonfuls of the cocoa to one-third of a pint of water and two-thirds of a pint of milk. Allow the milk and water to come to the boiling-point; then add the cocoa (which must first be mixed to a smooth paste), and boil four or five minutes. Sweeten to taste. Cocoa is improved by a few minutes boiling.

H. C. WILBUR & SONS. PHILADELPHIA.

Cup No. III.—"Baker's."

PUT into a breakfast cup a teaspoonful of "Baker's Breakfast Cocoa," add a teaspoonful of boiling water and mix thoroughly; then add equal parts of boiling water and boiled milk, and sugar to the taste. Boiling two or three minutes will improve it.

WALTER BAKER & CO. BOSTON.

Cup No. IV.—"Van Houten's."

PUT a teaspoonful of "Van Houten's Cocoa" into a breakfast cup; remove the spoon and fill rapidly with boiling water. Stir a little, and add milk and sugar to taste. If desired, only half a cup of boiling water can be used, and hot milk added to fill cup.

C. J. VAN HOUTEN & ZOON. WEESP, HOLLAND.

Cup No. V.—"Blooker's."

PUT a spoonful of granulated sugar into your cup, and add a spoonful of cocoa; mix them well, dry; then pour on boiling water or boiling milk, and stir well. You have then a cup of this unrivaled cocoa ready. If you have time, the flavor of "Blooker's Cocoa" will be more fully brought out by boiling for a few minutes in the pan.

J. C. BLOOKER. NEW YORK.

Cup No. VI.—"Fry's."

FOR a large breakfast cup of "Fry's Cocoa Extract" take a teaspoonful of the cocoa, add a little boiling water; mix well, then fill up with water, and add milk and sugar. Boiling for a few minutes in a granite saucepan is an improvement.

J. S. FRY & SONS. BRISTOL, ENGLAND.

Cup No. VII.—"Malto."

USE a heaping teaspoonful of "Malto Cocoa" for each cup wanted. Rub into a smooth paste with a little hot water. Bring to the boiling-point the quantity of milk required, stir in the cocoa paste; add sugar to taste and serve hot. If preferred, milk and water, half and half, may be used instead of all milk. Do not boil the Malto cocoa, only the milk. Follow the directions, and a delicious beverage will be the result.

WILEY & WALLACE CO. PHILADELPHIA.

Cup No. VIII.—"Huyler's."

FOR each breakfast cup, take one teaspoonful of "Huyler's Cocoa." Mix the same with boiling water or milk to a paste. Add balance of milk, or milk and water, as richness may be desired. Let it boil at least five minutes. Boiling improves it.

J. S. HUYLER. NEW YORK.

Cup No. IX.—"Maillard's."

FOR each half-pint cup dissolve a teaspoonful of "Maillard's Cocoa" in about a quarter of a cup of boiling water. Pour this into three-quarters of a cup of warm milk, and stir until the beverage boils up once; when it is ready for use. If a weaker preparation is desired, use less quantity of cocoa or milk.

HENRY MAILLARD. NEW YORK.

Cup No. X.—"Croft & Allen's."

TO make a cup of "Croft & Allen's Breakfast Cocoa," take one teaspoonful of the cocoa, add enough cold milk to make a paste, thoroughly mixing the same; allow a teaspoonful of milk boiling, stir in paste; and to boil one minute. Add sugar to suit the taste.

CROFT & ALLEN. PHILADELPHIA.

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A well-known authority—head of the Boston Cooking School—says: "This delicious drink is very easily made, yet few, comparatively, serve chocolate worth drinking." Nothing could be simpler than its preparation according to recipes given in another column. To obtain the best results use

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AN APPETIZING DISH OF MACARONI

By A. G. H.

LINE a three-pint bowl well with fresh butter, soft enough to spread with a knife. Boil half a package of macaroni of medium size, until soft enough to cut. Remove to cold water for fifteen minutes to blanch. Then cut the macaroni into one-quarter inch lengths. Using knitting needles to handle the pieces, stand them on end in the butter, closely together, commencing at the centre, going round and round until the bowl is lined.

For the quenelle to fill the bowl, chop all the breast of a raw chicken, and the best part of the legs.

Pound this with a large slice of bread soaked in cream, one-quarter of a pound of butter, the yolks of five eggs, a little nutmeg, salt and pepper, in the chopping-bowl until it is a thick paste. Pour into the centre of the little pipes until the bowl is full. Cover and steam two hours. Turn out into a salad-bowl or fancy dish, pour cream sauce around it. Serve with zephyr crackers and olives. Sometimes after the bowl is partly filled with the macaroni pipes, they are troublesome about slipping. Then I fill the bowl with the quenelle as far as the macaroni sticks, then proceed to line farther filling as I go, and this holds it in place. It is quite necessary to have the butter spread thickly on the bowl in order to make the macaroni stay in place.

For washing flannels, Dobbin's Electric Soap is marvelous. Blankets and woolens washed with it look like new, and there is absolutely no shrinking. No other soap in the world will do such perfect work. Give it a trial now.

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Now we're looking for the slow ones. Send your address now if at all.

It's sold everywhere. Box post-paid, 15c in stamps.

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when the old spider, griddle, stew pan, or kettle was all greasy and nasty; or when it scaled, cracked, or broke, you've wanted something that wouldn't "act that way." You can have them by getting "NEVER-BREAK" steel cooking utensils. Send for illustrated circular. THE BRONSON SUPPLY CO., Cleveland, O.

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



EARLY the whole of this long spring day I have spent opening your letters, my dear Sisters, and I have been filled with gratitude that there is so much sympathy and love in the world. Your offers of help are so hearty and your prompt responses to the few expressed wants are so kindly, that I rejoice to be counted one of you.

DEAR AUNT PATIENCE—I am a young housekeeper in a "ready-made" family, having sons nearly grown up. I have never, previous to my marriage, had much opportunity for doing housework, being otherwise employed, but cooking comes natural and is a pleasure.

A few months ago we spent a great deal of time washing flannels, and we do not need to go over that question again. But will some wise housewife tell us in a few words how she does her washing and ironing?

DEAR AUNT PATIENCE—School girls just fresh from school, always feel that they would be glad to read and keep "bright and shiny" the knowledge they have acquired. In this little town, with no public library, with few large private collections of books, fifteen ladies have formed a "Traveling Club."

With this description of how it is done, we shall all be eager to travel in such easy fashion, and I have no doubt there will be dozens of parties going to Egypt, to Italy, to Norway and even to Russia, without the discomforts of an ocean voyage, the dangers of Roman fever, or the great cost of European railway journeying.

DEAR AUNT PATIENCE—S. P. S. may kill the moths and destroy the eggs by laying a very wet cloth along the edge of her carpet, and going slowly over it with a very hot iron. The scolding steam thus generated will do the work effectually and not injure the carpet in the least.

C. M. L. recommends S. P. S. to put "some turpentine" in a pail of water, and after the ordinary sweeping is done, to dip a broom in the mixture and go over her carpet with it.

This will not only destroy moths, she thinks, but will brighten the colors. Turpentine is dangerous and must be very carefully used. Mrs. P. thinks that Persian powder scattered all about, especially under the edges, will surely and safely dispose of all moths.

I have in charge a little girl seven years of age. She was the youngest of a large family living in the country, her mother an invalid for many years before she died. How any child so young could invent a falsehood and insist on it in spite of evidence, was a mystery to me, until one day her brother-in-law said: "Well, we were accustomed on winter evenings—in order to cultivate the conversational powers—to have each member of the household tell a story. It was amusing to the rest to hear her try to out-do them; and she was encouraged to do so. So I suppose to exaggerate and invent has become habitual to her."

Do not stifle her imagination, but try to teach her right ways to use it. Show her in gentle methods how to make the distinction between fact and fancy, and while you try to show her the sin of lying, do not yourself mistake an unconscious exuberance of ideality and a gift of pictorial description for a willful deception.

DEAR AUNT PATIENCE—I have such a keen interest in the mothers who are endeavoring to aid the little people to fully appreciate the blessedness of our dear day of rest, that I am moved to mention a few of the homely ways in which I have succeeded in capturing and commanding the attention of my children on Sunday.

Ah! that is what we want, a perception of our children's needs, a sympathy which shall teach us what they can enjoy, and having ourselves a great love for the dear Father of us all, we shall seize every opportunity to teach our children where they can find the refuge to which they may always fly.

DEAR AUNT PATIENCE—I want advice from your own dear self. Now, at the age of 48 years I wish to improve my education. My writing is bad, my pronunciation poor, indeed my grammar altogether miserable. How shall I undertake to improve? In a city I might have a private teacher for a few hours each week, and in that way hope to improve. Although I was graduated from one of our home seminaries in as full an English course as they then had, correct speaking or pronunciation was not impressed upon me.

To have lived so many years "with no thought of your own comfort and taste," has been an education, and that which is far better than a correct pronunciation must have been wrought out in you. Your own culture has not been neglected if you have faithfully done the great work which has been given to you to do.

do. But in this twilight hour of your life, you may sit and enjoy some special pleasures which could not be yours in the busy hours of your middle life. When you think how soon your tongue will cease its work and another language than that which you now use, will be given to you, it does not seem worth while to spend a great deal of the little time left for you in the study of exact pronunciation.

I wish you would, in your own happy way, tell some of the young girls with plenty of pin money, access to fine shops, and a good share of time, a fascinating yet useful thing to do for them all, namely, inter-leaving a book with pictures. Take O. W. Holmes' "Hundred Days in Europe," small unmounted photographs, illustrative of much he writes of, can be bought in New York and Boston stores.

This plan of illustrating a valuable book is suggestive of many pleasant hours, and I am sure any one who has tried it will find that it fully repays one for the outlay in money and time. There is no need of further description; just do it.

DEAR SISTERS—I wonder if we all noticed and considered the last few words from Aunt Patience in the January JOURNAL. Parents beware how you leave your children grow up without the knowledge and the skill to enable them to do some one thing well. Mothers, this is a kind warning, full of meaning for us all. I hope every JOURNAL Sister, who lives on a farm, and is the happy mother of young, promising boys, will consider well the meaning of these few words.

But be sure if the boys leave the farm that they leave it not for idleness or for an easier place, but because they can do good hard work better elsewhere. We need more conscientious industry, and when boys are settling on their life work, we should guide them to a place where they may put to the largest use every gift they possess.

DEAR PATIENCE—In a late number of our JOURNAL, I read an appeal for sympathy for a lonely planter's wife. "I would say to her that I know just how lonely a southern plantation can look in dark winter days, especially when the land is well mixed with water. I am a born mountaineer, and among the Green Mountains of Vermont, and the Pennsylvania hills, I had passed the most dreary of my life, when the war, when my husband, a surgeon in Government employ was stationed on one of the "Sea Islands" between Charleston and Savannah. It had been a lovely spot, before the desolation of war swept over it; that was plainly to be seen; and I used to wander among the lawns and gardens, and send many a thought to the absent owners, then far away from their beautiful homes.

This is another form of expressing the principle of looking at the bright things, and I hope "Janet" will let us hear that the various expressions of sympathy and the suggestions that have been made to her have somewhat lifted the cloud from her life.

I am wanting to interest my Sunday-school girls in raising some money for church work, and I have remembered seeing how the "five-cent plan" worked very successfully with some younger ones. It seemed to me some one might have experience in this line that would be of benefit to us.

Some young folks I know are just trying that plan. One of the boys began with popped corn. A girl bought a small piece of chamois skin and has sold pen-wipers and needle-books. Several girls and boys are having fine success making nice candy.

DEAR AUNT PATIENCE—I want to send a word of encouragement to the young "Sister Mother" in the February JOURNAL. I am the youngest of eight children left motherless, and our oldest sister was only fifteen when our mother died. She was such a loving sister to us and so kind to her father, and as we grew to manhood and womanhood, we tried to repay her for her patience and love to us; and when she died some years ago it was like losing our mother again.

This is a beautiful and encouraging tribute. The gratitude of the younger sister is a virtue to be as much commended and emulated as the devotion and loving service of the elder sister. Do we, my dear sisters, cultivate in our children gratitude as much as we ought? Do we not allow them to receive benefits too unthankfully? AUNT PATIENCE.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

The Second Summer is the most critical period of a child's life, because the

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Increase the susceptibility to disease and lessen the resistive power. A catarrhal attack, an indigestion or an eruptive fever, coming at this time, acts upon a system less able than usual to combat injurious influences.

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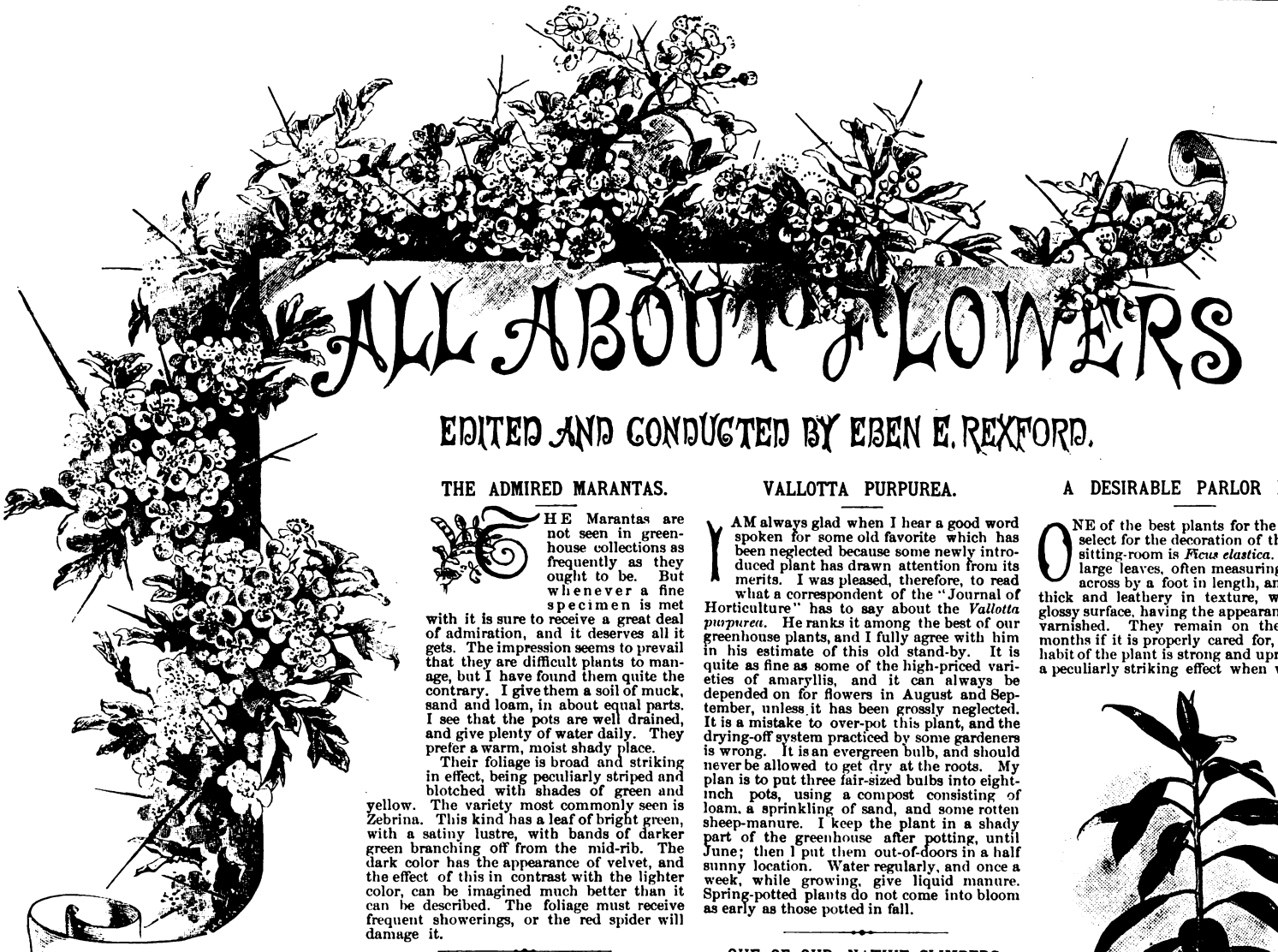
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ALL ABOUT FLOWERS

EDITED AND CONDUCTED BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

THE ADMIRER MARANTAS.

THE Marantas are not seen in greenhouse collections as frequently as they ought to be. But whenever a fine specimen is met with it is sure to receive a great deal of admiration, and it deserves all it gets. The impression seems to prevail that they are difficult plants to manage, but I have found them quite the contrary. I give them a soil of muck, sand and loam, in about equal parts. I see that the pots are well drained, and give plenty of water daily. They prefer a warm, moist shady place.

Their foliage is broad and striking in effect, being peculiarly striped and blotched with shades of green and yellow. The variety most commonly seen is Zebrina. This kind has a leaf of bright green, with a satiny lustre, with bands of darker green branching off from the mid-rib. The dark color has the appearance of velvet, and the effect of this in contrast with the lighter color, can be imagined much better than it can be described. The foliage must receive frequent showerings, or the red spider will damage it.

VALLOTTA PURPUREA.

I AM always glad when I hear a good word spoken for some old favorite which has been neglected because some newly introduced plant has drawn attention from its merits. I was pleased, therefore, to read what a correspondent of the "Journal of Horticulture" has to say about the *Vallotta purpurea*. He ranks it among the best of our greenhouse plants, and I fully agree with him in his estimate of this old stand-by. It is quite as fine as some of the high-priced varieties of amaryllis, and it can always be depended on for flowers in August and September, unless it has been grossly neglected. It is a mistake to over-pot this plant, and the drying-off system practiced by some gardeners is wrong. It is an evergreen bulb, and should never be allowed to get dry at the roots. My plan is to put three fair-sized bulbs into eight-inch pots, using a compost consisting of loam, a sprinkling of sand, and some rotten sheep-manure. I keep the plant in a shady part of the greenhouse after potting, until June; then I put them out-of-doors in a half sunny location. Water regularly, and once a week, while growing, give liquid manure. Spring-potted plants do not come into bloom as early as those potted in fall.

A DESIRABLE PARLOR PLANT

ONE of the best plants for the amateur to select for the decoration of the parlor or sitting-room is *Ficus elastica*. It has very large leaves, often measuring six inches across by a foot in length, and these are thick and leathery in texture, with a rich, glossy surface, having the appearance of being varnished. They remain on the plant for months if it is properly cared for, and as the habit of the plant is strong and upright, it has a peculiarly striking effect when well grown,



FICUS ELASTICA

A FEW TIMELY HINTS



PROVIDE stakes to set in centre of clumps of Gladioluses and to fasten the stalks of Dahlias to. It is a good plan to make a special effort in this direction. If you do not, the time will come when you need the stakes and there will be none, and you will make use of whatever is at hand, and, in consequence, the garden will not have that neat look which ought to characterize it. Or, if nothing happens to be at hand you will let the plants go without staking, and the result will be that many of them will be broken down by the first strong wind that comes along. Take a day for it and get a lot of neat stakes ready. Paint them, and after the plants are killed by frost, pull up the stakes and store them away for future use. The enthusiastic gardener always takes pleasure in having convenient articles to work with, and he always wants them on hand for use as needed.

Have a corner where you can store away leaves, litter, old soil from pots, and the like. Mix well-rotted manure with these elements of future potting-compost, and pour soap-suds over the heap from time to time. Stir frequently, mix thoroughly. By-and-by you will have a good supply of earth to draw from when you get ready to re-pot your plants in fall.

Never throw broken pots about the yard, but put them away where you can easily get to them when you require drainage for pots. It often happens that persons let their plants go without drainage because nothing happens to be at hand when they re-pot them. If you save the broken pots you will always have material on hand. And it is not consistent with neatness to throw such things about the yard.

In transplanting plants choose a rainy day if possible, or at least a cloudy one. If you can not wait for one to come, shade the plants from the sun by bits of board set up between them and its rays. Water well before taking the plants from the pots or boxes in which they have been growing, and water well after putting them in the ground. Keep them shaded until they have had time to get a start in their new quarters. If you allow the sun to get at them you need not be surprised if you loose most of them.

See that your Fuchsias receive a copious showering daily. Throw the water all over them. Force it up among the foliage so that it will reach the underside of the leaves. There is where the red spider lurks, and the red spider is the Fuchsia's most deadly enemy.

THE HYDRANGEA

THIS plant—I am speaking here of the varieties adapted to house and greenhouse culture, not to the hardy kinds—is easily propagated by the cuttings of young shoots, and those are considered best which are taken off near the base of the plant. Cuttings taken off at the beginning of winter will make fine plants by the following autumn, and will be ready to bloom the next season. Strike the cuttings in a pan of sand, which should be kept moist and warm. When rooted, pot them in a soil of loam and sand, with some leaf-mold added, if you have it convenient. While growing, a warm, moist atmosphere is needed, plenty of light, and a very liberal supply of water. The plant often suffers because of lack of moisture at its roots. The growth will be rapid if the conditions are favorable, and it should be completed in the spring months, so that during the summer the wood will ripen and harden preparatory to a complete rest during the fall and winter. A five-inch pot is



THE ZEBRINA MARANTA

large enough for the last potting, and in this pot the plant should be allowed to bloom the following season. If desired, plants can be started into growth by January, or they can be kept dormant until spring. Plants can be wintered in a light cellar, or in a cool, airy place in the greenhouse. Large plants produce a fine effect when planted out in the garden. When the blooms fade, the branches should be cut away to the side of the shoots, and these will become the blooming shoots for the next season. It is advisable to re-pot the plants at this time, to pots of larger size.

