

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE, 1891

TEN CENTS A COPY

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ROSES OF JUNE

BY EMMA C. DOWD

Red as the wine of forgotten ages,
Yellow as gold of the sunbeams spun,
Pink as the gowns of Aurora's pages,
White as the robe of a sinless one,
Sweeter than Araby's winds that blow—
Roses, roses, I love ye so!

Crowning the altar where vows are spoken,
Cradling the form that is still and cold,
Symbol of joy, and love's 'ast token,
Telling the story that never grows old!
Spirits of beauty, whom none debar,
Know ye, I wonder, how fair ye are?

Glory of monarch, in palace royal,
Queenliest charmers of all the place;
Blooming for yeoman, tender and loyal,
Bending to kiss his toil-stained face,
Roses, roses, born but to bless,
Yield me your secret of loveliness!

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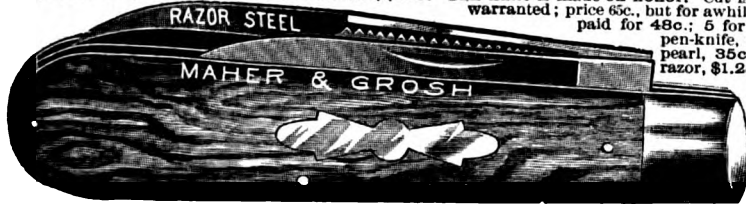
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ENTERED AT THE PHILADELPHIA POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER

Vol. VIII, No. 7

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE, 1891

Yearly Subscription, One Dollar
Single Copies, Ten Cents



BY JESSIE F. O'DONNELL

CHAPTER II



ANOTHER June had come, bringing blossoms and birds to Pudge's Corners. It was the loveliest place in the world, thought Hugh Wilton, enthusiastically, as he lay stretched upon the grass under the shade of a great elm in the old pasture, with its scattered, lichened boulders, the budding thistles and milkweed, and the golden fringe of buttercups by the crooked fence. His eyes turned dreamily from the sun-bright hills beyond the river which gleamed blue in the distance, across the daisy-starred pasture, and rested contentedly upon the figure of Mrs. Packer's niece, who was crossing the fields leisurely to join him.

He watched her wonderingly as she drew near. She was not the Josephine Allen of one year ago; he had never been so forcibly impressed with the change in her. The elasticity of her step was in striking contrast with the listlessness which had marked every movement last June, and the sullen gloom only visited her face at rare intervals now.

A feeling of gratitude stirred in his heart toward the God who had permitted and inspired him to be of some use in Pudge's Corners, for that this change in the girl was in a measure his work, he could not doubt. He thought, while he watched her coming, of the girl's first rude refusals of his proffered help; of her strange antipathy to "ministers"; of her morose silence and pride, all of which had been overcome by his earnest, patient efforts; his unobtrusive sympathy, and the delicacy of his suggestions and assistance. He remembered how greedily she had studied the books he had, from time to time, placed in her library on the cliff, yet had avoided all mention of them in the rare interviews he secured with her, giving him neither apologies nor thanks; how she had at last been drawn by her great hunger for knowledge and his own gentleness into the classes which met in his plain little study at Deacon Coddington's. How eagerly she had caught at one study and another, showing remarkable proficiency in all, but excelling in the mastery of linguistic difficulties. How pleasant he had found the guidance of her studies! How restful to turn from the innate stupidity of some of his scholars to her quick comprehension and originality of thought! Little by little their friendship had grown until it had become an almost daily practice for the Rev. Hugh Wilton to walk over to Mrs. Packer's to study or read with Josephine Allen in the dreary "parlor," which had never seemed otherwise to the girl before.

Now that spring had come with sweet country sights and sounds, the cliff and the pasture became their schoolrooms. It was far pleasanter to meet her here than in his study with the simpering "Pudge's Corners" girls, or at the farmhouse where Mrs. Packer's beady eyes and rasping voice cried scorn upon all "book learnin'." The girl was happier in the out-door world and freer from the sullenness which contact with humankind was almost sure to bring. It was perfectly natural that Josephine Allen and Hugh Wilton should seek each other, for in all Pudge's Corners there was no other soul capable of understanding the needs and thoughts and aspirations of these two.

She had brought a French book to read to him, but he soon took the volume from her. "I would rather talk," he said. "Do you know, Miss Allen, that to-morrow is the anniversary of my first Sabbath in Pudge's Corners?"

"Have you been here so long?" exclaimed the girl. "I never knew a year to be so short before!"

The man's face flushed a little at what the words might imply. But looking into the beautiful, frank eyes, he stifled the thought, and answered gravely, "Yes; I have been here a year, and I haven't revolutionized Pudge's Corners yet." He had come to talk more confidently to this girl of his desires and hopes for his parish than his church members would have approved of to "an outsider." But where "inside" could he have found one who would have understood him? "I had hoped to do so much good here," he continued, half bitterly. "I felt so strong and confident of my power to lift the people here to a higher plane. Perhaps God has given me this experience to humble me."

"But you have done great things," said the girl. "I would not have believed that you could so refine and soften the manners of the young people here. Why, Jack Nelson doesn't swear half as often as he did, and Fred Goutremout has stopped smoking since you taught him physiology and hygiene; and the boys don't spend nearly as much time at 'The Corner' since you induced Seth Stephens to give you that old tumble-down barn he didn't use for a hall."

"Yes; that was a bright idea," said the minister, gladly. "The boys like the room with the dumb-bells and Indian-clubs, and the books and pictures and games." He did not think it necessary to remark that he had gone without a new overcoat that winter in order to purchase these pleasures for "the boys."

"I think little Jim Peters is going to make a man of himself," he continued, brightening. "I began to despair of reaching Jim, even through his taste for 'figgers,' until I gave him one problem to solve. 'Jim,' I said, 'If a boy is ten years old, and earns a dollar a week at Mr. Keble's saw-mill, and spends eighty-five cents out of the dollar at 'The Corner' for beer and tobacco, and the other fifteen cents for marbles and paper collars, how old will he be before he saves money enough to go to the business college at Braxton and study surveying?' I wrote it down for him. He didn't come to class for several days; but when he did, he sidled up to me sheepishly, and said, with that queer grin of his: 'If a feller wants to be a surveyor this century, sir, guess he'd better save the eighty-five cents, and spend the other fifteen for beer and tobacco.' He used to bring me eighty-five cents each week to save for him. Now he makes it ninety, and he doesn't visit 'The Corner' any more."

"I should think that was worth coming to Pudge's Corners for," said the girl, timidly.

Hugh Wilton sighed. "But that is only a tiny

drop in the ocean," he said. "There is much work needed, and the returns are slow for all my efforts. The people here are so hard, most of them; I cannot make them love gentleness and patience and charity; I cannot make them comprehend the loveliness of Christ."

Josephine Allen gave a bitter little laugh. "Your religion may make angels of your kind of people," she said, "but it will never develop wings from us Pudge's Corners' folks."

Hugh Wilton looked up at the girl as she stood leaning against the tree. What had she in common with "Pudge's Corners' folks?" thinking of the pure, and the dazzling eyes, in contrast with the usual countenances to be met in Pudge's Corners, she seemed in his fancy like one of Heaven's stars fallen among dull, worthless pebbles.

"I am going to ask a favor of you, Miss Josephine," he said, rising.

She looked at him with startled, angry eyes. She had always been "Miss Allen" to him before. "Don't call me that!" she cried. "I hate it! Aunt Ann calls me that, and so do the people in Pudge's Corners." Josephine! Josephine! imitating Mrs. Packer's nasal tones. "I hate the name. Call me Josie—Josie, with the soft sound of the s—as father used to."

"Thank you," he said, gently. "That is much prettier; I do not wonder that you prefer it. Do you know, Miss Josie," he continued, "that I have been here a year and you have not been in the church during that time? As a special favor to me, will you not come to-morrow?"

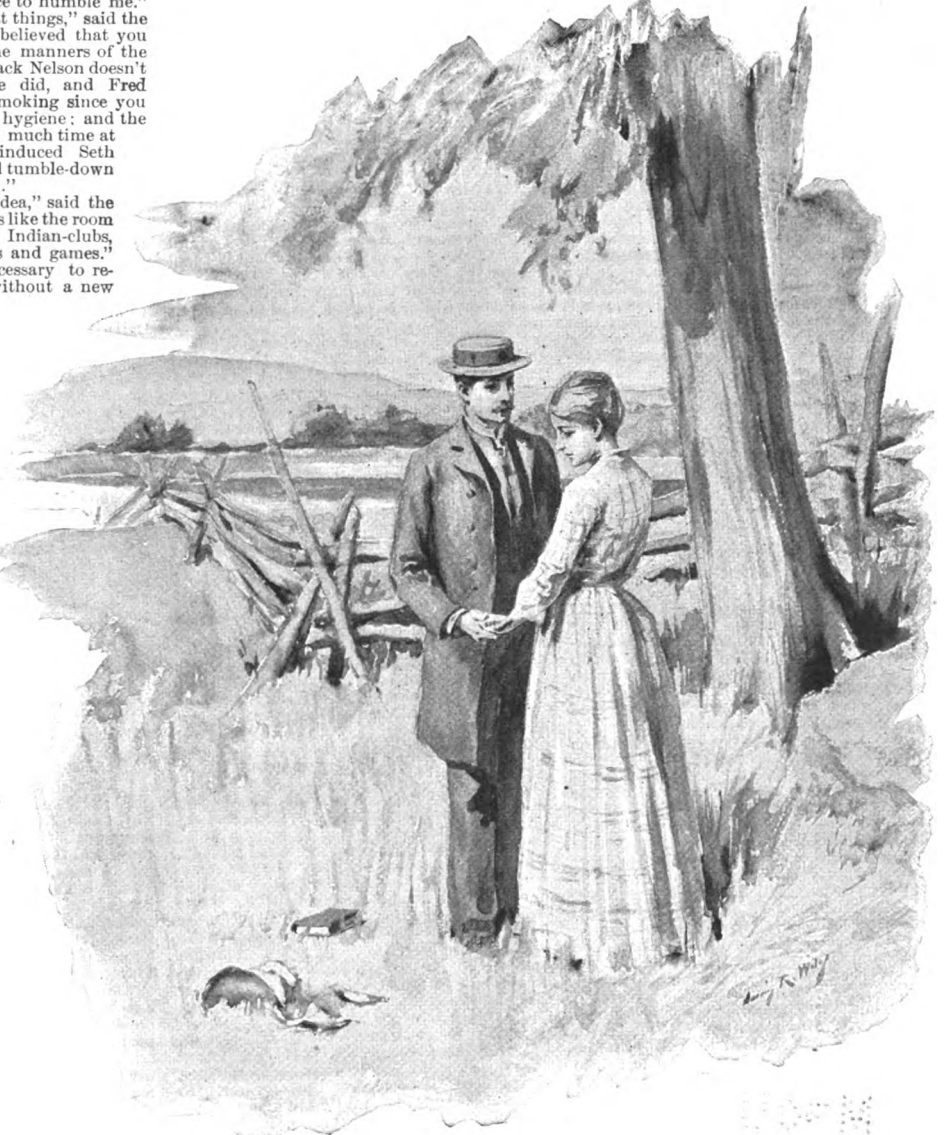
Her face darkened instantly, and a forbidding expression came into the gray eyes. "Never!" she cried. "Never! Why do you ask me? I hate church! I hate sermons! You are like them all!"

"Like whom?" inquired her companion, slightly nettled.

"Like all the ministers and—Christians!" she cried, scornfully. "Forever hounding me about my duty, forever preaching about sin and condemning innocent souls to hell! They to condemn!" with scornful passion, "They! Bah! I hate them all!"

Hugh Wilton looked at her in wonder. Her face was white with anger. The dark eyes flashed fire, and her bosom heaved stormily. A moment before, she had seemed fair and peaceful as a star. Now some powerful emotion or memory was swaying her as the wind lashes the water to fury. What did this terrible aversion to religious matters mean with her?

"Josie," he said, going up to her and taking both her hands, "you are unjust. Have I ever 'hounded' you about 'your duty'? Have I ever presumed to pass judgment



Taking both her hands tenderly in his own, he said, "I do trust you; and you will always trust me, will you not, little girl?"

upon you, or condemned any one, much less a beautiful-souled, pure-minded girl like you—to aught?" He seated her on a rock and threw himself at her feet. A long time he talked to her gently, as no one had ever talked to her before, as Hugh Wilton had never talked. There was no assumption of self-righteousness, such as many had disgusted her with; no harshness nor condemnatory spirit; but when he finally paused for a reply, the girl saw more clearly than she had ever before done, the wicked pride, the scornful isolation and hateful sullenness which so marred the beauty of her character. How he had shown her this she could not tell. It might have been by contrast with his own charity, and cheery, helpful Christianity.

The girl's eyes were full of tears, as she answered: "Forgive me, Mr. Wilton. You are right. I have no reason to class you with other ministers I have known. You are unlike them all. I thank you from my heart for what you have done for me. You have taught me—a poor, ignorant girl—things I have wanted to know so much. You have held open the door by your book, and your teachings, through which I have passed into a new and delightful world of thought and interest; you have opened new treasures to me in the woods and fields by teaching me of these and these, touching the rock on which she sat and the flowers in her belt. "But, don't ask me to go to church, for I can't!" she cried, passionately. The girl looked in the young man's eyes hurt her, and she continued, hastily. "Do not think me ungrateful, for, indeed, I appreciate all you have done for me. You have given me new interests, have taught me to grow; that the principle of growth is from within. You have been my friend, my protector—have saved me often from myself!"

Her words were sweet to the man, for she had been chary of expressions of gratitude before, and words of appreciation are often more keenly yearned for by a strong, helpful soul than one could dream. He reached up his hand to clasp the shapely brown one in her lap. "Have I been all that to you, and yet you will not grant me this one little request, Josie?" he asked, gently.

"Will you not trust me?" she asked, humbly. "I have always felt that you trusted me. I think that has been the secret of your success in winning affection in Pudge's Corners; that you have trusted us where no one had ever trusted us before. You have treated us as Edyrn was treated in Enid," she continued.

"Will you not still trust me, and believe that it is not alone pride or selfishness that keeps me away, but a certainty that I should relapse into the old 'wolf-life' were I thrown into old associations and memories? I am a better girl than I was six months ago, and you have made me so." He was standing now beside her, wondering gravely what she meant by "the old associations and memories," and deeply touched by her words to him. "Do not let me go back," she pleaded.

"Never, Josie," he said, taking both hands tenderly in his own. "I do trust you and I will always do so. And you will trust me, will you not, little girl? And if ever you are in trouble, you will let me know? Let me be your friend, your brother, Josie. And whenever you are ready to give me your full confidence, remember it shall be gladly received and sacredly kept."

"I must go now," he said, reluctantly, as he looked at his watch. "I have a business meeting of the church trustees to attend at four, and I fear I will be late." And with a lingering hand-clasp he left her.

She stood straight and silent by the old elm until he had passed from sight; then she turned and fled across the fields to seek her secluded nook on the cliff-side. Alas! it could afford her a refuge from observation alone; she could not escape the haunting knowledge that had come to her when Hugh Wilton held her hands in his warm, tender clasp, and murmured: "You will trust me, Josie, will you not, little girl?" in the ringing, thrilling tones she had learned—God help her!—to love so well.

Josephine Allen was a woman of passionate, vehement nature, which had never been thoroughly roused until now. But to-day she knew that with all her life and soul she loved the man who had just gone from her. She was a woman to whom self-repression had become second nature; but now, standing on the rocky ledge, she laid her proud head against the rugged cliff, and, with shuddering moans and tears, prayed for death.

"Let me be your friend—your brother," he had said. What mockery was his brotherly interest to a woman who wanted his passionate love! He had no thought, no wish, to become her suitor—her husband; and though he had loved her as man never loved before, there was that between them which rendered a nearer relation impossible.

Through the weeks that followed, Josephine Allen recognized and accepted the new pain with growing pessimism. She relinquished utterly the sweet, vague hopes of brighter days in store, which had unconsciously crept into her heart during the last year, accepting with uncompromising clearness the fact that she and happiness were to grow further apart in the gloomy years to come than ever they had been through all the black-shadowed, demon-haunted past. Yet so strong was the habit of self-control, that even this return to the old despair was made under cover. The lessons and talks went on as before, and the minister perceived no great change in his pupil. There were days when the old sullen apathy laid its strong hand upon her and touched even Hugh Wilton with its chill. But oftener she left herself to drift with the summer-tide, and she might cast a leaf into the stream, and care not whether the current wafted it, certain only that never again would it flutter by the breeze, or fill its veins with the sun-dream, certain only that soon or late the waves must lash it to death, "the proud waters" go over its head. What would it

matter? Why should she care for the end? The leaf, perhaps, had sighed, love-hungry, for the stream; had stretched toward it, longing for freedom. To rest on its bosom was happiness; the cool, swift rush of the waters was joy. What mattered the end? So the girl gave herself up to the new sweet bliss of loving. She had ere this known a half-unconscious happiness in Hugh Wilton's society which she had never stopped to analyze. But now each meeting was fraught with a delicious painful joy—the sweeter, that she knew it a forbidden one; the sadder, because soon or late the end was sure.

His manner toward her was more affectionate since that afternoon in the pasture, and the brotherly freedom and friendliness were almost insupportable at times. Yet so hungry was the poor, starved woman-heart, that every kind word and look was manna; every token of interest a benediction; and the knowledge that he liked her, a well-spring of joy. Opening her heart to his friendship, as the rose unfolds for the dew, each day she grew more womanly and lovely. The young minister could but note the new beauty of her face and the sweetness of her manner, but he never dreamed that the blossoming of her womanhood was all for him—for him the rose-flushed cheeks, the tender smile and luminous eyes; the new, rich tones in her voice, and the gentleness of her words. She would be happy just in loving him, while happiness was possible. The birds to whom she told her secret never bothered their little heads about past storms or winter soon to come, but, rejoicing, carolled in present sunshine. She would not be more wise than they. If it were sin to love him, then she would sin.

They were geologizing in the glen one afternoon in September. Hugh had just liberated a trilobite, some nine inches in length, from its rocky prison, by the deft use of hammer and chisel, and was exhibiting it to his pretty companion, accompanying it with a brief outline of paleozoic time.

She listened with wistful eagerness, and, as he paused, said admiringly: "How much you know! Do only men study those things, or do the women of your world know about them, too?"

"Oh, geology is a part of a woman's education quite as much as of a man's," he answered lightly. "But why do you so often speak of my world, Josie, as if it were different from your own? Is not Pudge's Corners my world?" He sighed as he asked the question, for, consecrated to his work as he was, a natural longing for the breath and freedom and the stimulus of mind to mind which are the charms of great cities, made this isolated little country settlement very irksome at times.

"No!" she answered, passionately. "Your world and mine are very different ones. To be sure, we both live in Pudge's Corners just now, but it is no fit place for you. Your thoughts and interests are all outside of Pudge's Corners and beyond us, while I am only an uneducated, awkward girl, who had never heard of Shakespeare until you told her of him, and didn't know whether Chicago was situated in America or Africa. Oh! the women of your world know better than that!"

"I have known few women who possessed more ability than you, Josie," he said, gently. "You have naturally a very fine mind, and talents far above the average, but few have led such cramped, limited lives as yours has been, with so few opportunities for study and culture."

"Why haven't I had opportunities for study and culture?" demanded the girl, passionately. "Why didn't God give them to me instead of to girls who do not care for them as I would care? I never asked to be born, and if I had I wouldn't have chosen Pudge's Corners to spend my life in with aunt Ann Packer! It would have been as easy for God to have put me somewhere else."

"Ah, Josie! God gives unto few the power to choose their lives. Perhaps, he designed you for some great, beautiful work just here. As for me, I chose Pudge's Corners, but it was not without much struggling against ambitions and desires which tempted me to go elsewhere. Yet I think it was truly God's hand which led me here."

"Ah! but you didn't begin in Pudge's Corners," said the girl, sullenly. "You grew up and were educated under other circumstances and influences, while I am indelibly impressed for all time with the Pudge's Corners' mark."

"Josie," said the young man, gravely, "I want to talk to you about something which I have perhaps neglected too long. You may already know what I have to tell you. I have meant for a long time to talk with you." He drew her to a seat on the cliff, and continued: "Did your father leave no will, Josie?" she looked up, questioning: "Will?" she said. "Yes—a wish, 'inclination'—written instrument disposing of a person's property after death," replied Hugh.

"Oh! no. None that I know about. Why do you ask?"

"Then how does it happen that Mrs. Packer has full control of your father's farm, and exercises authority over you?"

"I don't know," Josie answered slowly, more bewildered than before. "She just came. She has always been here since father died. I have never thought much about it. Aunt Ann used to say that God sent her to do her duty by her brother's child, and I suppose He did," she added, bitterly. "Mr. Simpson used to tell me that He sent mother's death and father's run-away horses, and all the other evils I have known; so I presume He sent aunt Ann, too."

"Don't be so bitter, Josie," said Hugh, touching her hand gently. "If your father left no will, and none has ever been probated, your father's property would revert directly to you. It is my belief, and that of many people in Pudge's Corners, that Mrs. Packer has simply taken possession of the property, and assumed authority over you, with no shadow of right except that of relationship. She

claims, I believe, that your father gave her the farm, and told her to take care of you; but I consider that highly improbable, and we have but her word for it. If there is no will, the property is yours. I have reason to believe, however, that a will exists, or has existed. Deacon Coddington says that your father told him some weeks before his death that he had been to Sterling, to fix things for Josie in case he should be taken away." He was morbid after his wife's death, the deacon says, and had a presentiment that he should soon follow her. I have a friend in Sterling, Clive Sterling; you have heard me speak of him, I think; I have talked the matter over with him, and he promised to look over his father's papers. The judge, it seems, kept a daily record of business transactions. This morning I had a letter from Clive saying that he had found this entry in his father's diary: 'May 19, 18—'—about six weeks before your father's death—'drew up will for Ezra Allen, peddler from Pudge's Corners.'"

The girl had listened, white and breathless. "Do you mean," she asked, as the minister paused, "that aunt Ann has been living in my house and using my money, and I have had none of it, except the pittance expended for food and shelter, and such clothes as these?" looking with unutterable scorn at the coarse brown dress.

"I fear such has been the case, Josie," he replied. "Though, of course, the greater part of the profits of the farm have been expended on the place itself."

"All these years I have lived with her in Pudge's Corners I might have been somewhere else, going to school, associating with cultured people, freeing myself from the Pudge's Corners' taint! Might never have been exposed to the temptations I have met here! Has your God sent this, too? If He is so lavish to his enemies, what might He not bestow were I His follower?" she demanded with flashing eyes. "But I suppose He means this as punishment or discipline."

"Josie," said the young clergyman, sternly. "If you have no reverence for the good Father, show some courtesy to me, and do not speak of one whom I love and worship as the source of all good, so flippantly. Yes, God has sent this to you, too. He sends us sorrows with the joy. Have you deserved all blessing, Josie? Perhaps your character has needed all its trials for development, or for some end we cannot see. We are not great enough, Josie, to understand all of God's plans, or to see all which He sees. You have called me your friend; let me be one; perhaps God sent me to you. You might have died in ignorance of these facts. You will appreciate freedom better for the past bondage. Don't you see, Josie, that now you can enter upon a larger life?"

She gazed at him, but half-comprehending. "Have I not made it clear, Josie? Let me explain. If a will is found, it will doubtless give the property to you. If not, you are legally entitled to it. The farm, I am told, has increased in value and is worth about six thousand dollars. There is also money in the bank, which has been lying idle all these years, and with the accumulated interest adds about twelve hundred dollars to your property. You can mortgage the farm and raise more, or sell it if you choose. You can go away from Pudge's Corners, can study, travel, and fit yourself for some self-supporting position."

The passionate anger was still in her face. "So this is what aunt Ann Packer has kept from me!" A triumphant gleam shone in her eyes. "I can go home now and tell her," she cried. "I can tell her to leave, that the ground she stands on, the roof over her head, is mine. Oh! I will pay her for all her taunts and insults and oppression!" springing to her feet, as if to put the threat into immediate execution.

Hugh Wilton rose and stood beside her, pale and grave. Through all his mistrust of his success in Pudge's Corners, he had turned reassuringly to Josie Allen. Had he helped no one else, surely this girl lived on a higher plane than before his friendship had reached out to her an uplifting hand; surely, the Josie Allen of to-day was a sweeter, more patient, more generous creature than the morose, self-enclosed girl he had first met in Mrs. Packer's parlor. But the angry, revengeful spirit in which she received his communication, grieved and startled him. Was all his work then vain? Had he taught her to recognize beauty and grandeur in literature and nature and neglected to reveal diviner truths? Had he broadened her intellect and not her soul?

"Josie," he said, sadly, "you will not do that. You would not turn one of your own blood out of your home, a woman, too, who is growing old and has no other home?" She stood in morose silence as he continued: "I admit, Josie, that she has acted unfairly with you, but can you not forgive? Deal gently with her, Josie; your father would wish it, I know."

"Why should I forgive her?" cried the girl. "Has she ever dealt gently with me? She was unkind to me when I was a child; she did not beat me or abuse me, but she never had the least sympathy with my tastes or aversions. 'Notions,' she called them. It was 'wrong to have notions, and she would bring me up without them.' Only a few months after father died she did something for which I have hated her ever since. I had a morbid terror of toads—I was only a child—I used to wear little square-necked dresses, and she tied a tiny toad around my neck with a string and let the little thing hop up and down on my bare neck in its struggles to free itself. She kept it there a whole hour!" she cried, fiercely, "with my hands tied behind my back, till I almost went into spasms from fright."

A reflection of the girl's anger gleamed in Hugh Wilton's blue eyes.

"She used to hold me by the window during a storm, so I would get over my fear of the lightning; and one time compelled me to

eat a huge piece of roast lamb, because I hated lamb, and she thought it 'sinful' to be 'spleeny.' She would not even give me a mouthful of bread until I ate it. My whole childhood with her was a series of such petty oppressions. When I grew older, it was the same, only I found more spirit to resist. I have never been allowed my own way in anything! I had no one to teach me after father died, and aunt Ann would not let me go to school. I have never had a penny I could call my own, even to buy my own dresses. Do you suppose I would have worn the hideous stripes and plaids aunt Ann selected, if I could have chosen? All my life-long she has tyrannized over me, and it is only human to take the opportunity for revenge."

The young clergyman had not listened unmoved to her story. His sympathies were entirely with the girl; yet he was sincerely grieved at the spirit she manifested. He would have had her more Christ-like. He talked with her gently on their homeward walk, urging the duty of forgiveness. Mrs. Packer was growing old; it would be cruel to send her from the home she had known so long; she had kept the little farm in good repair and made it yield its utmost all these years; no one else would have done so well; he wished Josie to take charge now of her own business and money matters, but to make some provision for her aunt; Josie must talk with her and ascertain if she knew aught of her brother's will; he would be glad to render all the assistance in his power. When he left the girl at Mrs. Packer's gate, she had promised to do nothing until she had thought the matter over long and well.

Two days later, Hugh Wilton again stood at Mrs. Packer's front door. It was late in the afternoon, the day had been hot and breathless, but now a strong wind was blowing and the sky was fast clouding over. Mrs. Packer admitted him, and broke at once into a voluble discourse upon the weather, but his keen eyes discerned a change in the woman. "Josie has told her," he thought, and the next words confirmed the suspicion.

"You have told Josephine about the farm," she said, "an' my holdin' it for her. She spoke to me about it last night and about her father's will. I s'pose you all think I have been defraudin' Josephine of her natural rights," she continued. "Perhaps I hev'n't done just the square thing in not explainin' to her sooner, but I hev'n't took nothin' much but my livin' out of the farm. Josephine is just as rich a woman to-day as though she'd hired some other woman to look after things. Pretty mess most wimmen would hev made of it! I always calculated that Josephine should hev everything when she was twenty-one. Ezry's will was so foolish, I thought he must hev been weak-minded when he made it."

The young gentleman started. "Then there was a will," he exclaimed.

(Continued on page 30).

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*VI.—LADY AGNES MACDONALD

BY MAX JESOLEY



THE brilliant woman who for nearly twenty-five years has shared with the Premier of Canada—to a degree not common in the case of the wives of public men—the toils and triumphs of his arduous and illustrious career, is a gift from the sunny South to the snowy North; the island of Jamaica having been her birth-place, a half century ago.

Her parents were of aristocratic and wealthy Creole families—this term being used in its strictly accurate meaning, as designating



LADY MACDONALD

Europeans long resident in the West Indies. Her father filled a judge's chair for many years, and also had a seat on the Council of Eight that in his time administered the public affairs of the island. On the mother's side were extensive interests in sugar plantations.

While still a mere child, Miss Agnes Bernard lost her father, and—as about the same time the family property became seriously diminished in value by the introduction of free-trade, following upon the abolition of slavery—her mother decided to remove to England.

At first, the change of environment proved very unwelcome. The difference of atmosphere between Jamaica—where the lower classes were all attention and servility—and England—where even the servants had wills of their own and dared to show them—was not to be comprehended at once.

But the years, busy with books and acquiring accomplishments, slipped by, and England, despite her exclusiveness, became very dear. In the meantime, matters in Jamaica were going from bad to worse. The planters fell into the depths of ruin, and all who could get away from the ill-fated island with any remnants of their fortunes, hastened to do so. Miss Bernard's three brothers were among the number, and the eldest decided upon trying his luck in Canada. The outlook was so promising that his mother and sister joined him in the year 1854.

They had no reason to regret the step. From the very first the venture approved itself. In a few years Mr. Bernard became private secretary to the Honorable John A. Macdonald, then Attorney-General for Western Canada. This official connection may be considered the beginning of his sister's interest in the political history of Canada, and in the personality of her foremost politician, although she did not make the acquaintance of her future husband at the time.

Changes of residence to Toronto and Quebec, extended visits to the United States and England, were the principal events of the suc-

ceeding years, with the exception of certain overtures not of a political character, although emanating from a Premier, which found their appropriate conclusion in an interesting ceremony performed in that far-famed temple of Hymen, St. George's Church, Hanover Square, London, in the month of February, 1867. Sir John A. Macdonald was then engaged in carrying to completion his magnificent scheme for the union of all the Canadian Provinces into one confederation, and it was a happy coincidence that the fates kindly permitted him at the same time to perfect another union of more immediate personal interest. A few months later Lady Macdonald accompanied her husband to Canada, and took up her residence in Ottawa.

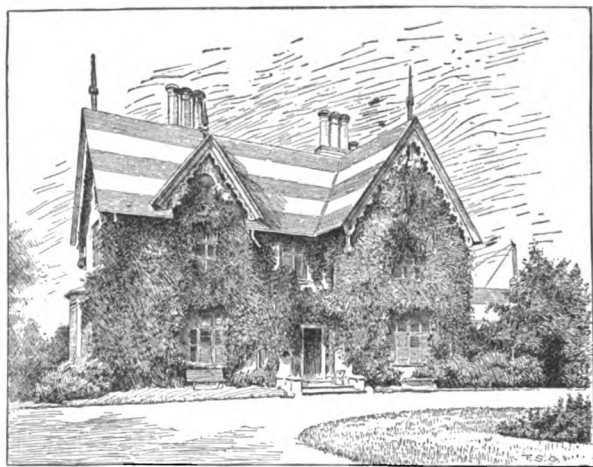
In figure and complexion Lady Macdonald is a striking illustration of the change that comes alike to all of European lineage after long residence beneath the hot, southern sun, for she is tall and tawny, with warm tints of color glowing in her cheeks. Her abundant hair a few years ago became white as snow, and now makes a wonderfully becoming aureole about her high, broad forehead. Energy and determination are unmistakably stamped upon a countenance whose habitual expression is somewhat grave. Yet when moved to laughter, the whole face lights up until every trace of care and anxious thought vanishes from it.

In the art of conversation Lady Macdonald has nothing to learn. She is an omnivorous reader, and not only reads, but digests and assimilates her reading, while a retentive memory keeps at command all that she acquires. She forms her own opinions about the subjects of the day, and never hesitates to express them in clear, concise terms. Her remarkable resources in conversation is notably in evidence at her Saturday afternoon receptions during the season of Parliament. Her drawing-room is then filled with an ever-changing flow of visitors from three o'clock until dinner time. Yet no one of them fails to receive a warm clasp of the hand, a bright, appropriate greeting, and the impression that the hostess is quite as glad to see them as if they were the only callers. With a dozen in the room at once, the most of them utter strangers to each other, Lady Macdonald will contrive to keep the ball of talk rolling so merrily that all feel they have a share in the conversation.

The wife of the Premier is a frequent attendant at the sittings of Parliament, the best seat in the Speaker's gallery being always reserved for her, and no important debate takes place that she does not follow it to the final vote, though the daylight may be dimming the electric lights. Her devotion to her husband knows no limitations, and whether his fate be to stand or fall, her place must be not far from his side.

Lady Macdonald is a strong churchwoman, and an active adherent of St. Albans, the only Anglican church in Ottawa with "high" proclivities. Yet nothing is farther from her nature than bigotry or supercilious antagonism to dissent. In company with Sir John she may from time to time be found worshipping with the Dominion Methodist, or St. Andrew's Presbyterian congregations, and two years ago they were both regular attendants upon a series of revival services.

To the full extent of her time and ability she co-operates in all religious and philanthropic enterprises and associations that commend themselves to her approval. Neither does she hold aloof from balls, dinners, receptions and other fatiguing features of social life at the Canadian capital, nor disdain to take a lively personal interest in the fascinating subject of dress. Here her southern nature asserts itself in a preference for effective colors and striking



"Earncliffe": The Home of Lady Macdonald

combinations, which her dark complexion and stately figure enable her to carry well.

Lady Macdonald's home is peculiarly well situated on a point jutting out into the Ottawa river where it commands enchanting views of the Parliament Buildings crowning their tree-clad eminence; of the valley of the Ottawa, extending eastward and westward, with the Grand River speeding swiftly through its centre, and of the Laurentian Mountains lifting their smooth shoulders to close in the northern horizon. All this may be seen from the windows of her boudoir, a lovely bright room, furnished with desk, book-shelves, tables, easy chairs, sofa, pictures and other pleasant accessories, where much hard work is done by its occupant. "Earncliffe," if not precisely an imposing edifice, is, at all events, an exceedingly comfortable one, and is competently if not luxuriously furnished. The everyday life of the household is somewhat after the French fashion; a cup of chocolate before rising, breakfast at eleven, and dinner at seven, this

arrangement being found most convenient for the Premier. The guest chambers are rarely unoccupied, Lady Macdonald delighting in a cheery home, and the hum of happy voices. She has only one child, a daughter, whose precarious state of health has unhappily precluded her from being aught but a constant care to her mother.

The part that Lady Macdonald plays in her husband's life is not to be set forth in a few words. All that Lady Beaconsfield was to the Conservative Premier of England, Lady Macdonald has been, and is, to the Conservative Premier of Canada, who, singularly enough, bears a striking physical likeness to Disraeli. She enjoys his fullest confidence. If any one on earth knows his mind, it is she. Their understanding of each other is complete, and their matrimonial felicity untroubled. How much Canada owes to Lady Macdonald for the help she has given her greatest statesman, only the Premier himself can fully estimate.

IN CHURCH, OR AT HOME?

BY FLORENCE HOWE HALL



AFTER a bride has settled the first and most important point concerning her wedding—after she has named the day—the next question for her to consider is: Where shall the ceremony take place? Shall she be married in church or at her own home?

It might seem to one who had not carefully considered the subject, as if this question were primarily one of expense, and it would be so, if all the church weddings were on the elaborate scale with which dwellers in large cities are now familiar.

But as it is entirely possible to be married in church in an extremely quiet and unostentatious way, in the presence of half a dozen witnesses only, and as home weddings are sometimes magnificent affairs, it is evident that expense is not the primary condition in this matter.

The question of where a wedding ceremony shall take place is largely a matter of individual feeling and sentiment.

Every one desires to defer to the wishes of the bride on the most important day of her life, and, as she will be the "white star" of the occasion, it is fitting that she should arrange all the details of the great event in accordance with her own tastes and feelings. As she is the person principally concerned in the drama which is to be enacted, no one will think her selfish if she does so.

It may be held that the bridegroom should take an equal interest in the ceremony, but he usually does not, and, as we all know, little attention is ordinarily paid to him. It would take too long to analyze the reasons of this different attitude of public sentiment toward the bride and the groom, which we must accept since it exists.

A bride who is wise and kind will not in this or in any similar matter, go counter to the wishes of her future husband where he has decided views and finds it hard to relinquish them.

According to the belief of some religious denominations a peculiar sacredness attaches to a church edifice. Thus Roman Catholics and Episcopalians hold that after a building has once been formally consecrated to the service of God—which cannot occur until it is free from debt—it is essentially holy, and different from all secular buildings.

A young girl who was about to be married, was urged by a Ritualist friend to have her marriage solemnized in church. She was on the point of yielding to the representations of the latter, when a third young girl said, "You speak of sacred places. Is there any place more sacred to you than your home?" The bride was so much impressed with the truth of this remark that she decided to be married in her father's house.

When a young lady does not consider it as a religious duty to be married in one place rather than another, she will, if she be a person of sentiment, consider the influences, both solemn and joyful, to which she and her friends will be subject in church and at home.

The wedding ceremony is a peculiar one in that it involves such a variety of emotions in the hearts, not only of the bride and groom, but of the whole bridal party. A wedding is a gay and joyful event, for it is the beginning of a new life. But as it is, therefore, the ending of the old life and change from old to new conditions, it is an occasion from which sadness and solemnity are never absent.

A bride will wish to have her wedding a bright and happy affair, but she will wish it to be impressive also to others as well as to herself. Therefore, she will weigh the matter carefully in her mind before she decides between a church wedding and a ceremony performed within the walls of her own house. She will remember that the former has usually one great advantage. The grand tones of the organ bursting out in a wedding-march, seems to give a special blessing to the occasion. To those who love music it is an indispensable adjunct of all high festivals. A quartette, or chorus of voices, is sometimes employed at a house wedding, and the effect of this arrangement is often very good.

The marriage service is addressed to the eye, however, quite as much as to the ear, and the bride will naturally desire that the scene shall present a beautiful and impressive picture to the eyes of her friends. It is very certain that a house wedding has an individuality and a charm about it which we seldom find inside of a church edifice. Church weddings are very much like one another, because churches are very much alike, and because their interiors can not be as easily modified and changed as those of dwelling houses. Of course much depends upon the church and upon the house. Ascension Church in New York, for instance, with its wonderfully beautiful painting rising to the ceiling behind the high altar, lends itself admirably to the decora-

tive effects, especially where a wealth of tall palms soften the view and decorate the chancel steps. A wedding party standing against this background presents a beautiful picture.

A bride will naturally pay attention to questions of expediency and convenience.

If she lives in an apartment or in a small house, and if she has a large number of friends whose presence at the wedding ceremony she desires, she will probably prefer to be married in church.

But—and here we return again to the question of individual feeling, which is deeply interwoven with our whole subject—some brides object so strongly to the publicity of a church wedding that they can not consent to being made a target for the eyes of all men—strangers as well as acquaintances—even for the sake of gathering around them the full number of their friends and well-wishers.

In a city a bride is often stared at as she drives through the streets or alights at the church door, in a manner that is unpleasant to her feelings. She is sometimes jostled in the church porch, or commented upon by rude urchins or street idlers in a way which jars upon her highly wrought nerves. A young woman who is a belle and a beauty, and about whom public interest is much aroused, often objects, therefore, to "making a spectacle out of herself," as she calls it. Many modest and charming girls, however, are married in church, as I need scarcely say.

Some persons consider that a home wedding is a more trying ordeal than one in church. They say that in a drawing-room the bride stands so much nearer to the rest of the company that she is obliged to pass so close to them—as she runs the gauntlet of the assembled guests—that she feels much more embarrassment than she would in a church where the broad aisle separates her from her guests as she passes up it, and where none but the bridal party can be near her as she stands at the altar.

We must remember that the separation which a church wedding effects between the bride and her friends, has its disadvantages as well as its advantages.

The solemnity of feeling which almost every one feels in a church, erects a barrier between the bride and her friends, and although this may save her from some embarrassment, it also deprives her of the privilege of receiving the expression of the sympathy of her friends when her emotion and theirs is at its height.

Why should we not give way to simple, natural feeling? Why should we not rejoice in sharing it with our friends instead of keeping them at arms length? The English custom of repairing to the vestry-room and there having the registry signed by the bridal party and witnesses, is less cold and formal than the method which usually prevails in this country.

It must be said that church weddings are now very much in fashion, largely, I think, because they give an opportunity for display. If a bride wishes to have a bridal procession with a number of bridesmaids; if the wedding is to be a showy and expensive affair, a church will probably be selected as the scene of the ceremony, because there is more room for display and a larger audience can be accommodated. Where an intended bride deserts her own church because it is "stuffy" or "unfashionable," and selects instead some more fashionable place of worship, does she not show herself wanting in true feeling on the day when a display of worldliness seems most incongruous and unfitting?

One advantage of a large wedding over a small one, and therefore, in most cases, of a church wedding, is that the bride is likely to receive a greater number of presents. While it is not necessary for all who are invited to a church wedding to send wedding gifts, many prefer to do so, and the invitation serves as a reminder to many who else would forget to bring their friendly offerings.

A marriage, however, which is to be a true marriage—one of mutual affection and respect, should not be arranged with a view to fashion nor yet to worldly gain, in the matter of presents or in any other matter. Let every intending bride look into her own heart and arrange this beautiful festival of her life in a way that will give to herself and others, the greatest peace and happiness, not only at the moment, but as a bright and cheering memory throughout life.

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HAIR GOODS,
36 North Eighth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

* 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. F. T. Barnum; March number, Mrs. William F. Gladstone; the April number, Mrs. T. De Witt Talmage, and in the May number, Mrs. Chauncey M. Depew.

Future sketches will present the Princess Bismarck, Mrs. Will Carleton, Mrs. John W. Vanamaker, Lady Tenbyson, Mrs. Joel Chandler Harris, and others.

MY TENDER CONSCIENCE

BY HARRY ROMAINE

I have a tender conscience,
That measures five feet three,
Whose slight reproof is worth whole tomes
Of cold divinity.

Who leads me by "a still small voice,"
And, with a loving glance,
Reminds me while the lamp holds out,
This sinner has a chance.

Whose form is ever by my side,
And at the door of sin
Thrusts out a white and rounded arm,
And bars the way within.

No man can ever go astray,
Who pauses to reflect
That he must meet those modest eyes,
And keep his self-respect.

So with a firm, unshaken front,
I bid old Satan flee:—
For I've a tender conscience,
That measures five feet three.



* VI.—WOMEN AS TYPE-SETTERS

BY CHARLES J. DUMAR

(President of Typographical Union, No. 6, of New York)



THAT the sphere of woman's usefulness and adaptability in the business and industrial world has immeasurably widened in the last two decades is a source of favorable comment, not merely among students of sociology, but among many who formerly regarded with apprehension the advent of female labor into domains hitherto regarded as the heritage of the male sex. The apprehension was well grounded. Women could support themselves on less money than men, and the natural consequence was that lower wages were offered to and accepted by them in nearly all the lighter mechanical trades in which they were brought into competition with men. To labor organizations is due credit of opening the eyes of women wage-workers to the injustice that shrewd employers subjected them to in this respect. The fact that a woman's expenses are less than a man's, by no means lessens the value of her labor. In the famous strike of telegraph operators in New York in 1885, the abstract justice of the strikers' demand for equal pay for equal work by both sexes, was admitted by all unprejudiced persons.

Among those most forcibly struck by this demand were the followers of what is perhaps the most powerfully organized craft in America—the printers. As far back as the oldest "typo" in New York can remember, women have been employed here and there to set type, but invariably, until within a comparatively recent date, their compensation has been less than that received by their natural protectors. It is true that some time in the early '70's a Woman's Typographical Union was organized in New York, but though I am not aware of what its objects were, they certainly did not include the maintenance of a scale of wages equal to that of their male colleagues, else why the need of a "woman's" union? This organization lived but a short while. It has been difficult to obtain statistics on the subject—even the New York State Bureau of Labor Statistics having failed to make a satisfactory report; but the number of printers (not including pressmen) in New York city has been computed to be about fifty-five hundred, of whom three hundred are women. Among the five thousand members of the Typographical Union, there are nearly one hundred of the gentler sex. It is safe to say that the same proportion will hold good all over the United States. To the person unfamiliar with the printers' craft who might spend an hour or two in a busy composing-room, it would seem that this proportion of female printers was unnaturally small, in view of their apparent fitness for the work and the absence of any restrictions by the unions regarding their employment. In connection with the latter observation, it may not be amiss to state that female union printers are everywhere treated with the utmost consideration by their brother craftsmen. In more than a score of local unions in this country, women fill positions of responsibility and honor, and at the last convention of the International

* 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 Strengtheners." In March with "Women as Dressmakers," in April with "Bee-keeping for Women," both from a woman's standpoint, as well as from a man's view; and in May with "Women as Doctors," also from both a woman's and a man's view. The back numbers can be obtained at 10 cents each.

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 Interior Decorators," "Women as Illustrators," etc., etc.

Typographical Union, at Atlanta, Georgia, there were two female delegates. To be a delegate to an international convention is considered by many printers as distinctive of the highest honor.

I have referred to the "apparent fitness" of women for the work. Have they no real fitness? Why are not more of them employed at a pursuit for which they seem to be as well qualified as for manipulating the key of a telegraph instrument, or operating a type-writing machine, or keeping books by double-entry, or any other of the multifarious employments in which their capability has received substantial recognition?

I shall not attempt to answer the question in detail. It certainly is not because of lack of opportunity. On different occasions schools of instruction in typography have been started in this city and elsewhere, and female pupils were preferred; but the schools were eventually abandoned, and who ever heard of their graduates? It surely is not because of the opposition of the trades-unions, as I have already shown.

What, then, is the reason? It is because a printer, to secure lucrative and steady employment, must be more than a mere type-setter. And the ability to set type merely, is the sum total of the qualifications as printers possessed by the majority of the women at present employed in the "art preservative of all arts." When women essay to learn the trade they begin at the middle round of the ladder, instead of at the bottom, and they get no further. Note the difference: When a boy gets a situation in a printing-office he must sweep the floor, run errands, be cuffed occasionally, deluged with profanity daily, and finally, when he rises to the dignity of a "cub," or regular apprentice, he is made to feel that life is not worth living unless he sets a "clean proof," keeps his "frame" and "cases" in a neat and workmanlike condition, and evinces a desire to learn all there is to be known about the craft that had for its disciples, Gutenberg, Caxton, Dürer, Franklin and Greely. On the contrary, few females enter a printing-office to learn the business until after they have got into long skirts, and have acquired all the ideas of young ladyhood. They have to do no coarse work, but perhaps are required to "hold copy" for a proof-reader awhile to familiarize themselves with manuscript; then they are taught the location of the letters in the "case," and forthwith become compositors. Their shortcomings as apprentices are glossed over, and an occasional mild reproof is all they receive for doing what a "cub" would be roundly scolded for. The scolding to the boy is invariably productive of better work, but to a "lady compositor" it would mean a shock to her feelings and a consequent flood of tears.

Most women regard the business as but a makeshift until matrimony shall take them from it (and who shall blame them?), and have no desire to excel at it. Few of them remain at the business long enough to acquire more than a superficial knowledge of it, but there is plenty of evidence that, with a determination to become proficient, and under proper instruction, women may become as good printers as the most exacting foreman or proprietor could desire.

Type-setters are for the most part employed by the piece. Other work in the composing-room, such as reading proof, "making up," etc., is done at stated weekly salaries. Printers thus employed receive higher wages, as a rule, than can be earned at the case, their pay in this city ranging from eighteen dollars per week, for day work, up to twenty-seven dollars for night work.

Very few women are employed as proof-readers, and fewer still—if, indeed, there be any—are called upon to "make up" or do any other kind of printer's work requiring the exercise of ordinary masculine physical strength.

The earnings of female compositors equal those of their male co-workers, where equal rates are paid, as in union offices. On a Brooklyn newspaper employing sixty compositors, half of whom are women, the wages average from eighteen to twenty-five dollars per week. The most efficient women compositors are members of the Union, and consequently earn the best wages. The earnings of non-union female compositors in New York city and vicinity, are from seven dollars to twelve dollars per week, according to their ability and the class of work they are employed on.

When a woman applies for admission to the Union, she is required to furnish the same proofs of competency exacted from a man. After she has been admitted, she has the same opportunities of procuring employment, if she avails herself of them. Only a few women have the courage to do this. One can imagine the sensation that would be caused to have a dozen women stroll into the composing-room of a newspaper, and without removing their hats or wraps, lounge around until "regulars" ask them to go to work. This is what male compositors out of regular employment, and substitutes, have to do. Women printers usually obtain situations by answering advertisements or through the assistance of friends. Perhaps twenty-five have pleasant, lucrative employment on daily newspapers in New York as "distributors"—that is, they are employed during the day, at the same rate paid for night work, to distribute type for compositors who thus prefer to reduce their working hours. The "lady distributor" is comparatively a recent innovation, but all agree that she is a most agreeable one. Her earnings depend upon the amount of work she receives, but will average about fifty cents for every hour employed. I have known some women to thus earn twenty dollars per week, from about 10 A. M. until 5 P. M. These positions, however, are in the main greatly prized and eagerly sought after by women. While there is no reason why men should not perform this work under the same circumstances, it has by tacit consent become the undisputed privilege of women.

HINTS ON HOUSE-BUILDING

BY WILLIAM H. RIDING



It is only fair for me to confess at once that all I have to offer is a few words of advice to the inexperienced, which, in the case of those who have become addicted to the house-building "habit" (so it may be described, for it has chains which hold the victim down) will surely be superfluous, though even they may find in what I have to say a reinforced truth. It is a "habit," this of house-building, for, by common testimony, anyone who builds once, however disappointing that experience may be, will certainly build again. Yes, even twice or thrice, protest though he may, in the face of the innumerable exasperations of his first experience, that he will henceforth shun forever the sharpeners and cheats among whom he persuades himself he has fallen. Tell an architect, or that arch-enemy, the contractor, that you will never repeat a mistake, the nature of which you have learned too late—that mistake to which both have been privy—and they will take it with an unfeeling lack of seriousness. As you forswear, so a child forswears its amusements, so resolves written in sand are washed out by the next tide. Truth to tell, Egotism finds a pleasant exercise in house-building, and Egotism endures much for itself. However, I am not writing an essay on the subject, but only offering, as I have said, a few words of advice to those who are thinking of building for the first time.

First, then, as to the architect and contractor. Beware of those "ready-made" plans which are so familiar on the news-stands, and which convey the impression that a dignified colonial mansion of eleven or twelve rooms, or a many-gabled "Queen Anne villa" can be erected in a first-class manner for thirty-five hundred or four thousand dollars. That is invariably a delusion and a snare. A shell of the poorest material may be erected to resemble the exterior, but if such a plan were carried out in a fairly substantial, though not extravagant manner, it would cost, at least, fifty-five hundred or six thousand dollars.

