

# THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY, 1891.

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O'er the mountains wild comes a little child,  
And all the untrodden ways  
Are blooming bright, 'neath his steps of light,  
And the valleys ring with his praise;  
And the morning glints on his brow, and tints  
His cheek with its rosy rays.

His bright eyes beam and his tresses gleam—  
Shot with the sunshine's darts  
That mark his way through the gates of day—  
As the dying year departs.  
And the vacant throne is now his own,  
And his kingdom is human hearts.

The songs he sings, and the joys he brings,  
Are wonderful, sweet and rare;  
And the future glows like a fragrant rose  
'Neath the wand that he waves in air.  
And with kisses sweet, and with smiles, we greet  
The beautiful, glad New Year;

And cover the head of the old year, dead,  
With a cold, cold shroud of snow.  
Life is sweet, but time is fleet,  
And the years must come and go;  
The beautiful years, with their smiles and tears,  
The years that we all love so.

Kisses and tears for its joys and its cares—  
The year whose steps have passed  
Into silence sweet, where no fall of feet  
Is heard in the Dim and Vast.  
To the Old—his due; but we love the New—  
The sweetest rose is the last!—F. L. STANTON.

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NEW YEAR'S DAY IN HISTORY.

ALL over the world, from time immemorial, New Year's Day has been looked upon as a season of rejoicing, for dearly as we have loved the old, and graciously as it may have treated us, the fresh young year always comes decked with the rainbow colors of anticipation—entrancing, if often deceptive—and only the very old can resist looking forward to the future, when Hope "smiles and waves her golden hair." As Charles Lamb says in his character of "Elia": "The birth of the new year is of an interest too wide to be pretermitted by king or cobbler. No one ever regarded the first of January with indifference. It is that from which all date their time, and count upon what is left. It is the nativity of our common Adam," and it has been welcomed in a variety of ways.

With the Greeks it was a solemn festival; with the Romans one of glad feasting and congratulation, when they interchanged visits and small gifts such as figs and dates covered with gold-leaf, and an antique jar is still said to be in existence with an inscription showing that it was a New Year's present from the potters to their patroness, in the days of the early Roman emperors. The very name January comes from Janus, who, in classic mythology, was the god that presided over the gate of the new year. He was always represented with two faces looking in opposite directions, thus indicating the past and future. In his right hand he held a key, and in the left a rod, to show that he opened and ruled the year, while sometimes he also bore the number "300" in one hand and "65" in the other, to denote the number of days.

The Saxons also, always greeted the new year with jollity, feasting, and tokens of friendship, and the latter custom was continued in England until we find in later times that the presentation of New Year's gifts to royalty had become rather a burden upon the people. Dr. Drake gives as his opinion that the famous wardrobe and jewel-case of Queen Elizabeth were mainly supplied with these annual contributions. From peers and peeresses of the realm down to the cook and serjeant of pastry, all brought New Year's gifts to her Majesty of money, jewelry, wearing apparel or trinkets; and according to old records there must have been a beautiful and variegated display, turning the royal boudoir into a veritable fancy bazaar. Gowns, doublets, mantles embroidered with precious stones, gloves, mirrors, fans, bracelets, caskets, books, boxes of foreign sweetmeats, pots of green ginger, orange flowers and other conserves, confectionery and sweet-water are all mentioned, while on one occasion Mrs. Blanche brought a gold comfit box and spoon; and Absolon, the master of the Savory, a Bible covered with cloth of gold and bearing plates of the royal arms.

COURTSHIP IN CHURCH.

A YOUNG gentleman happening to sit in church in a pew adjoining one in which sat a young lady, for whom he conceived a sudden and violent passion, was desirous of entering into a courtship on the spot; but the place not suiting a formal declaration, the exigency of the case suggested the following plan: He politely handed his fair neighbor a Bible (open) with a pin stuck in the following text: Second Epistle of John, verse fifth—"And now I beseech thee, lady, not as though I wrote a new commandment unto thee, but that which we had from the beginning, that we love one another." She returned it, pointing to the second chapter of Ruth, verse tenth—"Then she fell on her face, and bowed herself to the ground, and said unto him, 'Why have I found grace in thine eyes, that thou shouldst take knowledge of me, seeing that I am a stranger?'" He returned the book, pointing to the thirteenth verse of the Third Epistle of John—"Having many things to write unto you, I would not write with paper and ink, but I trust to come unto you, and speak face to face, that our joy may be full." From the above interview a marriage took place the ensuing week.

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## CHAPTER I.

### WILD CROCK.

**M**R. EPHRAIM CROOKE built his house in the crook of the road. His farm lay both ways, at right angles. One line of the country street runs straight down to the Point, where the little Wewachet meets the Shepaug, and they broaden down together toward the sea; where the last creep of the tide comes up and there is a touch of salt in the water; where the coal and lumber barges moor at the wharf; and behind are the bridge and the old village, with the street of shops, and the railway station and the town hall. In the other direction from Croke Corner, the highway takes its southern bend, then winds and sheers off again toward the meeting-houses and the centre, and beyond that to the hills and pasture sides of Shepaug. The Croke house, in its two portions, was faced upon these lines; its front windows looked along both of them. In a sense, they squinted. In this way the inmates got a squint, so to speak, at almost everything that moved about; and it was an invitation to the passers-by, both up and down; so that the Croke women-folk caught as in a weir, all that floated of news or events; it all came in with the frequent callers who made this a half-way stop between the Point village and the "up-street" neighborhoods.

"You always get it, good or bad," cousin Elizabeth said once, with a touch of meaning that her hearers, not quite comprehending, were instantly suspicious of. She was there on a visit, and a knot of droppers-in had just gone, leaving a lot of conversational drift-stuff to be sorted over in after-discussion with the kind of ruminant felicity a certain class of animals is privileged to enjoy. "It's a right-down gossip corner," Miss Elizabeth had added, good-humoredly enough; but the very good humor pointed a rebuke with its gentleness.

"Well, why shouldn't things gather in a corner?" demanded Miss Sarah Croke. "The snow drifts up here, and the dead leaves, when the wind blows. Why shouldn't the news? We ain't to blame."

"Why shouldn't you rake out and shovel up a little?"

"Cause we ain't set here on a selery to do the job," shrilled old Ephraim from the stove-side, with his pipe in his mouth. Old Ephraim was not much of a chatterbox himself, but he had certain mechanical, habitual ways of setting the chatter going and keeping it up around him. They all knew he liked it and expected it. It chirped him up, his wife said. Old Mrs. Croke knitted round after round on a gray stocking, without opening her lips. She did not hear it all, and besides she hated "differin' an' contradickshin," she said. For that reason, and because of the entertainment of the other two, the gossips had their own way in her sitting-room, saying this and that of everybody, even when old lady Croke did hear and knew better. "Father wanted to find out what was going. He hadn't much to think of, and Sarah liked company. She couldn't get out herself; things had to come to her, and it was a poverduce they did." That was her gentle sufferance and excuse. Sarah had a lameness in her hip; a good deal, indeed, was to be allowed for such a hindering infirmity. She made up for it with the agility of another little member, not meaning any harm, nor ever realizing that she could travel farther, on errand good or ill in that fashion, than she could have done on her two feet.

The day came when things changed at Croke Corner. Old Ephraim died. One sunny afternoon in April the elbow of

the road was filled with all sorts of carriages; the one in which no creature rides but once drawn up in gloomy importance by the gate-side. The prayers were over, and the close knot of men about the door was broken up. People inside waited with deferent curiosity to see the mourners pass. The bearing forth was accomplished, the single carriage was closed upon its occupant and crept away solemnly under the maples to halt beyond, while the living entered in turn their more cheerful vehicles. Foot passengers, who did not expect to "follow," departed slowly each way, up and down the road.

Two women talked as they walked along. "Don't seem to me funerals is so solemn or improvin' they used to be," said one. "Been to so many of 'em," said the other. "Got used to 'em."

"Well, I dun know. Live folks seem to get the upper hand of it, nowadays, somehow. The's only one dead one, you see, 'gainst 'em all, an' they've all got their minds stirrin' full o' somethin'."

Folks is live, an' the times is hurry-in', and they don't skeerfully put it aside, more'n while the prayers last, anyhow. Sometimes I kind o' think whether 'no they don't feel a little bit smart to be alive, an' walkin' off, speshully them that's pooty nigh o' the same age. There they go, like a parcel o' bees in a meddar, every one their own way, after their own honey. An' there goes old Iffrum Croke, ridin' away alone, toes up."

"Randy Sowle didn't mind wearin' her new bunnit."

"No; did look ruther airy. But then folks don't dress accordin' as they used to, not even the mourners. 'Lizbuth Haven didn't have on a single stitch o' real black. Black silk gown's nothin'; an' there was little white flowers in the black lace on her bunnit."

"She's only Mis' Croke's niece. Wonder what they'll do now! Them two women all alone is pooty solitary. Don't see how they'll manage, hardly. Old Iffrum used to shuffle round an' see to wood, an' water, an' milk the cows; an' I guess, of n's not, wash the pans an' cans. It'll make a charge more or less."

It made two changes, one of which might have been easily anticipated, the other nobody reckoned on. The Crookes hired a

woman and a boy, and were better off than old Ephraim would ever have thought they needed to be. And Miss Elizabeth Haven came to board at the Corner.

People wondered, greatly relishing the sensation, that Miss Haven should leave her beautiful city rooms where she had everything to her mind, and was in the middle of everything, to come out here and fix up the old east wing and live a mile from the cars with deaf ma'am Croke and lame Sarah. But she had her reasons, which had been maturing for some time against such possibility of acting upon them as might occur, and now this had occurred. She wanted country air—breath, both bodily and spiritual. And she wanted to brighten somebody's life, apart from associated charities which she found generalizing and depressing. Besides these facts, there was another in the shape of a student at the neighboring law school, young Putnam King, whose mother had been Grace Haven, Elizabeth's beautiful sister, who died when Putnam was a baby. His father had married again, and there was not only a kind, sensible stepmother, but there had come a whole household of young brothers and sisters, so that Putnam had not devolved upon aunt Elizabeth's care or her affection, as left destitute of either. Neither did the wise lady believe in any once-removed guardianship, however tender, while real home ties and place remained. But she loved the boy, and he loved her as boys do, with a good deal of mischief and bravado covering the feeling, and some looking-for of auntly indulgence mixed up with it.

In these years of his absence from home for his university training, aunt Elizabeth's rooms had been pleasant to go to; and as the time went on and his future course determined itself and involved his remaining in

believed in baptisms, and that the truth of them was at the very heart of created things. Putnam King demurred when she told him. "You won't like it," he said. "You don't know country people. They'll price your gowns and calculate your means, and they'll watch your goings out and your comings in from this time forth, forevermore."

"Put-nam!" "They will," rejoined Putnam, calmly. "They'll know all your doings before they're done and all your thoughts before you think 'em, and they will mention to you any little circumstance or change of your own as if it might be the first you'd ever heard of it. 'You've got a new bonnet,' 'you've lost a tooth, haven't yer?' or, 'you're a little grayer than you was last year, ain't yer?' Oh, I know. They do down at Huxtable. I don't dare to have my hair cut there. 'Hagher hair cut!' every man, woman and child I met observed that to me one day. I fled to the garden and the barn, and the hens began it. 'Hatcher ha'cut! Hatcher ha'cut!' 'Cher ha'cut, cut, cut, hatcher ha'cut!' Everybody's affairs are forever in the air. Everything chatters and every little chatter is heard. It is the constitution of things in the country. There's no good, wholesome din of everybody busy at once to hush things up. Oh, you'll get tired of it. You'll wish you were a trilobite."

"You absurd boy! But I've a nice little room for you there."

"I sha'n't come."

"You will; when you open your windows, it's into big trees full of birds."

"I told you so," said Putnam. "The little birds of the air that carry the matter."



"Just beyond the front corner of the west wing of the house, a young girl stood upon the old stone-wall."

the great city, she thought of how good a thing it would be to establish herself a little way out of it, far enough for a thorough escape, and yet where he might come to her for Sundays and holidays, into the sweet air clean from woods and pastures; that this would be better for him than the droppings-in in town, which were no change, or renewal at all. She

"And the sunrise comes in in the morning straight across from the bay."

"Yes; everything is intrusive, and the sun and the cows, and the hens and the birds hustle you out of your best nap. No, aunt; brick walls are more to my morning mood, thank you."

"Well, then, I shall get rid of you."

"You'll get rid of yourself. You'll be pecked into bits and you'll never be able to identify the pieces; you'll never be a consistent entity any more."

"You'll come to look after your own prophecy."

When Putnam King did come, and saw Sarah Crooke and the old lady, his wonder and misadventure were at first the greater. But aunt Elizabeth's rooms were like herself, more like her than ever, with more space and freedom and sweetness to be; and she was there, the same beautiful, consistent entity as ever. And the fact accomplished was a thing fit, on that side of the house, at least.

Putnam acknowledged it so far. "But it's only a question of time," he said. "You'll have to live on yourself, even if the old maids don't eat you up." He sat at the front window of Miss Haven's pretty upstairs library, swinging the gray tassel of her new holland blind to and fro, looking idly up along the road as he spoke.

Miss Haven laughed in a very jolly way. "The other old maids you mean, I suppose. But we aren't all old maids. There's the minister, and the doctor, and the doctor's wife and—"

But Putnam had stopped swinging the window tassel, and attending. He had turned away slightly, leaning forward as if he saw something. He drew back suddenly into the shelter of the curtain. "Come here, aunt Elizabeth. Who is this?" he said.

Just beyond the front corner of the west wing, a young girl stood upon the old stone wall. She had come running across the orchard and the field; her hair had fallen loose and she had her hat in her hand. Two other girls came along the street, laughing.

"O wait, Sue! Connie, wait a minute! I've got away, but—ah!"

"So has your hair, hasn't it, and your breath?" said one of the newcomers, teasingly.

"Everything gets away with you. Here, give me the hat; see how you're mashing the roses!" for the girl on the wall, with her last impatient ejaculation, had thrust her headgear under her elbow, where she held it anyhow, struggling with a hand and a half and one long pin to compress and fasten into a knot again a flowing mass of bonny brown locks with all the obstreperousness in them of natural kinks and curls.

"There! if it don't stay, I can't help it. I'm ready!" and she was jumping down from her perch upon two trim, pretty, little feet, as three simultaneous remarks were being made about her in the old Crooke house.

"That's Rill Raye! She lives on the North Road; she's just like her name, and as little to be hindered or quenched. And hindering and quenching are all that is tried upon her, I'm afraid."

"Now, what prank do you s'pose that Rill Raye's ready for?" came up in Sarah Crooke's sharp, accusative accents from the west-side room below. Her 'that' was an emphatically demonstrative pronoun.

"Do you know her? Speak to her, stop her, won't you? Ask her something!" The young man in the corner who objected theoretically to the sun and the birds, and everything that was intrusive, besought hurriedly of aunt Elizabeth, holding himself well out of sight as he did so.

It suited aunt Elizabeth's further purposes, and she did speak from the window. She had made up her mind, before this, to be friends somehow, with Rill Raye.

"Are you going to the Point, to the library, Miss Raye?" she asked in her peculiarly clear voice that needed but slight raising to accomplish any attemptable distance. "Would you take a book for me?"

"O, with pleasure!" came Rill's answer. "Shall I come in for it, or will you drop it down?"

"Putnam—no, I'll go myself," said Miss Haven inside, as she took a brown-covered, red-labelled volume from her round table, and hastened with it to the stairs. Putnam, for some momentary preference of his own, sat still without remonstrance.

Miss Haven, out upon the bank, held a brief colloquy with the girl.

"You said you had 'got away,'" she began, pleasantly. "Is there anything special to keep you in just now? All is well, I hope?"

"O, yes; only there's always aunt Amelia, and she thinks there are only two things life is good for. Weekdays, sew seams; Sundays, say hymns. She thinks I am a little girl; she will never be done bringing me up, and I can't help growing, that's all. I always say hymns crooked, Miss Haven. Isn't it funny?"

The girls at the fence were listening. Rill knew that, and it spurred her on. What would have been the effect if she had known of the hidden auditor up-stairs, cannot be certainly asserted; but, doubtless, she had a comfortable conviction that behind some of those closed blinds there might be other attentive ears which she had no objection to startle. So she went on—

"I do; there's a 't'other side to most of them. Perhaps it's the wrong side, but I don't know always; it's hard to tell in some things. I turn them over in my mind and hold them up to the light—what light there is—as well as I can, as aunt Amelia turns new cloth to see which is the right and the wrong of it; and presently I can't tell one from the other any more than she can. Do you remember 'How doth the little busy bee,' Miss Haven?" The girl looked up in Miss Haven's eyes with the most childlike simplicity.

"I think I do," returned the lady with a twinkling gravity.

"Well, I never got that settled yet," said Rill Raye. "I always make it go this way:—'That wretched, little, busy bee spoils every pleasant minute; he frets each opening flower to see if there is honey in it.' He did when I was little, and he does now; and all he wants is to lug the honey off and leave the poor flower without any. Why shouldn't a flower have its pretty, innocent blow-out its own way, Miss Haven? There wouldn't be any honey in the world if it didn't." Yes, I'm coming, girls. I was only explaining to Miss

Haven that we are meadow-sweet and white clover on the rampage. I'll bring you back another book, Miss Haven." There was something very winning and gracious in Rill Raye's way of repeating the name of the person to whom she spoke, if an elder; unless, indeed, it happened to be Miss Crooke or one of her sort, and then it was a satire simply because of objective absurdity. The manner was precisely the same, but it was like taking off your hat to a donkey or dropping a courtesy to a cow.

"You are very kind, Cyrilla. Miss Homer has my list," returned Miss Haven, walking with Rill the few steps across the grass-plot to the gate. "May I just say something, dear? Some of the sweetest flowers don't blow, they only quietly bloom."

The girl's eyes had something suddenly deeper in them as she looked up in Miss Haven's.

"When they grow in still, nice, sunshiny places," she said, wistfully.

"They grow in their own spots where they are put, and they make them beautiful. They do not try to rush about or transplant themselves."

"But they reach their blossoms through the fences—they must reach somewhere."

Rill had the last word; perhaps it was wisdom in Miss Haven that she left it with her.

When she came back and stopped with the book, Miss Haven met her as before. But Cyrilla was very quiet this time, and she looked pale. She handed the volume over the gate without speaking.

"Has anything happened? Don't you feel well? Come in, a minute," the lady said, kindly.

Cyrilla shook her head. "I've had a tooth pulled, that's all," she answered, briefly, and with the slight facial constraint natural to the circumstance. "I'll come to-morrow, may I?"

"There was an appeal in the word. Miss Haven laid her hand on Rill's with a kind pressure. "Do," she said. "Come any time. This is dropping-in corner, you know."

Rill's handkerchief lightly hid her mouth, but her eyes smiled. It was a smile with a pathos in it. "I'm just as full of mischief and mistakes as I can be," she said. "I want to be done ever so much good to, but—" and the flash of fun came back again—"I don't want to be ameliorated!"

"There's the making of a splendid woman in that girl," said Miss Haven, coming back to Putnam King in her bookroom. She has been following some joke or darning to the bitter end. She never started for it, I am sure."

"Started for what?" asked Putnam.

"What happened to her to wilt her down so?" She had a tooth pulled. Dr. Harriman is a young D. D. S., just established at the Point. A handsome man, a gentleman. Some nonsense of those other girls, and Rill Raye has paid up the cost of the frolic. I feel sure of it."

"What a d—iabolical fool!" exclaimed Putnam King, jumping to his feet.

"Who? Rill?"

"No; your Harriman—your gentleman! He ought to be horsewhipped!"

"I do not believe he was to blame," said Miss Haven, quietly.

"Then his diploma is, and he's an idiot! Why, it's actionable for good, round damages!"

"We may hear more of the story; though what I'm afraid of is—that Rill will keep her bravery to herself and let the foolishness leak out."

Putnam King sat down again. "And foolishness is what fools like," he said, accepting a diversion for his ire, which he suddenly felt to be possibly a little ridiculous. "They can't make gossip out of sense and righteousness. That sort of thing settles itself; you can't discuss it. You don't bring a cleau edge, but a nick to the grindstone."

"Ab, yes! But if you can give the clean edge, gossip is a good grindstone. To change the illustration—do you know that most people have two different eyes? The thing is to make them see with the best one."

"The one with the beam in it?" asked Putnam.

Aunt Elizabeth laughed.

"Did you ever notice Sarah Crooke's eyes?" she asked, in return. "One of them is beautiful."

"It's a pity she's got two, then. Both together are fearful."

The next morning Miss Haven walked to the Point herself, and called upon Dr. Harriman.

She told him she didn't come for gossip or look like either. She wanted to know if he would please to tell her about that little professional service of his yesterday to Miss Cyrilla Raye.

"I think you will understand it from me, Dr. Robert," she said, "when I tell you it is from simple interest in the girl and, perhaps, a little for you also, though you are better able to account for yourself now."—and she glanced upward over his six feet of goodly height to his strong, proud face as he stood before her. "I remember your mother's boy, Rob, when he might have been the better, occasionally, of an old lady's word-bail as to some of his pranks, which he would be too high-mettled to explain for himself."

Dr. Harriman laughed. "Well, this was a prank," he said.

"And you extracted a tooth needlessly for a prank!"

"Now, you jump to conclusions," said the doctor, politely. "Allow me," and he took a seat beside her. "I will explain. Three girls came in here, evidently on a lark. Two of them were simpletons, the other was Miss Rill Raye. She is proud and quick; she found out she was in the wrong place and had the pluck to right herself. One of the simpletons began. She wanted to let me see her teeth, she said. She smiled, and showed a very pretty row of them. I very nearly thanked her, but I bowed, and waited orders. The quick one—I didn't know her name then—saw right through me—that I was seeing

through, and her great, dark eyes flashed. The other girl, as innocent as you please, put up her lip with her finger. 'Isn't there a speck there, somewhere?' she wanted to know. 'I didn't care about playing uncle Toby, but I had to look. There was a speck there; I believe she had stuck it on herself. A touch with a probe point removed it. I do not think you need me,' I said. 'Your teeth appear to be in perfect order.' The dark-eyed one caught the emphasis, and flashed again. 'Is this all, young ladies?' I inquired, taking in the committee of three that had been requisite for this mighty business. 'No sir!' came like a small bombshell from Miss Raye. 'I wish to have a tooth taken out.' And before I could say ah! she had whipped her hat off and was in the chair. The others were staring. One made a little shriek. Miss Raye twisted herself round. 'If you mean to scream,' she said, 'please go away. I don't.' Well, the amount of it was, the tooth needed to come out, though she hadn't had the smallest intention that it should, up to the instant. Then she did order me:—'Pull it, doctor. You know it ought to be done; I was told to have it out a year ago.' A very slight filling would have preserved it, but it was an irregularity in an otherwise fine mouth, and it crowded perniciously. I did it, that's all."

"I see," returned Miss Haven. "Thank you. I like to have the story from its root. You know, Dr. Harriman, how a little thing gets circulated, and takes character in the circulation. I live at Crooke Corner; I hear most things; and I take an interest in Rill Raye. Good morning; perhaps you will find it in your way some time to call in upon an old friend of your mother's?"

Dr. Harriman bowed, expressed his sense of the privilege and his acceptance, and attended her to the door, returning into his office with not a little enlightenment as to the social trend of things in Wewachet.

Rill Raye told her Aunt Amelia the simple fact that she had had the tooth drawn. She scorned concealment. Aunt Amelia uttered a sharp "H'm!" She wondered how long it would have been before Rill would have made up her mind to let old Dr. Grapeleigh do it; blamed her, upon sudden recollection, as the girl had expected, for going without consulting herself, or being properly accompanied; and taxed her outright with having had no real purpose but to make an interesting acquaintance with the new, handsome young practitioner. "Of course he saw through it quick enough," she said, stingingly. "And what do you suppose he thought of a girl who would do that?"