ONE OF OUR NATIVE CLIMBERS

AS we see it growing wild along country roads, clambering over fences and stone piles, and clinging to clumps of shrubbery and low-growing trees, our native Clematis—*C. Virginiana*—forms a drapery of beauty that hides many ugly objects and rough, unsightly forms. This plant has an abundance of foliage, climbs and fastens itself by means of its leaf-stems, which in this way it will rear itself to a height of fifteen to twenty-five feet in a season. Its stem is somewhat woody, but in most seasons all but a few feet of the lower part of it dies off, therefore its annual growth must be depended on each season. Its value as a climber for general purposes is second only to that of our Virginia Creeper. But it is when it is in full bloom, at midsummer, that its beauty is at its height, and then it is second to no other plant. The flowers, which are about half an inch, or a little more, in diameter, are a yellowish-white, borne in the greatest profusion, fragrant, and have an airy effect that all must admire. The stamens and pistils are borne on separate flowers—which are either produced on the same plant or on separate plants. The flowers are often so abundant as to cover the foliage. The natural range of *C. Virginiana* in North America is from the Atlantic coast to the regions beyond the Mississippi.

Much as we admire the plant when we see it growing in its wild state, we do not properly appreciate its great beauty till we see it properly trained and allowed to spread over a trellis, or about the pillars and along the cornice of a veranda. In such situations it is wonderfully effective when in bloom, and if the popular *Jackmanii* variety is planted with it so that the white and violet flowers of the two kinds mingle, the contrast and combination is well nigh perfect. An added beauty of this Virgin's Bower is that of the feathery appendages to the seeds, which appear after the flowers have fallen, and remain on the plant till very late in the season. These "feathers" are so abundant that collectively they form a prominent feature of the plant, and are striking enough to attract the attention of the most casual observer.

Taken altogether, it is one of our most satisfactory climbers, and had it come to us from Japan, or some other foreign country, with a long name attached, and a big price, it would have been hailed as a wonderful acquisition. But it is no less desirable because it is a native, and I would advise every one wanting something fine to get a plant of it.

MILDEW ON CHRYSANTHEMUMS

MILDEW on Chrysanthemums occurs in connection with considerable humidity of both soil and atmosphere, and frequent changes from high to low temperature, and especially from draughts of cold air. A sure remedy for mildew, or an agent that will destroy it, is sulphide of potash. This is applied in solution, with a syringe. A quarter of an ounce of sulphide is to be dissolved in a gallon of water, and then applied to the plants at night.

and is a general favorite. It becomes quite a shrub or tree, and a plant four or five years old will require a tub of considerable size for its roots to spread in. On account of its thick leaves it is enabled to resist dust, dry air, and frequent changes of temperature, and its sturdy constitution places it in the front rank of decorative plants. For the centre of groups it is quite as effective as palm, and it is much more easily grown. Its leaves should be washed twice a week. Give it a rich soil, drain its pots well, and see that it is never allowed to get dry at the roots. In summer keep on a veranda or in some shady place. Re-pot in fall, shifting to larger pots each time as the condition of its roots seem to demand.

A CARD OF THANKS

I TAKE this means of expressing my most sincere thanks to friends all over the country, who have so generously responded to my request for copies of my poems which were in their possession. How generous their response was can be understood when I say that I have received many more than I had preserved in my scrap-books; therefore, I have at present a collection more complete than I had before the fire. I intended to answer each friend who responded to my request, by letter, but I soon found that I could not do this, as scraps came by the hundred, daily, for a month or more. Therefore I am obliged to thank my many unknown friends in this general way. I can say "I thank you," and they can understand what the words mean; but how much they mean they cannot fully understand. I thank them for the poems sent, and for their kind and friendly greetings, and assure them that the expression of this friendship from those who know me only by what I have written, has given me a great and lasting pleasure.

To each one of my friends, I ask that they accept this expression of gratitude as one that I would like to make personally to every one who has so kindly remembered me.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

DESIGNS FOR FLOWER-BEDS

By Dr. J. S. SORENSON



ARPET bedding has become very popular, and a demand has been made for original designs for beds, which, while being attractive, need not be difficult to make. I submit four designs which have the merit of being simple, but will be found very satisfactory if properly planted and kept in good condition by frequent shearing. These beds can be made of sizes to suit the requirements of the party making them. If the lawn is large, they are well calculated to make a fine display on it by constructing them of liberal dimensions; if the space you have for them is limited, the beds can be made as small as you want them without leaving out any of the essential features of them.

No. 1 is a design which should recommend itself to "The King's Daughters," because it is patterned after the badge of that popular order. It has the merit of being as easy to make as any bed can well be, and is bold and striking in effect. The centre, or cross, can be filled in with dark Coleus, and the rest of it with light-colored varieties. A fine combination would be: *C. Verschaffeltii*, dark crimson, for cross. For balance of bed, Yellow Bird, bright yellow. Or these colors might be reversed, having the cross of yellow on a dark background.

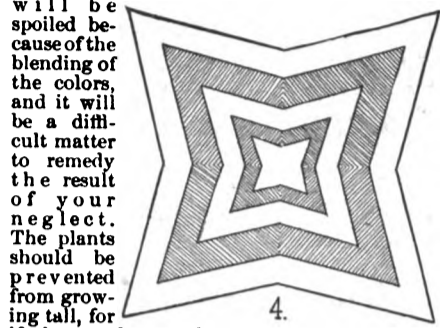
No. 2 is really one of the most effective designs I have ever made use of. It is graceful in form, and very striking in appearance, especially if located where it can be looked down upon from upper windows. The design is brought out very distinctly, and it is quite easy to make. I am sure that all who try it will be greatly pleased with it. This bed can be planted to the same varieties of Coleus recommended for No. 1, using dark or light varieties for ground, as thought best. Or the main part of bed can be planted with *Alternantheras*, yellow and pale green, and the panels filled in with *Acranthus* of the crimson varieties. If a light-colored bed is wanted, the main part might be set to Golden Feather *Pyrethrum*, or some of the yellow Coleuses, with panels of *Centaurea*, light gray in color. A good combination would be, panels of *Coleus Verschaffeltii*, balance *Pyrethrum*, with an edging of *Centaurea*, if desired. Or Madame Salleron Geraniums might be used as a border. This geranium would do well for the main part of the bed, with panels of some dark plant.

No. 3 is a good design to use in the curve or angle of a path. It can be used as shown, or each part of the design can be used separately. The crescent should be planted with three varieties or colors. A good combination would be: For centre, *Coleus Verschaffeltii*; second row, *C. Retta Kirkpatrick*, white and green; third or last row, yellow varieties, or *Centaurea*. It is a good plan to have this design raised a trifle in the centre. The star should be set with two shades of same color, or with contrasting colors. *C. Verschaffeltii*, dark crimson, and Pluto, a lighter shade of same color, would combine well; or *C. Verschaffeltii* and a yellow kind could be used with fine effect. Or *Alternantheras* and *Acranthus* could be used.

No. 4 is a fine design for a large bed. It is most effective when raised somewhat in centre. A good combination for this bed would be as follows: Centre, Golden Feather *Pyrethrum*; next row, *C. Verschaffeltii*; next row, *C. Retta Kirkpatrick*; next row, *Acranthus Lindenii*; last row, *Alternanthera*. Or if gray was thought advisable, use *Centaurea* in place of *C. Retta Kirkpatrick*.

It will be readily understood by any one, after reading up about the plants named, and the different varieties of them, that there is really no end to the combinations that can be made with them. What you want to do before deciding on what plants to get, is to form some kind of an opinion as to the color of bed you want. When you have done this, select your plants accordingly. Write to the florist you are in the habit of patronizing and give him the size of the beds; or, better, send him a diagram of them, with something to indicate the amount of space you want to fill with each color or shade, and he will tell you how many plants you want of each kind.

It is an easy matter to plan a bed of this kind, and to plant it; but it must be kept in mind that none of these beds will give satisfaction unless they are properly cared for, and in order to keep them in fine shape they must have attention daily during that period when the plants are growing most rapidly. The shears must be kept going on them. Keep each color trimmed off so closely that none of the branches reach out and mix with those adjoining it. The effect all depends on this. If you neglect a bed containing a design, in a very short time the clearness of outline will be spoiled because of the blending of the colors, and it will be a difficult matter to remedy the result of your neglect. The plants should be prevented from growing tall, for if they make much growth in height the effect sought for is lost. The effect aimed at is secured only by keeping the plants sheared well. If this is done during the early part of the season, they will become close and compact, and present solid masses of color, from which your "pattern" will have "body." That is, it will not be lacking in massive effect, which is something of the greatest importance in beds of this kind; without it, the effect will be "thin." The plants must be made to grow so thick that the ground is completely covered.



Other plants that can be used with good effect are fancy Geraniums, like Madame Pollock, Mt. of Snow, Marshal McMahon and Prince Silverwings. Among blossoming plants, *Ageratum* is most desirable because of its compact habit, and the great profusion with which its blue flowers are produced. This would work in charmingly as a border, placing it next to some of the yellow Coleuses. Sweet *Allysum* could also be used next to it very effectively, the contrast of white and blue being very pleasing.

Do not have too rich a soil for beds of this kind, as a strong soil encourages too rapid and rank a growth, while you want a slower growth with close joints. I would not advise filling beds in which there is a "pattern" with any of the ordinary flowering plants, as they do not give color enough to produce satisfactory results. There is not "body" enough to it.

FLOWERS FOR SPECIAL EFFECTS

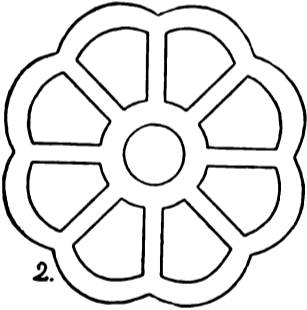
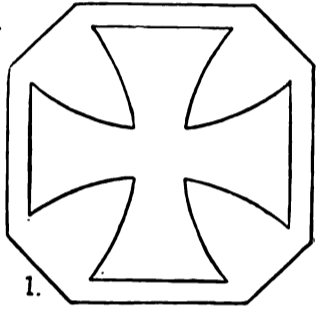
VERY often persons want a flower that will produce a particular effect, but don't know what that flower is. Suppose it is thought desirable to have a bed on the lawn, and you want a solid striking mass of color. A large mass of scarlet Geraniums will give quite satisfactory results; but I would prefer Calliopsis. This is a profuse bloomer, having flowers of most vivid yellow and intense velvety brown, shading to crimson.

A combination which will be found very effective is made by using perennial Larkspur in the centre of a circular bed, with Calliopsis about it. The blue of the Larkspur is very deep and intense, and the two colors harmonize well because of their intensity. A light blue and yellow would not be a very pleasing combination, but a dark, rich blue, seen by the side of a yellow, shading into such deep tones as those of the Calliopsis, is most striking and effective.

For a prominent bed on the lawn, or a hedge, or to conceal a fence, I know of nothing better than the beautiful double Hollyhock. These flowers have a wonderful richness of color. Last year I visited at a friend's where some pale lemon-yellow varieties were grouped with white and dark scarlet ones. Whether accidentally or not I do not know, but there was in the group one, and only one, of the so-called blacks. It was not really black, but it was so deep and intense in color as to seem so. The effect was peculiar; the yellow, white and scarlet made up a chord of color that delighted the eye; and the dark, rich hue of the other produced very nearly the same effect on it that the "diminished seventh" does in a chord of music on the ear.

Another excellent flower for producing strong color-effects is *Salvia splendens*, when used in masses. This plant has the same intensity of color that the others of which I have spoken possess. It grows rapidly, becomes a symmetrical, compact mass of foliage and branches, and bears its long spikes of vivid flowers well up in air.

By a little study of colors, and the habits of plants, one can select such kinds as will give the effect he desires to produce in most instances. It must be borne in mind that the successful gardener does not go to work in helter-skelter fashion to produce striking effects. Nor are they the result of "inspiration." He goes to work intelligently. He knows what he wants to do, and he knows, also, what he must do to do it, and this he learns only by observation. Study plants if you want to find out what can be done with them.



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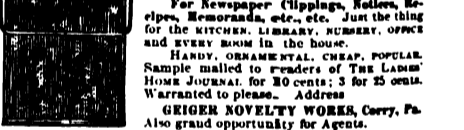
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FLORAL HELPS AND HINTS

A SOUL FROM PUDGE'S CORNERS

By JESSIE F. O'DONNELL

(Continued from page 2)

"There are several young people here," continued the minister, without commenting upon Miss Josephine's grammatical accuracy, "who have inclinations for certain branches of study which I would be glad to foster. Little Jim Peters has real genius for mathematics;—figures," he explained, as Mrs. Packer looked mystified. "I would like to make a surveyor of him. Jane Owens has a real womanly love of flowers, and I shall teach her botany," he continued, more to himself than to Mrs. Packer. "Fred Goutrenout wishes to be a physician, and I intend to ground him in physiology and hygiene, and he may have a chance to acquire medical technicalities and practice later. I am sure I can improve Mary Coddington's hand-writing and manner of speech," he concluded with a laugh.

Turning to Mrs. Packer, who was listening with about as much comprehension as she would to an oration in Greek, he said: "Your niece wishes to speak and read French, her mother's language, and there are other studies in which I think she would be interested. I shall have two classes: the young ladies will come to my study for two hours, three afternoons a week, and the boys will have an evening class. I hope this will keep them from the corner." I should like to have Miss Allen join the afternoon class, if she wishes."

Mrs. Packer was obdurate. She "didn't see no use in it. Josephine was worthless enough now." She didn't "want her to get no more book-learnin'," and of all languages, "French was the silliest."

The Reverend Hugh Wilton played his trump card quietly.

"You must remember, Mrs. Packer," he said, "that you are indebted to your niece for home and support. I understand the farm and property belong entirely to her."

He pitied the woman as he noted the sickly pallor of her face, and the great fright springing up in her eyes. "I have only kept it in shape for Josephine," she said. "She had to have some one to look after her."

"You have perhaps done as seemed best to you, Mrs. Packer, but you have no legal right to the position you have taken; you were not appointed the child's guardian, and in the absence of a will directing otherwise, the property would be hers."

Mrs. Packer broke into a flood of hysterical tears. She had so long exercised her sovereignty unmoled that, to have her right questioned seemed a step toward being deprived of it.

"You can't mean to turn me out of house and home when I have slaved for Josephine here this six year 'n' more?"

"Calm yourself, Mrs. Packer," he replied, "I have neither desire nor intention to deprive you of your home; nor has Josephine, I am sure. I have spoken of this only that you might see that it is wiser to yield your prejudices to your niece's wishes, and allow her more freedom for her own plans and pleasures." And having gained his point, as he saw by the woman's manner, he took his leave.

He had brought new treasures for Josephine's library—a French dictionary and a grammar of the language—so he hastened across the fields to the cliff, confident of meeting the girl there. He was much disappointed at finding the rocky ledge deserted. He swung himself down and examined the little collection of books, smiling as he noted the absence of the "Thesaurus" and Swinton's "Analysis," and of the girl's much-used dictionary. She was evidently pursuing her favorite study somewhere. He placed the French books he had brought with the others, and descended the cliff, enjoying the romantic wildness of the glen. As he drew near the slender, silver thread of water tumbling over the rocks, he saw Josephine Allen lying in the full glare of the sun where the spray from the little cascade was blown upon her. She minded neither sun nor spray, for Roget's "Thesaurus" was open before her, and with elbows resting upon the flat surface of the rock on which she lay, and her rounded chin propped in her hands, she was intently studying its contents.

Hugh Wilton was but a man, and the youthful blood coursed through his veins, and his eyes brightened at the picture. He had never realized the girl's beauty until now. She had loosened the heavy braids of hair which had always before been wound around her head in stately folds, and the rippling, sun-lighted masses almost veiled from view the figure whose rounded outlines and gracious curves told of early maturity; the sleeves of the ugly print gown were rolled back, disclosing arms, classic in outline, and whose whiteness was in striking contrast with the wrists and hands browned from much exposure to the sun; he could catch glimpses of an exquisite profile through the golden waves of hair; of red, parted lips, as she read, half audibly, from the book. He could hardly realize that this was Mrs. Packer's sullen, taciturn niece. From the shadow of a great rock he gazed upon her beauty unobserved.

The Reverend Hugh Wilton was not wholly satisfied with himself that evening as he sat in his plain little study, preparing his Sunday sermon from the text "What went ye out into the wilderness to see?" for the picture of a girl stretched at full length upon the rocks, with unbound golden hair, was ever before him, and somehow the thought of leading that original, untaught mind into new and broad fields of knowledge was strangely alluring. Did not Mary Coddington, with her freckled face, and clumsy ways, and utter disregard for all grammatical rules, need help more? Josephine Allen's was a mind to "work out its own salvation," but little Jim Peters' love of "figgers" would never keep him from the rum-shop and grocery where he was so often to be found.

To whom should he minister?
(To be continued in next JOURNAL)

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Send 25 cents, or Stamps, or P. O. Order to Caswell, Massey & Co., New York, or Melvin & Badger, or T. Metcalf & Co., Boston, or George B. Evans, Philadelphia, and a full one-ounce trial bottle of this delicious Toilet Water will be sent, postpaid, to any address. Try it!

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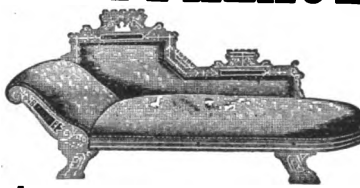
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What is The Library of American Literature? It will pay you to find out by writing to C. L. WEBSTER & CO., 3 E. 14th St., NEW YORK.



BALSAMS DROPPING FOLIAGE AND BUDS
LILLIAN L.—This correspondent writes that she has several balsams growing in six-inch pots, to which she applies two to three pints of water daily. The buds drop off. Why? Simply because they are over-watered. They don't care to grow in mud.

PRUNING ROSES
MRS. J. F. D.—Allow several stalks to grow from each root of roses.

ROOTING CARNATIONS
MISS S. E. W.—Bend down branches of the carnation, half breaking them at bend, which should be inserted in soil. In time a callus will form, at broken part, and by-and-by roots will start. Leave the branches attached to old plant until next spring.

HENRY MARTIN ROSE
"SUBSCRIBER" asks for information regarding rose with the above name. It is a moss rose, very delicate and sweet. Should be laid down and covered through the winter.

PROPAGATING LILAC
MRS. S. K.—This plant suckers so freely that all you have to do is to dig up some of the young plants growing about the old ones. A bulbous growth easily from cuttings inserted in wet sand.

CHANGING COLOR OF GERANIUM LEAVES
IDA S. D. writes that she has often bought Geraniums with finely-colored foliage, which, after a little, turned green, and wants to know why it does so. Because in the greenhouse, the plants had the benefit of strong light and sunshine, while in the window they are too shaded to have their variegation brought out fully.

MOSS FOR PACKING PLANTS
"SUBSCRIBER"—The moss used in packing plants is Sphagnum, procured from almost any swamp. The method of packing plants can best be understood by taking notice of the manner in which plants are packed when received from florist.

TULIPS IN POTS
MRS. H. L. J.—Treat Tulips precisely as advised for Hyacinths. The same general rules apply to all bulbs grown in the house for winter-blooming.

PLANT FOR NAME
"EUGENIE"—Leaf sent. Bryophyllum, sometimes called "Air-plant." Not a cactus. Grown more for its foliage and peculiar habit than anything else.

PLANT FOR NAME
MRS. J. E. N.—The flower which you send is Datura.

MOSS ROSES
M. H. K. asks if Moss Roses are hardy in the vicinity of Brooklyn, New York. Yes. You can get them of the dealers named. Consult advertising columns of this paper.

CARE OF PRIMROSES DURING SUMMER
E. B. T. asks what to do with Chinese Primrose during summer; also how to get rid of white worms in soil. I would not try to keep over a Primrose that has bloomed one winter. It is always more satisfactory to get young plants each spring. Grow them on well-drained water-flowing, and they will be in excellent condition for winter-flowering. Apply lime-water to kill worms in soil.

BEGONIAS, GERANIUMS, ETC.
"FRANCES" asks how to treat Begonias for house culture, how to make Geraniums and Fuchsias bloom, and what to do with ivy of "little black insects," and wants an answer in February number. I have said so many times that answers cannot be given through the paper in less than two months from receipt of questions that it would seem as if "old subscribers" ought to know that it is impossible to grant such a request. But it seems that they cannot understand why it is not an easy matter to "make up" the JOURNAL after the manner of a daily newspaper. Hereafter when a correspondent requests an immediate reply in the paper, I shall feel privileged to put the letter in the waste-basket. So bear in mind, everybody, that when a prompt answer is desired, you must inclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope, or you will be likely to not get any reply. In answer to Frances' questions—which are answered here only because they are of general interest—to a certain extent I would say that Begonias require a light leaf-mold soil, mixed with sand; the pots should be well-drained; plenty of water should be given, and the plants should receive partial shade. Shower all anemone-leaved varieties daily. Seven and eight-inch pots are large enough for ornamental plants, though old plants of Rubra and Gigantea may need twelve-inch ones. During summer keep out of doors in a shady, sheltered place, allowing them to bloom. Fuchsias—with the exception of Spectata—are worth the flowering plants, and do best in the cellar. Geraniums for winter use should be grown on steadily during summer without being allowed to bloom. Those which have blossomed in summer are worth little in winter. I do not know what she refers to when she speaks of a "little black insect" on ivy. I presume, however, she means the scale. If the "insect" is flat, and resembles a tiny fish-scale, apparently remaining stationary, it is scale, and kerosene emulsion should be applied.