A few years ago an architectural journal offered several prizes for designs of cottages suitable for persons of good taste and moderate means. The cost of the complete house was stipulated to be three thousand dollars. Many charming designs were sent in and printed, and innumerable cases of house-building fever may be attributed to their appearance. Who could look upon the daintily penciled conceptions of "window-seats," "single-nooks" and "cosy-corners" without wanting to have such a jewel-box for themselves? Here were quaint little leaded windows, tiled fire-places, fluted and wreathed after the colonial fashion; easy, unfatiguing stairs, with a seat midway in the flight. What refinement! What comfort! What visions of solace and repose! What independence and luxury after the airless confinement of the boarding-house, or the narrow, honeycomb cells of the city flat! And all this for three thousand dollars! Though the architects were allowed to do their own figuring on the cost, there was hardly one design the accompanying estimate for which did not exceed the stipulated limit, and the first prize was awarded for a cottage estimated to cost thirty-three hundred dollars. I believe that the house was actually built for this sum, but it must be remembered that it was very small, the rooms averaging less than twelve feet by twelve. Moreover, there was no leaded glass in it; no wainscoting, except in the bath-room; no luxury of any kind. Should the reader ask if it was "all complete" for that amount, the architect and builder would say "Yes"; but I, understanding the term in a different sense from them, would say, "No." According to their ideas, a complete house does not include gas-fixtures or paper-hangings. The cost of these has to be added to the contract price, and such necessities as window-shades, window-screens, weather-strips, and double windows for winter, are also classed as "extras." Very often the grading of the lot is unprovided for in the contract, and that is an item more or less serious, according to the surroundings of your land.

Confiding and gentle reader, do not let your simplicity be imposed upon, but take the word of one who has learned from a sad experience, that a tasteful ten-roomed house cannot be completed for less than six or seven thousand dollars, exclusive of the land.

If you are prepared to spend this sum, you will still have to guard against luxuries, such as plate-glass windows, hard-wood wainscoting, and many decorative features with which your architect will tempt you. They are included gratuitously in sketches of interiors, but not in any other way. And you will still have to possess your soul in patience, and be prepared to wait for your house a month or two beyond the time assigned in your contract, for, whether they are honest and competent or not, all contractors seem to have an indwelling demon of delay, which casts out conscience.

I have not sufficient space at my disposal to follow the reader through the various stages

by which he will see a house grow out of a vacant lot, and the spirit of home enshrined in a temple of his own construction. All I can do is to see him fairly started; and yet, little as this may be, if he is fairly started he will escape much of the vexation which befalls those who lay their foundations on misconceptions. I have already warned him against under-estimates. The next thing is to advise him against beginning to build until he has mastered every detail of the plans. It will be well for him to spend many hours poring over them, and to picture in his mind's eye the position of every door, window and closet. He should see that

the registers, or radiators, are in the places best adapted for them; that the gas-pipes are at proper height from the floor, and that the windows are advantageously arranged. If the house is a small one, he may even have to see that the proportions of the chambers will allow space for bedsteads. These are matters which the architect might be expected to look-out for, but in pursuing a beautiful idea, the architect, if he is of the artistic temperament, frequently loses sight of such practical details. Especially should the prospective builder study the plans for chimneys and flues, remembering that smoke will not turn a corner. The most delightful feature of a house may be its open fireplaces, but through defective construction they may be changed into the greatest nuisances. Errors in the construction of the flues are frequent, though a little forethought would avert them. At every point the scrutiny of the owner is necessary.

Almost too much is expected from the architect. Generally, he is not only the designer of the house, but the superintendent of the building. In order to be successful in the former capacity he must be an artist, while to be successful in the latter he should be a practical mechanic, with the power of controlling the contractor and the workmen. The combination is not often found in one man. The artistic instinct shrinks from the tedium of practicability; its devotion is to the flower, not to the slow and patient work of the gardener who nurses the plant. Hence it is that your architect who delights you by the refinement of his ideas, by the tastefulness of his preliminary sketches of side-boards, mantels, settles and china-closets, proves an indifferent superintendent when the building is actually begun, and yields too easily to the bluster of the contractor, letting errors and deficiencies pass uncorrected, simply because his sensitive nature cannot endure the friction of a contest. The architect who on the contrary has the power of stubborn command, and is equal to the least civil contractor; who will give oath for oath, and stand with the plans and specifications in his hands compelling fulfillment, seldom originates beautiful houses, capable as he may be in carrying out the plans of others. The combination is so rare, in fact, that the owner who chooses the plans of the former class of architect, as he certainly ought to do, must make up his mind to superintend the construction himself, not dispensing with the architect altogether, but, standing at his elbow, give him courage and support.

As to contractors, I pray that the reader may be fortunate in his choice, for if he is not, unspeakable and prolonged misery await him. There is a large class of contractors who are always ready to bid on specifications, and whose estimates are generally very low. They have no sizeable property, and are always in want of money. Frequently they fail, or disappear, before the house is complete, leaving mechanics' liens on the building, for which the owner, no matter how much he may have paid, is liable.

The best way to checkmate them is to insist on keeping in reserve a certain portion of the money due; as, for instance, by making a first payment of one thousand dollars when work to the value of two thousand has been done, and always, up to the completion of the house, having arrears for an equal amount to cover the contingency of mechanics' liens and the possibility of the abandonment of the work of the man who has undertaken it.

The disparity in the amounts of the several estimates submitted, are surprising; there may be a difference of twenty-five or thirty per cent between the highest and the lowest. The lowest bid usually comes from an irresponsible man, who ought to be shunned. It is wiser to accept the larger bid if it is made by a man of known integrity and responsibility, who has a permanent staff of mechanics instead of the tramps who are picked up for the job of the smaller contractor.

The annoyance of breaking lamp-chimneys need not be borne.

Get tough glass chimneys. Macbeth's "pearl top" and "pearl glass" are tough against heat; they do not break, except from accident.

They are also clear, transparent, not misty or milky; they fit and stand upright; shape and proportions are right to direct the draft upon the flame.

They cost a little more than rough and wrong chimneys of common glass that break continually.

Pittsburg.

GEO. A. MACBETH & CO.



CHAPTER VI.

"THAT'S WHAT I'M A SPINSTER FOR."



RESCUE, a defense, anything like this is a most useful element in the resources of fiction; and the reason why, that it is one of the most powerfully operating circumstances in the drawing of any two human natures and lives together, in love or friendship. To owe something of the life, to have been a protection or a saving to it, this, on either part, is a magnetism developed by the act and service in its two quick, mutually urgent, relativities. The power and bestowal; the grateful, glad reception, these are positive and negative to each other at once.

It was with a new personal consciousness and recognition that Dr. Harriman and Rill walked back together into the beautiful seclusion of the pines, and seated themselves under the grand old far-spreading oak. It was a new vitalizing point in their acquaintance with each other, from which might spring and unfold for them a quite new course of sentiment and event. Rill was feeling this, in an unwonted, restless confidence and a happy admiration that it was satisfying to her nature to be able to render, for full cause, to her companion. Without analysis or question she could, just now, be glad to think so honorably of Dr. Harriman, so peacefully of herself as in a sure, brave, generous care. Dr. Harriman was considering the new position, not without a pure, mainly pleasure, but as vantage and opportunity also, which he was not quite determined how far to use. He was finding himself to be just a little too much, perhaps, in earnest. He had not meant to be in earnest quite so soon. With the two, therefore, there was this present difference: the one was moved, surprised with a strange experience, off her guard; the other was moved also, but coolly critical of his emotions, and carefully self-possessed.

"How came you to be here?" Rill asked, in her direct fashion, as she regained breath and quietness, and with the impulse to say something, shrank somehow from words of thanks. She did not keep back tones, however; they were in her question, they thrilled it with the quick, warm acknowledgment of what it had been to her that he was here.

"As you came to be, I think, Miss Rill. It was still and sweet down here, and I was drawn."

"I was driven," said Rill, concisely.

"Between two forces one cannot always distinguish which chiefly, or most directly, moves," said Dr. Harriman. "But it is a human instinct to invade a peace or pleasantness. I wonder why we can hardly ever make ourselves one with it. Our restlessness breaks up the very calm that it wanted. We can not get into a solitude after all."

"One human being is a population anywhere," assented Rill. "He can't leave his world behind him. Perhaps all we can do is to get now and then into a place where other people's worlds won't crowd ours. And yet, it seems as if in some places our own might stop crowding. I suppose that is the real why of the instinct."

"We make pictures, and try to get into them," said Dr. Harriman. "That is human life."

Rill said nothing.

"When I was a boy," Dr. Harriman began again, "I cried uproariously one day till I had distracted my mother, like Whimpy in the song, because I couldn't get into a picture. 'I will be a boy in a picture!' I declared. My mother said quietly, 'You are a boy in a picture;' and she brought a looking-glass and held it up before me. She did not even ask me if I liked the boy in the picture. She knew where to stop, if I didn't."

"What did you do?" asked Rill.

"I kicked the looking-glass, but I never kicked that boy out of it. I've remembered him ever since; and it has kept me from some impetuous unreasonableness, I think. I may

see the pictures and want to be in them; but do not kick nor scream, and I try not to be in a hurry. I shall get there sometime, maybe; I mean to; but meanwhile, it's a shifting world, Miss Rill; there are dissolving views!"

Rill's eyes looked intelligent; there was a little mischief in them.

"Meanwhile, one practices tableaux, perhaps?" she said.

"Possibly; one may posture a little; it is instructive. But don't you see how fictitious all that is? One waits for the reality."

"Ah!"

"What was that little hard breath for, Miss Rill?"

"For the Lady of Shalott. Her mirror cracked from side to side, you know; and all because Sir Launcelot rode by—in a picture."

"Could Sir Launcelot help that, when he was on his way to Camelot?"

"Maybe not. Camelot was to blame, I suppose. It was Camelot she was forbidden.

There are a great many Camelots," said the young girl, gravely.

"I wish I could tell you—" began Dr. Harriman, impulsively. He had risen and stood over her now, looking down at her with an

in spite of a strange feeling that it was not a true drawing, that it was only of the moment, she was yielding to a new sense of liking for this man, who was showing himself to her in new lights. She was stirred; she was a little frightened. What could he be going to say, and why did he want to say it? Did she really want to hear? She was not sure; yet she could not speak the word to stop him. So, with her silence for assent, Dr. Harriman began and told her the things of which we already know. Of what the motive had been thus far in his life, and what it must be for awhile longer; of his duties, that he did not mean selfishly to set aside; of hopes that a man must have, which he had not been free to indulge. He acknowledged that with these hindrances, he had been wrong, perhaps, in things that she had noticed and had bravely charged him with. He thanked her for her true speaking; it made an opportunity for him to speak frankly in return, and he wished very much that she should understand him.

"I cannot bear," he said, "that you should think me a mere flirt. That is such an

to study with delight. To have a claim to study it, to sympathize with it—this suddenly, and not for the first time, drew Dr. Harriman with a keen desire. He sat down again, a little way off opposite her, upon an old fallen log. His feet rested in a bed of wintergreen. He pulled a stem of it, and rubbed the fragrant leaves in his fingers; his arms resting upon his knees as he bent forward, his head down a little in a pause of thoughtfulness.

"May I tell you something of my life?" he asked Rill Rill.

Rill Rill herself was being drawn;

ness such as he might have been pleased to see there, and half dismayed to have so soon evoked with but his half intent. It was a rising of some womanly resentment that waited, not quite certain of offense.

"I do not think you are quite frank with me, even yet, Dr. Harriman," she said, with the directness that was in her eyes. "I do not quite know why you say—why you need to say—these things to me at all. I am a coquettish woman—leading him on—might have spoken these very words; but not as Rill Rill spoke them. There was a demand in them; there was a rebuke, if he deserved it. If he had known all that was moving her to say them, he might not have been disconcerted as he was. But how could he suspect that this Rill Rill, who had learned of things that made her look back with an honest self-scorn upon her own little sillinesses and mistakes of a while ago, was not even sure that he did not mean what would include herself among such girls as had been willing to trifle and put themselves in the way of being trifled with—girls from whom he would never choose the woman he should come to in manly earnest? How could he guess that through her mind was rushing at this instant the swift suspicion of his having heard the miserable word of gossip that had come round to her—that she might choose between two men, neither of whom had given her the least sign? 'Does he suppose I thought so—that perhaps I said so?' She was wondering with a pang of wrath and shame, kept down only by the strong determination to make certain before she would give way to it. Why had he come near her at all with his friendly words, when he unquestionably had done lately more and more, if this were what he could think of her?

He had treated her as if he had learned respect for her; as if he cared for her opinion. For this very reason, would he be so bitterly honest with her as this? Honest? No; he was not absolutely honest, as she said to him. Was he just kind enough to let her know, for her own sake, how he stood, while veiling his explanation with the pretence of seeking to make her understand what he had not intended elsewhere?

She waited, to be sure of this; an instant more, and the startled flush would be a scorch of indignation. He had no right; she had done nothing to give him right or provocation. She might scorn herself; but he need not scorn her. She looked at him with that steady, searching demand in her face.

He lost his presence of mind before it; he was self-convicted of his own unworthy half-dealing. He spoke as a man who must say something, but who is not ready with the thing to say, and blurs forth that which he would not have said at all.

"Because, Miss Rill,—because—I wanted you to know my position. To understand—that there might be—other things—different things—that I could not say."

Then the eyes flashed, and the color deepened. She looked as she had looked that day when she had demanded and borne a pain that might buy back her dignity.

"Since you thought it necessary—since you were under such a mistake, Dr. Harriman," she said, slowly, "I am glad you did it. I am able to answer you. It was not necessary at all; and being unnecessary, it was—"

There she stopped. He had just done her a service; she would not tell him that he had offered her an impertinence. She must endure her obligation to him; she must thank him for that, at least. Her anger took a touch of gentler pain. She had begun really to like him—to be glad of his esteem.

She had risen to her feet. This compelled him to rise also. She held out her hand to him. "I owe you for a great service," she said. "I do not forget that."

Perhaps you have heard the same meddling story that I have; perhaps you thought I believed it. I dare say you only meant to be kind, but you have been altogether mistaken, and you have offended me; if I were not offended, I should deserve it all. Good-bye!" She turned round, away from him, and walked down the little foot-track among the leaves.

"Miss Rill! Where are you going? Do not leave me like this! Forgive me! I did not mean one word of what you think!"

He followed her; she paused and looked back at him.

"Please, Dr. Harriman, let me go," she said. "We have been long enough away from the others. I wish you would go back to them. I do not mean to; I am tired; they will let me rest there at the farmhouse; then I shall go home. Perhaps you will find my aunt for me and tell her." She gave him thus much of forgiveness—that he might do her this little service more. She walked on; it was impossible that he should persist, and dog her steps. He lifted his hat with some word of strong regret, and of "another time"; then he took his way as she had hidden him, a man with a quite new experience in his life. How would she get home? He had not asked her this; in the face of her simple determination it had not occurred to him, any more than if she had been a creature with wings. It occurred to him now; but he dared not go back to her. He might—if he had not been a fool—have driven her home himself. This horse and phaeton were at the farmhouse



She paused and looked back at him.

earnestness which perhaps it was as well she did not at the moment see. She was apparently intent upon a cluster of little wood blossoms that grew in a tuft at her side. She passed her finger up their stems, that rose so daintily out from their rich, low leafage. There was a curious tenderness in her touch as it stroked the delicate petals upward. It was as if she felt with them somewhat of their lowly, hidden, unsought life.

Dr. Harriman interrupted himself, noting the action which, perhaps, afforded him a timely relief from an imprudence he was nearly uttering.

"You do not gather the flowers, Miss Rill?" he said, with an inflection as if he asked her why.

"No. I haven't that propensity. I think it is the same which makes men shoot birds. I like live flowers—growing. I don't care for corpses of flowers." Her eyes flashed upward at him as she spoke. It was one of her quaint, queer speeches which, nevertheless, she meant, while she smiled at her own queeriness that often seemed to surprise herself when she had uttered it.

There was something irresistible in her; in her originality, her genuineness; the sparkling of life in her, like the rush and shine of a clear water-spring. It was a nature

odious name for a man. It has in it a woman's foolish vanity, and a man's culpable deceit. I am not a flirt, Miss Rill. I may have trifled, when trifling was all that was expected, or returned; one does feel the difference, Miss Rill; but when I am in earnest, it will be—if I can make her listen—with a woman who will not flirt."

I do not think Dr. Harriman deliberately borrowed his phrase from Putnam King. It had struck him at the time, and it came to him now as the natural word for his own meaning. We say a good many things so, perhaps even without recollecting; there is a good deal of verbal plagiarism; indeed, it makes language; out of it proverbs grow; we do not know where they first came from. But Dr. Harriman colored a little, remembering, as the words came to his lips, how they had been said to him.

Rill Rill had lifted up her head and was looking at him with full, clear eyes. They were eyes that saw beyond the surface, as they were themselves not surface eyes, but took their color and their gleam from depth. Her look was of a listening that sounded down beneath his word. It found something there which he had not meant to express to the ear, at any rate. It was not of the ear's hearing. A color came into the girl's face too; not of embar-

stables. He might have had that lovely ride with her, back through the long pine woods. He might have said something very different from the thing he had said. She was a woman worth waiting for; a woman who would have known how to wait, if it had been with, not for, a man.

One of those stupidities in life had happened by which the whole current of events had been changed, and to his bitter loss. Could he ever, by any happier chance, retrieve it? Could he? He would. He would not question, he would make chance; he would redeem himself; he would marry Rill Raye yet.

No sooner had he disappeared among the trees, and Rill, with furtive glances, had made sure of it, than she sat down again upon the nearest resting-place, a stone at the wood-edge. She was in need of at least a momentary repose, and the need asserted itself suddenly. She was pale and exhausted, almost faint, as the tension of her spirit relaxed. What she would have liked was a good cry; but she dared not take it here; and a cry can wait, though at some expense of nerve. A little way off, the dog still tugged at his strong fastening, and barked and growled. This did not help to calm her, though she knew he could not get away. Why did not the farm people hear him, and come? She began to pity the poor creature. Things were hard in this world for all sorts of struggling, half-way natures.

An easy-rolling carriage came along over the turf and the pine needles of the roadway. Mrs. Rextell's pretty victoria, with herself and Mrs. Sholto for occupants. Rill stood up as it approached. Mrs. Rextell leaned forward to the coachman with a word, and the carriage stopped.

"My dear! what is it?" asked the lady. "You are alone; you look pale; has anything happened?"

"I have been frightened by the dog; Dr. Harriman came and helped me, and tied him to the tree. I am going to the farmhouse to tell them; then I shall go home."

"But how—excuse me?"

"I don't know. Somebody will take me, I suppose." And then—to the remaining question in Mrs. Rextell's eyes—which took a shade of surprise—"Aunt Amelia will know. Dr. Harriman has gone to tell her," she said, simply.

"My dear," said Mrs. Rextell, quickly, "you are not fit to stand to say another word. I will tell you what to do. Keep on to the farmhouse, and wait there; I am only going to the grounds for a few minutes, to speak to one or two people, and leave Mrs. Sholto. I will see Miss Bonable myself. Then I will come back for you, and we will drive home together. Shall we?"

"You are very kind," said Rill. "I shall be glad."

Mrs. Rextell's face lighted with approving satisfaction. The girl had not hesitated. "Drive on, Sandis," she ordered, and nodded with a smile to Cyrilla, to leave whom at once was now the greater kindness. "Look for Miss Bonable as you come up to the party, and bring me as near to her as you can," she added to her servant. "I will relieve Dr. Harriman of the remainder of this business," she thought to herself as she settled back against the cushions.

The ladies overtook Dr. Harriman on the way, and passed him with a polite exchange of bows.

Miss Bonable was quickly found, and Mrs. Rextell and her friend alighted. As they crossed the few steps from the roadway into the little glade between rocks and trees where the supper party still lingered, a new thought came to Mrs. Rextell. "Shall you have a spare seat?" she asked Mrs. Sholto. "How is Col. Sholto coming?"

"In the landau. O, yes; Jack will ride!" Dr. Harriman came up from a cross path in time to see Miss Bonable seated in the Rextell victoria, and turning out upon the drive. Mrs. Rextell met him. "I saw Miss Raye," she told him, "as I came in. I have sent Miss Bonable to her. What was the matter with the dog?"

She spoke in very friendly fashion. Dr. Harriman answered her categorically. "Thank you; that was the best thing," he said. "There was nothing really the matter; the dog was frolicsome and rude; he frightened a little girl; Miss Raye went to the rescue, and she had her hands full. It did become a little serious, at last; those Irish setters are uncertain, and the fellow had his temper up."

"And you came along just in time?" the lady queried, pleasantly. If there were any meaning in her question it did not appear, either on her side, or in his reception of it.

"None too soon for Miss Raye's strength, I think," he answered; and lifting his hat toward his head with a deference, he replaced it, and moved from her as Mrs. Sholto rejoined her friend.

There was a subdued gravity about the gentleman which impressed Mrs. Rextell. "Something has happened," she said to herself, while she spoke a few quite other words to Mrs. Sholto. "I don't believe he was frightened. I wonder if Rill Raye can have refused him!"

The victoria came round to the farmhouse door, with Miss Bonable very upright in it, as if at once careful of undue freedom with a borrowed splendor, and none the less entirely equal to the occasion.

Rill came out, surprised.

"Well, are you ready to go home?" Miss Bonable inquired, with a manner of course. Rill replied by entering the low vehicle. "All right," said Miss Bonable to the inflexible Sandis, who sat like a statue, or a cataleptic. "I don't suppose he would turn round, if we were both to tumble out behind," aunt Amelia remarked, in a tone withdrawn to the interior. This was a graciousness, as taking Rill into some sympathy and companionship. The girl had expected either silence or stern catechising.

But aunt Amelia did not catechise. For one reason, Sandis was trained to hear with

the back of his ears. They rolled smoothly along through the deep, fragrant pinewood shadow, out upon the North Road, and round to Brook Lane and the cottage.

Miss Bonable told Sandis that she was very much obliged. She might as well have told the Sphinx. His impassive eyes were upon his horse's ears, his profile was a fixed, stately line; he made some mysterious, magnetic sign, without sound or apparent motion, and the victoria rolled away.

Perhaps the vexation of her superfluous thanks was in the single sentence which she addressed to Rill as they went up stairs.

"You have a faculty for getting into scrapes; and for everybody knowing it," she said. "I wonder what will happen next!"

But there was no scathing nor scorn in her tone. Whatever her words were, this was gentleness for Miss Bonable. It had not been altogether a scrape, since Mrs. Rextell had lent her countenance—and her carriage—to the emergency. Miss Bonable might not submit to harsh parties, but she valued private and individual attentions.

There was more than this in her forbearance, however. She had not found it to be of much use to scold or accuse Cyrilla, and she had learned, through Miss Haven's sympathetic influence, some wiser relief. That lady not being at home just now, Miss Bonable called next day, on her way from the Point, to see cousin Sarah. She not only must speak to somebody herself, but she foresaw there would be "talk" about this matter, as about all matters, in Wewachet; and she had found out both the prairie strategy of setting a fire before a fire, and the best place to do it in. So she came into the southwest room with her little parcels of niceties from the grocer, and her purchases from Scribble. She laid them down beside her on the sofa, and unrolled her little home packet, the story of the day before.

"It wouldn't have happened to anybody but Rill Raye!" she ended, impatiently.

"I think's likely's not," returned Miss Crooke, calmly. "The ain't many like Rill, Miss Bonable. I hope you're proud of her."

"I know you stand her friend; and that's why I speak about it. But I don't see why she was down there, anyway."

"I don't see why you expect to see everything, specially things that ain't there," said Miss Crooke. Her sharp sententiousness was a comfort to Miss Bonable, whether meant to be or not. She went on with her grievance, perhaps to get more comfort.

"There'll be a buzz about it. They'll say it was a contrivance to meet Dr. Harriman."

"Or the dog," put in Miss Sarah.

Miss Bonable could not resist a smile. It was a pity she ever could. When she showed her beautiful, even teeth, set in their peculiar, delicate oval, and her eyes relaxed their searchingness and let the light through them, she was for the moment a fair, sweet-faced woman—the woman she had been before eye and lip grew hard.

"She'll get talked of again, that's all; it's her way, and her luck," she said.

"There's more'n one way of talkin'," said Sarah Crooke, "and the more's really known about some folks, the better. But don't you talk—don't you buzz, Amelia Bonable! I'm pleased you've come to me with it; but you just drop it right here, and leave it—will you?"

Miss Amelia's eyes opened wide. "I—talk! about Cyrilla!"

"Yes, you. You don't do it abroad; it's new for you to come here; but you talk at home—to her—and to yourself. That's where it begins. That's what puts things in the air. If they're in the closet, they're out on the house-top. That's scripture, and its experience. If you don't want a thing to circulate, don't turn it round in your own mind. It's like a tornado; if it once gets a whirlin', it'll start off. What worries and twists in a little back corner of your own thoughts, is down street making a dust before you know it. It's the rule of things. What you wouldn't like other folks to mistrust, don't you mistrust."

Miss Bonable went home with a fresh kink in her philosophy.

Miss Haven came back, a few days later, from Newport, and cousin Sarah told her all about it. "I declare," she said, "that woman—Amelia Bonable—makes me feel feeble. I don't know what to say to her. She ain't bad—nor bad-hearted; but she endures a lot of trouble beforehand. If folks will set on misery's eggs, they needn't complain when something hatches!"

Miss Haven laughed. The next day she began her little rounds again in Wewachet. "There is always something to fetch and to carry," said the barefaced newsmonger.

She made half-a-dozen calls; she wanted to know everything that had happened while she had been away. She gathered and distributed; she went armed and equipped from one house to the next; she became utterance and authority; she mixed herself with what she heard, and characterized it. The bended bow and the voice passed on, and it was generous good-will that the message carried.

All was of interest; all was discussed; from Edith Pinceley's new gown, that she "suspected was a quiet present—from Mrs. Sholto, perhaps; Edith was a good deal there"—to the incidents and adventures at Shepaug; Connie Norris's sauciness, and George Craig's manly facing of it—"It will do them both good," Miss Haven said; "they will understand each other yet; there is a fair making in both of them"—to Rill and the little farmhouse girl, the fright and the bravery, and Mrs. Rextell. Dr. Harriman was slipped back into a second place. "O, yes, he helped Rill tie up the dog," was all he got of comment or applause.

Mrs. Rextell is growing very fond of Rill, I think, and she has an especially great respect for Miss Bonable. It is nice for them all. You are such very friendly people here, Mrs. Rospey," said the dear Machiavel, in her last twilight call.

"It's you that have done it. It's a neighborhood now—or the beginning of one; and it never was before you came. You've spun us together, somehow."

Elizabeth Haven did not contradict; she knew it was true. "That's what I'm a spinster for," she said, lightly, with the tears in her eyes; and in her heart she thanked the Lord.

She had woven her sunshine in very small threads; she was content to drop tiny, patient dews of speech; only once in a while, upon occasion, she came down here or there with some full blaze of a reserved knowledge, some shower of generous surprise, that made suddenly a spring-day and a greenness of new blades where else might have been a lingering of frost and winter-kill.

One autumn day, later on, she was sitting with Mrs. Rextell in her little conservatory parlor. A wide window looked into depths of firs and larches, up and down whose branching slopes ran pretty cedar birds. A glass door was open upon sheltered loveliness of ferns and roses, heliotropes and carnations, budding lilies. The air was full of delicate fragrances, with sunbeams filtering softly through. It was a fit place for two sweet, sunny-hearted women to sit and talk together.

Mrs. Sholto had just gone out.

"She is lovely," said Mrs. Rextell, coming back to her chair beside Miss Haven, after parting from her other visitor at the door. "Nobody half knew her before her second marriage. How should they, when hardly half of her had chance to be alive? How strange it is, this taking people for granted at their weak exceptions and passing disadvantages, and sending them on labeled with record of them! I do hate talk about one's neighbors. And a little place like this is full of it."

"Not so full as it ought to be. People don't tell half the good news. If they only knew what they are doing with their shewn-up and stigmatizing the wrong, untrue thing; the thing, may be, a soul is going to the Lord with in sore trouble! It is making spectacle of mortal pain!"

"It is worse; it is making the mortal pain. It is vivisection," said Mrs. Rextell, indignantly.

By unspoken suggestion, they went on from that—these two so little lower than the angels—with tender mentions that were healings, or inquiries that sought healings. Presently, their speech turned upon Rill Raye and Miss Bonable. No; talk does not turn itself; Miss Haven turned it.

"Miss Bonable is a person one can hardly ever accomplish an intention with," said Mrs. Rextell. "It is a pity; it is a hindrance to Miss Raye."

"Do you think it is so hard?"

"Yes, usually; if you do accomplish anything, it stands by itself. You cannot begin again where you left off." She was thinking of Shepaug, and of certain little failures afterward to follow up her own advance there; failures due, really, to Miss Bonable's stern determination not to seem to expect the ell from the inch. "She is exceedingly blunt," said Mrs. Rextell.

"Exceedingly," said Miss Haven. "Therefore, one must not try to get round her bluntness with any ordinary—or extraordinary—suavity. One must go very straight to the point, facing her own honesty."

"Perhaps so; and very deep, too. She is not to be met on the surface. Maybe I should have said one cannot accomplish with her an attention. It is of no use to invite her, for instance."

"No; not as a matter of course. She says she will not go to hash parties."

Mrs. Rextell laughed merrily. "Is that what she calls my neighborhood entertainments? It's capital! I never should have had the wit to think of it. I'm sure I never had the deliberate meaning in the thing; but it is just what they are—and everybody's else—the big, general ones. I suppose it is a natural variation from 'first chop!' I never thought what that meant before!"

There is an indescribable delicate touch that a high-bred person can give to a phrase of slang, just glancing at it with piquant quotation. The words fell from Mrs. Rextell's lips with a grace of dainty strangeness.

"I certainly do respect Miss Bonable," she went on, brightly. "I always thought her really excellent, but with odd, rough ways that rather turn aside approach, you know. That is hard for her niece. Miss Raye is charming,—only, just a little—emphasized? Some people seem to be printed in italics; I suppose they cannot help it; but one hardly prefers the type—for a young girl?" Mrs. Rextell spoke with gentle rising inflections, putting things with interrogation.

"Maybe not, if the type is coarse, or an exaggeration. But a uniform, delicate script, only unusual for its clearness and grace, and the text something worthy a special setting?" Miss Haven replied with similar fine query.

"That is what you think? I am glad, and thank you. But—again—isn't there some misreading there—on both sides, perhaps? Don't they—rather—put each other in a bad light? I wish—it is because I feel, somehow, interested in both—I don't know why; I wish I could understand."

"I think it would be good you should understand," said Miss Haven to that, with a sudden decision. "I will tell you the whole story." And then the golden gossip took on her what only a golden gossip can, who discerns with heavenly freemasonry and speaks in love. In ten minutes more Mrs. Rextell knew, of this inner human history, what the ministering spirits knew, and took it into the same pure keeping. When Miss Haven had finished, she sat silent a moment, folding it away. "And that," she said, presently, with a tender reverence in her voice, "is—"

"That is Miss Bonable," replied Miss Haven, to her pause. "She is stiff and gnarled, perhaps, but she is—"

"She is a cedar of Lebanon," interrupted Mrs. Rextell.

Miss Haven left that unanswered.

Mrs. Rextell came to the end of her dark-olive wool, and searched in her basket for some soft canary. "And the girl knows

nothing of all this?" she asked, as she joined on the beautiful contrast.

"Nothing; further than that she 'lost' her mother when she was little, and that her father went away and never came back again, and so she came to belong to Aunt Amelia."

"And never did belong. There should not have been so much hiding. At any rate, she is old enough now to know more."

"But how could Miss Bonable ever tell her? How could she tell her enough for her really to understand? The two things that were the significance of it all—her father's fickleness and her mother's shame—she could not tell her those!"

"I don't know. Perhaps not all at once, or at the first. But little by little, as came natural, as she would surely ask. Oh, there is always a way to tell the truth; or else it takes a way to tell itself. That child has lived in the dark, Miss Haven."

"It is a reason—I have felt so—why we should help her up into the light."

"But the man—the father; why has he done nothing at his end? Why has he been content?" Mrs. Rextell was warmly roused. Her beautiful eyes shone; her color was fervent; she leaned toward her friend, dropping her work, a confusion of soft brilliancy, upon her lap.

"I suppose he had little hope for the child of such mothering; except as he could leave her, without interference, to the different one. I suppose he was discouraged, disgusted, at first; then—away out there, and busy with a man's work—he grew indifferent, and forgot almost. Men do; they are not like women. He never forgot his duty about her, it seems, however; he has sent money, year by year, to Miss Bonable."

"More than her mere support, I wonder?"

"I think so. Miss Bonable says he has 'done well enough' out there. She has taken care of whatever came so that it should be safe for Cyrilla by-and-by. It has not been used for her support."

"And Cyrilla has known nothing about that, either, I dare say."

"There was no need yet; Miss Bonable thought better not. She gives her every six months the rent of the little place at Maplefield, which Rill knows she owns. That makes a fair allowance for her, and affords her the experience of taking care of money; which Miss Bonable says a girl can learn as well with ten dollars as with a hundred. 'If you can hem a towel, you can hem a sheet,' she says."

"But it won't be fair to her, very long. She ought to know what she can do in the world. And—why, it's keeping her out of all her birthrights, Miss Haven! She has a right to her father; to her child's love and duty; she has a right to the debt of gratitude and honor she owes her aunt. It ought not to go on so!"

"I have said all that to Miss Bonable, but she puts it off. 'What would come of it?' she asks. She could not send Rill over to that other end of the world; and she could not ask Rill's father to come here. I suppose those two have been separately and tacitly agreed that it was better to have the half circumference of the earth between them."

"Is the other woman living?"

"I think Miss Bonable hardly knows. There was a name among the death notices in a paper once, that might have been the one she would have called herself by; but Miss Bonable never learned anything more. Very possibly it was only a coincidence. What inclines me to think that Mr. Raye may have kept some trace of her, and know that she is still living, is the fact that he does not come back."

"I see; but suppose Miss Bonable should die?"

"She has provided that he shall know, in that case. 'It will not be far—for him—then,' she said."

"I don't believe it is all the way round, with either of them, now," said imaginative Mrs. Rextell. "There are straight lines that tie the ends of the widest arcs."

"Yes; there are other axes than the one from pole to pole. Lives turn upon many such."

"And Miss Bonable cannot be much above forty, now. A fresh, fair woman, too—when you look at her in the light that belongs to her. Well, one cannot meddle with that, even in wishing. But the other thing—that father and daughter should not know each other all these years; that they should be suddenly thrust together sometime, perhaps, not the least prepared what to make of each other; that he should be thinking of her with all the possibility in her of that other parentage, and losing sight of her as his own child; that while she is turning out—who knows how, with such repression—he should not know her real sweetness and strength and promise—and, oh, her need! If somebody could only write to him and tell him that, Miss Haven!"

"I have written," said Miss Haven, quietly. (To be continued.)

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HOW MUCH THEY ARE LIKE FLOWERS

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox



THE most interesting study of woman is, I think, woman. Not because we like women better than we like men, but because they are more difficult to understand, and more diversified in types.

All men have certain qualities in common—a certain aggressiveness in regard to our sex; a certain egotism; a vein of worship, and a vein of disdain for women, running side by side in their mental make-up; a certain pride in their own superiority, and proud consciousness of their ability to have a good time without us, no matter how adorable they think us.

There are as many kinds of women as there are of flowers and vegetables. But there are a few distinct types of femininity that are easily classified, and interesting to watch.

I never meet a woman that I do not analyze her, to see in which department of my mental conservatory she belongs. It is usually a question easily decided in one interview—often at one glance. Sometimes, however, it requires a more careful study and analysis.

THERE is the "handsome" woman, for instance. She is usually large, and her features are regular and strongly outlined. She may be pale or rosy, but if she has color, it does not suggest warmth. She may be blonde or brunette, gay or reserved, animated or reposeful, but I never think of any word but handsome for her. She is not pretty, lovely, beautiful, or charming to me. She is handsome. I love to look at her. I will go out of my way to see her, but I do not want to touch her, and I am not anxious to talk to her. She wins my admiration as does a fine picture, a house, a piano, or a statue. Men always turn to look at her, and are eager to be introduced. She is admired, flattered, sought; but seldom loved deeply. Her husband is very proud of her, but he is not her passionate lover.

I place her with my camellias, dahlias, hollyhocks, fuchsias, and other scentless, but attractive, flowers.

THE "lovely" woman is quite another type. She may be small or large, distinctly beautiful, pretty, or merely interesting, but she is always spoken of as "lovely." She is seldom forceful in character or noticeably strong; but she possesses an individuality of her own and it is always winning and never aggressive. Without any effort on her part, you always feel that she is unselfish, kind-hearted and pure-minded. She praises other women and enjoys others' pleasures, and is thoughtful in small things. She is a great favorite with her own sex, and men give her an idolized sort of friendship, which is very apt to grow into affection if they are much in her society. She is inclined to treat men exactly as she treats women, because she is so sweet and pure-minded, and unconscious of her own loveliness. She is seldom a belle, but she has always a host of loving friends and tender admirers, and her husband regards her as a sort of cross between an angel and a child. She brings out all that is best in him without attempting a reform. Women are seldom jealous of her, because her innate goodness is felt by one and all.

I place this woman among my sweet lilies, thornless roses, and sprays of mignonette and heliotrope, and surround her with rose-garlands and evergreens; for no matter how old she may grow, she is always "lovely!"

THEN, there is the "kissable" woman. Her size, age, tints, features, disposition, character—one and all have seemingly nothing to do with her charm. All you are conscious of in her presence is the desire to take her in your arms and kiss her. She may be absolutely devoid of personal beauty, and not young, and yet nine men and a-half and seven women out of each ten, will want to kiss her if they are in her presence five minutes. Sometimes she is good and kind and unselfish, and possessed of beauty; and then she is always breaking hearts without meaning to do so, and winning love she cannot return, and incurring criticism she does not deserve. She sees more beautiful women giving more encouragement to men than she gives, and indulging in far more desperate flirtations without causing any such disaster as she causes by one kind, sweet smile; and she cannot understand it all, at least not until she has had all sorts of trouble out of it. But the fact is, that the men who are quite hardened to flirtations with the merely beautiful women, lose their heads in an insane desire to seize the kissable girl in their arms. Women who do not possess this charm, and who play a bold game of flirtation without incurring any such risks and dangers, find it impossible to explain the effect of the kissable girl upon her admirers. They think she must be a very deep and adroit siren at heart, while, in fact, she is often frankness personified. She is inclined to become somewhat selfish however, as time passes, in her love of admiration, and to take as her natural right more love than belongs to her. But she is never malicious or intentionally unkind. She feels sorry for her lovers after she has won them, and she never wounds another woman if she can help it without a too great sacrifice of the love and devotion

which is her native element. She is full of love herself, and her friendships are inclined to be as ardent as the loves of the "handsome" woman. Her rejected lovers become her friends almost always, and her husband worships her and finds her a better wife than she was a sweetheart. If she marries a man strong and tactful enough to keep her entire heart, she becomes a great favorite with her own sex, for women have always been inclined to adore her when they were not jealous of her influence over men.

I place the kissable woman among my luscious roses—with now and then a hidden thorn—my spicy carnations, wherein a bee may be concealed, and my fragrant magnolias.

THEN there is the "designing" woman, with the fair face and voluptuous form, who is politic in all she says or does. She always has her little axe to grind, hidden somewhere in the folds of her costly robe—for she always wears costly dresses and worships jewels. She seeks the love of men who can advance her interests and increase her revenue, and she considers nothing immoral that is not found out. She studies the weaknesses of the sterner sex and is willing to take any risk with an expectation of financial or social benefit. She assumes great virtues, frequents churches, is liberal in public charities, often courts the women who can give her a background of respectability; ignores snubs, and smiles down cold stares. She invites herself to houses where she thinks it is well for her to be seen, and if the society paper chronicles her name as one of the guests she feels repaid for any neglect or indifference she may have received while there. She cares only for men as they may be useful to her, but she is such an adept in the arts of fascination that she is capable of increasing their very intense—if very fleeting—devotion, and they are not infrequently ready to sacrifice name and honor for her. But she disillusioned them with her mercenary frivolities, and her husband finds her disloyal, and her career is certain to end in that of an adventuress. She is sure to attract a vast amount of comment and notice wherever she goes, and she is quite content if she can make a sensation.

She belongs with the uncanny cactus plants, and the gorgeous-hued tropical flowers from which deadly poisons are distilled.

THEN there is the distinctly "intellectual" woman, who is so alarmingly well-informed on all subjects, and so anxious to have you realize her mental superiority. She has thought on every subject under and over the sun, and has formed her convictions on all matters, and the instant you broach a subject she hastens to assure you that she knows all about it. She sometimes possesses handsome features, but her too active intellect has sharpened them, and hued away the curves of beauty. She is inclined to dress severely, and to wear very dignified bonnets. She thinks out her answers a sentence ahead of your remarks, and waits for you to finish, with mere tolerance. Her women friends speak of her with great respect as "such an intelligent person," and the clergyman of her faith is the only man who ever bestows any voluntary attention upon her. Her husband considers her a remarkably intelligent woman—but he is given to dining at the club a great deal, and meekly acknowledges that he cannot hold a candle to his wife in brain.

The useful, healthful, but strong and tear-starting leek is suggested to me by this woman. A very small flavoring of this vegetable is all one's taste requires.

THE "useful" girl is another type. She can sew, get a dinner if need be, amuse children, assist in getting up entertainments for other people to participate in, dance enough to fill up an impromptu set, play cards well enough to take a hand when the old people need her, and she is an excellent nurse, and reads aloud well, and sings a little—enough to rock a child asleep or to help out a chorus. She is not noticeable in any way—is neither pretty nor ugly, and is very simple in her attire. Everybody makes use of her, and everybody likes her. She has no enemies and no lovers. Women like her very much, and men speak highly of her when she is brought to their attention in some way; but they never think about her voluntarily. They appreciate her highly when she helps them out of a corner, and thank her cordially, and then forget her until they need her again. She is not apt to marry, for men do not care for useful girls before marriage. She usually drifts into old maidenhood, or marries a widower with a lot of children.

She is like the green "everlasting," or old-fashioned "live-forever" plant—scentless, and not beautiful, yet indispensable in a garden. Everybody needs it in a bouquet to serve as a background for the bright flowers, but nobody cares for it for itself. No man ever thinks of plucking it for his boutonniere, but he appreciates its effect and value in the garden.

THEN there are the every-day "pretty girls"—pretty with youth, and hope, and good spirits merely—who have no distinguishing traits or peculiarities but who please the eye while it beholds them, like the common field-daisies, buttercups and clover blossoms growing by the roadside. And again, there are the critical, pessimistic, fault-finding, fault-discovering women, who always make you feel dissatisfied with yourself and the world; and these are the prickly-pears, the burrs and thistles of woman-kind.

Not all women can become the human flower of their choice, but all women can, at least, avoid becoming weeds and thistles.

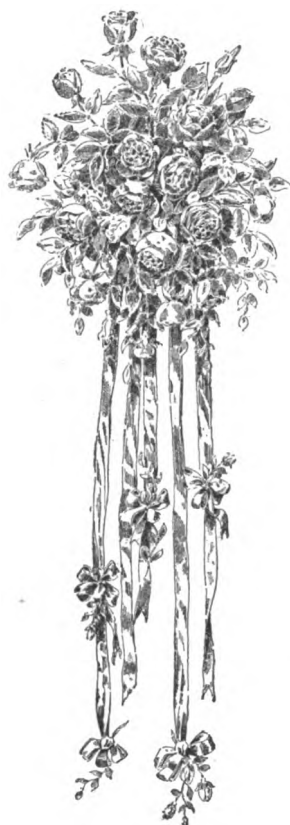
THE NEW FLORAL CHATELAINE



THE flower chataine is the very latest arrangement of buds and blossoms; it is pretty and picturesque, and as it may be wrought out in the flower that one has chosen as one's very own, it may, of course, be positively individual. Those illustrated below show two effects.

A CHATELAINE OF PINK ROSES

THE first one illustrated is of pale pink roses, that cluster close together toward the centre, and flare out, a single rose at a time, toward the edge in a way that is very artistic. From under the bunch of roses are pendant long, narrow, pale-green ribbons, with a rose-



bud knotted here and there upon them as illustrated, no two being placed exactly alike. The ribbon, the foliage, and the pale pink form a most charming contrast. In a chataine for a bride, the roses would be white and the ribbons white, though the green foliage would still be retained. The large Jack roses should have ribbons to match the rose; the pale yellow ones may have white, yellow, or blue, the preference being in the order named.

VIOLETS WROUGHT IN CHAINS

THE little flowers of the empire, the dainty purple violets, are shown in a round bouquet with pendant chains, that is most effective, and which will undoubtedly have many admirers. The centre is a solid, closely-bunched mass of violets, a framing of single violets standing out in aureole fashion about the edge. The chains are fastened one to another, and are of the violets closely woven together. A broad ribbon, of the veritable violet



here, is tied just at the centre of the bouquet about the stems, and its ends and loops fall down and form a slight background for the flower chains. Any small flower could be developed after this manner—daisies, pansies, bachelor-buttons, primroses, forget-me-nots, and ragged robins being suitable.

IF YOU GO TO THE COUNTRY

By HELEN JAY



THE majority of people the answer to the question "Where shall we spend the summer?" has its limitations. Necessity, not choice, governs their decision. Strange to say, this fact is often forgotten in the developments of the season. Sometimes the house-wife frankly admits that she cannot afford to pay for perfect appointments; yet, after she has taken advantage of the moderate terms offered by some farmer's wife, she finds fault because she does not receive what she has declared herself unable to pay for.

City improvements when grafted on country life, become expensive luxuries, just as irreproachable cream, butter and eggs are the most costly accessories of city housekeeping. We would feel justly hurt if some farmer folk boarding in our New York home, should expect a large tennis court, quantities of flowers, fruit and Alderney milk, without understanding that these demands made a great drain upon the household finances. There is a vague idea to the effect that country people have to pay little or nothing for many things; therefore, the stranger within their gates expects a great deal for a small expenditure. While it is quite true that the actual cost of living is much less on a farm than in any large town, still, there are items of expense greater in the country than in the city. This is especially true of household plenishing, wearing apparel and labor.

It is very difficult for the farmer's wife to secure a competent servant, and many of the tasks you delegate to others she is obliged to do herself without the aid of modern household appliances. The scarcity of ready money and the high rates of transportation, together with the absence of bargain-counters account for the plainness of her wardrobe and the poverty of her *laves et penates*.

If when you go to the country you would bear this fact in mind, you will readily understand that even hot water at all times becomes a drain upon the resources of the kitchen, and that the plans for the day may be seriously interfered with by calls for someone to go after an extra mail.

You would naturally, too, expect less in the way of decoration, and fail to be astonished at the old fashion of the furniture and table equipage. The farmer has no fairy godmother to deliver his letters, take charge of his trunks, light his house and connect it with the centre of trade by telegraph and telephone. He must be his own special providence and do for himself the thousand things from the burden of which city improvements relieve you.

He is not responsible for the general conditions of his environment. No one can justly hold you accountable for the discomforts of rapid transit and the polluted air of the city. Why, then, should you resent the dusty roads, the flies and mosquitoes as personal injuries, the infliction of which might be averted? The weather, too, is not under the farmer's control. The rainy days which try your patience and call forth so many sighs, are often as disastrous to his business as to your pleasure.

Sometimes there is a disposition to ask the Ethiopian to change his skin and the leopard to discard his spots. You complain that the farmhouse is stupid, and that there is actually no excitement in the little village, disregarding the fact that you came to the country for rest and quiet.

The old injunction to "Make hay while the sun shines," rests heavily upon the farmer. During the summer he must sow and reap and gather into barns; and yet, in his busiest season, he is expected to amuse city people.

Without orchestra, caterer, stage settings and shops to supply favors and prizes, it is difficult for the most accomplished leader to materialize a social success. Why, then, should we expect the country folk, with no experience to guide them, to do with the materials at their command that which, with our long training, we find to be impossible? Were the cases reversed, would we think it part of our duty to entertain our boarders in the city with trout and botanizing expeditions, and long tramps through green pastures?

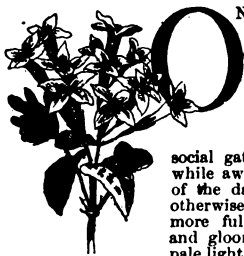
Often there is the complaint that there are few, if any, books in the farmhouse, and those are not readable. Circulating libraries do not abound in country villages any more freely than in city hotels, and there is an unwritten law which says, "That among the impediments of the traveler should be included his mental pabulum."

This scarcity of the accessories of artificial amusement and of books, does not imply intellectual poverty on the part of the farmer and his family. They have digested and assimilated their reading matter, and the one magazine which finds its way to the farmhouse, is studied more thoroughly than the many periodicals which flood the city home. It is difficult for a person born and bred in town to realize the conditions of country society. The girl who waits upon you at the table, and whom you mentally delegate to the same sphere as your Swedish maid, may be the well educated daughter of a wealthy man, whose self-respect is not a bit lessened because she adds to her pocket money in the only way possible to her opportunities. The farmer and his wife are powers in the church and community, and are not accustomed to being treated as if made of inferior clay. If, when you go to the country, you avoid this mistake and deal kindly and truly with them, they will generally treat you in the same manner.

By being careful in your handling of the furniture and household treasures, and by showing consideration for the overworked, tired housewife, you will greatly lighten her burden and add to the happiness of your own outing. Exercise a little common sense.

WHAT IT IS TO BE A LEPER

By Sister Rose Gertrude



O N the soft balmy evenings, when the hard work of the hospital was over, we often used to sit under the trees, and in social gathering try to while away a few hours of the day, else which otherwise would be even more full of heaviness and gloom. Under the pale light of the clustering stars and gentle moon, the sad, sweet strains of the violin and guitar, mingled with the chorus of boys' voices, would often rise above the murmurs of the night-breeze from the mountains, and the distant boom of the surf breakers on the reef. Then would the listeners be intruded by a stirring narrative of a Fiji Islander, or a negro from South America; again, we compared the manners, customs, laws, etc., of our respective countries, but often, the conversation ran on the curse which overhung us and the nation, the regulations concerning lepers, and the different doctors who had tried their skill in these islands in the hope of finding some undoubted specific for the disease.

"How could I have become a leper?" said a white man to me once. "God knows I led the quietest life. I never ate raw fish or poi. I never mixed with the natives. My wife and her sister lived together, and we kept apart even from our neighbors. But we never knew that my wife's sister was a leper until she was taken by the policeman. And, almost as soon as she was gone, I was brought here too—though I had been suffering dreadful pain in my feet, and had had numerous water-blisters, which left sores for a long time before—almost as soon as my sister-in-law came to stay with us."

There was, too, among us a young girl of nineteen. She was a pretty blonde, with large blue eyes, and a wealth of magnificent golden hair, with the slightest trace of native blood in her veins. "My mother never allowed us to mix with the natives," she said to me, "and I had so much to do at home with the little ones that I hardly ever had a chance of going even to visit the white people I knew in Honolulu. We used to eat raw fish and poi just like the natives (as my mother's mother was a half-white), but we always prepared it ourselves. I do not know but some of my grandmother's family may have been lepers, or some of the girls at school may have had the disease, without our being aware of it."