"He thought I meant what I said, Aunt Amelia; I might have got his advice, and put it off, as I did Dr. Grapeleigh's. I don't trouble myself at all about what he thinks."

"Yes, you do. You've done a foolish thing, and you know it. It's in the tip of your head, this minute. You'll have to be ashamed of it every time you see him."

It was in this sort that Miss Amelia Bonable punished the young woman whom she thought sincerely she was dealing with in rare wisdom. The tip of the head was emphasized. "I am not ashamed; and I shall not see him," the girl answered with extreme loftiness. "I do not know Dr. Harriman. I do not remember him in the least, except that he—that I—employed him."

There was something, after all, in Rill Raye, that made her capable of learning her own life-lessons. She had got one now, although she denied it, even to herself; yet she would run just as headlong into some other experience and invite the wholesome bitterness of that.

Rill Raye kept her word. Dr. Harriman met her in the street, and was about to raise his hat; his look arrested itself and his hand moved upward for the infinitesimal part of an instant and for an inch of space. There gesture and expression were checked by the unrecognition apparently too serenely thorough to be a cut, upon a face that neither swerved from him as it went by, nor met his glance with the most involuntary consciousness. If she had planned this next step with the deepest coquetry, perhaps she could not have managed better.

"I wonder how she got that up?" was the doctor's mental exclamation. There was a half smile upon his lips as he walked on diverted, and stimulated to interest by this little problem.

She had simply made up her mind that for her, under present circumstances, Dr. Harriman did not exist.

Meanwhile, she had been to see Miss Haven, as she had desired and promised, and Miss Haven had been to see her Aunt Amelia.

Miss Bonable did not know what to do with the girl, she said. She came to this point of confidence with Miss Haven to her own surprise; hardly perceiving that it was because Miss Haven spoke kindly of Rill. When people commented on her in a different sort, Miss Bonable was ready, as she said, to "brusle up" her; unconscious also that this was in itself more harmful than helpful, as revealing a touchy sensitiveness. But when Miss Haven said nice things, the simple perplexity spoke itself out, and found relief.

"She's careless, and she don't care. And she will have her own way," said Aunt Amelia, not intending either paradox or repetition. She meant that Rill was idle, untidy, according to her ideas of method and industry, and that she did care, emphatically, to do as she pleased.

"Why, she won't mend her second-best gown till the best is torn too, and as for stockings, or making up new beforehand, why, you might as well talk to that kitten! Only the other day, I bought her some real pretty summer stuff at the mark-down price. 'Now, says I, you don't really want it this season; but why don't you go to work and make it up, and lay it away for next spring? Then you'll be forehanded, when the warm weather comes all of a jump. And what do you think she answered back? 'I guess I'd need to be fourthanded, to do all you'd like me to do,' says she. 'And what do I want to

waste this summer for, working for next? Why, next summer I might be—a widow! The first thing comes into her head comes off her tongue, let it be whatever!'

"She's a bright girl," said Miss Haven. "Bright? Yes, and smart, too, when she does take hold. If it weren't mostly the things she'd ought to let alone. But I don't praise her; nor let her see that I laugh, if she is funny. And I don't scold. The only way is to touch her pride; she's got that; and I mortify her." Miss Bonable shook out her work and set up her head, and fixed her lips in a grim certainty of estute righteousness.

"Oh, you can't mean to do that! Why, to mortify is to make dead, you know," said Miss Haven, quickly, yet sweetly. "I wouldn't mortify anybody, not even a dumb creature. That does put down, beyond reach."

"Well, I'd know. There's got to be some discipline. And she's eighteen years old. I can't slap her, nor put her in the closet."

"We are all apt to mistake punishment for discipline. Discipline is teaching. The Lord shows us our good as well as our evil."

Miss Bonable did not say anything. This, of itself, was a remarkable effect with her.

"Rill is a brave girl, too," Miss Haven adventured.

"O, you've heard that, have you?" Miss Bonable rejoined, quickly, her head going up again as with a spring, and her hand, with her needle in it, held arrested in high air. "I knew it would travel. That's what I told her."

"You mean, I suppose, her having her tooth drawn. That is only one thing. She told me that herself, merely as a statement. I guessed the bravery of it."

"Other folks will guess the accounting-for of the bravery. There's always talk." "Yes, there always is. Human beings take an interest in each other. That is why it is well to meet talk with talk, or to anticipate. I think we ought to take pains to say all the best we can of each other, since something is sure to be said."

"You'll have chance enough to try that at Crooke Corner," said Miss Bonable. "Perhaps it'll work, if you can get your sort of word in edgeways. But I guess it'll come in kind o' flat, like bread-sauce without pepper or onion."

"I hope I may make good my opportunity. And there are things in character, as in bread-sauce, that would be intolerable by themselves, but are refreshing as condiments."

"I shouldn't wonder if some of your reasites might make the world taste better than it does," said Miss Bonable, dropping her work and getting up to see her visitor to the door, as the latter moved to go. And Miss Haven knew, by the tone and motion, that she was leaving a little new courage behind her, in spirit anxious with difficulties, and hard because of anxieties.

(To be continued).

The February issue of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL will present a host of interesting features by such favorite writers as Edward Bellamy, Josiah Allen's wife, Rose Terry Cooke, George W. Cable—the latter beginning in that issue a most helpful series of brief articles, especially designed for Sunday-school teachers, on "How to Teach the Bible."

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BY EMMA ALBANI GYE

IT has been my good fortune to enjoy the friendship of Queen Victoria for some time past. I have seen a good deal of her private life, and specially of her life in her Scotch Highland home. She is, to my mind, one of the most charming of women.

I spend my autumn holiday on the Deeside in the Scotch Highlands, where I occupy Old Mar Lodge, a house belonging to the Duke of Fife, in Mar Forest. My house is less than fifteen miles from Balmoral Castle, the Scotch home of Queen Victoria. I have had the pleasure and the honor of being called there two or three times each season to pay a visit to Her Majesty and to sing for her; and once each season, in return, the Queen pays me the very unusual honor of coming to my old house to take tea with me. Of this mark of honor I am naturally proud. It is not everybody, you know, who can have the Queen for a visitor and who can sit at their own hearth and make tea for so great a woman. The visits are quite private and the Queen is only accompanied by one of the Princesses, and perhaps two ladies of the court. It may interest you—I suppose it will—if I say that a table is laid in the drawing-room, and there I sit with Her Majesty and pour the tea. The ladies-in-waiting are seated



QUEEN VICTORIA'S LATEST PORTRAIT.

[Taken by Messrs Elliott & Fry, Court Photographers, of London, in July, 1890, expressly for Her Majesty and the royal family, this copy being secured by special courtesy, and is the only one in possession outside the royal household. Her Majesty has declared it to be her last portrait.—EDITOR.]

at another table, and my husband and son are the "cup-bearers," as no servants are allowed in the room at the time. The repast is of no importance; it is only bread, butter, cake and tea; but I have noticed that it seemed to taste good to Her Majesty, for, on each occasion that she visited me, she has taken two cups of my very best, good black tea.

Knowing the interest all the readers of my own sex take in little details where royalty is concerned, I am giving particulars which possibly may seem trivial; but I think I can trust the "gentle reader," at least, to find something interesting in tea-table gossip. There is something charming about an afternoon tea served with all its delightful accessories of dainty china, pretty silver and cut glass, that the time spent over it is always remembered pleasantly.

The Queen spends from three-quarters of an hour to an hour in conversation and then drives back home. Last autumn she drove over in an open carriage in a snow-storm.

Her Majesty is very fond of music and is a very good musician. She studied music with Mendelssohn, and singing with Lablache. As a consequence of this teaching she prefers the old Italian music to any other; but, at the same time, she can appreciate anything that is good in the modern music. This I know from experience, as I have sung all kinds of music to her, the new as well as the old. The Queen is much touched by a simple, homely ballad, and after I have sung to her songs like "Robin Adair" or "Old Folks at Home" I have seen tears in her eyes.

She has been in retirement for a great many years, and during that time has not been present at a single operatic performance; yet she remembers well the old artists and the manner in which they rendered the various well-known roles. For instance, when I told her that I was studying the "Huguenots," and was going to sing it in America, she said that was one of her favorite operas; that she thought Mario was superb as "Raoul," and that although Grisi sang the music splendidly, she never realized her idea of the character of "Valentine."

The Queen has been present at very few concerts for many years past. She occasionally has some artist sing or play before her, but this always takes place in private, and when I sing at Balmoral, there is nobody in the room but the Queen, and perhaps one or two members of the royal family who may be staying at the castle.

With regard to these little concerts, I recall a funny incident: I sat down at the piano to accompany myself, and was just beginning to sing when the legs of the stool gave way and I rolled on the floor at the Queen's feet. Her Majesty was rather concerned at first, thinking I must have hurt myself, but, when she saw that I was all right, she burst out laughing. We all had been rather solemn before, but after my tumble everybody was so amused that it was a long while before I could proceed with my song.

I seldom sing at my own home for her. After tea has been served, if the weather is fine, we walk through the garden, but I do not think the Queen is particularly fond of flowers. She once picked a bouquet for me when I visited her at Balmoral Castle, saying as she gave it to me, "I have heard that you are very fond of flowers, so I have picked these for you." She calls a bouquet by the good old-fashioned name of "nosegay."

Three years ago she sent me a Christmas card—a very pretty, simple little card, painted with a Scotch corn-flower. On the back of the card she had written, "To Madame Albani-Gye, with many thanks for the lovely nosegay and every good wish for her happiness in the New Year from V. R. I."

For an old lady, the Queen's writing is a model of firmness and legibility.

The Queen rises early in the morning, and, after breakfast, reads and answers her letters and transacts business. She is fond of the open air, and, if the weather is favorable, often has her papers taken into a tent or summer-house upon the lawn, which commands an extensive and most lovely view of Loch-nagar, its surrounding mountains and the valley of the Dee. After this comes a walk or a drive in a pony carriage, and then luncheon, at which no one is ever present except members of the royal family. During the afternoon the Queen takes a long drive, often extending over thirty miles, and always in an open carriage. She dines late, never before 8.30 P. M. An hour spent in the drawing-room talking with invited guests, finishes the day, and the Queen retires to rest.

She spends much time every day at her writing-desk. Not a day passes without the published "Court Circular" being carefully edited, revised and corrected by the Queen's own hand; and this important document is a model of accuracy in every detail. The amount of correspondence that she gets through with is simply enormous. In the private part of this correspondence the Queen is assisted by her private secretary, a lady-in-waiting and a maid of honor. This correspondence and all official business is attended to in the morning after a drive or walk, when Her Majesty is accompanied by some of the ladies-in-waiting and followed by her Highland servants and a favorite collie.

When the court is at Windsor, the members of the royal household in attendance are one lady-in-waiting (always a peeress), two maids of honor, a lord-in-waiting, two squires, one groom-in-waiting, also the keeper of the privy purse, the private secretary, assistants in both departments and the master of the household.

To attend to Her Majesty's toilet and wardrobe, there are five maids, viz: three dressers and two wardrobe women. The senior dresser, who has been many years with Her Majesty, is especially charged with the task of conveying orders to different tradespeople—jewelers, drapers, and dressmakers; one dresser and one wardrobe woman are in constant attendance on the Queen, taking alternate days.

Among my photographs of the Queen the one that I specially treasure is one taken quite recently. The Queen has the little Princess Marguerite of Connaught with her, a child about six years old and one of my pets. She often comes to visit me and hear me sing. The Queen, knowing my fondness for the child, had her photographed with her.

It is the Queen's real goodness and kindness of heart that has made her so beloved of her people. She has been a most kind friend to me, and I hope the reader will pardon me if I speak of myself too much in connection with this friendship.

The queen is very faithful to her old friends and very thoughtful for everybody with whom she comes into contact, remembering the smallest details about them, their families and their occupations, and giving evidence of this at most unexpected moments.

A circumstance which happened to me justifies very strongly the truth of this. Four years ago I was singing at the Royal Opera, at Berlin, and was not even aware that the Queen knew of my engagement there. Soon after my debut, I was at a large dinner party at the English embassy, and sitting next to me was one of the gentlemen of the Crown Princess' household. During dinner he put into my hand a telegram, telling me to read it. This was from the Queen to her daughter (now the Empress Frederick) recommending me to her and desiring her to do all she could for me. Needless to say that, after this, I was so excited that I could eat no dinner, and I insisted on keeping the telegram, one of my most precious souvenirs.

The Queen herself looks after the welfare of all her tenants and servants, and, if any one of them is sick, she is the first one to pay them a visit and take them little comforts.

During her stay in Scotland she takes a pleasure during her drives in stopping at various cottages to ask after the welfare of the inmates. When so occupied the Queen is as kind and simple as any ordinary lady could be. When she paid me one of her first visits and took tea with me, my little boy was so much struck with this that he said to me after she had gone, "Oh, mamma, what a little woman for such a big Queen." It is all this that has made the Queen so beloved by all her subjects.

THE QUESTIONING HEART.

BY SARAH D. HOBART.

SHALL we remember when—life at an end,  
Freed from its turmoil and haunting unrest—

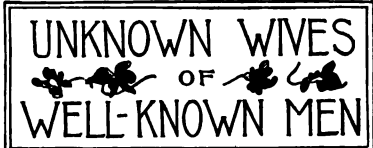
Only the grasses our dust shall befriend,  
Green and blossoming over our breast?  
All of the sorrow and passion and pain,  
Madness of anger and useless regret?  
Toil that was futile and hopes that were vain?  
Shall we remember—or shall we forget?

You, whose dear eyes looking deep in our own,  
Opened the gates to a world of delight,  
Faithfullest guides when we wandered alone  
Out mid the terrors of shadow and night,  
Will the bond break when the garment of clay  
Falls from the soul where its impress is set?  
In the strong light of eternity's day  
Shall we remember—or shall we forget?

Shall we remember the winter's despair,  
Earth and the heavens unheeding our cry?  
Visions of spring-time, enchanting and fair;  
Moon-beam and star-beam against the blue sky?

All that is lovely and all that is pure,  
Cares of the commonplace, worry and fret?  
What shall we part from and what shall endure?  
What must we cherish and what may we forget?

Vainly we question. Oblivion's veil  
Slowly is shrouding the past we have known;  
Faint grow the echoes of sob and of wail;  
Dust at our feet are the idols outgrown.  
Hearts that have taught us love's blessing and pain,  
Eyes that with tears for our woes have been wet,  
Voices that thrilled with hope's deathless refrain,  
These, Heaven grant we may never forget!



I.—MRS. THOMAS A. EDISON.

NOTHING has ever happened to me. I have lived a perfectly commonplace, ordinary woman's life, and there has been absolutely nothing of public interest in it."

The speaker was Mrs. Thomas A. Edison, the second wife of the world-famous inventor, and the remarks were addressed to a friend who had asked her for a few of the interesting facts of her life. They are characteristic of the woman who spoke them, and it is for this reason that they have been used to open this description of one of the most quiet and retiring of famous men.



MRS. EDISON.

Mrs. Thomas A. Edison, who is the daughter of Mr. Lewis Miller, a millionaire manufacturer, and the founder of the settlement at Lake Chautauqua, was born at Akron, Ohio, in 1865. She was sent, when quite a young girl, to a boarding-school in Boston, where she was educated, remaining there, with the exception of her vacations which were spent at Chautauqua or in traveling, until she was graduated. At school she was considered a very quiet, sweet child of singularly even and placid disposition, and in later years neither her character nor her reputation seem to have altered. While continuing her music and other studies in Boston, after her graduation, she met Mr. Edison in the most ordinary way known to modern romance, through an introduction in a mutual friend's drawing-room. The acquaintance culminated within six months in their engagement, and then very quickly again in their marriage "at the home of the bride," Akron, Ohio, on the 24th day February, 1886.

Her father, Mr. Lewis Miller, who has been alluded to before as the founder of Chautauqua, is also somewhat famous as an inventor, so Mrs. Edison had in her girl life a knowledge, however slight, of the peculiarities which beset such an existence.

The outlook from the marriage was not a very bright one for the girl-bride, for there were three children, by Mr. Edison's first wife, to be known and won to her. That she has succeeded in making herself dearly loved by these children, who are now her sworn allies and comrades, speaks well for the strength and goodness of her nature.

Mrs. Edison has one child, a little girl aged two years, who is named Madeline. Oddly enough the letter M plays quite an important part in the names of the feminine members of the Edison family, as Mrs. Edison's maiden name was Mina Miller, and Mr. Edison's oldest daughter is Marion.

In the summer of '89, solely for the pleasure to be derived from such a trip, Mr. Edison took his pretty young wife abroad. They were welcomed and received warmly everywhere, and the trip was a most pleasant one.

They are now living at Llewellyn Park, Orange, N. J. Llewellyn Park is a division of Orange City, which is laid out and kept in order by its residents. It contains several beautiful residences besides the Edison's place, and Mr. Edison's laboratory. Perfectly kept walks and drives lead up a winding hill to the beautiful residence which was bought for about \$200,000—about half its actual value—by Mr. Edison a few years ago. It was built by one of Arnold and Constable's managers, a man named Pedder, who after having nearly ruined the firm by his extravagances, left very suddenly for Europe. The house is excellent in design and beautiful in construction, with gabled roofs, covered porches and stained-glass windows sufficient to effect picturesqueness without confusion. Entering from the porte cochere a wide hall, with a distant and lengthy vista of dining-room, is seen. The hall-way is furnished with many lounges and cushions which make it more than attractive, and from the centre towards the back, a broad staircase of polished wood leads up to the sleeping and sitting-rooms of the family, and to Mr. Edison's home study. The latter is a small, bright, prettily-furnished apartment, containing desk, bookcases, and reading chair, all of which show signs of daily use. Here Mr. Edison sits with his wife and children, thinking and planning in the perfect quiet, which his deafness insures to him, while they read and play. The great inventor has almost entirely lost his sense of hearing, but regards his deafness rather as a blessing than as an affliction—so his wife says—for it enables him to be so much with his family. It also spares him the hearing of the comments made on his appearance, which are sure to follow his arrival at any place. Mrs. Edison is not so fortunate, and the remarks to which she is compelled sometimes to listen are most distressing to one so quiet and unobtrusive.

Descending the stairs it is seen that several doors open from the wide hall, other than the one into the spacious dining-hall. On the right is a handsomely furnished and well provided library. The decorations, furniture and hangings in it are of red leather, and the woodwork of mahogany. On the left of the hall is a reception-room upholstered in light colors and woods, and back from it is the long bow-windowed drawing-room. Ecru and pink are the prevailing colors here, the decorations carrying out the designs in the carpet and furniture. A cottage piano at the end of the room is strewn with music, and in front of it are two piano stools. Mrs. Edison is quite a fine musician, and she and her step-children constantly practice together.

The home life is a very simple and quiet one. Mrs. Edison has her house-keeping—to which she gives her personal supervision—her music, and her social duties, as well as intercourse with her husband and children to occupy her time. Her connection with her husband's work is shown by the close manner in which she follows his inventions, step by step, and in the interest with which she appreciates their discovery, improvements, and completion.

In appearance she is very youthful and charming. Her complexion is olive, her mouth firm, teeth good, and eyes a shade darker than the hair, which is brown, abundant and wavy, and is worn parted over her forehead in a peculiarly becoming way. She is of medium height and plump figure. She dresses handsomely and well, and looks what she is—the simple, quiet wife of a great and successful man.

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OLD STORIES.

By KATHARINE H. TERRY.

Year by year, and over and over, Snowdrifts vanish in drifts of clover; Blasts that howl with a chill numbing, Lull themselves with the bees low humming— Brown-winged bees, that sample each cup By blossoming billows lifted up.

Year by year round each fireside lingers Fickle Fate, with her busy fingers Weaving a thread of care or sorrow That's interlaced with a smile to-morrow; Turning her wheel with a careless grace, While each heart keeps time in its shuttle-race.

Storms are chased by the sunniest weather, Since earth began they have frolicked together; Lives obscure, or crowned with glory, Are only leaves from an older story. Nothing is new in this busy world As over the realms of space we're whirled.

But the restless moments are never weary Of telling their tales, be they glad or dreary; Now and then with a laugh we listen, Then under our lashes a tear will glisten. Strange old world! Are you aught but good In your darkest moods, if we understood?

WOMEN'S CHANCES AS BREAD WINNERS

I.—TO BECOME A TRAINED NURSE.

By ELIZABETH ROBINSON SCOVIL.



SO many women have of late succeeded as trained nurses, that each year more attention is directed to the subject of nursing as a profession for women.

The question is constantly asked "How can I become a trained nurse?" To answer it and to afford

further information that will be interesting to those who wish to take up the work is the purpose of this paper.

A letter addressed to the superintendent of any training school for nurses, and sent to a hospital in any large city will bring a speedy response. It should state that the writer wishes to enter the training school, and ask for the form of application. A circular will be sent containing questions to be answered by the applicant, and returned to the superintendent.

If the replies are satisfactory the applicant is accepted, usually for one month, on probation. During this time board and lodging are provided, and her washing is done in the hospital laundry, but she receives no other compensation.

If she proves intelligent, trustworthy and capable of receiving the necessary instruction, she is accepted as a pupil, and signs an agreement to remain in the school for two years, subject to its rules and requirements. She then assumes the uniform of the school and is given a cap, which only probationers are permitted to wear. It is a proud moment for the pupil nurse when she first puts on her cap and feels that she is fairly started in the career for which she has so ardently longed.

Some schools furnish a clinical thermometer, a pair of forceps and a pair of surgical scissors for each nurse. These are the property of the institution and must be replaced if broken or lost.

No fee is required for admission to an American hospital. In England, a lady probationer pays thirty pounds, about one hundred and fifty dollars, for the privilege of being trained as a nurse. In this country, after the month of probation, a pupil receives about ten dollars a month during the first year, and fourteen during the second year of the course.

Board and lodging are furnished free of expense, either in the hospital, or in the nurses' home adjoining it, and the necessary laundry-work is provided for.

Underclothing should be strong, plainly made, and plainly marked with the owner's name to insure its being returned from the wash. The pupil should bring two or three plain cotton dresses to wear in the wards during the probationary month. Six white aprons are usually lent by the school for this time, and given if the probationer is accepted. Should this not be the rule in the institution she selects, she should provide herself with

The following articles will appear in this series of "Women's Chances as Bread-Winners," in ensuing numbers: "Women as Telegraphers," by General Thomas T. Eckert, Vice-President of the Western Union Telegraph Company; "Women Behind the Counter," by Hon. John Wanamaker; "Women as Stenographers," by W. L. Mason, President of the Metropolitan Stenographer's Association of New York; "Women as Dressmakers," by Miss Emma M. Hooper; "Women on the Stage," by Mr. A. M. Palmer, of the Madison Square Theatre, New York; "Women as Artists," by General L. P. di Cesnola, President of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York; "Women as Doctors," by Dr. George F. Shady, Editor of The Medical Record, of New York; "Women as Teachers," by Superintendent Jasper, of the New York City Public Schools; "Women as Type-Setters," by George F. Dumar, President of the Typographical Union, No. 6.

several large, plain, white aprons. A simple pin is the only jewelry that should be worn. The hours of duty are long; usually from seven A. M. to eight P. M. Each nurse has an hour off duty during the day, beside the time allowed for meals, one afternoon and one evening each week, and some time on Sunday. In most hospitals the nurses are able to attend service once in the day, if they wish to do so. A vacation of two weeks is given each year.