TROUBLE WITH BEGONIA
M. A. B. writes that the buds of Begonia semper floreus roses turn black and fall off. Why? I can't say. It may be that there are worms in the soil. Examine. If any are found, apply lime-water. It may be because there is not sufficient drainage. If the soil seems heavy and soggy, repot the plant, and provide ample drainage. Perhaps the nutriment has been exhausted from the soil and the plant may be starting. Fresh earth will remedy this.

MORE TROUBLE WITH BEGONIAS
MRS. F. A. G. writes that the leaves fall from her Begonia. When she "brought it home" it was very fine. If she "brought it home" from a greenhouse the dropping of the leaves is due to the change of temperature and other conditions. It may adapt itself to its new quarters and make a fresh start.

TO PREVENT FERNS FROM DYING
"An Old Subscriber" writes that her Fern seems dying, and wants to know why. I can't even venture "guess," because she says nothing about soil, care given and kind or class of plant. Why won't those asking what the matter is with their plants tell what kind of treatment they have given them? If this were done, quite often one could give suggestions that would be of benefit; but without any information of the kind, the person interested of is wholly in the dark. Tell what you have done to your plants when you want to know what is wrong with them.

PLANTS FOR NAME
MRS. A. J. D.—The green-leaved vine is *Sepeto*. The vine with variegated leaf is *Vinca Harrisonii*.

FRENCH CANNAS
S. C. C.—French Cannas can be made to bloom in central Iowa. Take up the roots in fall and store in cellar, same as dahlias, until growth in April, in pots or boxes, and plant out in May.

OLEANDER FAILING TO BLOOM
GERRITINE S. wants to know why the buds fall from her Oleander before opening. I can't say. The soil may be too dry. The plant may be suffering from lack of food; or the pot may not be large enough. She asks how warm it is. Be a little more—or a great deal more—particular in asking information, to give information which will help me to an idea as to the cause of trouble.

ROSES
MRS. J. D.—The roses named are not hardy enough for out-door use. Try some of the standard hybrid perpetuals.

LETTERS TO BETH

NO. XII.—"WHAT SHALL I TAKE TO EUROPE?"

MY DEAR BETH—



THE dainty note which you inclosed from those bright young friends of yours, asking "if it would trouble me to tell them what to wear and what to take on their trip to Europe," deserves an immediate answer.

Every veteran traveler must be amused and amazed by the burdens which inexperienced ones put upon themselves.

Never burden yourself with superfluous luggage. I use the English word in preference to our own, as being more fitting and expressive; *baggage* may mean many things.

The wisest women I have yet found in such matters have been the wives of army officers. They understand the meaning of the phrase "light traveling trim." They learn to be judicious in selection, careful in adjustment, and discreetly compact in stowing away their garments. Every available space is utilized; and yet they are usually well dressed and equal to all social emergencies.

Your friends, like all my young girls, are anxious to take actual necessities and to discard superfluities. They will travel, you tell me, quite extensively through England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales and the Continent.

The first thing to be obtained is a steamer trunk, to use in the state-room. Into this put a warm wrapper of thick woolen, a traveling rug, thick flannels, stout shoes, warm hose, a steamer hood, and cap; a curtain of cheap calico, all ready to tack before the door of your state-room; a handy bag of linen, to fasten where you can reach it from your berth, with numerous pockets for toilet articles; a small blank book and pencil, some rubbers, and a hot-water bag. These articles will be in constant use, for as soon as you have said good-bye to friends, you will remove your neat traveling dress and don your old clothing, carefully putting the others away until just before landing. In your small hand-bag, usually carried by all travelers, you can have a supply of clean handkerchiefs, some tourists' cord or ruffling; or, should you prefer, celluloid collars and cuffs, besides the little notions which every woman considers desirable. Do not forget a warm pair of knit slippers. I would avoid taking articles of food into the room, as they serve to attract rats, and all the ocean steamers are liberal in their supply of delicacies.

Should you be sea-sick, take only champagne and cracked ice; you will rally quicker and not be liable to suffer from nervous prostration.

On deck, if the weather is cold, you will need furs and a warm hood; many ladies wear sealskin coats, or large fur circulars. The small steamer caps, of either woolen or silk, are excellent for moderate weather.

You will, of course, place in your steamer trunk a shawl strap, a rain cloak; the rubbers will be serviceable when the decks are wet, as they frequently are. A long veil of gauze, thick enough to protect the face and thin enough to see through, will be of great service all through your journey. Some travelers carry several lap-ropes and pillows, for their steamer chairs. One seems to me sufficient, and one cushion, if you desire, for your chair, which should have your name plainly marked on the back.

All this for the steamer, including an old woolen dress for daily wear, the woolen wrapper will be used for sleeping or resting in your berth. Do not take a trunk for your other garments. Purchase instead, a strong and moderately large portmanteau, with two compartments. One side will have a portfolio upon it, where you can carry your guide books, writing paper, etc.; under this, you can pack closely an extra dress of some nice material for special occasions; also two, or at most three changes, of linen; as you can always get washing done at short notice or can buy a fresh supply, it is not worth while to burden yourself with many articles. In the other side, I should place a tiny kettle and travelers' lamp for use in sickness; handkerchiefs, hose, an extra pair of boots, a writing tablet, some toilet soap, towels, a travelers' candlestick, and such trifles as you may deem useful in your particular case. Have this portmanteau or valise plainly marked with your name and place of residence.

When you leave the steamer you will pack away all of your ocean costume in your steamer trunk, for use on the homeward trip, and you will then store the trunk with the steamer company until you return. The price paid for storage is well expended.

Leave everything in the trunk which you possibly can. In your hand-bag I should advise you to have a drinking-cup, a fruit-knife, a teaspoon, a small, thin wooden plate, and some paper bags; the latter are very desirable when buying fruit, as the market women wish to pour it into your lap, or hands, not having wrapping paper or bags as with us.

While other people will be delayed by luggage, your small articles can be readily weighed, examined, and receive the all-important label.

All articles which you purchase can be forwarded to your bankers, or to the office of the steamer company, and I assure you that having once traveled in this manner you will never again care to pay for a troublesome trunk. If you are wise and visit Paris just before sailing for home, you can purchase a trunk there and fill it with all the dainties you may desire, or your purse permit.

Some ladies, who have traveled in this way all over Europe, could not be induced to take a trunk now, and one foreign official assured them, that they "should be cannonized."

Yours faithfully,

KATE TANNATT WOODS.

AN IMPORTANT CAUTION

TO EVERY LADIES' HOME JOURNAL READER



I desire to caution our subscribers and the public in general, against transacting any business with the following persons who have been soliciting subscriptions for THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, with apparently no idea of forwarding the names so secured to the Publishers. They have, so far as we know, personally appropriated every dollar so secured.

I.

A man traveling under various aliases, among which are Wood, Watson and Hill, who operates on the Pacific Coast, principally in California. He sometimes claims to be a minister, and occasionally gives lectures on temperance.

II.

A man giving the name of Henry I. Pierce, and his address as 1803 Clayborne street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and John Hood of the same city, who at one time gave his address as 174 Fifth street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and who also took subscriptions which were never sent to us. He claims to have given these names to Pierce, supposing (?) him to be our authorized agent.

III.

A man giving the name of Daniel Larrabee. This party apparently confines his operations to New England, principally in the vicinity of Boston and in the southern part of New Hampshire. He sometimes offers a reduced rate (which is always an undoubted indication of fraudulent intentions), or offers to club with other periodicals, (which we never allow). He is described as being rather stout, with dark hair and eyes and florid complexion.

IV.

A man giving the name of George Kelly, operating in Texas and New Mexico. He usually offers for a small additional sum to send a number of pictures, (no trustworthy canvasser for THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL ever does this). This man is described as being very tall, with large gray eyes. He was arrested under the name of "Bradley," and sent to jail for the same offense, but is now, we believe, at large.

V.

A man giving the name of Thomas Elx, operating in Alabama and the southern part of Tennessee, and who sometimes gives his address as Wingo, Kentucky.

If any of our subscribers or friends have, at any time, been made the victim of fraudulent subscription agents who have used the name of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, we shall highly esteem it a favor if they will communicate with us and give us the particulars. We are doing our utmost to secure evidence which will lead to the conviction of all persons who are using the name of the JOURNAL to aid them in their fraudulent undertakings. We have had imprisoned quite a number and will vigorously prosecute all others. THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY.

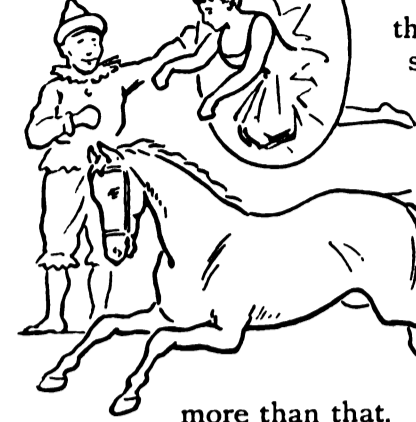
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Beware of Imitations.
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the clothes are washed, the paint scoured, the dishes washed, the house itself and every thing in it made bright and clean.

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You save time with *Pearline*—but you save

more than that. You're spared the endless rub, rub, rubbing, that tires you out and wears out what is rubbed.

It's money in your pocket to use *Pearline*. If it cost more than soap, if it were dangerous—then you might hesitate. But you needn't. It's as cheap as any soap, and just as harmless.

Beware Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you, "this is as good as" or "the same as *Pearline*." IT'S FALSE—*Pearline* is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of *Pearline*, do the honest thing—send it back. 244 JAMES PYLE, N. Y.

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IVERS & POND PIANO CO.,

Endorsement by men and women of the character and standing of those who recommend ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS is unquestionable proof of merit.

Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher writes: "40 ORANGE STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y., February 11, 1890. 'I have used ALLCOCK'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 ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS for all kinds of lameness and acute pain, and, by frequent experiments, find that they can control many cases not noticed in your circulars. 'The above is the only testimonial 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.'

The Rev. Mark Guy Pearse writes: "BEDFORD PLACE, RISSWELL SQUARE, LONDON, December 10, 1888. 'I think it only right that I should tell you of how much use I find ALLCOCK'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.'

Russell Sage, the well-known financier, writes: "506 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY, December 20, 1890. 'For the last twenty years I have been using ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS. They have repeatedly cured me of rheumatic pains and pains in my side and back. Whenever I have a cold, one on my chest and one on my back speedily relieve me. 'My family are never without them.'

Henry A. Mott, Jr., Ph. D., F. C. S., late Government chemist, certifies: "My investigation of ALLCOCK'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."

Marion Harland, on page 103 of her popular work, "Common Sense for Maid, Wife and Mother," says: "For the aching back ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER is an excellent comforter, combining the sensation of the sustained pressure of a strong, warm hand 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."

W. J. Arkell, publisher of *Judge* and *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, writes: "JUDGE BUILDING, COR. FIFTH AVE. AND SIXTEENTH 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 ALLCOCK'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.'

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Contains three alphabets of rubber type, type holder, bottle indelible ink, ink pad and tweezers; put up in neat box, with full instructions for use. Club of eight, \$1.00.
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BY THE TAILOR METHOD.
Cut from Your Own Measure.
Send for blanks and instructions for self-measurement.
Will fit without change of seam.
NATIONAL PATTERN CO., Bloomington, Ill.

A GOLDEN GOSSIP

(Continued from page 6 of this number)

George Craigan was less obtuse in his conceit than he might have seemed. There was something of an honest dignity, as well as of provoked perception, in his reply.

"My father is the business," he answered her. "I am trying to be of use as fast as I can." And with that, he also turned away a little. Connie Norris was, for the moment, left at disadvantage. But she recovered herself, with her invariable light agility.

"Now that was very well put, George," she said, making an easy little step and turn that brought her facing him again. "I like it of you. You must not mind my fun."

The calling him by his name, which she did now and then with a reversion as of old habit to the familiarity of their childhood, appealed him; and Connie could certainly put a witchery of coaxing into her voice. But it was not altogether enough. "I wish you were ever a little in earnest," he said; and then he really did turn off, speaking to Edith Pinceley, and Connie could not persist.

"That was rather too bad," said Dr. Harriman to Rill Raye. "The young man deserves better of her."

"Perhaps he deserves better—" and then Rill stopped.

"Than to have anything of her?" and Dr. Harriman laughed, gently.

"I do not think—we—have any right to say," returned Cyrilla, gravely, leaving Dr. Harriman to Connie herself, who approached him gayly, claiming him for some game they were about to play.

"What game is it you propose, Miss Connie?" asked the doctor.

"Candor," replied Connie, gleefully. "We're to make everybody tell the truth about something, once. Come!"

Cyrilla slipped away from "Candor" and from Dr. Harriman. She went and seated herself at the edge of the green bluff, with her feet upon a shelf of rock below the brink. There was something here, better than the nonsense game. She looked off upon the calmly speeding river, its grand, blue curve thrown out around the bold promontory with beautiful embrace—the meadow and pasture lands—the houses of the various village neighborhoods, dotting with their many tints the open spaces, or showing with gleam of white and red and olive and russet, or sunshiny yellows—the warm blossoming of homes—among the verdure; the tender sky overarching all, and seeming, as one looked down and up from this mid-perch, to lift more magnificently and give larger room between earth and heaven; the air, all luminous with soft hazes, reflections of sweet tints from hill to hill along the horizon, and the already coming glory which was gathering in the westward-rolling tide of sunlight.

Cyrilla thought of rooms in the Father's house, made for different, happy needs and natures—meant, each one, to meet and fulfill some answering beauty and truth of life that should be fit to dwell there; some soul of rose or lily—strength of oak, or healing health of pine, or generosity of maple—or, even sweetness of lowly, faithful grasses; all typical, all full of a commandment and rebuke, as the pond-lily room and the wild-rose chamber in that gentle woman's house had been to her.

Yet up into God's air comes the smoke of strife and sin; in many a forest runs the savage beast; through tender grasses slips the serpent! What did it all mean? What hateful power worked in the world against the diviner life, perverting it to evil and mischance and pain and death? What contrariety worked in her own life that was not a pure peace, an innocent joy, a rich satisfying in the midst of all these shows and signs of heaven?

She did not know how long the time was; she was shielded from the players, who had missed and called her for a moment, and then with shouts and laughter went on with their game. She was roused up when it was over by a final peal of merriment and a movement of the party, restless for some new pleasure, away from the cliff and down by a path upon the other side to the pine woods where the "sweet spring" and the late violets were. Rill did not seem to care for either in so much company. She went back to the little beach and the boat-landing, and busied herself with her aunt Amelia and the older people. Mr. Pinceley came and talked to her; she submitted with a more docile gravity than usual, so that the good man, believing in sudden heavenly changes, and watching solicitously for them among his flock, began to have gentle, kindly hope of Rill.

She missed Miss Haven. The picnic was dull; she would like best, if she could, to get away. I am afraid she did not even hear all that Mr. Pinceley was saying. It may be, however, that some teaching, as true and deep, was moving upon her own thoughts silently, and even informed stray words of the minister's, heard passively, with more than he put into them. We listen to sermons so.

Later in the afternoon, when she had helped Miss Bonable and Mrs. Rospey at the tables, she escaped again; she turned off from the pretty open glade where the repast was set, and followed the farmers' cart-track down among the woods. She had found her opportunity for a little solitude. The social drift had set toward the river shore; all along the pebbly margin, below the fringes of wild shrubbery, went feet and voices. Some were skipping stones; some were talking to the boats to row up and down awhile; some sat idly in the low sunshine, talking, joking, anything. Cyrilla wondered what it all amounted to. She had not used to wonder in such wise. She wondered at herself, most of all, what had come over her. It was as if,

all of a sudden, she had the questions of her life to settle. Why she was Cyrilla Raye? What, being Cyrilla Raye, she was to do with this personality she had charge of, and which it seemed so queer at once to manage and to be? There was something behind everything, as she had said before. What she really wanted was to understand herself.

The cart-track sloped down from a ridge spur over its crisp, moss-cushioned side, where the straight, thick savins lifted up their spicy bosks and made little nooks between their groups, to what seemed a plunge into deep, interminable woods; so tall and splendid grew the columnar pines, stretching their tasseled canopies overhead with interlacing arms, so that the blue patches of sky gleamed through like shining inlay of turquoise or lapis lazuli; and the sunlight, coming now in oblique shafts from the west, struck in between branch and bole and leafage with wonderful illumination, as through the windowed arches of a great cathedral side.

Close underfoot, just where Rill entered the forest-pile, grew in the damp hollow a broad bed of low, matted, shining vines; the straight little stems upholding each its cluster of glittering leaves of darkest green, with finely serrated edges; the wild strawberry plant that made a polished, tessellated floor to this porchway of the woods. Rill gathered a bunch and fastened it in the front of her gown; it lay against the soft, dull blue as the richness of oak leaves shows against the tenderness of the sky. She had put on a bit of the uniform of nature; somehow, it made her feel more harmonized with it all. I think this innocent, natural sacrament is partly what leaves and flowers are made for. "These Thy gifts and creatures," are all tokens and signs; the Holy Communion is in every created thing. Therefore, woe to them who receive the same unworthily; who only adorn and surround themselves, and so play with the husks that they never find the bread!

Rill did not go far into the wood. She knew it would not reach very much farther for her, in this sweet illusion of depth. She knew it would come out presently in sight of the two farmhouses that were upon the island. She sat down upon a hummock at the foot of a great oak which grew graciously among the pines, and watched the tiny motions of the growing things low down about her, over which blew the soft breath of the hardly sensible air. They felt it—the merest tremble of it, and bent and quivered their little blades and bells; or, perhaps, they thrilled to the touch and stir of things yet tinier than themselves; of insect life that ranged in the miniature forest of their stems. Anyway, as Galileo said of the planet, they moved. They were alive; and something else was all alive about them. A little trickle from a hidden spring ran its flashing thread in and out between. It was not a brook, nor a rivulet, nor even a run; it was only a creep of a few drops at a time, on their slender way to find some larger water—which they would find, Rill thought to herself. "I am glad it is a live world, at least!" she said, aloud. All at once that question came back to her, with a sweet, curious suggestion in the syllables of her own name.

"Why am I Rill-Raye?" A little trickle seeking its own larger life; a little pencil of light sent from a Heart of Light, to find—to do—to give—something, somewhere! "Why, I am glad they named me Rill Raye!" she said. "If I am that, I can be content to feel my way awhile!" It was the first little real gospel that had come to her.

Suddenly, along the path somewhere further on, a child's cry sounded. A broken scream, ejaculations of terror, a shrill command of expostulating fear. "No! no! go—way! Get out! Leave me be! Don't! Be still! O—h!"

Rill sprang up and hastened forward. Coming around a turn among the trees, she saw, just a few paces ahead, a little girl, one of the farmhouse children, struggling with a strong red Irish setter, which, whether in play or threatening earnest, had got the better of the child, and was overpowering its little strength, leaping upon and pulling her down. The child pushed and screamed, and would hold the creature on the ground for an instant, then trying suddenly to spring from him and run away, would be caught and overset again, the dog tugging with short growling barks at her clothes, and nosing at her feet, his body curving and vibrating from side to side, and his tail flourishing in high excitement. However it began, and however little it really menaced, the poor little maid was completely exhausted.

Rill rushed up and seized the dog by the collar with both her hands. "Now run!" she cried to the child, who with her slight remnant of strength hurried off as best she might toward the open field beyond which lay the farm buildings; her small face, still dilated and distorted with the pale horror, turned back again now and then as she ran, upon Rill, wrestling in her turn with the lithe, muscular brute.

And Rill had quite enough of it. There was more of the growl now than the bark, in such voice as the dog could make with two hands between his throat and collar; and his eyes looked dangerous. How long could Rill hold on? For to let go, she did not dare. Would the little girl think to send her any help? Could she drag the creature out in sight of the houses, or of any one who might perceive and come to her? She shouted in her turn, but no one seemed to hear. She knew the picnic people were quite away, upon the other side; probably just now gathering around the tables for their repast.

"Oh, help!" she cried. "Help!" and the dog sprang under her hands and rolled himself over, with angry jaws uppermost. She had hard ado to twist with him and keep her grasp. It was a battle. There was real peril. The animal was thoroughly exasperated.

But strong, quick steps came crashing along the woodpath, snapping the fallen stems. A man's voice called out. "Hold fast! I'm coming!" and Dr. Harriman, running at full speed, made a long spring and stood beside her. Now a second pair of hands seized the collar, and Rill's were released.

"Can you go to the house or barn and fetch a piece of rope, or call somebody?"

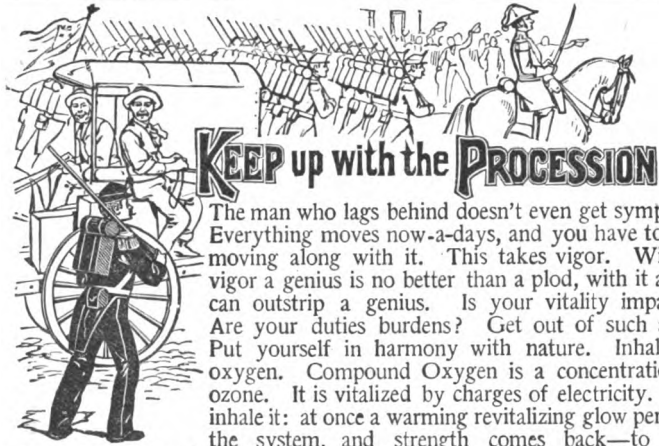
Rill stopped for no demur or thanks, but sped over the grass, the way the child had gone. "Common sense!" the doctor articulated, between his shut teeth and deep breaths, admiringly. "I knew it!" He held the dog with a grip whose force the creature recognized and partially submitted to; the doctor,

meanwhile, dragging him along on the way that Rill had taken, so far as the edge of the woodpiece. Here he stopped, beside a strong young ash tree. In three minutes Rill came flying back again, a tying-rein in one hand, a bit of chain in the other. She had snatched the first things she could lay hands upon, in the nearest barn.