"How did the disease first present itself to you?" I asked of her. "For about a year I had an uncomfortable feeling in my feet, as if they were heavy; then they sometimes swelled, and sometimes pained me very much. Four months ago I went out for the day to a picnic by the sea. We took off our shoes and stockings, and bathed and walked on the sands until we were tired out. To my horror, I found I could not get my shoes on again, my feet had so swelled and were so painful. My legs swelled, too; spots came on my back and chest. In a month my face darkened, and my eyebrows fell off. Our family doctor called in Dr. Lutz to consult him about me, and he advised me to give myself up, so as not to endanger my little brothers and sisters."

"I had that kind of heaviness in my arms, too," said another woman sitting near to us. "I felt as if ants were crawling over my face all the time; then my cheeks became red and swollen, and anyone who saw me knew what was my trouble then. I had a brother, a leper too, and though I did not present the worst symptoms of the disease, they said there was not much doubt about my being a leper. My brother had white spots for a long time, but we thought it was 'Kane.'" (An affection of the skin, so-called by the natives. White spots, or patches, appear on the face, back and limbs).

In the majority of cases of leprosy, these are the premonitory symptoms, though by the careless, happy-go-lucky natives, they often go unnoticed; and, indeed, in cases even of white people, the diagnosis is exceedingly difficult. In most cases it is only when spots or tubercles appear that the victims awaken to a sense of their danger, the more so as they naturally hope against hope, and try to disbelieve the painful truth which slowly forces itself upon them.

A very common symptom, and almost the only one in cases of the nervous form of leprosy, is a paresis of the extensor muscles of the fingers or hands, which are then curved like a bird's claw. A total loss of the sense of feeling generally accompanies this paresis; the skin of the affected parts does not perspire, and the hair falls out. But although it be most inconvenient to partially lose the use of a hand or several fingers, this, I think, is far preferable to the tubercular form which usually attacks the face first of all. This form may begin by a brown patch, or dark-red flush on the face; then, nodules, the size of a pea or small walnut, appear. These are more or less anesthetic. Sections of these nodules, microscopically examined, are found to contain the *bacillus lepræ* in infinite numbers. Sometimes the entire countenance is covered with these tubercles, which may ultimately ulcerate. I have seen one case in which the entire left cheek of a woman was one ulcer. The eyes become injected and bleared, when the nerve branch that supplies the circular muscle that closes the eye is paralyzed, preventing the patient from closing his eyes, even when sleeping. The nose is infiltrated and swells; the ear lobes become long, hard and

pendant; ulcerations take place in the inside of the nose and in the throat, the discharges of which are both offensive and dangerous as a source of contagion from the number of bacilli contained in them, and give rise to troubles of deglutition and speech. Finally, affections of vital organs may ensue, causing symptoms simulating those of tuberculosis of the bowels and lungs, and welcome is the Angel of Death when he comes to bear away the soul from the corrupt body.

In the nervous form of leprosy there is seldom disfigurement of the countenance, beyond a peculiar expression which may be accounted for by the fact that the eyes are injected. Pigmented patches appear on the skin, often situated on the back. These patches vary much in form and color; some are red, psoriasis-like; others of a dull copper hue. Sometimes only the edges are pigmented, and the patch of affected skin is white, or of a much lighter color than the skin in its normal condition. Many lepers whom I have seen might have traveled through the world, and none would have had the least suspicion that they were lepers. These, as a rule, suffer little, beyond a feeling of weariness at the least exertion, and a susceptibility of taking cold.

It is very seldom, however, that one sees a leper in the incipient stages of the disease. Many, when brought to the Receiving Station, acknowledge having had the disease ten or even twenty years. Some of these have been going about freely in the towns or villages, others have been living up in the mountains (at Kauai, there is a small leper settlement which can only be approached by boats in fine weather, and only the friends of the lepers are allowed to come near) or in the woods. This is, perhaps, one reason for the increased number of victims every year. The Hawaiians will not give up their lepers until forced to do so; they will hide them, nurse them, cherish them, without a thought of the danger to themselves. In the small cottages, or little, dark, low grass huts in which they live huddled together, it is not surprising that one should prove a source of contamination to many others. What, perhaps, is more to be wondered at is that many more men than women become lepers, as in this country (among the natives) the restrictions imposed upon women by modesty and *bién séance* do not exist.

The Hawaiians will never give as a reason for their having contracted the disease, contact with other lepers. Hard drinking, over-fatigue, sleeping out-of-doors at night, too frequent sea-bathing—these are given as the reasons if you question them as to the probable source of harm to them. It is almost incredible that, after so many sad and fatal experiences, they will still harbor lepers in an advanced stage of the disease, for such selfishness is not uncommon among men who will still pass round one pipe for all to have a smoke, and will dip their fingers into the same calabash (*) of poi (†) as does a leper who has ulcerated fingers.

"See how many have a leper in their family and others do not catch it," they will answer with an indolent shrug of the shoulders. "And see how many white people become lepers, who have never to their knowledge seen a leper."

Only once have I seen a native who was afraid of contracting the disease, and he also became a leper. He was an old man, and his grown-up daughter first showed signs of the disease. He is a well-educated man, and had read and heard much of contagion, and resolved to set her apart from the rest of his family. At the same time, she was his most dearly-loved daughter, and not for the whole world would he have given her up to the authorities to be sent to Molokai. So he built her a little cottage on the hill-side, far away from all human habitation, and every day a member of the family carried up to her food and other necessities of life; but all were strictly forbidden to touch her or to kiss her. She did not live very long, and soon after her death, the father himself presented similar symptoms of the disease. At the time when I first saw him, he was a bad case of tubercular leprosy, presenting patches of pigmented skin on his back and chest, numerous tubercles on his arms, and a marked leonine face. Under his treatment at Kalihi he improved so rapidly and steadily that I think—and he was firmly convinced of it too—he would have in time been quite cured. Very few people, even of the most sanguine temperament, would expect a disease to be eradicated in a few months, when that disease has been steadily progressing for years, and moreover is one which has only yielded to the influence of those who have brought to bear on it the light of bacteriology and profound therapeutical knowledge.

Unfortunately—for the credit of the men of science, who so humanely devote themselves to the study of leprosy—Thomas, the Apostle, was not more hard to convince than the world in general with regard to the cure of lepers. For excellent reasons the lepers are not seen before they are treated, and if seen afterwards, immediately arises the remark, "Perhaps they were not really lepers."

This has been said to me over and over again, when asked if I really saw lepers cured. And I can only reply that I have seen the most obstinate symptoms disappear; and I have seen people declared by the four examining physicians "Lepers," and the same

* A wooden vessel.

† The taro root cooked and pounded and mixed with milk or water, having the consistence of a thin paste of flour and water. The natives dip their fingers into the calabash and then suck the poi off their fingers.

brought up for examination, after the lapse of some months, and declared by the Board of Examiners as "Not lepers."

The treatment carried on at the Kalihi Hospital is no secret. It has been explained in some of the reports of Dr. Lutz, and I do not think it would become me to speak of it in detail here, as that should be done by the originator. I may say, however, that the most beneficial medicines used in the treatment of leprosy are salicylate of soda and salol in high doses. Both of these were introduced by Dr. Lutz in the treatment of leprosy in Brazil, and have been extensively tried by him. There were also a variety of external applications suitable to the form of the disease, and the peculiar conditions and constitution of each patient. This treatment, besides having so marked an effect on the disease, seemed to improve the general health and invigorate the lepers themselves. They often said they had never felt so inclined to hard work and exercise in their lives since the beginning of their sickness.

As to the daily life and occupation of the lepers: there was not always at Kalihi full scope for their talent and energy. Some of the boys worked in the Dispensary, some sweeping and dusting, others learning to mix medicines and ointments; others made tables, chairs and shelves for different rooms; others kept in order all things appertaining to the microscope and camera, and some even learned to develop plates, and print and tone photographs; others practiced for the singing in the chapel which took up a large part of the time of those who had good voices and a real love of music. One very clever musician made some musical instruments which were wonderfully sweet and melodious: a small violin, guitars; rows of old medicine bottles, large and small, were made to give forth all the plaintive Hawaiian melodies.

The women generally make clothes for the men and boys, and for themselves and the little girls, who were also taught to make their own loose gowns, for many of the lepers are mostly of the poorest, and often arrived at the hospital with scarcely any clothes.

At the settlement at Molokai the time hangs very heavily on the hands of even these ease-loving children of the tropics. Some few, in the first stage of the disease, build cottages, some cultivate taro, tobacco, sugarcane, or other plants in small inclosed patches. In the older times they distilled strong and harmful liquors, but this is now, happily, forbidden by law. The sea around abounds with all kinds of fish, and in calm weather the stronger ones pass hours in their favorite pursuit. There are a number of horses at the settlement, too, and sometimes there are horse-races, the training for which is an amusement to them for weeks beforehand. The women fish or ride, too. As a rule, they are not much given to domestic pursuits, though some still make hats, and gorgeous quilts with birds and flowers cut out of colored rags, stitched on to the white calico.

But those who can work are almost disinclined to do so, by the utter uselessness of their industry. "We are dying," say they; "Why should we waste our time in working to leave good things behind for those who do not care for us? What is the use of cultivating land, the fruits of which we shall never enjoy?"

The Chinese bear off the palm for industry. They plant taro and rice, and establish bread and cake stores, and even make candy for those who have the good fortune to receive money from their friends on the other islands.

Of course there are many who from loss of hands or feet are unable to work, and theirs is the saddest lot. They have literally nothing to do but sleep and smoke, and their lives must be unutterably dreary.

It is a pity, but indeed it cannot be otherwise, that there are so few books printed in the Hawaiian language, so that the lepers have almost no opportunity of amusing themselves by reading. We must commend the government, however, for multiplying schools and teachers over all the islands where the children are taught English. Although it is sad to look on the obsolescence of the Hawaiian language one cannot help thinking that it is more useful to themselves to teach them to read and write a language by means of which they may earn their living, or may school and educate themselves, even should they lose all hopes of a useful career, in order to keep their souls and intellects from corruption far more to be dreaded than that which eats away their bodies.

SOME USES OF HOT WATER

HOT water is far more of a medicinal property than many believe or know. Because it is to be had for the making thousands think it invaluable, on the theory that what comes easiest is oftentimes least thought of. The uses of hot water are, however, many:

For example, there is nothing that so promptly cuts short congestion of the lungs, sore throat, or rheumatism, as hot water when applied promptly and thoroughly.

Headache almost always yields to the simultaneous application of hot water to the feet and back of the neck.

A towel folded several times, and dipped in hot water, and quickly wrung out and applied over the toothache or neuralgia, will generally afford prompt relief.

A strip of flannel, or napkin folded lengthwise, and dipped in hot water and wrung out, and then applied round the neck of a child that has the croup, will sometimes bring relief in ten minutes.

Hot water taken freely half an hour before bed-time, is helpful in the case of constipation while it has a most soothing effect upon the stomach and bowels.

A goblet of hot water taken just after rising, before breakfast, has cured thousands of indigestion, and no simple remedy is more widely recommended by physicians to dyspeptics.

HOW TO DRESS FOR BICYCLE RIDING

By ELLEN LE GARDE

TWO conditions are needed for a perfect costume for the bicycle. Looseness, to permit the fullest freedom to the many muscles constantly in action, and a color sombre and dark. Although the fair girl flyer is an accepted fact on our streets and highways, at the same time she can do much to make her welcome more assured, her presence there on her "Safety" will be far more creditable to her sex, and provoke less comment from captious critics if, in choosing a material for her dress, she looks favorably on the dark blues, browns or even black. I know a girl who always rides in red, elaborately braided with black. She suggests a feminine Mephistopheles, and although perfectly bewitching at times in a great red hat with a whole flower-garden of red poppies upon it, she looks, as she prepares to mount her machine, so utterly out of harmony with its uses and value, that could she hear the remarks that come from her fellow-riders she would be disturbed greatly. She is at heart well meaning, but lacking in that finer quality of good taste, which ever seeks to dress sensibly and as best befits the occasion. So in selecting your goods decide on some shade inoffensive to the eye and never conspicuous by its glaring hue. Gray is much liked, since it fails to show the dust as soon as other colors. One of the ladies' bicycle clubs in the east have adopted dark gray tweed for a club uniform.

When brilliantines first made their debut on the counters of the large shops, they were found to be so lasting and so weatherproof that girl riders adopted them unanimously. But it was found they had one bad property, an aggravating habit of "creeping"—no better word will describe it. A dress made from alpaca or brilliantine will not keep down over the feet when in use on the pedals. Then, too, the material must be warm, as a rider soon gets heated. Experience has proved that tweed, ladies' cloth or the best makes of serge and flannel possess all the qualities required for much riding.

A plain skirt is a matter of course, no reeds or tournure being used. The under or foundation skirt should never be less than two and a half yards wide. An excellent plan is to face this skirt with velvet. Also to cut from four to six slits, an eighth of a yard up, making what dressmakers term "a give," these preventing the dress from drawing around the feet. The front of the drop-skirt may be plaited, but do not use accordion plaits. The back should be shirred across the top very full. In making the waist it is not absolutely necessary to favor the blouse. Somehow, unless the blouse is specially becoming, it looks mannish, or else slovenly on a rider when at full speed. Of course you ride in very loose corsets or a corset-waist, which is better. Then make the body of your bicycle suit to conform to your figure, but just as easy fitting as you can have it and yet fit well. Be particular to have very, very loose sleeves. Buy enough material for a second pair for they will go soon enough. A high collar is an abomination. So are linen cuffs. Have a rolling collar, use a natty silk tie under it, fasten the ends securely with a "stick pin," and all other jewelry, unless it is your club pin or that of your escorts, leave at home.

The best head-wear is a yachting cap. Any gentlemen's out-fitter will make one of your goods for a dollar, and in some cities less. It fits snugger and refuses to elope with the wooing breezes, as does a Tam O'Shanter every now and then. If you become an attached or honorary member of the League, you can have its initials in silver on the front of your cap, and the whistle in the breast-pocket held by a white silk cord under the tie. Saxe Barritz gloves dress the hand best. Russet leather shoes make the feet look larger, and are quite ugly to an eye looking for the beautiful in the active feet that should, "like little mice, peep in and out," yet on a bicycle they are the right thing in the right place. They can be cleaned so easily, and a rider wearing them never feels that she must pack her shoe-dressing in the little bag of absolute necessities, that precedes her by express when on a wheeling tour. The ventilated shoe with rubber soles in use in the ladies' gymnasiums, has everything to recommend it to a girl rider.

No matter where the ride, dress warmly inside. Many riders like, as an undergarment, the divided skirt. Still others veto it. It is a matter of personal comfort or discomfort. Dress warmly and beware of getting overheated.

FOR BOILS, PIMPLES

carbuncles, scrofulous sores, eczema, and all other blood diseases, take

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

It will relieve and cure dyspepsia, nervous debility, and that tired feeling.

Has Cured Others will cure you.



JUST BEFORE THE CEREMONY

By RUTH ASHMORE

YOU are alone in your own room, just one hour before you are to marry the man you love. The consideration of your mother has made this hour yours, and yours alone, and you do not hear the gay words and laughter of your bridesmaids, all the excitement attending upon a wedding, but you have a little time to yourself to think and, I hope, to pray. You have been mother's girl; you have been thought of, cared for and protected, and it is just possible that you have been made a little bit selfish, because your pleasure and your happiness have been considered of most importance. To-day you stand before all your friends and in the presence of Almighty God, and promise to love, honor and obey the man who has won your heart. Do you think this will be easy? Sit down in your own low chair and think it out for a few minutes.

To love, not only means to care most of all for your husband, but to be true to him; true in word as well as in act; true in thought as well as in word, closing your lips against speaking ill of him, closing your ears against hearing ill of him, and, it is just as well to close your eyes against seeing the little faults that he has, for, remember, you are marrying a man and not a divine being. Then, to honor: that means more than to look up with reverence. It means to keep yourself, your name—which is his—so beautifully clean that you are an honor to him. It means to think out well before you decide that he has done what he ought not to have done; to find excuses for him in your love, and not to hesitate to ask him, if you do not understand, why he does something that to you seems a little odd. To honor your husband means to honor yourself; the self-respecting woman can always give honor to her husband, for she oftenest reflects what he is. Then, to obey: you draw your mouth up at the sound of the word. You don't exactly like it; and yet, in married life, there is nothing so exquisite as loving obedience—obedience to likes and to expressed wishes. A husband seldom commands. So, after all, my dear, you are only loving him well and obeying him well, when you act as you think he would wish. There has been a great deal of talk about this one little word; there have been women who have determined not to say it; but when you love and honor, to obey is easy and becomes a pleasure.

And now you will think a little bit about something else. You believe you are stepping into the land of bliss where you will find nothing but happiness. You are going to be with the man who loves you; but remember that you are comparatively strangers to each other. Many of his habits, his likes, his dislikes, are unknown to you; many more of yours are unknown to him. In this first year of married life you have got to find out wherein you differ; you have got to learn to adapt yourselves one to the other, and if you want to be happy people you have got to learn to give in one to the other; and I beg of you, my dear little bride, to be the one to set the good example.

Men are very much what women make them, and the wife is the woman of all others who can wield an enormous influence. But she does it in little ways, by little kindnesses, little acts of thoughtfulness, and little tender-nesses. No matter how interested you may be in something else, don't forget to love your husband. No matter how anxious you may be to get out into the sunshine, or to rush off in the early morning as he is going down town, don't forget to put your hand on his shoulder and give him a good-bye kiss, and never let him go away from you feeling ill-tempered. You have had a little quarrel, and you know it is his fault. Your reason tells you that. Never mind, if he is a bit obstinate and fails to see wherein he has erred, you put up your pretty lips and ask him to kiss you, say you are sorry, you are, for the quarrel; and, do you know that sort of reasoning will do more to convince him that he is in the wrong than all the arguments the English language could ever supply you with? He may not say so just then, but he will realize it a little later on and will tell you; and, even if he does not, you will know you have done what is right and you won't mind. So many things in this world are never said—the look, the loving look, will make you glad, gladder than words. You must understand, my little friend, the looks that are more than words. The old poet wrote that it was, "Love, love, love, that made the world go round." Now it is more than that; it is love, love, love, and the outward expression of love that makes a man a good husband, and that is what you want to have. Not only the gallant bridegroom, not only the courteous lover, but you desire the good husband whom you can really love, honor and obey.

Think over my words just before the ceremony. And to all the June brides on both sides of the sea, let me give this little wish, uttered from the depths of my heart: "God make you like the woman who is described in the Bible, in whom the heart of her husband can safely trust."

FLOWERS FOR THE BRIDAL HOUR

By C. F. KLUNDER



PINK and white will be the prevailing colors for weddings this season, whether in bridal bouquet, or in wedding decorations. The bridal bouquet never changes in form or size; but designs for the decoration of bridal reception-rooms vary as do the winds. The latest, made up of lilies-of-the-valley, small pink rosebuds and maiden-hair ferns, placed in front of the mirror, which should be draped in running ferns to make it invisible. The veil should be held in position by a cord or string of lilies-of-the-valley. Above the mirror should be placed a large bunch of annunciation lilies, and at the mirror's base a bank of lilies-of-the-valley. On either side there should be placed on pedestals a large vase of la France roses and Vallenses ferns. Here and there round the room should be placed pedestals draped with maiden-hair ferns and supporting potted palms. On the mantel in the reception-room there should be vases filled with long-stemmed cut roses, of a delicate pink hue, the roses intertwined with vines.

All round the room should be hung Roman garlands of pink and white roses, with long vines of delicate ferns drooping from the same. From the end of these vines should be strung a number of small buds. The hall, on such an occasion, should be trimmed with hardy vines and large palms. There should be but few flowers, and those only of brilliant colors, arranged either on the newel-post or on the mirror in the hall-way.

The cost of flowers depends entirely on the quantity desired. Fortunately for June brides, roses and lilies-of-the-valley are abundant during the month, and therefore less expensive than at other seasons. The best roses range from five dollars to ten dollars a dozen. These are the roses with stems a yard long. Only the one bud being allowed to grow on the stem the rose is, naturally, remarkably fragrant and long-lived. Rosebuds can be had from one dollar a dozen up, according to their beauty and the relation of supply and demand. Lilies-of-the-valley cost, in June, from five to six dollars a hundred. Roman hyacinths can be had at fifty cents a dozen. Mignonette at fifty cents a dozen sprays. Old-fashioned mignonette can be obtained at twenty-five cents a dozen, and so all through the list of flowers most suitable for June weddings.

THE ETIQUETTE OF BRIDALS

By ADA CHESTER BOND



THERE are so many little things about the etiquette of weddings that people inquire about, and it is only right that they should all be answered. The bride writes a personal note of thanks for every gift received, whether it be a great one or a little one, and, if she cannot do this before the ceremony, she does it after the bridal trip, unless that indeed should be a very long one, and then it is proper for her to write during her absence. No answer is necessary to a wedding invitation, though where a card comes to a reception one should either go in person, or send a card. Everybody invited is, however, expected to call on the newly married within a year at least. In the church the bridegroom's family and friends sit at the right of the altar being on the bridegroom's right hand, while those of the bride are placed on the left at the bride's left. The bride stands on the left side of the groom, and he takes her right hand, her father being just a little behind her. The bridegroom and his best man stand on the left hand of the clergyman. Only the clergyman tenders congratulations at the altar, after that, the bride takes the left arm of the bridegroom and passes down the aisle.

The bridegroom does not pay for anything connected with the wedding unless he should choose to send bouquets to the bridesmaids and, of course, to the bride, and presents and boutonnières to his best man and the ushers. A widow removes her first wedding ring at her second marriage, and does not assume it again. The engagement ring is taken from the third finger of the left hand and worn afterwards as a guard to the wedding ring. It is not considered good taste to cut the finger out of the glove for assuming the ring.

No matter how beautiful may be the orange-blossoms on your wedding gown they can never be worn but once; usually the novice arranges clusters of roses to take the place of the blossoms, and the roses are put on as soon as the wedding dress is taken off. The use of the orange-blossom is solely for a bride, and a wife cannot possibly wear them. All these seem little things, but they have their absolute significance, and a bright woman does not wish to show to the world at large her ignorance of their symbolism. Do not count as of little worth the etiquette that doth surround a bride, for it makes a solemn ceremony easier and is the consideration which the world has for her feelings.

BELONGINGS OF A BRIDE

By ISABEL A. MALLON



WITH the American bride the trouble usually is that she has too many belongings. Gowns grow old-fashioned, linen becomes yellow, and shoes lose their shape because of her embarrassment of riches; and, curiously enough, this does not always happen to the woman who has the most money, for she is oftenest the woman who realizes how undesirable it is to have old-fashioned gowns on hand, and therefore she does not propose to spend all her money in material belongings. Very often, in families where every dollar has to be counted, the daughter who is going to be married has a trousseau given her that is as expensive as it is useless, and she carries to her new home dozens of pieces of underwear that grow yellow with age and have no absolute reason for their existence. I can quite understand the pride of a mother in wishing to give her daughter a good outfit, but she should leave her generosity with a little common sense. Women who complain that their husbands never buy them anything, and think it marvelous that they should expect to get clothes, very often owe this to the fact that in the first year or two of their married lives there were no clothes to buy, and so Mr. Husband had not become used to it.

The desire to be married in white is easily understood; but that white need not—if you are going to marry a man whose means are moderate—be anything more expensive than white serge; or, if you wish to be more fashionable, white cloth. If you have concluded to be married in a traveling dress, have it of a pretty, inconspicuous cloth, that is perfect in fit and absolutely suited to your style, and with this wear either a hat or bonnet as you please. English women are rather given to choosing a bonnet because of the matronly air that it gives a young face. Then for your other gowns I would advise a June bride to get one or two dainty summer silks, as many pretty cotton frocks as she can, and to have a light-weight flannel for general wear on the street or when traveling, so that the cloth wedding gown may be relied on for early autumn. No wrappers? Well, a pretty one if you like, to be worn in your bedroom. Of course you have other gowns, ones left from last summer, and these are all to be freshened up.

About your lingerie? Six new pieces of everything, with those you already possess, will be quite sufficient. Get enough stockings and enough gloves and plenty of handkerchiefs, a number of the small belongings being really of more importance than dozens upon dozens of the large ones. Try all your shoes before you are married, so that you may not have to endure wearing uncomfortable ones while you are off on your honeymoon. A pair of boots, a pair of low shoes, one pair of slippers, black ones, and one of white, if you are to be married in white, should be enough. Your husband is presumably going to endow you with all his worldly goods, and so it will be just as well to let him know that his wife wears gowns and begin to get her some in the early fall. You think that sounds mercenary? No, it's reasonable. If a certain sum of money has been set aside for you to use for your trousseau and it more than covers what reason dictates, then put it in the bank in your own name and make it a nest-egg for a sum that may some day be needed. You will find much more pleasure in using that money for some good purpose than you ever would in having the extra number of gowns. Do not be induced to buy a lot of fancy parasols or fans; these are things that are usually gotten to suit one's gowns, and the very elaborate ones are only fit for carriage or evening use.

I am not talking to the woman who gives a great modiste an order for a trousseau, but to the one who thinks out what she ought to have, who wishes to be neat and dainty and who has not a great deal of money to spend. Usually fine lingerie can be bought more cheaply than it can be made, but if you prefer to make it and are an artist in needlework, remember that no lace is as lovely as hand sewing, and that by putting this on the lawn or cambric pieces you have made it fully worth its weight in gold. Have your gowns well and prettily made. You will need another hat beside your traveling one, and it may be a little bit elaborate as you will wear it for visiting. However, if you have, as do many girls, the art of millinery at your finger ends, you can, as a matter of course, have many more bonnets than you would if their making, as well as their material, had to be paid for.

Make some pretty sachets and throw among your belongings; and be very sure of one thing, that among all your clothes there is not a button or hook missing; that you can assume without fear, that dear old gown that Harry thought so becoming last summer, and, because it has been cleaned and freshened, Harry will think it a new one made exactly like the last. I do not want any girl to feel that her trousseau may not be dainty and attractive, but I do wish her to feel that it must be sensible, and that she must consider the people she is going to be among, the places where she will wear her gowns, and all her belongings to harmonize with her station in life.

WHEN ON THE BRIDAL TRIP

By MABEL OSBORNE



BRIDE'S first lesson to learn on the bridal trip is to respect the extreme sensitiveness of her husband, who doesn't want people to know he has just been married; consequently she will be wise if, after her first journey, she assumes a gown that has seen wear; if she will forget to look around in a startled manner whenever her husband is gone from her side, as it is not likely that he is either going to be lost or stolen.

The next thing for her to learn is that no matter how fond she may be of her husband, she should reserve all manifestations of this for their own apartment, and that holding his hand, kissing him before people, or putting her head on his shoulder, really and truly become indecent when done in public. A man can show a woman every attention possible, and a woman can make him understand her love for him without their laying themselves open to be made a jest and a by-word for their traveling companions.

The next thing for her to learn is, when she is at a hotel, not to grow confidential with the chambermaid, not to give her a piece of her wedding-cake and tell her all about the marriage ceremony, and tell her how she looked. You think this is never done? Ask at some large hotel.

The next thing for her to learn, is to like to eat what her husband likes. She may have some decided tastes, but if she is a wise woman she will leave the ordering of dinner to him and he, being a gentleman, will find out some of her particular likes.

The next thing for her to learn, is to address her husband as "Mr. Brown" before people; she can call him "Darling Harry" when they are quite alone, and only then.

The next thing for her to learn, is not to giggle or look surprised when she gets a letter from her mother addressed to her in her married name. Men are particularly sensitive creatures about somethings, and they are rather given to think a woman don't want a name when she acts in this way.

The next thing for her to learn, and the most important of all, is that her bridal trip is only the preface to her married life, and that in it, while she may read some suggestions, she has only the book open to her when she gets home after the honeymoon.

HOME AFTER THE HONEYMOON

By EMMA R. COOK



SOMEBODY asked what the word "honeymoon" means. It is stolen bodily from Germany, where for thirty days after the wedding a sweet drink made of honey is given to the newly married people. Now you are home after the honeymoon. The time has gone by for a rather cloying sweet drink, and you take clear satisfying water, and are, to your own astonishment, just like other people. Now, won't you try and not be just like some people?

Won't you abstain from making that vulgar remark, "When I married Harry I didn't marry his whole family!" This assertion is unwomanly and untrue. You did marry his family, for you took his name, and it is your duty to be sweet and considerate of them.

Won't you, if you have a woman friend for whom Harry does not care, with whom he does not wish you to associate and for which request he makes a good reason, gradually but politely cease the acquaintance? Then, some day when you ask the same of Harry, he will do for you what you have done for him.

Won't you, if a day of sorrow should come to his mother, his sister, or his brother, be the first one to put out a helping hand, to be where you can do the most good, and to do it all so quietly and so unobtrusively that, to those who are in grief, the kindnesses you have done are felt to come from the heart and not just to be the result of what the world would expect of you?

Won't you remember that the unexpected word of praise, the unexpected caress, the unexpected act of thoughtfulness, will make Harry happier than all the joys planned out, or all the kisses promised in advance?

Won't you remember, that at night when you are not tired Harry very often is? And won't you have a little consideration for the weary brain and be willing to stay at home quietly with him, and give up the concert, or the entertainment, because he is so worn out and he would rather be alone and quiet with his wife than among strangers?

Won't you try and do all this? If you do after you get home when the honeymoon is over, when you are just husband and wife, as the outside world thinks, like other people, you will be, in reality, husband and wife as God intended people to be—the wife full of all tenderness and love, the husband full of courage and love—each seeking out that which is best in the other, making stronger that which is weak, and being all in all to each other.

HORSEBACK-RIDING FOR WOMEN

By Carl A. Nyegaard

[COMMANDER OF THE NEW YORK RIDING CLUB]



cheeks.

In America, equestrianism is but in its infancy. Many people think they can ride if they can "hang on" a horse's back. They can stick like leeches, but when it comes to managing a horse they are all at sea.

WHEN SHOULD A GIRL BEGIN TO RIDE?

It all depends upon a girl's constitution. It will do no harm to put her on a horse at five years of age, providing it be an easy cantering animal. No girl should rise to a trot before she is eight years old, and then only if she has a good constitution and a strong back, for the strain in trotting is upon the muscles of the back, and the younger and weaker the child the more liable to danger. Trotting is a diagonal motion of the horse's legs, and shakes the rider's body very severely. It is the most unequal motion a horse is capable of, and in consequence it is the hardest gait. The practice necessary to become accustomed to it is too great for children and young girls. Galloping or cantering are parallel motions of the animal's limbs. The best time for a girl to begin to ride is at ten years of age. Then let her exercise one hour a day, no more. The first principal thing is to instill confidence into the child. Teach her how to sit, and then draw her thoughts away from the idea that she must stick on, or be thrown. Talk to her about the horse. Tell her anecdotes about it. Bring out in full relief its domestic traits, its noble instincts, its docility under kindness and firm management. In short, interest her in the animal and the art of riding.

Horseback-riding cannot be forced. There are very few theoretical points in ordinary out-door riding, but these must be brought out in practice. It doesn't take brute strength to handle a horse. I have seen girls of thirteen handle an animal better than strong women of maturer years. The idea is to use the reins at the right time.

HOW TO SIT ON A HORSE

THE horse and rider should be one object. The latter must adjust herself to every motion of the former. She must go the same way as the horse, with the regularity of clock-work and the movement of a rocking-chair. Should the horse strike a faster gait, the rider must go with him. It is a sign of bad horsemanship when the rider is jerked backward too suddenly. It is important to know how to control the animal's mouth. A skilled equestrienne will know, after she has been in the saddle two minutes, whether to ride her horse with a tight or light grip, and with what style of reins. The hand should be firm and the wrist supple. This is difficult to acquire, but it is indispensable in good riding. The wrist must give and take the reins with the motion of the horse, keeping only an even pressure. As to reins, the curb-rein is to check the animal with, by pulling down his head to his chest. The snaffle rein is used to elevate the head. It is brought into constant use on a stumbling horse.

A woman sitting on a horse should be as natural as is her attitude when walking on the street—easy and natural. Only the natural position is graceful. And besides, one rides for pleasure, not for the sake of doing the thing exactly according to the formula of some theorist. Sit with a light hand (supple wrist) so that you may just feel the horse's mouth without pulling at it. It is important, of course, to sit erect, and, if one be not straight of form, it would be wise to acquire erectness by exercise. A line from the rider's shoulder should fall right down to her hips and meet at the jointure of spur and heel of the left leg.

TO MOUNT A HORSE

NOW let me tell you how to mount. First, make the horse stand still. A horse cannot always restrain his impulse to caper about when brought out into the fresh air and bright light, so it is better that the groom should first give him some preliminary exercise. Approach the animal steadily. If he is proud and sensitive, it will excite him if you run up to him and are too demonstrative. Stand with your right side a few inches from the saddle, facing the same way as the horse. Throw your right shoulder slightly backward, place the right hand on the second or upper pommel, holding it in the whip and the reins drawn just tight enough to allow you to feel the bit. The groom, who should be facing you, and as close as convenient, should now stoop, clasp his hands, and rest his right forearm firmly on his right thigh. Now lift your riding-skirt in front with your left hand and place your left foot in the groom's hands. Let go the skirt, rest your left hand on his shoulder, or, if you prefer, on the lower pommel; then press lightly with your left foot in the groom's hands, give a spring from the ground with the right foot, and swing yourself sideways into the saddle.

Now place the right knee over the upper pommel, and let the groom lift your skirt above the knee, so that it will hang properly without dragging, and the disengaging the stirrup from beneath the skirt, place your left foot in it. So much for mounting with an attendant. Any woman who lives in the country, and who is not too stout, should be able to mount a horse from the ground unaided. If she attains to be anything of an equestrienne she should require no more assistance than a man, though she is handicapped a little by reason of her skirt. She should lower the stirrup sufficiently to reach it with the left foot, then placing the right hand on the upper pommel and the left hand on the lower pommel, by a sideway motion, right shoulder forward, spring lightly from her right foot and swing herself into the saddle. Once there, she should take her foot out of the stirrup, place her right thigh in its proper position above the pommel, and adjust her dress. The stirrup is shortened from the right side by pulling up the strap again. A good dancer will soon learn to mount.

THE CORRECT EQUESTRIAN POSITION

REGARDING position: The right knee should rest easily and snugly over the pommel, so as to grasp it in case the horse springs. The lower part of the right leg from the knee down, should hang naturally. Don't elevate the toes. Be as natural as possible. The left foot should rest in the stirrup, with the heel depressed. Don't draw up the left leg to the lower pommel. Some women do this, but it is wrong. This pommel is called the leaping, or safety pommel. If a horse leaps or kicks, it prevents the rider, in a measure, from being thrown forward. Under ordinary circumstances this pommel is unnecessary. In many riding academies it is not used at all.

A good deal has been said and written about looking straight between the horse's ears and holding the shoulders square when in the saddle. Nonsense! Be as easy and natural as you can. If you are not erect of form acquire erectness by exercise. But don't, under any circumstances, strain yourself in the saddle. The ideal of a fine horsewoman is to be erect without being rigid. On the flexibility of the person above the waist, and on the firmness below, all the grace of equestrianism, all the safety, depend. Nervousness makes both men and women poke their heads forward, a stupid trick in a man, unpardonable in a woman. A woman should bend like a willow in a storm, always returning to a nearly upright position.

THE PROPER SADDLE TO USE

PERHAPS it would have been more proper to describe the saddle before I went into details as to the seat to be taken upon it. There are two kinds of saddles—the straight seat, and the spoon-shaped seat. The latter is good enough for cantering, single-footing, fox-trotting, etc. But for trotting, which is the gait most popular at present among women, the English straight-seat saddle is by far the best. It is easier, more comfortable, and more adapted to trotting. The skeleton of a saddle, or saddle-tree, as it is called, is made in Europe nearly out of one piece of wood. They pay skilled workmen large salaries to make this tree well. The saddles made in this country are not put together with such care and skill. They are manufactured wholesale in factories. They soon get out of order. The various constituent parts become separated, the gullet-plate and other pieces break, the padding shifts, and the horse's back becomes sore in consequence. More of the imported saddles are sold, because their reliability and durability has so often been demonstrated.

THE ART OF DISMOUNTING

NOW as to dismounting: First, take the reins and hold lightly in the right hand. Remove the left foot from the stirrup, and be careful not to irritate the horse with the spur, which every expert horsewoman should wear on her left foot, as well as a man. Swing the right leg over the pommel down to the side of the animal. Now see that the habit is not caught in between the upper and lower pommels. Then rest the right hand on the upper, and the left hand on the lower pommel, and slide gently down to the ground. A woman should be able to dismount unaided. She should be as independent on a horse as a man. She should not need funkies and grooms around, any more than does a man, if she will only study the art of riding thoroughly.

ABOUT THE RIDING-HABIT

THE riding-habit should be loose and easy. The principal thing is not to strain; the rider should be perfectly supple and at ease; she should be limber in the waist and hips; she ought to be able to swing the upper part of her body around, and follow every motion of the horse, while retaining a firm position in the saddle. If her body be not untrammelled and free of movement she cannot do this, and is more liable to be thrown. The habit generally worn is quite dark, or even black, perfectly plain in the waist, with black buttons up to the neck, and with a scant, short skirt just long enough to cover the feet. The cuffs and collar must be of plain linen, no color or flutter of ribbon, and no jewelry being anywhere permissible. There should be no petticoats worn, but merino tights and easy-fitting trousers of the same cloth as the skirt. These latter should be cut away over the instep and fastened down under the sole with straps. The gathering up of the habit, holding it in one hand, and walking in it, are things easily learned with practice.

THE TIME IT TAKES TO LEARN

THE first question which most of my young lady pupils ask of me is—"How long before I can go into the park?" I generally reply by asking her if she has studied piano-forte playing. If she answers in the affirmative, I say, "How long have you been studying?" "Oh!" is the usual reply, "for four or five years, or so." "Four or five years," I repeat, "and not yet able to perform in public! Four or five years practicing on an instrument that never changes its gait, never shies, only gets out of tune, and remains all the time passive, subject to change of temper, and wise enough to know the moral strength of his rider, and teach him to conform to your will at all times, in four or five days!"

No, my dear young lady, horseback-riding is an art, and is not acquired in a day. There is required of a good equestrienne a knowledge of the horse, the reins, the saddle the gait, and the management of the animal. Have tact and patience. In time the horse will bow his will to yours. The practice will not be tedious. Every day will increase your pleasure in the exercise, and there will grow up an attachment between you and your horse, which is one of the most pleasant features of horsemanship. Be kind and gentle, but firm, to him. Don't coddle him with lumps of sugar; make him feel your superiority. Soon he will learn to recognize you, to "come to the whip," or at your beck, and answer to every touch of the reins.

I HAVE had some famous women pupils; Miss Mabel Metcalfe, daughter of the Wall street broker, who is the champion cross-country rider in this part of America; Miss Annabel Green, daughter of ex-Judge Green; Mrs. W. C. Whitney, and her family; Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain, of England, who was formerly Miss Endicott, daughter of the late Secretary of War under President Cleveland; Miss Cameron, daughter of Don Cameron; the families of Cornelius Vanderbilt, Elliott F. Shepard, W. D. Sloane, John Sloane and Dr. G. F. Thomas; the Misses Potter, daughters of Bishop Potter; the Misses Agnew, daughters of the late Dr. Agnew; Miss O'Donohue, daughter of the great coffee-broker; the Misses DeForest; the Misses Van Rensselaer; Miss Helen Gould, daughter of Jay Gould, and her bosom friend, Miss McCall; Mrs. Sydney Dillon Ripley; the Misses Bishop; Mrs. Whyntop, daughter of Cyrus W. Field, and her daughter; and in Munich, the children of the Archduke Ludwig.

All these and more can testify to the pleasures to be derived from a good trot. It is the sport of kings and queens.

THREE GIRLS AND A HORSE

By Miss J. H. Chadwick

MOST healthy girls when they see a good rider on a fine horse, say: "Oh! how I should like to ride!" Most parents, in reply to such an aspiration, say: "But think what it costs!" Here is a plan—now in successful operation—whereby three or four girls of moderate allowances, can club together to keep their own horse at a riding-school, and can secure pleasant exercise at small cost.

Of course, some one must supply the horse, hiring in a school is very expensive. But one girl, perhaps, has had a horse in the country with which she is loath to part, or some friend has a good animal to be winged. Beauty, speed and "quality" are non-essentials. All that is required is a safe, sound animal, well-broken to the saddle. Such a horse, well cared for, needs three or four hours exercise every day to keep him in good trim.

Now as to the cost of keeping. The board of a horse, with use of ring, is \$33.00 per month; the man who cares for him ought to have a dollar a month to insure his interest, and the cloakroom attendant as much more. Add to this, car-fare if you do not live near the school, say \$1.50 a month, and dividing the keep among three, each girl's share, including car-fare, will be about \$13.25, among four, \$10.25.

This calculation assumes that all the partners know how to ride. If it is necessary for any or all of them to take lessons, this expense also is greatly lessened, as twenty tickets may be bought for \$25.00, and only one ticket is charged for a "ring lesson on owner's horse," which on a school horse would cost two.

The people of the riding-school will raise no objections to such a plan, being the gainers by the board of a horse and the price of lessons which they would otherwise not have received. The girls will be the gainers in every way, in health and enjoyment and in the pleasure of intimate personal acquaintance with an intelligent and lovable creature who will repay all their care, interest and affection. The subjoined time-tables will show how the hours of riding may be arranged to suit three or four girls. A strong, spirited horse could be used three times daily, if due regard is paid to his feeding hours, or if one of the partners could ride in the evenings, and these tables are merely suggestive, and can be varied to suit circumstances:—

TIME-TABLE FOR THREE RIDERS

	LOUISE	ADELAIDE	MARIAN
Monday	9 to 11 a.m.	—	3 to 5 p.m.
Tuesday	3 to 5 p.m.	9 to 11 a.m.	—
Wednesday	—	3 to 5 p.m.	9 to 11 a.m.
Thursday	9 to 11 a.m.	—	3 to 5 p.m.
Friday	3 to 5 p.m.	9 to 11 a.m.	—
Saturday	—	3 to 5 p.m.	9 to 11 a.m.

FOR FOUR RIDERS

	LOUISE	ADELAIDE	MARIAN	ELEANOR
Monday	9 to 11 a.m.	—	3 to 5 p.m.	—
Tuesday	—	9 to 11 a.m.	3 to 5 p.m.	—
Wednesday	9 to 11 a.m.	—	3 to 5 p.m.	—
Thursday	—	9 to 11 a.m.	—	3 to 5 p.m.
Friday	9 to 11 a.m.	—	3 to 5 p.m.	—
Saturday	—	9 to 11 a.m.	—	3 to 5 p.m.

HINTS TO THOSE WHO TRAVEL

CULLED FOR THE JOURNAL FROM THE EXPERIENCE OF OLD TRAVELERS



TRAVELERS must be content," says Shakespeare, and so they must, but not too content. One cannot expect to take home-comforts with him everywhere; but, on the other hand, one must not consider all discomforts inevitable merely because they are so universal. Very often the remedies are simple and easily applied. For instance, the worst of these ills, which, by common consent, is nausea, from the motion of the cars, may be entirely prevented in the following way:

Take a sheet of writing-paper large enough to cover both the chest and stomach, and put it on under the clothing, next to the person. If one sheet is not large enough paste the edges of two or three together, for the chest and stomach must be well-covered. Wear the paper thus as long as you are traveling, and change it every day if your journey is a long one. Those who have tried it say that it is a perfect defense.

In spite of declarations to the contrary, it is possible to both read and write with comfort while traveling, if one knows how. Pains in the head after reading on the cars are due to an unusual strain upon the muscles of the eye, its focus being changed almost incessantly; but with an occasional rest the muscles will not find the work too hard. So try the plan of reading for ten minutes, and then, for five minutes, reviewing what you have read. But if, meanwhile, you wish to look out of the window, let it be the one on the other side of the car, for to look out of the one next you will require quick focal changes as tiring to the eye as reading.

There are two ways of writing on a train. The first requires that the paper be laid upon a light board, perhaps eighteen inches square; one end of this will rest in your lap, and the end furthest from you will be raised a few inches by a cord which passes around the neck. The whole affords a sloping desk which moves with the body and is fairly satisfactory. The simpler and perhaps the better plan is to place your tablet upon a feather pillow in your lap, when you will find that the elasticity of the feathers reduces the motion to a minimum, and makes writing easy.

One of the lesser discomforts of traveling is the difficulty of standing or walking in a moving train; yet railroad men run or walk with perfect ease. The secret lies in allowing the body to sway with the motion of the cars, the knees being slightly bent, while the feet are at the same time held ready to be braced firmly, if necessary.

Those to whom the term "sleeper" is a hollow mockery may profit by the experience of salesmen and others who travel frequently, and have the bed made up with the pillow toward the locomotive. Just why this should make sleep easier is not explained, but the plan is highly recommended.

If you are ever in straits for a clean handkerchief or two when no washerwoman is within easy call, try this plan. Upon reaching your hotel take all your soiled handkerchiefs, wash and rinse them, and spread them out smoothly on the window-panes. Be sure that there are no creases, and that the corners form right angles. When dry and carefully folded no one could tell that they had not been ironed. Heavily embroidered handkerchiefs will not look as smooth as plain ones, but will certainly defy detection across a car aisle. Whether at home or abroad it is always better to treat mourning handkerchiefs in this way, as their black borders will not fade so rapidly as when washed as usual.

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"From Andante to Allegro," an illustrated pamphlet, will be sent free to any one who will mention where this advertisement was seen.

THE ISLAND OF DREAMS

BY F. PARKER, JR.

Oh, I had such a pretty dream, mamma,
Such pleasant and beautiful things,
Of a dear little nest, in the meadows of rest,
Where the birdie her lullaby sings.

A dear little stream, full of lilies,
Crept over the green, mossy stones,
And just where I lay, its thin sparkling spray
Sang sweetly in delicate tones.

And as it flowed on towards the ocean,
Through the shadows and pretty sun-beams,
Each note grew more deep, and I soon fell
Asleep.

And was off for the Island of Dreams.

I saw there a beautiful angel,
With a crown all bespangled with dew!
She touched me, and spoke, but I quickly
Awoke

And found then, dear mamma, 'twas you.

KEEPING CITY BOARDERS

BY KATE UPSON CLARK

It does not seem to be generally understood by country people that the keeping of boarders is as much a branch of regular trade as the selling of dry goods or the running of a newspaper. It is said to be the third largest industry in the State of Maine, vying in its results with those of the lumber, ice and hay crops there. In many a country district efficient women have so ordered their houses that in spite of disadvantages in their plan and location, they have earned enough money by keeping summer boarders for two or three seasons, to educate a bright child; to purchase a trip among distant friends, long unseen; to re-furnish their homes, and clothe their families for winter, or to pay off a mortgage. Experienced women have often supported a good-sized family in this way.

Hundreds of other women would be glad to do the same thing if they only knew how. At the risk of saying much that is stale, these few words have been prepared with a view to helping such women. The keeping of summer boarders is a legitimate branch of money-making. Others have prospered at it. Why may not you?

In the first place, your house should be well situated, where no suspicion of malaria can touch it. The barn should not be too near. You are fortunate if your rooms are large, but even if they are not, if other circumstances are favorable, this consideration may not prove a bar to your success. If the nights are cool in your region, it makes little difference about sleeping-rooms, so long as they are clean and well-furnished. Mattings are best for the floors, with rugs—home-made rugs, or pieces of rag carpet will do. It is well if you can have pretty furniture; if you cannot, be sure that it is strong and clean. Make curtains of cheese-cloth, or any light material. Your beds must have springs. If you cannot afford expensive hair-mattresses, get good, fresh ones of some other kind. Most city people are prejudiced against feathers. Try to provide an abundance of sheets, pillow-cases, towels and table linen; in case your supply is not large, wash oftener those that you have.

Most city people do not care to breakfast before half past seven or eight in the morning. By breakfasting yourself at half past five or six—and do not try to work until you have eaten—you can accomplish much of the heaviest part of the work, before your boarders are astir. If you do this, however, retire early at night. You must have sleep.

By doing a little washing at these early hours, every day or two, the numerous clean towels, napkins, etc., needed to make your table and your whole establishment attractive, can be provided without the wearing burden of an enormous weekly washing; and also without a very large outfit of linen.

Try to use blankets as far as possible, instead of comfortables, which are much less wholesome. Many of our best hotels are buying their towels in the piece, cutting them off and hemming them. Such towels wear better than fringed ones. Fringed household linen of any sort, unless it be doilies, is not an economical investment for hard-worked people. All towels and napkins should be as large as can be afforded.

Do not try to do too much work with your own hands. Even if you have only three or four in your family, unless they are all able to help you, do not undertake to care for more than one or two outsiders without the services of a strong woman. Often, a little girl or boy can be trained to wait on the table, to perform many little services in the kitchen, and to attend to the extra fires, so often required in country houses; but too many helpers are a hindrance. Train all your assistants to be quiet in their motions, especially in the early morning. A house where everything is knocking and banging about is distressing. Arrange to have all helpers and the men who work on the farm, eat at a different hour from the boarders. See that screens are provided for every door and window. The plague of flies may neutralize all your efforts.

It is not expected that your dishes will be ornamental, but they should be numerous. Silver forks and spoons are absolutely essential. If possible, have silver knives also.

Serve the dinner in courses, even if there are only two, removing all traces of the first course before putting on the second. A clean napkin and a plate will answer for brushing off crumbs. Sauces in which puddings and jellies are served, should be set in plates. Hot courses should be always served in hot plates.

The food set before your boarders will most influence their opinion of your place. They will often endure annoyances in other respects, if they have wholesome and well-prepared fare. They want, especially, the distinctively country products—milk and cream, eggs, fruits and vegetables. Plant plenty of peas, beans, lettuce, beets, squashes, tomatoes and sweet corn—and plant them early, starting them in the house or in a hot-bed, if possible. Though you should own a good modern cook-book, and know how to make a variety of cakes and desserts, yet your boarders will not require much "made food" if they can only have an abundance of ripe fruit. Early apple-trees are a fascinating feature to city boarders; so are pear, plum and peach-trees.

Good soups, particularly the various cream soups now so fashionable, can be made at slight expense, and add a great deal to the appearance and enjoyment of a dinner. From your flock of chickens, if cooked in different ways, the main feature of two or three dinners each week can be procured. Fresh meat of some sort must always be served at dinner. Delicious jellies and conserves can be made from crabapples, barberries, quinces and sour, juicy apples during the fall and winter. Sweet and sour pickles and other relishes should also be made then.

If there are any natural curiosities, any fine views, or anything worth seeing in your vicinity, find out all about them, and be ready to direct your guests to them. If you must charge something for the moderate use of your horses and vehicles, make the price small. Any appearance of overreaching, shakes confidence at once. Some safe person should be employed, if necessary, to bring the mail at least as often as once each day.