Practical instruction is given by the head nurse in the ward. The pupil learns a good deal from the physicians and surgeons on their daily rounds. If she is a bright, intelligent woman she seeks information for herself and learns from a thousand sources. Theoretical instruction is given in classes by the superintendent. Often there is a course of lectures provided by the doctors connected with the hospital. Sometimes there is a special course of lessons in massage, which is very valuable, as a skillful masseuse commands a good price. There is always practical, or theoretical instruction in cookery for the sick. Many hospitals are fortunate enough to possess diet-kitchens where the nurses can learn to prepare invalid diet with the utmost delicacy and nicety.

In some hospitals, instruction is given in obstetrical work, but in many these cases are not received and the nurse must go elsewhere if she wishes to become proficient in this branch of nursing. There are institutions devoted specially to this class of cases, where the necessary knowledge can be obtained.

Examinations are held at stated intervals. If the pupil passes these successfully and goes through the two years with credit, she receives a diploma which certifies to the world that she is a trained nurse.

If her alma mater is a large hospital, where the wards are in charge of graduates as head nurses, she may be asked to remain in this capacity. If not, there is a wide opening for her outside its walls. Superintendents usually have more applications than they can fill for competent, trustworthy women to take positions of trust in other institutions. If the graduate prefers to nurse invalids in private families, she can command from fifteen to twenty dollars a week.

There is much discussion as to the comparative merits of large and small hospitals as training schools for nurses; each have their virtues and their defects. The wider range of experience in the large institution is counterbalanced by the personal interest and more careful instruction that is possible in the smaller one. When a woman intends to enter a training school she should send for circulars from several, and choose the one that she thinks is best suited to her needs.

A list of a few hospitals, both large and small, where there are training schools, is subjoined:

- Massachusetts General Hospital, Boston. Boston City Hospital, Boston, Mass. Bellevue Hospital, New York, N. Y. New York Hospital, New York, N. Y. St. Luke's Hospital, Chicago, Ill. New Haven Hospital, New Haven, Conn. Garfield Memorial Hospital, Washington, D. C. Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore, Md. Maine General Hospital, Portland, Maine. Newton Cottage Hospital, Newton, Mass. Newport Hospital, Newport, R.

HINTS FOR MONEY MAKING GIRLS.

By RUTH ASHMORE.

HUNDREDS of thousands of girls have a great desire to make a little money, and I don't know whether to call it a laudable one or not. I am not a believer in girls going out into the world to work unless it is absolutely necessary. But when it is then I want them to do it in the right way; I want them to think that every particle of work they do, is done not only for their own sakes, not only for their employers—it must be right and honest in the sight of God. A very clever woman not very long ago wrote an article about working women, and in it she used this beautiful quotation of Ruskin's:—"Queens you should always be. Queens to your lovers, to your husbands, to your sons; queens of a higher mystery to the world beyond." But she did not put the rest of the quotation, and in that lies the story of the non-success of many girls. This is it—"But, alas! you are too often idle and careless queens, grasping at majesty in the least things, while you abdicate in the greatest."

With only the hope of making money, your work will be worth little, and certainly not be worthy of consideration by noble minds or by the good God who watches over you day and night. You girls hurt yourselves, hurt your work, make it of less value and yourselves less respected because you so entirely draw the line at what you will and what you will not do. That which your hands find to do is the duty before you, and the woman who, employed in a counting-house, finds it but little trouble to keep her desk in order and, when she has time, to straighten up somebody else's who hasn't the time, is the woman whose work is going to be noted and counted as valuable. The woman who announcing that she must get work or starve, and who yet is not willing to be at her desk at eight o'clock in the morning, deserves to starve. The woman who knowing that for a certain number of hours she should in honor give her time to her employer, is but a poor worker when ten minutes after the hour finds her arriving, and five minutes before the hour to go away sees her getting her cloak ready and arranging for her out-door costume. The good workman doesn't drop the pen or the hammer at the stroke of the hour; he finishes first that which he is doing, for his heart is in his work, and that's the way it must be with you girls if you want to succeed and make even "a little money."

SKATING FOR GIRLS

By ELLEN LE GARDE.

SCHELDOM does a girl appear so captivating, nor present such a fascinating picture, as when on the ice. She has been likened to a bird, a sylph, a swan, all sorts of pretty similes are attached to her; the prosaic fact, however, being that she is something feminine in motion, her poetry and rhythmical grace of movement appealing pleasantly to the sense of what is becoming and befitting her.

Oddly enough, no objection to skating for girls has ever been raised, as has been done until late years to all other forms of out-of-door sports. Young and older women have always taken an equal part in the pastime and have been credited with the same success and skill attained by men. In the first part of this century, in a famous race in Friesland, two young girls won the prize in a contest with male competitors, having performed the distance of thirty miles in two hours. It is no unusual thing for skaters there to traverse fifteen miles in an hour. In the northern countries of Europe, where skating is the highest of arts, and as necessary to existence as walking is to us, the girls as skaters often eclipse their brothers.

Skating affords the most appropriate and invigorating winter amusement. It is as valuable an acquisition as dancing, if grace is to be cultivated and awkwardness to be overcome. Courage, too, must be a property of the girl skater as well as quickness of the eye and nimbleness of the feet and body. In foreign cities, as in London and Edinburgh, where skating clubs have been formed, the lady skaters acquire extraordinary elegance and grace, which does not desert them when the drawing-room is reached. The contact with the pure ozone of a bright cold day in winter will act as a better tonic than any physician can prescribe. It will make a girl feel a renewed zest for the next day's lessons or work. If a girl is fond of skating, it is hardly possible for her to be indolent or inactive. It stirs her energies just as it does her blood; and the good fellowship and jolly companions to be met on the ice will repay a girl for the slight trouble made at the start in endeavoring to learn.

Like many other sports of as simple a nature as skating, no amount of theoretical information will benefit the learner. The effort must be made, and made with a brave heart and a determined will. Of course you'll fall. Expect that, and take it good naturedly and laugh at your own misfortunes. The art consists in balancing the body while it is impelled upon the ice by alternate impulses of the feet on a sharp ridge of iron.

The modern girl skater better merits the description given her ancestress by an old chronicler, who writes that she went "as swiftly as a bird flyeth in the air, or an arrow out of a cross-bow."

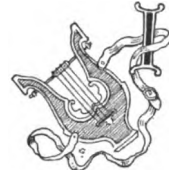
The best skate is one that clamps firmly on the heel and fits the edges so tightly it becomes a part of the foot itself. It should be accurately and perfectly steady if properly strapped to the foot. Laced boots for skating are to be preferred to buttoned, as they permit the freer circulation of the blood. The beginner might advantageously carry a stick or light pole in the hand, but never is a friend—one in need and one indeed—as when her trusty hand forms the mainstay on the treacherous and unknown slippery surface. But make a trial, learn to balance the body properly, and with a little confidence success will come very soon. It is wonderful how soon children learn to skate. Tiny little bodies, wee bits of womanly humanity dart by their elder sisters so cautiously feeling their way, bright fishes of gold and silver as it were, flitting by some unwieldy body of the deep.

The girl skater in learning ought never to look at her feet, should keep the head up advancing the body, her face in the direction she is going, and the body slightly inclined forward, according to the first principle of gravitation, which in scientific language says—keep the center of gravity over the base. In skating all movements should be smooth and graceful, and an effort made to keep quite free from jerking and awkward gestures. The art of stopping is soon learned. Slightly bend the knees, bring the heels together and bear upon them. It may also be accomplished by turning short to the right or left, and as you and I know, too often happens to us by sudden contact with what acts in place of "terra firma" and from no desire on our part to reach so decided a halt. The best skaters avoid swinging the arms. They are also careful to wear a close-fitting dress, as full and loose clothes catch the wind and retard progress. A sensible skater never ventures on thin ice, and unless perfectly sure that the glassy rink will bear her weight, does not dream of putting on her skates. A wise caution should always be exercised by the devotee of skating.



HOW TO TAKE CARE OF A PIANO.

By CHARLES H. STRINWAY.



IN selecting a piano, where the cost is not a matter of paramount importance, it will be found in almost every case that the best is always the most satisfactory, because it will remain in tone much longer and is more lasting in every way.

The quality of tone in a piano-forte varies very much. Some people like a brilliant, sparkling tone, while others prefer one that is soft, full and round. As an accompaniment to singing the latter is generally preferable, while for piano playing the former is used. In the matter of the material of the case there is room for a wide selection. A few years ago nine out of every ten sold was a rosewood piano. Now the taste seems to run to enamel and gilt, and all the beautiful natural woods.

With proper care and attention, a good piano should last a family a lifetime. If this is not given it, the piano will in time become harsh and "tin-panny," and afford little satisfaction or delight to its owner. Ordinary practice, whether by a child or a grown-up person will not injure a piano in any way. It is not necessary to be a professional piano player, and to know exactly with what force to strike the keys in order to keep the instrument in good condition. Of course, it will not be improved by thumping the case, or by striking the keys with any hard substance. Neither does this remark apply to schools and institutions where playing is taught and the instrument is used continuously for ten or twelve hours every day. In the latter case the felt portions will wear out sooner than if it was used in a private family.

The matter of tuning should not be neglected, and should never be entrusted to any other than an experienced person. Incapable tuners very often work irreparable injury to the most perfect and costly instruments. During the first year a new piano should be tuned every three or four months at least. After that it will only be necessary to have it tuned at longer intervals.

Dampness is the most dangerous enemy the piano has to contend against, and for this reason the climate must be considered. If the instrument is placed in a damp room, or left open in a draught of air, the result will be that the strings, tuning-pins, and the various metal parts will become coated with rust, and the cloth used in the construction of the keys and action, become swollen. It is positively painful to play on such a piano.

Rosewood, the material used in most pianos, is a tropical wood, with large open pores, and if the instrument is exposed to the dampness for any considerable length of time, the effect on the polish or varnish by swelling the wood of the outside case, will be extremely injurious. This applies to other woods, although in a somewhat less degree. Persons living at the seaside are particularly liable to have their instruments marred by this element.

That checkered whitish appearance, so often seen on rosewood pianos, is due to their being exposed incessantly to the influences of humidity. It causes the dry seasoned rosewood to swell, narrows the pores out of which the varnish is forced with irresistible power, and revarnishing and polishing then becomes necessary. This is rather costly, but it must be done if appearance is considered.

Another effect of dampness, and one of great importance although little understood, is the formation of ridges caused by the sounding board swelling and raising out of its exact position. While this in reality is one of the best evidences of the excellent quality and seasoning of the material, the uninformed observer often mistakes them for cracks and lays the blame on the manufacturer. The highest grade of pianos are made of thoroughly-seasoned material, which obviously absorb dampness more rapidly than imperfectly dried wood, and are thus rendered less impervious to its influence. Excessive cold or extreme heat should be avoided, and the piano should not be placed too near a heated stove or hot air from furnaces. Pianos sometimes give forth a rattling jarring noise, while to all appearances they are in excellent condition. This is caused by some hard substance, often so small as to entirely escape detection, having dropped inside the instrument. It is very important that the sounding-board should be kept entirely free from dust and all other extraneous matter. The best way to accomplish this is by keeping the piano closed when not in use. A piano, however, should never be allowed to remain unopened for a period of several months or longer.

To protect the instrument from bruises and scratches it should be covered with an India rubber, or cover of some other material. Strange as it may seem the piano is not free from the depredation of moths. They are very destructive to the cloth and felt used in the manufacture of pianos, but may be kept out by placing a lump of camphor wrapped in soft paper in the inside corner, which should be renewed from time to time. I have seen pianos which have been in constant use for thirty-five years almost as good as new. With proper care and attention, this is possible with any first-class piano-forte.

Sir Morell Mackenzie, the eminent Throat Specialist, says: "The Soden Mineral Pastilles (Troches) which are produced from the Soden Mineral Springs by evaporation, are particularly serviceable in Catarrhal Inflammations, Sore Throat, Coughs, Bronchitis and Lung Troubles." For sale by all druggists for 50 cts. Trial box mailed for 25 cts. SODEN MINERAL SPRING AGENCY, 6 Barclay Street, New York.

MRS. PARKINS'S  
CHRISTMAS EVE  
BY SARAH ORNE JEWETT

PART II.



LYDIA PARKINS was a small woman of no great vigor, but as she grew a little warmer under her bed of blankets in the bottom of the old wagon, she came to her senses. She must get out and try to walk on through the snow as far as she could; it was no use to die there in this fearful storm like a rabbit. Yes, and she must unharness the horse and let him find his way; so she climbed boldly down into the knee-deep snow where a drift had blown already. She would not admit the thought that perhaps she might be lost in the snow and frozen to death that very night. It did not seem in character with Mrs. Nathan Parkins, who was the owner of plenty of money in Haybury Bank, and a good farm well divided into tillage and woodland, who had plenty of blankets and comforters at home, and firewood enough, and suitable winter clothes to protect her from the weather. The wind was rising more and more, it made the wet gray-and-black bonnet feel very limp and cold about her head, and her poor head itself felt duller and heavier than ever. She lost one glove and mitten in the snow as she tried to unharness the old horse, and her bare fingers were very clumsy, but she managed to get the good old creature clear, hoping that he would plod on and be known farther along the road and get help for her; but instead of that he only went round and round her and the wagon, floundering and whinnying, and refusing to be driven away. "What kind of a storm is this going to be?" groaned Mrs. Parkins, wading along the road and falling over her dress helplessly. The old horse meekly followed and when she gave a weak, shrill, womanish shout, old Major neighed and shook the snow off his back. Mrs. Parkins knew in her inmost heart, that with such a wind and through such drifts she could not get very far, and at last she lost her breath and sank down at the roadside and the horse went on alone. It was horribly dark and the cold pierced her through and through. In a few minutes she staggered to her feet and went on; she could have cried because the horse was out of sight, but she found it easier following in his tracks.

Suddenly there was a faint twinkle of light on the left, and what a welcome sight it was! The poor wayfarer hastened, but the wind behaved as if it were trying to blow her back. The horse had reached shelter first and somebody had heard him outside and came out and shut the house door with a loud bang that reached Mrs. Parkins' ears. She tried to shout again but she could hardly make a sound. The light still looked a good way off, but presently she could hear voices and see another light moving. She was so tired that she must wait until they came to help her. Who lived in the first house on the left after you passed oak ridge? Why, it couldn't be the Donnells, for they were all away in Haybury, and the house was shut up; this must be the parsonage, and she was off the straight road home. The bewildered horse had taken the left-hand road. "Well," thought Mrs. Parkins, "I'd rather be most anywhere else, but I don't care where 'tis so long as I get under cover. I'm all spent and wore out."

The lantern came bobbing along quickly as if somebody were hurrying, and wavered from side to side as if it were in a fishing boat on a rough sea. Mrs. Parkins started to meet it, and made herself known to her rescuer.

"I declare, if 'tain't the minister," she exclaimed. "I'm Mrs. Parkins, or what's left of her. I've come near bein' froze to death along back here a-piece. I never saw such a storm in all my life."

She sank down in the snow and could not get to her feet again. The minister was a strong man, he stooped and lifted her like a child and carried her along the road with the lantern hung on his arm. She was a little woman and she was not a person given to sentiment, but she had been dreadfully cold and frightened, and now at last she was safe. It was like the good shepherd in the Bible, and Lydia Parkins was past crying; but it seemed as if she could never speak again and as if her heart were going to break. It seemed inevitable that the minister should have come to find her and carry her to the fold; no, to the parsonage; but she felt dizzy and strange again, and the second-best gray-and-black bonnet slipped its knot and tumbled off into the snow without her knowing it.

When Mrs. Parkins opened her eyes a bright light made them shut again directly; then she discovered, a moment afterward, that she was in the parsonage sitting-room and the minister's wife was kneeling beside her with an anxious face; and there was a Christmas tree

at the other side of the room, with all its pretty, shinning things and gay little candles on the boughs. She was comfortably wrapped in warm blankets, but she felt very tired and weak. The minister's wife smiled with delight: "Now you'll feel all right in a few minutes," she exclaimed. "Think of your being out in this awful storm! Don't try to talk to us yet, dear," she added kindly, "I'm going to bring you a cup of good hot tea. Are you all right? Don't try to tell anything about the storm. Mr. Lane has seen to the horse. Here, I'll put my little red shawl over you, it looks prettier than the blankets, and I'm drying your clothes in the kitchen."

The minister's wife had a sweet face, and she stood for a minute looking down at her unexpected guest; then something in the thin, appealing face on the sofa seemed to touch her heart, and she stooped over and kissed Mrs. Parkins. It happened that nobody had kissed Mrs. Parkins for years, and the tears stole down her cheeks as Mrs. Lane turned away.

As for the minister's wife, she had often thought that Mrs. Parkins had a most disagreeable hard face; she liked her less than any one in the parish, but now as she brightened the kitchen fire, she began to wonder

stove; the minister had cleared a rough bit of the parsonage land the summer before and shown good spirit about it, and these, as Mrs. Parkins saw at once, were some of the pitch-pine roots. She had said when she heard of his hard work, that he had better put the time into his sermons, and she remembered that now with a pang at her heart, and confessed inwardly that she had been mean spirited sometimes toward the Lanes, and it was a good lesson to her to be put at their mercy now. As she sat in her corner by the old sofa in the warm double gown and watched their kindly faces, a new sense of friendliness and helpfulness stole into her heart. "I'm just as warm now as I was cold a while ago," she assured the minister.

The children sat side by side, the lame boy and the two little sisters before the fire, and Mrs. Lane sat on the sofa by Mrs. Parkins, and the minister turned over the leaves of a Bible that lay on the table. It did not seem like a stiff and formal meeting held half from superstition and only half from reverence, but it was as if the good man were telling his household news of some one they all loved and held close to their hearts. He said a few words about the birth of Christ, and of there being no room that night in the inn. Room enough for the Roman soldier and the priest and the tax-gatherer, but no room for Christ; and how we all blame that inn-keeper, and then are like him too often in the busy inn of our hearts. "Room for our friends and our pleasures and our gains, and no room for Christ," said the minister sadly, as the children looked soberly into the fire and tried to understand. Then they heard again the story of the shepherds and the star, and it was a more beautiful story than ever, and seemed quite new and wonderful; and then the minister prayed, and gave special thanks for the friend who made one of their household that night, because she had come through such great danger. Afterward the Lane's sang their Christmas hymn, standing about a little old organ which the mother played:

"While shepherds watched their flocks by night—"

cripple for life. She had heard that there was a hope of his being cured if by-and-by his father could carry him to New York to a famous surgeon there. But all the expense of the long journey and many weeks of treatment, had seemed impossible. They were so thankful to have him still alive and with them that Christmas night. Mrs. Parkins could see the mother's eyes shine with tears as she looked at him, and the father put out a loving hand to steady him as he limped across the room.

"I wish little Lucy Deems, that lives next neighbor to me, was here to help your girls keep Christmas," said Mrs. Parkins, speaking half unconsciously. "Her mother has had it very hard; I mean to bring her over some day when the traveling gets good."

"We know Lucy Deems," said the children with satisfaction. Then Mrs. Parkins thought with regret of cousin Faber and her two boys, and was sorry that they were not all at the minister's too. She seemed to have entered upon a new life; she even thought of her dreary home with disapproval, and of its comfortable provisioning in cellar and garret, and of her money in the Haybury bank, with secret shame. Here she was with Mrs. Lane's double gown on, as poor a woman as there was in the world; she had come like a beggar to the Lane's door that Christmas eve, and they were eagerly giving her house-room and gifts great and small; where were her independence and her riches now? She was a stranger and they had taken her in, and they did it for Christ's sake, and he would bless them, but what was there to say for herself? "Lord, how poor I be!" faltered Lydia Parkins for the second time that night.

There had not been such a storm for years. It was days before people could hear from each other along the blockaded country roads. Men were frozen to death, and cattle; and the telegraph wires were down and the safe and comfortable country side felt as if it had been in the power of some merciless and furious force of nature from which it could never again feel secure. But the sun came out and the blue-jays came back, and the crows, and the white snow melted, and the farmers went to and fro again along the highways. A new peace and good-will showed itself between the neighbors after their separation, but Mrs. Parkins' good-will outshone the rest. She went to Haybury as soon as the roads were well broken, and brought cousin Faber back with her for a visit, and sent her home again with a loaded wagon of supplies. She called in Lucy Deems and gave her a peck basketful of butternuts on New Year's Day, and told her to come for more when these were gone; and, more than all, one Sunday soon afterward, the minister told his people that he should be away for the next two Sundays. The kindness of a friend was going to put a great blessing within his reach, and he added simply, in a faltering voice, that he hoped all his friends would pray for the restoration to health of his dear boy.

Mrs. Parkins sat in her pew; she had not worn so grim an expression since before Christmas. Nobody could tell what secret pangs these gifts and others like them had cost her, yet she knew that only a right way of living would give her peace of mind. She could no longer live in a mean, narrow world of her own making; she must try to take the world as it is, and make the most of her life.

There were those who laughed and said that her stingy ways were frightened out of her on the night of the storm; but sometimes one is taught and led slowly to a higher level of existence unconsciously and irresistibly, and the decisive upward step once taken is seldom retraced. It was not long before Mrs. Deems said to a neighbor cheerfully: "Why, I always knew Mrs. Parkins meant well enough, but she didn't know how to do for other folks; she seemed kind of scared to use her own money as if she didn't have any right to it. Now she is kind of persuaded that she's got the whole responsibility, and just you see how pleased she behaves. She's just a beginnin' to live; she never heard one word o' the first prayer yesterday mornin'; I see her beamin' an' smilin' at the minister's boy from the minute she see him walk up the aisle straight an' well as anybody."

"She goin' to have one of her cousin Faber's sons come over and stop awhile, I hear. He got run down workin' in the shoe factory to Haybury. Perhaps he may take hold and she'll let him take the farm by-an'-by. There, we musn't expect too much of her," said the other woman compassionately. "I'm sure 'tis a blessed change as far as she's got a ready. Habits 'll live sometimes after they're dead. Folks don't find it so easy to go free of ways they've settled into; life's truly a warfare, ain't it?"

"It is, so," answered Mrs. Deems, soberly. "There comes Mrs. Parkins this minute, in the old wagon, and my Lucy settin' up 'long-side of her as pert as Nathan! Now ain't Mrs. Parkins's countenance got a pleasanter look than it used to wear? Well, the more she does for others, and the poorer she gets, the richer she seems to feel."

"It's a very unusual circumstance for a woman o' her age to turn right about in her tracks. It makes us believe that Heaven takes hold and helps folks," said the neighbor; and they watched the thin, little woman out of sight along the hilly road with a look of pleased wonder on their own faces. It was mid-spring, but Mrs. Parkins still wore her best winter bonnet; as for the old rusty one trimmed with gray, the minister's little girls found it when the snow drifts melted, and carefully hid it away to deck the parsonage scarecrow in the time of corn-planting.

THE END.



"The Lanes sang their Christmas hymn, standing about a little old organ which the mother played."

what she could find to put on the Christmas tree for her, and wondered why she never had noticed a frightened, timid look in the poor woman's eyes. "It is so forlorn for her to live all alone on that big farm," said Mrs. Lane to herself, mindful of her own happy home and the children. All three of them came close about their mother at that moment, lame-footed John with his manly pale face, and smiling little Bell and Mary, the girls.

The minister came in from the barn and blew his lantern out and hung it away. The old horse was blanketed as warm as his mistress, and there was a good supper in his crib. It was a very happy household at the parsonage, and Mrs. Parkins could hear their whispers and smothered laughter in the kitchen. It was only eight o'clock after all, and it was evident that the children longed to begin their delayed festivities. The little girls came and stood in the doorway and looked first at the stranger guest and then at their Christmas tree, and after a while their mother came with them to ask whether Mrs. Parkins felt equal to looking on at the pleasuring or whether she would rather go to bed and rest, and sleep away her fatigue.

Mrs. Parkins wished to look on; she was beginning to feel well again, but she dreaded being alone, she could not tell exactly why.