"Good!" Now slip the chain under the collar, between my hands—so. Can you get the strap through the links at the ends? Very well! Dare you try to hold him a minute?"

For answer, Rill put her hands in the place of the doctor's, as he moved first one and then the other. In half a minute more, the strap was made fast round the ash trunk. Then Dr. Harriman relieved Rill again, and bade her retreat. For himself, he gave the dog one strong fling off, and stepped easily to Rill's side.

"Come back into the shade and rest," said he. (To be continued)



KEEP up with the PROCESSION

The man who lags behind doesn't even get sympathy. Everything moves now-a-days, and you have to keep moving along with it. This takes vigor. Without vigor a genius is no better than a plod, with it a plod can outstrip a genius. Is your vitality impaired? Are your duties burdens? Get out of such a rut. Put yourself in harmony with nature. Inhale her oxygen. Compound Oxygen is a concentration of ozone. It is vitalized by charges of electricity. You inhale it: at once a warming revitalizing glow pervades the system, and strength comes back—to stay.

That's the beauty of the Compound Oxygen Treatment. The good you get from it doesn't disappear when the treatment is discontinued.

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Advertisement for Knickerbocker Shoulder-Brace. Text: "No More Round Shoulders. KNICKERBOCKER SHOULDER-BRACE and Suspender Combined." Includes illustrations of a man and a woman wearing the brace.

Advertisement for The Economy Ventilating Heater. Text: "The Economy Ventilating Heater. Perfect Ventilation. We employ the use of Steam or Hot Water combined with Air Heat or Warm Air alone. It will pay you to investigate these systems. J. F. PEASE FURNACE CO., SYRACUSE, N. Y." Includes an illustration of a heater.

Advertisement for a RAZOR STEEL. Text: "MAHER & GROSH RAZOR STEEL. Cut is exact size; price 65c, our price for awhile 48 cents; 5 for \$2; BEST RAZOR-STEEL BLADES. Gent's fine 3-blade, \$1; boy's 2-blade, 25c. SPECIAL OFFER! This knife and 7-inch shears, post-paid, \$1.00. Follow ground razor, \$1.25; best strop ever made, 50 cts. ILLUSTRATED LIST FREE, and 'HOW TO USE A RAZOR.'" Includes an illustration of a razor.

Let every enfeebled woman know it! There's a medicine that'll cure her, and the proof's positive!

Here's the proof—if it doesn't do you good within reasonable time, report the fact to its makers and get your money back without a word—but you won't do it!

The remedy is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription—and it has proved itself the right remedy in nearly every case of female weakness.

It is not a miracle. It won't cure everything—but it has done more to build-up tired, enfeebled and broken-down women than any other medicine known.

Where's the woman who's not ready for it? All that we've to do is to get the news to her. The medicine will do the rest.

Wanted—Women. First to know it. Second to use it. Third to be cured by it. The one comes of the other.

The seat of sick headache is not in the brain. Regulate the stomach and you cure it. Dr. Pierce's Pellets are the little regulators.

INFLUENZA

OR

"LA GRIPPE."

As this complaint is again prevalent, all persons suffering with coughs or any lung complaints should not fall to use

WILBOR'S PURE COD LIVER OIL AND PHOSPHATES.

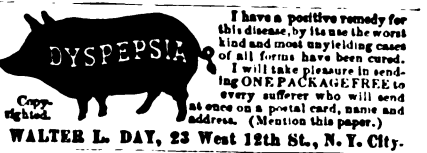
It gives immediate relief and a permanent cure in a short time. It will prevent this fell disease from having a fatal termination. Be sure, as you value your health, and get the genuine, manufactured only by A. B. WILBOR, Chemist, Boston, Mass. Sold by all Druggists.



From the charming little CINDERELLA in the "CRYSTAL SLIPPER," BOSTON THEATRE, Oct. 4, 1888.

Ben Levy, Esq., 34 West street. In all my travels I have always endeavored to find your LABLACHE FACE POWDER, and I must certainly say that it is the best Powder in the market. I have used it for the past 10 years, and can safely advise all ladies to use no other. Sincerely yours, MARGUERITE FISH.

The Lablache Face Powder is the purest and only perfect toilet preparation in use. It purifies and beautifies the complexion. Mailed to any address on receipt of 25 cent stamps. BEN LEVY & CO., French Perfumers, 34 West street, Boston, Mass.



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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

TO ALL CORRESPONDENTS: Any question from our readers of help or interest to women, will be cheerfully answered in this Department. But please bear in mind: Write your questions plainly and briefly. Don't use unnecessary words; editors are busy persons. The right to answer or reject any question is reserved by the Editor. Answers cannot be promised for any special issue. They will be given as quickly after receipt as possible. All correspondence should be accompanied by full name and address, not for publication, but for reference.

THE publishers of the JOURNAL will pay ten cents a copy to any one who will send copies of the following numbers:—May, July, November and December, 1884; October, 1886; September, 1887; and February and March, 1888. The copies must be in good condition and only of the dates mentioned.

IGNORANCE—Any one born on the 24th of January 1800, or even on the 1st of January 1800, was born in the nineteenth century.

C. S. F.—The lawn or batiste dresses will be pretty made with plain skirts, finished with a frill about the lower edge. A blouse waist tucked as far as the bust and then allowed to fall, having full sleeves tucked in at the wrists to form cuffs, will be pretty and comfortable, and a careful laundress ought to be able to do up this style of gown so that it will look like new.

MRS. V. A. W.—I would not advise washing a black lawn dress. A professional cleaner will make it look like new for about two dollars. That is, if it is not too elaborate in make, and as cotton goods come from the scourers looking as fresh and dainty as possible, it would seem money well expended, for you would have an entirely new-looking frock.

Q. E. D. AND OTHERS—It certainly is very rude in any young man to attempt to kiss you, and you will be very foolish unless you reserve your lips for the man whom you expect to marry. There is decided harm in flirting; not only may you make other people unhappy but the woman who flirts is apt to injure herself morally and mentally.

A SUBSCRIBER—I doubt if you could get any thing near their value for the coral beads. Coral is not particularly fashionable, and in beads does not, even in the most expensive stores, bring a high price, so that in selling them one would have to let them go much under cost.

LAURA B.—It is not considered delicate or considerate for a young woman to go to a place of amusement with one young man when she is engaged to be married to another.

MAMIE E.—It is not necessary to offer a caller any refreshments, although it is pretty courteous and suggestive to hospitality and good welcome. A glass of lemonade and a bit of cake, or a cup of tea or coffee and a wafer, is, however, all that would be required.

IGNORAMUS—To a man friend who has acted as your escort, simply say "Thank you very much for your kindness"; to one who has taken you into supper at an entertainment, say "Thank you for the pleasant time you have given me." A smile and a bow are sufficient thanks for a strange gentleman who steps back and holds open a door for you to pass through.

MRS. H. B. W.—If you do not care to use a crimping iron to wave your back hair, then the regular large crimping-plum may take its place. These, of course, have to be worn sufficiently long for the hair to grow crimp, or else must be pinched with an ordinary iron. In doing this put a bit of tissue paper over each strand so that the hair may not be burnt.

C. A. G.—Damask dinner napkins have very narrow hems that are most desirable when sewed by hand; on the plain coarse linen, that is now fancied for napery, a hem that is half-an-inch wide, and which is hem-stitched, is in good taste.

M. A. W.—Closely woven plain grenadine will be worn during the summer, and is preferred to the striped and brocaded.

M. C. D.—Edward Bulwer Lytton, who wrote "The Last Days of Pompeii," and many other novels, was the father of Owen Meredith, who wrote "Lucille." If you have, as you express it, a natural aptitude and liking for accounts and bookkeeping, it would seem that that is the work which you should choose. The best way to overcome your trouble is to force yourself to finish whatever you begin. Do not say you cannot concentrate your attention on any one thing for any length of time, but show that you have good sense by overcoming what is simply a mental weakness that you have made a habit.

FRANCEA—It is said that the constant use of glycerine will make the skin yellow, and for that reason I cannot advise it.

SCHOOL-GIRL—Rub your hands well with strawberry cream every night and sleep in gloves. Bathe them the next morning in very hot water, using plenty of soap, and dry them on a soft towel. This will tend to remove the dryness and hardness of which you complain.

BROWNIE—If you wish to have your hair show a good gloss, I should advise you to stop using ammonia upon it, as the tendency of that is to dry the hair. Persistent brushing will do more to keep the glow that you like than anything else. An article on the hair given in this number of the JOURNAL, answers your questions.

YOUNGER SISTER—The youngest sister should have Miss Mary Robinson on her visiting card.

C. L. E.—This is the nineteenth century, although we date it 1901, just as you are in your seventeenth year though you were only sixteen last November.

ANNIE—The sedate appearance of the young man does not justify his putting his arm around the young woman he has only known for ten days, and such things being done in a playful way does not excuse them.

MRS. S. B. T.—My one quarrel with the American woman is that she dresses too old. The styles shown are, while they are put on young and pretty women, almost invariably suitable for older ones, and I wish that every woman who is beginning to think she ought not to dress young, would remember that it is her duty to the man of her household to look as charming as possible.

WIN—For the hard, white, sensitive spots on your face I would advise your consulting a physician. They seem to point to some trouble with the blood that external application would not affect.

OUTDA—It is very improper for a young woman to suggest marriage to a young man.

MAE—It would be a pretty courtesy to invite the lady whose brother is an intimate friend of the family, to the wedding. There could not be any impropriety in this, and it will doubtless be a courtesy that she will appreciate.

SUBSCRIBER—It is impossible to say what it would cost anybody to live in a European city, for just what you might like would not be what I would care for, and vice versa. It may be mentioned, however, that the places to which we are recommended, usually costs us at least a third more than we expect them to.

BESS—The only way to keep the little boy's hair curly is to do it up in papers very regularly until the ringlets you form get in the habit of staying just as you desire them. Young hair can usually be trained in the way that one wishes it to go.

A NEW SUBSCRIBER—The best way to give the face a Russian bath, is to have two large basins standing side by side, each almost full of water, one very hot and the other cold. Hold your face over the basin of hot water until the vapor from it has made it soft, then bathe it thoroughly with the water, using your hands if possible for this purpose, and if you cannot stand the heat, a large, soft sponge. When this is finished give your face a thorough bathing with the very cold water and dry it afterwards with a soft towel. The best time to do this is just before retiring. But if it should be done in the day, time do not expose it to the air for an hour or so afterwards, and when you do, wear a veil, as you are liable to take cold, the pores being open and the skin in a particularly sensitive condition.

LILLIAN—A person who has brown hair, blue eyes and a clear, light skin would be called a blonde.

A. B. M.—When you are travelling and are at a hotel just for dinner, it is not necessary for you to remove your bonnet, though it certainly would be more comfortable to take off your wraps. I should not advise a young girl away from home going to school in a large city to go to lectures, concerts, etc., by herself. I would suggest that she have some woman friend, or one of her schoolmates accompany her.

J. F. O.—A useful brooch is a round one, of twisted gold, that suggests thick cord being turned and knotted.

A COUNTRY GIRL—Even if your hostess is at home and you see her, it is proper for you to leave a visiting card.

PANSY AND OTHERS—It would be more courteous to ask your friend to assist you with your rubber shoes after you are in the hallway of the house, rather than make such request in a room full of people.

A TROUBLED AUNTIE—I should not advise you to let your niece go alone in a carriage to the party; instead, as you suggest, let your maid go with them and also go after them. This is in much better taste than having them escorted by young men.

AN ANXIOUS HOSTESS—When Sunday comes suggest to your guests the going to hear the preacher who is most eminent in your city, but do not make them feel that they must go where you have asked them. The art of being a good hostess is to let your guests enjoy themselves in their own way, and while you must think out pleasures for them you must not force them upon them.

NEW SUBSCRIBER FROM THE WEST—If Mrs. A. has sent you cards to an afternoon reception and you do not get it is your duty to send a visiting card by post, or messenger, during the time of the reception. There is no necessity for you to make an after call unless you are intimate friends and wish it.

SEVENTEEN—In sending out invitations for your whist party, your visiting card with the day and hour written in one corner, and "Cards" immediately under it, will announce what it is to be.

MARGARET—A white gown, with no jewelry, is in perfectly good taste for an evening entertainment which a young girl might attend. If some news has come to you that would be of special interest to a man friend with whom you do not correspond, there would be no impropriety in your writing to tell him this. A letter which has a reason for existence is never out of place.

MRS. A. W. B.—Do not send a visiting card to the bride unless you send her a present. However, if you wish her to know that you have your good wishes, write her a letter in which you say that.

MARY C.—In commencing a letter to an employer write "Mrs. John Smith, Dear Madam," and finishing it sign it "Yours respectfully, Mary Jones."

BOBIE—Eating cracked ice, or drinking great quantities of water, is said to increase the flesh; but certainly the inordinate use of tea will destroy the enamel of the teeth and affect the stomach.

ETTA—To remedy the cracking of your nails apply cold cream, vasoline or any greasy substance to them every night before retiring. This will tend to soften and preserve them.

KANSAS ZEPHYR—The only thing that I can advise to darken the eyebrows is the eyebrow pencil. Try using cocoa butter on them to increase their growth. Combine black cloth with your blue silk.

ANXIOUS—The only way to improve your handwriting is to get a good copy and persistently practice from it. Most of us write badly because we write hastily, and so I would advise you, as you have the time, to devote it to attaining a perfectly clear penmanship.

SUBSCRIBER—As you arise from the dinner-table put your napkin just beside your plate but do not fold it. A widow's visiting card should have "Mrs. Mary Brown" upon it, and the black border should be used as long as she wears crape. If she is the widow of the oldest son of a family her name is simply written "Mrs. Brown."

A CONSTANT READER—Take a lemon, cut it in halves and then rub the cut part about your throat, exactly as you would a piece of soap; then wash it with warm water. You will find this very whitening.

CARRIE—Unless the young man asks you to call him by his Christian name, it would be in very bad taste to do it. Familiarity as to names is an evidence of an unrefined taste.

FLORENCE M.—It is certainly not right to encourage the suit of a young man whom you do not intend to marry. Your mother should decide for you whether it is proper for you to ride alone with a young man or not.

READER—I would not advise your giving the young man a birthday present, as presents given in that way are too suggestive of a desire to receive them in return.

MY SISTER—When two sisters are introduced, they should be presented as "Miss Smith and Miss Mary Smith." It is not in good taste for a young man to address even his betrothed by her Christian name when there are strangers present. In writing to her he could address her in any way he pleased, or that his heart dictated.

INQUIRY—Undoubtedly sunshine tends to keep the hair light; but the amount of it gotten by most of us will not be apt to have any effect. In older times, when the sun-bath was counted of great importance and was attached to most of the houses, and when women had more time to give to the cultivation of beauty, they frequently sat for hours with the burning rays of the sun coming down on their loosened, spread-out hair.

DOUGLAS—A suitable model for your black cloth gown would be found in the article entitled "Spring Cloth Costumes," in the April JOURNAL.

MRS. M. D. J.—Combine black Henrietta cloth with your black silk and trim it with black silk passementerie.

STEPHANIE F.—If you do not wish to write to the young man, simply tell him that you don't care to increase the number of your correspondents.

A LOVER OF THE JOURNAL—I do not think that a good novel, one which deals with interesting people and is well written, is undesirable for young girls.

T. T.—When a gentleman asks permission to call upon you, tell him that you will be very glad to see him. In writing to a doctor commence your letter "Dear Doctor Brown."

PSYCHONAST—If you were foolish enough to give your photograph to a man about whom you knew nothing, and who now refuses to return it to you, you can do nothing whatever but submit to his rudeness. A fringe of the back hair cut short and curled on the neck is no longer in vogue.

PORTIA—I have never referred to almond nuts for the skin. What I have written about has been almond meal, which is very fine and tends to whiten and soften the skin.

MARY S.—A man friend who is calling in the evening should leave between half past ten and eleven at the latest, and he is only justified in staying longer when there is a large party present, or some entertainment is going on. When there are persons present it would be wisest for a young girl to call her betrothed "Mr. Robinson," though when they are alone, or when she is writing to him, she may choose any form of addressing him that pleases her.

EVERETT—Simply attach your visiting card to a flower-press, sent to some one who is dead. I have never seen the initials you refer to put on any invitation or letter.

Stop that CHRONIC COUGH NOW! For if you do not it may become consumptive. For Consumption, Scrofula, General Debility and Wasting Diseases, there is nothing like SCOTT'S EMULSION Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and HYPOPHOSPHITES Of Lime and Soda. It is almost as palatable as milk. Far better than other so-called Emulsions. A wonderful flesh producer. Scott's Emulsion There are poor imitations. Get the genuine.

SINCE THEN BEAUTY IS BUT SKIN DEEP BY THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF THE FAMOUS POZZONI'S MEDICATED COMPLEXION POWDER. "WOMAN'S ONLY FAVORITE" Warranted free from all Injurants. Everybody likes it; Every lady uses it; Fancy Stores and Druggists Sell it. WHO IS NOT PROUD OF A 'POZZONI Complexion'?

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MILLER BROS STEEL PENS Are AMERICAN the BEST. MILLER BROS CUTLERY CO. M.F.R.S OF STEEL PENS MIDDLETOWN CONN. BOAT EXTENDED & FOLDED If you Row, Paddle or Sail, send for Catalogue, describing a safe, handsome Boat. Folds into small bundle. ACME FOLDING BOAT CO. Hiramsburg, O.

Special Supplement to THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL FOR MAY, 1891

HOW ONE GIRL GREW

By
Annie Isabel Willis.



"I am so tired of it all!" Elma Perkins was returning from a long, lonely walk, and her hands were full of ferns and flowers. She generally came thus laden, for it was her favorite way of brightening up the old house which she called home. She was approaching it as she uttered the above words, and they were called forth by the sight of it and the thought of the life she led within its walls.

The house was gray with the grayness that belongs to unpainted wood, exposed for years to wind and sun and rain. The clapboards had that tendency to turn up, which gives the impression that they are beginning to peel off. The house was low, but spacious, with a deep gable roof, and an old-fashioned door with a knocker. The wide porch had side benches, and the fence pickets were also unpainted. But the place looked thrifty and well-kept, notwithstanding. Flowers bloomed in the garden in summer, and behind the white-curtained windows in winter. The barns looked trim and the orchards and fields be tokened good care. Mr. Perkins was no "gentleman farmer"; his place was small and the work was done chiefly by himself, and one hired man. His wife, with the assistance of her daughter, did the housework, and enough outdoor labor to make the front yard look, in summer, like an ideal old-fashioned garden.

The life of which the girl was so weary was a simple one. Hundreds of girls are living it to-day, some contentedly, some wishing for anything to break the monotony, but few having the courage to do what this one did. Having looked at the house with Elma, let us glance at the girl herself, as she stands before the gate, attired in a plain, gingham morning dress, her face shaded by a broad-brimmed hat, for the summer sun is warm. She has the clear complexion of a blonde of nineteen years who has lived plainly and quietly. Her hands are tanned, but they are strong and shapely too, though evidently used to work. Her face is an attractive one, because it is bright and sweet, rather than from any perfection of feature, and it is framed by brown hair inclined to curl. The straight-forward look in her blue eyes indicates that she gazes fearlessly on life and its problems.

She entered the house with a sigh, arranged her flowers with the dainty touches that some women know how to give, and went to find her mother. Mrs. Perkins was in her cool, clean dairy, finishing some pots of butter, and a ray of sunlight from the narrow window, falling on her gray-haired and white-aproned figure, made her a pretty picture to her daughter's loving eyes.

"Are you almost through, mother?" she asked.

"Yes, in a few minutes, child. Did you have a good walk?"

"Very good. I will come down soon to talk with you," and Elma went up to her own room.

It was a cool, pleasant place on a summer day, and the thin white curtains moved slightly in the breeze. The furniture was all old-fashioned. There were no nice pictures, and the only modern things in the room were a plush glove-box given to Elma by a school-mate, and a bureau set, cover and mats, beautifully decorated, the gift of another friend.

Farmer Perkins was not a poor man. He made a comfortable living, but whatever was spent went chiefly for new machinery and farm implements to lighten his labor. That he needed these things was very evident to him, but that his wife and daughters required anything to beautify the house, he could not see. As long as they were comfortably clothed and fed, what did it matter about "new-fangled house fixin's?" Was not the furniture the very same that his mother and his wife's mother had used? Why, then, was it not good enough for them, he would like to know? In this way the good man—for he was in many other respects a model husband and father—reasoned. It was by a great concession that he had allowed his daughter to attend a girl's seminary some distance from home.

"What's good enough for us is good enough for Elma," he said, when the subject was talked over. But his wife, who could be meek enough where her own desires were concerned, waged a brave battle for her daughter's education. Elma was sent to school for three years, and her mother worked the harder to fill her place at home, and did not a little toward earning the money for the board and tuition.

The girl had gone away at fifteen, had spent three years at a school where she had made one or two warm friends, and had found out what her tastes were—music and literature. Having a sweet voice, she had managed to gain a year's instruction in vocal music, not more than a beginning, to be sure, but enough to enable her, with her intense liking for it, to go on studying as well as she could with the old parlor organ that had seen its best days. A piano! Such extravagance was not to be thought of by Farmer Perkins. Her taste for literature was given its proper course by the careful training of an excellent teacher. This lady had taken an extreme liking to the girl, and had shown her how much a real friend can help one. The visible results of the study were a few shelves full of choice books which graced the homely sitting-room in the old farmhouse. Part of these had been needed for Elma's work, and some had been given to her by this teacher, Miss Jocelyn, who, since the time that Elma had sat under her teaching, had gone to New York, and was engaged in giving private lessons. She had not lost sight of her beloved pupil, and occasional letters passed between them.