Ice is a great help, but can be dispensed with if your drinking-water is from a cold spring, and if you have a cool place in which to keep your supplies.

The people who go to these quiet farmhouses are usually mothers with young children, often ill-behaved and trying; or invalids, who are full of whims. But remember that the arrangement between you and them is purely a business one, and that in the way of business one must be brought in contact with all sorts of people.

The cost of board at farmhouses varies, according to the fare and accommodations provided, from three to seven dollars per week, five dollars being the common rate.

Clean, comfortable beds, savory food, and the evidence of a sincere desire on the part of hosts to make their guests happy; keeping a pleasant parlor neat for them, level grounds in order for their games, hooks for their hammocks, and as many inexpensive devices as possible for their comfort; these will be pretty sure to produce satisfaction on both sides.

HOW TO PRESS FLOWERS



On your next ramble in the woods, take along one of those long, japanned-tin botanist's boxes, or else a light basket. Have a layer of damp moss in your receptacle, and put your plants away as soon as possible. Choose the choicest specimens—and several of one sort will not come amiss. Gather the shapeliest leaves of the trees, sprigs of moss, and any miniature leaves that you think will retain their beauty after being dried, and especially keep a lookout for ferns. Some plants are very small, and it is best to dig such up by the roots—it will be all the more interesting to have the whole plant. It will be prudent to take along a large, thin book, which can be tightly strapped together, as you may want to press some of the most delicate flowers immediately. Have the covers perforated with large holes to admit the air. You can buy all sorts of botanist's portfolios; but a couple of thin boards, you can readily make yourself, will answer every purpose. Put thirty or forty sheets of drying paper between the covers, and fasten a couple of strips of leather so as to form a convenient handle. Be very careful in laying your specimens between the leaves to have every flower separate and smooth.

After some pleasant hours in the woods you will come home with your basket full of all kinds of plants and flowers. To preserve the delicate colors of the latter, it is necessary that they should be dried at once. Place them on your drying-paper and carefully arrange every flower, smoothing out all wrinkles. If any petals have dropped off, set them in place with a little mucilage.

Some flowers cannot bear the touch of a warm hand, and these you will find wilted. They may be restored by sprinkling with lukewarm water, and laying them away over night in a cool, dark place. If you are in a hurry, cut off part of the stems of the wilted flowers and place them in a vase of hot water, where they will straighten in a few hours.

After arranging your specimens on the drying-paper, lay several sheets over and under them, and put in a press or under a heavy weight. You will never regret the few dollars invested in a press. Twelve hours after pressing, change the papers, and press again. In a few days your plants will be ready to lay away, but be careful to keep under pressure until perfectly dry, or your larger flowers will mold or shrink, and thus lose all beauty.

In mounting my specimens I use heavy mounting paper, 11½ x 16½ inches, costing ten cents a sheet; but a beginner would, perhaps, do well to start with "blinder's paper," which is cheaper and just as suitable. A little mucilage may be put on the plant here and there, or you may fasten it by pasting narrow strips of paper across it.

When your mounting is finished, write under each specimen the date when it was found, the place, name, genus and species, the color, and the familiar name. The sheets may then be placed in portfolios, according to genera, or may be arranged so that the specimens from one place are together.



OUR Summer issues will have about them all the freshness and timeliness of the out-door season. Each number will be specially prepared to reflect what is best and brightest in seasonable literature. A literary garden will be provided, each flower exhaling its own lasting perfume of helpfulness and good cheer. The summer is the out-door world's brightest time, and so it will be with the JOURNAL. There is no reason why a magazine should not be as entertaining in summer as in winter, and we will demonstrate the possibility.

AN UNCONVENTIONAL HOLIDAY

By LADY AGNES MACDONALD, wife of the Premier of Canada

To be taken in a private car by the first lady in Canada, with a party of personal friends, traveling through the most picturesque and romantic of Canada's scenic spots, is a pleasure which JOURNAL readers have in store for them in these papers by LADY MACDONALD. Bright and breezy was the "unconventional holiday"; pleasure was unalloyed; the party traveled and stopped as they willed. The breezy spirit of the trip is felt in these articles, and LADY MACDONALD seems to make every reader one of the party, while the illustrations, which she has personally furnished for her articles, will be the most beautiful ever printed in the JOURNAL.

A BRIDE IN THE DIAMOND FIELDS

A bright and chatty account of a young bride who spent the first years of her married life in the diamond fields of Africa, where precious stones were as plentiful as sea-pebbles.

HOW WOMEN LIVE IN ARCTIC LANDS

A faithful description of the home-life of Arctic women, by W. H. GILDER, who accompanied one of the arctic expeditions to the North Pole.

THE LIFE OF AN INDIAN WOMAN

Will be described by an observer who has just returned from a long stay among the Sioux Indians.

SUMMER ILLS AND SUMMER DANGERS

Will be a page of valuable hints on "Common Sense in Sea-Bathing"; "What to Do in Case of a Dog's Bite"; "Summer Things Best Left Alone"; "How to Avoid a Sunstroke," etc., etc.,—all by eminent specialists.

THE MOTHER IN THE COUNTRY

Will have her interests regarded by practical household writers, who will tell her "What to Do in an Emergency"; "How to Dress Children in Summer"; "How to Keep Baby Most Healthy"; "During the Long Vacation Days."

THE CARE OF BIRDS IN THE HOME

MRS. HENRY WARD BEECHER, who has had as many as fifty-two birds at a time in her home, will give the results of her experience as to the best way to care, feed and keep birds healthy in the home.

HINTS ON MOUNTAIN-CLIMBING

Will tell women how to climb mountains with the most comfort in dress.

A BROAD WITH THE EDITOR

MR. BOK, the Editor of the JOURNAL, goes abroad in the early summer, and will write letters of life in London and in Paris.

THE GIRL IN THE COUNTRY

Will receive special attention in a succession of bright and chatty articles, which will tell her about "How to Dress for a Bicycle"; "Swimming and Rowing, for Girls"; "A Girl's Summer Belongings"; "Those Little Summer Larks"; "The Summer Young Man."

HOW I MANAGE TO BE HAPPY

Will tell the secret of a busy housewife's happy life; how a household can be conducted without bringing a wrinkle to the brow.

HOW THEY KEEP HOUSE IN LONDON

A gossip sketch of an American family's experiment at keeping house in the great English capital.

MUSICAL HELPS AND VOCAL HINTS

The success of the articles "Musical Helps and Vocal Hints," published in the JOURNAL, has encouraged the Editor to arrange for an entire series of articles which will take up every point that may enter into the aspirations of music-loving girls, or those interested in the voice. The best-known singers will write for this series, including

CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG EMMA JUCH CHRISTINE NILSSON SIMS REEVES
ANNIE LOUISE CARY MARY HOWE MADAME ALBANI MINNIE HAUKE
RAFAEL JOSEFFY SIGNOR CAMPANINI

AND THEN WHEN SUMMER IS OVER

The most magnificent series of fall and winter numbers ever issued of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL will be presented to its readers. Each issue will be full of surprises, even to those accustomed to the most unique features in modern magazine literature. The most notable and striking undertakings ever attempted by a popular magazine will be brought out in these numbers. The Editor of the JOURNAL believes in surprising his readers.

* * * Subscribers may be assured that they have before them the best numbers of the JOURNAL which have ever been prepared.

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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

MRS. LYMAN ABBOTT
MISS RUTH ASHMORE
MARGARET BOTTOMORE
KATE UPSON CLARK
MAUDE HAYWOOD
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Advisory and Contributing Editors.

With editorial representatives at London and Paris.

Philadelphia, June, 1891

AT HOME WITH THE EDITOR



GRADUALLY, through letter and by spoken word, has the pleasing fact come to me that the JOURNAL has exceeded the limits originally set for it, and that each month it is read by hundreds of men. And beside me, on my table, lie not less than several hundreds of letters attesting to this fact.

At first this seemed very strange to me. I wondered to myself: What is there in the JOURNAL for men? And then, I thought: If there are men who take such pleasure in making the JOURNAL, why should not there be some who would be interested in reading it? I am glad of it, at any rate. The JOURNAL reflects the thoughts of women, since more women than men write for it. It seeks to show woman's progress, and in this it may be an instrument for good in the hands of men who read it. It may tell them a few things about women which they either do not know or have not noticed.

NOW, there is no man on the globe to-day the superior of the American father and the American husband. A brief residence in any foreign country will convince an American woman of this truth. The American man makes a better husband; he has more regard for his wife; he has a keener interest in his children than has the man of any race under the sun. No man has a more respectful deference for woman; he is the embodiment of everything that is courteous, gallant and manly. As the writer is not an American by birth, he cannot, at least, be accused of partiality in these statements. The fact exists, and in it there is more prose than poetry. Foreigners concede it, and traveled Americans have learned it. At the same time the American husband is lacking in some qualities. At times one is led to suppose that, though all our American men respect and admire woman, they do not all understand her. I am firm in the belief that American women know and understand men better than men do women. A woman, as a rule, studies a man's comfort, while a man studies a woman's pleasure. And while both are laudable, the woman has the better means of securing an accurate understanding of her opposite.

LITTLE things do not enter into the life of a man so much as they do into that of a woman, and I believe that in this fact lies the basis of many a man's misunderstanding of the opposite sex. I know wives to whom the husband's morning kiss, as he goes to his office, is a sweet remembrance through all the day, and is to her as much of her being as is the newspaper to the man. There are men—splendid men, too—who are perfectly incapable of understanding this. Only a few days ago, one of the most estimable men in the world, a model husband and one of the best of fathers, said to me, touching this very point: "It is positively funny to me to see the perfect delight which my wife takes in putting her arms round me and insisting upon a kiss every morning when I leave her for the office. Do you know, I'd never think of it!" That's just it! Men do not think of these things half as much as they should. Many a wife's heart would be lighter, her home would be brighter, if men were more considerate of these very things. Trifles, you may call them, my dear friend—and I am now talking to the men who read me—but they are more than that to a woman. They are the rays of sunshine which make her life happy; they tell her louder than any spoken word that she has her husband's love; that she is the queen of his heart and the guiding star of his life. Trifles? Well, perhaps, but I wish the world was fuller of them.

AFTER all, we men are not so radically different from women in these respects as we are apt to think. We are very similar, in fact. Let me illustrate, through the recent expression of a friend of mine, how many a husband withholds from his wife the very thing for which his own nature craves. This man holds an important position in one of the largest business houses in New York. He comes as near being invaluable as a man can in this world; yet his superior is one of those employers—whom we all know—who does not believe in praise or approval. His silence with his employees means approval—that sort of negative endorsement which has driven many a good servant almost to despair. My friend said to me: "I have been with this house for seventeen years, climbing from a mere clerkship to my present position. I know my services are satisfactory; I know I am valuable to the house, yet do you know that during my entire term of connection here, Mr. — has never given me a word of praise, never said a word to me outside of a pure business conversation? I have a large salary; Mr. — gives me his entire confidence, and yet there is that craving desire for a single word of approval which would mean more to me than all the money he could pay me." Every business man who reads these words, and has a superior officer whom he seeks to please, will understand this feeling. I know, personally, a hundred men with similar feelings. It is not that they want to be told of their value; it is not that they wish their superior to acknowledge their tact or skill; it is the simple desire, born in every one of us, to be honestly told when we do a thing well. Sex does not enter into this feeling.

AND yet, I have gone with this friend to his home after business, have seen him lift his children up and kiss them, play a moment with the baby in its cradle, and then merely look at his wife, nod to her, or throw the stereotyped greeting, "Ah, dear, how are you?" at the same time arranging his cravat or brushing his hair for dinner. Love his wife? Dearly. He would be insulted at his best friend if he questioned his affection. Now, why in the world don't that man kiss his wife when he comes home as he does his children? Ten chances to one, she longs for that kiss from her husband as fondly as he craves for the approval of his superior in business. And this is not an exceptional instance. I have seen my friend reproduced in scores of husbands—the husband who never notices the pretty dress which his wife has donned for his special benefit, or who eats the daintiest breakfast or most carefully-prepared dinner without a word to the woman sitting opposite and who has perhaps spent the good part of the day in catering to his pleasure so that he might have his favorite dishes after a hard day at the office! If we men derive encouragement from a word of approval by those whose favor we seek in business, do you not think that wives find equal stimulant and pleasure in the pleasant word uttered by husbands? Your wife, my friend, works as hard in the home to please you, as you work in the office to please your superior. If you crave the approving word, do you not think that she does as well? You may say: "Oh, but that is different." No, it is not: on the contrary, it is precisely the same. Is your wife's life less wrapped up in your home than is your life a part of your business? She strives as hard to be a model wife as you do to be a successful business man. And as your nature craves for credit, so does that of your wife. Her work is just as hard as yours. Technically, it is different, but on general principles it is the same.

ONE of the greatest evils of our modern life is the fear to give credit where credit is due. We are always ready to criticize, but never to praise. We love to point out a mistake, but how loth we are to applaud a thing well done. The employer withholds the word of praise from his faithful employee. He either fears an application for more salary, or the risk of spoiling with praise. How short-sighted is such a policy! What is there more stimulating in the hard business world of to-day than honest approval openly given? Many a man and woman is there to-day in factory, store, office or banking-house to whom an honest "you have done that well" would mean more than any addition to salary. Everybody's goal is not the almighty dollar; some of us think just as much of a hearty word of approval. A good man or a good woman is never spoiled by an honest word of praise. There are enough people in this world ready to criticize and find fault; let you and I, my dear friend, counteract matters and be ready to give the word of praise when occasion requires it. In your business, be frank and open with those whom you employ. If a man does a thing well, tell him of it. And when you go home, keep your eyes open, and see whether your wife is not wearing something or has not put something on the table which she knew would please you. Notice it, and tell her you do. Don't let her imagine your pleasure—your wife is no more of a mind-reader than you are. We do not want to leave too much to be inferred in this world. Some things are best left to the inference; but there are others which will make this world better, brighter and more beautiful if told, and told "right out in meeting." If you, as husband, withhold honest praise from your wife, she, unconsciously, perhaps—for habits in a home are contagious—will, in turn, withhold it from your children, and they will transmit the spirit to their children. Each of us is more of an example to others than we sometimes think. A wise writer has made famous the proverb that the smallest action in our lives is reflected in some one else, and there is a great deal of truth in the old saw. We are all of us an example to some other fellow creature, and a trait in us is often transmitted, and made immortal to succeeding generations. And thus, as others are apt to do as we do, let us do well.

MANY a husband, perfect in almost every other quality, lacks one thing: the virtue of consideration for the woman of his home. How often have I heard men say to their wives "You have nothing to do all day. You attend to that." Now, women are far busier in their homes than many a man imagines or perhaps knows. To conduct a well-regulated home requires as much time and as much skill as to conduct a well-regulated business. For a woman to get good service out of the help in the home is just as great an art as it is for the man to draw forth the best in his clerks. Just as many knotty questions come up in the home for decision as come up in the office. A table is often as great a battlefield as the desk. We men are great factors in the world's progress and history, but we do not constitute the entire creation. All the burdens of this earth were not put on our shoulders. God put a few on the shoulders of women, too. Whenever you think, my dear sir, that you are carrying all the worries and troubles of this world, just stay home a day and watch the domestic machinery at work. It will be quite a revelation to you. You will find that your wife has not half so much time to herself as you supposed; and the next time when you think she has more time to do a thing which properly falls to you, you will be better able to judge whether she is capable of doing it in addition to her other duties.

THE fact is, I think, we escape a good deal of monotony by being at the office all day. A busy office is like a panorama: a perfect succession of things, no two of which are alike, and in their variety is a fascination of which the woman in the home is entirely deprived. One day to her is very much like all other days. It is practically the same routine day in and day out. Friends may drop in, but they are not so varied as the callers at a business office. The whole world sometimes passes through a business establishment in a single day; only a small portion of it passes through your home. The pulsations of the world's doings may not be so essential to your wife's happiness as they are to you, it is true, but she knows the spice which variety gives to life as well as you do. The only difference is that you get it, and she does not. Consideration comes in here. When you come home, don't express that irritating surprise—at which men are such adepts—when your wife pleads ignorance on some startling subject about which the whole town has been talking all day. "Hav'n't heard of it? Well, well! Where have you been all day?" Where in the world would she have been but at home? And it is pretty hard for a woman to know what is going on when you carry away to the office the only newspaper left at the house. You wouldn't have heard the news either if you had been at home, and your wife had monopolized the newspaper as you did. Have some consideration, my dear friend. Your wife doesn't care to have her shortcomings brought up to her any more than you do. Instead of chiding her, tell her what you know. Make the supper hour the happiest part of the day to her. Carry with you the interesting things of the day as they passed before you. Let her share in your knowledge of the world's doings.

A HUSBAND'S home-coming can be made either an elixir or a poison to his wife. No matter how tired the day may have been to her, the husband's cheerful greeting and a hearty kiss can dispel every weary feeling, and smooth out the wrinkles of care. As far as possible make some change in your dress before you sit down to dinner. No matter how slight may be the change, depend upon it your wife will notice it, and appreciate it. It is a silent tribute, and you owe it to her as a mark of respect. You would never have thought of dining at her house, before marriage, in your business suit; then, why do it now that she is your wife and has a far greater claim upon your respect? That you wash your hands and brush your hair is no tribute to her; simply an act calculated to increase your own comfort; but to go a trifle further and show her that you do not wish to appear before her as you did before your business associates, is a mark of respect. I have great respect for a Boston man of my acquaintance who never appears at the dinner table before he changes his business clothes for an evening suit, although he may not be going out or expect a single caller. "For whom should I dress more than for my wife?" was his interrogative answer to a friend's question. Everyone of us cannot go so far as does this friend of mine, for only three out of every ten men own a full-dress suit; but we can all, in a more moderate degree, emulate the delicate courtesy with which the action is fragrant.

MEN who complain of their homes too often overlook the fact that they are themselves more or less responsible for the atmosphere which pervades every room in it. Consideration for a wife is one of the sweetest flowers which a husband can grow and nourish in the home-garden. It will do more than the costliest bouquets which he can bring her from the florist's. It is the little things in this world which make life attractive, and it is the little acts of courtesy and consideration on the part of a husband for a wife which deepens her love for him, heightens her respect for other men, and makes her daily and hourly grateful to that God through whose infinite wisdom her life and that of her husband were brought together. Marriage is never a failure in a home where consideration fills the minds and lives of husband and wife. It is a golden band between them which brightens with increasing years, and binds them together when they are absent, one from the other. On a lichen-covered rock this epitaph: "He was always considerate," and I wondered whether there was in the English language a sentence from which there could be derived more meaning. On that stone there had, indeed, been chiselled a sermon!

A FEW THINGS TO EXPECT



It has always been the policy of the Editor of the JOURNAL to have his readers enter into his plans, so that those who read the magazine may know what those who make it are doing. In this way, we all become more like one literary family.

DURING THE SUMMER MONTHS

THE JOURNAL will, as announced on the page just preceding this, have a thorough outdoor flavor. The stories, articles and poems will be such as will enter into the thoughts and spirit of the season. We shall follow a woman wherever the summer leads her, into the country, at the sea-shore, across the sea, or at home in the city, and tell her something which she may want to know.

MRS. BEECHER'S REMINISCENCES

MANY have written asking in what issue of the JOURNAL MRS. HENRY WARD BEECHER's reminiscences of Mr. BEECHER will begin. This series has been delayed in order that we might perfect an elaborate series of illustrations which it was not intended at first to include in the articles. The artists and engravers have now nearly finished their work, and the first article is in type, and will shortly appear. In the meantime, MRS. BEECHER has given us an article for the August number.

SOMETHING FOR THE BOYS

A FEW months ago we started the Department "Bright Things for Boys." It proved so successful from the start that it was at once decided to make it a permanent feature. The interest of the boys may be imagined from the fact that we have received over twenty thousand letters from boys alone during the last four months. Such an army, we felt, should have a leader, and a competent one. After carefully looking around, we found a boy's editor in Mr. FOSTER COATES, and after one or two more issues of the JOURNAL, he will marshal the great army of the JOURNAL boys. It will be a department full of life and snap. Mr. COATES has scarcely ceased to be a boy himself, and he understands boys perfectly. He is now one of the most successful editors in New York, at the helm of one of the largest dailies, and has opportunities for seeing things in which the JOURNAL boys will hereafter join. This month, the Captain of the New York Base-ball Club has the page; next month, the famous oarsman, EDWARD HANLAN, will tell boys how to row and handle a boat; then the genial ROBERT J. DODDGE will divide the page with HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH and A. BOGARDUS, after which the new Boy's Editor will take full charge.

A NEW DOMESTIC EDITOR

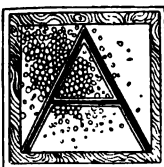
IT is also a great pleasure for us to announce that the JOURNAL staff will shortly be augmented by another Domestic Editor in MISS MARIA PARLOA, known and acknowledged in every American home as one of the best authorities in domestic matters. MISS PARLOA comes to the JOURNAL to enter more closely into the daily lives of thousands of busy housewives who have innumerable worries which perplex them. There are hundreds of little things about the house continually coming up to a good housewife, concerning which she would like to know. These are the points which MISS PARLOA will cover in a department of her own each month. She will not write receipts, but confine herself to general household matters appertaining to every room in the house. It is not too much to say that MISS PARLOA's department will be one of the strongest and most helpful in the JOURNAL. It will be commenced in an early issue.

A SPECIAL FEATURE FOR CHILDREN

ONE of the weakest departments in the JOURNAL has been "The Children's Page," and no one has been more thoroughly cognizant of it than ourselves. Some have written to us: "Leave the children out. They have magazines of their own, and you cannot successfully cater to them." But we have thought differently about it. The children have to be taken care of; the only question was, What pleasing feature could we get for them? There was one man who, by virtue of a specialty which he possessed with a clever pencil, had more friends among the children than any single man in America. He not only pleased the children but he made their parents laugh as well—a rare thing for a juvenile writer and artist. Upon this man we settled. He belonged to another magazine, and so did his wonderfully clever pictures. But we never knew what we can do until we try, and both the man and his future pictures now belong to the JOURNAL. Who he is, and what he will do, will be told in one of the coming numbers. But the children of the JOURNAL families will have a friend hereafter all to themselves, and their parents will laugh with them over the bright little sprites which will soon walk across the pages of this magazine.

WHAT THE FUTURE HOLDS FOR US

AND thus the JOURNAL will grow in strength and interest with these and a score of other things now being prepared. The future holds out for us all the best we have ever enjoyed, and in a few months from now we shall publish a succession of numbers which will please the most exacting. We shall laugh more than we have, for a good laugh does us all good. Pessimists are out of date.



These beautiful days of spring-time come round, my heart goes out to the working women of this land. And in their interests to attune the sympathy of the world more in their favor, to drop a possible word of cheer and encouragement, I shall employ my pen this month. Some of you, whose fingers are soft as velvet, may ask: Are not these working women better paid now than ever before? Ah, yes, my woman, to some extent, perhaps; but they have injustices practiced upon them—injustices so keen that the point of a knife is dull in comparison.

IS THIS JUSTICE TO OUR WOMEN?

BY what principle of justice, for example, is it that women in many of our cities get only two-thirds as much as men, and in many cases only half? Here is the gigantic injustice—that for work, equally well, if not better, done, woman receives far less compensation than man. Start with the national Government. Women clerks in Washington get nine hundred dollars for doing that for which men receive eighteen hundred dollars. The wheel of oppression is rolling over the necks of thousands of women who are, as I write, in despair about what they are to do. Many of the largest mercantile establishments of our cities are accessory to these abominations, and from their large establishments there are scores of souls being pushed off into death, and their employers know it. Is there a God? Will there be a judgment? I tell you, if God rises up to redress woman's wrongs, many of our large establishments will be swallowed up quicker than a South American earthquake ever took down a city. God will catch these oppressors between the two millstones of His wrath, and grind them to powder. Why is it that in some of the cities a female principal in a school gets only eight hundred and twenty-five dollars for doing work for which a male principal gets sixteen hundred and fifty dollars? I hear from all this land the wail of womanhood. Man has nothing to answer to that wail but flatteries. He says she is an angel. She is not. She knows she is not. She is a human being, who gets hungry when she has no food, and cold when she has no fire. Give her no more flatteries; give her justice!

CAN YOU WONDER AT SUCH AN OUTCRY?

A RICH woman said to me only a few days ago: "But we have sewing-machines now in our great cities, and the trouble is gone." No, it is not. I see a great many women wearing themselves out amid the hardships of the sewing-machine. A Christian man went into a house of a good deal of destitution in New York, and he saw a poor woman there with a sick child, and he was telling the woman how good a Christian she ought to be and how she ought to put her trust in God. "Oh," she said, "I have no God; I work from Monday morning until Saturday night and I get no rest, and I never hear anything that does my soul any good; and when Sunday comes I haven't any bonnet that I can wear to church, and I have sometimes got down to pray and then I got up, saying to my husband: 'My dear, there's no use of my praying; I am so distracted I can't pray; it don't do any good.' Oh, sir, it is very hard to work on as we people do from year to year, and to see nothing bright ahead, and to see the poor little child getting thinner and thinner, and my man almost broken down, and to be getting no nearer to God, but to be getting farther away from Him. Oh, if I were only ready to die!"

Ah, my friends, when a cry like that is going up from many thousands of working women in this country, who shall say that nothing is wrong, that these things are necessary! It is not an argument against prayer, or against the God who ordained prayer. Instances of their power come to me every day.

A young man went off from his mother's house—went off to sea. She prayed for his return day after day, month after month, and year after year. After awhile he started homeward, and the ship was in the offing; but a sudden storm swooped, and that vessel was broken to pieces on the rocks, and it was supposed that all the crew perished; but the night after, there was a knock at the door of that aged mother's house. Her long absent son had returned, and the first words he uttered on entering the old homestead, were: "Mother, I thought you would pray me home." The grandest, mightiest, and most stupendous agency in the universe is prayer. It is second to nothing but Omnipotence, and their shoulders touch. But woe unto those who, in their haste to sell themselves to Satan, are grinding human souls so deep into the dust that God seems far away, and prayer a bitter mockery!

THE PRIVATION OF NATURAL TASTES

ONE of the greatest trials of our working classes of to-day is privation of taste and sentiment. There are mechanics who have their beautiful homes, who have their fine wardrobes, who have all the best fruits and meats of the earth brought to their table. They have their elegant libraries. But they are the exception. A great many of the working people of our country are living in cramped abodes, struggling amid great hardships, living in neighborhoods where they do not want to live, but where they have to live. I do not know of anything much more painful than to have a fine taste for paintings, and sculpture, and music, and glorious sunsets, and the expanse of the blue sky, and yet not be able to get the dollar for the oratorio, or to get a picture, or to buy one's way into the country to look at the setting sun and at the bright heavens. While there are men in great affluence, who have around them all kinds of luxuries in art, themselves entirely unable to appreciate these luxuries—buying their books by the square foot, their pictures sent to them by some artist who is glad to get the miserable dabs out of the studio—there are multitudes of refined, delicate women who are born artists and shall reign in the kingdom of Heaven as artists, who are denied every picture, and every sweet song.

LOOKING THROUGH POVERTY'S GLASSES

THEN there are a great many who suffer not only in the privation of their taste, but in the apprehensions and the oppressive surroundings of life, that were well described by an English writer. He said:

"To be a poor man's child and look through the rails of the playground, and envy richer boys for the sake of their many books, and yet to be doomed to ignorance! To be apprenticed to some harsh stranger, and feel forever banished from a mother's tenderness and a sister's love! To work when very weary, and work when the heart is sick and the head is sore! To see a wife or a darling child wasting away and not be able to get the best advice! To hope that the better food or the purer air might set her up again, but that food you cannot buy, that air you must never hope to breathe! To be obliged to let her die! To come home from the daily task some evening and see her sinking! To sit up all night in hope to catch again those precious words you might have heard could you have afforded to stay at home all day, but never hear them! To have no mourners at the funeral, and even to have to carry on your own shoulder through the merry streets the light deal coffin! To see huddled into a promiscuous hole the dust which is so dear to you, and not venture to mark the spot by planted flower or lowliest stone! Some bitter winter or some costly spring, to barter for food the clock or the curious cupboard, or the Henry's Commentaries on which you prided yourself as the heirloom of a frugal family, and never to be able to redeem it! To feel that you are getting old, nothing laid aside, and present earnings scarce sufficient! To change the parlor floor for the top story, and the top story for a single attic, and wonder what change will be next!"

HARDSHIPS OF OUR WORKING WOMEN

THERE are sixty-five thousand sewing-girls in New York and Brooklyn. Across the sunlight comes their death groan. It is not such a cry as comes from those who are suddenly hurled out of life, but a slow, grinding, horrible wasting away. Gather them before you and look into their faces—pinched, ghastly, hunger-struck! Look at their fingers, needle-pricked and blood-tipped! See that premature stoop in the shoulders! At a large meeting of these women held in a hall in Philadelphia, grand speeches were delivered, but a needle-woman took the stand, threw aside her faded shawl, and with her shriveled arm hurled a very thunderbolt of eloquence, speaking out the horrors of her own experience. Stand at the corner of a street in New York at six or seven o'clock in the morning, as the women go to work. Many of them had no breakfast, except the crumbs that were left over from the night before, or the crumbs they chew on their way through the street. Here they come—the working girls of New York and Brooklyn: These engaged in bead-work, these in flower-making, in millinery, in paper-box-making; but most overworked of all and least compensated, the sewing-woman. Why do they not take the city cars on their way up? They cannot afford the five cents. If, concluding to deny herself something else, she gets into the car, give her a seat. You want to see how Latimer and Ridley appeared in the fire. Look at that woman and behold a more horrible martyrdom, a hotter fire, a more agonizing death. Ask that woman how much she gets for her work, and she will tell you—six cents for making coarse shirts and furnishing her own thread!

THE STORY OF A POOL OF WATER

BUT there are some grand and glorious encouragements for these working women; and the first encouragement is—that one of the greatest safeguards against evil is plenty to do. Active employment is one of the greatest sureties for a pure and upright life.

There are but very few men or women with character stalwart enough to endure continuous idleness. I see a pool of water in the country, and I say: "Thou slimy, fetid thing—what does all this mean?" "Oh," says the pool of water, "I am just stopping here." I say to the pool of water: "Didn't I see you dance in the shower?" "Oh, yes," says the water, "I came down from God shining like an angel." I say to that water: "Didn't you drop like a beautiful gem into a casket of other gems as you tumbled over the rock?" "Oh, yes," says the water, "I sang all the way down from the cliffs to the meadow." I say again: "Didn't I see you playing with those shuttles and turning that grist-mill?" "Oh, yes," says the water, "I used to earn my living." I say again: "Then what makes you look so sick? Why are you covered with this green scum? Why is your breath so vile?" "Oh," says the water, "I have nothing to do. I am disgusted with shuttles and wheels. I am going to spend my whole lifetime here, and while yonder stream sings on its way down the mountain-side, here I am left to fester and die, accursed of God because I have nothing to do." Sin is an old pirate that bears down on vessels whose sails are flapping idly in the wind. The arrow of sin has hard work to puncture the leather of an old working apron. Morning, noon and night, Sundays and weekdays, thank God for plenty to do.

OAKS WHICH SPRING FROM STURDY SOIL

A NOTHER encouragement is the fact that your families are going to have the very best opportunities for development and usefulness. That may sound strange to you, but the children of fortune are very apt to turn out poorly. In nine cases out of ten the lad finds out if a fortune is coming by twelve years of age—he finds out there is no necessity of toil; and he makes no struggle, and a life without struggle goes into dissipation or into stupidity. You see the sons and daughters of wealthy parents going out into the world insane, nerveless, dyspeptic, or they are incorrigible and reckless; while the son of the porter that kept the gate learns his trade, gets a robust physical constitution, achieves high moral culture, and stands in the front rank of church and state. Who are the men mightiest in our Legislatures and Congress and Cabinets? Did they walk up the steep of life in silver slippers? Oh, no! Their mothers put them under the tree in the shade while they spread the hay. Many of these mighty men ate out of an iron spoon and drank out of the roughest earthenware—their whole life a forced march. They never had any luxuries until, after a while, God gave them affluence and usefulness and renown as a reward for their persistence. Remember, then, that though you may have poor surroundings and small means for the education of your children, they are actually starting under better advantages than though you had a fortune to give them. Hardship and privation are not a damage to them, but an advantage. A clipper likes a stiff breeze. The sledge hammer does not hurt the iron that it knocks into shape. Trouble is a hone for sharpening very keen razors. Akenside rose to his eminent sphere from his father's butcher shop. Robert Burns started as a shepherd. Prida used to sweep Exeter College. Gifford was a shoemaker; and the son and daughter of every man or woman of toil may rise to heights of intellectual and moral power if they will only trust God and keep busy.

ONE more encouragement: Your toils in this world are only intended to be a discipline by which you shall be prepared for Heaven. "Behold I bring you glad tidings of great joy," and tell you that Christ, the carpenter of Nazareth, is the workingwoman's Christ. If you belong to the Lord Jesus Christ, He will count the drops of sweat on your brow. He knows every ache and every pain you have ever suffered in your worldly occupation. Are you weary? He will give you rest. Are you sick? He will give you health. Are you cold? He will wrap around you the warm mantle of His eternal love.

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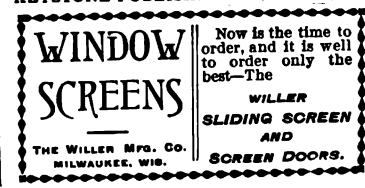
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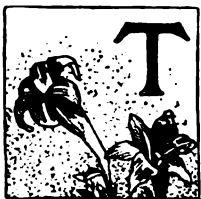
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SIDE TALKS WITH GIRLS

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.



THE welcome visitor, and the one who is asked to come again, is the girl who realizes that she not only goes away to have a pleasant time, but that she owes a duty to her hostess. And in this case, duty and pleasure may go hand in hand, and extreme enjoyment be the result.

THE GIRL WHO IS EVER WELCOME

THE welcome guest is the girl who, knowing the hour for breakfast, appears at the table at the proper time, does not keep others waiting, and does not get in the way by being down half-an-hour before her hostess appears.

The welcome guest is the girl who, if there are not many servants in the house, has sufficient energy to take care of her own room while she is visiting; and if there are people whose duty it is, she makes that duty as light as possible for them, by putting away her own belongings, and in this way not necessitating extra work.

The welcome guest is the one who knows how to be pleasant to every member of the family, and who yet has tact enough to retire from a room when some special family affair is under discussion.

The welcome guest is the one who does not find children disagreeable, or the various pets of the household things to be dreaded.

The welcome guest is the one who, when her hostess is busy, can entertain herself with a book, a bit of sewing, or the writing of a letter. The welcome guest is the one who, when her friends come to see her, does not disarrange the household in which she is staying that she may entertain them.

The welcome guest is the one who, having broken the bread and eaten the salt of her friend, has set before her lips a seal of silence, so that when she goes from the house she repeats nothing but the agreeable things that she has seen.

This is the welcome guest, the one to whom we say good-bye with regret, and to whom we call out welcome with the lips and from the heart.

MY SPECIAL FRIEND

WHO is it? It is the girl who is honestly working to earn her own living, who is trying to make the best of everything, and who, at twenty-five, isn't ashamed to learn how to speak good English, and who, no matter what her age is, knows that every bit of knowledge that she gains is so much more to her advantage. Some of my girls, my special friends, were talking the other day about what to do with the extra minutes, the "spare minutes," they said. These girls who have the courage to work during all the bright, sunshiny day, can yet talk bravely of spare minutes, and some of them told of their methods of utilizing the odd time. A book picked up, a newspaper read, a verse of poetry learned, and, sometimes, just an absolute resting of body and mind—and that is what some of them need more than anything else.

But one girl, who works all day long in the mending-room of an embroidery factory, told me how they made much of their spare minutes. There were thirty of them, and whenever a piece of embroidery came from the great looms it went into their hands to be looked over and mended, so what they did was "piece-work," and any minutes they gave up were deducted from their time at the end of the week. After thinking it over they decided that each one could spare ten minutes a day, and the one who was having her ten minutes, read to the others. In this way they got three hundred minutes a day, eighteen hundred minutes a week, and—whatever among you is a good arithmetician—count how many minutes a year that would be for them.

Doesn't this make you, who govern your own time, a bit ashamed? Remember, time is really money to those girls, and yet they were willing to give it that they might gain knowledge. The good that came from the reading was not only in the story, or the verse, or the history, but each girl learned to use words correctly; she grew to understand, and to be mistress of good English—and all because of the spare minutes—the minutes that, in all, are so prone to idle away.

The loss of time was not great, and the gain in knowledge was. After my friend had told me of this I wondered how many girls there were who took ten minutes a day to improve their minds, and, do you know, I think the greatest number will be found among the women who deny themselves something in taking this time? The working-girl of America is the mother of the next generation. She is wealthy in wisdom, she is growing to be healthy in looks, and that she is wise is certain. To me she is so near and dear that I always want to meet her; and now I want to say to her: "Come and get acquainted with me. Tell me a little of your troubles and of your joys; I'll tell you of mine, and we will suggest to each other the working out of problems that at first seem difficult." Will they answer my appeal? They are my special friends.

A HUMAN BLOTTER

DID you ever take up a blotter and try to find out the words that had made the ugly lines upon it? There may have been loving ones originally, but these were blotted out by heavily scored figures, by deeply marked words of indignation until the pure whiteness of the blotter is defaced and you begin to think that it can no longer be of any use. Now, the faces of half the girls you see are like those blotters. They are marked with indifference, with ill-temper, made ugly by bitter words and misshapen by angry ones. The face will certainly picture the emotions which rule you, and, where love and consideration doth abide, a sweet kindness pervades the face that can never be mistaken for anything else. Envy distorts the mouth, malice and cunning make the eyes small, while greediness and vanity puff out the cheeks in a way that is certainly not beautiful. Now, just for the sake of being lovely to look upon, won't you abjure all the ill-feelings, mean-nesses, and vices—for they are that—that will certainly show themselves in your face and make it the human blotter of so much that is disagreeable?

HOW GIRLS CAN ENTERTAIN

THE young hostess who cannot do anything with her guests, who cannot induce them to play games, who cannot make them talk and who sees them sitting around solemnly and keeping quiet, feels as if life were not worth living. She wonders what in the world she shall do. She wonders how other people manage, and so I am just going to suggest this to her. The evening of your little entertainment give your parlor a sort of broken-up look. Make little corners with sofas and a couple of chairs; put chairs close to small tables and do not have a hollow square in the centre of the room. Have all the books and photographs that are of interest spread about the tables in a careless way as if inviting inspection, and start this by going first to one little group and giving a hint as to what the books contain in the way of illustrations and who the photographs represent. Then if there is somebody who will give you a little music, ask that it may be something that everybody will like, and don't permit more than one selection that will cause an awesome silence to fall upon all.

When you introduce people to each other, give a cue about each other, that is, say—"Miss Brown, will you allow me to present Mr. Jones? I am sure you two will find a great deal to talk about, for both of you are so fond of pictures"; that starts the two people talking and you have done your duty. Then in your supper room, if you can, have small tables; if not, induce people to sit in groups and not in rows to be served, and have either your own brothers, or, if you are not fortunate enough to possess them, some intimate men friends, veritably break the ice by beginning to serve the good things that you have provided. There is nothing in the world that will make people talk as much as photographs, and in the house where games have been exhausted and the hostess is wondering what she shall do, I am tempted to say, beg, borrow or steal a lot of pictures of well-known people. An anecdote or story will be told about one or another, and once the ball of conversation is started, a young hostess may be happy and may congratulate herself on the fact that she has learned how to entertain.

HOW TO TAKE A BATH

EVERYBODY seems to have an idea that she is born with the knowledge of how to take a bath. As if cleanliness as well as godliness did not have to be taught either by example or by precept! The best sort of bath to take, best for your skin and best for your brain—for, after all, the bath has a great effect on the brain—is a pretty warm one, creamy with soap-suds, into which you can plunge and cover yourself entirely. Then, after you have scrubbed and rubbed until your skin looks like the proverbial milk, and you feel as if you would like to lie down and go to sleep, you want to take your tonic bath and that is the shower one—cold, as cold as cold can be. The first few streams will make you jump with fright, but in a second or two you are absolutely enjoying the down-pour, and you come out of it warm and glowing, feeling thoroughly braced up. "But," says somebody, "a shower bath is too great a shock for me." Well, then, improvise such a shower as they give in the Russian bath; that is, one beginning at the temperature of the water in which you bathe, and gradually getting cold. You can do this by filling pitcher after pitcher of water and pouring the contents over your shoulders and all over your body, and the slight exertion used in handling the pitcher will tend to make you warmer and to moderate what might be called the shock. The knowledge how to use water and soap is easily gained, and the result is quickly perceived. A girl who is clean herself will soon have her surroundings clean, so that the knowing how to take a bath urges one on to greater wisdom and gradually one learns how to keep a house clean, which is the first step toward making a home. And that is what every honest-hearted, affectionate girl hopes to have some day.

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.]

N. S.—The quotation "In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love," may be found in the poem entitled "Locksley Hall," written by Lord Alfred Tennyson.

AN INTERESTED READER—Cocoa-butter put on the eyebrows will tend to increase their growth. I cannot advise any application for the lashes, as there is always danger when treating them of injuring the eyes.

A WESTERN GIRL—Suggestions for dainty and inexpensive spring dresses may be found in the articles on fashions in the spring numbers of the JOURNAL.

LUCILLE—You cannot expect to be first with all your friends, and if you know that a man friend likes another of his girl friends better, and still is courteous to you, I would suggest your accepting or declining his courtesy as you like, but do not permit yourself to feel mortified because you are not first in his thoughts when pleasure is concerned.

ALICE—By regular exercise, the avoidance of sweet and starchy food, the giving up of gravies and game, you may healthfully reduce your weight.

G. B.—There is probably more money to be made in millinery, if you have good taste, than there is at typewriting, and as the supply of good typewriters far exceeds the demand, I would suggest that you learn to be a thoroughly good milliner.

AN ANXIOUS INQUIRER—Try using a little benzoin in the tepid water in which you wash your face, dropping in it just enough to make the water look milky; sponge your face thoroughly, dry it with a soft towel and continue this long enough to see if the obnoxious freckles will not disappear.

KATHARINE—You certainly did do wrong in permitting the young man to put his arms about you. You not only gave him an opportunity to think, or even speak lightly of you, but you excuse yourself and in this way take the first step towards permitting other men to do the same thing; and, my dear girl, it is always the first step that counts.

ANXIOUS—The face is the thermometer of the condition of the body, and when that is in a thoroughly good state the face is clear, the eyes bright and the hair healthy. Continue the exact care you have given yourself and in time you will find that the face will announce the fact.

M. G. H.—Stealing the black specks from the face and then anointing it with cold or strawberry cream will be found more efficacious than ammonia or any of the soaps advertised specially for this purpose.

ELONK—To develop your arms give them a good rubbing morning and evening with alcohol. If you can, wield the broom about the house, and play all games such as lawn tennis, battledoor and shuttlecock, or whatever will tend to bring the arms into active service.

AN ANXIOUS INQUIRER—Unless about some matter of business, it is not best to write to a married man.

L. R.—By wearing a longer waisted corset and having your bodices all made to look pointed, the effect of which you complain will be lost.

MIRIAM H.—It is impossible to say just what anybody should take on a four months' trip to Europe. You will need a good woolen wrapper for use on the steamer, and a warm cloak, easily assumed, that may be put over it on days when you do not feel like wearing a tight-fitting gown and yet desire to go on deck. A well-made cloth suit could be your traveling dress, and a short coat or an ulster the wrap used. At other times such gowns as you would require at home in the summer are proper. In embroidering, utilize upon napery your own and not those of your future husband should be used.

H. S. D.—In writing to a perfect stranger there is wisdom in choosing the third person in preference to the first. And commence your letter "Mrs. John Smith wishes to say Messrs. Brown, Jones & Co., etc., etc."; but in writing a letter commencing "Mr. John Smith, Dear Sir," your name must be signed "Mary Brown," though if you are sure he does not know the proper mode of addressing you, you can put in the lower left hand corner of the sheet "Mrs. John Brown, 999 Happy Avenue, Eden, Paradise."

J. M.—Bathe your hands in very hot water and rub in cold cream, strawberry cream, or any simple ointment fancied, and sleep in gloves; this will tend to whiten your hands.

A SUBSCRIBER—Even if you do return any presents received from a man friend in the way of bad taste to ask him to give back to you any you may have given him. If his own knowledge of the correct usages is not sufficient to make him do this, you are not called upon to teach him.

VIRGINIA AND AGNES—I do not think it well for girls to go to the theatre very often. It is certainly not in good taste for them to eat candy there, nor does it show a great amount of wisdom for them to expend their money on the photographs of actors who are not particularly well known either for their personality or their ability. Girls of fourteen will be certain to make the best women if they find their amusements at places where they are accompanied by their mother. A photograph of Mr. Booth, of Mr. Jefferson, of Miss Terry, of Clara Morris, or of any of the very great people on the stage, it might be a pleasure to possess; but there is an element of coarseness in the desire to have pictures of men who have achieved nothing.

DAWN—It is certainly very bad taste for a young woman to permit a man whom she does not expect to marry, to kiss her at any time. It is not necessary to ask a man to come in after he has escorted you home.

JANETTE—The engagement ring is worn on the third finger of the left hand. It is removed at the time of the wedding, and, after that, is assumed again as a guard for the wedding-ring.

GEORGE—It is perfectly proper for you to ask a man friend who visits at your house to come and drink tea with you.

DAISY D.—The filling up of the pores of the skin, to which you refer, usually results from bad digestion and insufficient bathing. I would advise you to take a course of Russian baths. I cannot recommend the absolute use of the ordinary hot bath for this, unless you follow it up with a cold shower, which would take away the debilitating effect and would prevent your catching cold.

NAN—Unless you are engaged to be married to the young man content yourself with sending a note of inquiry as to his health, and if you should go to see him have your mother, or a sister go with you.

MYRTLE—The girl who accepts attentions and courtesies systematically from one man, knows that he means to ask her to marry him, and intends to refuse, cannot be too strongly blamed. She is not only incon-siderate, but absolutely vulgar.

A WELL-WISHER—A full account of bridesmaids and their duties are given in this number of the JOURNAL.

B. P.—When a glass of water is handed to a lady she should drink it and say nothing to the man who has brought it about any desire he may have for it.

A CONFIDING READER—There would be no impropriety whatever in asking a man friend to give you his autograph.

ALICE R. AND OTHERS—The flushing of the face is usually due to bad circulation, and I would suggest applying to a doctor for a proper prescription for this. Then take a great deal of exercise, give careful thought to diet and do not overlook the value of the bath.

STEE—I am going to give a little article on the hands and their care in an early number of the JOURNAL. The proper visiting card is the engraved one, a printed one being in as bad taste as one that is written.

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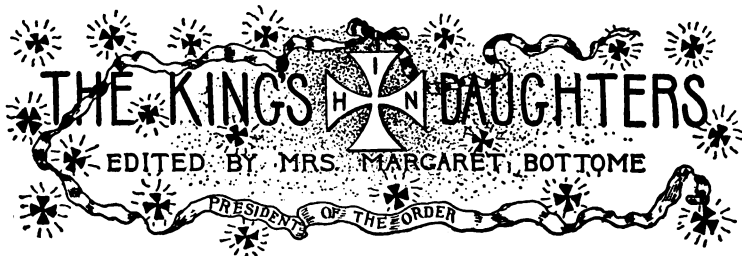
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The purpose of this Department is to bring the members of the Order of The King's Daughters and its President into closer relations by personal and familiar "Talks" and "Chats." All letters from the "Daughters" bearing upon this one and special purpose *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.

HEART TO HEART TALKS



ANOTHER month with its joys and its sorrows—its roses and its thorns, has passed away. It has been a month in which I have received many loving words from those who gather in "our corner" every month. You have been kinder to me, many of you, than I would have been to myself; for had your names been given I could not have resisted writing to you. One writes me that our Sisterhood brings to the surface the very best that is in her, and adds: "Ah, it is more, I think, from a careless overlooking of what is one's duty to do in many instances, than from intentional neglect; and the dear little emblem is so helpful in keeping one eternally vigilant, and after a while it becomes so much easier to not forget"; she never ceases to give thanks that we are united in one great band to overcome and assuage all suffering and sorrow.

CONTINUE IN WELL-DOING

A CIRCLE of school-girls told me once, they had taken a poor little baby-girl to care for. I asked what they should do when they left school. (The poor child was in the village of the place where they were at boarding-school). "Oh," they answered, "we shall go right on taking care of her, and, when she is old enough, we are going to educate her." I said, "well, you had better call yourselves 'The Continuing Ten' (they had asked me to give them a name), and then take for the motto of your circle 'Continue in Well-doing.'" Young people are apt to commence a work and find it tiresome in time. I told this story a short time ago, and results followed. There was a dear woman who never had any money of her own (there are such women still), and who wanted so much to do good, but lacked the means. At last she asked her husband if he would let her have the weekly religious paper after he was through with it; it was the only paper they took. He said, Yes, she could have it. She wanted to send it where it would do the most good, and she found there was a minister out on the frontier with a large family and very slender means, not able to take such a paper; so she sent it to him. That wasn't much to do; but she continued to send it year after year, and never ceased till she died, and the minister's family mourned at her death as if she had been one of their own family. And they had never seen her, but they had named a child for her. Only think of it, just one paper a week! Where do all our papers and magazines go? O, the good we may be doing by helping "just a little!"

THE TEACHER OF TEACHERS

"HAVEN'T you a word of encouragement and sympathy for the tired teachers all over our land?" O what an army of teachers came up before my mind as I read the words, and I did long to say a word that might help you. I often wonder if teachers really know what an influence they have over the children! I can remember to this day a dress worn by the first teacher I ever had. Nothing remains with me with such vividness as my teachers in my childhood days. I am glad for the sake of all teachers that Christ was a teacher; and He had dull scholars too, but we have Him as our example. I should say to every teacher, cultivate hopefulness. I was much touched by an illustration I heard a minister use not long ago, in speaking on the subject of the Incarnation. He said it was not enough to simply tell the truth; you had to get into the heart of the one you wanted to teach. He told an incident of his college life. The president of the college had a son who was not bright, and he was his only son; the father had a princely intellect, and when he saw that his son was the butt of ridicule and treated as if he was an idiot, the father's heart was deeply moved, and he made up his mind that he would reach the little mind there was in the boy, and develop it. The boy had no other teacher but his splendid father, and by patience and love that would not tire, he, so to speak, made himself small that he might get into that little mind, and by love and the determination born of love, he succeeded. He won, and in after days that father had the joy of seeing that son graduate at Oxford with honors. Dear teachers, what can I say but the old words, "Be not weary in well doing, for in due season ye shall reap if ye faint not." And wear the cross to constantly remind you of the never-wearying love and patience of the great Teacher, and so do and bear "In His Name."