"Come right into the bedroom with me then," said Mrs. Lane, "and put on a nice warm, double gown of mine; 'twill be large enough for you, that's certain, and then if you do wish to move about by-and-by, you will be better able than in the blankets."

Mrs. Parkins felt dazed by this little excitement, yet she was strangely in the mood for it. The reaction of being in this safe and pleasant place, after the recent cold and danger, excited her, and gave her an unwonted power of enjoyment and sympathy. She felt pleased and young, and she wondered what was going to happen. She stood still and let Mrs. Lane brush her gray hair, all tangled with the snow damp, as if she were no older than the little girls themselves; then they went out again to the sitting-room. There was a great fire blazing in the Franklin,

They sang it all together as if they loved the hymn, and when they stopped and the room was still again, Mrs. Parkins could hear the wind blow outside and the great elm branches sway and creak above the little house, and the snow clicked busily against the windows. There was a curious warmth at her heart; she did not feel frightened or lonely, or cold, or even selfish any more.

They lighted the candles on the Christmas tree, and the young people capered about and were brimming over with secrets and shouted with delight, and the tree shown and glistened brave in its gay trimming of walnuts covered with gold and silver paper, and little bags sewed with bright worsteds, and all sorts of pretty home-made trifles. But when the real presents were discovered, the presents that meant no end of thought and management and secret self-denial, the brightest part of the household love and happiness shone out. One after another they came to bring Mrs. Parkins her share of the little tree's fruit until her lap was full as she sat on the sofa. One little girl brought a bag of candy, though there wasn't much candy on the tree; and the other gave her a book-mark, and the lame boy had a pretty geranium, grown by himself, with a flower on it, and came limping to put it in her hands; and Mrs. Lane brought a pretty hood that her sister had made for her a few weeks before, but her old one was still good and she did not need two. The minister had found a little book of hymns which a friend had given him at the autumn conference, and as Mrs. Parkins opened it, she happened to see these words: "Room to deny ourselves." She didn't know why the tears rushed to her eyes: "I've got to learn to deny myself of being mean," she thought, almost angrily. It was the least she could do, to do something friendly for these kind people; they had taken her in out of the storm with such loving warmth of sympathy; they did not show the least consciousness that she had never spoken a kind word about them since they came to town; that she alone had held aloof when this dear boy, their only son, had fought through an illness which might leave him a

OUR GRANDMOTHER.

BY ANNE REESE ALDRICH.

SEE her, in the setting sun,
Folded hands—her labor done—
'Tis life's peaceful eventide.
Heart of gold, and words of cheer;
All who know her linger near,
Gaining comfort at her side.

You, who dread advancing years,
Look at her, and lose your fears.
Learn how sweet old age may be.
Children's children round her play,
Like the rosy blooms of May
Clustering on some hoary tree.

She is doing, while she may,
God's own work in God's own way—
By her patient trust and love.
Every night we humbly pray
"Lengthen still her life's long day;
Spare her to us, from above."

WINTER BY THE SEASHORE.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.



IN England, at the seashore, there is a regular winter season. Why have we none? To be sure, there is a summer season in London—and it is the only tolerable season, so far as weather goes, in the year—while we are always out of town, or in the warm months.

But I notice, occasionally, articles in praise of New York as a summer resort; and it seems proper to say that the seashore in winter is by no means so objectionable as we suppose. The summer hotels generally close on the 1st of October, or on the 15th at latest.

By that time there has been a storm or two, and the air and the water have become colder. Lawn tennis in white flannels is no longer attractive, and the idea of bathing makes one shiver. Dreary rains drift gloomily in from the north and east, and last three days at a time.

We begin to think of city streets and promenades, the shops, theatres, balls and snug city houses. We buy our tickets and board the train, and for nine months the boom of the surf sounds in our ears no more. No sooner are we well out of the way than nature recovers from her gusty ill-humor, and has a beautiful time all to herself.

The woods assume gorgeous raiment—the richest crimson and the deepest gold, and all hues between. The sky becomes turquoise-blue, with creamy, melting clouds round the horizon; the sea presents a darker copy of the sky, but the water is more transparent than in summer, and there is a music in the waves not heard at other times.

Great flocks of blackbirds and other fowls go streaming southwards, looking as if they would never stop short of the equator; but an hour later they come streaming back again, settle down on the painted trees, and fall into noisy conversation. The crows, too, become exceedingly talkative, especially at morning and evening.

There are no longer any seeds for them to dig up in the gardens, but they hop about among the big orange-colored pumpkins, and perch on the naked sticks that were to serve as framework for scarecrows. As for the swallows, after sitting for some weeks in long rows on fence-rails and telegraph wires, they are gone; but yellow butterflies are still to be found fluttering about the faded plumes of the golden-rod.

Toward the end of October a warm spell of weather begins, and lasts two or three weeks. The atmosphere is pure and rich; or some of the splendor of the woodland seems to have been distilled into it. The sunsets and sunrises are of unsurpassed magnificence, and since the latter occur at a much more reasonable hour than formerly, they may be witnessed without curtailing one's sleep. If you are not controlled by tradition, you may take a few sea-baths at this season. Get in a sheltered spot, where the sun falls; take a dip, and out again. After a brisk rubbing with a towel, you will feel as bright as a diamond, and be the color of pink coral.

This winter that I speak of, the bay near my house froze solid from shore to shore. The tide, however, broke the ice on the beach, and sent great cracks through it hundreds of yards long. The surface of the ice was too rough for skating, but answered well enough for walking; and I took my daily promenades over unknown depths of salt water.

One day I saw a black object resting on the ice at a distance; upon investigation it proved to be an eagle, who had alighted on the ice—probably he had received a wound—and had frozen fast there. He was dead; but his outstretched wings, and the feathers that had fallen from them, showed how he had struggled for himself. I tried to pull him out of the icy mold into which he had melted; but it was not to be done, without pulling him to pieces. So I went home and got a hatchet; but in the meanwhile somebody had anticipated me, and when I got back he had been hatched out.

The winters are seldom so severe as this. There is generally a few week's good sleighing; but seaside snows are not often deep or lasting. In January it gets milder again, and there are long calms, accompanied by fogs. Then I like to put out in my rowing skiff, and plunge into the white and silent obscurity. A few strokes send me out of sight of land, and the game is to try to reach the island two or three miles opposite. I steer by the wake the boat leaves on the glassy surface of the water; as long as that is straight, I must be on my right course.

I have never succeeded, however, in reaching the opposite shore; though once, when I thought I had done so, the coast that I took to be that of the island turned out to be the self-same strip of beach from which I had set forth.

There is a pleasure in getting out in one of these calm fogs. Everything is a white blankness, above, below, around. The only sounds audible are the dips of the oars, and the honk-honk of the wild ducks, floating invisible in your neighborhood. Ever and anon a current of air passes through the fog, and discloses long tracts of level sea; then the whiteness closes in once more. It seems strange to be alive and warm and working in the midst of this silent blankness. You are like a planet voyaging in the abyss of space.

It is all very different from the parties, the balls, the opera, and the ceaseless roar of the city streets. But it is a great thing for the nerves and mind; and it might prove worth while to many, in the intervals of their winter affairs, to make trial of it sometime.

A SILENT AGENT OF CHARITY.

THE MISSION OF THE CHARITABLE "DORCAS BAG."

BY MARTHA NEWTON.



ALTHOUGH not an original idea, nowhere yet have I seen any description given in THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL of the "Dorcas Bag." I trust to our charitable readers to lend me their ears one moment in behalf of charity. All mothers will agree with the writer in knowing that the one time in our lives we crave comfort and freedom from care and want is when we lie on our bed of motherhood, exulting in the little life just given.

We feel that an utter privation of these comforts and necessities would put an end to us; therefore let us think of our less fortunate sisters, who in these trying hours are obliged to lie on a squalid bed minus the bare necessities of life, with hardly a change of clothes for the little stranger whose welcome, no doubt, was just as warm as ours.

What a world of discomfort and suffering could we not relieve if each home possessed a "Dorcas Bag," to be lent to the poor, destitute women we hear and know of.

The "Dorcas Bag" is on the loan order, and for that reason is all the more appreciated, and better taken care of. The bag itself is constructed of blue or brown gingham, a yard long and wide in proportion. A stout tape closes it at the top, and a pocket of the same material is sewed on the outside, in which is put a list of its contents and the name of the woman to whom it is lent.

Your own name and address is marked in indelible ink, to insure its return at the end of six weeks, when it is ready for the next patient you hear of. Now to its contents: Four white cotton night gowns or slips for the baby, neatly made; two white flannel skirts or barrow coats, with narrow bands and button-holes; two white cotton waists, high neck and sleeveless, to which the skirts are buttoned; one dozen good-sized cotton diapers, previously washed, hemmed and marked Dorcas; one yard of flannel, for bands; one square of same, blue or white, bound neatly for a shawl; one calico wrapper, made double; one powderbag of flannel, filled with corn-starch or rice powder; one pin cushion with one dozen small and one dozen large safety-pins. A night-gown or two may be added for the mother; and last, but not least, a goodly roll of rags, cotton or old linen, which will be a boon to the sick woman. The pins, flannel bands and rags, she may be allowed to keep, but everything else must be washed and ironed and returned at the end of six weeks. Of course there may be a case of prolonged illness or death, in which a prompt return of the bag would be impossible; but, as every one knows, there are exceptions to everything in life. Have the little garments of good material, buttons sewed on firmly and everything as nice as possible. The number of articles in the bag I have mentioned, is the least one could supply with decency, and more may be added if the purse and time of the lender will permit. Several young ladies of means and leisure have made beautiful bags, containing every comfort a mother could wish, priding themselves on their sewing.

The originator of this charitable idea, if her name were only known, would receive many a blessing in the humble home her generous thought has made so happy and comfortable.

HINTS FOR PARLOR ELOCUTION.

BY EDNA WARWICK.



THAT parlor elocution is not more widely practised among girls as a charming accomplishment, is chiefly due to an excess of modesty. Success in this, as in other accomplishments, is made up of a good deal more hard work, and very much less talent than most girls suppose.

Almost any girl of good carriage and pleasant voice can become a successful elocutionist for small audiences; the main essentials are perseverance, a capacity for patient study, and common sense, which I have often called the chief factor. Intelligent practice can work wonders. Your friend, who plays Chopin and Liszt so brilliantly, probably for months drummed away at five-finger exercises until every joint ached. The art you wish to learn is a simpler one, but you must begin almost as low down.

Commence by reading aloud. To do this well is in itself worth a good deal of effort, and you need never be without an audience. Read the paper to father, in that half-hour just before tea, when he has come home "all tired out." Read to mother while she sews; she will be glad to hear anything good, and you will perhaps find in her way every young elocutionist needs—a just but kindly critic.

And while you read, think. Be sure you are bringing out the author's thoughts correctly. If not quite satisfied with the way you have read a passage, put a mark on the margin, and when you reach the end go back and try it again till you are sure of it. In reading, the voice should be pitched moderately low, but every word must be enunciated distinctly. Unless you are on your feet while reading sit well back in your chair, and keep the back straight, which will enable you to breathe slowly and deeply. In reading and elocution, as in singing, it is important to take breath in such places and in such quantities that the voice will remain full and round until the sense is complete. No gasps must occur in the middle of a sentence, and there should be no hurrying toward the end because the breath is nearly out.

As to where one should take breaths while reading there is no rule but the infallible rule of common sense; your hearers should never know just when you do it. Choose for public reading or speaking pieces suited to your voice and ability. Many a young elocutionist has come to grief and failure merely on account of a mistaken ambition. It may be in your power to keep an audience rippling with laughter, when you would be a dismal failure as a portrayer of deep passion and high tragedy. It is far better to do simple things well than to sow disappointment for yourself by attempting selections to which you cannot do justice.

One church entertainment in three has "How they brought the good news from Ghent to Aix," or "Curlew shall not ring to-night," but what the average audience never tires of are the things which are not above the level of everyday experience. When you have found something you think suitable for a parlor gathering, read it aloud, so as to be sure that it sounds as well as it reads—for a selection in which the thought is excellent may have in it very little opportunity for action. Then commit it to memory. Divide it into several main heads. Get those heads fixed in your mind in their proper order, and remember just what comes under each; if you do this systematically you will very seldom find yourself at a loss as to "what comes next." Master the ideas thoroughly, and fit the language to them as though it were your own. Try to imagine that you are making it up as you go along, and you will generally escape anything like "staginess."

Nowhere do elocutionists need the doctrine of common sense so much as in the matter of gestures. Remember that gestures are intended to help your voice in expressing and enforcing your meaning. They are nothing in themselves, merely a means to an end. Nature never intended that thoughts should be expressed in only one way. Besides the voice, we have been given faces, eyes, arms, hands, fingers, and feet, all movable, and all capable of aiding in the proper expression of our thought. But they must be used intelligently. The actor may sometimes, by a slow nod, make a thousand hearts almost forget to beat, when stronger gestures would accomplish nothing. Shakespeare expressed it all when he said "suit the action to the word." Study gestures with the one idea of most directly expressing your thought, and let the effect take care of itself. A performance which has too few gestures affects your audience like a page of print with all the commas left out, and too many may have something of the effect of a page with every other sentence in italics; you can avoid both faults by always thinking first of the meaning, then of the best way to express it. As to outward details a very few are essential for the beginner. One should stand easily, with the shoulders thrown back, and one foot slightly advanced. You will have no trouble in using your arms gracefully if you will keep in mind that the whole arm should be used, and not the forearm only; let the movement seem to commence at the shoulder.

To know what action really is, you should study it from life. Watch the people around you as they unconsciously use their hands while speaking; some of the awkward ones will always gesture awkwardly, but you will soon learn to discard the bad, and to note what is worth remembering. The movements of a child are generally less constrained than those of an older person. Henry Irving declares that for freedom and grace of movement he has found no models so valuable as young children. However, good pictures may also be made a great help; artists are close students of anatomy, and are apt to be safe guides as to action.

But, above all, "to thine own self be true." Be natural. The great fault of most elocutionists (both amateur and professional) is a tendency to overdo whatever they undertake to render in public. It would almost seem as though elocutionists were, as a class, consciously striving by exaggerations of voice and manner to make people forget the absence of costume and scenery. To be perfectly natural get yourself into the habit of trying every point by the test of common sense. Ask yourself continually, "Would that seem to me strained or unnatural if some one else did it, under ordinary circumstances?" and unless you can honestly say that it would not, you had better avoid it. Sometimes it may seem as though you were giving up a fine effect, but you can depend upon it that your audience will generally commend the omission. And this applies not only to gestures, but also to inflections of the voice, emphasis, etc. There is a certain strained, unnatural, half-choked tone of voice which seems to have a fatal attraction for girl elocutionists; you have probably noticed it and condemned it dozens of times. No girl who really thinks before speaking in public, ever uses it; the girl who wishes to speak easily and well will not be afraid to open both mouth and throat, allowing the voice to come clear and full from the chest. It isn't a bad plan to fix upon some one person in the back of the room, and make up your mind that that person shall hear every word and appreciate every point.

The code of common-sense elocution has just one final don't. When you have once decided that you are capable of speaking acceptably before small parlor audiences, never refuse to recite when invited, unless you have some very special reason for a refusal; and don't acquire the unenviable reputation of one who has to be urged. Always have several things in readiness, comply at once with the request of your hostess, and if you do your best, your best is pretty sure to grow continually better.

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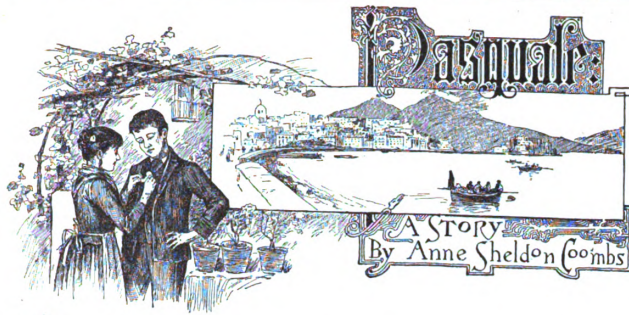
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PART III.

WILL never again. I will never again. No more. Please, no more," said Pasquale.

In intolerable torture he laid his burning hand on the great arm of the Calabrian. The ambulance went swiftly through the streets. Every turn of the wheels over the rough pavement of the city racked his limbs, carefully as the pallet on which he lay had been prepared.

"What does he say?" asked one of the young physicians. The Calabrian did not understand; would not have answered had he understood. He did not at all appreciate the kindness which had permitted him to accompany his friend to the hospital door, a favor bought by the wistful eyes which lost nothing of their gentleness in the delirium of fever.

But the brief interval of consciousness that had followed on the awakening from the stupor in which Pasquale had lain for hours after his rescue from the shroud of snow, which had fallen on his tired shoulders as gratefully as a robe from a mother's hand, had not lasted. He saw nothing familiar in the dark face of his grim friend. The blood coursed through his veins in a current of flame. Every motion forced upon him was an agony. Only one idea fixed itself in the tormented brain. All through the journey to the city, all through the harder journey to the hospital, all through the yet more terrible time when he was being borne up to the waiting bed, he could only repeat over and over, in the monotone of despairing appeal: "I will never again. I will never again. No more. Please, no more."

He understood it all, now. In this country they were all kings, these Americans. Not kings like the one whose face Pasquale had watched in mute adoration as it emerged, pale and grave and weary from the black dens and hideous garrets, where the scourge of the cholera swept through the streets of Naples. Not kings like *le palanquino*, the soldier-father of the blameless prince and of the freed people who had received liberty at the stout hand that grasped the sword. Like Bomba instead, of whom his father had spoken to him, who had won his infamous nickname on the day when the innocent crowds in the street were mowed down like grass by the batteries pointed from the heights of St. Elmo. They were angered, these republican kings, as had been the Bourbon monarch, when the peasants asked for their rights. And for the poor there is no glorious guerrilla, no wise counsellor, no faithful king. The great trinity had liberated Italy, but a wider kingdom, stretching over all the earth, cried out in vain for a deliverer.

Even into that gentle heart, the poison bred by one man's wrong had crept; even Pasquale, brightest and softest of living creatures, lay on his bed, the germs of socialism spreading fast through his moral nature as the fever sped through his veins. But resentment was lost in the piteous desire to put an end to pain. He was being punished because he had been too insistent about that money. They were angry with him because he had asked so often. Probably the sweet soul asserted itself in all the maze of illness, indignation and wonder; probably they had not known how he wanted it, he and the rest, those gentle folks who withheld it. But he would never ask again. He would go away and starve quite quietly if they would let him. But he could not suffer like this any more.

"I will never again. I will never again. No more. Please, no more."

That knife that some one plunged through him every time he breathed—if they would only let him breathe twice, three times without it—that was worse than being laid first on fire, then on ice. It was worse than the heavy blows that were constantly falling on his head. It was worse than the pains in his limbs, as cruel hands turned them in their sockets.

"Perhaps I was very bad," said Pasquale, "I made myself a great inconvenience. But not so bad to be hurt so."

Many faces bent above him, kind, had he but known it, with hands that offered help

and healing, none the less truly because with the mechanical quietude borne of long habit. But he cried out against them in terror, beat them off with trembling motions that besought while they rebuffed. After a little, his arms were pinioned in a hold that was no more than firm, but seemed merciless to him. The ragged shirt was drawn away from his chest. One of the nurses bent, and with deft fingers disengaged the cord that held the medallion of the *Madonna dell' Arco*. It was gently done, and there was no thought of removing the pitiful trifle.

But Pasquale felt that the last wrong had come. His treasure was being taken from him. In the utter desolation of that moment the delirium subsided a little. This was his punishment for that final rebellion. He would show them that he could be reasonable. He struggled into a position from whence he could look full into the faces which bent above him. He tried to subdue the stertorous gasp with which each breath was drawn. He forced his parched and quivering lips into a smile.

who will pay me when I have worked a long time. There must be some like that. I do not want much for myself. I eat not much. I do not need meat. I am so strong. And I can have a picture made for you, *illustrisima*, and for their excellencies—"his failing eyes wandered to the others. "I would not think of anything else."

Thus Pasquale, Italian to the last in his belief in the power of soft words. Surely, when he had "spoken them fair," they would not take Nannina's gift from him.

What he said was lost on the attendants, but the eloquence of pleading eye and tone, the marred music of the Italian words, as he gasped for breath, wrought powerfully on sensibilities, hardened, though not destroyed, by the constant spectacle of suffering.

"He thinks we're going to rob him of his medal," said one. "Poor chap! Superstitious like all these foreigners." But the tone was gentler than the words, as he laid the trinket down on Pasquale's throbbing heart, and smiled reassuringly into the flushed face.

Alas! The interval of comparative calm was ended. Pasquale did not even know that his own had been restored to him. Nothing was clear to him any more, but the physical torture which beset him with renewed pang. All light of reason left the heavy eyes; glazed with anguish they stared before him. The emurpled lips took up the old chant: "I will never again. I will never again. No more. Please, no more."

One of the attendants was a young man, new to his position, new to life, too, as a town bred man rarely is. It was not so long ago that he had been a boy bounding over green fields with a rough puppy at his heels.

One day the field had not been green, but lined with brown furrows. Something sped across it with strange sounds, that sent the birds into dismayed flight. He had admired this object greatly, with all an American's appreciation of labor-saving apparatus, all a boy's delight in ingenious mechanism. Not so the rough puppy. Trust had never been

sigh, not wholly professional, to escape his own lips as he looked down on Pasquale.

Now, the doctor was too hard-worked a man to bestow much time on the consideration of social questions, but this is what he was thinking as he walked away: "There must be steam-ploughs, and there must be cheap imported labor. That was an accident, and this is an accident, and neither is of any importance whatever to the general scheme of human affairs. And if both had been foreseen, no one would condemn steam-ploughs and cheap labor. It is not the individual, it's the race. Nothing is discovered, invented, carried on, without an enormous sacrifice of life, both of man and beast, accidental and comprehended in advance. It is doubtless an immense compensation to those who know"—here the doctor smiled a little grimly—"to keep an eye on the future, and feel that however much we personally may be afflicted it is going to be made all right by the general comfort of posterity, but for small creatures who have not developed such a thing as a race-consciousness, it must be rather hard the condition of things in this best of all possible worlds."

The physician was walking down the long ward of the hospital—the long ward where he surely should have felt happiest, for it was the convalescent ward. The rows of white beds were a pleasant sight, for each showed on a spotless pillow a face, pale indeed, but brightened by the unmistakable look of returning health. When he came to the last bed of all, he stopped, a little doubtfully.

"I am not easy about this case," he said to his companion. "We moved him in here day before yesterday. His fever subsided and disappeared a week ago, and he seemed so much better on Thursday. I don't think it best to bring him here where the influences are less depressing."

"What has been the trouble?"

"Pneumonia. He is one of the victims of the blizzard. Got caught in the snow one night and was half dead when his comrades found him half buried in it on the steps of an empty house up in the country. He revived enough the next day to be sent in here to us, but he has had a siege of it. We have grown very fond of him in the course of it, for he is one of the most grateful, engaging creatures I have ever seen. I don't like this perpetual doze—which is not sleep—he fell into directly after we moved him, and we don't like to try it again."

"He is a foreigner, is he not?" asked the companion, looking down on the quiet figure with its closed eyes, the long, dusky lashes, Pasquale's chief beauty, lying motionless on his pale, brown cheeks. It is a pity that the eyes were closed, for she was a very pleasant thing to look at as she stood there, this young lady. She had a fair, fresh, handsome face, lighted by kind and honest eyes of the clearest, dark gray. Her color was as bright as that of a healthy child; she had an upright, somewhat spare figure, attired in a tailor costume of marvellously neat fit and finish. Altogether she presented a very agreeable appearance to the sick eyes that looked at her with longing interest from the long rows of beds. But it was not to delight the eyes that she had come there. In that slender throat lurked a voice so strong, so delicious, so wonderful that one looked at its slight prison in amazement; every note that fell from those delicate lips was a pearl and brought a pearl's shine in gold. But it was the delight of this artist to share freely with those who had no gold her one treasure, and she had come to-day to sing in this hospital as she had sung in places still more sorrowful, in asylums for distorted minds and jails for distorted souls; to those who were well enough to listen, bestowing on these poor people what very often money could not buy from her for the favored ones of earth.