Elma threw herself down in the rocking chair that stood in front of what she called the "prettiest window." The view from it stretched for miles across a farming country whose fields of various grains made a changing color-picture, melting at last into the bluish-purple of distant hills. It had no power over her to-day as she sat gazing out with unseeing eyes.

"I am doing nothing," she thought a little bitterly. "My second year at home will begin in the fall, and where have all my aspirations of commencement time gone? I have no share in the world's work. I do nothing much for any one. The quietness of it will overcome me. Perhaps I shall settle down and be nothing more than a country girl, whose sole ambition is to make good bread, cake and pies, and whose chief dissipation is a day at the annual county fair, where her culinary efforts have received a prize. I must get away. This life will cause stagnation, and then I shall surely come to that end. I'll talk it over with mother and see what she says."

Rising, she went to the sitting-room where Mrs. Perkins now sat sewing, and poured out her thoughts to her mother. Mrs. Perkins listened quietly as her daughter talked eagerly, sometimes almost incoherently. When Elma had become quiet, she said:

"Well, daughter, I think you should go away. But where will you begin? What can you do? How will you earn your living? Father and I will do our best, but you know how peculiar he is, and I'm afraid he'll think it is a foolish way to spend money." The dear, gentle soul never spoke of her husband's closeness in any other way.

"I'll write to Miss Jocelyn, mother," replied Elma. "Perhaps she can help me."

"Well, if you do go, I shall be glad to know that she is there to watch over you. I could not let you go alone to a strange city."

The letter was accordingly sent, and the girl waited eagerly for a reply. It came as soon as she could have expected.

MY DEAR ELMA:
You have asked me a difficult question, "What can I find to do in New York?" You do not know how many more applicants than places there are in this great city. Life will be very different too, from your peaceful existence in Edentown.

"I hope it will," said Elma to herself, decidedly.

I know of nothing you could do but clerical work or teaching. You have had no experience in either, and there is little chance for you, especially in teaching. But I know a number of publishers, and will see what I can do about getting you a place of the other sort. I want to stipulate, however, that you make it a stepping-stone to something better. You must come prepared to do the hardest kind of work when your regular tasks are done. You can take advantages of the libraries to read and study, and, while doing humble work, must be fitting yourself for something higher.

The rest of the letter was filled with news about the old seminary girls, and messages to her parents and herself.

"The way is opened, mother, for me to go to New York!" said Elma, excitedly, coming into the kitchen where her mother was baking. The mother, putting aside all thoughts of herself and the loneliness that would follow her daughter's departure, rejoiced with the girl in the opening which had come through Miss Jocelyn's efforts. It was decided that Elma should go as soon as she could get ready, and if she found nothing to do, should spend a few weeks in the city and then return home. They judged wisely that a personal interview would do more toward securing a place for her than letters of introduction and recommendation.

It was with some misgivings that the girl bade farewell to her peaceful home-life and her parents. She and her mother had many tender talks during those last days, the memory of which did not soon leave her.

A warm greeting from Miss Jocelyn awaited her when she arrived in the city. That lady had secured a room for her charge in the house where she was boarding. It was a small one near her own large apartment, and from the first, she took the girl as a very precious

It did not take long to discover that Elma brought to her work unusual intelligence for one who was valued at the low sum she was getting, and, a vacancy occurring which caused many changes, she was advanced, and informed that she was permanently engaged with a small increase of salary. Even this did not yield her a large income, but she had enough to live on and to spare for her few wants.

Her evenings were generally spent at home, reading with Miss Jocelyn, or practicing, for though literature still possessed a great charm for her, her heart inclined to music. "Home" now meant the two rooms which she and her teacher-friend occupied at the boarding-house. The larger one was beautifully furnished, for Miss Jocelyn had been a successful teacher in more ways than one, and had fitted up her apartment with all that her tastes and desires inclined her to possess. A folding-bed economized space so much, that she could place her bureau also in the alcove. Heavy curtains hanging from the arch, hid all traces of a sleeping-parlor, and made the large part resemble a parlor, where were an upright piano, easy chairs, book-cases and a secretary. A cultivated taste presided over the room. It was this which gave Miss Jocelyn a beautiful outfit for serving dainty cups of tea or chocolate to friends who came; it filled her plain shelves with sets of choice books; it hung her doors and windows with artistic draperies. After all, such rooms where books and desks are in keeping, and whose tables look accustomed to holding anything from a bit of needlework to an array of tea things, are much more enjoyable than stately parlors and rich reception-rooms. There is something in almost all of us that responds to a touch of Bohemianism, and we like neat disorder. There is such a thing, though you may not believe it, O immaculate housekeeper.

Miss Jocelyn and Elma sat in this charming room one evening. They had just come up from dinner, and the girl had established herself in a large wicker chair beside the reading lamp. She held an invitation in her hand.

"We cannot refuse this," she said pleadingly, looking up at Miss Jocelyn.

"No, dear, we need not," rejoined the lady. "You have worked so steadily that I think a change will do you good. And *musicales* are so pleasant, too. I confess to wanting very much to go, for Mrs. Kincaid does entertain her guests perfectly. How kind of her to include you, Elma!"

"Yes, it pleases me very much," said Elma. "People have all been so good to me since I came. Tell me about Mrs. Kincaid. I am anxious to see her."

"She has been here a number of times to call upon me, but you are always away, you know, unless people call in the evening. Mrs. Kincaid could not come at such a time, for her health is not good, and she seldom goes out at night, though her house is always open to others then. She is my ideal of a per-



Elma saw a pale, high-bred face, crowned with white hair.

fectly well-bred lady, who has means, family and education. With these three good things, however, people are not always well-bred, you know." Elma nodded to this statement with a look which showed she had an experimental knowledge of its truth, but she said nothing and Miss Jocelyn continued:

"Mrs. Kincaid is a widow, with three sons, the youngest still a boy. Her sweet influence and home-training have brought the two older ones safely through the snares and temptations

charge, to be looked after and guarded, as well as assisted. Through acquaintance with one of the heads of departments in a large publishing house, a temporary place was secured for Elma, where her ability would be tested, with the understanding that if she suited she was to become a permanent worker for the firm with increased salary. Thus much does it avail to know "the powers that be!" Elma, as a totally unknown stranger, would probably never have secured a footing so easily.

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of city life to noble young manhood. They, like their mother, are almost ideal people. Mrs. Kincaid has a way of befriending any who are struggling for a footing in their art or profession, and this musical gathering is designed to introduce to favorable notice some young singer whom she found discouraged, and almost hopeless—a girl whose father spent all he could on her musical education and then suddenly died, leaving her alone. She is staying with relatives in the city, but they are people of no social influence, and could do nothing to help their young cousin. Mrs. Kincaid told me about her, as she has probably told all she could reach, bless her kind heart! It is a very different matter to go into some one's parlor to hear Miss Alling sing—a person of whom you know nothing—and to go knowing the chief points in her history, which makes her an interesting bit of humanity, with a living to get.

"How much better it is to know about people," said Elma, enthusiastically. "It makes life like a story, even if the parts of it do belong to other people. I am so glad to know of the little singer whom Mrs. Kincaid is befriending. But how does she avoid being deceived by so-called artists and talented beings who are humbugs?"

"Mrs. Kincaid's heart does not run away with her head, Elma. She never invites her friends to meet people who are anything but genuine, and she has a way of disposing of all shams."

The appointed evening found Miss Jocelyn and her charge on their way to Mrs. Kincaid's house. It proved to be an interesting mansion of the old New York type, whose broad doors and spacious vestibule admitted one with a hospitable breadth of welcome one does not often meet with in this era of fifteen-foot fronts. Everything wore an air of old richness, as if time could not change the statelyness all about. Books, works of art and souvenirs of foreign travel were everywhere. It was clearly the home of taste and culture, as well as of wealth.

There were several numbers, well-rendered—as everything always was at Mrs. Kincaid's—before Miss Alling made her appearance. Everyone had been waiting for her, for there were none present but knew her pathetic story, and a kindly sympathy was felt for the girl. She sang, and the song was so sweet and touching that, besides the applause, there were various demonstrations which do not usually follow music. A call for her second appearance was responded to by the lightest, brightest song imaginable, and it set everybody to smiling, and restored good spirits. Miss Alling was the theme of all the talk in the intermission. Everyone was charmed with her, and it was little wonder.

Elma and Miss Jocelyn had found friends, but the girl could not talk much. She was too absorbed in the central singer of the evening. Did long training produce such wonderful results as that? What if she were to obtain it! But was her voice worth it? So her thoughts ran on, and she had erected such a beautiful castle in the air that she forgot Mrs. Kincaid until Miss Jocelyn touched her arm. Their hostess was moving about among her guests, and had drawn very near them. Elma looked and saw a pale, high-bred face, crowned with white hair, rare old lace about the throat, and—but the clear eyes were looking at her, and she heard Miss Jocelyn speak her name. Then she bowed in almost an awed fashion, while Mrs. Kincaid's low voice said, "How do you do, dear child? It almost seems as if I knew you well, for Miss Jocelyn has told me so much about you. Did you like our little singer?"

Elma managed to reply, and the lady moved on to greet other guests, while the girl could only whisper to her friend, "How very lovely she is!"

Presently Mrs. Kincaid came back, having spoken to all in the rooms, and, sitting down beside Elma, engrossed her in conversation so pleasant that she found herself perfectly at ease, and even replying with unusual brightness to the lady's remarks.

"My dear, Miss Jocelyn seems to wish to go now," she said presently. "I forget what a long distance you have to travel. Will you not come again? I shall want to see more of you."

"Yes, indeed, if I may," replied the girl eagerly.

"Ralph," said Mrs. Kincaid to a young man who passed near her just then. "My son, Miss Perkins," and the two young people bowed.

"Miss Perkins came with Miss Jocelyn, Ralph, and as the latter seems quite anxious to go, perhaps you will take her friend to her. Good-night," she said to Elma, "do not fail to come again"; and, with a "Thank you," Elma crossed the large room, having time to answer but a single question of her companion's as to whether she had enjoyed the evening. There was time enough, however, to notice how manly looking he was, and what handsome dark eyes he had. There was a pleasant greeting between him and Miss Jocelyn, with whom he seemed to be a great favorite, and he declared his determination to see that they arrived safely home, "since they must live so abominably far away," he said laughingly. That was a pleasant ride to Elma, though she said hardly a word. It was a treat to listen to any talk between two such conversationalists as her companions.

This evening was only the first of many pleasant ones spent at the Kincaid's. In due time Elma met John, the oldest brother, and Stephen, still a college boy; but Ralph was her favorite, she declared to Miss Jocelyn. The winter passed, and Elma kept up a great deal of thinking. She longed more and more for a better musical education than she possessed. Mrs. Kincaid found out that Elma had a fine voice and could accompany herself admirably, but told her it needed more training. How to get it was the problem. She had neither time nor money now, and her brain was often at work to solve the question. Her correspondence home let father and mother into her secret desire, but the farmer

"Can't she sing well enough now?" he asked. "She suits me."

"Well, she doesn't suit herself," returned his wife. "And I believe the Lord meant we should satisfy ourselves in matters like this, or else no one would succeed in this world."

At last the dear soul thought of something. "How would it do, pa, if we should take summer boarders, Elma and me? I had considerable laid by that I calculated to send her this winter, but she has had a good position and hasn't needed it. That'll make a nice nest-egg, and I can add to it if you'll agree to my plan. All our vegetables and butter and milk will come from the farm, besides fruit, and we can manage to make a good deal, I know. I'm a master hand at cooking, you say, and I love to do it."

Father's consent gained, Mrs. Perkins wrote to her daughter, and, after much discussion, she decided to give up her desk work, which only sufficed to pay her board and a little over, and return for a while to her country home. Miss Jocelyn at once expressed a desire to spend her vacation at the farmhouse, and her determination to let her friends know of it. "They will all be glad of a chance to taste real country life," she said, "and your mother's cooking would win any one's heart."

A good, stout girl was engaged to do the rough work, and the summer project was a success. Elma found herself so glad to be back again in the pure air of Edentown, that she went heartily to work to arrange the rooms that her faith filled with troops of summer boarders. In due season the faith was rewarded, and people in the staid old place found something new to look at and talk about. The Kincaids came, the mother and Stephen, to stay all summer; John and Ralph to spend their shorter vacations, for both were engaged in a law business of their own. The latter was not disappointed in Elma whom he had met often in the city. In her neat, well-fitting house-dresses, with shining hair and eyes, and a rich color in her cheeks—begotten by the humble tasks that occupied her—she compared favorably with the city young ladies of his acquaintance. He and his mother knew why Elma was doing this summer's work, and doing it so gaily and brightly, and they were sure that she would succeed.

Ralph Kincaid's stay at Edentown was all too short to Elma, though she didn't realize it until after he went away. He had been so kind and courteous in many ways, going with her on the loneliest and most unusual walks and drives when her duties allowed, and discussing with her the books he had brought, besides singing with her, that the house seemed lonely after his departure, even with dear Mrs. Kincaid and a host of other people still there.

The summer proved a profitable one, and the "nest-egg" was so largely augmented that Elma went to work, after the last boarder had disappeared, to make herself ready for another winter in the city. It would be a season of absorbing but delightful toil, and she gladly prepared for it. She had made arrangements, through Miss Jocelyn, to take lessons of one of the finest teachers in New York city, for she reasoned that it is better to spend the same amount of money on fewer lessons of a great teacher than to pay less than for anything but the best. October found her again with Miss Jocelyn, and deep in her beloved work. Now the days were brightened by calls from Mrs. Kincaid, at whose house they occasionally dined or spent the evening. Ralph Kincaid came once in a while to see them, but he always asked for Miss Jocelyn as well as Elma, though he was beginning to wish she were in her own home, so that he need not see any one but herself.

Finally he came to ask Elma to go with him to a concert, and she was glad to say yes. Concerts were her inspiration this winter, and this was an exceptionally good one. The presence of the friend at her side made it doubly enjoyable, for he was an appreciative musician. Something that was said in their conversation on the way home led her to tell him of her hopes for future success in her chosen profession. "It is to be my life-work," she said eagerly, "if I succeed."

"Will you let me tell you then, that I hope you will not succeed?" he asked. Just then they came to the door of her home, and she was able to make her escape, with nothing more than a "good-night." She was glad to go directly to her own room, her thoughts in a tumult. She liked Ralph Kincaid extremely, and had never been afraid to say so; but the thought of his loving her had never occurred to her. If it had, she would have done as she tried to do now, dismiss it as too silly to be entertained.

"The idea of you, a plain country girl, the child of plain parents, having the presumption to think that the son of a wealthy and cultured New York family could care for you in that way," she said to herself, her face growing crimson at the last words. But what did he mean? No satisfactory answer could she find for the question unless she admitted that premise.

"Do I care for him?" she asked herself at last, facing it fairly and directly, as she did everything. "Not enough for that. I like him very much, better than any gentleman I ever knew, but that is all. Well, I must not give him a chance to say such a thing to me again." And this resolve she kept, though she still went to the Kincaid's with Miss Jocelyn, and enjoyed many delightful social privileges which came through acquaintance with the family.

Ralph Kincaid had indeed begun to love the "plain country girl." There was about her a sweet attractiveness he did not often find in the fashionable young ladies of the city, and being thoroughly genuine himself, he knew a genuine woman when he found one. Their tastes were similar, and in good breeding, and the right sort of culture, she certainly could hold up her head with the proudest. The ladyhood of a lady will show itself even in gingham gowns and under the roof of an unpainted farm-house. It is no more to be

hidden than the shoddyism of persons who, without innate refinement and good taste, try in vain to show both. The trying is what discloses the shoddyism. One need never try to be a lady. If she does, she will surely fail.

The manner in which Elma left him that night, showed the young man how little she guessed that he cared for her, and, like an honorable gentleman, he resolved to let matters stand as they were until he became sure that such a disclosure would not annoy her.

"What is worth having, is worth waiting for," he said to himself. "I can wait, and I want to see if she has pluck enough to succeed." He redoubled his efforts in business, and was as gravely polite and friendly as ever to Elma when he met her.

The second summer was spent like the first, and again the money earned went far to pay for the training of Elma's exquisite voice. Cultivation had made it even that, for it had taught her perfect control of it, and a fine expression. Even Farmer Perkins acknowledged that there was something "bewitchin'" about it, and said, "Elma does sing likelier than she used to, that's a fact."

His good wife could not refrain from saying, "Didn't I tell you so?"

"Yes, you did, mother, I'll own up to it," he replied, "and as you've both done well so far, I'll see you through. Let Elma have what's wanted next winter and I'll make up all that's lacking," which was a concession that almost took his wife's breath away, it was so generous.

A second winter's practice in New York, added to what she had already gained, and her persevering practice by herself, had enabled her teacher to pronounce her ready for a position when one should offer. Meantime, another summer was spent at the old farmhouse, Miss Jocelyn and Mrs. Kincaid coming now as guests, not boarders. None of the sons came this time. Stephen had graduated from college with honors, and, as a reward, was summering abroad with his brother John. Ralph made some excuse about "not being able to get away this season," which his mother, who knew how matters were understood, but which caused great regret to hospitable Mrs. Perkins, and darkened the summer's sky for Elma.

Not by word or sign had he reverted to the subject of her "life-work" in the way in which he spoke of it the night of the concert. Her esteem for him had grown in that second winter, and his friendly demeanor toward her putting her quite at ease again, she went out occasionally with him. He was beginning to think she cared for him, but she seemed so rudely happy in her work that he resolved not to speak just yet.

When the two ladies returned to the city, the girl went with them, for it was her heart's desire to secure a place to sing in some church, and she wanted to be on the spot in order to find such an opening. Was it her real heart's desire? No, for that was something she would not put into words, even to herself. Ralph Kincaid's whole attitude toward her, so far as was evident, was that of a sincere friend. He was very thoughtful of her comfort, and enjoyed her society, but of any more she was

uncertain, and not being a coquette, she would not by so much as a look, try to find out.

A position did not come at once, and while waiting, Elma sang at many private musical gatherings and not a few times for charitable entertainments, everywhere receiving applause which made her heart glad, it was such sweet reward for toil. At last, just before Christmas, came what seemed to be a good offer of a church position. On the next day another arrived. The salary was the same in both cases, and Elma was obliged to delay her answers for a few days that she might weigh the other merits of the two places. During this interval she sang at an entertainment given in aid of some philanthropic work for children, and after her part had been performed, she took her leave with Ralph Kincaid, who had accompanied her.

"I have two positions offered me just now," she said, as they walked along, for the house they had left was not far from her residence. "Help me to decide between them, please. One is the—Presbyterian, the other is the—Street Church. The first is nearer to where I live, but the second is a church I should like better, I think. Both offer the same salary."

"I know of a position which you could have had some time ago," he replied, without answering her appeal.

"You do!" she exclaimed, greatly surprised. "I wonder why you did not tell me of it before? I have been waiting all the fall for a place."

"I said nothing about it because I did not think you would accept it. Perhaps you will not now; but I'll tell you and you will have three to choose from. It is to give private lessons to a single pupil, 'salary no object,' and he laughed in a constrained way.

"But my professor has never said I was ready to teach," she rejoined, "and private lessons are so uncertain."

"You do not in the least know what I mean," he replied. "This engagement will last for life, and I am the would-be pupil. Will you be my teacher, companion, wife, my darling? I have waited a long time for you. Do not destroy my hopes now."

Her shining eyes made reply, and the next day two notes informed two churches that "Miss Perkins had decided not to accept any permanent church position for that winter."

And "so they were married."

A cosy apartment was furnished for them—by them—I ought to say, for Elma would not give up the pleasure of seeing her home grow under loving and tasteful touches. A happy home it was, too, and full of music, for one of the wedding-gifts was a piano. The pretty rooms were often filled with the sound of the bride's voice, and because she was so grateful for her talent, she used it constantly for others. Not only did she sing at charitable entertainments where "Mrs. Ralph Kincaid" was in great demand, but in the homes of the sick poor. Through Ralph's mother she grew to know of many who needed this sort of ministry, and her voice was never sweeter than when it rang out in hospital wards and in homes where nothing so uplifting had ever come.

** Just a word more. You think, perhaps, that this is "only a story"; that Elma was not a real girl. But Elma was a real girl, and this story of her life is as true as your own. She is living now, and, as you may suppose, she still takes the warmest possible interest in music-loving girls. Relating her own experience, not long ago, she said: "I am glad that girls nowadays find their way smoother than mine was. You see, I made the mistake of being born twenty years too soon," she added, smilingly. "With such opportunities as those offered by THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, no girl need take boarders to pay for her musical education. The offers seem to me very liberal indeed, and very attractive. What girl wouldn't jump at the chance of a year's tuition at the best musical conservatory in the United States? I know exactly how I should have felt about it myself."