WHERE FRIEND HELPS FRIEND

LETTERS come to me daily from women younger and older; one says: "I am a member of the church, but in my daily life I am not Christ-like; I have a quick temper, and I yield to temptation, and am again and again overcome." Another writes: "I have not what would be called a bad temper, but I am inwardly irritated and I hate to acknowledge it; I am jealous, and I say to myself again and again, there is no reason for it, and I fear the happiness of my life will be wrecked. What shall I do? I attend to all the services of the church, but the trouble is deep within. I want to wear the cross to continually remind me of the only One who can save me, who loved me—who died for me!" The cross is worn, and at last the soul reaches the conclusion that to be good—to be a Christian—is the business of the life, and the victory comes over sin and self "In His Name." Then the joy comes, and joy will find expression, and naturally one and another is told what the joining of the Sisterhood and the wearing of the emblem of undying love has done for her. Then one friend after another says: "I want to join you, I have faults to overcome." So your circle is forming, and after a number of friends, young or old, are wearing the cross, you will decide to call yourselves a circle and meet as a circle; and you will take some name that will be pleasant to you and, perhaps, some one word of Scripture that may be helpful to you. I know circles of young mothers and they meet and pray for their babies, and then get light, one from another, on how best to bring up little children. Then, if they are favored mothers, they will want to help poor mothers who have little children without many comforts, and they unite on a plan of helping those in their neighborhood.

A PLEA FROM INDIA

TO-DAY I have heard from a circle in Calcutta, called "The Ministering Ten." The head of that circle has fourteen hundred little Hindoo girls under her care; she had just heard of the Doll's Festival held in New York, and she wanted to know if some of the circles in this part of the world would not send dolls to her little girls whose childhood is so short. They can hardly ever keep them after ten, and they are often married at eight—compelled to be! And she writes: "I want to make them as happy as I can the little time they have to be happy." I would give you the letter from this "Daughter" in Calcutta if I had the space; but if any of you wish to communicate with her you can write to Miss L. M. Hook, 140 Dkeerrem-tallah street, Calcutta, India, and she will tell you just what to do if you want to send little dolls dressed to the little Hindoo children "In His Name." There is no end to the work that needs to be done; but be very sure there is not a poor family suffering near your own door, and yet any one in this world who needs our help is our neighbor.

GOD GIVETH THE INCREASE

AND now before me lies this request: "Can you tell me through THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL how I can so multiply my work as to extend my influence, that at last the aggregate may be very great?" My dear friend, let me be very plain with you, and tell you that you have nothing to do with the matter of "influence or the aggregate." One may plant and another may water, but it is God that giveth the increase. All that you are responsible for is simply your duty; only think of what God has made in the way of influence in regard to that woman who did "what she could," down through all the ages she has comforted and inspired. And she simply did what she could, not what she would like to have done, not what she felt she could have done under other circumstances, but simply what she could. Think of what the Master Himself said at the last: "I have finished the work Thou didst give me to do," not what I had hoped to do, but what Thou gavest me to do. And did you ever think how Christ was turned out of the way he had evidently planned for himself again and again? He would start in the morning to go to a certain place, and on the way this one and that one would want Him to heal or bring back the dead, and He would stop and do the work that was given Him to do. Aim high: do the little things with a grand spirit, and He can lead you to do what are called great things if He has them for you to do; but do not despise the day of small things. "Be thou faithful over a few things," and then comes the promise, "I will make thee ruler over many things."

"I would not have the restless will That hurries to and fro— Seeking for some great thing to do, Or some great thing to know; I would be treated as a child And guided where I go."

AS WIDE AS THE WORLD

NOW it occurs to me that you may want to know what a "scattered circle" means. A president is the only officer of a scattered circle; the members of her circle may be anywhere in the world, and she communicates with them by letters, and by sending them little books or leaflets, and she could write a circular letter and have it pass from one to another. I receive a circular letter from one of the grandest women in our Order, but this letter, called "Mrs. Blank's Circular Letter" was started before we had any Order. My friend lives in London, and this letter comes to members of her family and a few of her personal friends. The last page of this letter has all the names on where it is to go; after I read it I cross off my name and send it on to the next name on the page. This could easily be done with any scattered circle. There is a society called the "Pass On" society; all there is of it is just to pass on to somebody else what has been lent to you. Usually you see the two words "Pass on" at the top of the leaflet, and this method could also be used with a scattered circle. Then the probability is that these different members of your circle would start circles where they live, and so your usefulness would be increasing all the time.

IN THE MATTER OF MEETINGS

I AM often asked for a programme for conducting meetings of the circles. We have no programmes; the leaders conduct them as they think best. But I will tell you how I would conduct a circle. You know that every circle (excepting the scattered circles) has a president, secretary and treasurer. No matter how young the girls may be, they have their regular meetings, and the minutes of the last meeting are read—sometimes the secretary not more than ten years of age. Let the business part of the meeting be conducted in good business style. But our Order is not only to do work, but to grow in spirituality, so I would take one-half of the hour for spiritual improvement. Have a good book to read—the life of some remarkable woman, or something that will make you long to be good and useful. Then vary these exercises by reading what the different members of the circle have contributed for mutual helpfulness, perhaps something cut out of a paper that you think the other girls would enjoy; while one is reading, all the others can be sewing or knitting. When the half hour is over—and at the commencement of this half hour—have prayer; all unite in our Lord's Prayer, at least; then the president will call the circle to order, and the secretary will take her place, and all the business can be attended to. Reports from all the members of what they have done during the month should be presented. I do not say I would not vary the exercises of the first half hour, but all that will come to you. I think most of the circles give a certain sum a month, no matter how small, and then if any of the circle are absent they pay a certain sum. Then they raise money in different careful ways to carry on their benevolent work; they have gentlemen as honorary members, and this helps them; but it would be much better to get gentlemen to join you as "Sons," and wear the same cross. In country places, in the long winter evenings, they often meet together and have little entertainments of music, etc., and thus the brothers are helped by spending an evening with the "Daughters." I want to encourage you to write to me for help, and, as I have promised, I will do my best in answering through the JOURNAL; but please do not send me communications to put in my Department. It will be much better to put your thought in the form of a suggestion.

STRAIGHT FROM THE HEART

MOST people, it seems to me, have good impulses, only they do not act on them, and then the opportunity is gone, and gone generally never to return. How often have I acted on an impulse, and afterwards said, "Well, if I had stopped to think, I should not have done it"; but it was well I did not stop to think, and I knew it afterwards. Act on your generous impulses; you will seldom make a mistake; second thoughts are not always best. A large part of the work of our Order is simply obeying kindly impulses. How well I remember a circumstance that occurred in the first year of our Sisterhood. A young girl was going up the Hudson river on a morning train; she was delicate looking and coughed very hard, and her dress showed she belonged to what we call the poorer class. She sat where the air from an open window increased her cough. A lady sitting in the seat back of her said to the conductor, "Will you please close that window opposite; the draught is on that sufferer girl." He did so, and the pale faced young girl turned around and she thanked the lady, and added, "You must be one of The King's Daughters." The lady smiled and said, "Who are The King's Daughters?" "O," said the young girl, "I am one of them, only I don't wear the cross; but I wear the bit of purple, and that is just the same, and I thought you were one because they always do kind things." "Well," said the lady, "I think all that is very lovely. Where can I find out all about this society?" The young girl told her, and then she asked the young girl where she lived, and found she lived down town in a tenement house. The next day that lady called on us and asked for two crosses, one for herself, and one for the young girl who was soon to pass beyond all chilling winds.

Margaret Bottome

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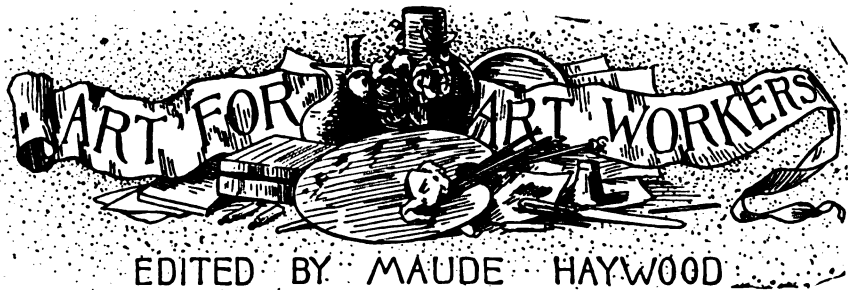
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MISS MAUDE HAYWOOD will be glad through this Department to answer any questions of an Art nature which her readers may send to her. She cannot, however, undertake to reply by mail; please, therefore, do not ask her to do so. Address all letters to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

LESSONS IN CHINA-PAINTING

FOURTH PAPER



THE method of laying a flat tint is in reality very easy if a few simple rules are carefully followed, and yet it is a branch of china-painting which many beginners seem to find full of difficulties. In some instances a fruitful source of trouble lies in the fact that they do not sufficiently realize the importance of keeping the colors, brush and china, perfectly clean and free from dust while working. Dust which is allowed to get into a tint while still moist, will fire into it, and innumerable specks, in what should be a clear, flat surface, remain as an inextinguishable record of careless and imperfect workmanship.

With some colors a perfectly even tint is much more readily obtained than with others; amongst these may be named ivory and silver-yellow, orange, azure, turquoise-blue, mauve and celadon. Lacroix has a list of colors specially prepared for laying as grounds, and not adapted to mix well with others; but many of the ordinary colors answer the purpose equally as well. Light shades are more easily laid than the darker ones, which is fortunate, perhaps, since the delicate grounds are usually most popular. Very deep rich tints are managed in an entirely different manner, and it is not advisable for any but experienced workers to attempt them, as the operation requires considerable dexterity. It is better that the design should be put on after the tint is laid; but, if preferred, it may be drawn on first, in which case the outline must be gone over with India-ink in order to preserve it. Afterwards the background color can be removed where necessary, either by scraping it off with a steel eraser, or an ordinary penknife, or by means of one of the preparations sold for the purpose; but these latter are dangerous in the hands of a beginner; the scraping process is a little more tedious, but infinitely safer. After the color has been taken off with the knife, the china may be wiped over with a little turpentine to make it thoroughly clean, being very careful not to smear it beyond the edges of the design.

In preparing the tint, it is necessary to add to the color about one-third as much of the flux—which is sold ready prepared for this purpose—in order to preserve the glaze when the piece is fired. They should be well mixed together with a palette knife, and a little of Cooley's tinting oil added to keep the color open while blending it, and also a small quantity of turpentine, if the shade to be obtained is a very delicate one. Experience will soon teach just the right proportions of these ingredients, which should be used to gain certain results. The color ought to be sufficiently liquid to be readily laid on the china, but too much oil will blister in the firing. If a number of pieces are to be tinted alike, as in a set of cups and saucers, enough color should be mixed to do them all in one painting, and they should also be fired together, otherwise it would be almost impossible to match them exactly.

The tint is now laid on as flatly and quickly as possible, all over the surface to be decorated, with long sweeping strokes, by means of a good-sized, flat, camel's-hair brush. Then, before it begins to dry, it must be blended until all brush-marks disappear and the tint is quite flat and even. The "dabbers" used for this purpose must be prepared beforehand; they are made of cotton wool tied up loosely in soft old cambric, and should be of various sizes according to the work in hand, larger ones for broad surfaces, and tiny ones to reach into small spaces. It is advisable to make plenty, because several are often used on one piece, and as soon as they become too saturated with color they must be thrown away. In cases where the shape or size of the piece makes it impossible to use these dabbers, a camel's-hair blender may be substituted. The process of blending is as follows: Steady the piece of china in the left hand, and with the right, dab the tint rapidly and lightly all over, beating the dark patches rather more vigorously, and passing gently over the lighter parts, until a uniform surface has been obtained. If at first a perfectly even tint is not produced, it is better to clean the color off and put it on all over again, for after it is fired nothing will mend its defects, and to be successful, it must be made right at first, once and for all. The color taken off, if free from dust, may be used again, so that the loss is principally of time.

In some instances, a graduated background is very effective. For this, different colors, or several shades of the same color, may be employed. Celadon, dark green, and brown-green may be used together in this way. Let each occupy about one-third of the space, the lightest—celadon—at the top, and brown-green the darkest portion, at the base.

NOTES ON OUT-DOOR SKETCHING



HERE are two seasons of the year which are regarded with special favor by lovers of landscape sketching, namely, the early spring and the autumn months. Midsummer, with its dense masses of luxuriant growth and its blaze of sunlight, offers to the eye frequently little but an unbroken monotony of verdant greens; whereas the tender and delicate spring tints, the more open effects of foliage obtainable earlier in the year, delight the artistic senses, with their suggestion of re-awakening beauties. On the other hand autumn stands unrivaled for glory and splendor of color, while the falling leaves, and, later, a feeling of desolation inspiring the true worshipper of Nature, imbues his study or sketch with a sentiment and a meaning.

LET the inexperienced but enthusiastic amateur lay to heart one or two points, as sound and practical advice, which cannot safely be ignored. Do not at first attempt too much. Choose simple subjects, but never let them be without interest or meaning. However slight the sketch, or trivial the theme, have a definite idea to express, and do not remain satisfied until you have expressed it. An artist's aim should be to convey to others by means of his pencil or brush, the impression that Nature, in any of her numerous aspects, has made upon him. In proportion as this is effected, success is achieved.

DISTINGUISH between a study and a sketch. The terms are almost invariably, and most erroneously, used indiscriminately. A sketch is a quickly executed, more or less finished, drawing or painting of any passing scene or effect, made on the spot and left untouched, without elaboration of detail, as the idea of the moment. These frequently possess a freshness and a vigor too often lost in the completed picture. A study is more carefully and fully worked out, as the utmost expression possible of the subject in view: it may or may not be entirely made in face of Nature herself, but in either case it is obviously absurd to call the result of several days careful labor, under possibly varying conditions of light and atmosphere, a sketch. And yet the mistake is frequently made. It takes considerable knowledge, experience and a certain artistic feeling to learn to express clearly the simplest effect with a minimum of work, which is the aim of a sketch, rightly so-called.

A PART from regular sketching expeditions, never during your stay in the country, be without pencil and note-book. Draw everything and anything. This will develop most astonishingly your talent for true sketching. As a rule ignore detail, and endeavor to embody the spirit or action of scene, view or effect, but never be careless or hasty. Do not try to copy somebody else's style of work, although it is a good plan to study the methods of your superiors in art, with a view of improving yourself and gaining an insight into the various manners of obtaining certain results. Use rather a soft pencil and aim for boldness and freedom; otherwise, follow your own instincts, and if you have anything of the artist in you it will find its way into your drawings.

PROBABLY the quickest and most effective sketches can be made with water-colors, properly handled, that is to say, in a free, broad style, in bold washes. Moreover the materials are few, light and easily carried about, a great advantage on a summer's ramble. It is a good plan to have two sketching blocks, one fairly large, and one quite small. Have but few colors in your box, and strive to learn what infinite variety they will produce. Use large brushes, but remember that they can be made to do the cleanest, clearest work. One of the greatest charms of good water-color painting is its transparency. Keep that well in view always, and never allow shadows to become dirty or tints muddy.

AS spring and autumn are in many ways the best seasons for obtaining effective sketches, so are the early morning or late afternoon hours preferable for light to the strong, vertical noonday glare. To many, lovers of colors especially, sunset scenes are particularly attractive. Their difficulty lies in their very beauty, and in their fleeting nature. They are like some gorgeous panorama. In a half hour twenty different views pass before the enchanted eye, one hardly grasped ere it gives place to another no less wonderful, until they sink away into gloom, vanish for ever into nothingness, before it has seemed possible to catch so much as a faint reflection of them with color and brush.

SO it is with all the beauties of Nature in a greater or less degree, and it is the domain especially of the art of sketching to represent her most fleeting moods, to bring back with a touch, as it were, momentary impressions, passing effects, perhaps hardly recognized or realized by the uncultivated eye.

HERE, as in all true art, truthfulness as well as simplicity should be the grand aim. To succeed you must be true to yourself, to your ideals, and to Nature herself. You must work hard, battle through discouragement and failure, and, above all, never be satisfied with doing "well enough." Be ambitious, believe in yourself, but do not be ashamed to inwardly confess how much you have to learn. There is no surer road to the ultimate achievement of something, than a wholesome realization of your own shortcomings, together with an honest struggle onwards.

HELP IN YOUR OWN WORK

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

TO MANY CORRESPONDENTS.—In reply to a large number of letters, I must remind my readers that it is quite impossible for me to undertake to answer their questions except through the JOURNAL. The increasing amount of my correspondence obliges me, out of fairness to all, to say that I cannot make exceptions to this rule. Please confine your questions to Art matters. Write direct to the Subscription and Premium Departments with regard to the business which relates to them, for I have nothing whatever to do with them. With regard to numerous inquiries as to where to obtain studies and materials, I must refer you to the advertising columns. Any firms whose names appear in the JOURNAL may be regarded as reliable. Your best plan is to write to them as to prices and any information you may desire about their goods. Finally, I must ask you to remember that answers cannot be given in "the next number," because, as I think you have been told before, the JOURNAL goes to press many weeks before its publication.

H. G.—(1) It is very necessary to learn drawing before you attempt to paint, in order to be in any way successful. (2) You are not at all too young to take lessons in art, but if you wish to study in earnest, I should advise you to gain at least an elementary knowledge of drawing before you begin to work in color.

F. D.—(1) The platter and set of twelve small dishes would certainly look best if you keep to one color for the designs. You might have a variety of flowers as you suggest. Yellow would be a good color to choose, or pink is very effective. (2) Roses would look well on the platter, and for the coloring and treatment of these you will find full directions in the second and third of my Lessons on China Painting. If you wish to use yellow flowers, jasmine, laburnum, marguerites, daffodils, jonquils, tulips and crocuses, all make good subjects. It is best not to mix garden and wild flowers in the same set. In painting, be careful with the silver-yellow, which fires up strongly, but is a most useful color when used properly.

Don.—French pastel painting is a very valuable and beautiful art in itself. It is particularly adapted for portrait work, because the method being rapid, it is easier to catch the expression and preserve the likeness than in a picture executed in oils or water-colors.

Mrs. F. W.—Use oils thinned with turpentine. M. F.—You can obtain clay for modeling from F. W. Devoe & Co., Fulton street, New York.

A SUBSCRIBER.—Studies which may be copied in oils, can be procured from most dealers in artist's materials. A PUPIL.—(1) You can substitute carnation No. 1, in painting the pink roses, remembering that this color usually fires out slightly. (2) Carmine when over-fired comes out a purplish-pink. In your case, possibly, the cup and saucer were placed in different parts of the kiln, the former being subjected to the greater amount of heat.

F. G.—I do not know of any art training-school which is conducted on the principle of a boarding-school.

L. C.—(1) For purple-lilac use Antwerp blue, crimson-lake and white in different proportions according to the shade desired. (2) For white lilac use a little white with a touch of lemon-yellow has been added for the high lights; lemon-yellow, ivory-black, and white for the greenish half-tones, and raw umber, cobalt and white for the shadows. (3) For the green leaves use indigo and raw sienna, or burnt sienna with a little white for the darkest shadows; for the local color mix Antwerp blue, raw sienna, light chrome, and white; for cool lights, yellow ochre, cobalt and white. (4) For snow-balls, use the same coloring as in white lilac. The coloring used in a snow scene depends wholly upon the conditions of light, atmosphere, etc., under which it is painted.

E. M.—(1) In making book-cover designs, you can use ordinary water-color paper. Since the drawings that you make are intended to be an exact guide for the printer, they must be colored, and gold paint put on wherever gilt is to be used. (2) Your best plan is to publish personally, if possible—various designs to publishers, soliciting orders. Sometimes they will buy the designs outright. Most firms, although employing their own artists, are open to take good work from outsiders. Remember that they are naturally anxious to obtain original and effective designs, which will cost as little as possible to reproduce. Use as few colors as you can to gain a good result, for each fresh tint adds to the expense. The great drawback to work usually submitted by the inexperienced, is its utter impracticability.

TAMBOURINE.—The spray of pink and yellow flowers would be a very pretty and effective decoration for the tambourine, but should not put in any background. Whether the winter scene would look any better, is a good deal a matter of individual taste.

E. R.—In order to make the paint take on the glazed bottles, give them a coat of common size. For the blue ones use pure indigo for the base, adding white to get the lighter shades. It will improve the color if you put in a very little yellow ochre, but not enough to make it green. For the red, use burnt sienna.

ONE—Clay models cannot be baked in an ordinary oven. If you are not within reach of a kiln, you can preserve your work by having it cast in plaster of Paris. You might do your own casting at home, commencing with simple pieces; it is not difficult, but requires great care.

A. M. F.—(1) You can use oils, thinned with turpentine, on wash fabrics. (2) If you mean Kensington painting, the paints are applied with a stiff, coarse pen, just as they come in the tubes, without being reduced by any medium. When necessary to mix the colors this is done with a palette knife.

ETHEL.—(1) In laying in a sky in oils, work your brush in all directions in order to blend the colors and to model the cloud-forms. (2) The object of oiling a picture is to prepare it for a second painting, that the colors may blend well with those already laid on and which have been allowed to thoroughly dry. The finished painting is varnished in order to preserve it, but this should not be done for several months after it is completed, otherwise the varnish is liable to peel off and crack. (3) Many artists varnish their pictures in order to bring up the colors, which often fade somewhat after they have been painted for a time, but the practice of doing so is less universal than it was.

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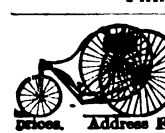


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DEFENSELESS DAUGHTERS



HERE is no good reason why every girl should not be trained to earn her own living. If she is never obliged to use the knowledge she acquires, it will do her no harm to possess it. With very rare exceptions, boys are educated with this end in view; yet if a man brought up in luxury upon his own resources at nineteen or twenty, he is not as helpless as a woman of the same age, reared under similar conditions, who is suddenly forced to maintain herself. His sex and physical strength enable him to undertake many kinds of work from which she is debarred by natural limitations.

WHY should the weakest be made, by ignorance, the most heavily-weighted in the struggle for existence? Why should she not be taught practical methods and manual dexterity as a compensation for her physical disability? Have parents the right to allow their daughters to grow up without providing them with a means of defense against the evils of poverty and dependence?

MARRIAGE, which is supposed to be the goal of a woman's ambition, and is unquestionably her natural lot, may render it unnecessary. But married life does not always afford a shelter. Misfortune or death may leave the wife the bread-winner of the family, and if she has children to provide for, her task is more difficult than if she were single.

AN inherited fortune may seem to lift her above the need of personal exertion. Yet ample fortunes sometimes vanish from mismanagement, or fraud, or from the depreciation of the securities in which they were invested, and the income that appeared so certain no longer exists. These contingencies should be thought of because they may happen to anyone. They should be provided against by giving to every girl an inalienable possession—the power to earn her own living.

DEFINITE training counts for a great deal in this age of the world. To know how to do a thing well is essential to success. There is room at the top, but to arrive at that desirable elevation, an aspirant must be able to pass many competitors. Those who are left behind are the slipshod and careless, and those who do not know how to do the thing they profess to do.

THERE are many openings, and a girl's tastes and natural bent should determine the direction of her education. The mother who has studied her child from infancy ought to know her so thoroughly as to prevent her from making a mistake in choosing the path she is to follow.

THE secret of success is to do something that everyone wants done and to do it to perfection. No matter how humble the employment may have been originally, perfect mastery of it ennobles it and makes success in it certain. This can only be attained by patient, hard work. When it is gained the girl holds in her hand the key that will unlock the door to independence. A first-rate workwoman never lacks employment long, whatever her calling may be. She can command good prices, because her work recommends itself.

ARCHITECTURE seems, in many respects, an ideal profession for women. The average woman knows the needs of a home much better than the average man does, particularly in the matter of closets. Why then, if she has any constructive ability, can she not plan a dwelling-house at least as well as he can? Scientific cookery, millinery, dress-making, nursing, offer a good income to those who choose to train themselves to follow them as professions, and are not content to take them up untrained to lag behind as drudges. Stenography, bookkeeping, telegraphing, afford many opportunities to experts in their mysteries. Even humbler crafts, as clear-starching, china mending, pickling and preserving will give a competence to those who have mastered them. Superiority of workmanship turns the scale.

THE general education should not be neglected. The more a person knows the better fitted she is to learn. All knowledge is interdependent. Only let parents see that each daughter has her own special pursuit in which she excels. Something that she can lean upon in time of need, with the calm certainty that it will not fail to afford her a subsistence.

ELIZABETH ROBINSON SCOVIL.

MY LITTLE SON

BY EDITH VERNON MANN

I HAVE a son, a little son, with happy, loving eyes
The color of the soft, brown dusk, drawn over starry skies;
A mouth that's meant for kisses, and a nature meant for love—
The sweetest thing God ever sent from His fair home above.

And, oh! that I might always keep my baby just like this!
Not grown too big for rocking, or too tall for mother's kiss—
A little, merry, toddling boy, with very broken speech,
And silent wonder for the things that lie beyond his reach.

But, little son, I know full well that some fine day you'll be
A man—perhaps a father, and grown far away from me.
But mother's hearts are prison cells, and we do not forget,
And so, perhaps, in future years I'll have my baby yet.

ONE MOTHER'S WAY

BY KATE BROWNLEE HORTON

HIS mother has learned that scolding does not improve her boy's memory. Constantly reminding him of his faults was going far toward spoiling his temper—and her own—and did no good. Last year she tried a new way. It was not easy but has worked so well that she is happy over the change. For instance: Jack would not black his shoes; he always "forgot." So she gave him a complete blacking outfit, a handsome cherry-wood box with firm, solid legs, good brushes and a box of good blacking. This she put in his own room, and on the wall above it, hung a pretty calendar, telling Jack she would mark the days when his shoes were not polished. The first calendar was awful. Jack does not like to think of it; but his pride is aroused. This calendar is three months' old and has but seven crosses on it; and he says he is bound there shall not be a single cross for the rest of the year.

Blackening his shoes so much, soils his hands dreadfully. On Christmas day his mother gave him two or three nice nail and hand brushes (she could not afford a complete manicure set), with some deliciously-scented soap, and his hands are really improving.

Clearing up his room was always a trial; his bureau drawers, especially, till she lit on the plan of placing in them pretty boxes marked "cuffs," "collars," "scarfs," "handkerchiefs," "buttons and jewelry," and once a week of putting into each box and drawer which she finds in perfect order, a five-cent piece; while into each one in disorder goes a little slip of paper with "Mother is sorry" written on it. Jack fairly hates the "sories," and really tries to make his mother glad by being more neat. If the "nickels" are an extra inducement, why not?

He does not like to get up in the morning, and he used to come down to breakfast with an ugly scowl on his face, till his mother set a hand-mirror at his place, as if it were part of the table furnishing, and kept it there through one dreadful month of breakfasts. Now he smiles all over his face for very joy that it is not there.

I might tell you more of the ways this mother takes to cure her boy's bad habits and foster the good ones; how she has grown more patient and loving in dealing with him in this to her, new way. Perhaps some one says: "She is bribing her boy to be good." But isn't it money well spent if it wins him to be neat, and orderly, and gentle? Are not the "pretty things" that find their way into his room, though her own be bare of them, the comfortable lounge, the table with its brightly-burning lamp and the latest number of his own loved magazine and boy's paper, ministers of good if they help him to love his little room, so that he will not leave it for the street and its attractions?

SHOOTS OF THE YOUNG IDEA

DISCOUNTING GABRIEL'S TRUMPET

Freddie was walking with his auntie, one day, in the cemetery where there is a life-sized statue over the grave of a noted man. Suddenly they came in sight of the statue. Awe-struck and white, the little fellow stopped short and whispered:

"O, auntie, look! There's one of them come up!"

IS HISTORY AS CHARITABLE?

A professor's little daughter in Vermont was asked at school to find out everything she could about Napoleon Bonaparte. When, accordingly, she plied her father with a multitude of eager questions that evening, he stipulated that first he should know all she knew herself. "O," she said, "I know a lots already, papa. Napoleon Bonaparte was a great general of an army, and went down into Egypt and slew the Philistines—and now sitteth at the right hand of God."

A CHILD'S IDEA OF A "NEW HEART"

Little Bess came home from church one Sunday with her head full of the sermon. It was about a "new heart," she told us, when we questioned her. Her father told her on his knee and gravely asked if she understood what a new heart is.

"O, yes indeed," she answered brightly, "it's a kind of heavenly stomach!"



A BABY'S FIRST WARDROBE

The Editor of the Mothers' Corner regrets that the supply of papers on a "Baby's First Wardrobe" has proved inadequate to the demand. The large number of requests for them has made it impossible for her to write this to each disappointed applicant—personally, although, in many instances, she has done so.

IRON RUST AND DUST

Will some one please tell me how to remove iron rust from a child's fine linen dress; also how to remove dust from the carved part of an "antique" desk?

MRS. F. G. R.

Buy a few cents' worth of oxalic acid. Have it put in a bottle and carefully labeled, as it is poison. Hold the dress stretched over a bowl of boiling water so the steam will moisten the spot, rub a few crystals of oxalic acid on the iron rust, and repeat until it disappears. If the first effort is not successful try again. Wash out the dress and put it in the sun to bleach. To remove the dust use a soft brush, dipped in spirits of turpentine.

TO RELIEVE CHAFING

Will some one be kind enough to tell me how to cure chafing on a three-months-old baby? I have tried vaseline, also rice powder.

ANXIOUS MOTHER.

Wash the parts in thin boiled starch instead of water, and when dry dust them with lycopodium powder, which can be procured at any druggist's. Shake the powder on, do not touch the surface with the puff.

REMOVING STAINS OF VASELINE

Can anyone tell me something that will take vaseline stains out of baby's white dresses? I used it on his neck after bathing him, and think it is a wonderful protection from chafing.

Wash the garment in soap and water and, after rinsing, apply chlorinated soda to the stain.

A WAKEFUL BABY

Can some experienced mother tell me some means of inducing a baby of a few months to sleep during the first half of the night? I find it impossible to get her to sleep before 11 P. M., and often later.

J. M.

Do not let the baby sleep in the afternoon. Early in the evening undress it, rub it thoroughly from head to foot, dress it comfortably for the night, feed it and put it to bed. It will be impossible to overcome the habit of wakefulness at once, but by perseverance it can be done.

DISENTANGLING THE HAIR

I have a sister who was very ill for more than three months, and in all that time was not allowed to have her hair combed. You may imagine the tangle it presented when she became well enough to have those awful tangles taken out. We, of course, thought she would be obliged to have her hair cut off, and as she had very beautiful hair we very much regretted that fact. But our good doctor came to our relief with, as he affirms, a never-failing remedy, that of pure alcohol, and taking the hair in his hands in little strands, and wetting thoroughly with alcohol, brushing and combing very carefully, saved the hair, and very little of it came out.

NELLIE M. HANBY.

CURE FOR SOFT CORNS

About a year ago a friend was advised to try glacial acetic acid for soft corns, which has wrought a cure. The acid will burn the skin, so must be rubbed on the corn with a bit of wood or whalebone, taking care not to touch the flesh, and holding the foot apart the acid dries. Apply night and morning for a week. Then soak the feet in hot water, rub the corns with a rough towel and they will crumble off.

A SUBSCRIBER.

A LABOR-SAVING DEVICE

An old piece of soft cloth, placed in the napkin next to the baby saves much trouble. If soiled it can be folded up and tucked into the stove. If the napkin proper is a little soiled it can easily be washed.

C. H. M.

BABY'S EARS

I would like to warn young mothers against laying the baby down without first seeing that the little ear is carefully laid back in its proper place. Also see that it is not folded over when nursing. If you want your little one to have shapely ears and not prominent ones that are the first feature to attract attention.

COUSIN ADDIE.

SUBSTITUTE FOR BABY BASKET

Instead of a baby basket, and its tendency to over-tighten, I find it nice to use a drawer, one in the wardrobe, preferably. It can be lined with silk and scented sweetly, and furnished as daintily as any basket, and is so convenient.

A BABY BASKET

The baby basket can be square or round, rather shallow, with flaring sides, and about eighteen inches across. I first covered sides and bottom of mine with a sheet of white wadding, and over this, tacked blue or pink flannel. I then put on a puff of figured Swiss muslin, fastening it over the rim of the basket, and edged it with a ruche of plaited ribbon or lace, or, with a deep frill to fall completely over the straw work. I tacked the covering for the mat last, with small stitches to the bottom of the basket, thus concealing the edges of the side covering. I made two heart-shaped pincushions, covering them also with flannel and Swiss and edging with narrow lace; then attached the straight side to the upper part of each end of the basket. On the centre of the other two sides I put small, square pockets, gathered at the top and bottom, with elastic run into the hem at the top and a bow in the centre.

I placed in the basket the expected baby:—A square of flannel for a shawl; one night-gown; one under-garment, combining shirt and pinning-blanket; one flannel band; two diapers of soft linen, one quite small; spool of linen thread, or a piece of fine bobbin; a pair of sharp scissors; a little box or bottle of vaseline; a piece of white soap; an old linen and an old flannel wash-cloth; two very soft towels; a large flannel apron, which has been washed with playthings, we named him up with pillows, and never took cold from draughts, or met with accidents.

F. K. R. WADK.

Nestlé's Milk Food for infants has, during 25 years, grown in favor, with both doctors and mothers throughout the world, and is now unquestionably not only the best substitute for mothers' milk, but the food which agrees with the largest percentage of infants. It gives strength and stamina to resist the weakening effects of hot weather, and has saved the lives of thousands of infants. To any mother sending her address, and mentioning this paper, we will send samples and description of Nestlé's Food.

Thos. Leeming & Co., Sole Ag'ts, 29 Murray St., N. Y.

Nestlé's MILK FOOD

DON'T WEAR STIFF CORSETS. SENSIBLE WOMEN

all want FERRIS'

GOOD SENSE CORSET WAISTS.

THOUSANDS NOW IN USE.

A PERFECT HEALTH CORSET.

SUPERIOR to all others for

CHI! DREN, MISSES, LADIES.

FIT ALL SHAPES.

MADE IN

Fast Black, Drab and White.

MARSHALL FIELD & CO.,

CHICAGO, Wholesale Western Agents.

Sold by ALL LEADING RETAILERS.

Sole Manufacturers,

FERRIS BROS., 241 Broadway, N. Y.

LADIES by the MILLION

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

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

"MIZPAH" VALVE NIPPLES

Make nursing easy, and prevent much colic, because they admit air into the bottle as the milk is drawn out, and prevent a vacuum being formed. Sample free by mail upon request, with valuable information for cleaning and keeping nipples sweet and healthy.

WALTER F. WARE, 70 N. Third Street, Phila., Pa.

Baby's HAPPY Guard

Made of antique oak, 4 feet square, folds up; baby cannot get out, yet not unpleasantly confined; safe from harm or mischief; learns to walk naturally; better than a nurse girl. Send for illustrated circular free. Price \$5.00, shipped from Chicago or New York. All orders MUST be addressed to the GUARD MFG. CO., 261 Wacker Theatre Building, Chicago.

THE BEST! Nurse; prevents sickness, wind, colic, indigestion, is self-cleaning, easy drawing and cheap. Endorsed and used by highest medical authorities. Once try "The Best" and you will tolerate no other. Insist on your Drug-gist getting it for you. Descriptive circular free.

MANIFOLD CO., 291 Church street, New York, Manufacturers.

INFANTS' and CHILDREN'S WARDROBES

Two dresses, postpaid, \$2.75. Outfit No. 1, 9 pieces, \$10. Outfit No. 2, 15 pieces, \$15. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send 2-cent stamp for FREE SAMPLES and catalogue. Agents wanted.

H. J. SPRAGUE & CO., Palmer House Block, CHICAGO, ILL.

INFANT'S HEALTH WARDROBE.

New style baby's outfit 23 patterns 50c. Short clothes 25 pat. 50c. directions, kind, amount; material required. Mrs. F. E. Phillips, Keene, N. H.

BABY WARDROBE PATTERNS

Complete outfit, 25 improved patterns for infants' clothes. Also 25 of short clothes. Either set with full directions for making, amount and kind of material, by mail, sealed, 5c. Patterns absolutely reliable. HINTS TO EXPECTANT MOTHERS, a book by a trained nurse, free with each set of patterns. Mrs. J. BRIDE, P. O. Box 5033, New York.

WARD ROBE Consulting Y

Of every garment required. New improved styles; per-outfit, 25 pat., 50c.; short clothes, 25 pat., 50c.; kind, amt., mat'l required, valuable hygienic information by professional nurse, and portfolio of babies, from life, free, with each. New England Pattern Co., 8 Tuftway, Vt.

"PARTED BANG"

Made of natural CURLY HAIR, guaranteed becoming to ladies who wear their hair parted, 4¢ up, according to size and color. Beautifying Mask, with preparation, 4¢. Hair Goods, Combs, etc., sent C. O. D., anywhere. Send to the manufacturer for illustrated price-lists. F. BURNHAM, 71 State St., Central Music Hall, Chicago.



INS AND OUTS OF BASE-BALL

By William Ewing

CAPTAIN OF THE NEW YORK LEAGUE BASE-BALL CLUB—FAMILIARLY KNOWN TO THE BOYS AS "BUCK" EWING



I HAVE often been asked to write about base-ball, but I have never done so for the reason that I know where my forte lies. I am not a writer, but a ball-player. However, I have undertaken this article at the persuasion of the Editor of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, who assures me that his boy-readers will be interested in what I say. If I don't succeed, it will be his fault, not mine.

Base-ball to me is a great game—a distinctly American game, as characteristic of America as is cricket and foot-ball of England, and I think there is no doubt but that it will always be easily first among our sports.

WHY BASE-BALL IS GOOD FOR BOYS

THERE isn't a doubt in my mind as to the answer a boy would give me if I were to ask him, "What is your favorite game?" Before I could fairly get the words out of my mouth, he would reply, "Base-ball." There is no outdoor game that is so fascinating to young America. During the season one may see it played in almost every vacant lot, and oftentimes in the street, in the built-up portions of our cities. Every game has its enthusiasts, devotees, or "cranks," but there are more base-ball cranks than all the rest put together. I don't altogether blame them. For my part, I consider base-ball to be the best and healthiest form of recreation man or boy can indulge in. No other game is more healthful, more conducive to a good physical condition, and less harmful than the game of base-ball. But the game is not only advantageous as a means of physical training; besides strengthening the muscles, brightening the eyes, and knitting the whole frame of the body into a firmer soul, it produces a correspondingly higher plane of morals. When the blood flows in coursing streams of health through the veins, there is a like healthfulness of the moral nature that alone would suffice to put base-ball in the front rank of outdoor games for boys and men.

HOW THE GAME FIRST STARTED

HERE is a little history that boys will like to know. The first regular base-ball club or society was the old Knickerbocker Club, founded in New York in the autumn of 1845. Fifteen years afterwards, the Excelsior Club, of Brooklyn, came into existence. During the period of the Civil War, base-ball was left pretty much to itself, along with many other kinds of sports and games. The men couldn't play, for they were "off to the war," and the boys didn't feel like playing when their fathers were carrying guns and facing the hot fire of their opponents. It was not until about the year 1865 that the attention of boys and men was given to it with any kind of enthusiasm. Then it spread throughout the Union with a hurrah, and came to be recognized as a profession, not a few devoting their whole time to it and receiving compensation for their services. About twenty years ago, the Boston Base-ball Club and the Athletics, from Philadelphia, crossed the Atlantic and played a series of exhibition games in England and Ireland, but, as anticipated, the pastime didn't find favor. But of late years it has been taken up quite generally in England and Australia. In this country, hundreds of games are played now for every one ten years ago.

TO BE A GOOD BALL-PLAYER

IF a boy would be a good base-ball player, let him fit himself for it by taking regular exercise, such as running, throwing and catching the ball, and hitting with the bat. It is best to become accomplished in the mechanical part of the game first. Then, when you can throw, catch and bat well, turn to the scientific part of the game. There is a good deal of head-work to be done in base-ball. You must learn in which direction to strike the ball, how far to run. You should be able to estimate whether a hit will give you time to reach first or second base. Don't waste a moment watching the ball. A second counts for much in base-ball, when the ball travels so swiftly and the fielder sends it in like a streak of greased lightning. I would advise boys not to smoke or drink. There's not a particle of good in either practice, and oftentimes there is lots of harm. They have an injurious effect upon the nervous system. Avoid cigarettes, especially.

HOW TO FORM A NINE

IF you want to form a nine and play the game according to the rules, pick your men and try them at various positions until each is placed in the one best suited to him. Special training is necessary before a boy can become a good pitcher. The other positions are more or less difficult, and constant practice only will make a good player. Base-ball requires good catching, throwing, and running powers, combined with courage, nerve, good judgment, and quick perception of what to do in the field. Remember that, boys, and when you possess these requirements, you will be fit to play with the New Yorks. One reason why base-ball is so popular is that it is suited to the national temperament. It is a difficult game, and every lad loves to indulge in and excel at such a game. Then, again, it is withal so simple. A child of six can play it. It is also within the reach of all. A bat and a ball are all that are required to set up two nines, and furnish a royal game. The whole business could be obtained under two dollars. If you want to play exactly according to the rules, you should get a ball that weighs not less than five ounces, or more than five and a quarter, avoirdupois, and which is not less than nine inches, or more than nine and a quarter inches in circumference. The bat should be circular in shape, not exceeding two and a quarter inches in diameter at any part, or forty-two inches in length. The bases should be one foot square, and ninety feet from each other. Five innings should be played, or it is no game.

A game of base-ball can be played in two hours. A game of cricket often extends over three days. This is another reason why base-ball is so popular. It can be played without serious loss of time. Still another reason is that catching and throwing, which are part of the practice of base-ball, may be played at almost any time and any place. Clerks and messenger-boys carry a ball in their pocket, and at noon-time, after their lunch, they throw and catch, and catch and throw, while bank presidents, lawyers, and business men pass by on the streets.

THE HARDEST POSITIONS IN THE GAME

THE two hardest positions in the game are those of pitcher and catcher. The catcher must be a man of quick judgment, a hard thrower, and a good backstop. To be an accurate thrower is the principal thing, and to know where to throw. If there is a man on second-base, and the player at the bat starts for first-base, don't try to put him out by flinging the ball to first-base, but try to head off the fellow that is trying for third-base. The catcher should keep his eye on the position of the players, and know just where to throw the ball at all times. Some people think he must be a horny-handed man. Not so. Gloves are worn, and if the ball be caught in the right manner, the hands will not get hard.

The pitcher also must possess quick and un-failing judgment. He should deliver the ball with speed and cultivate the art of sending a curved ball. Keefe, of New York, is one of our best pitchers. He is as cool as a cucumber, and thoroughly collected at all times. He can send in a ball with the speed of a Minie bullet, which will seem to be making straight for your bat when, hey, presto! just before it reaches you it describes a curve and meanders around into the catcher's hand. Keefe is a great pitcher for striking men out. Rusie and Welch are also first-class pitchers. Kelly, of Cincinnati, is one of the country's best catchers. He is a splendid thrower, being accurate and quick. His judgment is always to be relied upon, and he is as cool as anybody could be when the small boy up in the bleachers is quaking with suppressed excitement and anticipation.

OTHER POSITIONS ON THE DIAMOND

SECOND-base is the next hardest position. The player who has to watch this point must be very quick-witted and very nimble. He must be a good level-headed man. He has to receive most of the thrown balls from the battery and the outfield, and he has to meet some long and hard throws. Richardson, of New York, Pfeffer, of Chicago, Bierbauer, of Pittsburgh, and McPhee, of Cincinnati, are our best second-base men.

As to the rest of the positions, well, they are all about as hard as each other. Every player needs to be quick, a swift and accurate thrower, and to possess good judgment. Short-stops might take pattern of Ward, of Brooklyn, and Glasscock, of New York. They are both splendid players, unequalled as short-stops. Ward, especially, is a good heady player. He is nimble and accurate. He takes great chances, and no player in the country can beat him in stealing bases. He is a good winning man.

THE VALUE OF GOOD COACHING

ANSON, captain and manager of the Chicago Base-ball Club, is a good example of a coach. He plays first-base. He has the reputation of being the most pronounced "kicker" in the country, but no one disputes his ability to coach his men well. The coach should take up a position about half-way between third-base and home, and fifteen feet from the diamond. Here he should watch his man, and his judgment must be speedy and sure. Suppose the player at the bat were to make a long hit, which he himself thought would only allow him time to reach second-base; if the coach were not present, he might stay at second-base and turn to see what the chances were for reaching third. The coach's presence renders this unnecessary. All the batter needs to do is to tuck his elbows to his side and run for his life. The coach will watch the ball, and weigh the chances. His mind should be made up before the batsman reaches second-base, so that he may motion to him to come on to third, if practicable. In short, the coach must relieve his men from all responsibility of judgment. They must simply bat and run, while they watch the coach for instructions.

John M. Ward tells a good story about coaching, though he says he does not vouch for its truth. When the committee waited upon Abraham Lincoln to notify him of his nomination to the Presidency, they found him in company with others, on a vacant lot, with coat off and sleeves rolled up, busily engaged in coaching his men in a very exciting game of base-ball. When the chairman finally succeeded in gaining Mr. Lincoln's attention for a moment, long enough to communicate the object of their visit, his only reply was, "The Presidency be damned—run there, you skin flint!" and he rushed down toward third-base to coach one of his runners home.

CHANGES IN THE GAME

THERE has been some talk of adding one player to each team and making the number ten, instead of nine. But this does not find favor among those who know the game best and who play it most. A right-short-stop (the player whom it was proposed to add) is not necessary and never will be.

One change will be made, however. Indeed, it has already been made. The pitcher's box is usually fifty-five feet from the plate. It is now proposed to put it back one and a quarter feet more, and make the distance fifty-six and one quarter. This change will make it more difficult for the pitcher, to whom the distance of a foot, or even the fraction of a foot, is a matter of much importance. But it will be easier for the man at the bat, and will probably raise the batting average for the present year.

But for the ordinary game, as played in every town and village in our broad land, nothing more is necessary than a bat and a ball and eighteen boys, each eager to win the game for his side. If indulged in within the bounds of reason, there is no better employment for a boy. "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do," and a boy is better at the bat than loafing around the streets. Base-ball will harden his muscles, quicken the course of his blood, increase his appetite, and help to make a good physical foundation which will be found of inestimable benefit in after days when the cares of business crowd upon him. Practical success in life depends more than you think on physical health, and a man who played base-ball in his youth will meet reverses more calmly and take life more easily than the man who didn't.

A GOOD GEOGRAPHY GAME

By MARTHA C. RANKIN

EVERY bright boy—or girl, either—likes a game that exercises the wits. Here is a capital one for a rainy day or a long evening:

A leader is chosen, and every player has pencil and paper. The leader then selects a word, "Republican" for instance, and each player writes all the geographical names he can think of, beginning with R, the first letter of the word.

Three minutes is usually allowed for each letter, though a longer or shorter time may be fixed, if desired. When the leader calls "Time," every one should stop writing.

The leader then reads his column of names, and as he calls a word, all others who have it say "Yes," drawing a line through it. If all have the word, that is the end of it; but in case some have failed to write it, then the fortunate ones who have it write after the word the number of those who did not. When the leader has finished, the player at his left reads his remaining words, writing numbers after them as before. Of course he will get at least one on every word, since the leader failed to have any of them. If the next player has any words left, he reads them, getting at least two on each; the next then reads his, and so on through the company. Then each player adds the numbers at the right of his words and writes down the total.

Now, all being ready for the second letter, the leader calls, "Begin," and all proceed to write words which commenced with E. When the leader calls "Time," the one at his left begins to read, counting just as before. Each letter in the word is treated in the same way, and when the last is finished, each player adds his points, and the one who has the most wins the game. The company may be divided, so that half shall combine against the other half. Then, instead of an individual, it is a side that wins.

The game will revive geographical knowledge, for whenever a name is challenged, the writer must tell something about it, and in what part of the world it may be found. One of the chief advantages of the game is that it may be played by any number—the more, the merrier.

THE PRIZE BABIES.

HAPPY, HEALTHY AND HEARTY CHILDREN FROM ALL PARTS OF THE UNION.

EARLY in the summer of 1890, the proprietors of Lactated Food offered a series of ten prizes amounting to \$100, to be awarded to the prettiest babies who had used this Food. From the time of the announcement, this competition excited a great deal of interest, and scores of pictures were entered. The JOURNAL takes pleasure in publishing the portrait of the first prize winner together with some interesting extracts from the parents' letter, that will be of value to every mother.



GEORGIENNA SIMPKINS, Age 2 years.
Winner of First Prize.

The first prize was awarded to Georgienna Simpkins, Fairbury, Nebraska. Her father, E. L. Simpkins, writes:

"When about a week old it was found necessary to provide our baby with food other than nature intended. Lactated Food was recommended. We tried it and have used nothing else."

"Her health has been remarkable since the day of her birth, once only has she even had colic. I can hardly say too much for Lactated Food. The remarkable service it did for our little daughter has established its real merits with us beyond a doubt."

"Its use will certainly save the lives of many babies and develop them into hale and hearty children."

A MOTHER'S DUTY TO HER CHILD.

IT is the duty of every mother, as well as her highest pleasure, to do all things possible for her child's welfare. And here, in the health that came to this babe, is shown a simple yet scientific way of keeping the little ones well and strong.

Do not wait until the babe is sick, until its little lips can scarcely speak the loved word "mamma." While many times Lactated Food has given the strength that kept a child alive after it had been given up to die, how much better it is to use this food at first, and run no risks of dangerous sickness.

Thousands of intelligent mothers and careful physicians use and endorse Lactated Food. Babies living upon it, sleep all night and wake up laughing, out their teeth easily, are not distressed by constipation or bowel troubles, and keep healthy and happy even during the dangerous summer season. It is also the most economical food, costing, when the larger sizes are used, less than cow's milk.

Nearly all druggists sell Lactated Food, or it will be mailed on receipt of price (25 cts., 50 cts., \$1.00), by the manufacturers, Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt. They invite mothers to write them for a copy of "Prize Babies." This book gives pictures of all the prize winners and will be mailed free to any address.

May this short article bring to many mothers, whose children are sick and suffering, knowledge that will make life brighter, healthier, and happier for the babe, and hence for the mother also, is the sincere wish of the writer.

"BLACK BEAUTY."

Probably no book has ever received such universal and unanimous praise from both the secular and religious press. 260 pages.

"Rightly called the 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' of the Horse."
—Philadelphia Star.
"This book has the fascination of a story, the truthfulness of an essay, and the moral sincerity of a sermon."
—New York Independent.
"No more useful or entertaining book can be put into the hands of boys and girls."
—Philadelphia Ledger.

Mailed upon receipt of eight cents in postage stamps.

FRANK MILLER & SONS,
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LADIES can make big money in their own town, by writing business for the Children's Endowment Society, with no expense. For particulars, address F. P. FRANCH, Sec., 809 Guaranty Loan Building, Minneapolis, Minn.

THE BOYS

Are commencing to realize that some of the very best things which the Premium Department of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL carries in stock are intended for them.

Bicycles, Photographic and Fishing Outfits, Guns, Scroll and Bracket-Saws, Magic-Lanterns, all sorts of Steam Toys, and a splendid lot of Books for the boys who read. There are few boys who cannot secure a Club of five or ten Subscribers from their mothers' lists of friends.