"The great singer moved nearer to the bed, and began to sing softly with her exquisite voice."

"You will not take it away, *illustrisima*," he said, dimly perceiving that there was a woman in the little group, and turning instinctively as a child turns to the potential maternity there. "It is all I have. It was mamma gave it to me. Twice we went to the *chiesa* together. It is not so long to walk when one is strong, and it is too short when one is not alone. There is not a space the size of my hand to be seen on the wall there, because they have thanked the *Madonna* with many offerings. My father has one hung there. Carlo Fezzi painted it. No one can do better than Carlo. It was when Lippo's dog sprang at my mother, and did not tear her because the *Madonna* put a great stone into the hand of a *busaglieri*. He threw the stone and the dog dropped. My father would have stopped the soldier and thanked him, but he laughed, and sang and walked on. Perhaps it was one of the saints, and not a *busaglieri*. But my father had the picture made. One must not be ungrateful. I showed the picture to Nannina. The *sor Giacinta* had two there—much more fine, for the time when she got well from fever and the day she recovered her money from Pietro Bosca. But Nannina said she liked mine better."

It was when I came away that she gave me this. I wear it always. You see the *Madonna* and the arch. When they found her in the earth it was because she cried out when the ball, some boys played with, struck her. They gave her a church, and she has done much for all who ask her. Now if you will leave me this, I will work very hard. I am more strong than you think. I can perhaps find some one

considered an intelligent animal, though highly respected by all who knew him, for those qualities of heart, which in some measure atoned for the undeniable deficiencies in the matter of head. Both asserted themselves now. Quite mistaking the cries with which rural elation and excitement accompanied the achievements of the steam plough, and valiant with all the usual courage of mistaken enthusiasm, Trust, animated by the mingling of devotion to friends, and duty to an ideal which has been so fatal a sentiment from the beginning of time, rushed to attack the mysterious monster.

Never little dog lived more faithfully, or died more bravely, and it is the fate of all little dogs to die more or less uselessly; but Nathan Strong failed to generalize as he sat beside the shaggy, mangled body of the best friend he had ever had, and the blameless agent of modern progress puffed away, leaving a track of moist, upturned earth behind it. Curiously enough that moment returned to him, perhaps because the curly shock of dusky hair on Pasquale's forehead, bore a certain resemblance to the rough waves he had stroked to the end, and because the eyes under it gave him a glance singularly like the one which Trust turned gratefully on him as he licked his hand and died.

He mentioned this to the doctor, as a reply to the doctor's kindly accusation to the effect that he was taking hospital work hard. The physician was accustomed to trained nurses whose lips were under better control, but he pardoned the unprofessional tremor when he heard about Trust, and he suffered a little

And they lived happily ever after.

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"He is Italian," said the doctor, answering her question.

"Ah, poor fellow!" said the great singer, softly. She had studied in Milan and Naples and loved with all the strength of an ardent heart, Italy, the mother and nurse of her art.

"Will you sing now?" asked the doctor.

"Will it not disturb him?"

"I hope it may," he answered, very gravely as he went to Pasquale's side.

"What is his city?" asked the singer, as she loosened the fur from about her white throat.

"Naples, I believe."

"Naples!" said the lady. She moved nearer to the bed and began to sing softly.

At the end of the first bar, the physician saw a tremor pass over Pasquale's still face. The exquisite voice sang on, the gray eyes filled with intent watchfulness the while. As the first notes of the refrain "Santa Lucia, Santa Lucia," rang through the silent room, the fluttering lids were suddenly raised and Pasquale gazed at them with a startled look.

The doctor passed quickly to the other side of the bed and lifted the limp hand. Pasquale made a feeble effort to rise, staring round him in bewilderment. It was a piteous change that came over his wondering face as he saw but the white-washed walls of the hospital, the grave physician and the fair lady who stood near him. Had he but dreamed that he heard the song of his city?

"You are better, Pasquale," said the doctor. Pasquale had learned a few English words, and could understand a few more.

"Sì, sì, signor dottore, all well," he said, with the ghost of his old, grateful smile. Then his eyes fell on the compassionate face of the lady. "Santa Lucia? I hear? I dream?" he asked.

"No, my good fellow. This lady has been singing to you, and will sing again."

"I will sing to you with great pleasure, my friend," said the singer, bending over the bed and speaking in pretty, careful Italian. All the bright color had left her face.

"I thank," said Pasquale, faintly. He made a movement as if he would have kissed her hand, his whole face glowing as he heard once more his beloved language.

"May I read to you first?" said the lady. If her voice had ever trembled like that before a great audience there would have been something gone from her fame.

"The beautiful *signorina* is so good," said Pasquale, with no hint of his wistful longing to hear that music once more.

The *signorina* held out a fluttering hand for the well-worn book which the doctor reached down from a shelf.

"Now?" she said.

"At once," answered the doctor.

"A priest?" she faltered.

"There is no time, I fear."

She opened the book. Snatches of the words translated slowly into Italian made their way through the mist that seemed to float between Pasquale and the world.

"And I saw the holy city coming down—out of Heaven—prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes. Neither sorrow nor crying."

There was a longer interval in which the mist thickened.

"Having the glory of God and the light, who like unto a stone most precious—even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal."

Now the mist had changed to a river that was bearing him swiftly away. He was willing to go, even though it took him away from the sound of those words with the picture they brought before him.

"And the building of the wall of it was of jasper, and the city was pure gold, like unto clear glass. And the foundations of the walls of the city were garnished with all manner of precious stones. The first foundation was jasper; the second, sapphire; the third, a chalcodony; the fourth, an emerald.

Pasquale looked up with a smile.

"That is Napoli," he said. "I go there."

The singer closed the book.

Pasquale saw the fast dropping tears and was troubled. He made a little, feeble, courteous motion with his hand.

"Not cry, beautiful lady. *Mia bella Napoli!* You know?" he said, wistfully.

A sudden change came upon his face. The doctor lifted him hastily. His lids fell.

"Sing!" he breathed.

The singer stood at the foot of the bed, her hands clasped upon the iron railing. She threw her head back and her glorious voice rang out as it never rang in later days when all in the opera house sat hushed and breathless under its melodious sway. The tears coursed down her smooth cheeks in swift and swifter currents, but it never broke or faltered. Pasquale's eyes opened wide, while the lady sang the beautiful song, "*Ah, bella Napoli!*"

"*Ah, bella Napoli! O, suolo beato!*" breathed Pasquale.

His eyes looked past the slight, straight figure of the young singer. What did his vision see? A shining expanse of azure water; a city of rose and snow; waving palms and white statues; thronged and glittering streets; golden globes of fruit hung high amid dark and clustering leaves, a crowding mass of blossoms; a solemn, solitary mountain, flame-tipped, and over all "a light that never was on sea or land."

Now the mist had cleared quite away and the rushing river changed to the bay—the bay on which his brown eyes had opened on the day of his birth. It rocked him softly up and down, up and down. The waves grew higher—him to the shore. He drew long sighs as he came in. Now the last, long breath and the trembled, then sank on the strand, the last strain of "*Santa Lucia*" echoing on his ear. The beautiful voice ceased suddenly.

The doctor drew a handkerchief over the cold face. He caught the gleam of something bright at the brown throat as he did so.

It was the little, gilt medallion of the *Madonna dell' Arco*.

THE END.

## WHY HAVE WOMEN NO TIME?

BY JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE.



Men seldom complain of lack of time, out of business hours; but women complain of it habitually. Whether at home or absent from it, they are ever occupied. They always have a hundred things to do: they are never able to finish, before going to bed, what they have planned in the morning. Husbands frequently speak of this without capacity to understand it. True, women have far more to do than men; true, their work can never be finished. But is it true that they have no time? And if it be, is not the fault measurably theirs? As has often been said, they have all the time there is. If the days were forty-eight hours long would they have any more? Not a particle. Persons who uniformly feel and say that they have no time, are predestined never to have any.

Why is it that women have no time? Chiefly because they are without system; secondly, because they do not take advantage of odd minutes; thirdly, because they are always trying to be polite. The fact that men act very differently may account for their usually having time to do what they wish. While women's time is liable to ceaseless interruption; while they have no hours, as men have, still, might they not adopt something like system? They generally know, when they get up in the morning, what their occupations will be until the hour of going to bed. They should devote different periods to different duties, and adhere to them as rigidly as they can. In theory, they often do; in practice, they do not. They obey impulse and the convenience of the moment. They permit themselves to be turned aside from the thing in hand to something else; and each interruption involves thrice the loss of time that the mere interruption costs.

Their duties become confused, their intentions tangled, and when the day has closed they find various things neglected which they had fully made up their mind to perform. The next day, they think they will not fail of performance; but the same circumstances intervene, with the same result. And so it goes from week to week, from month to month, until the poor women, constantly struggling, constantly resolving, and despair of ever accomplishing what they undertake. They keep bravely and actively at work; but the consciousness of regularly falling behind must ultimately affect their spirits, and weaken their determination. They are inclined to attempt more than they, or any one of their nature, in their circumstances, can possibly achieve. If they would attempt half as much, and complete the half, the effect would be salutary. Nothing is much more disheartening than the memory of not doing what we had purposed. A series of such memories will, in season, weaken the will, and thus impair capacity.

Women are more courageous, morally, than we are. When we should despond, and lose our hold on life by repeated failure, they retain their confidence, and still grasp their aim. They hope against hope; they are cheerful in the face of disappointment. They believe after ten or twenty years of never having had time to do what they wish, that they will yet have all the time they crave. Beautiful faith! Sanguine women!

As an example of a want of system, a woman decides to appropriate two hours of morning—from 10 to 12 o'clock—to a certain occupation. She is at it when, at 10.30, some ordinary acquaintance calls, having no right or reason to interrupt her. Does she ask to be excused, as a man would? By no means. She thinks that she ought to see the acquaintance, presumably feminine, for it would be a pity to send her away after she has taken the trouble to come, etc., etc. In the typical manner of woman's over-compassion. She sees her; she consumes an hour or more of valuable time, and then that engagement must be deferred. The next day arrives, and she begins again. At 11 o'clock, a letter from a dear friend is brought in. It is delightful to read; but it demands no answer at any given date. It has, however, touched her heart: she will reply while her emotions are warm. She spends two or three hours in that way, when fifteen minutes would have sufficed (how women waste themselves in writing superfluously long letters!) and again the special duty is deferred.

These interruptions continually occur—they are of great variety, but commonly of a more or less social character—and so interfere with routine as to render it impossible. A man would not admit of any such encroachments on his business or duties, and therefore saves his time for his own use, instead of distributing it miscellaneous among his fellows, who are not at all benefited by what is a positive loss to him. The serious mistake of women is in their effort to combine the social and the practical, to be attractive and efficient simultaneously. Who has ever known a woman having any relation to society to say to a visitor, "I have just five minutes to spare and then I must go?" She may say, "I am in a great hurry; I have an important engagement"; and at the end of an hour, she will be so interested in the conversation as to be unmindful of her hurry or engagement. Occasionally, a woman is so energetic, so practical, so severe as to look at her watch, and discontinue an interview abruptly, on account of the warning it gives her. But she is regarded by her own sex as unconventional, eccentric, unaccountable. The majority of them would rather be behind in any number of obligations than be guilty of behavior so disagreeable. To be disagreeable is, in their eyes, the deepest of sins, the most unpardonable of blunders.

Quick as women are in thought, rapid as they are in execution, they seldom know how to profit by the brief intervals between various kinds of work. They do not have time to avail themselves of bits of time. They are so very busy that they cannot think of trifles.

Their minds dwell on important labors. They do not wish to begin what they cannot finish. Consequently, they lose, nearly every day, an hour or two, composed of divided minutes which they have refrained from employing on account of division. Women, too, frequently lack executive power: they are inclined to believe that they must do everything themselves. They talk so incessantly of having no time that the idea grows to be a bugbear, and they come finally never to have any time.

Many an exemplary husband has become to a degree alienated from his wife by hearing perpetually that she has no time. He remembers, before marriage, that she always had time to write him love letters, and he draws his deduction between then and now.

## SARCASM AMONG WOMEN.

BY KATE TANNATT WOODS.



VERY intelligent person, with an ordinary amount of effervescent humor, must experience times and seasons when sharp words come bubbling to the lips; fortunate is she or he who withholds them, and utters only gracious ones.

An eminent scholar recently said to me: "I have no use whatever for a sarcastic woman; and I must decline the introduction just suggested. A man is never sure of himself with one, and a woman is never safe. A sharp, aggressive, sarcastic woman spares no one; she will look you boldly in the face while she stabs you. With all my admiration and reverence for your sex I avoid a sarcastic woman as I would contagion." Alas, my friend was correct. We all know women who bristle with points as sharp and piercing as number ten needles. They spare no one. Sarcasm comes forth whenever they open their mouths, and they flatter themselves that sharpness is wit, if not wisdom. The sarcastic woman can never be popular save with a limited few whom she dominates, or uses, for her own ends. However brilliant she may be, she sacrifices her powers and destroys her influence by her want of womanliness and fine feeling. No man "is ever quite sure of himself" in her presence, and women pass her by on the other side whenever good-breeding will permit.

The sarcastic woman is never to be confounded with the thoughtless one. The latter may be vivacious, witty, and yet popular; for her heedless speeches, however they may wound, are repented of as soon as uttered, and, if she is a true woman, apologized for. The sarcastic woman never apologizes; she is not fine enough to discern the wide difference between thoughtless quickness of speech and malicious words uttered by a tongue accustomed to stinging as remorselessly and needlessly as a fractious bee. This habit of sarcasm grows upon men and women, but it finds its fullest and most disagreeable fulfillment in woman's nature.

I recall with a feeling of sincere sorrow the change which has taken place in one woman who has otherwise most estimable qualities. When she left school and entered the world, we prophesied great things for her, with her readiness of speech and gifts; but, alas for our hopes! The hasty temper has become soured rather than subdued; the sharp tongue is cruelly caustic; the brusque manner, which was piquant and amusing in girlhood, is aggressive and rude in womanhood. She is losing friends when she should make them; and she is also losing that great charm of a woman—graciousness of manner. She has not checked herself, nor has she sought to grow in grace and sweetness with the coming years; she staked her reputation on success at all hazards, and forgot the great secret of all true success, which begins with the individual growth and increases with daily improvement of the heart and soul.

The sarcastic woman soon degenerates into an habitual detractor. Mention whom you may, she immediately bristles into action and covers your words of merited praise with something derogatory. Detraction is the twin of sarcasm when the latter power is abused. Far better to remain forever silent than to withhold from any human being the meed of praise so hardly earned in our busy world. In good society the sarcastic woman is ever dreaded and always feared. She cannot be "snubbed" or silenced, because she is not fine enough to understand when she is not wanted, nor wise enough to accept the kindly rebuke which is the only form of "snubbing" ever resorted to in truly good society.

The sarcastic woman will make the rudest possible speeches to others, and even when proven wrong does not confess it. Strange to say, she is extremely sensitive concerning herself, and never forgives one who ventures to convince her that she is in error. Her whole nature becomes permeated and perverted by the misuse of a power, which was only intended to be used as a measure of "righteous indignation." Long years ago Lady Montagu said:

"Satire should, like a polished razor keen, Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen."

Women cannot afford to degenerate in this her own century, and she it is who must hold men up to a high standard of refinement and social purity; to her belongs the precious task of so training the children that the good old adage concerning politeness will be part of their religious belief. "True politeness is of the heart, and not of the head." No woman can be truly polite while she is guilty of any utterance which can possibly wound or injure another. The womanly woman dear to her own sex, and respected by men, is not sarcastic.

She may be capable of being so, and even tempted, but she well knows the value of a gracious manner, and the loss of power which results from a fit of anger, petty jealousy, or sarcastic speech.

♦♦ Mrs. Beecher's "Reminiscences" of Mr. Beecher will soon begin in the JOURNAL, and will form a series of articles never before surpassed in interest by any similar papers.

## THE ORIGIN OF TRAIN DRESSES.

BY W. P. POND.



FEW miles in an uncivilized country makes a very great difference in the dress, or, one might say, the fashions of the dress of a native tribe. The Dór inhabit the Nile district just above the equator in

Central Africa, and, although the Kytch and other tribes enjoy a state of perfect nudity, other than the climatic covering of grease and dust, the people of the Dór, for that reason look down upon them with contempt, a reason that would probably not be apparent to a visitor entering their village. It may be said to be a distinction, rather than a difference. The men and the unmarried women wear a small apron of leather, which hangs behind them, but which, upon the appearance of a stranger, whether native or white, is immediately turned in front of them, as a mark of respect. If it is desired to affront the visitor, it is left hanging behind. When the marriage takes place there is no ceremony to speak of, but the change in the social state of the woman is noted by a change in her costume. Every morning the married woman steps into the adjacent forest, where there are abundance of creepers and evergreens with close-matted foliage, and with these she forms her dress. A tendril passed through the girle in front forms a thick mat of leaves, and then several long ones are selected, which are fastened to the apron behind, so that they form a leafy train of ample dimensions, and so fulfill all the purposes of clothing. With these picturesque trains, they perambulate from hut to hut in the everlasting gossip that is the vital essence of their being; many of them also loaded down with ornaments which a man would not care to carry for a day through, consisting of heavy strings of beads, around their waists and necks, the most valuable being beads as large as pigeon's eggs. Heavy strings of beads depend from their ears, and on their wrists, and round their ankles they wear bangles, made simply of iron bars cut to the proper length, and bent around the limb. Some of these are fully an inch thick, and quite solid, so that their united weight is more than a trifle. Their huts and the streets of the villages are miracles of cleanliness.

## BUYING THINGS THAT WEAR.



ONE of Miss Edgeworth's moral tales, there is a story of a little girl who one day went shopping with her mother, and whose fancy was so completely captivated by a purple vase that she was willing to go without a pair of shoes that she might purchase it. When she goes home, she pours out of the vase a dark liquid that it contained, and it is no longer a purple vase.

Over and over again do shoppers have to learn from bitter experience Miss Edgeworth's very apparent moral—that we should buy things that will wear.

I well remember my first shopping experience. I thought only of beauty, and nothing of utility, as I purchased a gauzy material for a gown, which was pale lavender in tint. When the gown was made I wore it to visit a friend who lived by the seaside; the return necessitated a long walk along the shore after sundown, with a damp wind blowing from the sea. When I reached home, great was my grief to see that my fine new gown of cotton and wool had so shrunk in the damp salt air as to be nearly up to my knees. Dampening and ironing, and "letting down," partly restored it to usefulness, but the delicate color faded in streaks, and I realized that in buying the gown I had bought a purple vase. The lesson sank deep, but I forgot it when a few weeks ago I wanted material to curtain a little nook in a room in my home. I bought some China silk; it was very pretty, having a shrimp-pink ground, with white arum lilies, and green leaves spreading all over it, and when suspended from a brass rod the decorative effect was good; but the morning sun rests warm and strong on that spot, and already the beautiful pink is "flying out," as the painters say. My pretty curtains are, you see, a purple vase. The woman who buys a parasol for the handle, or a gay-printed muslin that will not wash, or cheap kid gloves, or anything simply because it takes her eye, will find that she has bought a purple vase. ELLA B. CARTER.

## Colds and Coughs

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# PRETTY THINGS FOR THE TABLE



BY ISABEL A. MAELON.



**THE** table about which we gather to have not only a feast of good things, but a bright chat, and which brings friends together, should certainly have special attention paid it. It is continually quoted about our inability to live without dining; nobody denies this fact, but it is true that we can make dining a fine art, make it seem absolutely poetic. A few years ago, in an attempt to succeed at this, the hostess, anxious as possible, made some very great mistakes. These she has discovered and remedied; the worst were her inclinations to too much millinery on the table in the shape of broad ribbons, enormous dinner cards, too much plush under the tablecloth, and a fancy for enormous floral pieces in the centre which made the people on one side of the table entire strangers to those on the other. Nowadays the most effective dinner table is that dressed entirely in white and having white glass, plenty of silver, the centre-piece low, and a number of soft lights, in the shape of candles, here, there, and everywhere to make a mellow sunshine all round.

The preferred tablecloth is of white damask. It may be woven in it the fleur-de-lis pattern; it may show, where such a thing is possessed, a coat of arms or a crest, but it is in much better taste, when these do not belong to the family, either to have the initials, or an elaborate monogram woven in announcing in

### A DAINTY MAUVE DINNER

**COLOR** dinners are decidedly pretty, and even the most rebellious of men, who object to ribbons and what he calls "frivols," can find no fault with the mauve table, if it is properly carried out. The table is first covered with a spread of mauve satin, and over this is laid a linen cover elaborately hemstitched, and made lace-like by drawn-work, until the lavender shows through to good advantage. The centre-piece is a low, white bowl filled with purple chrysanthemums; at each end of the table is a silver candelabrum and in it are white candles with shades covered with violets and their leaves. The menus are in the form of a violet, and at each place is a cluster of violets, those for *bou-tonnieres* being smaller than those intended to be stuck in my lady's waist ribbon. The favors are hand-screens shaped like violets and tinted exactly as they would be. These are for the fair sex, while mankind receives either a silver match-box, or silver cigarette case with violets enameled upon it, and the date of the dinner carefully engraved thereon. The ices show mauve as the predominating color; the sweets are candied violets, each plate holding them having a tiny music box concealed in it, which, curiously enough, provokes a great deal of fun by playing "Sweet Violets." This, of course, is a somewhat elaborate expression of color in dinners; but the little woman who wants to give a color dinner, and who does not exactly know how, may gain some hints from it. A rose dinner is much easier arranged and one does not have to make such inroads on the purse for it, as is required for a dinner that is to be in violet.

### SOME ROSE-COLORED FAVORS.

**AT** illustration No. 2 are shown the favor, the menu and the candlestick used at a rose dinner. It happened, by the bye, to be given to a bride and groom, and the hostess being a woman of taste, thought out a pretty little surprise for them. The fan is heart-shaped and has a stick of gilt. It is covered with pink satin and the edge outlined with a frill of gold lace. The fine leaves that start from the stick and come over the fan part are, of course, artificial, and the two roses, one in each lobe of the heart, are delicately made of paper. The secret lies in the heart of the rose; by squeezing together the centre petals it is discovered that they lift out, and looking out from a framing of the rose is, on one side, a photograph of the bride and on the other of the happy man. A large bow of pink satin ribbon is tied at the top of the stick, and one of narrower ribbon far down upon it.



FAVORS GIVEN AT A ROSE DINNER. (Illus. No. 2).

this way that it was made to order. The linen cloth with a broad hemstitching, usually has the initials embroidered in running fashion, as if they were written, near the end, but sufficiently far up to come midway between the plate of the hostess and the first candelabrum, or whatever ornament may be beyond. In this way the fine needlework shows to good advantage and, by the bye, with such a cloth the letter-napkins match, although, of course, the letter-napkins are smaller and it is embroidered not in a corner, but straight, so that the napkin may be folded to be almost square.

### THE FROZEN CENTRE-PIECE.

**AT** a recent dinner given by a very fashionable woman, the centre-piece was extremely beautiful (Illustration No. 1.), it being an exact duplicate of a fancy that has obtained in London for a long time. A very low, rather long cut-glass platter held an enormous block of ice, clearly cut, and in which had been frozen the finest and most delicate of ferns, done with such care that the tracery of each leaf was visible through the glassy ice. Around the edge of the dish were arranged ferns as if they were growing, and on top were three or four glossy palm leaves crossed in artistic fashion. You cannot imagine how effective this decoration was, contrasting as it did with a cover of white damask, white and gold china, white candles, and silver candlesticks having pale green shades. No flowers whatever upon the table. At any large ice-house where they are in the habit of freezing blocks of ice to order, and where a man with some intelligence can be gotten hold of, this decoration can easily be obtained.