The offers to which she refers were first published in the April number of the JOURNAL, and were as follows:

1. A Full Year's Piano Training (with Board), including private piano, best room, etc.; or, A Full Year's Vocal Training (with Board), including sheet music, private piano, best room, etc., to any girl who will, between this date and January 1st, 1892, send us One Thousand (1000) Annual Subscriptions to THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, at One Dollar each, we will give a full year's (of forty-one weeks) training on the piano, or forty-one weeks of vocal training, at the New England Conservatory, Boston, under the best teachers, including all expenses of board in the Conservatory building, with her own piano in the room, etc.
2. A Half Year's Piano or Vocal Training (with Board) of twenty weeks, including private piano, best room in Conservatory, laundry expenses, etc., for 500 Yearly Subscriptions to THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, at One Dollar (\$1.00) each.
3. A Full Year's Piano or Vocal Training (without Board) of forty weeks, etc., for 225 Yearly Subscriptions to THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, at One Dollar (\$1.00) each.
4. A Half Year's Piano or Vocal Training (without Board) of twenty weeks, etc., for 115 Yearly Subscriptions to THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, at One Dollar (\$1.00) each.

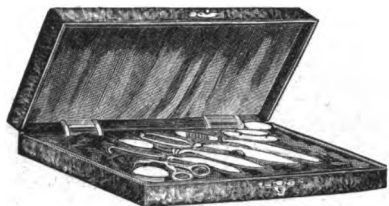
The Organ or Violin may be substituted for the Piano in all these offers, if desired.

Never before has such an opportunity been presented to any American girl to cultivate her musical aspirations. For a little work she has within her reach a careful conservatory training, amid a musical atmosphere, under the best teachers, and in the largest, best and most beautifully located conservatory in America. These offers are open to any girl or woman who chooses to try for them. Immediately upon securing the necessary number of subscriptions, she can go to the conservatory at any time. Girls are not required to wait until January 1st.

If any girl who is interested in these offers will write to us we shall be glad to tell her more about them, giving full particulars. All letters should be addressed to THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, 433-435 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Manicure Set, No. 2513 IN PLUSH CASE

Given as a Premium for a Club of 16 Three months' Subscribers at 25 cents each; or, for 12 Subscribers and 50 cents extra; or, for 8 Subscribers and \$1.00 extra. Price, \$2.35. By Express collect, whether purchased or secured as a Premium.



This is our best Manicure Set. The case is covered with a rich Silk Plush, and the lid has an Oxidized Silver-plate Ornament. The Set includes two Rouge-pots, Nail-Polisher, Scissors, Tweezers, File and Cleaner, Knife and Glove-Buttoner. The handles are white Celluloid, tusk-shaped. The case is Satin-lined. Price, \$2.35. Sent by Express, charges to be paid by the receiver.

Manicure Set, No. 2422 IN PLUSH CASE

Given as a Premium for a Club of 8 Three months' Subscribers at 25 cents each; or, for 4 Subscribers and 50 cents extra. Postage and packing, 20 cents extra. Price, \$1.30, postpaid.



The Celluloid fittings in this Set are seven in number: a Nail File and Cleaner, Brush, Nail-Scissors, Glove-Buttoner, Nail-Polisher and two Rouge boxes. Price, \$1.30, postpaid.

Ladies' Plush Work-Box, No. 2281

Given as a Premium for a Club of 15 Three months' Subscribers at 25 cents each; or, for 10 Subscribers and 65 cents; or, for 6 Subscribers and \$1.15 extra. Price, \$2.35. Sent by Express collect, whether purchased or secured as a Premium.



Measures 9 1/2 x 7 3/4 x 4. Covered with Silk Plush, Satin-lined, Ornamental pressed top. Fitted with Needle-case, Crochet-hook, Button-hook, Scissors, Glove-Buttoner, Bodkin, Pricker and Pincushion. Bevel-plate Mirror in the lid. Price, \$2.35; sent by Express, charges to be paid by the receiver.

Plush Handkerchief-Case, No. 6552

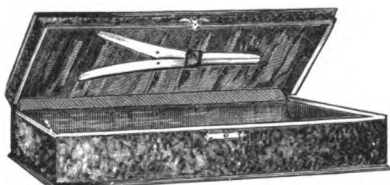
Sent as a Premium for a Club of 7 Three months' Subscribers at 25 cents each; or, for 3 Subscribers and 50 cents extra. Postage and packing, 20 cents extra. Price, \$1.20, postpaid.



This Silk Plush Handkerchief-Case is 6 1/4 inches square, 2 1/4 inches deep. Panel top, with Silvered Ornament, made to match our Glove-Box No. 6502. Lined with plaited Satin; Plush Trimmings (not shown in cut). Price, \$1.20, postpaid.

Plush Glove-Box, No. 6502

Given as a Premium for a Club of 7 Three months' Subscribers at 25 cents each; or, for 3 Subscribers and 50 cents extra. Postage and packing, 25 cents extra. Price, \$1.20, postpaid.



Covered with Silk Plush. Is 11 1/2 inches long, 3 3/4 inches wide, 3 3/4 inches deep. Panel top with Silvered Ornament, made to match our Handkerchief-Box No. 6552. Lined with plaited Satin; Plush Ornaments (not shown in cut). Bone Glove-Stretcher in the lid. Price, \$1.20, postpaid.

Tourists' and Home Manicure Outfit

Given as a Premium for a Club of 13 Three months' Subscribers at 25 cents each; or, for 8 Subscribers and 65 cents additional. Price, \$1.75. Must be sent by Express, charges to be paid by the receiver, whether purchased or secured as a Premium.



Some people do not care to use Manicure Toilet Sets; they need not. The Outfit we offer will recommend itself, for it is certainly a great time-saver. It includes a Nail-shaper or File, Orange-wood Nail-polisher, Tortoise-shell Cleaner, a bottle of Nail Bleach (liquid), another of Nail Enamel (liquid), Brush for applying them, and a Polishing Chamois. The Outfit contains material for performing over one hundred manicures, at a cost of one and three-quarters of a cent each. Directions accompany each Outfit, which is neatly packed in an ornamental and convenient case. Price, \$1.75. By Express, charges to be paid by the receiver.

A Novel Wall-Pocket

Given as a Premium for a Club of 8 Three months' Subscribers at 25 cents each; or, for 4 Subscribers and 50 cents extra. Price, \$1.25. Must be sent by Express, charges to be paid by the receiver, whether purchased or secured as a Premium.



New goods—new idea. This combines all the utility of a capacious Wall-Pocket, with the beauty of a fine line Engraving in a massive Carved Frame. When folded flat against the wall there is nothing to indicate the Wall-Pocket. The pictures are very fine, and the subjects pleasing. They are under glass. The Frames are of Polished Oak—3 in. deep. The picture itself, inside the frame, measures 12 1/2 x 9 1/2 in. The outside Frame measures 18 1/2 x 15 1/2 in. These goods are made and finished to our order; they have never been on the market before, and we predict a large demand. Price, \$1.25; sent by Express, charges to be paid by the receiver.

Plush Cased Clock

Given as a Premium for a Club of 15 Three months' Subscribers at 25 cents each; or, for 10 Subscribers and 65 cents; or, for 7 Subscribers and \$1.00 additional. Price, \$2.00. Must be sent by Express, charges to be paid by the receiver, whether purchased or sent as a Premium.

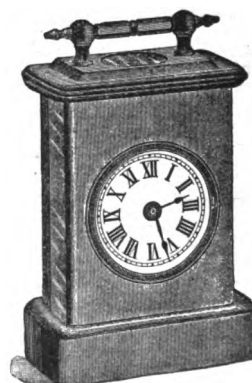


New goods, made especially to our order. The case (10 x 8 1/2 inches) is beveled and covered with silk-plush. The ornamental metal work we can recommend as being an unusually good imitation of Frosted Silver. This Clock is sure to be a great favorite. Price, \$2.00.

Dressing-Table Clock

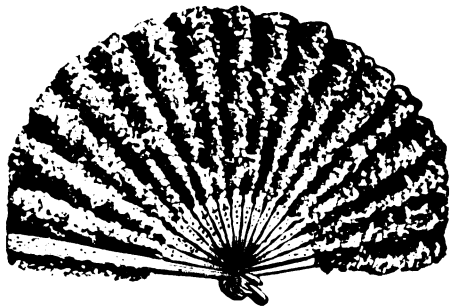
Given as a Premium for a Club of 10 Three months' Subscribers at 25 cents each; or, for 6 Subscribers and 50 cents extra. Send 10 cents extra for postage. Price, postpaid, \$1.50.

This dainty little time-piece is especially adapted for a place in a lady's boudoir. The case is nickel, front and back, and the sides glass. Clocks of this character are seldom manufactured to sell at anything like a reasonable price, and this is a decided innovation. Fine steel-cut pinion movement, and the manufacturer who makes it for us warrants it to us a Good Time-Keeper. Sent, postpaid, on receipt of \$1.50.



Ostrich Tip Fan, No. 1185

Given as a Premium for a Club of 15 Three months' Subscribers at 25 cents each; or, for 7 Subscribers and \$1.00 extra. Postage and packing, 15 cents additional. Price, \$2.05, postpaid.

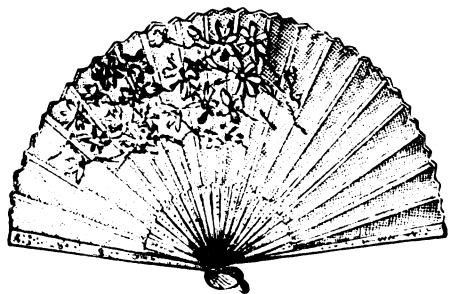


This Fan measures, when extended, 20 inches from tip to tip—14 inches high. Carved white bone sticks, Satin back. We can furnish pink, cream or blue. In ordering state which you prefer.

Price, \$1.90. Postage and packing, 15 cents extra.

Silk Gauze Fan, No. 1113

Given as a Premium for a Club of 10 Three months' Subscribers at 25 cents each; or, for 6 Subscribers and 50 cents additional. Postage and packing, 15 cents extra. Price, \$1.50, postpaid.



This Fan measures when extended, over 26 inches from tip to tip—14 inches high. The material is white, cream, cardinal or blue Silk Gauze, hand-painted in FLOCK and gold tinsel; white cut bone sticks. We feel satisfied it will please every one who secures it. Price, \$1.35. Postage and packing, 15 cents extra.

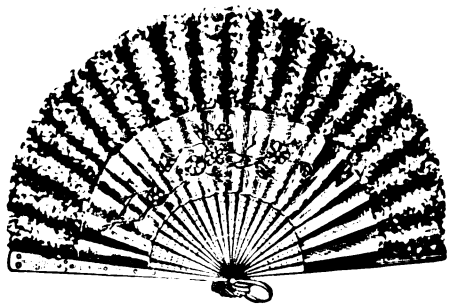
Silk Gauze Fan, No. 1160

Given as a Premium for a Club of 10 Three months' Subscribers at 25 cents each; or, for 6 Subscribers and 50 cents additional. Postage and packing, 15 cents extra. Price, \$1.50, postpaid.

This Fan is somewhat similar to No. 1113. In color, however, it is black, with ebony sticks. The ornamentation is in white and purple. A very handsome Fan for evening use, with a black costume. Price, \$1.35. Postage and packing, 15 cents extra.

Feather Fan, No. 1191

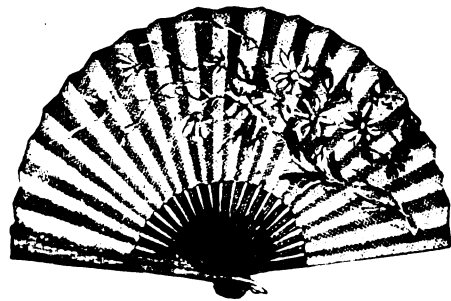
Given as a Premium for a Club of 6 Three months' Subscribers at 25 cents each; or, for 3 Subscribers and 40 cents additional. Postage and packing, 15 cents additional. Price, \$1.00, postpaid.



Measures, extended, 22 inches from tip to tip—12 inches high. Satin, hand-painted. The handle is white cut bone; Feather-mounted with good quality of down. This Fan is made in white only; we cannot furnish colors. Price, 85 cents. Postage and packing, 15 cents extra.

Gauze Fan, No. 1083

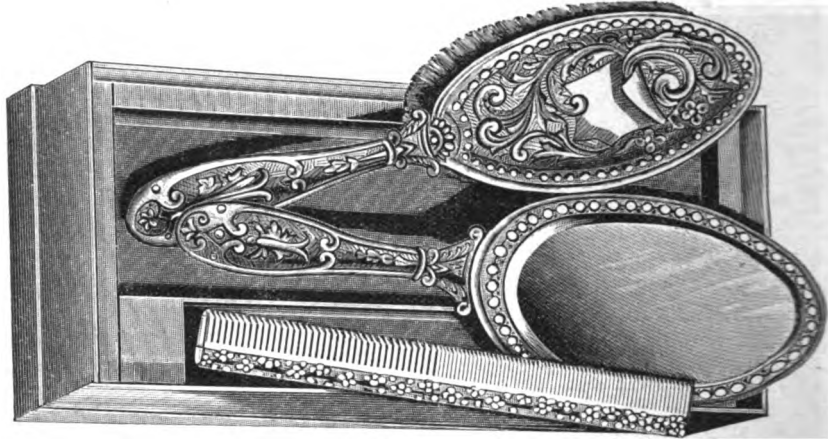
Given as a Premium for a Club of 4 Three months' Subscribers at 25 cents each; or, for 2 Subscribers and 25 cents extra. Price, 75 cents, postpaid.



Measures, when extended, 24 inches from tip to tip—13 inches high. This is a very showy Fan. It is black, with ebonized sticks. Hand-painted in colors, gold and two shades of tinsel. Said to be one of the most popular of all the new Fans. Price, 60 cents, postage and packing, 15 cents extra.

Silver Brush and Comb Set

Given as a Premium for a Club of 16 Three months' Subscribers at 25 cents each; or, for 10 Subscribers and 75 cents extra; or, for 6 Subscribers and \$1.25 extra. Price, \$2.40. Sent by Express, receiver to pay the charges, whether purchased or sent as a Premium.



This is a very desirable Set. The backs of all the pieces are Silver-plated, and the embossed designs are very handsome. The Bristles in the Brush are of good quality; the Comb is Celluloid, the Mirror Bevel-plate. The whole is packed in a neat box. This Set is usually retailed at \$3.00; our price is \$2.40.

Embossed Leather Card-Case

Sent, postpaid, as a Premium for a Club of 4 Three months' Subscribers at 25 cents each; or, for 2 Subscribers and 25 cents extra. Price, 50 cents, postpaid.



Well made, good quality Leather. Two compartments for visiting cards and two smaller spaces for postage stamps, etc. The entire book, inside and out, is finely embossed in artistic designs—suitable for either a lady or gentleman. Price, 50 cents, postpaid.

Memorandum Tablet

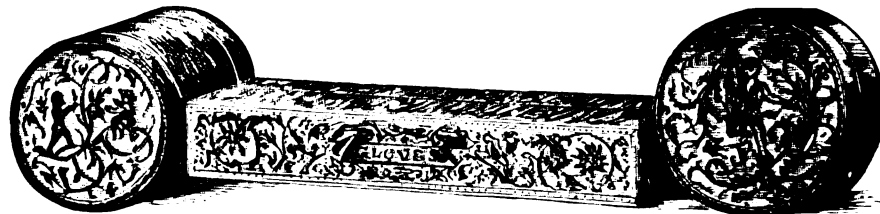
Sent, postpaid, as a Premium for a Club of 12 Three months' Subscribers at 25 cents each; or, for 8 Subscribers and 50 cents extra. Price, \$1.75, postpaid.



Finest quality of quadruple Oxydized Silver-plate; Artistic ornamentation. Celluloid Leaves—one for each day in the week. Guaranteed to please. Price, \$1.75, postpaid.

Collar-Box, Cuff-Box and Glove-Box SET OF THREE PIECES

Given as a Premium for a Club of 4 Three months' Subscribers at 25 cents each; or, for 2 Subscribers and 25 cents extra. Postage and packing, 10 cents additional. Price, 65 cents, postpaid.



This Set, which is manufactured for our use, is not only very useful and desirable, but ornamental. It includes a Collar-box, Cuff-box and Glove-box. The latter is 12 inches long, 3 1/4 inches wide; the Collar and Cuff Boxes are of proportionate sizes. All the pieces are handsomely embossed in an artistic imitation of antique leather—a most acceptable present for either a lady or gentleman.

The price at which we sell the three pieces is very low—65 cents, postpaid. We cannot break the Set.

ALL PREMIUM GOODS FOR SALE AT THE PRICES QUOTED

Royal Ooze Coin-Purse

Sent, postpaid, as a Premium for a Club of 4 Three months' Subscribers at 25 cents each; or, for 2 Subscribers and 25 cents extra. Price, 55 cents, postpaid.



We have selected this Purse from a large variety, as being the most desirable and the best value. The material is "Royal Ooze Calf," the finest quality made. Spring lid in Oxidized Silver-plate; chain and ring to match; can be worn as a chatelaine, or carried, by the finger-ring, in the hand. Sure to be a prime favorite. Sells in stores for 75 cts. Our price, including postage, 55 cents.

Chatelaine Bag and Chain

Sent, postpaid, as a Premium for a Club of 5 Three months' Subscribers at 25 cents each. Price, 70 cents, postpaid.



Chatelaine Bags appear to be as popular with the ladies as ever, and no wonder, they are among the most convenient of all articles ever adopted for ladies' use, and few who have once worn one would care to set forth on a shopping tour without it. The one we offer is well made of Leather, in imitation of "Ooze Calf." The trimmings are Nickel-plated, oxidize finish.

By means of the hook at the top the bag can be worn at the waist, or, by detaching it, carried as an ordinary hand-bag. Price, 70 cents, postpaid.

Insurance by Mail

In mailing goods ordered, our responsibility ends with the mailing of the package, and the Government will not reimburse the loser, if a package be lost. For a trifling sum we will insure all mail packages. If they are lost in transit we will duplicate them.

The charges will be as follows:
 For values under \$5.00—Insurance Fee— 5 cts.
 For values from \$5.00 to \$10.00—Insurance Fee— 10 cts.
 For values under \$25.00—Insurance Fee— 15 cts.
 For values under \$50.00—Insurance Fee— 20 cts.

A RARE CHANCE FOR MUSICIANS AND MUSIC LOVERS



Everybody likes good music as well as good books, but while books can now be everywhere secured at a very moderate cost, good music is seldom offered at anything like reasonable prices. Realizing this we have entered into an arrangement which must meet the approbation of those of our subscribers who are musically inclined.

Firstly: Any one who will send us a Club of 6 Three months' Subscribers at 25 cents each, will be entered, to receive by mail, each month for one year, a copy of a Musical Library. Each number will contain 16 pages of music, printed on good paper and from perfect plates.

This music will not be old, time-worn, out-of-date numbers; it will be new, fresh and popular. A choice can be made and either Vocal or Instrumental music selected.

Secondly: They will also receive a certificate empowering them to order from a catalogue of thousands (also furnished)—

ANY PIECE OF MUSIC FOR NINE CENTS

Think of the Overtures to Tannhauser (\$1.50), William Tell (\$1.50), and Sonnambula (\$1.00) for nine cents each! This also includes postage.

Ordinary miscellaneous Sheet Music, not in the special catalogue, can be ordered at half the regular price; and Music Albums, Books on Music, etc., can be secured at a discount on the regular rates.

Our subscribers will be prompt to recognize in the above, not an advertisement of uncertain character, but one of our own Premium offers, which may be accepted with confidence.

A Club of 6 Three months' Subscribers to THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, at 25 cents each, secures as a Premium the privileges above set forth. If the Subscribers cannot be secured, send us \$1.00 and we will enter your name as Subscriber to the Musical Library, and as one entitled to the discounts on all music.

Don't omit to state whether you wish your monthly music to be Vocal or Instrumental.

Leather Music-Wrapper

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

Postage and packing, 10 cents additional.

Full size; one piece of flexible Morocco, cloth-lined, with handle, strap and buckle. Retail in stores for \$1.25. Our price, \$1.00, postpaid.

Leather Music-Roll

Sent as a Premium for a Club of 5 Three months' Subscribers at 25 cents each; or, for 3 Subscribers and 25 cents extra. Postage and packing, 15 cents extra. Price, 80 cents, postpaid.

Well and stoutly made of the strongest board. Covered with Morocco; with strap; full size. Such a Roll as sells in the music-stores for \$1.00. Our price, 80 cents, postpaid.

Music-Binder

Sent, postpaid, as a Premium for a Club of 4 Three months' Subscribers at 25 cents each, and 25 cents additional. Price, 50 cents. Postage and packing, 35 cents extra.



This Music-Binder differs from all others now in the market by reason of the entirely new method employed in the binding. It has many advantages. The music opens perfectly flat on the piano. Music can be taken out and replaced from any part of the file without disturbing the other contents of the Binder, and thus preserved. Music cannot be lost, torn or soiled, and each piece can readily be found when wanted. With each binder we send strips of Gummed Paper, to repair old and torn music when necessary.

Price, 50 cents. Postage and packing, 35 cents extra.

Oxidized Silver Jewel Casket

Sent as a Premium for a Club of 14 Three months' Subscribers at 25 cents each; or, for 10 Subscribers and 50 cents extra; or, for 6 Subscribers and \$1.00 extra. Postage and packing, 10 cents extra. Price, \$1.85, postpaid.

This Jewel Casket is of the best quality Oxidized Silver-plate, with Bevel Plate-glass top. It is lined and corded with fine Satin. The ornamentation is in relief. It is to be placed on the dressing-table as a receptacle for jewelry and small knick-knacks. We can recommend it as being unique in design and first-class in character of workmanship. Packed in a Satin-lined case.

Price, \$1.75. Postage and packing, 10 cents extra.



A Beautiful Oxidized Silver-Plated Button-Hook

IN A SATIN-LINED CASE

Sent, postpaid, as a Premium for a Club of Three 3 months' Subscribers at 25 cents each; or, for 2 Subscribers and 15 cents extra. Price, 35 cents, postpaid.