We are just now supplying the boys from Maine to Texas with Premium Bicycles. All the boys know the "Little Giant"—that is the one we use. Every one wants to know how we can offer a Thirty-five Dollar Machine for such a small Club. That is our look-out, and, until further notice, all our Special Premium Offers for Boys, hold good.



EDITED AND CONDUCTED BY MARY F. KNAPP

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

WE have had so many calls for further designs for table ornamentation that we purpose to devote two entire papers to this subject. The one given below is on doilies alone, but a second one will appear in the August number of the JOURNAL, giving six conventional designs for doilies, besides some centre-pieces for the dining-table.

MARY F. KNAPP.

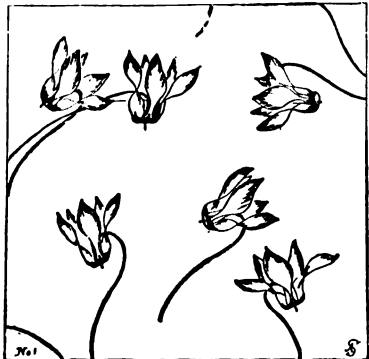
TWELVE DOILY DESIGNS

BY SARA A. SHAFER



THE twelve designs given in this article will be found most effective if worked on very fine linen, and in the colors and stitches herein indicated. If a narrow border of drawn-work should be added to the embroidery the work would be greatly enhanced in beauty and value, and in that case the linen should be cut nine inches square, this measurement allowing for a hemstitched fringe. If, however, only the fringe be used, seven-inch squares will be found more desirable. The stitches to be used are, long-and-short, very evenly laid, for the tips and bases of petals. Outline-stitch where the design is drawn in a single line and for stems, and French knot-stitch for stamens and the centres of daisies, etc. Pearsall's filoselle should be used, one strand of the silk only, and a No. 9 needle. Of course, very effective work can be produced by using but one color, as yellow or white; or three shades of the same color, as faint greens; but the following scheme of color will be found very good:—

DESIGN No. 1—CYCLAMEN—Use three shades of rosy-pink, the lightest for the partly-shown back petals, and the deepest for the strongest color at the base, which should also have a few stitches of harmonizing deep crimson, with which the pointed stigma should also be worked; stems of dull green relieved by the deep crimson.

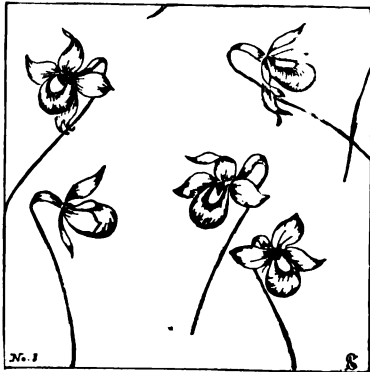


DESIGN No. 2—GENTIAN—This beautiful flower requires very delicate treatment to bring out the full value of its fringed petals, but will be found quite worthy of any amount of pains that may be spent in reproducing its graceful bloom. Three shades of carefully chosen blue will be needed, with a little pale yellow for the columnar stigma, and a little white for the throne of the corolla, hinted at here and there, specially in the bud. Use bronze-greens for the stems and foliage.

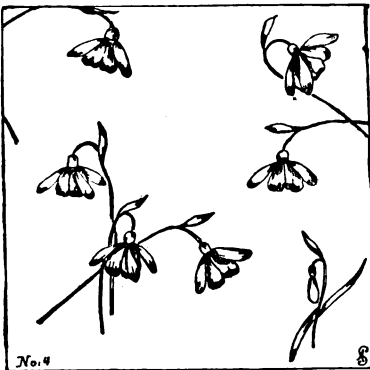


DESIGN No. 3—MOCCASIN FLOWER—This fine native orchid is found in four varieties; pink pouch with brown sepal-like parts; pink pouch with white wings; yellow pouch with golden-brown wings, and pure white with lavender shadings, in any of which colorings the design will be found very charming. In any case at least three shades of color may be

used, and with the white, delicate shadings of faintest gray-green will be found very effective.



DESIGN No. 4—SNOWDROP—White, relieved by gray-green shadings, and with edges touched with deeper green.



DESIGN No. 5—SWEET-PEA—For the upper petals or standards, use rose-pinks; for the lower wing-like portions, white touched with gray-green and lavender. The stems and leaves must be done in a faint-bloomy green.

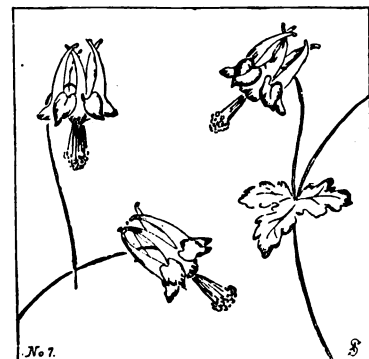


DESIGN No. 6—VIOLETS—For these large "sand violets," use three delicate shades of bluish-lavender for the lower petals, and a rich purple for the upper pair. One or two stitches of red-brown with the yellow of the pointed stamens, will be found to add much to its beauty, and a few stitches of deep crimson in the spur back of the sepals. Also in the stems, which are to be of brown-green.

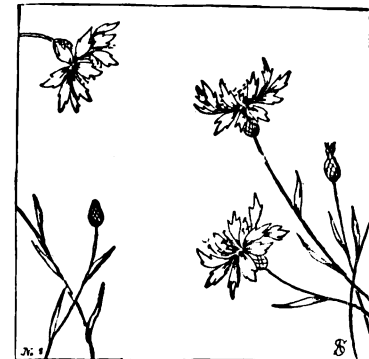


DESIGN No. 7—COLUMBINE—The usual colors found in this flower will be rather too gay, be-

ing vivid reds and yellows; but if worked in dull blues, relieved at the base of the spurs by yellow, and with yellow stamens, it will be much prettier. The stems and leaf in sunny greens, with a touch of brown-green.



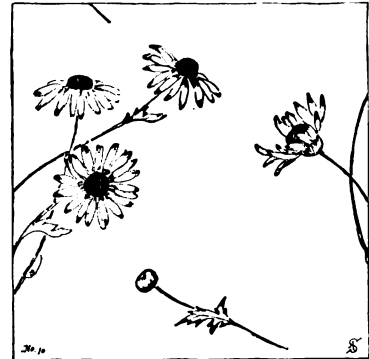
DESIGN No. 8—CORNFLOWERS—These may be worked either in blues or rose-pinks, very faint if the latter color is selected. The stamens must be done in dull purple, and the stems and basket-like calices in gray-green and brown-green.



DESIGN No. 9—CLOVER—Gray-green for foliage and for the bract-like leaves close to the flower-heads; and for the blossoms either white shaded with green and pink, or the rosy-pinks used for the Cyclamen, being very careful to make them appear rounded.



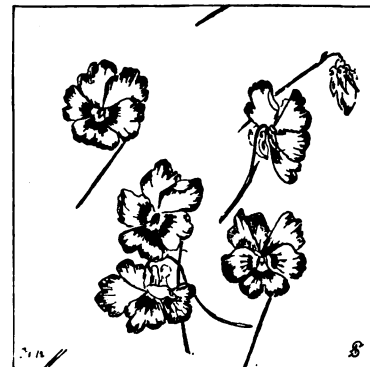
DESIGN No. 10—DAISIES—These are worked very delicately in outline-stitch, emphasized by long-and-short at tip and base of each petal. Use yellow and brown knots for the centres, keeping them separate; brown in lower and left sides, and the yellow above.



DESIGN No. 11—BUTTERCUPS—To be worked in bright yellows with orange-colored stamens and silvery-green stems.



DESIGN No. 12—PANSIES—Every lover of this flower has her own favorite variety, and this may be copied, for whether rich, dull purples, lavenders, or gold and bronze shades be chosen, the design will prove capable of the most pleasing use. A better effect is to use but one, or, at most, two varieties of harmonizing tints, and letting the stitches follow as closely as possible the directions indicated by the drawing.



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EDNA LYALL AND HER BOOKS

THE YOUNG ENGLISH WRITER WHO IS COMING SO STRONGLY TO THE FRONT



PERHAPS the secret of Edna Lyall's success lies in the fact that her books combine truth and purity with an interesting story. To the many readers whom trashy and sensational novels would only disgust, Miss Lyall appeals with convincing force. Indeed, hers are among the most wholesome stories of the day. They have always a purpose: they are religious in tone, though not obtrusively so; they generally tell of every-day people, and make commonplace lives interesting; and they are skillfully written, and of well-sustained interest. Two of her stories, "Donovan" and "We Two," are concerned with atheism, and some of the same characters figure in both books.

"Donovan" is an admirable story; in some respects the author's best work. It is the tale of a strong, noble fellow, who is turned to evil by his mother's neglect and the dishonesty of a cousin, who defrauds him of his just inheritance. Hearing an atheist deliver a lecture on religion, and having had no religious training, he is convinced by the speaker's arguments and abjures the Christianity which means nothing to him. Driven from home, he yields to the persuasion of a gambler, and becomes his associate, but his innate nobility of character forces him to lead an honest life, though this means absolute destitution to him. An accident brings him in contact with the persons who win him to Christianity and happiness, and gain for him his rights. This is the bare outline of a very strong and fine story. The interest never flags, and the tone of the book is so pure and healthy that it is a delight to read it.

"We Two" goes over somewhat the same ground in its arguments, and its story need not be told here. Erica, the atheist's daughter, and Brian, her lover and a clergyman's son, are hero and heroine of a well told and interesting novel. It has not the freshness of "Donovan," and perhaps suffers somewhat by comparison with it; but it has merits of its own in its sincerity and its truthfulness to life. "Won by Waiting" tells of the fortunes of a young French girl. Having lost both her father and her mother at the time of the Franco-Prussian war, she is forced to accept the hospitality grudgingly offered by her mother's English relatives. The discomforts and trials to which she is subjected; her patience with and final victory over the animosity of her cousins, and their unkindness to her; and her happy issue out of all her afflictions, form the substance of this excellent story. It is an admirable record of English domestic life and character, and the French personages introduced add much to its interest. Esperance, the heroine, is as sweet and lovable character as can be imagined.

"In the Golden Days" is a graphic picture of the England of the time of Charles II, and has, therefore, the interest of history as well as fiction. Many prominent characters of the day figure in its pages. Sir Algernon Sydney, Dryden and Matthew Prior, the poets; Betterton, the actor; the King himself, and the lords and ladies of his dissolute court, are capably described. Young Hugo Wharmcliffe becomes involuntarily entangled in the religious warfare and political intrigues of the time, and barely escapes with his life after a series of adventures which seem almost incredible, but which history shows to have been entirely possible. Hugo's character stands out like a star amid his terrible surroundings, and is so fine that it should take rank as a notable one in fiction. His sweet heart, Joyce, is a jewel of a maid who will gain many a lover outside the book. In a different way the story is as strong as "Donovan," and is one of the best historical novels which have appeared of late.

"Knight Errant" and "A Hardy Norseman" are two stories of very similar type. The hero of one is an Italian; of the other, a Norwegian; and their self-sacrifice and devotion, under somewhat different conditions, are related in both books. Of the two, the first seems the strongest. It tells of the protecting care exercised by a brother over a weak and frivolous sister, and his sacrifice of himself to secure her against the temptations to which their profession of opera singers rendered them peculiarly liable. The Hardy Norseman comes to London to make a living for himself and his sisters, and to pay off his dead and bankrupt father's debts. He succeeds, after experiencing the hardships which such undertakings involve. These two books are drawn upon more conventional lines than the author's other works, though they are both worthy and interesting stories.

This completes the list of Miss Lyall's novels, and, in conclusion, it may be said that she is a ready and graceful writer, a close and accurate observer of life, a kindly critic, an ardent believer in the principles she sets forth, and as a story teller she possesses the priceless quality of being always interesting. The American edition of Edna Lyall's books are published by Messrs. D. Appleton & Company, who issue them both in cloth and cheaper paper bindings. The JOURNAL can supply its readers with them, either singly or in a set.

MISS DUNCAN'S TWO CLEVER BOOKS



IT has been solemnly declared that the female of our species is devoid of the sense of humor. To anyone holding this view Miss Sara Jeannette Duncan's two volumes, "A Social Departure," and "An American Girl in London," may be safely used as convincing arguments on the other side. They are the liveliest, most amusing and unconventional books of travel since Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad." In "A Social Departure" the author starts from Montreal with Orthodocia, her English friend, and makes her way, via British Columbia to Japan, Thence to China (for a day only), to Ceylon, India, Egypt and England. What these two girls did not see could scarcely have been worth seeing, for the descriptions of the various places and people they visited seem to cover everything that was there. The humorous view of things which the author takes rather enhances the value of much exceeding interesting information, as this is presented in a most attractive way. The adventures of these two unprotected maidens are most entertaining, and their pluck and perseverance unusual. It is interesting to learn that Miss Duncan met in Bombay the gentleman whom she is to marry, and it is to be hoped that their wedding trip may produce another volume as attractive as the "Departure."

MISS MAMIE WICK, of Chicago, is the "American Girl in London." Coming out alone, as her parents cannot accompany her, she makes the acquaintance on the steamer of Lady Torquill, whose house-mate she becomes during her residence in London, thereby escaping a dragon of a relative whose guest she had expected to be. Miss Wick, be it known, is a young lady who has an independent American spirit of her own, and it is from this standpoint that she regards the sights, institutions and customs of the mother country. Treated in this manner, the places which from frequent description have become familiar even to the untraveled, take on a new aspect. After the manner of American girls, this one was indefatigable, saw everything and everybody, went everywhere, and tells all about it in a brisk, delightful way. She walks, drives, shops, dresses, dances, flirts, and finally flees the country to escape a too persistent adorer, and returns to the lover who awaits her at home. This book, which first appeared serially in the "Illustrated London News," is an extremely clever production. [D. Appleton & Company. Each, \$1.50].

TWO NEW STORIES FOR BOYS



VERY one remembers certain people, places and incidents, which are associated with their childhood. Certain matters seem to cling to the memory, while all else is oblivion or a confused mass of indistinct recollections. Few of us can reconstruct our lives as we lived them when we were boys and girls, and place before others complete pictures of our past. The most successful attempt in this direction which has recently appeared is Mr. W. D. Howells' "A Boy's Town." The author has forgotten nothing which has its place in a boy's life. His habits, customs, tasks and pleasures are all dwelt upon in detail. His games are described, his daily life recounted in even its unimportant details. Mr. Howells' memory is remarkable. His boy must have belonged to a period a good many years back, yet this generation must recognize the truth of the likeness. The characteristics of his boy are seen in your boy or mine, and perhaps this is the best compliment which can be paid him. His book will call up a host of recollections to grown up boys, and will be read with sympathetic interest by the present "young idea." [Harper & Brothers, \$1.50].

VIRGIN soil is a difficult thing to find in these days of extraordinary literary activity. Every nook and corner of this broad land of ours seems to have been ransacked by the romancer in the search for new material. Mr. Hezekiah Butterworth, however, is the first to present in convenient and attractive form, the historic and legendary facts about the pioneers of the far Northwest. "The Log Schoolhouse on the Columbia" is the record of what was really missionary work among the Indians along the Columbia River in Oregon and Washington. The white settlers were few and scattered at that time. The Indians were not generally to be trusted, and the task of Marlowe Mann, the Boston schoolmaster, was a difficult one indeed. He performed it diligently and well, however, with valuable assistance from the adopted daughter of a settler and his wife. This young girl, Gretchen, is a very lovely character, and her violin was an important factor in the influence she brought to bear upon the Indians. About these two young people is woven the romance of the book. The old chief, Unatilla, and his son, Benjamin, are fine examples of the red man. Their deaths are both dramatic and pathetic. There are many Indian legends, and valuable historical notes are appended. [D. Appleton & Company, \$1.50].

LITERARY * QUERIES

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

I will say to the readers of this column for the last time:

No addresses of authors can be printed here. Authors do not like their residences known to the world. Any letters addressed to the JOURNAL authors in our care will be forwarded to them.

Authorship of poetical or prose extracts cannot be ascertained and given. This column is not for that purpose.

Hereafter all letters making these requests will be destroyed.

TO ALL CORRESPONDENTS:

Henceforth I will answer no queries from which are omitted the full name and address of the writer. All letters written on both sides of the paper, or on postal cards, will be destroyed without answer. If you want me to help you, my dear reader, you must help me. Don't let us have this thing all one-sided.

EDITOR, LITERARY QUERIES.

Mrs. A. F. R.—The editor of "The Christian Union," to whom I referred your inquiry, writes that he cannot, at this distance of time, recall the identity of "Faith Rochester."

R. A. C.—If you wish to reserve the copyright to your stories, simply state that fact to an editor when you send your manuscript, and say that the purchase by him must be upon that understanding.

Mrs. B. C.—(1) I believe all of Rhoda Boughton's books have been published under her own name. (2) "The Duchesse" is Mrs. Margaret Hungerford; a sketch and portrait of her will shortly appear in the JOURNAL.

A. S. T.—(1) The editor of the paper to which you refer is Mr. Harrison Grey Fiske. (2) Lester Wallace's "Memoirs" is published by Charles Scribner's Sons, of New York.

AN ADMIRER—Go and see the editor of some daily paper; he will tell you all about the Associated Press system. It cannot be explained briefly in this column.

C. E. J.—Dr. Koch's name is pronounced as if it were spelled "Kok," with the long sounding o. (2) Write to The Writers' Literary Bureau, Boston, Mass. I cannot give such addresses as you desire, in this column.

OLD SUBSCRIBER—The first half of Ben Hur was written in Crawfordsville, Indiana, the home of Gen. Wallace. The latter part, from "How the Beautiful came to the Earth," was written in the old palace of the Pueblos, Santa Fe, New Mexico, when he was Governor of the Territory, and was published the year before he was appointed Minister to Turkey, in 1888.

MAY B.—No one to whom I have applied can recollect such a magazine as you speak of.

Mrs. Dr. J. W. B.—Write to bureau suggested in answer to C. E. J.

MINNIE V. F.—(1) See answer to Mrs. C. L. F. (2) The Baroness Burdette-Coutts. (3) The ex-Empress Eugenie. (4) There is no such army.

LAURA BELL—(1) Mr. Gladstone's list of ten best books is published in a little pamphlet by James Pott & Co., Astor Place, New York city. (2) She had.

E. M. W.—(1) The fact that two magazines have refused your article should not discourage you. Try a third, then a fourth, and a tenth if necessary. (2) Magazines generally return MSS. where stamps are enclosed. (3) An article is very often returned by one magazine which is exactly suitable to the wants of another. Learn the art of correctly applying your manuscript to the right channel.

M. R. A.—A good book that will teach you the art of punctuation is "Turner, on Punctuation." The JOURNAL will furnish it to you for 60 cents.

SIXTEEN—Nora Perry's story "May Bartlett's Stepmother" is published in her latest book "Another Flock of Girls." The JOURNAL can supply it to you for \$1.75.

A SCHOOL GIRL—Read the best writers of essays, Robert Louis Stevenson's books of short essays, for example.

T. E. D.—(1) Always send the complete manuscript of a story to an editor. How can he judge of it if you don't? (2) Illustrations are quite as marketable as manuscripts.

M. E. R.—A sketch of Dinah Maria Mulock-Craik can be found in any work of biographical reference or encyclopedia.

M. D.—The two encyclopedias you mention, "Chambers" and the "Britannica," are entirely distinct and separate works. Unless you desire an especially complete library, one of the works will be ample. Of course, it is best to have both if you can afford to do so.

L. G. H.—A list of good musical works was published in "Literary Queries" for May. There are also the "Cyclopedia of Music and Musicians," published by the Scribners, and Professor Grove's standard work, issued by Macmillan & Co., both of New York.

LOLA—Many of Dickens's figures in his stories were patterned after English characters.

B. S. D. C.—I do not know of a book which will give you topics for your debating society. But, why a book? The daily newspapers will furnish you any number of subjects for discussion. One can suggest to you: Does a trade hold out better prospects of success for a boy of to-day than a profession? Another topic which you might take up is: Does the use of slang lead to swearing?

A SUBSCRIBER—Mrs. Whitney will doubtless be glad to inform you whether any translations of her works have been, or are being made. Address a letter to her in care of the JOURNAL, and it will be duly forwarded.

Mrs. J. H. S.—(1) The Curtis Publishing Company could not publish the book of which you speak. The JOURNAL absorbs all its time and facilities. (2) There is only one way to get a book reviewed. Send a copy of the work to the literary editor of the paper in which you wish it to be noticed. If the editor thinks it worthy of mention, he will give it to one of his reviewers.

M. M. M.—(1) The best literary papers published at present are: "The Critic" (New York), "The Nation" (New York), "The Epoch" (New York), which are weekly; "The Literary World" (Boston), fortnightly; "The Book Buyer" (New York), "The Writer" (Boston), "The Author" (Boston), "The Literary News" (New York), "The Dial" (Chicago), which are monthly. (2) A list of authors whose books have been constantly sold during the past year would require too much space.

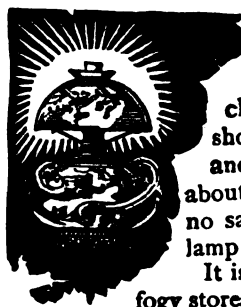
RUSTIC READER—(1) Perhaps, after a time, Mrs. Sherwood's parlor readings may be published, but I have heard nothing definitely. (2) No. Mrs. May's articles have never been issued in book form. (3) There are many good astronomicals in use. I am not prepared to say which is the best.

L. A. M. P.—(1) Novels are usually published upon a ten per cent royalty basis—that is, the author receives ten cents upon each copy of a one dollar novel sold; if the novel sells for fifty cents, then five cents, etc. (2) The "Remington" typewriter is generally considered to be the best now in use, although there are others which give perfect satisfaction.

C. J. C.—The signature you mention is the writer's real name.

QUESTIONER—You are at perfect liberty to "clip" from one paper and publish in another, so long as you give full and careful credit to both author and paper. An entire article or story cannot, however, be taken without the express consent of the editor of the periodical for which it was originally written.

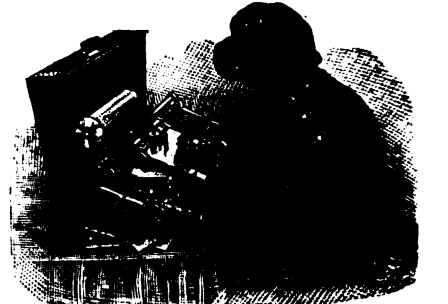
Mrs. G. R. M.—Any letter addressed to Mrs. Wilcox, in care of the JOURNAL, will be forwarded to her.



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Y DEAR SISTERS:—I can think of no one thing in this world that has given so much pleasure as the rose. Can you? And what a variety of pleasure! The delicate white rose creeping about the roadside; the great American beauty; the result of years of culture, the vines covering many a cottage door with their clusters of white or pink, or red or yellow—how varied the beauty represented by this one flower. As I write, I imagine myself walking through an immense rose garden in New England; the fragrance is delicious and the eye bewildered with the color and the exquisite form of the flower. Or I am standing beside a laborer's cottage in old England, its thatched roof is covered with a vine rich in foliage, bearing great clusters of Maréchal Niel's; or I can see the one pet plant in the invalid's room, its tiny buds watched from the moment of their first appearance till the flowers open. Then from my drawer comes a whiff of the attar, pressed from petals of Eastern roses, preserving the fragrance and yet distributing it to all around; and you, each one of you, do you not even smell and see the flowers far and near that have blessed you since your childhood days? One exquisite rose is satisfying, and a bunch of roses is a joy not to be described—perfect when alone and a joy in large numbers.

WHO shall be so foolish as to call a rose-bush a thorn-plant, or to say, "I will not see the dark, rich red of my General Jacqueminots nor breathe their exquisite fragrance, but I will count the thorns on the stems and see how deep they can prick and I will look only on my lacerations?" And yet, and yet—do we not all do this very thing? To-day I have no roses; my jars are empty, my vine is bare, but my neighbor across the way has an abundance. I can see their lovely forms adorning her room, and her plants are covered with bloom. Shall I starve my eyes by gazing on my barren vine and my vases unfilled? Let me rather take pleasure in my neighbor's plenty and not bemoan my own vacancy and loss. The sight of her treasures shall bring back to me the sweetness and beauty which I have had in years gone by, and shall encourage my hope that I shall have them in the years to come.

IN every little child I see I will find a blessed reminder of the joy my own babe gave me, and my empty arms shall reach out inspired with the love which the experience of motherhood gave me to bless the little ones who are unmothered. My friend's stalwart son, upon whose arm she leans, shall stir within me precious memories of the days when I, too, had my own strong lad beside me, and I will be glad as well in her present companionship as in my past. So the breath of the sweet June roses shall bring me pleasure whether they are in my own garden or in another's, and whether it comes to me from a jar at my side or from one far away in the distant past.

I HAVE been grieved to see in the JOURNAL, and many other papers, questions from young girls, asking advice which it would be better for them to defer to their mothers. It may be that some of them have no mother or near friend to whom they can go. For such it is well there is a public question box. But how much easier it is for most girls to go to strangers than to their own mothers with their confidence? And are we mothers blameless that it is so? If we listen with patience and sympathy to the small joys and sorrows of their childhood days, will they not come to us with the joys and sorrows of their young ladyhood? And what girl so truly good and noble as the one whose mother is her chief confidante? Let us be friends with our daughters, and our sons also; the same rule will apply to them.

There is something in what you say, and yet it is not always the fault of either mother or daughter that another receives the confidence of the child. It may be a misfortune that the temperaments are such as to forbid a complete understanding of one another. It is often a great grief to the mother that she cannot win to herself that intimacy of companionship which seems of right to belong to her. Whatever can be done in early childhood to strengthen the bond between mother and daughter, and to open the heart of each to the other's inner feelings, should be done. In many cases the rift comes long before the little girl has come to any knowledge that life has anything very serious or very deep in it for her, and if the mother would have the secrets of early womanhood confided to her, she must be ready to receive the apparent trifles which fill the heart of the little child. When that has been done let not the mother's heart fail her, if, as the years go on, her daughter goes to another heart for sympathy, for she in turn may be to some other mother's daughter that refuge which she has not altogether succeeded in being for her own.

MY abundance of "sample copies" of many valuable papers, journals, and magazines, I have been saving carefully, hoping that they might some day prove to be the "cup of cold water" and I will be very glad to send them away to deserving people; I have no surplus literature for those who are able, but too *stingy* to get their own reading matter.

You speak of hearing from so many unhappy wives: I want to say a few words of my experience. I was left wholly alone in a young world, and almost entirely dependent on my own resources, at the early age of seventeen. I had a fairly good literary education, and quite a good musical one, I found—by personal effort—an opening in a small city for a teacher; went there determined to make my work speak for itself. The dear Lord was very good to me, and in my profession my success was surprising. I have always enjoyed social life, but, owing to my lonely condition, felt I must be so much more guarded and discreet than girls who had parents and home. I had such a horror of making a mistake in marrying that I did not allow my heartache for a home to hasten me into accepting what might seem to be very eligible offers. At last, I married a gentleman who was wealthier than any one I ever knew, and yet he had almost nothing. Paradoxical? He was true, pure, virtuous (how few young men can have that truthfully said now!) bright, energetic and pleasant. Wasn't I right in saying he was wealthy? He had a little business start, and we have both worked, and prospered; seems to be coming to us now. My husband is genuine self-loving, gentle, tender and an earnest Christian. Do you wonder I want to share some of my blessings with others? Our greatest grief is that we have no little ones to bless us. Our only one, a baby daughter, was lost a year ago. I do not mean we are drifting on "flowery beds of ease." Often we do not see things alike; but we have a rule that when one is vexed the other must smile, so the storm goes by. If only all women could be as blessed as I am in husband and home! Is there any other way in which I could lend a "helping hand" beside with the "literature"? If so, please tell me. Thanking you for the many beautiful words you have spoken, I am yours,

H.

There is an old saying that a good mistress makes a good servant. Is there not some truth in the saying that a good wife makes a good husband?

LAST evening was the first time I have had an opportunity of reading my JOURNAL for months. Not wishing to lose a word, I began the January number. Mrs. E. F. H.'s letter to me, in which she writes a line in defense of the South. Too long have North and South had erroneous ideas of each other's customs, habits, etc. I have a fellow feeling for Mrs. E. for I can boast of three model brothers; but I found no greater temptations for them—especially drinking, gambling, corrupt associates, etc., south of the Ohio river—than was forced upon my notice in the States of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Kansas, having lived in each place months at a time. I have many northern friends; therefore this defense was written—"Not that I loved Caesar less, but Rome more."

It is true that temptation and evil overleap all sectional limits, and we may find vice and crime North and South. There is a pleasanter side of the shield also; goodness and truth are not limited to any zone nor fenced in by any meridian. The locality is what the people make it. We must each try, therefore, whether living North or South, East or West, to make our own neighborhood pure and good.

DO you know it pays to teach the children to be orderly? My three pets—one girl and two boys—are taught all the time to put things where they belong; and even the baby, sixteen months old, when he has been out playing, comes in and takes his little rubbers—when I take them off—and trots to the bag I made to hold the children's overboes, and tries to put his away; the same with his coat and his bonnet. Give the pets something to do for mamma, and they are happy. The JOURNAL is simply grand—just that expresses what I feel for it.

Ms. J.

You are right. Children find real pleasure in the first use of their powers, and if they are encouraged in their early efforts to do the things that are helpful, they will form habits which will make the necessary details of life far less irksome when they are older.

DEAR readers of the JOURNAL—Has any one of you a husband who is sweet-tempered and happy-looking during house-cleaning time? And how can such a happy state of things be brought about? Please tell me quick.

ANNA MARY.

Are you a wife who is sweet-tempered and happy during house-cleaning time? Do you know a housekeeper who is skillful enough to keep confusion in the background and make its reign in the home very short? Did you ever try to make the terrors of house-cleaning less by preventing the dirt from accumulating till the end of the season? Did you ever hear of the young girl who was urged to comb her hair daily instead of fortnightly, when her sufferings brought forth great outcries, and how she said, "Comb my hair every day! Why I can scarcely stand it to comb it once in two weeks; it would kill me to do it every day." Is not the lack of daily care the cause of much of the agony of spring and fall cleanings? Answer as speedily.

I WOULD certainly advise all mothers to allow their children respect for money. The very idea of having money "all their own," to do what they like with, gives so much pleasure to young people. I have a large family, and my children all believe it teaches them the value of money. I would not advise too liberal an allowance; that might be hurtful. Mothers should use their influence in giving their children advice as how to use their money.

E. W.

We are glad to get this bit of experience about the allowance plan. Perhaps some one else may have a suggestion or two. And you are right about the danger of giving children too much money.

WHEN I read Mrs. John Smith's letter in the April number of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, I was filled with sympathy for her, for I too am an "ex-school-ma'am" in her case, fate and a "revival" consigned me to the position of "general utility woman." How lightly we use that phrase! What a change there would be in our lives if we were all "general utility women" in the highest sense! I think the greatest obstacle in the path of most of us who have graduated from the school-room into the home, is that we leave all our ideas of systematic work when we leave the school-room. What teacher would hear her "A" class, arithmetic first one morning, her "B" class geography the next morning, and some other lesson the next? Not one. There is a special time for each lesson, and if the programme is not followed, what confusion results! Yet these same teachers if put in a house of their own, with the power to follow the dictations of their "own sweet wills," will not have any settled plan of work. This has been my own experience, and I have waded through housework with tears in my eyes and rebellion in my heart many a time. This is the way I would suggest out of the kitchen into the open air; and it is the only one that ever helped me. Have a routine of work. Now, some say this tends to make people mere domestic machines, but my experience has taught me differently. We must have a beginning and an ending, and always know what is coming next. Another great help is derived from children. They are always anxious to help mamma, and if mamma would only accept their offers, many steps could be saved. For instance, let the older children help the younger ones dress in the morning while mamma prepares breakfast; then, after the morning meal is over, let the "big" A's get the dining-room in order, and the "busy" B's bring wood and water for mamma, while she goes to do the chamberwork. In this way the work is well commenced before school time. Children who take an interest in work if they can earn pleasure thereby; and in after-life they will bless the mothers who made them generally useful. There is one good thing about dish-washing—you can think them. That is my time for planning my work.

Yours, for general utility,

CORA L.

A woman who finds the time spent in dish-washing advantageous, and who counts the children a help in the household, has solved two of the hardest problems of life. I would like to visit her, and I am sure I would find her home a happy and an inspiring one. I congratulate her, "John" and her children.

I AM a new sister, and I can't tell you how much I enjoy the JOURNAL, and especially your Department. I quite approve of Mrs. E. F. H.'s plan of sitting in a child's high chair to do her ironing. I think, though, I can suggest something better. Let the children sit on the greater part of the kitchen work, and that is a stool. Stools are used in some stores for the customers. Would that there were more of them on the other side of the counter. They are inexpensive, take up little room; and altogether are a great help to the poor, tired woman who does her own work.

H. B. R.

We ought to learn how to conserve our forces, and to waste none of that most precious thing in housekeeping—the strength of the housekeeper. It seems to me that many of us move about as uselessly as if we had no head. Did you ever see the frantic and aimless movement of a chicken whose head had just been taken off? It is not a pleasant sight, but it has helped me to work as if I had a head.

ONE, at least, of your interested readers prefers eggshells to shot for cleansing bottles as recommended in the January number. It is effective, usually at hand, and there is no necessity for a second using of the same shell.

A LONG-TIME FRIEND OF AUNT PATIENCE.

It is interesting to find how useful the eggshell is; how many purposes it serves.

SOMEbody, in a late number, writes that she "enjoys Janet" her opportunities for quiet and rest on the lonely plantation. Who said rest? Why, after months of fulfilling the duties of cook, nurse, house-maid, teacher, gardener, seamstress, doctor, playmate, music master, etc., etc., I feel as if a two-hours ride in a street car every morning would be the most hilarious enjoyment and rest combined. And Mrs. John Smith too—Does she enjoy her daily battle with the pots and kettles? Does she love to toil in her little dark kitchen, if it is dark—mine is—any better than I? Alas for Mrs. John Smith and me. I have not even the consolation, which she evidently takes, in shielding John Smith from blame. If he does not keep her at it on purpose, and excuse himself from all disagreeable steady labor, it must be because he is not a farmer. Of course it is "ye country gentleman" who marries a girl from a far distance. He takes her from a home where the luxuries of life abound, and the graces of life flourish. He brings her up on the "lonely plantation" to cook, to sew, to wash those kettles with what grace the Lord gives her, and forever more he gives her only a calico dress or so of a year—ten yards, never more, to a piece—and she rocks and sings the babies to sleep for ten years, and it is all the company she ever sees. But the farmer goeth where he listeth, and expects a sweet smile and something to eat when he returns from the Alliance. Oh, Aunt Patience, let Mrs. John Smith and me rejoice a little, and let me raise my voice in solemn warning to the girls. Don't marry the beguiling young "planter" who comes your way. There is no captivity on earth so hopeless, for, like Mark Twain's "Arabs," that man never repents.

Alas, dear Janet, what can we do for you? You are altogether mistaken in your outlook. You must change the position from which you look at your life. Were you abducted? Were you carried away against your will? Were you so weak and foolish as not to consider what you were doing when you married your "beguiling young planter"? If you were so weak then, perhaps you are weak now, and it may be in yourself you must look for a change in order that your life may be worth living. I grant your situation, as you represent it is a pitiful one, but I do not agree that it is beyond your improving. Are your children nothing of joy to you? Can you not find that within yourself which makes "drudgery divine"? To hear of joy and peace which cannot be disturbed by outward circumstance is pleasant always, and other happy wives may prove as help to sad "Janet," and others as gloomy.

I WILL give one little mite of my own experience. I have never had a moth in any of my carpets, and I think it must be that every corner and crevice gets the sunlight every day of the year. I never shut my blinds any day in the year, and my carpets are six years old and are not the least faded. Your admiring friend,

Ms. B.

Sunshine is a good thing in a house, although I think it usually does fade the carpets a little, and I should gladly see them fade if my home were more wholesome.

MOTHERS of babies will find that chafing will be much relieved by laying the unprinted edges of newspapers over the sore parts; it was recommended to me by a physician. Busy mothers can secure a half-hour of quiet by placing the baby five months before a hot-out glass. The most useful toy for a teething child, is a rubber spoon, which can easily be made out of a piece of thick, black gum, piping the slit of a teaspoon on any so that he can see his reflection, and yet not injure the glass. It is quite a help to young mothers. Sincerely,

C. G.

That is a very ingenious plan for amusing baby. A companion, even if it be only a reflection of himself, is very consoling to a child.

AUNT PATIENCE.

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A SEASON FOR "MADE-OVERS"

THE prevailing idea this season is to have your bodice very long, skirt very straight, and both greatly trimmed, specially with gilt in some form. If the trimming is of the girle, or flaring collar idea, it is at once styled Cleopatra, the revival of which is responsible for the homeliest as well as the handsomest ideas in trimmings. The gray and tan shades rather exclude all others from the street, and the war between plain and figured materials is a lively one. Still, it is a splendid season for "made-overs," for everything is allowable, and the law governing combinations is extremely lax, as will be seen below.

HOW TO COMBINE GOWNS

IF possessed of a striped plaid or checked skirt that is in good condition, and the bodice to it worn out, just make it into a fan-plaited back, or one triple box-plait, with a plain front and sides, and a bias ruffle gathered and doubled at the top to form its own heading, which reaches to the back width on each side. For the bodice have a coat basque of one of the darker shades in the skirt, using either light-weight cloth, camel's-hair or Henrietta, with an edging round the neck, wrists and lower part of the basques, or hip pieces of gilt and silk gimp. The basque may be made very dresy by adding a small square or V-shaped plastron of crepe in plaits, which may be white, or one of the light shades of the skirt. A coat basque of black silk brocade may be worn with silk or lace skirts. One of light-cream brocade makes a lovely evening dress for a matron, and may give several changes by wearing it with different skirts.

Coats and pointed basques of plain woolen goods are worn with sleeves and skirts of figured materials. Sleeves, basques and a bias skirt border of bengaline, faille or silk brocade, will trim up an old-fashioned Henrietta so that its owner will scarcely know it. Correspondents asking about remodeling old silk gowns will be safe in adding the brocade, a trimming of tinsel and silk cord and a plastron of white or light-colored crepe, which may be strapped across with the passementerie. If the dress is for a young lady, it is a pretty idea to cut the basque low in the neck and fill it out with a yoke of China silk, surah or crepe, edging the low neck and wrists with tinsel galloon. This is equally stylish for a dresy woolen gown intended for the house. Entire skirt fronts and sleeves of figured material are worn with basques and plaited back of a plain fabric. Thus, in every way, the fashions seem to endeavor to atone in their adaptability for the new scale of custom duties that make shopping such a luxury this season.

CHINA-SILK DRESSES

THESE are both simple and elaborate, yet it is easy to remodel those of last season by making the full skirt more scanty in front, and massing the back fullness in fan-plaits. Add a lace ruffle across the front and sides, heading it with gimp, if the expense is not an object. Cut the basque off, so that it will be short and round, sewing another eight-inch frill of black French lace on the edge, and heading it also with gimp. Have lace frills round the neck and wrists to match, and the front of the bodice may have a plastron of white or light-colored crepe. If the sleeves of your last year's figured silk are worn, have new ones of black net, over black or colored silk, and a plastron to correspond. If the neck is thin, have lace as a single or double ruche round it, but if owning a pretty round throat, let the frill turn over and down. Velvet ribbon bretelles, belts, shoulder knots and wristbands are worn.

The Bernhardt girdles, of woven gold cord, three inches wide and three yards long, form a charming finish for a black-and-yellow China silk, trimmed with lace, and relieved by this glistening band round the edge of the bodice and tied in long ends in front. The simplest of China silks have the usual rather straight skirt now in vogue, full sleeves, and a bodice shirred in several rows round the waist-line and the lower part doubled under to form a ruffle. The neck has a frill of the lace, and velvet ribbon trims the wrists and is in knots on the shoulders. Old silk skirts are covered with three fifteen-inch lace flounces, and are worn with a coat basque of brocade silk. Lace and tinsel passementerie are the most important trimmings of the season.

The lace used on China silk gowns need not be of the finest quality; but select a fine, light-looking pattern and allow a generous fullness—about once and a third as much lace as the space to be covered. Head it with narrower edging, gimp or let it fall over without a heading.

BOY'S "MAN-OF-WAR" RIG



THE "Man-o-War" suits, so fashionable for boy's wear, are apparently very complicated, but by attention to the following directions it will be seen that the cutting-out and making is easy in the extreme. Blue serge or flannel should be selected for this very comfortable outfit, and it is well to shrink or sponge the material before making it up.

For the jacket (Fig. 1) the width measurement is taken from shoulder to shoulder, allowing ample material for the turnings-in at the seams, which should be double, that is, that no raw edge be seen. The length measurement is from the shoulder down, allowing six inches for tucking in. To cut out:

fold the serge (which should be double the length of the jacket) over, length-ways, as you would for a pillow-case; where the fold comes is the upper part; then cut on either side of the centre, where folded, a slit about five inches in length, on each side to allow for the head passing through, and one down the centre of what is to be the front, about seven or eight inches in length. (Fig. 2.) The sides must not be sewn up until the collar and sleeves are put on, which is done as follows: The collar is an oblong piece of serge, doubled to prevent its curling up, and is the length of the opening, to which it is sewn i. e., from 2, round the back, to 3, in Fig. 1. The lapels, which turn back, should also be double. The sleeve is a straight piece of serge, the width of the measurement round the arm-hole, loosely. Fold it down the centre, and to put it in open the jacket out flat and lay the sleeve on, letting the fold meet that of the shoulder;

it is generally stitched on with a piece of red braid on one side, and plain on the other; this indicates the "watch," tarboard or port. The cuff is pointed, and the sleeves plaited into it. For the trousers (Fig. 3) measure round the hips, and for length as required, allowing them high in the waist; cut in one piece, and fold the material so that the sides meet in the middle, which necessitates but one seam, and that on the inside of the leg (Fig. 4). Where the sides thus meet is the back part of the trousers. Then measure inside of the leg to the fork, and cut up that distance, forming the two legs; cut down at the sides about four inches; this leaves a plain oblong, flap in front (Fig. 5); on the back part, where this cut comes, sew on each side a piece fitted to come round in front under the flap, and button with three buttons sewn on very strongly, as these keep the trousers up, and brace the boy in. The back is sewn up from the fork, and two or three eyelet holes are worked in about an inch on either side of the centre; through these tape is run, so that (answering to the ordinary buckle) the trousers can be tightened in if necessary. The front flap buttons up to the inner flap by four buttons, and is generally ornamented with silk of the same color. Remember that the entire fit of the trousers is at the back, and never must the front be altered, or a creased appearance will be the consequence.

If the peculiar "sailor cut" be desired at the base of the trousers, slope out at the seam, from a little above the knee to within a few inches of the bottom.

CHEQUER.

Fig. 1.

Fig. 2.

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.

Mrs. B. D.—You really ask too much, as I cannot undertake to send "drawings, patterns or pictures" of the fashions written of. I think the explanation is sufficiently plain for you to follow.

Miss Glyn H.—As I have not any idea of the condition of your silk, as of pieces, how much cut up, etc., it is hard to advise. It will be better for you to address me personally, enclosing a stamp, and state length and number of your "silk remnants." If correspondents will be explicit they will save me trouble and themselves delay.

E. S. R.—If you could match the jersey cloth have new sleeves put in, but as only cloakmakers use this cloth it will be difficult to find; and in that case cut a V out at the top and fill it in with a full piece of velvet to give the high-shouldered effect.

Mrs. S.—You can use the lace on the deep collar, which is shirred round the neck. Have a quilted satin or satin lining to the body of the cloak, which may have a close waist, with the full skirt gathered on, or be cut in a long sacque shape in three pieces. Use shirt sleeves in either case. It would be very pretty if you could embroider the wristbands, edge of cape collar and bottom of the skirt.

HARRIET.—You can have the veiling cleaned if you desire to keep it a cream; if not, then have it dyed a light gray or tan, and trim with tinsel galloon for a pretty home gown. Your sample is a cheviot, and the remodeling as I have written many times before, depends upon the shape your pieces are in. This would trim very neatly with velvet accessories, or a binding and rows of mohair or silk braid about two-thirds of an inch in width. If your pieces permit, have a fan-plaited back, plain sides and front to the skirt, full-topped sleeves, pointed basque having a coat back, and hip or basque pieces over the hips, reaching from the point to the back in side plaits ten inches deep, tapered box-plaits five inches deep in the widest part, or cut flat like immense false pockets. Also, have short revers to the bust. Have a light-weight cloth, plain or figured, for the baby boy's coat in shades of tan or blue. Make with a box-plaited or gathered skirt, shirt sleeves, cape and round waist in three pieces.

Mrs. Richard C.—Here is the smallest list you can use and have sufficient to be comfortable. Two nainsook dresses, four cambric night dresses, four cambric and crossbarred nainsook day dresses, three plain flannel skirts, one embroidered flannel skirt, three long-cloth muslin skirts, two cambric skirts, three flannel trousers, coats, four flannel frocks, four pairs of socks, four knit shirts, one Eureka diaper, two knit or crocheted sacques, one flannel square or shawl, two dozen linen or cotton diapers, and one furnished basket containing toilet articles. Trim with embroidery, Valenciennes lace, hem-stitching and beading or narrow feather-stitching, which conceals seams and joinings in yokes, etc.

Miss Mary H.—Soak whalebones for half an hour in warm water to make them pliable. Put in the casing while warm and they cool to the shape of the seam.

Lena K.—The velveteen used on the bottom of dress skirts in place of braid is cut two-thirds of an inch in width and on the bias, sewed down on the edge of the wrong side and turned up on the same side so as to barely show below the edge of the skirt, hemmed down on the upper edge and pressed flat.

BRECK AND CHERRY.—You can have a China silk evening gown trimmed with gilt galloon, linings included, for the fifteen dollars at hand.

COUNTRY GIRL.—Cloth in light shades is stylish for a spring suit, but not when it must be worn all summer. Better have a medium gray or mode colored woolen dress in small self checks or plaids, almost invisible, at seventy-five to eighty-five cents, and a straw hat to correspond. Sateens are not now as much worn as batistes, gingham and other cotton dress fabrics, not having a highly finished surface as sateen has.

Miss Rose Barnett.—Cut a canvas dress facing on the bias. Line a semi-transparent woolen dress with satine.

COUNTRY READER.—Use an all-black or black and heliotrope, or white brocade to remodel your dress with. The new goods can form the sleeves, one side of the basque and skirt, the left, with the other lapped over it. Follow the opening with a cord passementerie, which should also trim the collar and wrists. If the brocade is black the trimming may have gilt, silver or steel effects.

Edith H.—The silk-warp gloria, 60 inches, \$1.50, in plain colors and stripes, for the newmarket. A grenadine over India silk, for the calling gown, light-weight Henrietta or nun's veiling.

E. A. T.—Have a toque of Brussels net. Trim the lusterine with black cord gimp. You can wear pure white, and trim it with black or white.

Mrs. F. X.—If you write again, please try to make your letter less than twelve pages; I cannot read or answer such long letters as carefully as briefer, more concise ones. Your questions were answered in this Department of the May issue. First come, first served, in the matter of answers. The April issue was in the subscribers' homes when you wrote.

V. J. C.—I know nothing of the corset you mention. Neither can I give addresses in this column.

AMANDA.—Pad your dresses slightly between the shoulder-blades to take away the prominence of the latter. Do not wear a cotton dress traveling. Have you a plain, summer cheviot gown for general wear? If so, wear it. You can evidently wear any color.

HOPE.—Your questions are answered in this issue. You are mistaken in supposing that I send samples of the goods and trimmings recommended to correspondents. Neither do I "furnish drawings, pictures or cuts of seasonable styles." These you will find in the Fashion Department of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

J. B. L.—I know nothing of the system you inquire about.

A. M. B.—A plain collar is more suitable for all occasions. Ornaments of the kind written of are not worn, but when removed they show the stitches on the silk, so you would have to put in a new panel, or trim with straight rows of jet. Why not get flowered challie to combine with the cream? Using the figured goods for the front and sleeves, and the sash keep it in. Sailors' complexions require dark, rich shades—old-rose, cream, red-brown and a rich cardinal. Among the dark shades, select navy-blue, brown and clear green. Black, trimmed up with gold, would also prove becoming.

STAR.—Wear narrow stripes to make you appear taller. Get something in tan, and have an almost straight skirt with a fan-plaited back. A pointed coat-tail basque and high sleeves, with a slight fullness from the shoulders, or, a plastron of cream crepe or chiffon strapped with gilt and tan passementerie, which also put on the wrists and collar.

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Mrs. L.—Do not make your plush before fall, and then use silk brocade; not cloth.

R. W. S.—Gore the centre part of the dress lining, and fit the outside with V's at the top, to set smoothly over the lining.

SUBSCRIBER'S DAUGHTER.—The goods is a lace-striped muslin, which is worth about 25 cents a yard. Girls of fifteen wear a round waist buttoned in the back, and cut with a low neck over a yoke of surah or China silk, high, full sleeves of either material, and a full gathered skirt. Tinsel gimp on the low neck and wrists.

A. E. H.—Combine your silk with a darker brocade, using the silk for a skirt having almost plain front and sides and a fan-plaited back, and a gathered ruffle at the foot. The brocade will make a deep coat-basque, having a vest of cream or turquoise satin; lace jabot and gilt passementerie on the collar and wrists.

YOUNG MOTHER.—Black or gray-and-white challie, gingham, percale, white lawn, black embroidered lawn, striped or checked gray-and-white cheviot, etc. A skirt and blouse is certainly neater in appearance than a wrapper, which is very comfortable and necessary, but should not be worn after noon.



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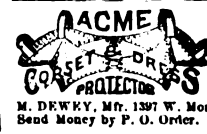
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FROCKS AND HATS FOR SUMMER

By Isabel A. Mallon



HAPPY is the woman who can say she has plenty of cotton frocks for summer wear, for she is always certain to be the well-dressed woman. The well-made, properly boned and lined, well-fitting cotton frock can be as perfect and effective in style as the cloth or silk one, and certainly it is more attractive to the eye. Linen, striped piqué—such as is used for waistcoats—ginghams and lawns are all favorites, though the lawns are much less often seen than any of the others. Sateens, that look exactly like summer silks, are approved of, specially in the indigo-blues, golden-browns, and other dark shades upon which hair-lines or polka-dots of white may be printed. The zephyr ginghams are fancied in the Dresden china shades, that is, the pink and white, blue and white, lavender and white, pale green and white and yellow and white in stripes that are positively regular, or broken up in a fascinating way. The gray and white zephyrs are in small plaids, and in beige effects, and make extremely useful gowns for morning and street wear. The full sleeves and decorated bodice are as much in vogue on the cotton gown as on those of more expensive material; prettiness and daintiness being their special attribute.