### LOVE LIGHTS THE WAY.

**FRENCH** people have a clever proverb that says: "One plays the game and the other holds the candle." But while it may be a description of love-making in French, one is inclined to think that it is a very poor imitation of real love, for in that two people care for each other absolutely and Love himself lights the way. This idea is carried out in a decoration for the table that is as dainty and pretty as if Watteau had designed it and Marie Antoinette had given it the seal of her approval. It consists of a china boat (Illustration No. 3), that as yet shows no signs of wear or tear, for it is supposed only to sail along the smooth sea of life. Filled with ferns and fine grasses the boy Cupid is sitting at the helm, the daintiest love in china that you ever saw. One hand is reaching out as if to point the way, while the other skillfully manages a china oar. The candle, which fits into a place specially made for it, is white and has a quaint little shade made of frill after frill of plaited paper of a pale Nile green shade. Such a decoration would be placed at one end of the table, or if two or three were possessed they could be put in the centre, the prow of each boat pointing to a tall, slender glass vase that held roses, lilies or orchids.

### THE FANCY FOR SPOONS.

**EVERY** hostess is proud of her glass, her napery, her art in arranging a dinner, but most of all her spoons. If she has traveled extensively she has bought a spoon in each place she visited, and it has inscribed either on the bowl, or on the back of the handle, the name of the town where it was gotten. In many cities, notably in Washington, very beautiful spoons are already engraved for this purpose; some show the head of the father of his country on the handle, and the name of "Washington" in the bowl; while others, more to be commended, have simpler handles and the name of our capital in oxidized silver, a color contrast being formed in this way. The small spoon now has another use given it: house-keepers have wearied of the individual salt-cellar, or the salt-cellar that shakes, and turn, with great good sense, to the bowl salt-cellar, that our ancestors used for so many years. It may be glass, or of silver, but it must be large and it must be quaint looking. Tall salt-cellsars are not counted good form, but the short, fat silver one, with a spoon lying beside it, is considered to be the acme of propriety for the salt service, and make "serving the salt" a courtesy.



SOME DAINTY ICE CUPS. (Illus. No. 5).

### A QUAIN GROUP.

**A** QUEER, fat, big silver salt-cellar is here shown. (Illustration No. 4). It has not only the cachet of good style for today, but was esteemed of great value more than a hundred years ago. Now it is filled with the whitest of salt and has near it some unique spoons that the hostess has elected shall serve in giving her guests the grains of salt they may require. The spoons are—one, an apostle spoon; with a quaint little figure at the end of its handle; the other a souvenir spoon, and the other the variety known as the "rat tail," just such a one as inspired a small woman to suggest that "That rat must have had a very long tail to curl about so."

### TO HOLD THE ICES.

**EVERY** housekeeper has tired of serving ices or ice-cream in plates or glasses, and so the substitution of a china cup finds much approbation. However, this has to be a cup specially intended for the purpose and not the mere ordinary cup detached from its saucer. The cup in all instances represents a flower, and then the saucer part is the leaf, while the stem forms the handle. Very delicate shades are fancied, and lilies, roses, tulips, chrysanthemums and jonquils are the flowers imitated.

### A GROUP OF ICE-CUPS.

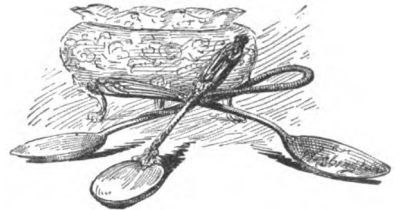
**THE** cups here shown (Illustration No. 5) are two of the lily-shape and one of rose. In the lilies, only the white and green colors are used, while the rose is delicately tinted in pink, and has its green foliage as a realistic contrast. Very small spoons are served with these cups. The candlestick is in harmony, being a china lily; fine grasses are in the cup where the white candle is placed and the small, white silk shade is covered with grasses and pale clover blossoms. A pretty conceit, truly. The effect of the shade could be varied by having buds of the flowers that form the cups cover the silk, and, though it seems in harmony, the candlestick does not need to be a flower one, but may be of silver, china, glass or whatever is best liked or possessed.



"THE DAINTIEST 'LOVE' IN CHINA." (Illus. No. 3).

### INTELLECTUAL MENUS.

**THE** menu carefully written out and with a proper quotation put after each dish, is still in vogue as being a means of making conversation. Any good book of quotations will help you to arrange this, although, indeed, a volume of Shakespeare often affords all that is necessary. Keep to one writer—that is, have your menu a Thackeray, Dickens, or Shakespeare one, unless, indeed, some of the minor writers afford appropriate quotations. If you do not care to undertake arranging an entire menu, then have a proverb on each



SILVER SALT-CELLAR, AND SPOONS. (Illus. No. 4).

name card, but be careful not to have your "shaft at random sent" and so hurt somebody's feelings.

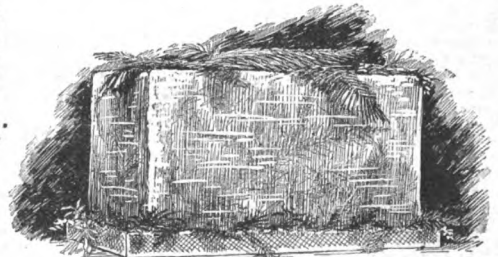
Another arrangement liked is to have a question written on the outside of an envelope, sealed or tied with ribbon; inside is the answer written out clearly and distinctly. The questions are talked over and, as far as possible, answered; but the envelope itself remains intact until the dessert is served, and then you are given an opportunity to see how far away you were from the truth.

If you have a daughter or are yourself capable of doing a little work with pen and ink, then you can always make your dinner cards something delightful in the way of souvenirs. A tiny sketch, a pleasant quotation and then the guest's name and the date of the dinner, form a remembrance of a happy time that each one is anxious to have. A trifle—some pretty little toy easily made at home—is in this way made a charming addition to that which, as a matter of course, you intend to give your guests—a good dinner.

### A FEW SUGGESTIONS.

**ALL** the beautiful decorations on the table will amount to nothing unless the hostess herself wears, as a decoration, a charming manner and an absolute ignoring of anything except that which will give pleasure to her guests. If mistakes should occur it will be wiser for her not to see them. If an awkward servant should stumble and upset a dish she should be as equable as if some one had only thrown a crown of roses about her. While it is her duty to permit no guest to be neglected it is also her duty not to seem flustered or worried, and she is the best hostess always who manages to make people feel most at ease.

Don't attempt to do too much unless you have servants who are capable of carrying out your orders. A simple dinner, well served, is always better form than an elaborate one badly served, and with a half cooked hostess at the head of the table. Invite people who will help make your dinner a success, people who talk well, and yet who do not talk too much. Flashes of silence are as much of an art in conversation as are flashes of wit. Put together the people who will grow interested in each other and under no circumstances yield



A FROZEN CENTRE-PIECE, FOR A DINNER-TABLE. (Illus. No. 1).

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MAY YOU ALL BE HAPPY!



No season of the year does an editor seem to come so close to his invisible audience of pen-and-ink friends as when, at the opening of a new year, he reaches forth his hand to bid them good cheer. He feels that for once, at least, he stands in the same relative position in the world with them, his foot upon the same threshold with theirs. The tie may be but momentary, the link only that "which makes the whole world akin," but the feeling is of him and within him.

It is truly with an open hand and from a grateful heart that the Editor of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL sends forth a shower of the merriest and gliddest of all New Year greetings to each of his readers. Such a cordiality of feeling and sincere friendship as that which you have extended to him during the first year of his editorship of the JOURNAL, has never fallen to the lot of any one in similar position. And so it is easy, indeed, for him to wish for you a year of greatest joy, of fullest health, of largest prosperity.

May the richest blessings fall freely into all your households, and may your fondest desires be granted you with a wise dispensation best calculated for your good. To those before whom the year opens brightly, may it close still brighter. But especially to those who see before them a dawn of mist and uncertainty, would we wish a steady hand, a clear mind, a hopeful view, and a resolute step. It is easy to be happy amid success, but to the discouraged, the unfortunate and the stricken it requires a firm determination to face a new year. For those, may the book of the year have many bright pages, and the close of 1891 find each "at the turn of the road."

No opening year has ever dawned with such brightness of happy success upon the JOURNAL as does the year 1891. We are now a family of exactly 500,000 actual members, the largest following ever granted to a single periodical in America. We are not boastful of it, because the JOURNAL'S success is not of our own making. It is yours. You have made it what it is; you will make it what it will be. Our success is yours. And so long as we can retain your confidence we shall continue on our upward march.

It is this which will be the aim of the JOURNAL during the new year, not to make a magazine which will be the wonder of the country, or the admiration of the world, but a periodical which in its every sentiment will seem to have been prepared especially for you, your hourly thoughts, your daily life, your constant needs.

We want the lives of our readers to be as full of that measure of happiness which is accorded to us in this world, to see the sunny side of life, and appreciate full and well that it is just as easy to be happy as it is to be sad, and a great deal more pleasant. We want you, dear women, to make the best of life, not allow mole-hills of worry to be magnified into mountains of trouble. We want you to be sunny of mind and light of heart. We want this new year to be a bright one for yourself and those dearest to you.

And while we wish for you all these things, we will do our modest share in assisting you by written words, to a realization of them. But whether with us or away from us, may the year of 1891 prove to every JOURNAL reader the brightest and best of all their lives. May peace dwell in your homes, and contentment in your minds! And may you all be happy!

THE EDITOR.



In the last issue of the JOURNAL it was the pleasure of the Editor to present to his readers a Christmas garland twisted by the best and most famous women of our land. In this number, the greatest and most influential of our American men—men who are making our country's history in literature, in science, in statesmanship, in religion, in discovery and in dramatic art—lay a wreath of New Year's greeting at the shrine of American womanhood.

With a fine sense of appreciation of the privilege afforded, THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL presents this wreath to its readers, and to American women in general, adding to each expressed wish, each hope, and each message of respect and admiration, its own hearty greeting for women in 1891.

MR. GEORGE W. CHILDS' GREETING.

Many of the women of America to whom these New Year's greetings go, this season of beginnings is a period of joy; to many others, a time of sorrow. It finds many working to-day for their livelihood, who, less than a year ago, thought themselves safe from being put to that supremest in life—a woman's struggle for existence. It finds, too, many others who have long been laboring in that struggle with but little apparent likelihood of success, in a position where they can at last see an easy road before them.

To these latter, I can only wish much happiness in their prosperity during the New Year and the many which may follow.

To the former, with the same wish let me unite a few words of encouragement and advice. Let them find encouragement in the fact that women's work is appreciated now as it has never before been. As work is appreciated, so is it compensated, and the woman who works well for an appreciative master, is sure now of a return equivalent to the value of her labor. Discouragement will come, but it will depart too, and its departure will be the more rapid if it finds a healthy, hearty, busy, happy life with but little of room wherein to shelter unhappiness, other than semi-occasional periods of dejection, which must come to all human beings assuredly as the darkness comes for a part of every twenty-four hours. Its return, too, will be more infrequent as its periods of lodgement are shortened, and, eventually, discouragement will leave, and our woman worker come to realize that success is hers in proportion as she appreciates its presence.

But my words of advice will be confined to two little nursery couplets, which contain more of practical philosophy than many an elaborate treatise can present. They have been mottoes and examples to me for many a long year, and as I have profited by them may others do the same. Here they are, so homely and plain as to be easily remembered, and valuable enough in their essence to repay remembering:

"Do your best, And leave the rest."

and

"What can't be cured Must be endured."

Acting on these principles, poor work and worry—two of the greatest evils attendant upon woman's labor—are impossible, and the absence of these evils will be sure to all women, despite their conditions in life, a happy and peaceful New Year.

GEORGE W. CHILDS.

FROM AMERICA'S GENIAL "AUTOCRAT."

THE debt of gratitude which we owe to those women nearest to us by the ties of family connection, is one which cannot find any equivalent expression in language.

But under what deep obligations are we to many of those women who are outside of that limited circle, for aid, counsel and sympathy! For myself, without the aid, the intelligent assistance I have received from the ladies who have shared my literary labors, I should have been utterly unable to accomplish the little I have done. The spirit of order which they introduce into the chaos of a literary man's environments, the quick sense of the characters of the correspondents whom they have to deal with, the plastic facility with which they mold themselves to the mind which furnishes their working patterns, make of them alter egos which more than double our effective personality as literary workers.

My message then, is one of silent gratitude for the good offices of all those nearest to me who have made the happiness of my life; of expressed thanks to those who have helped me by their aid and sympathy, and of warmest acknowledgments to the whole sex for making life worth living.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE FRAGRANCE OF A MOTHER'S MEMORY.

MY wish for all the women of the homes of America, is that after they shall have gone from this earthly sphere for thirty years, they may be remembered by their descendants with such admiration and glow of soul as I remember my sainted mother.

T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

EX-PRESIDENT HAYES'S WISE WORDS.

IN America the opportunity and the influence of women grow wider and wider. Whether we like this tendency or not, we cannot fail to see it. We ought to recognize it in the training of our girls. The weak point in female education in this country is the neglect of health. We have too much bending over books and too little open-air exercise. Too many studies, too little work, and too little out-of-door play.

My wish for the American woman is that she may always be an elevating influence—man's inspiration. Let him go forth to duty while she weaves the spell that makes home a paradise to which he may return, ever welcome, whether he is victor or vanquished.

RUTHERFORD B. HAYES.

FROM ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S VICE-PRESIDENT.

IT is a pleasant service to extend a cordial New Year's greeting to the patrons of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. It has for several years been, and now is, a welcome visitor at my own home, and we think we can appreciate the grand work it has done and promises to do with certainty in the future, in improving and elevating the standard of true womanhood. To create a noble motherhood, who shall train and educate their sons for the high duties of American citizenship, is an important feature of THE JOURNAL. Upon them must largely depend the future prosperity and perpetuity of our system of free government. Intelligence is the safe foundation of liberty.

HANNIBAL HAMLIN.

STANLEY'S GRACEFUL SALUTATION.

THE New Year will soon be with us! Let us welcome it with the brave purpose to be better and nobler, asking God's blessing on each of our efforts. I am glad indeed to be privileged to extend my best wishes for the New Year to all the women of America.

HENRY M. STANLEY.

MR. WANAMAKER'S NEW YEAR'S MESSAGE.

EIGHTEEN NINETY-ONE is almost here. In what state of prosperity and peace of mind does it find us! Some are happier for its coming as it brings the fruition of long-delayed and happy expectations. Others will dread its arrival, for with it will come to them the last sight of what they hold dearest. To humanity it is simply the beginning of one more in the chain of years, a season of greetings and festivities. Let my wishes for its happy continuance be given. For those in sorrow, let me wish strength with which to conquer their troubles, and to those happiest, may joy always attend them.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

LAWRENCE BARRETT'S TRIBUTE TO WOMAN.

AS an offset to the crimes and follies of the Restoration—the bad fruits of a seed sown in Puritan restraint—came the advent of woman upon the arena of the theatre. Her influence had, before, been felt only in the domestic relation, or upon some dangerous inherited eminence, too giddy for the firmer nerves of man. The theatre opened to her an arena where all the qualities pre-eminently hers—sensitivity, imagination, the magic sway of beauty—led to their highest usefulness. Her coming purified the literature of a corrupt era, wrested from usurping hands the sceptre of her birthright; gave a new color and beauty to the theatre, elevating stage and audience alike; adorned it with an unbroken line of lovely heroines, ushered in by the charming Mrs. Betterton, and continuing, in our day, with undimmed lustre in the genius and the lives of her lovely and gifted successors—thus fulfilling the compact made by Shakespeare with posterity, that Imogen, Rosalind, Ophelia, Cordelia and Beatrice should meet worthy representatives in the far off day of woman's emancipation. The theatre, where woman needs no manly mask to gain impartial suffrage—whose rewards regard no sex; the theatre, where public approval mounts up to merit's height—this stage, which she has made her own, from whence her influence colors the lives of her sisters wheresoever they toil, upon this anniversary, sends to all women a fraternal greeting.

LAWRENCE BARRETT.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON'S KINDLY MESSAGE.

IN New Year's greeting to the women of America:

May you give joy to those who are with you, and grief to none. May you fear no one, and may no one fear you. You will then have a happy New Year indeed.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON.

IN PROSE AND IN VERSE.

BUT a day or two in advance of the editor's request for an All-hail to the Women of America, for the New Year now upon us, there came to me this all-at-once appeal in the letter of a friend of mine, of the true type—a Man—next in soul-stature and nobility to a Woman. He was writing with some casual reference of his wife, when these words, all abruptly like an April shower, rained across the page:

"Some of these days you write a poem on the Madonna, showing the indescribably noble and beatific sacrifice which the mother makes for the child—the son—who may grow up to break her heart. Oh, that boy! The night after night of hanging over the little cradle, soothing the moaning babe in whom life hangs tremulously threatening; the days of silent and self-effacing devotion; the thieving away of all accustomed pleasures; the taking of a round of duty that will never afterward cease; the demonstration by a thousand ways, that a man, however good he is, is not fit to untie the lachets of a good woman's shoes. There are women like this in the world—good mothers, good wives, good daughters, and, thank the good God, my wife is one of them."

Reading these words of my friend's, and then re-reading them, I thought very tenderly of him, even more tenderly than ever heretofore. And though this all-inadequate poem is of him, and for him, may it not serve here, as well, as an indirect tribute to all womankind?

HIS VIGIL.

Close the book and dim the light; I shall read no more to-night. No; I am not sleepy, dear—Do not go: Sit by me here In the darkness and the deep Silence of the watch I keep. Something in your presence so Soothes me—as in long ago I first felt your hand—as now— In the darkness touch my brow— With no other wish than you Thus should fold mine eyelids to, Saying naught of sigh nor tear— Just as God were sitting here.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

FROM NEW YORK'S GREAT EDITOR.

MAY the New Year bring to all the women of America much of joy and happiness, little of sorrow and suffering, and what is most needful for their prosperity. Patience, love, and cheerfulness in large measure be with them, and happiness and comfort, their natural outgrowth, be theirs alway.

CHARLES A. DANA.

P. T. BARNUM'S WISH FOR WOMEN.

MAN, who has in all ages, with too few exceptions, required of woman that she should be his moral superior while denying her mental equality, is waking to the realization that he must look well to his laurels, or he will come in a bad second in the race of intellect. With a generous, if tardy, desire to right this wrong, colleges, schools, educational institutions of every kind are being opened to women. A more liberal education, and a wider field of work, will not stop there for wives and mothers. European employers when in need of manual laborers advertise for "hands." It is a good term as opposed to heads, which are comparatively few. If heads are given every chance, there will still be hands enough left for purely mechanical tasks.

I wish to every woman with capacity and desire to work for and benefit the world outside as well as inside her home, that the year 1891 may bring emancipation from physical drudgery, opportunity for mental cultivation and development, and courage to take the high place awaiting her.

P. T. BARNUM.

WILL CARLETON'S MANIFOLD WISHES.

MY New Year wishes for my American sisters, are:

That the sick may become healthy;

That the impecunious may have all the money they wish before the close of the year;

That the ambitious may find new and solidly-paved roads toward their cherished goals;

That those who wish more education may be given every opportunity to acquire it—free from open opposition and covert sneers of their own and the other sex;

That mothers, wives, sisters and sweethearts may study and learn, more and more accurately, the definition of those terms, and be materially assisted in the same by sons, husbands, brothers, and lovers;

That those of my sisters who wish to vote, either in church or State, should be given a series of chances to do so;

That there be a law that those who do not wish to vote, shall not be worried and nagged into it;

That as many of the women as their environment will permit, may continue to draw us nearer Heaven, by constituting its connecting links with earth;

And that they all look as pretty and fascinating to me during the year to come, and many other years to come, as they have ever since I can remember.

WILL CARLETON.

GREETINGS BRIEF BUT HEARTY.

MAY the New Year be full of joy and sunshine for every woman to whom this JOURNAL goes. May its three hundred and sixty-five days, all in a row, like the waterpots at the marriage of Cana, be filled to the brim with the water of gladness; but should any of the number be found to contain the bitter waters of grief or sorrow, take it, my sister, straightway to One who can turn the sorrow into gladness and the water into wine.

IRA D. SANKEY.

WHAT better wish, at the opening of a new year, can I bestow on women than—that all the rich deserts of womanhood may be theirs? It is from a heart overflowing with gratitude to the sex that has given me a mother and a wife, that I tender this, recognizing fully that in these days of "higher culture" "woman suffrage" and so-forth, they may well avoid the danger of grasping at the masculine shadow and losing the womanly substance.

W. H. CRANE.

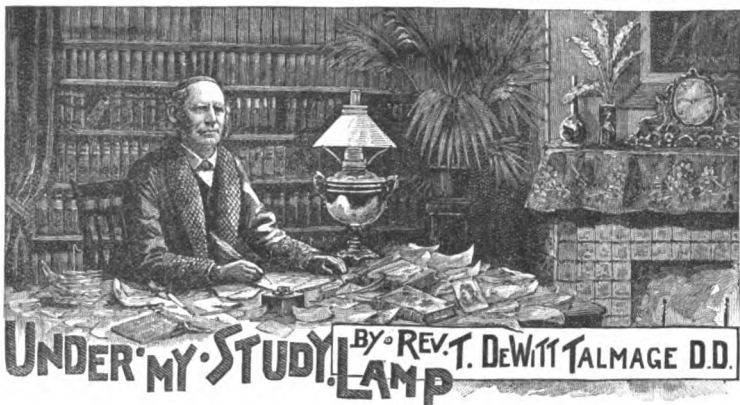
WHAT better wish for woman could there be than the same fair play that men ask for themselves?

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

MY wish for the women of America is that their individuality might be recognized in the State and Church as it is in nature and grace.

[Bishop] JOHN P. NEWMAN.

TO all those who have made up this inspiring garland of New Year cheer, the management of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL extends its grateful thanks. To have been made the mouthpiece for so many distinguished and lofty greetings to women, is a compliment which the JOURNAL feels proud to accept.



**A**MONG the storms of winter, and especially a storm that seldom fails to visit every locality about the first of January, is a shower of bills. How they come in—these great snowflakes—and they stick and stare at you till they are paid, and stick and stare at you when they are paid. Among the multitudes of resolutions formed for the new year there is no better one than a resolve to pay as you go. It seems passing strange that the payment of debts should be inculcated upon professing Christians, and yet, is there any evil habit to which Christian men are more addicted than that of incurring debts which they cannot discharge at maturity? And the cause of this condition of things are many and multiform. Sometimes it is the result of a weak desire to live in a style beyond one's means. Oftentimes it is the result of thoughtlessness, or a general unwillingness to systematize one's expenditures.

**A RESOLUTION FOR THE NEW YEAR.**

**O**FTEN it proceeds from a free-heartedness and a desire to do for others, especially for the family, more than one's circumstances admit; and not infrequently it is owing to a spirit of extravagance which is a legitimate inheritance from father to son. But whatever the cause may be, as a general rule debt can be avoided and much unhappiness saved. To do this, above all firmly resolve to live within your means, however limited they may be; make no promises which you have not a reasonable certainty of keeping; be firm in applying whatever money you have on hand to the liquidation of some debts in whole or in part, and, above all, avoid, so far as possible, contracting a future obligation wherewith to pay a present one.