This Button-Hook is 7 1/2 inches long, and beautifully chased. It is Triple-plated and of the best quality. It is, on account of its length, not only extremely convenient, but will be found to be an ornament for any lady's dressing-table. Price, 35 cents, postpaid.

Hand Mirror

Sent as a Premium, for a Club of 3 Three-months' Subscribers at 25 cents each; or, for 2 Subscribers and 15 cents additional. Postage and packing 20 cents extra. Price, 65 cents, postpaid.



Size 10 x 4 inches. The glass is of good quality; Bevel Plate. The frames are beautifully finished and polished—Walnut, Oak and Cherry. We mail them carefully packed between boards. Price, 65 cents, postpaid.

Silver Glove-Buttoner, No. 1

Sent, postpaid, as a Premium for a Club of 3 Three months' Subscribers and 5 cents extra to pay postage.

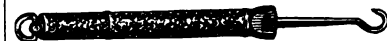


This dainty little article will be appreciated by all the ladies. It can be worn as a chatelaine or watch-chain charm, or carried in the purse.

Price, 50 cents, postpaid.

Gold-Plate or Silver Glove-Buttoner, No. 2

Either one sent, postpaid, as a Premium for a Club of 5 Three months' Subscribers and 5 cents additional to pay the postage.

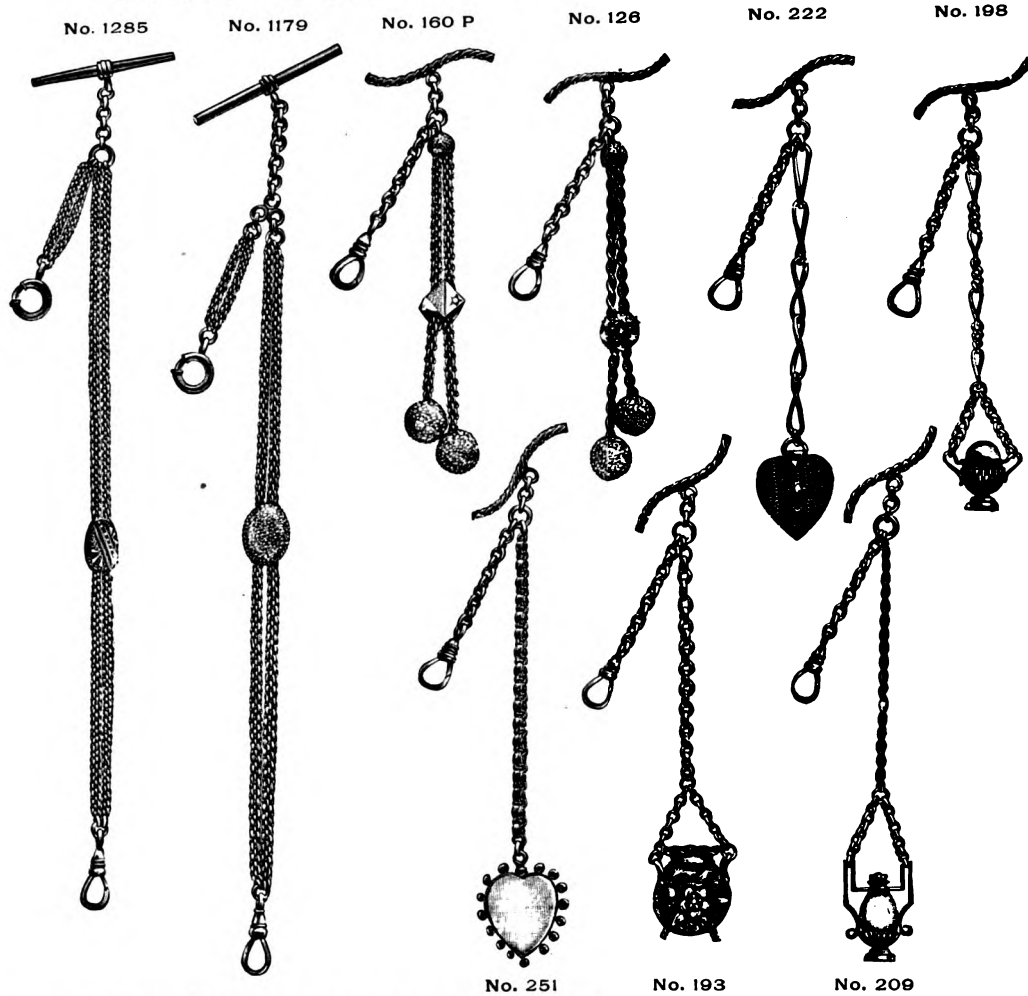


We have a large variety of Glove-buttoners in fancy patterns, both in the best rolled Gold-plate and in Silver.

In ordering No. 2, state whether Gold-plate or Silver is desired.

Price of No. 2, 70 cents, postpaid.

New Ladies' Watch Chains



All the Gold-plate Chains we show are new goods—this season's designs—and represent those patterns which will be very desirable and popular. The quality of plate is first-class, and the workmanship of the best.

No. 1285—VICTORIA, with engraved Solid Gold Slide. Sent as a Premium for a Club of 23 Three months' Subscribers at 25 cents each; or, for 15 Subscribers and \$1.00 additional; or, for 7 Subscribers and \$2.00 additional. Price, \$3.25.

No. 1179—VICTORIA, with engraved Solid Gold Slide. Sent as a Premium for a Club of 17 Three months' Subscribers at 25 cents each; or, 9 Subscribers and \$1.00 extra. Price, \$2.50.

No. 160 P.—VICTORIA, with Solid Gold Slide, engraved and set with a small Pearl, engraved Pendants. Premium offer and price same as No. 1285.

No. 126—VICTORIA, with Solid Gold Slide, beautifully engraved in "Star and Vermicelli" pattern; engraved Pendants. Sent as a Premium for a Club of 19 Three months' Subscribers at 25 cents each; or, for 11 Subscribers and \$1.00 extra. Price, \$2.75.

No. 222—QUEEN CHAIN, long twisted link; Heart Pendant in wire basket-work. Very pretty. Sent as a Premium for a Club of 12 Three months' Subscribers at 25 cents each; or, for 4 Subscribers and \$1.00 extra. Price, \$1.75.

No. 198—QUEEN CHAIN, Basket Pendant, holding an unusually good imitation Pearl. Very neat and desirable. Premium offer and price same as No. 222.

No. 251—QUEEN CHAIN, Heart Pendant (this season's popular ornament) in Turquoise blue. Premium offer and price same as No. 222.

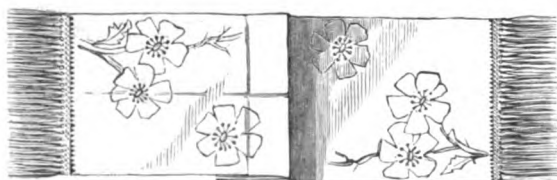
No. 193—QUEEN CHAIN, Kettle Pendant. This Pendant and the Chain are very desirable. The former has a flower ornament in hard enamel, with an Emerald center; another flower on the reverse, and a third in the top. Sent as a Premium for a Club of 15 Three months' Subscribers at 25 cents each; or, for 7 Subscribers and \$1.00 extra. Price, \$2.25.

No. 209—QUEEN CHAIN, Antique Vase Pendant of Pearl, with a Turquoise set in the mouth. Premium offer and price same as No. 193.

We pay postage on the above Chains. If you want to insure the one you order, send Five Cents additional. Order only by Number.

Bureau-Scarf and Washstand Cover No. 10 B.

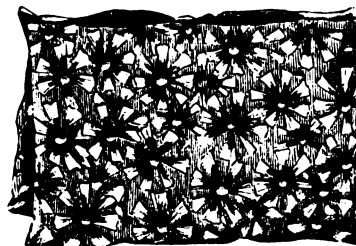
The pair sent as a Premium for a Club of 4 Three months' Subscribers at 25 cents each; or, for 2 Subscribers and 25 cents extra. Postage and packing, 15 cents additional.



This Butcher-Linen Bureau-Scarf and Washstand Cover are the cheapest linens we have ever offered. The Bureau-Scarf is 70 inches long; the cover for a Washstand, 50 inches long. Both have knotted fringe at the ends, and are stamped ready for embroidering. In ordering, specify number 10 B. Price, 50-inch, 35 cents; 70-inch, 55 cents, postpaid.

Head-Rests

Sent, postpaid, for a Club of 4 Three months' Subscribers at 25 cents each. Price, 50 cents per pair, postpaid.



They measure 9 x 13 inches and can be furnished in either of two different materials. One is cretonne, figured in imitation of china silk; the other, plain, white "Union" linen. The latter can be, if desired, stamped and embroidered. In ordering, do not omit to state which you prefer. They are well stuffed. Price, 50 cents per pair, postpaid.

Silver-Plated Salt and Pepper Sprinklers, No. 565

Sent, postpaid, as a Premium for a Club of 6 Three months' Subscribers at 25 cents each; or, for 4 Subscribers and 25 cents extra. Price, 80 cents, postpaid.



These Sprinklers are very handsome as well as desirable. Silver-plated on white metal, and chased, they make very pretty table ornaments. We send them out packed in a satin-lined case. In ordering, specify "No. 565" as we have several varieties of these goods. Price, per pair, 80 cents, postpaid.

Napkin Ring

Sent as a Premium for a Club of 6 Three months' Subscribers at 25 cents each; or, for 4 Subscribers and 25 cents extra. Postage and packing, 10 cents extra.



This Napkin Ring is quadruple Silver-plate. The quality is first-class, and it makes a most attractive table ornament. Price of the Napkin Ring, postpaid, 85 cents.

Parloa's Latest and Best Cook Book

Sent, postpaid, as a Premium for only 2 Three months' Subscribers at 25 cents each.



Mrs. Maria Parloa, principal of the Cooking School in Boston, and an acknowledged authority on all matters pertaining to good living, is the author of the new book.

It is considered to be her best production and is complete in every way. Neither time nor money has been spared in the preparation of the book, and housekeepers will find it contains the secret of providing the most healthful food in a tasty manner and at the least expense. It is bound in a handsome lithographed cover. Over seventy-five thousand copies of Mrs. Parloa's other and more expensive books have been sold.

This book was issued by the publishers as an inducement to the public to purchase their large sized and expensive Parloa Cook Book. As a matter of fact, the contents of the books are the same, with one exception, *i. e.* the one we offer lacks the marketing guide.

Our price, postpaid, 20 cents; regular price, 30 cents.

ALL PREMIUM GOODS FOR SALE AT THE PRICES QUOTED

Order only by Size

In ordering Rings, order size desired. To ascertain the proper size, cut a strip of stiff paper of a size to exactly encircle your finger. Lay this strip out flat on this graduated scale. Send us the number of the black strip corresponding in length with the piece of paper.



Do not neglect to ascertain (by means of the gauge provided) the size of the ring you wish.

We have had a great many rings returned to us with requests that they be exchanged, and always for smaller sizes. This should not be necessary. The scale we provide is accurate. If you will exercise a little care in ascertaining just what you wish, it will be more satisfactory for all concerned.



Double Snake Ring. Unusually handsome. A Ruby and Sapphire (doublet) set in the heads. Bright Polished Silver. Sent, postpaid, as a Premium for a Club of 12 Three months' Subscribers at 25 cents each; or, for 8 Subscribers and 50 cents extra. Price, \$1.75, postpaid. We can also furnish this design in Oxidized Silver. In ordering be particular to specify which you wish.



Snake Ring. Bright Polished Silver, with Emerald Eyes. Sent, postpaid, as a Premium for a Club of 6 Three months' Subscribers at 25 cents each; or, for 4 Subscribers and 25 cents additional. Price, 80 cents, postpaid.

We can also furnish this design in Oxidized Silver. In ordering be particular to specify which you wish.



The "Lover's Knot" One of the most popular of the many designs in rings. A Double Ring of twisted and plain Silver wire. Sent, postpaid, as a Premium for a Club of 3 Three months' Subscribers at 25 cents each. Price, 45 cents, postpaid.

We can furnish this design either in bright Silver or Oxidized Silver. In ordering be particular to specify which you wish.



The newest and latest Bangle "Friendship" Ring. A design in Twisted Link. The bangles are a tiny Padlock and Key, with "1891" engraved on the former.

Sent as a Premium for a Club of 10 Three months' Subscribers at 25 cents each. Price, \$1.50.



This "Wish-bone" Ring is one of the new designs in "Friendship" Rings, and is said to be the most popular, this season, of any. The three stones are Ruby, Sapphire and an imitation Diamond—the prettiest triple combination in stones. Sent as a Premium for a Club of 10 Three months' Subscribers at 25 cents each. Price, \$1.50.



A Trefoil setting of a Moonstone, Turquoise and Ruby (doublet), an attractive combination. The Ring is of twisted gold wire.

Sent as a Premium for a Club of 12 Three months' Subscribers at 25 cents each; or, for 8 Subscribers and 50 cents additional. Price, \$1.75, postpaid.



Another new "Friendship" Ring. Milled on the edge to represent a ring made from a five-dollar gold-piece. The bangle is a heart—this season's popular ornament. Three forget-me-nots, hard Enamel and hand-painted with gold centres. Sent, postpaid, as a Premium for a Club of 6 Three months' Subscribers at 25 cents each. Price, 75 cents, postpaid.



"King's Daughters" Gold Bangle Ring. This Ring is made to our order and, so far as we know, can not be secured elsewhere. It is extra heavy. Sent as a Premium for a Club of 5 Three months' Subscribers at 25 cents each. Price, 70 cents, postpaid.



"King's Daughters" Silver Bangle Ring. This is, in design, the same as our Ring No. 584 1/4—but differs in material. Sent as a Premium for a Club of 2 Three months' Subscribers at 25 cents each. Price, 40 cents, postpaid.

A Novel Idea



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

One of these rings sent, postpaid, as a Premium for a Club of 6 Three months' Subscribers at 25 cents each; or, for 4 Subscribers and 25 cents extra. Price, 80 cents, postpaid.

Silver "Friendship" Ring

Sent, postpaid, as a Premium for a Club of 2 Three months' Subscribers at 25 cents each. Price, 25 cents, postpaid.



Apparently, the latest "fad" in connection with rings requires a young lady to request of gentlemen friends a subscription of a cent a-piece. With funds so obtained a ten-cent silver-piece is formed into a ring with a bangle, on which is engraved initials or a date. We think our plan of sending Subscribers is to be preferred. We have the rings all ready made up, and they are thicker than most of those made of coin. Order only by size. Price, 25 cents each, postpaid.



This, the only plain Gold Ring in our collection. We can send it as a Premium for a Club of 10 Three months' Subscribers at 25 cents each; or, for 6 Subscribers and 50 cents extra. Price, \$1.50, postpaid.

Gold Plated Lace Pins

Either given as a Premium for a Club of 6 Three months' Subscribers at 25 cents each. Postage and packing, 10 cents extra. Price, 90 cents each, postpaid.



No. 2505

These are intended for young ladies. No. 2505 is a very attractive design in Roman Gold; set with a Ruby doublet.

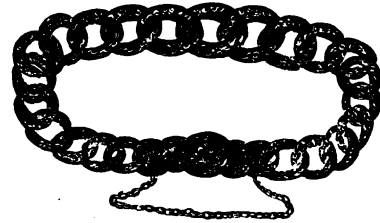


No. 2657

No. 2657 is also Roman finish. The design is that of interwoven links. No stone. Price of either Pin, 90 cents, postpaid.

Bracelet, No. 155

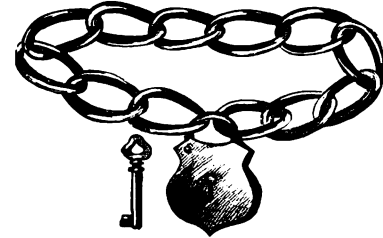
Sent, postpaid, as a Premium for 43 Three months' Subscribers at 25 cents each; or, for 30 Subscribers and \$1.65; or, for 20 Subscribers and \$2.90 additional. Price, 6.25, postpaid.



This is the handsomest Bracelet we have seen this season. We guarantee it to be of the very best quality. The design is a heavy twisted link, beautifully chased and engraved. Of course it is plated (if it wasn't the price would be forty dollars), but the quality of the plate is such that it would wear a life-time and then perfectly represent a Satin-finished Solid Gold Bracelet. The plating is unusually heavy to allow of the engraving, which is done after plating and into the gold. Price, \$6.25, postpaid.

Bracelet, No. 2873

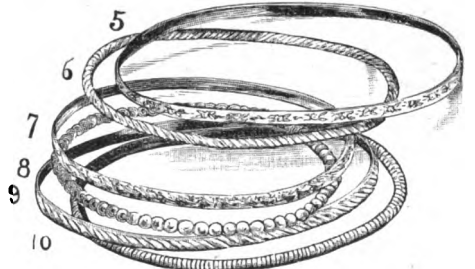
Sent, postpaid, as a Premium for a Club of 23 Three months' Subscribers at 25 cents each; or, for 15 Subscribers and \$1.00; or, for 7 Subscribers and \$2.00 additional. Price, \$3.35, postpaid.



The best quality of gold-plate; for all practical purposes will wear as long and look as well as solid gold. In appearance it is fully equal to a thirty-five dollar Bracelet. Every Padlock guaranteed to be perfect. Price, \$3.35, postpaid.

A NEW ASSORTMENT OF Silver-Plate Bangle Bracelets

Any Bracelet given as a Premium for a Club of 2 Three months' Subscribers at 25 cents each. Send 10 cents extra for postage and packing. Price, 30 cents each, postpaid.

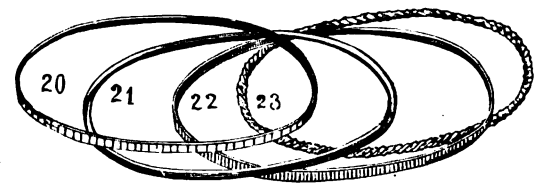


New designs. New goods. All handsome, attractive and desirable. These are not Oxidized; they are bright and of the color of coin silver.

Price, 30 cents each, postpaid. Order by number.

Solid Silver Bangle Bracelets

Any two Bracelets, given as a Premium for a Club of 4 Three months' Subscribers at 25 cents each. Send 10 cents extra for postage and packing. Price, 40 cents each, postpaid.



These Bracelets are pure Silver, and the daintiest jewelry imaginable. Bright, new, fresh goods, sure to please all who receive them. Price, 40 cents each, postpaid. Order by number.

Gold Plated Ear-Drops

Given as a Premium for a Club of 6 Three months' Subscribers at 25 cents each. Postage and packing, 10 cents extra. Price, 90 cents, postpaid.



No. 1821

These Ear-rings are handsome, neat and attractive. We can recommend them as being sure to please. Rhine stone settings. Price, 90 cents, postpaid.

Ear-Drops

Given as a Premium for a Club of 4 Three months' Subscribers at 25 cents each. Postage and packing, 10 cents extra. Price, 65 cents, postpaid.



No. 2894

Very delicate and pretty; hollow globes. Etruscan pattern.

Sent, postpaid, as a Premium for a Club of 6 Three months' Subscribers at 25 cents each. Price, 75 cents, postpaid.



No. 2638

This is another "Misses' Pin." A chased, twisted bar; Roman finish; set with a Pearl. Price, 75 cents, postpaid.

TOY DISHES

CHILDREN'S BRITANNIA TEA-SET

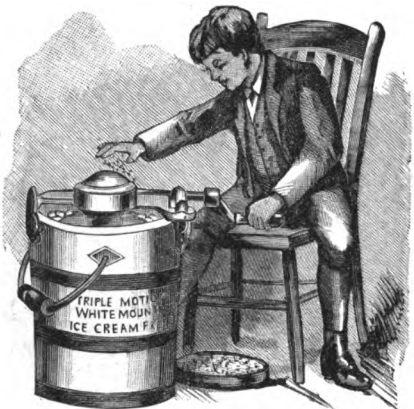
Sent as a Premium to any little girl who will send us 4 Three months' Subscribers at 25 cents each; or, for 2 Subscribers and 25 cents extra. Postage and packing, 20 cents extra.



A delightful Premium for the little girls, and one that is always acceptable. This Set is very pretty in design, brightly polished and hard to break; can be sent safely through the mails. You can judge of the size of the dishes when we say the teapot is 3 1/2 inches high. We will send above Set postpaid to any address for 75 cents, if you wish to purchase instead of securing it free of cost by sending subscribers.

White Mountain Ice-Cream Freezer

Sent as a Premium for a Club of only 11 Three months' Subscribers at 25 cents each; or, for 7 Subscribers and 50 cents; or, for 5 Subscribers and 75 cents additional. Sent only by Express, charges to be paid by the receiver. Price, \$2.75.



We have selected the FOUR-QUART size, which will be found to be the one best adapted to family use. The "White Mountain" is very popular and is sure to prove satisfactory. It is what is known as a Triple-Motion Freezer, and but a few moments' work is necessary to produce good results. All iron parts are galvanized. The beaters are coated with block-tin.

We send with each Freezer the book "Frozen Dainties" referred to and recommended in our August, '89, number, which contains many choice receipts for Ice-Cream, Water-Ices, Sherbets, etc.

Price, \$2.75. Sent by Express, charges to be paid by the receiver.

Solid Silver Napkin Ring, No. 212

Sent, postpaid, as a Premium for a Club of 14 Three months' Subscribers at 25 cents each; or, for 10 Subscribers and 50 cents additional. Price, \$2.00, postpaid.