THE LATEST COTTON GOWN

THE smartest cotton gown of the season is pictured in illustration No. 1. It is made of white piqué, striped with hair-lines of scarlet, just like the piqué used for men's waistcoats. The skirt is fitted like a cloth one, the heaviness of the fabric making this quite possible. The coat basque, with its long skirts joined at the hip, is closed in double-breasted fashion by large pearl buttons, the lapels permitting the high linen collar and four-in-hand scarf of scarlet silk to show. The sleeves, raised on the shoulders, are shaped in at the elbows, and fit the lower part of the arms quite closely. White linen cuffs, with links of coral clasping them, are visible just below the sleeves, coming over the white gloves with their black stitching. The hat is a white straw turban, with high loops of white ribbon at the back, and a full cluster of red flowers and their foliage extending well over the crown. The veil is a very thin, black one, with velvet dots far apart, a star and a crescent alternating. In heavy linen, in blue denim, or in any pattern of piqué, a costume like this would be in good style, but the material used for it must always have that mysterious something known as a "body," which will make it retain its shape.

A SUGGESTION OR TWO

A PIQUE dress looks so immaculate that one thinks it doubtful if it can be worn for any length of time and retain its perfect purity. Now, you know how you have worn



A PIQUE COSTUME (Illus. No. 1)

a white cloth an entire season. Well, a piqué does not attract the dust like a cloth, or hold it, and the only suggestion I have to make about it is, that you insist on your skirt being

in straight folds, and that you exercise a little care in sitting down. Creases are to be dreaded, and the piqué, for more reasons than one, may be advised as a most delightful walking toilette. However, with care, one can learn to sit in it, even if we don't devote as



THE DAINTY COTTON GOWN (Illus. No. 2)

much time nowadays to the art of sitting down as did our grandmothers.

About this coat basque: If you have got a short basque that is out of fashion, make it in the vogue by putting skirts on it just as this one has. If your skirt was very full last year, sufficient material can be taken from it for this purpose, and you will be amazed to find what a smart air this difference in the length of a bodice will give.

A SWEETLY SIMPLE FROCK

YOU can almost see this girl trying to make up her mind whether, as she goes to the village, she will need a parasol, or not. A prettier gown for general wear in the country cannot be imagined. It might be developed in any of the soft wool fabrics, but this one is of indigo-bluesateen with a white polka dot upon it. The skirt is prettily full, and has four rows of narrow, white braid just above the hem. The full blouse is made over a close-fitting lining, and is belted in at the waist by a narrow girdle of white canvas. The collar is a rolling one trimmed with rows of the braid, and from under it comes a broad blue ribbon, which is looped just in front. The sleeves are full and high on the shoulders, and are gathered into deep cuffs, trimmed with braid. The hat is a wide-brimmed one of blue straw, with a cluster of white roses for its garniture.

In any of the pretty cotton goods, this design would be dainty, and the bodice is of the sort that permits the using of one's arms at any outdoor game, gives one liberty to manage a frisky horse, or to control the antics of small boys. What one wishes in a morning-gown, or a gown that is to be given special country wear, is simplicity, and elaboration of make or trimming cannot be too strongly objected to.

SIMPLICITY AND BECOMINGNESS

THERE seems to be an idea abroad in the world of women that simplicity and ugliness go hand in hand. Now this is not so. A simple gown, bringing out the good points of the figure and emphasizing the becomingness of the color, can never be anything but beautiful. An expensive gown, chosen because of its rich materials, very often hides virtues by over-decoration, and brings out defects by its trying shades. Every woman looks well in a simple toilette; a special type of woman is required to endure elaboration of make and decoration as well as richness of fabric. Do I disapprove of rich stuffs? Certainly not, if they are becoming to you and you will have the opportunity to wear them properly. And by properly I mean when they are in harmony. The tendency is to overdress for the street and for the summer; and please, dear general woman, remember that it is not only in bad form, but that it is a confession of ignorance; and surely you do not wish to set a seal like this upon yourself—to deliberately announce that you do not know.

SOME PRETTY HATS

EVERY flower that ever grew in garden or hothouse, may be found on the fashionable hats of to-day. There are tiny little roses and great big ones; there are pert little violets and stately pansies; there are bunches of lilacs and sprays of lilies-of-the-valley; there are great, sleepy-looking poppies and quiet, demure forget-me-nots; there are gorgeous-colored orchids, and the funny, pert, little bachelor-buttons, but almost everywhere you find the blue "cornflower," the flower that we call "ragged-robins," and which are the most absolutely blue, the most positively blue, of any flower in the world. Entire toques are made of these flowers; large hats are trimmed with clusters of them; lace hats are wreathed with them, and on the rough straw hats, care-less bunches of them are apparently held in place by ribbon grass. The very general liking for blue is, of course, the cause of the popularity of these flowers, and as black Neapolitan has such a vogue given it, and as the cornflowers look so well upon it, their use for the entire season is certain.

A very smart large hat is of black Neapolitan, with no crown to speak of, and its brim turned up in the back. From the back comes a bunch of the cornflowers, spread out over the hat, and just in front is a tiny butterfly formed of coarse, white lace. Ribbon velvet ties, matching the flowers in color, are at the back, and are brought forward and knotted under the chin. Another hat is a black straw of the shepherdess shape—that is, the crown is almost flat; the brim is not very wide, and the decoration comes on a band of the straw, under the brim, the hat setting up very high on the head. On this hat is a long, looped bow of black velvet ribbon, which spreads well over the crown, and underneath the brim is a thick wreath made of blue cornflowers, while at the back, from under the brim, hang loops and ends of the velvet ribbon, the longest reaching some distance below the waist.

LACE AND ROSES ON HATS

BUT with all the liking for the cornflowers, "ragged-robins," or *bleuettes*—call them what you will—the rose is still triumphant, and the romantic wreath of roses has its place as positively as ever. A particularly pretty lace hat is shown in illustration No. 3. The brim is formed of two frills of black lace threaded with gold, and the crown is a soft, full one, not unlike a Tam, of piece lace. From under the crown is visible a wreath of small pink roses, one a little larger than the others, standing out just in front. At the back are some loops of pink ribbon, and standing high up, close to the centre, are rose-buds and their foliage. The bending of the hat was done to suit the face, and that is what is advised whenever a lace hat is worn. The brims are all pliable, and if the first curving of the outline does not suit the face it is very easy to straighten it out, and achieve the curve which is best liked.

Any flowers fancied could take the place of the roses on this hat, but the roses themselves seem so perfectly in harmony that one cannot imagine any other flower being preferred.

SUITABLENESS IN THE HAT OR BONNET

NO matter how simple your hat may be, choose a shape suited to your face, and decide this by looking in a mirror that gives a many-sided view of yourself. See how the



A ROSE-TRIMMED HAT (Illus. No. 3)

lines suit the arrangement of your back hair; how they look from the side, and how they look from the front. And the becoming shape really means the becoming bonnet; and in buying that, trimmed or untrimmed, you should choose the one which is best suited to your features, making less the defects and bringing out the virtues.

The small bonnets? Well, for a little while it seems as if they had been forgotten and only the huge hats are noted. It seems so, one says. Really the quiet, refined bonnet can always be gotten, and is always in good style. Just now it is flat, fits the head closely, has a monture or cluster of flowers low in front, a many-looped bow above the flowers, and ribbon velvet ties under the chin. It is lady-like and becoming.

The woman who knows she looks best in such a bonnet should imitate the Princess of Wales, who discovering just the shape suited to her, continues to wear it, modifying the decoration so that it is in harmony with the style. You could not choose a more charming woman to imitate than her Royal Highness, not only about bonnets and gowns but in all the womanly virtues that go to make one—good wife, good mother, good friend and good mistress. Consistency in choosing a bonnet and an example would form a unique combination, and yet it is offered to you.

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FROCKS, FLOUNCES AND FURBELOWS

By Isabel A. Mallon



THE lace costume has taken the place that used to belong to the coarse, square-meshed grenadine that a great many years ago was known as the "iron frame," and which could not be commended for its beauty, but only for its air of quiet refinement. The grenadine gradually grew finer and finer, until one day the "piece lace" appeared, and since then a black lace

THE STYLES IN VOGUE

LACE, like feathers, is always suggestive of great richness, even in its undeveloped state, but the time for making it look more elaborate by intricate arrangement has gone by. Simplicity governs even the development of a lace gown, and the skirts are made almost plain, while the bodices are more elaborate, and are given a long-waisted air which is much fancied. It will be found most economical to make your lace over a light quality of black silk rather than over any of the linings that simulate silk or satin. The expense is not much greater and the effect is very much better. One naturally gets a lace gown in the summer, but like black cashmere it belongs to all seasons and is utilized as evening dress for winter wear, for the concert or the opera, and so it is not just given the use of a summer day.

While colors are occasionally seen on black lace gowns, I cannot advise their use on one that is intended for general wear, the all-black being rather more refined and certainly less tiring. Jet, steel and all the jeweled passementeries are used on bodices that are intended to be elaborate; and ribbons are in order on any gown no matter how simple.

A DAINTY LACE GOWN

PIECE lace, having an oval figure upon it, is chosen for this gown (Illustration No. 1), which is suited for general wear. It is made over black silk, has a slight fullness in the front—for lace, of course, does not permit of the severity of cloth—and is gathered and hangs in long full widths at the back. The edge is finished with a narrow frill of lace in harmony with the design. The bodice is a full draped one, laced in the back, and having a pointed girdle of black ribbon about the waist which terminates in long loops and ends at the back, forming at once a decoration and concealing the belt of the skirt. The high stock is of black ribbon fastened just at one side. The sleeves are full, high ones gathered at the wrist to cuffs of black ribbon.

As it is, this costume is specially simple and dainty, but if one wished to make it more elaborate it could easily be done by having rich passementerie form the girdle, and cover the collar and cuffs. This might be of black and gold, of jet, of steel, or of gold passementerie with imitation jewels set thickly in it. Black and gold is specially liked as a decoration for black lace; and crescents, stars, and great full moons are wrought out in gold thread, framed in the black and made to sparkle by the contrast as only gold can.

However, if you choose to put gold on your gown just remember that when it is put away it must be covered with tissue paper, and that the salt air means absolute destruction to it.

THE JETTED GIRDLE

SOMEbody who has followed the fashions and made a plain full skirt of deep lace flouncing, intends that her bodice shall be decorated with jet, and made the special part of the costume. So she has to decide whether it shall be a long bodice with a Cleopatra girdle, or a round one with a deep pointed girdle, and she chooses the last because she does not believe she will tire of it so soon. The typical lace bodice decorated with jet, is pictured at illustration No. 2. Over the usual close-fitting lining the lace is drawn in soft, fine folds both back and front, the closing which is in front being hidden under the full lace. The girdle is of black velvet, deeply pointed both in back and front, and closing with hooks and eyes at one side. It is thickly covered with finely cut jets that sparkle like so many black diamonds. A somewhat high collar that rounds down in front, permitting the throat to show between, is also of velvet, overlaid with the jet, as are the deep cuffs that form the finish to the full gathered sleeves.

A bodice like this could be worn with merely a ribbon girdle, the collar might be a plaited one of ribbon, and the cuffs of ribbon to correspond; but, of course the same elaborate air would not be gained that results from the use of the jetted garnitures. The girl who has the time and the inclination to be economical, can buy the jets and make gorgeous her own belt and belongings, making it cost her in this way just about one-third of what the price would be if she bought it ready made. For people who have time there are so many ways of economizing, that it does seem a shame that every woman under



A BECOMING BODICE (Illus. No. 2)

gown is counted one of the desirables in the wardrobe of the general woman. The lace best liked is the Chantilly, with a small figure thickly scattered over it, or else in a full, deep flounce. Spanish lace, notwithstanding its great beauty, is rather heavy looking, a fault which is also found with guipure; but the Chantilly and the light French laces are not



THE FLOUNCED FROCK (Illus. No. 3)

only lighter to wear, but have a cooler look. Then too they retain their blackness better, a something much to be desired.

one hundred years old does not look well dressed. The American woman's sin in dressing too old cannot be bitterly enough condemned.

LACE FLOUNCES AND FURBELOWS

"FURBELOWS" is such a delightfully suggestive word and covers such a multitude of belongings, that its use by a woman is easily understood. A furbelow may be a cape, a collar, a bonnet, a new pair of gloves, a parasol, or any of the one thousand and one belongings that are essentially feminine. No matter how lovely his traps might be you never heard a man's scarfs, handkerchiefs or gloves called furbelows. They are always contemptuously spoken of as his "things," which shows the fine scorn that the world at large has for masculine dressing. The lace flounce and the lace furbelows have this year an individuality of their own that is recognized and approved of. Dainty lace capes are worn, sometimes are part of the dress itself, sometimes are the only bits of lace upon it and are quite separate from it, being permissible with frocks of all colors and materials.

point over the hand, as pictured. The girdle, which conceals the skirt band, is of the silk, folded over and having a stiff little bow that conceals the fastening at the side.

The chic air given the bodice comes from the black lace cape which is worn with it, and which is only a piece of the flounce gathered to a band that fits about the throat, and above which is a high, full collar, also of the lace. Concealing the band is a black ribbon which is fastened to place and ties the little cape just in front. A pretty quaint air comes from wearing these capes, which are, thank goodness, suited to all ages of women. With this gown is to be worn a mode straw bonnet, trimmed with a fan of black lace and a bunch of scarlet buds. The parasol is made of silk like the dress, with a frill of black lace about its edge and a long black ribbon bow on top. Either black or mode gloves may be worn.

A black surah trimmed like this gown



A SIMPLE LACE GOWN (Illus. No. 1)

The general liking for gray, steel-blue, wood, fawn, and mode, with trimmings of black lace, will continue not only through the spring, but throughout the entire summer season. Given a pretty lace flounce and some lace furbelows the general woman very properly wishes to make her own gown so that the lace will show at its best, and for this she selects a simple design. She may permit it to train a little in the back, but it is only a little, for she does not propose that her laces shall be tattered and torn, a condition that is careless enough to be called criminal.

A LACE TRIMMED GOWN

A LIGHT wood shade in surah silk forms this gown. (Illustration No. 3). The skirt is made almost plain in front and is just full enough to be graceful at the back. A deep lace flounce is all around the lower edge, its sewing to position being concealed by a narrow, black silk braid. The bodice is smoothly fitted across the back, and laid in soft folds just in front, concealing the closing. The sleeves are sufficiently full to be easy and are the real Valois ones, coming in a decided

would be in good taste, and so indeed would any of the colored silks that are fancied with black lace trimmings. I want to say just one little word here about your laces and furbelows. Keep them in the best possible condition, don't let a tiny little hole grow into a long tear, and don't believe that the dust can't be brushed out of lace, if care is taken, as well as out of any other material. A lace gown, of course, needs to be treated a little more delicately than does a heavy cloth one, but, like the cloth, it shows whether it is getting the right sort of treatment or not. When you mend your lace, get a piece of thin net like its background and do not carefully darn, but etch with your needle firmly and strongly, so that the patch is sure in its position and yet the stitches are not conspicuous. With care, a lace gown may last many seasons, and after that it may be used for frills, bonnets, parasol trimmings, and no end of small furbelows. It may, indeed, be the material to work out the economies over which you and I take so much delight, and which are, after all, our greatest pride. To make something pretty out of materials called "nothings" is great joy.

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JUNE BRIDES AND THEIR MAIDS

By Isabel A. Mallon



HE lack of beauty and daintiness about the average man is never so fully realized as when it is seen of how little importance he is at a wedding. Of course, he is a necessity, but he is not a picturesque one, and whether the ceremony takes place in the daytime or at night, he is never anything more than a mere dark blotch

many instances, having their gowns made not only with great simplicity, but of very simple fabrics. The materials most favored are satin, silk, and, newest of all, cloth. White broadcloth makes the smartest of wedding gowns and has the very decided approval of Dame Fashion. A great many of the young brides presented to her Majesty the Queen of England, during the spring, have had on white cloth wedding gowns and have been, as brides should be, the observed of all observers.

A LOVELY GROUP

IN illustration No. 1 is shown what might be called a bridal bouquet, for it is the bride and her maid of honor standing close together. The bride's gown is made in a very simple fashion; the front of it, almost plain, is of white cloth with white figures embossed upon it, and the full, graceful train is of plain white cloth. The basque, which fits the figure very closely, has for its finish a deep frill of old lace, some that has been worn by the bride's mother, and which was assumed with the other emblems of good luck so there might be

"Something old and something new,
Something borrowed and something blue."

A V-shaped motif of white pearl is at the point in front, and similar decorations extend at each side of it, giving a rather long-waisted appearance. The collar is a high rolling one overlaid with pearl passementerie. The sleeves are of white cloth cut out in vandykes to show puffs of the flowered fabric. They reach quite down to the wrist and have deep frills of lace as their finish. The gloves are white undressed kid, the left one being sufficiently loose to be easily removed. The stockings are of white silk and the slippers of white satin with pearl embroidery on the toes. The hair is raised high on the head, and the long, full tulle veil is fastened in its place by the bride's flower—the orange blossom.

THE MAID OF HONOR

CLOSE beside the pretty bride stands the picturesque maid of honor, whose gown, while it is simpler, is quite as pretty as the bride's. It is made of a light quality of white silk that has a narrow, yellow stripe upon it. At the bottom is a frill of lace, caught here and there with knots of yellow ribbon. The gown is fitted after what is known as the apron style, the yoke portion above the bib being of white silk with a yellow rose upon it. The edge of the bib is outlined with gold passementerie. The sleeves have high full caps of lace over coat ones of the flowered material. The hat is a large one of Tuscan straw, decorated with yellow ribbon and white roses. The gloves are white undressed kid and the bouquet carried is of yellow flowers. There is a decided fancy for gowning the maids in yellow and white, and until such a costume is seen its absolute beauty cannot be realized.

A BRIDEMAID'S TOILETTE

THE many historical styles affected has made the seeker after novelties remember the dainty ladies of Watteau, and so frocks that would suggest that epoch are noted among

this dainty dress. The skirt is made quite plainly and is just a graceful length. The tablier is slashed at the front and sides, and caught up with knots of white ribbon, as pictured. The bodice is really a polonaise, quite short in front. The figured material is used for it and it is drawn over the bust in surplice fashion, then brought in very smoothly at the waist under a long, curving pearl buckle, from under which the fullness seems to come out, and then it is arranged in small paniers over the hips. The back is in princess fashion, undraped, and hanging quite to the edge of the skirt. The sleeves are high on the shoulders,



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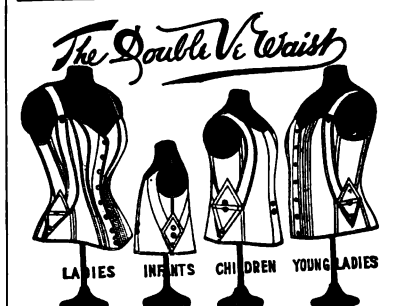
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Sales this year over 50 per cent greater than 1890. One of the most troublesome parts of a lady's apparel is the Dress Shield. They are hot, causing profuse perspiration and annoying odor. Dresses set uncomfortably on account of this cumbersome attachment under the arm, and every lady has experienced much trouble by her shields constantly ripping out. The Sigsbee Shields overcome all of these difficulties. They are worn next to, or underneath, the under-vest with equal comfort, thus keeping the corset and corset cover sweet and clean. They conform perfectly to the shape of the arm, do not wrinkle. Instantly adjusted. Impervious. The only perfect Dress Shield. All sizes. In ordering, give measure of arm-eyce. Price, per pair, 28 cents. Sold by Dry Goods Dealers everywhere. Sent by mail, postage prepaid, on receipt of price. SIGSBEE MANUFACTURING CO., Ayer, Mass.

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Seamed Mitts cannot Rip, are a Perfect Fit, Pure Silk, and are manufactured only by the Jennings Lace Works, N. Y. All Large Dealers Keep Them.



A VERY SATISFACTORY GARMENT. WHY? Because it supports Stockings and Underclothes from the SHOULDERS, and has no stiff cords; fits with perfect ease and freedom. For sale by leading dealers. Send for Illustrated Price List. THE FAY, HARMON & CHADWICK CO., New Haven, Conn.



A BRIDAL GOWN (Illus. No. 3)

upon it. All the loveliness, all the pretty framing, belong to the bride and her maids. June, the month of roses, is the luckiest month in the year for brides. Whoever is wedded during its long sunshiny days will, it is said, not only be happy all her life, but will always retain the love of her husband.



FOR THE BRIDEMAID (Illus. No. 2)

shaped into the arms, and cease at the elbows, where they have for a finish pointed cuffs of the white silk, and deep frills of lace. White, undressed kid gloves extending above the elbows do not permit the bare arms to show at all. About the throat is a full frill of chiffon.

The hair is arranged low on the neck and tied with a pink ribbon. The hat is of white Neapolitan straw, bent becomingly and decorated only with a cluster of orchids, those rare specimens in which the pink and crimson shades are found. The bouquet is also of orchids, and is tied with long, pink satin ribbons. In any color fancied, contrasting with white, such a costume could be developed, and one of its charms will be that after the ceremony it may be worn during the summer at afternoon or evening affairs, when driving, or at any of the fashionable watering places.

THE GOING-AWAY GOWN

THE going-away gown is the one assumed to travel in, or, where a quiet wedding is to take place, it may be the bridal gown itself. Many sensitive girls do not care to proclaim by the newness of their traveling dresses that they have just been married, and they are the ones who, wisely enough, put on a gown that has seen some little wear when they are to be among the crowd. The soft shades of mauve, gray, and the numerous tints of lavender are specially liked this year for brides' traveling dresses. The widow, who is being married the second time, chooses a costume of this sort and it is for her more than anyone else that the somewhat elaborate cloth gown is arranged.

SUITABLE FOR A WIDOW

WHILE this gown (Illustration No. 3) may be the going-away gown, or the handsome cloth gown of a bride, it is specially commended as the wedding-dress of a widow. It is made of very light lavender broadcloth—the shade being so light that it seems nearer than first cousin to gray. In the back it is quite plain. In front the tablier is wrinkled a little at each side near the top, and just in the centre at the foot it is slashed up for quite a distance, permitting a plaiting of heavy silk of the same shade to be visible. A braiding of silver outlines the edge. The bodice is laced in the back, slashed and pointed about the edge, which has a fine braided design as its decoration. The upper part of the bodice is cut out in a point, and that is also braided, the appearance presented being the guimpe or yoke one which is so much liked. The collar is a high one, rounded in front, and overlaid with silver braiding. The sleeves are slightly raised and decorated with a cap of braid on each shoulder, while a braided cuff is the wrist finish. The hat is a fancy straw one decorated with pale lavender flowers. The gloves are white undressed kid. In gray cloth, in tan or wood, with the braiding in harmony, this gown would be in good taste; but for the widow it is advised that the light lavender tone be adhered to.



A BRIDAL BOUQUET (Illus. No. 1)

The brides to-day are essentially French, wearing the high-necked bodice and the long sleeves of the French *demoiselle*, and, in

those expressly selected for bridesmaids (Illustration No. 2). White surah silk and white silk, having a pink rose printed upon it, is used for



ALL ABOUT FLOWERS

EDITED AND CONDUCTED BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

be dry as dust, and your plant will be injured to such an extent that it will be unlikely to recover the remainder of the season. Don't neglect your plants. It pays to take the best possible care of them.

WATER at evening. If this is done, the soil retains the moisture till the plant has a chance to get the benefit of it. If water is given in the morning, the sun and warmth will soon extract the moisture from the soil, and a good deal of the benefit expected from the application will be lost.

AND be sure to keep down the weeds in the garden. You can not have good flowers or a neat garden unless this is done.

THE "ODDS-AND-ENDS" COLUMN

BEWARE of those seedsmen who come out with gorgeous catalogues each spring, in which they make the announcement that they have several plants "never before introduced," to which they give some fanciful and "catching" name, but forgetful to tell the botanical name of the plant, or to say what family it is a member of. Last season one of these florists, whose enterprise exceeds his honesty, advertised a "Rainbow Plant." It proved to be an old variety of *Amaranthus*. You can buy a package of seed for five cents, while the enterprising dealer wanted fifty cents for a single plant. Several dealers have lately advertised the Cinnamon Vine as something new and rare. It is nothing more or less than a vine known years ago as Chinese Yam. *Apios tuberosa* is sent out as being a "most desirable factum." It is also called, in the advertisement, "Tuberous-rooted Wistaria," thus giving the idea that it belongs to the Wistaria family. It is nothing but a weedy vine, found in many parts of the country, and known as Ground-nut in many localities, where the only satisfaction it has ever been known to give was when the farmer, who had been fighting it for years, thought that at last he had conquered it. It is a nuisance, and you will rue the day you give it a place in your garden. Look out for dealers who are too enterprising.

Agave Americana is a fine plant for a large vase to stand near the house, or on the porch steps, where something striking and peculiar is desired. The variegated varieties are also useful for this purpose. They stand the sun and drouth well. They can be taken to the cellar for wintering, if you have no greenhouse. If you have a greenhouse such plants can be made useful in helping to make it attractive in winter. The *Yucca* is also an excellent plant for vase-culture. So is New Zealand Flax, with long, stiff foliage, heavily marked with yellow.

I have often been asked if the reason why plants in iron vases on the lawn are so generally unsatisfactory, is because of the material of which the vase is constructed. I answer, no. The reason, in nine cases out of ten, is simply this: the soil is too dry. The vase is exposed to the wind and air, consequently evaporation is rapid. The iron absorbs the heat of the sun, and this hastens evaporation. If you will give it the attention it demands—a daily application of water in such quantities that the soil is completely saturated—you can grow plants well in iron vases. But don't make the mistake most persons do, and that is, crowding a little of everything into them. Four or five good plants in a vase of ordinary size will afford a great deal more satisfaction than two and three times that number. Use a large plant for the centre, and group three or four about it, finishing the edge with some trailing plant.

A good combination of plants for a vase is this: *Caladium esculentum* for the centre; scarlet and yellow *Nasturtiums* about it, allowed to droop over the edge to suit themselves. Or, *Lamnia borbonica* for centre, with pink *Geraniums* next, and *Mad. Sallerei Geraniums* for edging. Scarlet *Salvia* makes a fine centre plant, with *Tradescantia* as an edging. Morning-glories are charming when well grown, as they clamber over the centre plant as well as droop over the vase. *Centra Iry*, or *Senecio*, is excellent for edging a vase because of its rapid growth. In order to make it compact, pinch it back well from time to time.

A JUSTLY POPULAR PLANT

THE many inquiries that come to me from readers of this paper concerning the Begonia and its culture, prove how widespread the interest is in this flower, which bids fair to become a rival of the popular geranium. While it is not a plant that will grow as sturdily as the geranium under the conditions which that plant often has to contend with, it is one that can be easily grown with a slight amount of care, in ordinary sitting and living rooms, and is therefore well adapted to general culture.

It likes best a soil in which there is a good deal of leaf-mold and sand, but it is not such a particular plant that it refuses to grow very well in any good, light compost. It likes considerable moisture at its roots, but it must be well-drained. It does not care for much sunshine, and does not do well at all in a strong sun. Entire shade suits it much better. An east window is best suited to its requirements in this respect. It is seldom attacked by insects, and on this account it will become a favorite with all who have had aphids and spider to contend against. It is quite tender, and, on this account, sudden changes of temperature should be guarded against, and care should be taken to provide a frost-proof window for it. It is a plant most admirably adapted for culture in bay-windows which are provided with glass doors by which they can be shut off from the living-room. In such a window, where they can be kept moist, Begonias make luxuriant growth, and blossom with wonderful profusion. The geranium has beautiful flowers, but nothing to boast of, in the shape of foliage, among the flowering section, while the Begonia is beautiful in foliage as well as in flower. Indeed, one hardly knows which to admire most—the rich, waxen leaves, or the delicate blossoms.

The Rex section is not adapted to sitting-

deal of moisture through the leaf. The best varieties of this class for indoor culture are:

Louis Chretien—Bronze and crimson, with satiny lustre. Very bright and beautiful. *Marquis de Peralta*—One of the freest growers. It throws out large clusters of great leaves edged with a narrow rim of silver; within this rim is a bright green zone, mottled with silvery spots; within this is the zone proper, which is a broad band of silver, with a dark centre to the leaf. *Queen of Hanover*—Leaf of velvety texture, covered with a red pile, like that of plush; centre of leaf softest green, dotted with white. A most charming kind.

There is a class which occupies a middle ground between the Rex and flowering class, and seems to combine some of the characteristics of both. It has very fine foliage, and most of its varieties are good bloomers. The following is a list of some of the best kinds:

Metallica—Foliage, a dark bronze-green, veined with red; surface of leaf, velvety; upright grower; desirable. *Argyrostigma picta*—Green foliage, thickly spotted with white. *Subpeltata nigricans*—Bronzy-purple foliage. Flowers pink. Fine for use among varieties having green foliage. *Obbia*—A splendid variety. Foliage very large, of a rich olive, shaded with red. The texture of the leaf is crape-like. Flowers lemon-white. One of the best of all Begonias.

These varieties are as easily grown as any of the flowering section, and should be included in all collections. Their foliage is quite as beautiful as many flowers are.

The following are among the best of the flowering class:

Ruba—An ideal house-plant. Literally an everbloomer. The writer had a plant about eight years old which had not been without flowers during all that time. This variety has very rich and attractive foliage of a dark-green with a shining surface. The flowers are coral-red, in great drooping clusters or branching

panicles, which show against the dark-green of the foliage with fine effect. A strong grower, often reaching a height of six or eight feet. The best of all Begonias, I think, for amateur culture. Sure to give satisfaction. *Welltonensis*—A charming sort which every one admires. Extremely beautiful foliage of bright, rich green, shaded with darker tints, thus giving a satiny effect. Stems red, and often the veins of the leaves. Flowers of the softest pink, produced in great profusion all over the plant. It grows in bushy, compact form without much attention, and makes a fine plant for a *jardiniere*. Excellent for any purpose. *Hybrida multiflora*—An old variety. Strong grower, with large foliage. Flowers, pale pink, freely produced. A good plant for the window. *Washingtoniana*—A variety almost identical with *Welltonensis*.

Is in every respect except color of flowers, which is white. *Semperflorens gigantea rosea*—A long name for a very fine plant. A strong grower. Becomes a good-sized shrub in a year. All smooth-leaved varieties can be showered with perfect safety.

The tuberous section has lately sprung into great popularity. It is well-adapted to pot-culture, for summer-flowering. As a winter-bloomer, it is worthless, that being its season of rest. Treat like the gloxinia in winter, keeping the tubers dry in the pots in which they were grown during summer, in a warm, shady place. Apply no water to the soil in which they are, letting them get moisture enough to keep from shriveling from the air of the place in which they are kept.

The list of colors in this section is a long one. It runs through all shades of red and rose, yellow, orange, into pure white. The single sorts have very large flowers which give one the idea of a butterfly hovering among the foliage. The double kinds are smaller and more satisfactory.



THE BEGONIA REX

room culture, because it is fond of moisture in the air, and it does not like the frequent changes of temperature which take place in rooms heated by stoves or furnaces. Still, it can be grown there, often with good success; but in order to secure such results the owner must be watchful of it and humor its desires. A well-grown plant is a thing of beauty, and amply repays one for a good deal of care and attention. The foliage of the Rex class is generally brittle and hairy, and can not be cleaned from dust without injury; and water applied to it to wash off the dust almost always causes the leaves to decay or spot in the sitting-room. Therefore, if you attempt growing any of this beautiful section in the sitting-room, be sure to cover your plants with a thin cloth when you sweep or dust. Aim to keep the air of the room as moist as possible, but do not keep the soil in the pots wet, as many do, under the impression that the Begonia is a sort of a semi-aquatic plant. Rex Begonias do best, I think, when they are kept somewhat dry at the roots. They prefer to take a good

HINTS FOR THE MONTH

IT is not safe to put plants out of doors, at the North, before the first of June. We are almost sure to have cold nights, and the plants, if not frozen, are chilled so severely that they are injured. Nothing is gained by anticipating the arrival of really settled warm weather, in getting your plants out of the house.

NEVER set your plants out in the yard, as many do, without any protection from the sun. June sunshine may not be too strong for them, but that of July and August will be. I find nothing better than a shed with a lath or slat roof. The slats or lath afford just enough protection to suit the plants. The sunshine comes through between them, so that the plants get the full benefit of it, and still it is not intense enough to injure the tenderest plant. If you can not make a place on purpose for sheltering your plants, keep them on the veranda, where they will get some shade and shelter from hot and dry winds.

I NEVER advise putting in the open ground plants that you care to keep in the house next winter. They will make a strong growth, it is true, and have a more satisfactory look than pot plants ever do, because they are growing under natural conditions; but when it comes to taking them up in fall, you will find that many roots have to be cut off, and in this way the plant is injured to such an extent that the set-back which it receives more than offsets the benefit gained by planting it in the open ground. In fact, the only benefit gained is this: The owner does not have to take care of it during the summer. The gain is not the plant's, in any sense. On the contrary, it is greatly harmed by such treatment, because at the very time when it ought to be in the best possible condition, it is in such a weak condition that it is not able to stand the change from out-door to in-door—always a trying one to the most robust plant—as it ought to if much is to be expected from it during the winter. If you keep your plants in pots through the summer season, you have them where you can give them the attention they require, and when fall comes and you take them into the house they are not retarded in growth by a disturbance of roots from which they have to recover before they can grow or bloom.

WHEN plants are taken from the open ground, and many roots are cut off or broken in lifting them, be sure to cut back the top proportionately, if you want the plant to do well. If the top is not cut back many of the branches will die, and it is much better to cut them off than to have them die off.

IF you do put any of your plants out in the garden, be sure to see that they get all the water they need. Hot winds and sunny weather cause rapid evaporation, and before you are aware of it, the soil in the pots will

FLORAL HELPS AND HINTS

To SEVERAL CORRESPONDENTS—A good many correspondents will fail to find any replies to their queries in this Department. Their letters have gone into the waste-basket simply because they have asked questions which they wanted answered "in the next number of the paper," and it was utterly impossible to comply with this request. Thus, letters to which replies were requested in the March number could not receive attention from me till March, and the answers to them would not appear until the June number. All such queries have to be thrown aside, as the information asked would come too late to be of any benefit.

Mrs. E. A. writes that she has very poor success with the Coleus in winter. Why?—Probably because she tries to keep over old plants. Possibly because of lack of warmth. This plant is very mucous and the ordinary annual, whose lease of life seems to hold good for one season only. Year-old plants are worthless for winter use. Start young plants in September, throwing the old ones away. It is important that the Coleus should have a warm place in winter. A low temperature is quite as sure, though not as sudden, death to it as a frost.

Mrs. W. writes that she shall put her Fuchsias in the cellar over winter, and wants to know when to bring them up and start them into growth.—Take them out in February. Cut back as soon as growth begins, pruning into symmetrical shape. If kept in the cellar, do so conveniently. If you cannot, give a weekly watering with liquid manure, or apply some fertilizer.

Right here let me call the attention of correspondents to the above inquiry. It was received before the Fuchsia went into the cellar. The writer of it was "taking time by the forelock." She did not wait until the last moment, as nine out of ten correspondents do, and then ask that the information required be given "in the next number of the JOURNAL." I receive many such inquiries daily, and they remain unanswered if stamps are not sent for reply by mail, simply because it is impossible to get the information required into the JOURNAL for at least three months to come, and then it would be useless. Look ahead! Anticipate matters. If you ask questions to be answered in this Department, ask them at least three months before you expect to make use of the information obtained.

K. T. asks how to care for the flowers named. The Rex section of Begonia requires a moist atmosphere, partial shade, and not a great deal of water at the roots. I am aware that many think it necessary to give enough water to keep the plant in a state of saturation, but the experience of two years past has convinced me that if this plant is kept drier at the roots, and the air moist, greater success will be secured. Not long since I was at a greenhouse in charge of a very practical and observing florist, and he called my attention to some very fine specimens of the Rex Begonia. After I had admired the large, rich foliage, he asked me to note the condition of the soil. It was what might be called dry. He told me that he had for some years grown his Begonias of this class in well-drained pots, watering only when the earth in the pot seemed really dry on top. But he had taken pains to keep the air moist. In these points his experience tallied with mine, and both of us are considered unusually successful with this class of plants. *Litsea mitchellii* can be put out in open ground and left there over winter, if given a covering of leaves or litter. Give it a place where there will be no stagnant water about its roots in spring. Nothing injures a bulb more than being obliged to stand in its feet in the mud. Leave the *Freelias* in the pots in which they grew, and let the soil get quite dry. In October shake the bulbs out of the old soil and re-pot. They will soon start into growth.

Mrs. W. R. R.—Cut back the *Speciosa Fuchsia*, and give fresh soil. It will soon start into growth, and ought to give plenty of flowers all through the winter. This variety is nearly a perpetual bloomer, and the best of all for winter. I gave an article on the culture of the *Amaryllis* last November, from which you may be able to gain some information that will be of benefit to you.

"HELEN"—You can winter tubers of the *Canna* as safely as a dahlia, in an ordinary cellar. The soil in which wild *Callas* grow will be found very suitable for the popular *Calla* of the greenhouse and parlor. For north window try *Aspidistra*, palms in variety and ferns. *Fuchsias* are easily wintered. Give cellar. Give enough water while there to keep them from getting dry. Cut back when you bring them up, and re-pot at same time. Rex *Begonias* blossom, but their flowers are inferior. Lime-forest is good for plants. It drives out the little white worm from the soil.

MARGARETTE writes that she has a *Calla* and *Amaryllis*, both of which bloomed during the summer. She has no place for them but the cellar. Will they winter well there?—I would take the roots from the soil, wrap them in paper and store in a room safe from frost, but not very warm.

JOSE—If you have a room that is dark and dry, and can be kept free from frost, you can winter your *Geraniums* in it as well as in a cellar. Pack the roots snugly into a box, water well when put away, but not at all after that unless you see that the soil is getting extremely dry.

Mrs. J. V. W.—If your *Geraniums* have blossomed through the summer you cannot expect flowers from them during the winter. They can't go on blooming forever.

"MILBRED"—The young bulbs can be removed at any time after taking up and drying off the old bulbs. The "black *Calla*" is valuable only as a curiosity. The firm you ask about is reliable, I think.

EDITH M. K. writes that her *Chrysanthemums* have changed from a pale pink to dark red. Is this a new variety?—It is a new variety, and a very good one. Soil and cultivation must have brought about such a result, if the same old roots have been used year after year.

Mrs. B. W. C.—I know nothing about the plant you name.

M. B. G. writes that her *Hyacinths*, grown from bulbs forced into bloom in the house two or three years ago, are weak. Naturally they are, for forcing is an unhealthy, debilitating process, and old bulbs are not worth keeping after blossoming. If fine flowers are wanted, always buy fresh bulbs each season.

"MARGERY" asks if *Tuberose*, which bloom in summer, can be made to bloom again in winter. No. The bulb blooms but once at the North. Fresh bulbs must be used. *Freelias* bloom year after year. If the bulbs are properly ripened after blossoming, keep them dry during summer, and re-pot in September.

P. H. D. complains of white maggots in soil of pot plants and flowers. Apply lime-water to the soil, saturating it thoroughly.

E. S. J.—You cannot have read this Department very carefully during the past year, or you would have known what I think of using bulbs in the house a second time. Treat *Ornithogalum* precisely as you do *Hyacinths* grown for winter blossoming.

A. M. B. writes that she has old bulbs of the *Tuberose* about which small bulbs have formed, and she wants to know what to do with them in order to develop them into blooming bulbs. Separate in spring—after the ground has become warm—and plant in a light, rich, sandy soil, in a sunny and warm location. In two years these small bulbs ought to bloom.

Mrs. L. M. B. would like to know why her plants fail to thrive, and thinks they ought not to fail, because the house is heated by a furnace, and gas is used instead of lamps. That is probably the very reason why the plants do not do well, as furnace heat is too dry, and gas always injures plants.

She asks Mrs. M. J. P., who wrote in December number about growing flowers in pits, to explain more fully how she does it, and if any artificial heat is used; also what part of the country she lives in.

MARY S. D.—Orchids are very popular plants, because of their peculiar habits of growth and the strange beauty of their flowers. Many of them resemble butterflies in shape and in their exquisite coloring. Some have very large individual flowers, while others have small flowers borne in spikes and clusters. Their principal colors are rose, mauve, white, lilac, and a pale, soft yellow; but some varieties have more brilliant colors, and some are beautifully freckled, or spotted in a manner to make them very conspicuous. There are two general divisions: aerial and terrestrial. The former are found growing on trees attached to the bark or limbs, where they seem to draw sustenance from the air. Hence their name. The latter grow in soil. Our native *Cypripedium* is one of this class. Most of the terrestrial Orchids have thick, fleshy roots, but some have a sort of bulb. These plants are not adapted to general cultivation outside a greenhouse, though *Cypripedium* and a few others can be grown in the sitting-room if they are given good care. I would not advise attempting to grow them there, however, as the chances of success are not good unless one makes a study of their peculiarities and wants. Less exacting plants will afford more pleasure.

Mrs. J. G. M. asks how to increase the stock of the plants named, saying that she has never succeeded in rooting a cutting. The *Bouvardia* is almost always propagated by division of the roots. Break an old plant apart, and you will be pretty sure to find that there are "eyes" or growing points on the roots. Put these in sand made damp and kept so, and put in a warm place, and in a short time they will develop into plants. The *Philodendron* is easily rooted in damp sand, if the wood of the cutting is in the proper condition. It is not tender, and still not hardened enough to begin to look woody. Take it when it is passing from the tender stage to the woody one. It will require some attention to determine when it is in the proper condition, but you can experiment until you have satisfied yourself about it. Florists sometimes bake potting soil to rid it of larvae of worms, but I do not think it an advisable thing to do, and because I feel sure that the heat injures the soil to a considerable extent. Cuttings of *Camellias* and *Cape Jasmine* can be rooted in damp sand. Take them when the wood is just beginning to harden.

L. T. H.—*Pelargoniums* bloom only during the spring months. After blooming keep pretty dry until fall. Then water and cut back at least once. Do not do so to encourage much growth before January. Doubtless your *Rose* is not suited with indoor quarters. Better winter in cellar.

J. J. H. writes that her "Beefsteak *Begonia*" has been dropping its leaves ever since it was re-potted. There are white worms in the soil, and she suspects them of being the cause of the trouble. Perhaps. To kill them use lime-water. But perhaps the plant belongs to that class of *Begonias* which ripen their growth each season. Some kinds do this, and the branches fall off, and the plant is not a desirable thing to do, and because I feel sure that the heat injures the soil to a considerable extent. Cuttings of *Camellias* and *Cape Jasmine* can be rooted in damp sand. Take them when the wood is just beginning to harden.

Mrs. F. C. S. asks if *Roses* could be induced to bloom in winter in pits at the North. I think not. A pit would winter them safely, but it would be so cold that they would remain dormant. At the South, pit-grown plants bloom well.

Mrs. C.—The flower sent is an *Azalea*. After it is done blooming the plant will make its annual growth of branches. Keep in a moderately cool room. Shower daily with water, and be careful to see that the soil in the pot is moist all through, but do not give enough water to sour the soil. In spring, put the plant on veranda where it will get plenty of air with shade, and be very careful not to let the soil get so dry that it gets just enough dry to wilt the leaves, and then to way allow it to bloom buds for next season, flowering in the fall. If allowed to get dry at the roots after these buds have formed, they will be pretty sure to drop.

Mrs. S. B. S. writes in reply to a correspondent that *Polygonum* is *Kalmia latifolia*, and that *Honey-suckle* is *Azalea nudiflora*. Not so. The *Polygonum* of the North is *Rhus toxicodendron*, a trailing plant bearing yellow-white berries; while *Kalmia latifolia* is a member of the Laurel family. *Azalea nudiflora* belongs to the family of the *Hamamelis*, and is a native of the North. It may possibly be called a *Honey-suckle*, locally, but it has no claim to the name. This correspondent writes that she is familiar with the *Castilleja*, concerning which some one has inquired. She says it is a most troublesome plant, every little piece of root sending up a shoot; therefore, hoeing it up only serves to spread it.

Mrs. S. B. STROUT, "Evergreen," Alabama, would like the address of Mrs. M. J. P., who wrote about a peculiar *Begonia*.

Mrs. W. asks which is the best variety of *Palm* for the house. If a large kind is desired, select *Phoenix reclinata*. For a lower and more spreading sort, get *Latonia Borbonica*. Both excellent.

Mrs. W. V. has a four-year-old Orange tree which does not bloom, and she wants to know why it fails to do so. It is, doubtless, a seedling, and the plant is as grafted. Seedlings will bear in time, but not as soon as grafted or budded plants.

Mrs. P. E.—Leaf sent, *Begonia metallica*.

Mrs. W. C.—This correspondent complains that she fails to make small *Roses*, such as florists send out, grow. In re-potting, do not remove the roots, but cut out of the box in which they come, and the plants set in a pan of warm water—without removing the paper or moss which has been wrapped round them—for an hour or two before putting out in small pots. Water only when the ground seems dry on surface, and do not keep too warm. If treated in this way, all plants having good roots will soon begin to grow, and be in first rate condition by the time it is safe to plant them out in the beds.

A. M. J.—Tubers of this class of *Begonias* should be left in the soil in which they grew during the summer. Dry them off, and set the pots away in a place where they will be free from frost. Give no water. This treatment applies to *Freelias*, also. In March or April bring out your pots of tuberous *Begonias*, shake the bulbs from the soil, and re-pot them in place where they started as soon as possible. If not kept in a heated room the tubers will not shrivel; they will absorb enough moisture from the air to keep them plump. *Montbretias* are not hardy enough to live out-of-doors through the winter at the North. *Zephyranthes* should be planted like *Freelias*. The *Amaryllis* should have about half its bulb set in the ground.

J. S.—I know of nothing more effective in destroying the aphids which infect *Asters*, than sulpho-tobacco soap. It should be used before the plants become badly infested. It is very obnoxious to all aphids.

Mrs. R. S. N.—The *Hibiscus* is a deciduous plant, and should be allowed to rest through the winter. You do not say what kind of treatment the *Begonia* has had, so I cannot form any opinion as to the cause of the trouble of which you complain.

Mrs. D. W. E.—I think you will be able to get rid of white flies on *Salvias*, and other plants, if you use sulpho-tobacco soap. If this does not do the work, apply kerosene emulsion.

Mrs. W. S.—Apply liberal quantities of "boiling water" to the vine if its roots are where you cannot get at them with a hoe or spade. Transplant *Rhubarb* early in spring, if you can get the time. Write to some nurseryman.

Mrs. J. C. P. sends the following directions for a rose-pit, which she highly recommends. It never fails to give good results, and produces healthier plants than any that can be procured from the greenhouse. "Get a piece of glazed sash. Dig a hole twenty inches deep, with a straight edge, even sides, an inch wider around than the sash which is to cover the pit. Put four inches of finely pulverized soil in the bottom of the pit; then four inches of cow manure—fresh—and four inches of sand on top of this. In the sand insert rose cuttings very close together. Water freely with rose-water. Then put on sash, letting it lap over the edge of the hole. Pack earth and sand about the sash to exclude air. Prepare the pit in October, or in November, and do not disturb the cuttings till time to plant them in spring. A slight covering in very cold weather is advisable. Remove snow so that light can penetrate the pit."

C. C.—*Callas* frequently bloom the second season. If you had told me what kind of treatment your plant had received, I might have been able to form an opinion as to the cause of trouble, but as you did not, I can only say that the treatment was not satisfactory. I know nothing about *Cacti*. Write to A. Blanc, Philadelphia.

H. P. J.—Give the *Gloxinia* a light, rich soil, and keep the soil moist. Keep out of the sun.

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Rubifoam

FOR THE TEETH

25¢
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS

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The entire properties of the Company being paid for in full, all the receipts from the sale of city lots go at once to the dividend fund of the Company, in addition to the earnings of its manufacturing establishments in operation and its income from other sources.

The stock of the Company will not only earn gratifying dividends for the investor, but will increase rapidly in the market value, with the development of the Company's property.

Money invested in this stock is as safe as in the savings-bank; will earn much larger interest, and stock purchased at \$3.50 per share now, will certainly find ready purchasers at \$5 per share in a short time.

The stock will be listed on both the New York and Boston consolidated stock exchanges.

Orders for stocks will be filed as received, in any amount from one share upward, as it is desired to have as many small holders in all sections of the country as possible, who will, by their interest in the Company, influence emigration to Tallapoosa, and advance the interests of the Company.

\$7 will purchase	2 shares or	\$20 par value of stock.	Checks for the April
14 will purchase	4 shares or	40 par value of stock.	dividend, which includes
35 will purchase	10 shares or	100 par value of stock.	only earnings of the Manu-
70 will purchase	20 shares or	200 par value of stock.	facturing Establishments
105 will purchase	30 shares or	300 par value of stock.	owned by the Company,
210 will purchase	60 shares or	600 par value of stock.	and receipts from the sale
350 will purchase	100 shares or	1000 par value of stock.	of City Lots, were Mailed
525 will purchase	150 shares or	1500 par value of stock.	from April 1 to April 15.
1050 will purchase	300 shares or	3000 par value of stock.	

Address all applications for stock and prospectuses and make checks, drafts or money orders payable to

Hon. JAMES W. HYATT, Treasurer, Ga.-Ala. Investment and Development Co.
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GLOBE BUILDING, 244 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON, MASS.

Southern Offices, Tallapoosa, Haralson County, Ga. New York Offices, 11 Wall St., Rooms 31 and 32. Boston Offices, 244 Washington St., Rooms 8, 9 and 10. Philadelphia Office, Room 944, Drexel Building. Chicago Office, Room 720, Insurance Exchange Building.

80-page illustrated Prospectus of Tallapoosa, Stock Prospectus of Company, and Plat of City, with Price-List of Building Lots, mailed free on application from Boston office of the Company, where all communications should be addressed.

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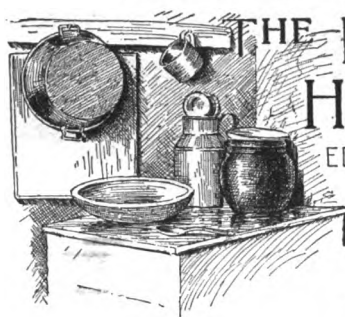
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THE PRACTICAL HOUSEKEEPER

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.

SOME KITCHEN COMFORTS

By MRS. D. A. LINCOLN



THIS paper is designed, not for those who can build a model kitchen for servants to use, but for those who must take kitchens as they are, and do the work therein themselves. We can only give some hints as to how to make the best use of what one already has, and suggest such innovations as can be made under most circumstances.

Sunlight, thorough ventilation and perfect sanitary arrangements are of the first importance in the kitchen; and as these are not necessarily dependent upon the size of the room, a small kitchen is sometimes more desirable than a large one. Any defect in these essential conditions will endanger the health of those who work there, and often in a way so subtle that the real cause is unsuspected, but the effect on one's personal comfort is unquestionable.

While the general plan and situation of the kitchen may not be changed, great improvement is often possible with but small outlay, if one will only give a little thought to it. Screen doors, windows screened all over and opening at the top as well as the bottom, ventilators, outside blinds, long dark curtains and washable sash curtains, are conveniences which most housekeepers can have if they will.