And in your purchases, when you want that for which you cannot pay at the time, wait till you can, before procuring it, and when you do get it, you will enjoy it all the more for the sacrifice which it has cost. There is true nobility in denying yourself that which you cannot afford, which will increase your own self-respect, and raise you in the estimation of your friends. "Do you see this addition which I have just put up?" said a friend in my hearing, not long ago. "I was offered a loan on my house; but no, I thought I would wait. I did wait. Things which I wanted I denied myself. Finally, I accumulated sufficient to pay for my improvements. They cost more than the carpenter's and mason's bills; they cost a spirit of sacrifice; and don't you suppose I enjoy it all the more for this?" And he was right. Lesson? There is a tremendous lesson in that man's experience, my dear reader, and its application to yourself may mean for you happiness in this world and in the world to come.

**HONESTY IN MISFORTUNE.**

**I** DO not forget that there are some who cannot pay; there are those who, unfortunate in business, simply cannot meet their obligations. They have bought on a falling market; their good name is unscathed though their credit has been dishonored by those who engaged to protect it; parties owing them have failed to pay them, and bankruptcy stares them in the face. But for all that—and you can find such people everywhere—you do not doubt them, you are drawn to them in their misfortune as you never were in their prosperity; you are only too glad to do all in your power to help them, and in so doing discharge only a simple Christian duty. It is not of such that I speak.

**THE DEMORALIZATION OF DEBT.**

**D**EBT! There is no worse demoralizer of character. The sad records of defaulting, embezzling, and dishonest failure which we meet with so constantly in the daily press, are often, indeed most frequently, the result of the demoralization of debt, and consequent desperate efforts at extrication. The financial props have given away. The little debt, which at first was as small as a grain of mustard-seed, like the rolling snowball has gathered weight and multiplied itself a thousandfold. And still it grows, and like the fabulous hydra which Hercules was sent to kill, you no sooner strike off one head than two shoot up in its place. The struggle is severe, but in the end decisive; either confession is made of a hopeless bankruptcy which might and should have been avoided, or integrity is sacrificed to the temptation of the moment. Debt ruins as many households, and destroys as many fine characters as rum; it is the devil's mortgage on the soul, and he is always ready to foreclose. Pay all your bills. Look every man in the face, conscious that you owe the world no more than it owes you. Be indebted for nothing but love, and, even that be sure you pay in kind, and that your payments are frequent.

**WHERE PARENTS OFTEN BLUNDER.**

**A** GREAT error prevalent in the training of children is the one-sided development of either the physical, intellectual, or moral nature at the expense of the others. Those, for instance, greatly mistake who, while they are faithful in the intellectual and moral culture of children, forget the physical. The bright eyes half-quenched by night-study; the cramped chest that comes from too much bending over school desks; pale cheeks, and the gaunt bodies of multitudes of children, attest that physical development does not always go along with intellectual and moral. How do you suppose all those treasures of knowledge the child gets will look in a shattered casket? And how much will you give for the wealthiest cargo when it is put into a leaky ship? How can that bright, sharp blade of a child's attainments be wielded without any handle? What are brains worth without shoulders to carry them? What is a child with a magnificent mind, but an exhausted body? Better that a young man of twenty-one go forth into the world without knowing A from Z, if he have health of body and energy to push his way through the world, than at twenty-one to enter upon active life, his head stuffed with Socrates and Herodotus and Bacon and La Place, but no physical force to sustain him in the shock of earthly conflicts. From this infinite blunder of parents how many have come out in life with a genuine genius that could have piled Ossa upon Pelion, and mounted upon them to scale the heavens, and have laid down panting with physical exhaustion before a mole-hill? They who might have thrilled senates, and marshaled armies, and startled the world with the shock of their scientific batteries, have passed their lives in picking up prescriptions for indigestion. George Washington, in early life, was a poor speller, and spelled that "h-a-double-t," and a ream-of paper—he spelled "rheum"; but he knew enough to spell out the independence of this country from foreign oppression. The knowledge of the schools is important, but there are other things quite as important.

**WILL HEAVEN BE CONVENTIONAL?**

**R**ECENTLY I said on this page a few words on "What Heaven Will Be Like," and a well-meaning brother writes me that he thinks it will be more "formal" than my picture of it. I cannot believe it, my brother. I cannot fancy Heaven as a stately, formal place, a very frigidity of splendor, where people stand on cold formalities and go round about with heavy crowns of gold on their heads. No, that is not my idea of Heaven. My idea of Heaven is more like this: You are seated in the evening-tide by the fire-place, your whole family there, or nearly all of them there. While you are seated talking and enjoying the evening hour there is a knock at the door and the door opens, and there comes in a brother that has been long absent. He has been absent for years; you have not seen him, and no sooner do you make up your mind that it is certainly he than you leap up, and the question is—who shall give him the first embrace? That is my idea of Heaven; a great home-circle where they are waiting for us. Oh! Will you not know your mother's voice there? She who always called you by your first name long after others have given you the formal "Mister?" Will you not know your child's voice? She, of the bright eye and the quiet step, who came in from play and flung herself into your lap, a very shower of mirth and beauty? Why, the picture is given in your soul; it cannot wear out. If that little one should stand on the other side of some heavenly hill and call to you, you would hear her voice above the burst of Heaven's great orchestra. Know it? You could not help but know it.

No, no! Do not tell me that Heaven is stiff and formal. Sweet Heaven! You do not spell Heaven as you used to spell it. You used to spell it H-e-a-v-e-n, Heaven. But now when you want to spell that word, you place side by side the faces of the loved ones who are gone, and in that irradiation of light and love, and beauty and joy, you spell it out as never before—in songs and halleluiahs!

Oh, ye whose hearts are down under the sod of the cemetery, cheer up at the thought of this re-union! Oh, how much you will have to tell them when once you meet them! How much you have been through since you saw them last! On the shining shore you will talk it all over; the heartaches; the loneliness; the sleepless nights; the weeping until you had no more power to weep, because the heart was withered and dried up. Story of the vacant chair and empty cradle, and little shoe only half worn-out, never to be worn again; just the shape of the foot that once pressed it. Talking it all over, walking in the light. No sorrow, no tears, no death. Oh, Heaven! Beautiful Heaven! Heaven where our friends are! Heaven where we expect to be!

**WHAT I SOMETIMES THINK.**

**T**HAT there is nothing proposed by men that can do effective work like omnipotent Gospel. The religion of Ralph Waldo Emerson was the philosophy of icicles; the religion of Theodore Parker was a sirocco of the desert; the religion of Renan was the romance of believing nothing; the religion of Thomas Carlyle was only a condensed London fog; the religion of the Huxleys and the Spencers is merely a pedestal on which human philosophy sits shivering in the night of the soul, looking up to the stars, offering no help to the nations that crouch and groan at the base.

**T**HAT the church needs a change in quality as well as quantity of membership. One half the professed Christians amount to nothing. They go to church. They have a kind regard for all religious institutions. But as to any firm grip of the truth, and enthusiastic service of Christ, any cheerful self-denial, any overmastering prayer, any capacity to strike hard blows for God, they are a failure. One of two things these half-and-half professors ought to do—either withdraw their names from the church-roll, or else go so near the fire as to get warm.

**T**HAT the mission chapel has become a kitchen where the church does its sloppy work. Hundreds and thousands of churches in this country—gorgeously built and supported—that even on bright and sunny days are half full of worshippers, and yet they are building mission chapels, because by some expressed or implied regulation the great masses of the people are kept out of the main audience room. Now, I say that any place of worship which is appropriate for one class is appropriate for all classes. Let the rich and the poor meet together the Lord, the Maker of them all. Mind you, I say that mission chapels are a necessity, the way churches are now conducted; but may God speed the time when they shall cease to be a necessity. God will rise up and break down the gates of the churches that have kept back the masses. And we be to those who stand in the way! They will be trampled under foot by the vast populations making a stampedere for Heaven.

**T**HAT sometimes when we have sorrow our friends come in, and they try to sympathize with us to a certain extent, but they cannot understand all the grief. They do as well as they can, but they cannot understand it altogether. But, blessed be God! Christ knows. He has been all through the trouble, and all around about it. He has counted the tears, and counted the groans, and before the tears started, and before the groans began he saw the hiding-place of the sorrow. Bone of our bone; flesh of our flesh; heart of our heart; sorrow of our sorrow. As long as He remembers Lazarus' tomb, He will stand beside us in the cemetery. As long as He remembers his own heart-breaks, He will stand with you in the laceration of your affections. When He forgets His foot-sore way, and His lonely nights, and His weary mind, and His exhausted body, and His awful cross, and His solemn grave, then will He forget you; but not until then.

**T**HAT there are times when we ought to give ourselves to the contemplation of that solemn moment when to the soul time ends and eternity begins. This ought not to be a depressing theme. On earth, with many of you, the evening is the happiest part of the twenty-four hours. You gather about the stand. You talk and laugh and sing. You recount the day. You plan for the morrow. You have games and repartees. Amid all the toil of the day that is the goal for which you run, you thrill with the thought that it is toward evening. So death comes to the disciple! What if the sun of life is about to set? Jesus in the day-spring from on high; the perpetual morning of every ransomed spirit. What if the darkness comes? Jesus is the light of the world and of Heaven. What though this earthly house does crumble? Jesus has prepared a house of many mansions. Jesus is the anchor that always holds. Jesus is the light that is never eclipsed. Jesus is the fountain that is never exhausted. Jesus is the evening star, hung up amid the gloom of the gathering night.

*To be with Talmage*



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



YOU are sitting quite quietly watching the old year as it fades away and the new one as it comes in. You think of all the joys and the sorrows that have come to you during 1890, and of your hopes and ambitions for 1891; you believe just as you did a year ago—that you will make a great resolve that the year shall be better and your life nobler and more unselfish than it was last year. Now don't do this. Don't make the big resolve. Think, hope and pray what you want to, but in its place make a lot of little resolves that each one of which will in time tend to make you reach the goal you desire to.

Resolve to think a little less about yourself and a little more of the comfort of others. Resolve to be less quick of speech and more certain in action than you have been. Resolve not to let the wicked little demon of envy enter your heart and make you bitter and fault-finding. Resolve to consider those of your own household; the inclination on the part of too many of us is to reserve our virtues and our graces for those outside, and this is all wrong. My dear girls, you had better blush unseen, as good daughters and good sisters, than gain all the fame imaginable as bright talkers and great beauties without any homely talent. I like that word homely—I use it perhaps in a different sense from the one you give it. It means belonging to the home, and as the home is the place where love and charity should abide, so the talents that belong to it are best worth possessing. God bless every one of you and give you some day a home of your own. It may come in the new year. It may be in the years that are far off, but if it never comes just remember that the talent of making a home may be yours, and even though you can only exercise it in a single room you must not bury it and count it of no value.

The bells are ringing in 1891. The mistakes, the sorrows and the sins of 1890 are buried, I hope forever, and on the beautiful white sheet, this new page in the Book of Life, write only good things, live only good things, think only good things and you will have a good and happy New Year, and that is what I pray God to give you.

A FEW SELF-IMPROVEMENT HINTS.

IT is the right of every girl to want to look as pretty as possible. Remember I say a right, but I do not mean by that that she should make it a rite to which all her time is devoted. Somebody wants me to give her some hints about how to improve her appearance.

The first complaint is that she is bony. Well, angles may be converted into curves by a proper diet and the breathing of fresh air. Eat plenty of starchy food—fresh bread, potatoes, corn, beans; drink chocolate, or, better still, milk. Eat puddings and as much fruit as you like.

Don't be afraid to take regular exercise, and keep your digestion in good order. Don't fret; fretting and fault-finding make more women thin and wrinkled than anything else in the world.

Now, about your hands. Wash them in hot water, using almond meal instead of soap, just before you go to bed, and during the day don't wash them too much in cold water. A woman who has very beautiful hands told me that during the daytime she wiped off any stain that might be upon them with a piece of kid on which was a little vaseline. However, I am a bit old-fashioned, and prefer water to this. Then when you have the time, sit with your finger-tips in a bowl of hot water, and after they have soaked well, dry them and trim the nails, keeping the skin at the base of each, down in its place. Push it down either with the end of a soft ivory file, or a bit of wood, but do not cut it off. Do not point your nails, and do not polish them too much. The first makes the skin super-sensitive and causes it to grow quicker, while the second and third are counted vulgar.

As you want to hold your head well, get in the habit of walking about with a book—not too heavy a one—just on top of it, and you will be amazed to find how that slight incentive will cause you to hold yourself straight and to make you walk in a less jerky manner. Down in New Orleans the colored mammies used to make their little charges walk with a light-weight bowl filled with water on their heads, until they carried themselves so easily that not a drop of water would spill, and that is one reason why so many of the New Orleans women walk well.

As to complexion, the secret of a good complexion is cleanliness; not just a dab at your face with a wash-rag, and a thought that you are then sufficiently clean, but an entire bathing of the body; the face is simply the thermometer which tells of the body's condition, and where the skin is white and unspotted, the eyes clear and bright, the body is in good condition externally and internally. And about the hair? Well, as Mr. Rudyard Kipling says, that's another story, and you must hear of it some other time. But just follow these hints and see if you will not see an improvement.

THE VOICE OF THE CHARMER.

ONE among many of my girls begins her letter to me in this way: "I am in need of advice," and because there are so many who seem in the same sad predicament, I choose to answer her on this page. My dear girl, no man of honor ever continually visited a girl, talked of love and yet said that he did not think of marriage. If he does not think of marriage he ought not to whisper of love, and the sooner your acquaintance with him ceases the better it will be for you. The man you expect to love should expect to make you his wife, and you cannot afford to listen to protestations of never-dying affection from men who do not propose to put you in that most honorable of all positions—the position of a wife. I wish I could make you understand how dangerous this is; I wish I could get near enough to each one of you to put my hand on your shoulder and look in your eyes, and say, "Take care! Women whose lives have been those of shame and sorrow met their first temptation in this way. Go straight to your father or your brother and tell them what this man has said to you. Hear what they say, and see what they think, and if they are the honest-hearted men I believe them to be they will tell you as I do:—Listen to no word of love that is not followed by the suggestion of an early marriage."

"But," says a dear little maiden, "we can't get married yet; we have got to work to make a home, and that is what we are waiting and hoping for."

You are not the girl I am speaking to, Cheery Heart. Everybody knows you expect to marry the man who is devoted to you, and everybody knows that it is just a question of a little self-denial and a little waiting before the day will come when you become mistress of a home as well as a heart. It is the girl who is in doubt as to what she ought to do; it is the girl who is listening to the voice of the charmer, and for whom I fear so much, that I am talking to, and I ask her to write in letters of fire on her brain and her heart just these words of warning: "The love that does not mean marriage it is a disgrace even to call love."

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.]

AN INQUIRER—The daintiest and prettiest of card cases is illustrated and described in the December number of the JOURNAL, and that is the kind you would advise you to get. Your visiting card should have "Mrs. John Henry Brown" upon it, and it is not good taste to put your maiden name with it. When a woman marries she sinks that much of her individuality into her husband's, and in this way makes him responsible for a great deal of her folly.

L. A. D.—Your betrothed has the privilege of coming to see you often, of believing that you prefer his society to that of any other man, and of being your escort to various places of amusement. Privileges, as you describe them, are best reserved for one's husband. A pretty present for a man would be an etching to decorate the walls of his bedroom, a mouchoir case for his mufflers and ties, or a book that you think would be of interest to him.

ELLA S.—It is impossible to introduce a friend to a whole room full of people at once. Instead present some person who will be pleasant, and as the evening progresses see that she meets others who will make it enjoyable for her.

KITTY AND OTHERS—Try dusting your hands with a little powdered borax to prevent them from perspiring. Do this immediately after bathing them every morning.

CARRIE N.—By "a perfect lady," evidently you mean a well-bred woman, and the only way to be that is to be polite and considerate of everybody. To observe daintiness in your attire and person, and to forget, as far as possible, yourself, and then you will be more gracious and more interesting to other people.

INTERESTED READER—It would be a very bad form at a wedding for friends who are in the party to throw bouquets in the way of the bridal procession, and the wisest thing to do, if this should happen, is for the bride party to simply ignore them. People who wish the bride to receive flowers should send them to her home.

K. M. H.—Try bathing your eyes in very hot water every night and morning. This is recommended by oculists; but I think you would be wiser, as you complain of their weakness, if you had them examined by a good specialist who would tell you the cause of your trouble.

LAURA B.—It is your duty to try and like the sisters of the man you are about to marry. Is it not possible that your idea that they do not like you may be a wrong one? Overcome whatever dislike you may have, behave to them in your most charming manner and make the man you love, love you the more because you knew and thought it worth while to win the hearts of his sisters.

S. B. F.—"Side Talks With Girls" first appeared in the January number of the JOURNAL, 1890. If you have taken lessons on the piano and only have three-quarters of an hour a day to practice on it, I would not advise your taking up any other instrument. Plays suitable for amateurs may be got by addressing Samuel French & Co., West Twenty-third street, New York city. A catalogue will be sent you on application.

LILL E. C.—Wear your hair braided in the back, looped and tied in Coptician fashion with a black ribbon. Have a short, fluffy bang in front, and do not under any circumstances cut your hair at the sides.

MARY—You ask "Is it wrong to flirt?" and I answer you in this way. Unless you knew it was wrong you would not have asked me the question; and it is more than wrong—it is vulgar and under-bred.

FREDERICK—Mizpah is pronounced exactly as it is spelled, the accent being even. The word may be found in the Bible, and it means "The Lord Judge between you and me when we are absent the one from the other."

LETTERS TO BETH. No. X.—HOME STUDIES FOR GIRLS.

MY DEAR BETH:—

OUR question concerning Home Studies and Self Training is a subject I have long desired to bring to the attention of young girls.

You have little conception of the immense army of young women who are constantly saying, "I never had a chance. I left school very young, and therefore I have no education." Others declare that sickness, the need of earning money, or family troubles compelled them to give up study at the age of ten, or twelve, and, consequently, they have gone about mourning ever since because they have missed opportunities for improvement which other girls have had.

I cannot, of course, enter into an extended definition of the term "education"; I should give it in its highest, broadest sense; but I can say, with an emphasis born of experience and observation, that every girl in this broad land has the means of a solid, English education within her grasp if she will make an effort to obtain it. The things we really desire and work for we generally obtain. It is a question of earnestness of purpose and genuine desire.

If a girl wishes to become a good grammarian she has several avenues open to her. The evening schools, text books from the public libraries, or private instructors by the score, who are glad to spend their evening hours in teaching for a mere pittance.

The entire course of study in our evening schools corresponds with that in the day schools, and most girls who are employed during the day would find "rest in change" by attending them. If a girl has more foolish pride than thirst for knowledge, she may object to joining an evening class; but to all such I would say, it is ever an honor to seek knowledge no matter how old we may be. To be ashamed of ignorance is to be doubly ignorant, unless we seek to overcome it.

The wisest scholars are constant students, and an honest "I do not know," is a million times more respectable than pretense.

One of the finest scholars among women the world has ever known acquired several languages after she was forty years of age. Every girl has a chance for herself.

It is a question of the important or the unimportant; self culture or self adornment.

If a young girl prefers fine feathers to correct speech, and promenades with young men to the wisdom of famous writers, she need never mourn over lost opportunities. She is the arbiter of her own fate.

Several years ago a generous and cultivated woman in the city of Boston organized a system of "Home Studies" for young women who were living in country places remote from public libraries and the advantages offered by city life. Her pupils now number hundreds in all parts of the land, and the earnestness of the girls is evinced by their rapid progress.

The Chataqua Circles have also guided the education of scores of young women.

In addition to all these chances for a higher and better education, we have now established, in most of our towns and cities, Reading Clubs or Educational Unions, where classes are formed to give instruction to any who desire it. These classes include penmanship, higher mathematics, bookkeeping, cooking, sewing, embroidery, painting, general literature and the modern languages. Thus you see a young woman can obtain a liberal education if she will.

Many married women have availed themselves of these grand and free opportunities. Women whose early lives were crowded with cares and who now hunger for knowledge, recognize the truth of the old adage that "knowledge is power."

One of the brightest young writers for our juvenile magazines in this country has lived in an old farm-house remote from other dwellings, and yet, she is thoroughly well informed and is now reaping much pecuniary reward.

All things are possible to him or her who wills, and there is not a shadow of excuse for poor spelling, shabby penmanship, or ignorance, in these glorious days of ours when education is in the very air we breathe.

"But I cannot afford a library and books of reference," says a reader.

My dear girl, books (alas for poor authors!) are now sold for a song, and if you are remote from libraries begin this very day to prepare a reference library for yourself.

Every house, even on the mountain tops, has its daily newspaper; if you do not take one, any friend will reserve some for you.

Read them carefully, marking, as you read, articles worth clipping for further use. Have ready some large, square envelopes made of strong, brown paper, which you can easily make yourself. Have also in your room, or some convenient place, a set of shelves divided into compartments large enough to contain the envelopes when full. Label each compartment thus:

Popular Science, Mathematics, Foreign, American, General Literature, Poems, Medicine, Health, Geography, History, Art, Music, Authors, Dress, Printing, Biography, Self Help, General Observation, Book Notices and Miscellany.

Into these compartments put your clippings every night before retiring, and in a year's time you will have a valuable reference library.

This simple arrangement was long ago adopted by the young wife of an army officer who found herself in an isolated frontier post. Her shelves were made from a packing box gracefully draped with the breadths of an old gown. During the three years she remained at the fort she collected almost priceless material, which, simply bound, still furnishes amusement and instruction for her friends.

Thus you see, my dear Beth, I am a devout believer in Home Studies, and patient, faithful perseverance. This is the foundation of all success. Ever yours,

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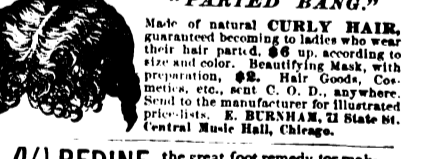
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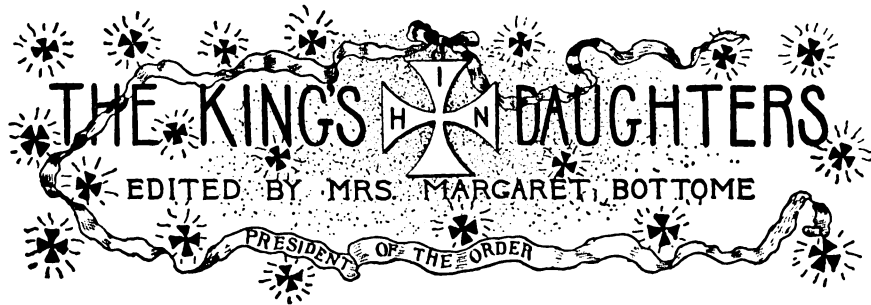
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The purpose of this Department is to bring the members of the Order of The King's Daughters and its President into closer relations by personal and familiar "Talks" and "Chats." All letters from the "Daughters," bearing upon this one and special purpose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

**A** NEW YEAR greeting! What shall it be? Of course, every one will say, "I wish you a Happy New Year." But mere wishing will not make one. What will? I should answer, hardly anything could help as a happy New Year like forgetting. And it is a Divine command, "Forgetting the things that are behind." If you say that is impossible, I can but answer: The One who by His apostle told you to forget, will enable you to do so. Anything that will impede your progress is to be forgotten. And you will forget it if you will be taken up with such things as are "before."

**I** SHALL never forget the effect of the remark of a well known clergyman upon an audience of over two hundred drunkards. He said to them in a ringing voice: "Your life is before you. You must stop thinking about the past, save for the lessons it may give you."

Once helped a poor fellow to a new life by quoting—  
"No star was ever lost we once have seen,  
We always may be what we might have been."  
He came to ask me if it was so, or "only poetry." I said, "It is so. You may yet be what you might have been." And he "was saved by hope."