This Napkin Ring we have selected from a large assortment as being likely to prove generally satisfactory to our subscribers. It is solid Silver, beautifully chased and frosted and in every way most desirable.

We have known of this Ring being retailed at \$3.00. Our price is \$2.00, postpaid.

In mailing goods of this character, we pack them securely in wooden boxes, and wrap them carefully. At the same time goods of all kinds are being constantly lost in the mails. We

recommend that you send us Five Cents additional, and request us to insure the goods.

Solid Silver Napkin Ring, No. 83

Sent, postpaid, as a Premium for a Club of 10 Three months' Subscribers at 25 cents each; or, for 6 Subscribers and 50 cents additional. Price, \$1.25, postpaid.



This Ring is of solid Silver. The cut is about three-quarters size. It is handsomely chased, burnished and frosted. A Silver Napkin Ring always makes a suitable and acceptable present for any one.

For those who do not wish to send us a Club of Subscribers, and so take advantage of our Premium offer as above, we offer this Napkin Ring at a price lower than the same could be procured from any jeweler. Price, \$1.25, postpaid.

In ordering Silverware or Jewelry, we recommend that you send us Five Cents additional and request us to insure the package and so protect you against possible loss in the mails.

Sans Souci Hammock, No. 2

Given as a Premium for a Club of 9 Three Months' Subscribers at 25 cents each; or, for 5 Subscribers and 50 cents extra. Price, \$1.15. Sent by Express, charges to be paid by the receiver; or, by mail for 35 cents extra, whether purchased or secured as a Premium.



This is our new Hammock, and we find it to be preferable to the one we have been using. The weave is new and better. The stripes, running lengthwise, not only add strength to the bed of the Hammock, but, being tinged with colored yarn, give the Hammock a very attractive appearance. The end cords are strong and attached to the bed by a peculiar method, which gives additional strength. It is larger—extreme length, 11 feet; bed measures 76 x 38 inches. It is much superior to, and more comfortable than, the old Mexican Hammock; is very elastic and conforms to every motion of the body, and will not pull buttons from the clothing.

Price, \$1.15 (for forwarding charges, see above).

Sans Souci Hammock, No. 4

We have a larger size than the above. Same Hammock in all respects but size. Extreme length, 13 feet. Bed measures 96 x 48 inches. This we send as a Premium for a Club of 18 Three months' Subscribers at 25 cents each; or, for 10 Subscribers and \$1.00 additional.

Price, \$1.70; sent by Express, charges to be paid by the receiver, whether purchased or secured as a Premium.

A Unique Toy

A pair sent, postpaid, for a Club of 3 Three months' Subscribers at 25 cents each; or, for 2 Subscribers and 15 cents additional. Price, 25 cents each, postpaid.

The "Wizard Bubble Blower" is a brand new Toy. When the small boy gets out his mother's washbasin and his father's clay pipe, and starts into business with a can of soap and a gill of water, there is sure to be fun on foot. But when the same small boy, with one of these new toys, succeeds in blowing a large bubble with one, or even two, small ones inside; balloon bubbles, whole chains of them and lots of new and strange things hitherto unheard of, his delight is unmeasured. Just the thing for Bubble Parties. Fun and enjoyment for old as well as young. A sheet of full and explicit instructions sent with each.

Price, postpaid, 25 cents each.



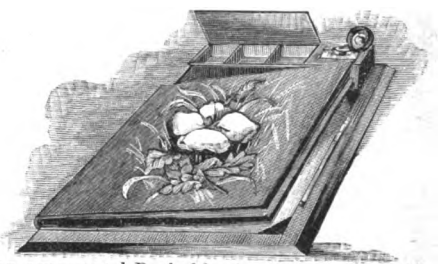
Writing-Tablet

Sent as a Premium for a Club of 6 Three months' Subscribers at 25 cents each; or, for 2 Subscribers and 50 cents extra. Price, 90 cents. Sent by Express, charges to be paid by the receiver.

This Writing-Tablet is our own importation. It is of a generous size and very convenient. Well made and covered with silk finish cloth. The cover is hinged at the side, as shown in the cut. It is fitted with compartments for holding envelopes, paper and letters, and the writing surface is fitted with a blotting pad. At the top is an inkstand and three compartments for pens, stamps, etc., with an ornamental Penholder in a sheath at the side.

In appearance the Tablet is most attractive. The ornamentation covering the entire top of cover and pen-boxes is hand-painted—not stenciled or stamped.

Price, packed in a wooden case, 90 cents. Sent by Express, charges to be paid by the receiver, whether purchased or sent as a Premium. By mail, to distant points, 55 cents postage extra.

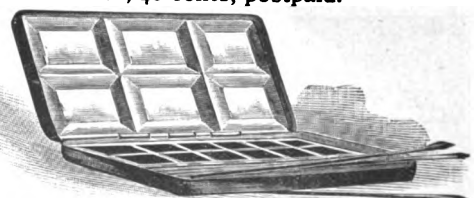


Decorative Art Color Box

Sent, postpaid, as a Premium for a Club of 3 Three months' Subscribers at 25 cents each. Price, 40 cents, postpaid.

First quality French Moist Water-Colors. The Box is of Japanned Tin. The lid is arranged in six mixing-trays and, when open, affords ample room for mixing the paints. A ring in the bottom of the Box itself, permits of the Box being held in the hand and conveniently used as a palette.

Three good Brushes, of different sizes, and Twelve Colors in tin trays, complete the Set. With each Box we send a sheet of Instructions regarding the using of colors and the mixing and blending of tints. We import this Set ourselves and are so enabled to offer it at a low price. Boxes of this character are usually retailed at 50 cents each.



ALL PREMIUM GOODS FOR SALE AT THE PRICES QUOTED



THE ABOVE CUT ILLUSTRATES OUR MAGNETIC BELT. One of the grandest appliances ever made for Lame Back, Weakness of Spine and any diseases of the Kidneys. This Belt will give relief in Five Minutes, and has never failed to cure Lame Back!



OUR MAGNETIC FOOT BATTERIES CHALLENGE the world for any potency which will equal them for keeping your feet warm. These FOOT BATTERIES remove all aches and pains from feet and limbs, cause a feeling of new LIFE and VIGOR equal to the days of youth.

CHICAGO MAGNETIC SHIELD CO., No. 6 Central Music-Hall, Chicago, Ill.

USEFUL THINGS WORTH KNOWING

WALLS AND PAPERING Wash a wall that has been whitewashed, with vinegar and saleratus-water to make paper stick to it.

IMITATION OF GROUND GLASS Windows are made to imitate ground-glass by dissolving epsom salts in hot beer or a weak solution of gum-arabic; three table-spoonfuls of salts are used to a quart of beer, and a common paint-brush.

CEMENTS A clear, transparent cement, for delicate articles, is made by mixing rice-flour with cold water and boiling it slowly.

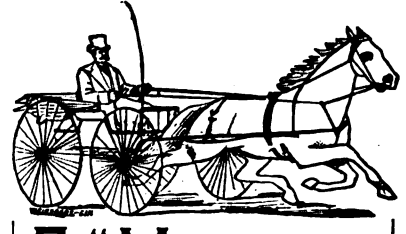
A useful cement for mending earthen or stone jars, stopping leaks in the seams of tin pans or iron kettles, or tightening loose joints of iron or wood—is made by mixing litharge and glycerine to a thick cream.

Fasten lamp-tops on with a cement made of melted alum. Use as soon as melted, and the lamp may be used as soon as the cement is perfectly cold.

TO KEEP LIGHTS BRIGHT Soak lamp-wicks in vinegar before using them in a lamp. Wash smoke-stained chimneys in warm water and soap, and rub, while wet, with vinegar or dry salt.

PORTIERS FROM SILK SCRAPS For the benefit of the JOURNAL sisters let me describe some portières of silk scraps which I have just completed. They are woven with turkey-red warp, in "hit-and-miss style," of silk rags cut and sewed like those for a rag carpet.

Ladies' Vehicles



IS ONE OF OUR GREAT SPECIALTIES Ladies' Carts * * * Ladies' Phaetons and Ladies' Road Wagons + OF ALL KINDS +

A "MURRAY" \$66.90 TURNOUT This includes our MURRAY \$55.95 Brewster Side Bar Buggy, and MURRAY \$10.95 Single Strap Harness.

MURRAY \$55.95 BUGGIES @ \$5.95 HARNESS Write for our Catalogue of "MURRAY" Vehicles and Harness, we will send it to you FREE. WILBER H. MURRAY MFG. CO., Murray Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

HAIR ON THE FACE, NECK, ARMS OR ANY PART OF THE PERSON QUICKLY DISSOLVED AND REMOVED WITH THE NEW SOLUTION



MODENE AND THE GROWTH FOREVER DESTROYED WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST INJURY OR DISCOLORATION OF THE MOST DELICATE SKIN. Discovered by Accident—in Compounding, an incomplete mixture was accidentally spilled on the back of the hand, and on washing afterward it was discovered that the hair was completely removed.

FREE TEA SPOONS I will give any lady one dozen Silver-Plated Teaspoons, elegant design, warranted to wear, who will dispose of one dozen Hawley's Corn Salve warranted to cure, among friends, at 25 cents a box.

CHARLES HAWLEY, Chemist, Berlin, Wis.

D. NEEDHAM'S SONS Inter-Ocean Building, Cor. Madison and Dearborn Streets, CHICAGO.

RED CLOVER BLOSSOMS, And FLUID and SOLID EXTRACTS OF THE BLOSSOM. THE BEST BLOOD PURIFIER KNOWN, Cures Cancer, Catarrh, Salt Rheum, Eczema, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Constipation, Piles, Whooping-Cough, and all BLOOD DISEASES. Send for circular. Men- tions per.

ANDINA FURNITURE POLISH is what you have always desired for your furniture. It instantly removes the white, dusty appearance, developing instead the greatest beauty of the wood, while enriching its color in a remarkable manner, and imparting the warm tone and soft lustre of the wax polish.

A BOON TO THE DEAF! Osgood's No. 1 Hearing Horn is the only instrument that will help the deaf. Made from best bell metal, and will last for years.

IMPROVED INCUBATOR EXCELSIOR Simple, Perfect and Self-Regulating. Hundreds in successful operation. Guaranteed to hatch a larger percentage of fertile eggs at less cost than any other hatcher.

LITTLE GEM BANK Only bank from which it is impossible to get coin out by manipulation before bank is full. Sold as a rock. Cannot get out of order. Avoid imitations.

DRESS CUTTING By the Tailor Method. WAIST, SLEEVE and SKIRT CUTTING. Simplest and most practical ever made. Any lady can become a practical dress-cutter in half an hour.

WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP For the Skin and Scalp. Prepared by a Dermatologist with 20 years' experience. Unequaled for eczema, scaldhead, oily skin, flesh worms, chapped hands, excessive perspiration, ugly complexion, etc.

PARALYSIS CURED without medicine. Rheumatism, Spinal Diseases and Dropsy easily cured. Address Dr. C. L. THACHER, 6, Central Music Hall, Chicago, for a valuable book FREE to all.

The Gibbs' Oronasal Respirator. A New and Scientific Home Treatment for the absolute cure of CATARRH, HAY FEVER and LUNG AFFECTIONS. HARMLESS, EFFECTIVE and SPEEDY.

WALL PAPER SAMPLES SENT FREE of spring patterns with borders and ceilings to match. One half million rolls offered at wholesale prices.

ERTEL'S VICTOR HAY PRESS CHEESES WHERE TO CLEAN ON THE FRONT AND OTHER GEORTEL & CO. QUINCY, ILL.

GARFIELD TEA FOR CONSTIPATION AND SICK HEADACHE Sir Henry Thompson, the most noted physician of England, says that more than half of all diseases come from errors in diet.

WRINKLES! SWEATY FEET! 100 SONGS Words & Music Complete NEW

A LADY I WANT A LADY AGENT In your town. Good Pay, Respectable employment. Send for circulars and terms. Mrs. E. B. OSBORN, Chattanooga, Tenn.

WRIGHT'S PARAGON HEADACHE REMEDY Positive cure for Headache and Neuralgia. Quiets the nerves, no ill effects. 25c. Sample free by mail on application.

FREE SAMPLE CARDS 30 VELVET GILT EDGE, FLOREAL HIDDEN NAME CARDS. Agents Clear 25c to \$10 a day. Over 100 different Articles. Indispensable. Enormous sales. Sample FREE. G. L. Erwin & Co., Chicago, Ill.

SCRAP PICTURES FREE To introduce our lovely cards, scrap pictures, etc., we will give to anyone sending us a 2c stamp for postage, 30 beautiful sample cards and one package of elegant Scrap Pictures FREE!

FREE 375 Fresh Floral Silk Fringe cards, 1000 Handkerchiefs, 2500 Pocket Pens & Pencils & Agents' Samples 10c. CLINTON & CO., North Haven, Ct.

DEAFNESS RELIEVED When caused by Fevers, Colds, Measles, Catarrh, Gatherings, etc., by the use of the Invisible Sound Discs. Worn months without removal, and cause no pain. For partial deafness only. H. A. WALES, BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

PIMPLES BLACK HEADS, FLESH WORMS "MEDICATED CREAM" is the only known, pleasant and absolutely SURE and infallible cure. It positively and effectively removes all, clean and completely in a few days only, leaving the skin clear and unblemished always, and clearing it of all mottledness and coarseness.

FACE MASSAGE! BEAUTY DEVELOPED, PRESERVED. Makes faces youthful, plump, rosy. Used by Abbott, Puffit, and famous beauticians. Improves expression. Removes wrinkles, pimples, freckles, blackheads, sallowness, oily skin, darkness under eyes, headache, neuralgia, catarrh, OREID. Beauty Book on the subject. (Copy 1d.) Full instructions. Endorsed by scientific authorities.

PERSONAL BEAUTY ACQUIRE AND RETAIN IT. How to remove Pimples, Wrinkles, Freckles and Superfluous Hair; to Develop the Form; to Increase or Reduce Flesh; to Color and Restore the Hair, Brows and Lashes, and to Beautify the Complexion.

HEMORRHOIDS OR PILES CURED. You can cure yourself in a few days with our new mode of treatment and CURE. Easily and quickly used, gives immediate relief. Treatment, and large package of CURE, \$2. Half-size, for trial, 50c. Our TREATISE ON PILES, free. We will cure you or return your money. GLOBE MEDICINE CO., Box 114, Cincinnati, O.

MUSIC 30c to \$1.00 for Trial Order. Pieces at 10c Vocal or Inst. Cat! FREE. Windeor Music Co., 218 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

"BE BEAUTIFUL." Name of our new book. Tells how a smooth, fair skin can be permanently obtained at slight expense. Mailed free. The S. R. Co., 78 E. Auditorium Bldg., Chicago.

100 SCRAP PICTURES AGENT'S ROAD OUT. FREE YOUR NAME On 18 Hidden Names, 50c Price. Mailed, etc. cards: 10 CENTS! 6c Samples: 10c premium list and book of 30 sample cards for 9c, and greens all for 6 cents. GLOBE CARD CO., Box 11, CENTERVILLE, OHIO.

OLD COINS. I BUY All dates prior to 1871. Highest prices. Write for list; will be worth hundreds of dollars to you; enclose stamp. W. E. SKINNER, P. O. Box 3046, Boston, Mass.

BABY HUMORS

TO know that a single application of the **Cuticura Remedies** will, in a great majority of cases, afford instant and complete relief in the most agonizing of eczemas and other itching, burning, scaly, crusted, pimply and blotchy skin and scalp diseases, permit rest and sleep, and point to a permanent and economical (because so speedy) cure, and not to use them without a moment's delay, is to be guilty of positive inhumanity. No greater legacy can be bestowed upon a child than a *skin without blemish and a body nourished with pure blood*. Parents, are you doing right by your little ones to delay a moment longer the use of these great remedies?

Cuticura Remedies are the greatest skin cures, blood purifiers and humor remedies of modern times, are absolutely pure, and agreeable to the most sensitive, and may be used on the youngest infant and most delicate invalid with gratifying and unfailing success. **CUTICURA**, the great skin cure, instantly allays the most intense itching, burning and inflammation, permits rest and sleep, heals raw and irritated surfaces, cleanses the scalp of crusts and scales, and restores the hair. **CUTICURA SOAP**, the only medicated toilet soap, is indispensable in cleansing diseased surfaces. **CUTICURA RESOLVENT**, the new blood and skin purifier and greatest of humor remedies, cleanses the blood of all impurities, and thus removes the cause. Hence the **Cuticura Remedies** cure every humor of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair from pimples to scrofula, from infancy to age, when the best physicians and all other remedies fail.

CURED BY CUTICURA

My baby boy, 5 months old, broke out with eczema. The itching and burning was intense; the eczema spread to his limbs, breast, face and head, until he was nearly covered; his torturing agonies were pitiable to behold; he had no peace and but little rest night or day. He was under treatment at different times at two hospitals and by seven doctors in this city without the least benefit; every prescription of the doctor was faithfully tried, but he grew worse all the time. For months I expended about \$3 per week for medicines, and was entirely discouraged. I purchased **CUTICURA SOAP** and **CUTICURA RESOLVENT** and followed the directions to the letter. Relief was immediate, his sufferings were eased, and rest and sleep permitted. He steadily improved and in nine weeks was entirely cured, and has now as clear a skin and is as fair a boy as any mother could wish to see. I recommend every mother to use it for every Baby Humor.

Mrs. M. FRIGUSON,
86 W. Brookline street, Boston.



My baby was taken very sick when he was three months old, and in a few days began breaking out. We employed both of the home doctors, and they could do nothing for him. Then we sent for the best doctor in Easton Rapids, Mich., and he doctored him and he got worse then I took him to a doctor who attended to skin diseases, worse than ever. My husband and I had **Cuticura Remedies** did not have any do any good, but months from the giving them to him he was entirely well, and not a spot on him. His hair began growing right off, and we thought he would always be bald-headed. There was not a spot on his whole body, face and head, only his nose and eyes, but what was as raw as beefsteak. So poor there was not anything but bones, and so weak he could raise neither hand nor head.

Mrs. FRANK BARRETT, Winfield, Mich.



Our little boy broke out on his head with a bad form of eczema, when he was four months old. We tried three doctors, but they did not help him. We then used your three **CUTICURA REMEDIES**, and after using them eleven weeks exactly according to directions, he began to steadily improve, and after the use of them for seven months his head was entirely well. When we began using them his head was a solid sore from the crown to his eyebrows. It was also all over his ears, most of his face, and small places on different parts of his body. There were sixteen weeks that we had to keep his hands tied to the cradle and hold them when he was taken up; and had to keep mittens tied on his hands to keep his fingers out of the sores, as he would scratch if he could in any way get his hands loose. We know your **CUTICURA REMEDIES** cured him. We feel safe in recommending them to others.

GEO. B. & JANETTA HARRIS,
Webster,
St. Joseph Co., Ind.



WHEN ALL ELSE FAILS

My baby, when two months old, had a breaking out with what the doctor called eczema. Her head, arms, feet and hands were each one solid sore. I tried everything, but neither the doctors nor anything else did her any good. We could get no rest day or night with her. In my extremity I tried the **CUTICURA REMEDIES**, but I confess I had no faith in them, for I had never seen them tried. To my great surprise, in one week's time after beginning to use the **CUTICURA REMEDIES**, the sores were well, but I continued to use the **RESOLVENT** for a little while, and now she is as fat a baby as you would like to see, and as sound as a dollar. I believe my baby would have died if I had not tried **CUTICURA REMEDIES**. I write this that every mother with a baby like mine can feel confident that there is a medicine that will cure the worst eczema, and that medicine is the **CUTICURA REMEDIES**.

Mrs. BETTIE BIRKNER, Lookhart, Texas.



When my baby was three months old his cheeks and forehead began to break out with white pimples on red surface. In a few days itching commenced, which was terrible; after he would rub it matter would ooze from the points. In a short time it spread over the top of his head, then scabs soon formed on head and face. We used everything we could hear of for months. It grew worse all the time. I saw your advertisement of the **CUTICURA REMEDIES** in the **Chicago Weekly Cuticura Soap** and purchased a box of **Cuticura Remedies** and commenced their use. In three weeks not a sore nor pimple, not even a scar on head nor face. He is nineteen months old now, and has no signs of the disease. His scalp is healthy, and he has a beautiful head of hair.

Mrs. OSCAR JAMES, Woodston, Rooks Co., Kansas.



When our boy was six weeks old he had a rash on his cheek. It spread on both cheeks and chin. His face was raw. I doctored with various remedies, but it got no better. My mother advised me to try the **CUTICURA REMEDIES**. I used them faithfully, and in one week the boy looked better. In one month he was cured, and now he is three years old and no signs of it returning. The child was so bad I had to tie him in a pillow-case, and pin his hands down so that he could not scratch his face. I cannot speak to highly of the **CUTICURA REMEDIES**. I recommend **CUTICURA** whenever I can.

Mrs. CYRUS PROSCH,
Coytesville, Fort Lee P. O., N. J.

N. B. My husband is president of Prosch Manufacturing Company, proprietors of the "Duplex" and "Triplex" Photographic Shutters, 380 Broome street, New York City. He dislikes notoriety, but assents to this testimonial.



"ALL ABOUT THE BLOOD, SKIN, SCALP AND HAIR," will be mailed free to any address—64 pages, 300 Diseases, 50 Illustrations, 100 Testimonials. **CUTICURA REMEDIES** are sold everywhere throughout the civilized world. Price: **CUTICURA**, 50 cts.; **CUTICURA SOAP**, 25 cts.; **CUTICURA RESOLVENT** \$1.00. Prepared by **POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, BOSTON.**

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