Where the kitchen serves also as a dining and a living-room, it may be advisable to keep the working paraphernalia in adjoining closets, and have a lounge, rocker, sewing table, dining-table, flowers and pictures, in addition to the range, sink, cooking-table and necessary chairs. But where the kitchen is used only for its legitimate work—the cooking and cleaning—economy of space and systematic arrangement, or handiness, should be the cardinal rule in its furnishings.

Nearly all the work of the kitchen may be classified under three heads, viz., that which is done about the stove, the sink and the table. There is nothing that lessens the work of the kitchen so much as a convenient sink. Where cold water is brought directly into the sink, and the waste-pipe and drain are properly trapped and located, and it stands near a window and table, near but not in front of the stove, and is high enough for you to work at without stooping, it will be found convenient. Substitute for the usual dark closet under the sink, a long, broad shelf just above the base-board, and another narrow one above that. Two or three shelves within easy reach above the sink, a broad shelf at the left with drawers or shelves below, a swinging bracket-lamp above, a small folding towel-rack at one side, and brass hooks wherever needed, will afford convenient places for soiled dishes and the necessary articles about a sink.

Among these are the following: granite and iron stove ware, oil-can, lamps, washing-soda, borax, coppers, ammonia, oxalic acid, turpentine, mineral soap, pumice, washing and toilet soaps, hand-basin, floor basin or pail, vegetable-pan, dish-pan, rinsing-pan, large, short-handled dipper, tincup or tumbler, soap-dish and shaker, scrubbing-brush, vegetable-brush, sink strainer and scraper, dish-mop, wire dishcloth, paring-knife, case-knife and fork, tunnel, dish-towels, hand-towels, oven-towels, cleaning-cloths, dusting-cloths and materials for cleaning silver, brass and lamps.

We cannot here discuss the merits of oil stoves, gas stoves, or portable coal and wood ranges. Each housekeeper must decide this question for herself. But taking a portable range as the form most generally used, specially where there is a boiler for hot water, we would suggest that you select one with a hot closet, double flues, a sifting grate, and a smooth, plain, outside finish. It should stand high, so you may work over it without stooping, and far enough from the wall for you to reach behind it easily, and allow room for the coal hod. There should be a small mantle over the range for the match-box, holders, etc., and for a lamp when needed near the fire—but do not keep the lamps there when not in use. A towel-rack will be needed near by, and it should be large enough to hold the dish and oven towels and dusting cloths.

Should the kitchen wall be papered, cover the space behind the stove with enameled cloth, which can be cleaned easily. Use this cloth also behind and on the sink and table shelves. But, if possible, have your kitchen walls painted. Arrange brass hooks, not nails, on the molding near the stove, for the dustpan and brush, shovel, tongs, poker, cover lifter, oven cleaner, etc. Be generous with them, and do not crowd several things on one hook. In a closet near the stove put the kindling basket, brooms, kitchen aprons, ironing-boards, etc. Shelves in this closet, or on the wall near the range, will be handy for flat-irons, the stove blacking-box and tool-box.

When you have but little closet room and do not need a dining-table in the kitchen, it would be well to have your kitchen-table made to order, and utilize the space under-

neath. The dimensions can be arranged to suit the space in the room best adapted for it, but be careful to have it high enough. It should have castors and open shelves just below the top, with drawers and small closets underneath, in which may be kept all the cooking utensils, ironing materials, and other things, which want of space forbids us to enumerate. Do not keep groceries or food in it, as these are better kept in the pantry or cold storeroom. But it will be well to have one or two shelves over the table, where the things most needed in daily work may be within reach, such as the cooking salt, pepper, soda, cream-of-tartar, baking-powder, spices and the flour dredger.

One of the most convenient articles is a small table on castors, with a movable zinc-lined tray on the top, and a shelf half-way below. Utilize it when you are washing dishes, or when cooking over the fire. It can be rolled to the pantry or china closet, and will save strength and steps. If desirable to combine a laundry with the kitchen, and you can afford set tubs, have them fitted with covers and placed where they may serve as tables when not used for washing. A clothes frame can be arranged on the ceiling, and drawn down for use, and up, and out of the way when not needed.

There should be a place—and you can easily find a convenient one—for a clock, scales, thermometer, pincushion, a small but well-equipped work-box, twine, wrapping paper, glue, paper bags, bell, mirror, account-book, pencil, almanac, cook-books and any other articles which individual need may suggest.

TO CLEAN MATTING AND CARPETS

MATTING is washed with salt and cold water, and carefully dried. Rub the very dirty spots first with water and corn-meal. If white matting has turned to a bad color it can be washed over with a weak solution of soda, which will turn it a pale butter-yellow. Use a pint of salt to a gallon of water. Use a flannel cloth, not a brush.

If a carpet is wiped over now and then with a flannel cloth wrung out of warm water and ammonia (a pail of water and a tablespoonful of ammonia), it will always look bright. It must be wiped dry with a clean cloth. After a carpet has been well shaken, it will clean and brighten it to wipe it over with a flannel cloth dipped in high-proof kerosene, and well wrung out; until perfectly dry, say for forty-eight hours, no matches or fire should be allowed in the room. Tea-leaves and wet bran, sprinkled over a carpet before sweeping it, are wonderfully cleansing; but if the carpet is of delicate tints either of these will stain it. If ink is spilled on a carpet, cover it immediately with blotting paper, and renew it as soon as soiled. A velvet carpet is cleaned by sprinkling it thickly with damp bran and brushing it off with a stiff broom.

Another plan for cleaning carpets after they have been beaten and laid down again, is to wash them with one pint of ox-gall to a full pail of warm water. Soap a piece of flannel, dip it in the pail and rub a small part of the carpet; then dry with a clean cloth before moving to another spot. Before laying carpets have the boards scrubbed with two parts of sand, the same of soft-soap and one part of lime-water. This will and keep away insects.

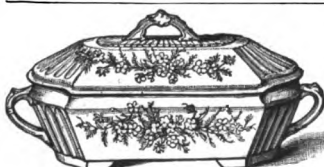
To remove grease from carpets, cover the spots with flour or dry corn-meal, and pin a paper over it. Repeat the process every six hours until the grease is drawn out, brushing the old flour off each time.



DO NOT BE IMPOSED UPON BY DEALERS WHO MAY TRY TO SELL YOU OTHER FREEZERS BY TELLING YOU THEY ARE "JUST AS GOOD" OR "JUST THE SAME AS THE GEM." YOU WANT THE BEST, THE MOST CONVENIENT AND ECONOMICAL.

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DAINTY DISHES FOR ALL THE YEAR ROUND, BY MRS. S. T. ROBER, A BOOK OF 104 PAGES, CONTAINING RECIPES FOR 120 ICE CREAMS, SHERBETS, FROZEN FRUITS, ETC., IS PACKED WITH EACH GEM FREEZER. SAMPLE COPY MAILED ON RECEIPT OF 6 CENTS IN STAMPS, IF NAME OF THIS PUBLICATION IS GIVEN, ON APPLICATION TO AMERICAN MACHINE CO., PHILADELPHIA.



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ICE-CREAM IN THIRTY SECONDS.

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It is not mussy or sloppy.

A child can operate it.

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305 Pearl Street and 43 Park Street.

SWEETS FOR THE SUMMER

By A. WANN



THE desserts for summer must be specially suited to the season. One does not care so much for heavy puddings and rich pastry during hot weather, though delicate sweets and frozen desserts of various kinds are sure to meet with favor.

The housewife who has these at her command is well prepared.

CONSERVE OF ROSES

Take fresh rose-petals, dip them in rose-water; mash, and boil the juice with an equal quantity of crystallized sugar; color the sirup with a few drops of cochineal; and, just before taking it from the fire, drop into it, one by one, large, fresh rose-petals. When the sirup has all been used in this way, sift fine sugar over the candied petals, and put in jars with branded paper over them.

DELICIOUS PEACH CREAM

Take one pound of canned peaches, one-half pound of sugar, and rub through a sieve, the peaches being cooked very soft. Soak half a package of gelatine for an hour in enough cold water to cover it; then stir it into a teacupful of rich milk or cream, which should be boiling hot; and when well dissolved add it to the hot marmalade. When pretty cool and before it becomes firm, beat the peaches smooth and stir in a pint of whipped cream. Dip a mold into cold water, fill it with the mixture, and set it away to grow firm. Turn out and serve with a garnish of preserved peaches.

FROZEN ALMOND CREAM

Blanch and pound one-half pound of Jordan almonds to a paste. Scald one quart of cream in a boiler; add the almonds, yolks of seven eggs and one-half pound of sugar (beaten together to a cream previously), and stir all over the fire until they begin to thicken; take from the fire and beat for five minutes. Strain through a fine sieve and freeze. When frozen, remove the dasher, and fill the centre with cherry, damson and apricot jam; cover and stand for two hours. When ready to serve, dip can in hot water and turn on a dish.

SPICED CURRANTS

To four pounds of currants picked from the stems, take two pounds of sugar, one-half pint of vinegar, one teaspoonful each of all kinds of spices, and a small piece of gingerroot. Place the spices in a thin cheese-cloth bag. Put the vinegar and sugar on the fire; when it comes to a boil skim it and pour over the currants and cook gently for ten minutes. Put into a stone jar, and next day heat the sirup and pour boiling hot on the fruit. Do this for several consecutive days. The last day boil the sirup until it just covers the fruit.

CHERRY AND TAPIOCA PUDDING

Soak one cupful of tapioca over night in cold water. Place on the fire with one pint of boiling water. Stone one and one-half pounds of nice cherries, stir them into the boiling tapioca, and sweeten to taste. Pour into a dish and stand away to cool. Serve very cold, with sugar and cream.

A VERY NICE RELISH

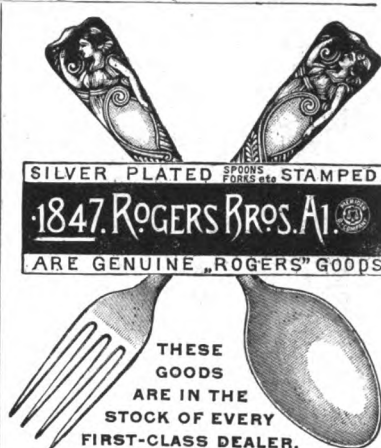
Cut a small hole in the top of a large tomato, and fill with chopped cucumber, onion, cabbage or cauliflower and the tomato taken out; and serve on a lettuce leaf with mayonnaise and parsley chopped with onion and vinegar.

TO MAKE ICE-CREAM

Take one-half gallon of new milk, one ounce of gelatine dissolved in cold milk and poured into the milk, three eggs, the whites beaten separately, and four cupfuls of granulated sugar. Mix well and pour into the freezer; soon as it begins to freeze add one pound of chopped almonds, one of grated cocoanut, one pound of ripe strawberries or preserves, and one pint of seeded cherries.

COCOANUT CAKES, OR MERINGUES

Take equal weights of grated cocoanut (fresh) and powdered sugar, add the whites of six eggs beaten stiff, to one pound of the sugar and cocoanut. It should be a stiff mixture; add egg enough to make it so. Drop the size of a nut separately upon buttered paper in pans, and bake in a moderately heated oven.



Armour's Extract of BEEF.

The best and most economical "Stock" for Soups, Etc.

One pound equals forty-five pounds of prime lean Beef.

Send to us for our book of receipts, showing use of ARMOUR'S EXTRACT in Soups and Sauces.

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Breakfast Cocoa



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

No Chemicals

are used in its preparation. It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, EASILY DIGESTED, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

COWDREY'S DEVILED HAM

"A Most Delicate Preparation."



DEVILED HAM ROLLS.

Make some light, rather rich, pastry, roll thin and cut in squares of about four inches. Spread thin upon each square some of Cowdrey's Deviled Ham, moistened with cream sauce or milk, leaving about one-half of an inch around the edge uncovered. Moisten the edges with cold water and roll each sheet of ham and pastry, compactly pressing the ends together. Brush over with white of egg and bake.

Send Postage Stamp for "Tid Bit Receipts." E. T. COWDREY CO., Boston, Mass.

ABOUT MILK

Dipping milk out of cans peddled about the street, subject to dust and rain and drip from the reins and hands of the driver, is unhealthy and dirty. Ask your dealer in every place to use the WHITE-MAN MILK JARS.

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and give it to them. You will never have it the old way again. Samples, 25 cts.

A. V. WHITEMAN,

144 Chambers Street, N. Y. Patented, April 17, '88.





A Poverty-stricken Millionaire!

This seems a paradox, but it is explained by one of New York's richest men. "I don't count my wealth in dollars," he said. "What are all my possessions to me, since I am a victim of consumption? My doctor tells me that I have but a few months to live, for the disease is incurable. I am poorer than that beggar yonder." "But," interrupted the friend to whom he spoke, "consumption can be cured. If taken in time, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will eradicate every vestige of the disease from your system." "I'll try it," said the millionaire, and he did; and to-day there is not a healthier, happier man to be found anywhere. The "Discovery" strikes at the seat of the complaint. Consumption is a disease of the blood—is nothing more nor less than lung-scurf—and it must and does yield to this wonderful remedy. "Golden Medical Discovery" is not only an acknowledged remedy for that terribly fatal malady, when taken in time and given a fair trial, but also for all forms of Scrofulous, Skin and Scalp Diseases, as White Swellings, Fever-sores, Hip-joint Disease, Salt-rheum, Tetters, Eczema, Boils, Carbuncles, Erysipelas and kindred ailments.



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 2-cent stamps. BEN LEVY & CO., French Perfumers, 34 West Street, Boston, Mass.

Reference: Pres. Hyde and Leather Park, Chicago.
2 NOTED & CONCERNING GIFT.
TO START your Trade in Highest Shoes and Perfumes. Wanted, 27,532 Probable Customers to receive sample box of Best Triple Perfume in neat bottle & box or our 1st. Send 2-cent stamp with name, address, gift worth 20 cts., will be sent 25 pc catalogue of our Stylish, Easy, Economical Shoes. Sent FREE on receipt of 21 cts postage. Address: C. W. LAPHAM'S, Palmer House, 2nd Store, Chicago.

BEST STEEL FENCING
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Cut from Your Own Measure.
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CATALOGUES FREE.
50,000 SOLD
NEW YORK 92 FIFTH AVE.
SUPERIOR QUALITY.
MODERATE PRICES.

BED-TIME

BY HARRIET FRANCENE CROCKER

Bed-time—the sweetest hour of all the day!
When mothers lead their little ones to rest—
A happy, white-robed throng, so blithe and gay,
So sleepy, too—each birdie seeks its nest.

Bed-time—the winsome baby-heads droop low,
Like tired blossoms nodding on their stem;
And each wee child repeats the little prayer
That mother, with her sweet voice, taught to them.

Bed-time—the voices hush their music now!
White eye-lids droop o'er tired, dreamy eyes;
The mother sits beside the little bed,
And, from her heart, sweet, silent songs arise.

Bed-time—and all is very quiet now,
Save low, soft breaths that lightly come and go;
The nursery-light shines on the faces sweet,
Of all the little sleepers in a row.

THE CARE OF CANARIES

BY MRS. M. C. WILLIAMS

In the care of canaries in the home, cleanliness even outranks godliness. Given that, with proper food and reasonable freedom from bad air, your bird's days will be long in the land, his song a delight to you eleven months in the year.

Do not expect a canary to sing while moulting. The growth of his fine new winter coat requires all the surplus vitality of his small body. Feed him liberally with some good prepared bird-food, keep him clean and quiet, and nature will do the rest. For steady feeding give mixed seed, two parts rape to one of canary. Give a little fresh lettuce every day, a bit of apple three times a week. Wash the cage floor, bath, and so on, every morning. Put in fresh gravel three times a week. Use the regular bird-gravel if you can get it. If not, clean, sharp river gravel, almost as fine as sand will do. Once a week, give a feed of hard-boiled egg, taking care to remove it before it becomes stale. In place of it you may with advantage, sometimes give bread soaked in new milk and squeezed nearly dry. A cleft pepper-pod hung at the side of the cage, is a help to both appetite and digestion. So is a spray of pepper-grass, taking care not to let it hang too long. If your bird is hoarse, soak the pepper-pod in milk and let birdie eat and drink of the combination.

As you love your bird, keep him away from draughts. They are as deadly almost as cats, and even more cruel. Hang your cage outside, not in the window, first putting a shade over the top of it. Sunshine is an excellent good thing for your pet, but the rays must not beat too long nor too full upon his feather cap. Never leave him over night up toward the top of a room in which gas jets have been burning. Hot, foul air always ascends, and will make short work of him in much less than a night. In hot weather give a bath every day. In cold, every other day is better. No matter what the season, be sure that he has a sheltered place to get dry in. Every year bronchitis slays its thousands, yea, tens of thousands, and more than half contract it by perching in a draught while damp.

With the right sort of gravel, cuttle-fish bone is not absolutely essential. It is very well thought, to keep a bit within reach. Take care though that nothing eatable corrodes the wires. Verdigris is the result—a potent poison for birds or men.

The finest singing birds are brought over from Germany. It is, however, entirely and easily possible to raise very good ones from imported stock. Choose birds of different strains, give them a big cage with a gourd or coconut shell swung in one corner, and warmly lined with wool and hair. When the birdlings come out of the shell, put in a plentiful supply of cracker and hard-boiled egg grated and mixed in equal quantity. It must be prepared fresh twice a day, as it sours easily, and is then poison to the tender nestlings. Leave both parents to care for them until they are feathered and can go into a cage of their own, when the old folk will probably set up a new family at the old stand.

Young birds begin to sing at about four months old. The full voice comes at seven or eight. As soon as they begin to chirp and twitter, borrow, buy or steal a fine songster, put him with them in a room to themselves, but in separate cages, and see how they will give him the sincere flattery of imitation.

Next to draughts and improper feeding, vermin are the roots of all the ill bird-flesh is heir to. For each, prevention is the best cure. Bird-lice harbor in the cage itself by daylight. Oil of any sort is death to them. If you have reason to suspect them, take your bird out of the cage, wash and scald it thoroughly, then oil all the top with sweet-oil or good fresh lard.

If your bird droops and lacks appetite, put a rusty nail into his drinking fountain, and mix a little coarsely-powdered charcoal with the gravel on his floor. Take thought for him in sharp changes of weather. Give him shade and air when the thermometer goes up to ninety. Throw a blanket over the cage when it gets toward freezing. Keep him as nearly as possible at the Irishman's "middle extreme" and your portion shall be morns of music, days of joy.

Thousands of people are taking advantage of the opportunity offered by the Premium Department of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL to secure a subscription to a Musical Library for One Dollar. Consult your Premium Supplement.

Away with the wash-board Use Pearline

As long as you use the old wash-board there'll be hard work and waste. That's what goes with it, and can't be taken from it. That's what it was made for. It's the rub, rub, rub, on it that ruins the clothes. It's the wash-board that wears you out. You don't need it.

Away with wash-day! You don't need that, either. You don't set apart a day for washing the dishes. Wash the clothes in the same way, with no more work, a few at a time.

But you'll have to use *Pearline* to do it. *Pearline* only can rid you of wash-board and hard work; with it you can do your washing when you like. And you can do it safely, too. Directions on every package.

Away with the peddlers and prize givers, who say their imitations are "as good as" or "same as" *Pearline*—IT'S FALSE—*Pearline* is never peddled and has no equal. Sold by all grocers. 246 JAMES PYLE, New York.

Allcock's Corn and Bunion Shields.

On receipt of **Ten Cents** we will send, prepaid, to any address in the U. S., a package of ALLCOCK'S CORN SHIELDS or a sample of ALLCOCK'S BUNION SHIELDS. They give immediate relief, afford absolute comfort and if continued, effect a final cure.

A single trial will convince the most incredulous of their value.

The CORN SHIELDS are made in TWO SIZES. In ordering specify size wanted, large or small.

POROUS PLASTER CO., 274 Canal St., New York.

DOWN WITH HIGH PRICES.

WHY not buy from the Largest Factory of its kind in the world, and SAVE Middlemen's or Dealers' profits. Over 1,000 Articles sold direct to consumers, thereby saving 30 to 50 per cent.

Our New Automatic Brake on all Coaches, FREE.

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THE WONDERFUL LUBURG CHAIR. Combines a room-full of Chairs in one, besides making a Lounge, Bed, or Couch. Invalid appliances of every description. Fancy Chairs, Rockers, &c. Write at once for Catalogue.

THE LUBURG MANUFACTURING CO. PHILADELPHIA, PA. DEPT. B 94. No. 321, 323 and 325 NORTH EIGHTH STREET.

WE SELL DIRECT TO FAMILIES
And make it easy for you to buy of us no matter where you live.

Yes, my dear, your Marchal & Smith Piano is a beautiful instrument, the tone is so sweet and pure, the action so fairy-like, and the finish so elegant that nothing is left to wish for. Their Organs, too, are as sweet and beautiful as their Pianos.

I wrote and told them just what I wanted, and they sent it to me, agreeing to take it back and pay the freight both ways if I did not like it, but I could not be better pleased if I had a thousand to choose from. They send their catalogue free to every one who wishes to buy.

MARCHAL & SMITH PIANO CO.,
235 East 21st Street, New York.

Estab. 1859. Inccr. 1877.

TENNIS DRILL. Entertainment for parlor or lawn. 15 cents. Catalogues free. BAKER'S, 23 Winter Street, Boston.

FILL YOUR OWN TEETH with Crystalline. Stop Pain and Decay. Lasts a lifetime. Circular free. T. F. TRUMAN, M. D., Wells Bridge, N. Y.



For June Only



NEVER before have I offered such valuable Premiums, as herein described, for a single new subscriber to the JOURNAL; neither can I afford them permanently; but, for one month, I have selected **Special Premiums** as an inducement for your kindly aid in securing your neighbor or friend to become one of our number before July 1st.

With your hearty encouragement and co-operation, I would like to push the circulation of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL to the highest possible point—a **round million copies, if possible**, before July 1st—and with a determination to accomplish what has never before been done in periodical literature in the history of the world. I offer you the best possible value I can devise, trusting the incentive may be strong enough to assure a special effort from every friend of the JOURNAL. It is to be hoped, however, that every reader is sufficiently interested in the JOURNAL itself to lend as much aid as possible to the advancement of its interests.

Not a dollar of profit do I ask for myself for such new subscribers as may be added to our lists during this month, but shall be satisfied with what the future may bring to me by the JOURNAL'S enlarged possibilities. It should be a matter of pride with every reader and friend, that **HER** JOURNAL shall have such a tremendous influence for good and pure literature, as a widespread circulation of **one million copies** would give it. It would be an easy matter to accomplish this end, if **each one** would only take the trouble to speak to some one friend about it. A single word **from you** will do more than thousands of dollars worth of newspaper advertising.

Shall we have that million?

Sincerely yours,

Cyrus H. Curtis



Our Popular Stamping Outfit



TO any one who will, before July 1st, 1891, send us One Dollar for a new Yearly Subscriber (not their own name), we will mail, postpaid, an Outfit which we have used in enormous quantities.

THE PATTERNS

We show here (in miniature) the designs included in the Outfit:

THEY ARE ALL FULL WORKING SIZE

Among the designs are two very beautiful sprays for Scarfs, or the ends of a Table-cover; one is a curved branch of roses, about 18 inches long, suitable for



Kensington Ribbon Work and Outline Embroidery or Painting; the other, curved spray of daisies and ferns, 12 inches, to match the rose spray; six exquisite fruit designs, for Napkins and Doilies; cup and saucer, and sugar-bowl for Tray-cloth; design for Slumber-pillow; one set of outline designs for Tidies; and a complete set of Initials large enough for Napkins, Handkerchiefs, Towels, etc., (1 3/4 inches high). Besides these, bouquets (not little sprigs) of poppies, bachelor-buttons, pond-lilies, roses and daisies.

For Wet and Dry Stamping



THESE CUTS ARE JUST ONE-EIGHTH THE SIZE OF THE PATTERNS

THE FLANNEL SKIRT AND BLANKET PATTERNS

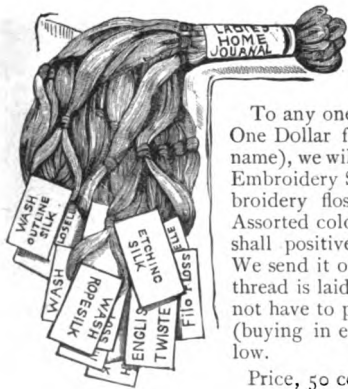
Are each 19 inches long, with straight corner all turned for each: one, a wide three-part scallop, with sprays of lilies-of-the-valley above each scallop, three inches wide; another, a running square design, over three inches wide; another, plain narrow scallop for edges of Blankets, etc.; another, a wider scallop; another, narrower scallop, for vine, with laid-work. The last, a strip of plain scallops, with a lot of little sprigs to use over the scallops. Bouquet for corners, 6 to 10 inches wide. One wide Braiding design, or Tinsel design, 16 x 5 inches. In addition to those mentioned there are a

NUMBER OF SMALLER AND MISCELLANEOUS DESIGNS

Our cut shows the Outfit complete. We may help you to form an idea of the actual size of the patterns when we say that the illustrations we show represent a sheet 4 feet long by 3 feet wide, photographed down. The patterns, as we send them out, are exactly eight times the size of the cuts.

This Outfit was originally made and sold at \$1.00. We have added a tube of our own **STAMPING PAINT**, and a Brush for **STAMPING DARK GOODS**.

To avoid useless correspondence, please notice that we cannot supply any of these patterns singly, nor can we substitute or change in any way. The Outfit can only be supplied as an entirety. The price of this Outfit, for cash, is 50 cents. Cheapest Stamping Outfit ever offered.



Oriental Embroidery Silk

To any one who will, before July 1st, 1891, send us One Dollar for a new Yearly Subscriber (not their own name), we will mail, postpaid, one large hank of Oriental Embroidery Silk; not "Wash" Silk—merely plain embroidery floss. The best value ever offered in Silk. Assorted colors—all fine, rich shades; best goods. We shall positively refuse to assort any particular shades. We send it out just as received from the factory. Each thread is laid in straight—the full length—and as we do not have to pay for the expensive skeining and knotting (buying in enormous quantities), we secure and offer it low.

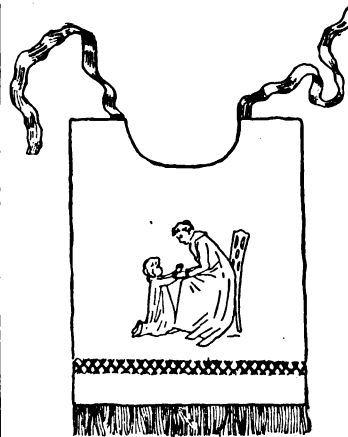
Price, 50 cents per hank.

Stamped Linen Splasher



To any one who will, before July 1st, 1891, send us One Dollar for a new Yearly Subscriber (not their own name), we will send a Linen Splasher measuring 30 x 20 inches; FRINGED AT THE BOTTOM AND AT BOTH ENDS. We have a very large assortment of designs, all of which are desirable.

Splashers have now become indispensable in every chamber, and are justly popular as pieces of fancy-work. The price is 25 cents each, postpaid.



Linen Bibs

To any one who will, before July 1st, 1891, send us One Dollar for a new Yearly Subscriber (not their own name), we will give as a Premium one-half dozen Bibs.

Postage and packing, 5 cents extra.

Made of Butcher's-Linen. Fringed across the bottom. Border of Knotted Insertion. Stamped ready for embroidering. Price, 15 cents each, postpaid, or 75 cents per half-dozen, postpaid.

In purchasing these Bibs, most persons would probably desire to order them in dozens—or, at least, one-half dozen at a time. We can supply them in this way at a very low price.

For one dozen Bibs, \$1.35, postpaid. For one-half dozen, 75 cents. Less than half-dozen, 15 cents each. All postpaid.

Linen Doilies, No. 500

To any one who will, before July 1st, 1891, send us One Dollar for a new Yearly Subscriber (not their own name), we will give one-half dozen of these Doilies. Send 5 cents extra for postage and packing.

They are of Linen, of a beautiful quality, hem-stitched with a one-inch hem. They are stamped with designs for embroidering. The prettiest, most delicate things imaginable—just the thing to set off a handsome finger-bowl.

Price, \$1.25 per dozen, postpaid.

ALL PREMIUM GOODS FOR SALE AT THE PRICES QUOTED.

"Rossmore" Silver-Plated Teaspoons, Tablespoons and Forks



To any one who will, before July 1st, 1891, send us One Dollar for a new Yearly Subscriber (not their own name), we will mail, postpaid, Silverware as follows:

EITHER, One Dozen Teaspoons; or, a Set of Four Tablespoons; or, a Set of Four Dinner Forks.

This is the most advantageous offer of Silver-plated Ware we have ever made. We do not wish you to understand this to be the finest Silver-plated Ware manufactured; it is nothing of the sort. It is not our best goods, but, at the same time, it is not the cheap, miserable trash so often offered in "gift enterprises." It is of steel, plated first with nickel and then with silver, and will wear well and for a long time. No housekeeper can afford to be without a set of Silver-plated Table-ware, if only for company use, and, at this time of the year and during the berry and ice-cream seasons, those who are already supplied will find ample opportunity to put into use an increased stock. Here is a chance to secure just what is wanted.

For Cash we supply it as follows: Teaspoons, 75 cents per dozen, postpaid. Tablespoons, 50 cents per set of four, postpaid. Forks, 50 cents per set of four, postpaid.

Gold Thimble



To any one who will, before July 1st, 1891, send us One Dollar for a new Yearly Subscriber (not their own name), we will mail, postpaid, a Gold Thimble, 10 karat fine. It is not solid gold. Notice the cut representing the thimble cut in half. It is much thicker where the wear comes. The dark line running around the edge of the figure, between the white spaces, represents the stiffening between the



two layers of solid gold, one being on the outside and the other on the inside of the Thimble. This form of Thimble is very much more durable than the best of those made of solid gold, and is very much cheaper. In ordering, state the size of Thimble desired.

Price of Thimble, 55 cents, postpaid.

We can also furnish a neat Velvet-lined Morocco Case. Price of Thimble and Case, 90 cents, postpaid.

Factory Ends of Embroidery Silk

To any one who will, before July 1st, 1891, send us One Dollar for a new Yearly Subscriber (not their own name), we will mail a package of this, so-called "Waste," Embroidery Silk—various shades, odd lengths, assorted sizes—all good silk and every yard can be used.

They come to us directly from the winding-rooms at the silk mills, and we send them out just as received; not simply three or four shades of red, green, blue and yellow, but good desirable shades—olives, delicate pinks, etc., coming hap-hazard from a line of 250 colors. They are made up of the pieces left at the ends of the hanks of silk sent to the winding-rooms, and not long enough to make a full skein. Not being regular marketable goods they must be sold at a loss to the manufacturers, and buying them in large quantities we get the benefit.

The assortment of silks includes regular Embroidery, Wash-filo, Rope Silk, Chenille, etc. We have used hundreds of pounds of these goods and find every one likes them. Price, 50 cents per ounce, postpaid.

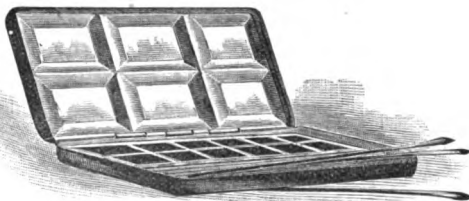


Decorative Art Color Box

To any one who will, before July 1st, 1891, send us One Dollar for a new Yearly Subscriber (not their own name), we will mail, postpaid, a Box of First-quality French Moist Water-Colors.

The Box is of Japanned Tin. The lid is arranged in six mixing-trays; when open, it 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.

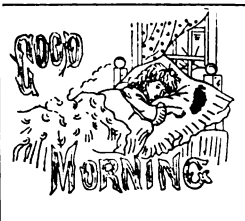
Three good Brushes, of different sizes, and Twelve Colors in tin trays, complete the Set. With each Box we send a sheet of instructions regarding the using of colors and the mixing and blending of tints. We import this Set ourselves and are so enabled to offer it at a low price. Boxes of this character are retailed at 50 cents each. Our price 40 cents, postpaid.



A Pair of Pillow Shams



To any one who will, before July 1st, 1891, send us One Dollar for a new Yearly Subscriber (not their own name), we will send, postpaid, a pair of Pillow Shams, 36 inches wide, made of "Hill" Muslin. They are stamped



ready for embroidering. The cuts we show represent one of the twelve pairs in our assortment. They are all desirable, and we guarantee the stamping to be perfect and satisfactory.

Price, 40 cents per pair, postpaid.

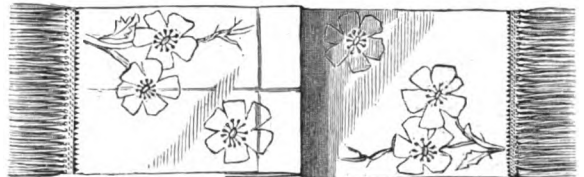
Seven-Piece Toilet-Set



To any one who will, before July 1st, 1891, send us One Dollar for a new Yearly Subscriber (not their own name), we will mail, postpaid, a Linen Toilet-set of Seven Pieces, which will amply repay the slight effort expended in securing the new name. Two mats, 9x14 and 7x12 inches, respectively; one pair, 8 1/2 x 9 1/2 inches; another pair, 7 1/2 inches square. Momie cloth, damask border and fringed. Quality first-class. All stamped ready for embroidering. We have imported an immense quantity, but they will not last long. Our second order may be delayed. Send quickly, before the present stock is exhausted.

Price, 55 cents per set, postpaid. We do not break the sets.

Bureau-Scarf and Washstand Cover No. 10



To any one who will, before July 1st, 1891, send us One Dollar for a new Yearly Subscriber (not their own name), we will mail (send 15 cents additional to prepay postage) a pair of Butcher-Linen Scarfs, 70 inches and 50 inches long, with knotted fringe, stamped ready for embroidering. The cheapest linens we have ever secured. The lowest offer we have ever made. If you select them don't forget the extra amount to cover cost of mailing (15 cents).

In ordering, specify Number 10. Price, 50-inch, 35 cents; 70-inch, 55 cents, postpaid.

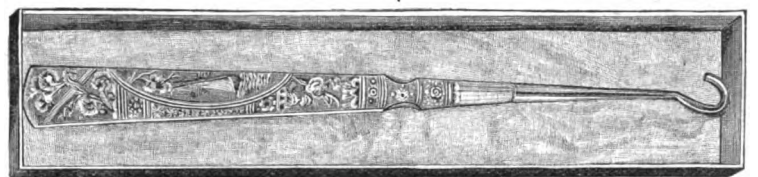
Collar-Box, Cuff-Box and Glove-Box SET OF THREE PIECES



To any one who will, before July 1st, 1891, send us One Dollar for a new Yearly Subscriber (not their own name), we will forward by mail (ten cents extra must be sent us to prepay the postage) the set we show, including 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. Don't forget the extra money for postage.

The price at which we sell the three pieces is very low—65 cents, postpaid. We cannot break the set.

A Beautiful Oxidized Silver-Plated Button-Hook IN A SATIN-LINED BOX



To any one who will, before July 1st, 1891, send us One Dollar for a new Yearly Subscriber (not their own name), we will mail, postpaid, this Button-hook, thousands of which we have used, and which appears to be very popular with the ladies. It measures 7 1/2 inches long and is beautifully chased. It is of the best quality and triple-plated. It will be found to be extremely convenient on account of its length, and would be an ornament to any lady's dressing-table. We send it out in a Satin-lined Case. Price, 35 cents, postpaid.

The Hammock-Chair.



To any one who will, before July 1st, 1891, send us One Dollar for a new Yearly Subscriber (not their own name), we will give as a Premium one of our popular Hammock-Chairs. Send 20 cents extra for postage and packing.

This Hammock-Chair combines the best features of a Hammock and of a Swing. As we send it out it is complete and in perfect readiness for hanging up. Ropes, hooks and slips are sent with it. It can be packed in a very small and compact bundle, and is just the thing in which to spend a hot summer's afternoon, under a shady tree.

Price, 50 cents. Postage and packing, 20 cents extra.

ALL PREMIUM GOODS FOR SALE AT THE PRICES QUOTED.

"Canning and Preserving"

By MRS. RORER

To any one who will, before July 1st, 1891, send us One Dollar for a new Yearly Subscriber (not their own name), we will mail, postpaid, these two books. None rank higher in their class.

MRS. KNAPP, Editor of our Housekeeping Department, considers this a most excellent publication, and is a splendid Premium for our Practical Housekeepers. In this attractively printed volume Mrs. Rorer discusses at length the Canning and Preserving of Fruits and Vegetables, with the kindred subjects of Marmalades, Butters, Fruit Jellies and Syrups, Drying and Pickling. As in her larger work, the Philadelphia Cook-Book, the recipes are clearly and simply given, while an exhaustive index affords easy reference to every subject. In it will be found directions for Canning and Preserving, with recipes for various methods for Pickling, making Catsups, Fruit Butters, Marmalades, etc.

"HOT WEATHER DISHES"

By the same author. During the hot weather, old housekeepers frequently become embarrassed over the arrangement of seasonal dishes. MRS. RORER, feeling this difficulty, has compiled this little directory as a helpmate to her fellow housewives. Like all of her books, it is practical, sensible and thoroughly reliable. 104 pages—paper covers.

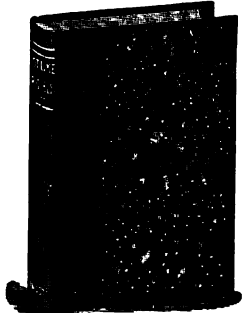
Price of "Canning and Preserving," 40 cents, postpaid.

Price of "Hot Weather Dishes," 40 cents, postpaid.

Delightful Books for Girls

By ROSA N. CAREY

To any one who will, before July 1st, 1891, send us One Dollar for a new Yearly Subscriber (not their own name), we will send, postpaid, any one of the books in this set. These books are very attractive in appearance. Bound in Half Cloth, handsome Marbled Covers.



WEE WIFIE

"A better story even than the previous popular productions of this talented author."—*Texas Siftings*.

UNCLE MAX

"The whole book is perfectly enchanting."—*Boston Globe*.

NELLIE'S MEMORIES

"The story is to be highly commended."—*Phila. Eve. News*.

QUEENIE'S WHIM

"A bright, pleasant story of girl life."—*Chicago Bookseller*.

WOODED AND MARRIED

"It is a finely conceived tale and admirably written."—*Boston Traveller*.

ONLY THE GOVERNESS

A charming love story of English life.

FOR LILIAS

"A delightful novel, and is fully equal to the best of the stories."—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*.

NOT LIKE OTHER GIRLS

"The story is one of the sweetest, daintiest, and most interesting of the season's publications."—*New York Home Journal*.

BARBARA HEATHCOTE'S TRIAL

"The story is told by the author with a skillful fascination. If anything 'Barbara' is better than 'Not Like Other Girls,' and all the girls know that it was very good."—*Philadelphia Times*

ROBERT ORD'S ATONEMENT

"This story is of lively interest, strong in its situations, artistic in its character and local sketching, and charming in its love-scenes. Everybody that 'loves a lover' will love this book."—*Boston Home Journal*.

There is possibly no writer of fiction whose work has in a certain sense been more successful than MISS CAREY'S. She is a woman's reader. If she had deliberately planned to do so, she could not have been more successful in pleasing that large number of women and girls who, possessed of refined tastes, exalted ideas and a capacity to appreciate and sympathize with all that is noble in character, seek in books that satisfaction which is not always obtained in real life.

We will send any one book in the above list, postpaid, on receipt of 50 cents.

Uniform Library Edition

OF MRS. EWING'S STORIES, IN NINE VOLUMES

To any one who will, before July 1st, 1891, send us One Dollar for a new Yearly Subscriber (not their own name), we will mail, postpaid, any one of the books in this set.



Neither children nor their elders can read too many of MRS. EWING'S stories. She does not use a word too much, or a word too little, when she is at her best, and she is at her best very often, although she has written a number of tales. She does not preach, but her stories are better than sermons, they touch the heart, they enlarge the sympathy, they excite every tender and noble emotion, they encourage religious feeling and they deepen scorn for all that is mean and cowardly. They have an abundance of fresh, delightful fun, and a pathos so true and deep that there are many of her stories which it is impossible to read without tears. There is nothing forced in her plots or her style. Her characters are natural, human, and have an indescribable charm. Children are delighted with her stories, and grown people rank them among the best things in literature.

JAN OF THE WINDMILL. A Story of the Plains.

SIX TO SIXTEEN. A Story for Girls.

WE AND THE WORLD. A Story for Boys.

A GREAT EMERGENCY, and other Tales.

MELCHIOR'S DREAM, BROTHERS OF PITY, and other Tales.

LOB LIE-BY-THE-FIRE, THE BROWNIES, and other Tales.

A FLATIRON FOR A FARTHING.

JACKANAPES, and other Tales, comprising "Jackanapes," "Daddy Darwin's Dovecot," and "The Story of a Short Life," with a Sketch of MRS. EWING'S Life by her sister, HORATIA K. F. GATTY.

MRS. OVERTHEWAY'S REMEMBRANCES. A series of short stories which are supposed to be told by a nice old lady to a little girl invalid. All of these books are illustrated. They were sold by the publishers when first issued at One Dollar per volume. We offer any one of them at the extremely low price of 50 cents each—including cost of postage and packing.

ALL PREMIUM GOODS FOR SALE AT THE PRICES QUOTED.

Dickens' Works

To any one who will, before July 1st, 1891, send us One Dollar for a new Yearly Subscriber (not their own name), we will give any one of the Books given in the list below. Ten cents extra, however, must be sent to pay the postage.

The Books are all handsomely bound in Cloth, with Ornamental Cover and back-stamp; good print and good paper, and have been sold in book stores for \$1.50 and \$1.75 per volume.



PICKWICK PAPERS

MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT

OLIVER TWIST, PICTURES FROM ITALY, AND AMERICAN NOTES

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY

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BLEAK HOUSE

LITTLE DORRITT

DOMBEY AND SON

CHRISTMAS BOOKS, UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELER, AND ADDITIONAL CHRISTMAS STORIES

TALE OF TWO CITIES AND GREAT EXPECTATIONS

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND

EDWIN DROOD, SKETCHES, MASTER HUMPHRIES' CLOCK

These books were considered cheap when reduced to \$1.00. Now we offer to sell them for only 35 cents, postage 10 cents extra; mailed to any address in the United States for only 45 cents. A splendid opportunity to get a set of Dickens at a low price.

"What Every One Should Know"



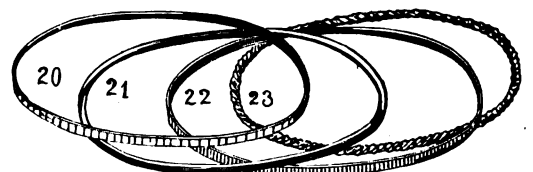
To any one who will, before July 1st 1891, send us One Dollar for a new Yearly Subscriber (not their own name), we will mail, postpaid, a copy of this Cyclopædia of Practical Information, containing complete directions for making and doing over 5000 things necessary in Business, the Trades, the Shop, the Home, the Farm and the Kitchen. Giving in plain language Recipes, Prescriptions, Medicines, Manufacturing Processes, Trade Secrets, Chemical Preparations, Mechanical Appliances, Aid to Injured, Business Information, Law, Home Decorations, Art Work, Fancy Work, Agriculture, Fruit Culture, Stock Raising and hundreds of other useful hints and helps needed in our daily wants. By S. H. BURT.

516 pp. Bound in Cloth. Price, 90c. Postage and packing, 10c. extra.

Solid Silver Bangle Bracelets

To any one who will, before July 1st, 1891, send us One Dollar for a new Yearly Subscriber (not their own name), we will give a pair of these Bracelets. This offer, however, does not include the cost of postage and packing, which amounts to 10 cents, and must be sent in addition.

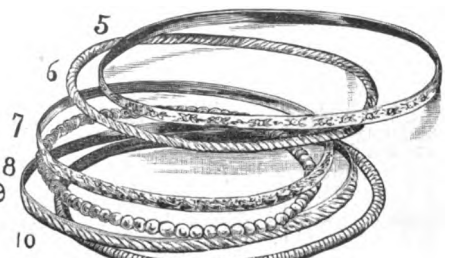
These Bracelets are pure Silver, and the daintiest jewelry imaginable. Bright, new, fresh goods, sure to please all who receive them. Price, 40 cents each, postpaid. Order by number.



A NEW ASSORTMENT OF Silver-Plate Bangle Bracelets

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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.



A Unique Toy

To any one who will, before July 1st, 1891, send us One Dollar for a new Yearly Subscriber (not their own name), we will send, postpaid, a pair of these new Bubble-Blowers.

The "Wizard Bubble Blower" is a brand new Toy. When the small boy gets out his mother's wash-basin and his father's clay pipe, and starts into business with a can of soap and a gill of water, there is sure to be fun on foot. But when the same small boy, with one of these new toys, succeeds in blowing a large bubble with one, or even two, smaller ones inside; balloon bubbles, whole chains of them, and lots of new and strange things hitherto unheard of, his delight is unmeasured. Just the thing for Bubble Parties. Fun and enjoyment for old as well as young. A sheet of full and explicit instructions sent with each.

Price, postpaid, 25 cents each.



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 An elegant dressing exquisitely perfumed, removes all impurities from the scalp, prevents baldness and gray hair, and causes the hair to grow Thick, Soft and Beautiful. Infallible for curing eruptions, diseases of the skin, glands and muscles, and quickly healing cuts, burns, bruises, sprains, &c. All Druggists or by Mail, 50 cts. **BARCLAY & Co., 44 Stone St., New York.** ESTABLISHED 1861.

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If Beauty be but SKIN DEEP, then Beauty in the SKIN keep! and Cultivate COMPLEXION clear, by faithful use from year to year—of

WOMAN'S FAVORITE

POZZONI'S COMPLEXION POWDER

WARRANTED FREE FROM ALL HARMFUL INGREDIENTS.
 Works in harmony with Nature; making the Skin Healthy as well as Most Beautiful.

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AND THE GROWTH FOREVER DESTROYED WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST INJURY OR DISCOLORATION OF THE MOST DELICATE SKIN.

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Recommended by all who have tested its merits.—Used by people of refinement.

Gentlemen who do not appreciate nature's gift of a beard, will find a priceless boon in Modene, which does away with shaving. It dissolves and destroys the life principle of the hair, thereby rendering its future growth an utter impossibility, and is guaranteed to be as harmless as water to the skin. Young persons who find an embarrassing growth of hair coming, should use Modene to destroy its growth. Modene sent by mail, in safety mailing cases, postage paid, (securely sealed from observation) on receipt of price, \$1.00 per bottle. Send money by letter, with your full address written plainly. Correspondence sacredly private. Postage stamps received the same as cash. (ALWAYS MENTION YOUR COUNTY AND THIS PAPER.) Cut this advertisement out.

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 You can register your letter at any Post-office to insure its safe delivery.

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 We offer \$1,000 FOR FAILURE OR THE SLIGHTEST INJURY. EVERY BOTTLE GUARANTEED.

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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.

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

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 OF THE BLOSSOMS. THE BEST
 BLOOD PURIFIER KNOWN. Cures
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 HOW TO
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 A boon to suffering children. The safest and most reliable REMEDY FOR RELIEVING THE AILMENTS INCIDENT TO CHILDREN TEETHING. A speedy and certain cure for DIARRHŒA, CRAMPS, FLATULENCE, COLIC AND SUMMER COMPLAINTS, in adults and children. Price 25 cents per bottle. Delivered by mail to any P. O. in the U. S. on receipt of price in stamps. **DR. FITLER, No. 400 North 3rd Street, Philadelphia, Pa.**

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 TEN DAYS' TEST. Circular and full particulars free. Absolutely fair and reliable. Address **WAEGLER, CORBIN BUILDING, N.Y.**

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Will keep the hair in crimp or curl in hot, damp or windy weather. Is not affected by perspiration; positively harmless and preserves the natural softness and gloss of the hair. For sale by all the leading fancy-goods houses, or sent post-paid on receipt of 30 cts. in silver or postal note.

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Unscrupulous parties are offering cheap, worthless imitations of the Magic. Beware of them. Get a Magic Bank and compare it with the imitations.

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By B. E. W.

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Hang on the wall the author's portrait framed to suit the room, perhaps, in oak or delicate gold-and-white. Around it hang any pictures which have some connection with him or his writings, a sketch of his birthplace or residence, or, perhaps, photographs of places he loved and wrote about. Below these there should be a small table, covered with a pretty silk scarf. Here may be arranged a volume of the author's works; his "birthday book," if one has been published; "gems" from his writings, and whatever else you may think appropriate. His calendar will, of course, be accorded a prominent place on wall or table, as you will wish to learn the quotation for each day.

Across the corner, and quite high up over all, might be the author's name, or, perhaps, an illuminated card bearing your favorite quotation from his works. Other features and details in the arrangement will, no doubt, suggest themselves to you, and the whole corner, when finished, will aid your memory wonderfully and be a continual source of comfort and pleasure.

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Silk Satin & Plush Remnants for Crazy Patch. A large pkg. pretty pieces, assorted col. 10 cts. 12 pkg. 51 **LADIES' ART CO. Box 264, ST. LOUIS.**

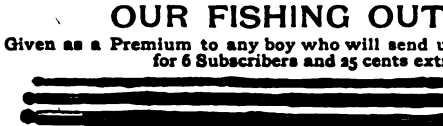
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This outfit for trout and bass fishing is one of which any boy might be justly proud. The rod is of genuine Calcutta Bamboo, 124 feet long, in three joints, with double Brass Ferrules. The balance of the outfit consists of 1 Brass Balance Reel, with screw handle and raised pillars; braided lisle-thread line, 25 yards long; 4 dozen long shank Carlsle Hooks for Trout, and 4 dozen Bass Hooks on double-twisted Gut; one varnished Quill Top Float, and an assortment of Artificial Trout Flies. Price, \$1.10, and 30 cents extra for postage and packing.

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 Unique ANTI-WRINKLE removes Freckles, Blemishes, Yellowness, etc. Unaffected by perspiration. Told in circular sent with Soap. **MME PINAULT CHIMIST LATE OF PARIS**
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 Dialogues, Tableaux, Speakers, for School, Club & Parlor. Best out. Catalogue free. **T. S. DENISON, Chicago, Ill.**

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 With Almond Nut Cream, you can positively rub them away. Send particulars. **St. MARY E. MURRAY, 1050 Washington Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.** Agents wanted.

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For irritating and scaly humors of the scalp, with dry or falling hair; red, rough hands, chaps, painful finger ends, with shapeless nails, and simple humors of the skin and scalp of infancy and childhood, it is simply infallible.

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And other itching, scaly and blotchy skin and scalp diseases, are relieved by a single application, and speedily, permanently and economically cured by Cuticura Remedies, the greatest Skin Cures, Blood Purifiers, and Humor Remedies of modern times. Price: CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, 50 cents; CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Purifier and Beautifier, 25 cents; CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier and greatest of Humor Remedies, \$1.00. Prepared by POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Boston, Mass. "ALL ABOUT THE BLOOD, SKIN, SCALP AND HAIR," mailed free to any address—64 pages, 300 Diseases, 50 Illustrations, 100 Testimonials. A book of priceless value, affording information not obtainable elsewhere.