**M**ANY of you women are depressed; you brood over wrongs; you say, "I cannot forgive." You are on the wrong road. This is the way—"Forgetting the things that are behind." Stop thinking of the past; as one thinketh, so is he. Act in the "living present," and think of the future! "Ah!" you say, "it is that, too, that troubles me. I wonder what will become of the children. I wonder how we shall get along; I dread to think of it all, I am getting older and am not so strong as I used to be!" Well, if there was no God who calls Himself our Father, I should not wonder at your thoughts and fears; but if I were you I would find out what He says about weak people, and old people and poor people. You dread poverty; yet if you searched the Scriptures you would find He says, "Blessed be ye poor." And then with regard to age, I read that when we get old He will "carry" us; and if you fear you may have to leave your children, He says, "leave them to me."

**T**HERE is no reason, therefore, why we should not forget the things that are behind—sins, sorrows, mistakes, all, all! Go forward without fear into 1891, and your hopefulness will affect your circumstances. People who have little hope and many fears are not likely to be successful along any line.

Last summer, on an Atlantic steamer, while walking the deck a lady said to me as I passed her chair: "You seem very well, this morning." "Yes," I answered, "I am usually well." "We like to look at you," she said; "it gives us, who are ill, courage, and makes us feel like making an effort!" O, I thought, if I could only be so helpful another way—be to other souls—

"The cup of strength in some great agony;  
Enkindle generous ardor; feed pure love;  
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty—"

This is worth living for.  
This will make the New Year happy no matter where we are, no matter how little we have. The eternal years are before us. We are going on unto perfection; so let us forget the things that are behind.

**I** DO wish I could give you a real New Year's gift; and I can, only I fear you will not see anything in my gift and will not care for it. It is this truth: "Behold, I make all things new," and you may be sure our attention would not be called to it by that word—*behold!* if there was not a great deal in it. O, what gifts in a gift are wrapped up in that word! "I make all things new." Never discount God's all; there is nothing outside of it. "Behold, I make all things new!" New Heavens, new earth; we shall be new, not old; new life, new hope, new surroundings. The old that we do not want to part with, made everlastingly new. Will you not take it in that you are going into *newness* of life? Surely, in the light of this truth we can take hold of hands and resolve we will love the mottoes that have been so much to us. The

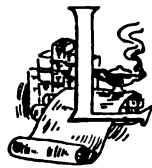
mottoes that paraphrase for us the three immortal principles on which our Sisterhood stands.

"Look up and not down; look forward and not back; Look out and not in, and lend a hand."

All this will be easy to do if we only believe what God says: that He will make all things new. Believe me, new hopes, new faith, new love are beyond all the new things that will grow old and perish. Your new outside costumes are not to be compared with the new and beautiful dress within.

So I wish you—the joy-bells that I know are the everlasting chimes—a Happy New Year! Ring out the old, ring in the new, for God says, "Behold, I make all things new!" So we shall have happy, endless years.

THOUGHTS OF LEISURE MOMENTS.



**L**AST summer as I stood before the wonderful Cathedral at Cologne, with its five thousand turrets and spires—"spires like delicate limbs in splinter"—and thought of the cathedral's slow growth (it was eight hundred years before it was completed); and now, in its completed beauty, the most beautiful cathedral in the world—I also thought of what we make so much of in our great sisterhood—Character! And we must never forget that the growth of character is always slow. We are ever going on unto perfection. The delicate spires are going up. The acts of patience, of self-denial, of thoughtfulness for others, we perform to others—all these done by us every day and hour are the stones by which the building is going on. Eight hundred years since the foundation was laid! I thought, as I looked at that splendid masterpiece of architecture, What shall I be eight hundred years hence? Shall I be a cathedral? Let our first thought, as Daughters of the King, our highest ambition, to be like our Father, and be sure that every hour tells on the character being built. You remember one of the great artists of the world said, "Trifles make perfection, but perfection is no trifle."

Let us aim at being cathedrals instead of huts.

**I** PASSED a few days last summer with Dr. Stephenson, of Chicago, the first woman ever placed on the staff of a public hospital, and the first admitted to the American Medical Association. She was telling me of the statue of Queen Isabella, (to be executed by Miss Harriet Hosmer) to commemorate that Queen of Spain's share in the discovery of America, who encouraged Columbus and loaned him money. Thus she became associated with the discovery of the new world, and is to be honored at this distant day. I was glad to meet Dr. Stephenson, who represents the "Queen Isabella Association"; but I was thinking while she was talking—The Queen encouraged Columbus; she advanced him money, and the consequence was a new world! O, there are other worlds, new worlds which might open to so many if they were only encouraged and helped a little; and women can do it! There may be no statue erected to their memory in the coming ages (and there may be), but it is such a blessed thing to do. If the queens of our American society would only help those struggling sisters outside their door to give them new life and new joy! Let us learn the lesson, from the statue to Queen Isabella, of encouragement and help to those who ask our aid.

**R**ECENTLY I was on a street-car when it occurred to me that I was going in the wrong direction. Asking the conductor whether I was going up or down, he replied: "You are going down." As I wanted to go up-town instead of down-town, I left the car immediately and took one that was going up. The question seemed to echo itself, "Am I going up or down?" There is more than one kind of traveling—there is a thought travel. Are our thoughts taking us down, or up? It strikes me these days that a good many people are on the wrong car. I was in a comfortable seat, only I was going down instead of up. Spiritual travel is of the utmost importance. We first want to settle where we want to go. Surely we want to go on unto perfection. Then we ought to make sure we are on the right road. If our object is physical perfection, then take the right car; if mental improvement, we must get the right train; if spiritual perfection, there is only one way. The Master said, "I am the way." To know Him, to be like Him, is going up. To be patient and loving and long suffering is going up; to be harsh and intolerant and unforgiving is going down. Settle it, that to believe in Christ, to obey Christ, is ever going up, ever ascending to that "City which hath foundations, the City of God."

I MUST HAVE A REST.



**S**OME time ago I heard of a young girl in our Sisterhood who had worn the cross for quite awhile; but one evening she said to a friend who happened to be a divinity student:

"Is your aim to be good and do good?"  
"Most certainly it is," he answered.  
"Well," said she, "then I am going to let you wear my cross for a time. I wouldn't let any one wear it who was not in earnest; but I am so tired of trying to be good; I must have a rest."

Doubtless you laugh at the story, but I had a real sympathy with that girl. I knew what she meant for her experience had been mine. So tired of trying to be good and never succeeding. We invert matters. God is good: That is the thing to remember and that will not tire us. Oh, if I could only get you to believe God loves you! "Being good," as you say, would not tire you, would not be a hard thing. But somehow you think you would be loved if you were good. May be you were told when a little child that God would love you if you were good and so you have had a wrong view of God, and that is the trouble with a great many, for God loves all. Remember the dying prayer of His dear Son—"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." There you see the love of God. Let your cross mean to you—"God loves me, notwithstanding all," and you will never have to take it off to get a rest. You will have rest in believing!

TWO KINDS OF WINDOWS.



**F**RRIEND in Berlin last summer told me the following story which helped me so much that I give it to you:

"The dingy panes of glass in the house opposite had troubled me whenever I chanced to look across the narrow street I lived in. Strange, I thought, that people will be content inside such windows, when they might have such glorious light let in if they would only apply a little soap and water. And one day as the stout German maid came into my own little parlor with her pail and sponge and brush on house-cleaning thoughts intent, I was conscious of a great access of self-complacency as I felt my own superiority, as a housewife, to my neighbor over the way. I went out for a little walk to give Hedwig undisputed sway in the parlor; and coming home again an hour or so later, looked up at my own windows. How they shone in the light of the setting sun! The work had been well done, evidently. Getting inside my room again, how they shone within as well as without, and—oh, marvelous revelation!—as I looked out on God's evening world to see how fair it was, how my neighbor's windows shone too! I called to Hedwig. In vain I plied her with queries. 'While you washed windows the maid opposite washed also, *nicht wahr!*'  
"No, madam, *ours* were dirty," answered the honest girl, without hesitation.  
Was it true? Yes; I learned the lesson there and then. When our own windows are clean and clear, other people's windows look amazingly clean and clear also. If our neighbor's glass appears dingy, let us send for soap and water for our own.  
And if this be true of glass windows, what may not be said with equal truth in regard to "glass houses."  
The truer and nobler and purer we become ourselves; the more quickly we shall see that which is true and noble and pure in others.

CRUELTIES TO HEAVEN'S MESSENGERS.



**I** WISHED while in Paris last summer that every one who wears the cross of our Order would speak, at least by example, for the birds. Let no Daughter of The King who made and cares for birds, wear a dead bird in her bonnet. I am sure the "Cruelty to Birds" people must be ignorant of this: There are birds eaten in Paris called Ortolans, and they form one of the best dainties of the table. They are caught alive, and to suit the palate of Parisian gourmets are artificially fattened in a chamber lighted only by the feeble glimmering of a lantern. The darkness makes them stupid and dazed, but they are plied with oats, millet and figs, and become soft and plump. Sometimes, under the delusion that it aids the process of fattening, their eyes are destroyed, and the unfortunate birds exist in the midst of plenty of food, but in complete darkness until they are ready to be sent to Paris. It was told me that there are nearly four hundred thousand persons holding *permis de chasse* throughout France, and if this goes on, the singing birds of France will soon become extinct. Do you say "What can I do?" I answer simply, bear you witness against the wrong. When a bonnet was banded me to look at with the remark, "I think this would be becoming," I said: "No, it would not be becoming for me to wear that poor, little bird. I think that was cruel." The woman looked at me and replied, "I think you are quite right, madam. I think it is cruel."  
Who will take the part of the poor, little birds? Who will remember the One who said, "Not a sparrow falleth to the ground without your Father." George MacDonald says: "God attends the funeral of every sparrow." Only think how He must feel at the wanton cruelty which kills the sweet songsters He made, and whose song I believe He loves to hear.  
If He cares for the birds, let us care for them.

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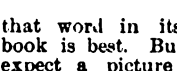
IN LITERARY CIRCLES

THREE GOOD BOOKS AND A POOR ONE. YOU CAN AVOID THE ONE AND GET THE OTHERS.



BOOK to be of any value must have something tangible in it which leaves a beneficial impression upon the mind of a reader.

NO matter from what point of view one might choose to read Mr. Ward McAllister's book—"Society as I Have Found It"—it would be disappointing. It fails utterly as a true social commentary, as some hoped it might be.



THE very name of Russia seems to suggest Nihilism, nowadays, and it is pleasant to find that Marion Crawford's latest novel—"A Cigarette Maker's Romance"—makes no mention of this national curse.

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MR. CRAWFORD.

LITERARY QUERIES

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

Mrs. F. E. O.—I cannot advise you to buy the edition of the "Encyclopaedia Britannica" to which you refer, as it is neither reliable or accurate.

CLARE—Maud Howe's story, "Phyllida," we understand, will shortly appear in book form, and by sending your order for it to the Journal, a copy will be sent you as soon as issued by the publishers.

Mrs. GRIFFITH—There is but one way to have a book published. Send the manuscript to one of the prominent publishing houses.

AN INQUIRER—Mrs. Helen Campbell can be addressed in care of the JOURNAL, and your letter will be forwarded to her.

ELIZABETH—The best way always is to send your manuscript direct to the periodical for which you intend it.

Mrs. M. A. VAN E.—Translations are not very marketable literary commodities at present, and there is in consequence but little demand for translators in the literary world.

RITA—You ask the names of five or six modern good novels worth reading. Something depends upon the taste of the reader.

M. E. H.—See answer to "Elizabeth," two paragraphs before this. Any one of the large type-writer manufacturers will, if you will write to them, gladly send you instructions for learning without a teacher.

CLARABEL B.—Write to J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, for circulars regarding their new edition of "Chambers' Encyclopaedia," and see if that will suit you.

PASSE ROSE—Address the publishers, Messrs. Roberts Brothers, of Boston. They are able to tell you much better than I can.

Mrs. EMMA G.—Why not try "St. Nicholas" or "Wide Awake?" Either or both would be excellent reading for your little girl.

CONSTANT READER—Your questions are too numerous; besides all of them have been treated in articles published on this page.

EMMA—A new edition of Grace Greenwood's best book "History of My Pets," has just been issued; the JOURNAL can send it to you for \$1.00.

ALMA—An article, story or poem, published in a magazine is the property of the magazine, unless the author reserves the copyright and an understanding to that effect is made with the editor before publication.

Mrs. J. O. S.—Look over the JOURNAL'S "Premium Supplement" sent out with the December number, and you will find plenty of good books, more than 300 of them.

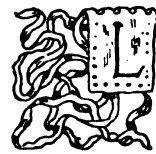
Mrs. EMMA B. H.—I cannot give you such an estimate as you wish. Write to Messrs. L. Frang & Co., of Boston.

Mrs. G. L. F.—There is no such magazine published within my knowledge.

ROSALEND—The magazine you refer to is published in New York city at \$2.50 per year, or 25 cents a single copy.

PAULINE—"Pluribus" is entirely out of print. I believe, "Dosticks" was the nom de plume of Mortimer M. Thompson.

IF YOU LIKE SHORT STORIES HERE ARE A BUNDLE BRIGHT AND CHEERY.



"LADIES FIRST" is such a courteous saying that this course may well be pursued in noticing the several volumes of short stories lying on my desk—stories over which one can, and I hope may, pass many a pleasant hour.

WHAT a keen and kindly observer Miss Sarah Orne Jewett is! She knows her New England thoroughly. The characters whom we meet in her last book, "Strangers and Wayfarers," are so admirably introduced that the "Strangers" become our friends, and the "Wayfarers" find hearty welcome on their way.

MISS MARY E. WILKINS'S collection of New England character sketches—"A Humble Romance, and Other Stories"—certainly make an excellent book. They are admirably true to life and seem to pierce the rough exterior of the rustic nature and penetrate to the heart beneath.

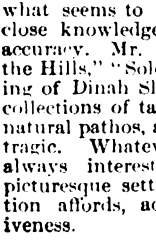
OF a very different kind, but a charming book withal, is Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton's "Stories Told at Twilight." The stories are for—and mostly about—young people, and are evidently written for readers of fifteen years or thereabouts.



MRS. MOULTON.

EUGENE FIELD'S newspaper work has long been known and admired in its own locality, and the extension of its audience will be welcomed by all readers of his "Little Book of Profitable Tales," which with his poems [to be noticed in next JOURNAL], has recently appeared.

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# Knitting and Crocheting

EDITED BY MARY F. KNAPP

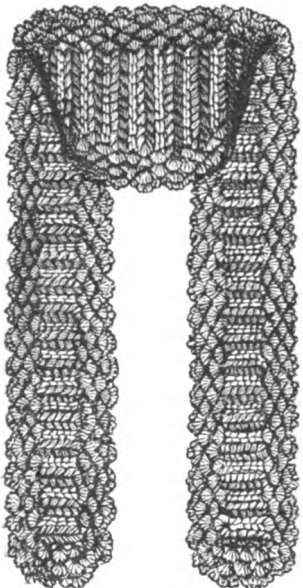
This Department will hereafter alternate each month with "Artistic Needlework" so that both of these branches of woman's handiwork may be distinctly and more fully treated. Both Departments are under the editorship of MISS KNAPP, to whom all letters should be sent, addressed to 20 Linden street, South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

### Terms in Crochet.

Ch—Chain—a straight series of loops, each drawn with the hook through the preceding one. Sl st—Slip stitch: put hook through the work, thrust over the hook, draw it through the stitch on the hook. Sc—Single crochet: having a stitch on the needle (or hook) put the needle through the work, draw the thread through the work, and the stitch on the needle. Dc—Double crochet: having the stitch on the needle put the needle through the work, and draw a stitch through, making two on the needle. Take up the thread again, and draw it through both stitches. To or tr—Trebble crochet: having a stitch on the needle take up the thread as if for a stitch, put the needle through the work, and draw the thread through, making three on the needle. Take up the thread and draw through two, then take up the thread and draw it through the two remaining. St c—Short treble crochet: like treble, except that when the three stitches are on the needle instead of drawing the thread through two stitches twice, it is drawn through all three at once. L t c—Long treble crochet: like treble, except that the thread is thrown twice over the needle before inserting the latter in the work. The stitches are worked off two at a time, as in treble. K l st—Extra long stitch: Twine the cotton three times round the needle, work as the treble stitch, bringing the cotton through two loops four times. P—or picot: made by working three chain, and one single crochet in first stitch of the chain.

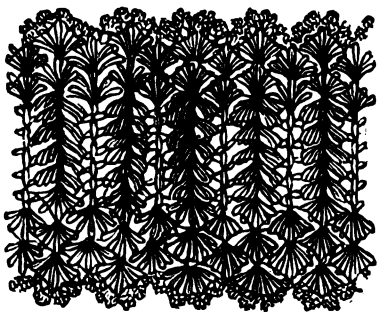
### Rigollette in Caterpillar Stitch.

THREE laps of split zephyr worsted; bone crochet needle. Chain 306 stitches.  
1st row—4 d c in 6th stitch of chain, \* skip 2, 1 s c in next st, skip 2, 5 d c in next. Repeat from star through the row, having 51 shells of 5 d c. Break the worsted at end of each row.  
2nd row—Join the worsted in top of ch 5—which counts as 1 d c—\* make a shell of 5 d c, putting the needle side-wise under the 3rd d c of shell, 1 s c in sc. Repeat from star through the row; break the worsted.  
Work the next 4 rows like the 2nd.  
7th row—Leave 17 shells, join worsted in next sc, work across on 17 shells, leaving 17 shells for the other tab.  
8th row—Leave 18 shells, join on, and work across on 15 shells.  
9th row—Leave 19 shells, join on, and work across on 13 shells.  
10th row—Leave 20 shells, join on, and work across on 11 shells.  
11th row—Leave 21 shells, join on, and work across on 9 shells.  
12th row—Leave 22 shells, join on, and work across on 7 shells.  
13th, 14th and 15th rows—work across on 5 shells.  
16th, 17th and 18th rows—work across on 3 shells.  
19th and 20th rows—work one shell on the centre shell.



BORDER.

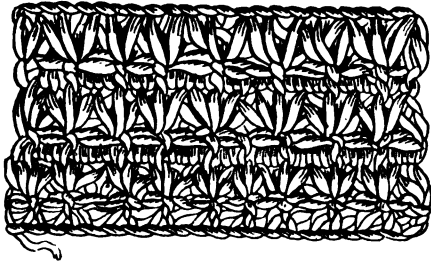
1st row—\* 5 d c under the 1 s c (sidewise), 1 s c in top of 3rd d c in shell. Repeat from star all round the hood.  
2nd row—5 d c under the 1 s c (sidewise), 1 s c in top of 3rd d c in shell. Repeat.  
3rd row—Worked like 2nd.



### Scarf Stitch.

MAKE a chain the desired length.  
1st row—raise the first 4 loops—as in tricôt—wool over the hook and draw it through the 5 stitches on the hook, wool over, and draw it through 1 st. \* Put the hook through the back part of the last d c, draw the wool through, then put the hook through

the chain st where the last d c was, then in next 2 stitches of the chain. You now have five stitches on the hook; put the wool over and draw it through the 5, then put wool over and draw it through 1 st. Repeat from star across. After making the last star put the hook through back part of last d c, then in same st where last d c was made, wool over, and draw it through the 3 stitches, over and draw it through 1.  
2nd row—Put the hook under the first st from the hook, draw the wool through, then under the next st (which is the 1 ch) draw the wool through, wool over, and draw it through



the 3 stitches on the hook. \* Put the hook through the back part of the last d c, then through the same st, where last d c was, then in next 2 stitches; wool over, and draw it through 5, over and draw it through 1. Repeat from star across. Work back and forth like second row, making the half st at beginning and end. This makes a very pretty afghan, using 3 pounds and 1 skein of Germantown, 4 skeins in a stripe, 7 stripes in width. Each stripe is 20 stitches wide. Finish the afghan with picot scallop all round.

### Crocheted Fan Tidy.

MATERIALS: 2 balls of Finlayson, Bonfield & Co's Scotch linen thread, No. 60; fine steel hook.  
Make a chain of 28 stitches.  
1st row—chain 3, 23 d c under ch 28.  
2nd row—ch 3, 1 d c in top of each d c—making 24 d c, counting ch 3 at commencement of row.  
3rd row—ch 3, 1 d c between first and second d c, 1 d c between second and third d c, so on through the row.  
4th, 5th and 6th rows—same as the 3rd row.  
7th row—ch 4, 1 t c between first and second d c, ch 1, 1 t c in same place, \* 1 t c between next 2 d c, ch 1, 1 t c in same place.  
Repeat from star until you have 23 groups of 2 t c.  
8th row—ch 4, 2 t c under ch 1, \* 3 t c under next ch 1. Repeat until you have 23 groups.  
9th row—ch 4, 2 t c between first and second t c of last row, \* 3 t c between first and second t c of next group; repeat from star through the row.  
10th row—ch 4, 3 t c between second and third t c, \* 4 t c between second and third t c in next group; repeat from star.  
11th row—ch 4, 3 t c between second and third t c, \* 4 t c between second and third t c; repeat from star.  
12th row—ch 4, 5 t c between second and third t c, \* 6 t c between second and third t c; repeat from star.  
13th row—ch 5, 2 t c between third and fourth t c, \* ch 3, 2 t c between third and fourth t c; repeat from star.  
14th row—ch 5, \* 2 t c between the 2 t c, ch 3; repeat from star.  
15th row—ch 5, 2 t c between 2 t c, \* ch 3, 3 t c between 2 t c; repeat from star.  
16th row—ch 5, 3 t c between second and third t c, \* ch 3, 4 t c between second and third t c; repeat from star.  
17th row—ch 5, 3 t c between second and third t c, \* ch 3, 4 t c between second and third t c; repeat from star.  
18th row—ch 5, 5 t c between second and third t c, ch 3, 6 t c.  
19th, 20th, 21st rows—same as the 18th row.  
22nd and 23rd rows—8 t c, ch 3.  
24th row—11 t c, ch 3.  
Make a fringe of 7 strands of the thread, about three inches and a half when double; tie it in between the 1 t c, d c—double crochet, put thread over the hook before putting the hook through the work.  
t c—treble crochet—put thread over the hook twice, etc. l t c—long treble—put thread over the hook three times, etc.  
Buy a piece of yellow ribbon, No. 2 gros-grain centre, satin edges. Cut 22 pieces 13 inches long; sew one end of each piece at the commencement end of the fan on the wrong side, put the other end through the spaces between the 14th and 15th rows on to the right side, and weave them in and out the length of the fan. Notch the ends of the ribbon. Take the remainder of the ribbon and make a bow; sew it so as to cover the ends of ribbon sewed down and hide the stitches. LAURA.

## 'STRAY \* \* STITCHES

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

Mrs. P. M. H.—Crazy-stitch is made thus: Make a chain. Turn and make three double crochet in 4th st from the needle, ch 3, 1 single crochet in the same 4th st, \* miss 2 stitches of ch, make 3 d c in the next st, ch 3, 1 s c in same st. Repeat from star through the row.  
2nd row—make a ch of 2, \* 3 d c under ch of 3, ch 3, 1 s c in same ch of 3, as the 3 d c. Repeat from star to end of row. At the commencement of each row, make a chain of 3. Proceed same as the second row.

To shape a necktie, take a silk four-in-hand for your pattern. Crochet it the same width, narrow and widen out to the same width you start with.

Crochet jacket without sleeves was given in September, 1889, JOURNAL. You can put sleeves in, or crochet them separately and put an elastic braid in the top of sleeve.

G. C.—The shoulder cape directions you wish for are given in book No. 1 "Reliable Patterns." You make a chain of 83 stitches for the neck. Price of the book is 25 cents; for sale by THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

ELLEN—To make holes to run ribbon through in neck of a knitted garment, put the thread over the needle and knit 2 stitches together through the row.

SALEM, KANSAS—Directions for loop knitting were given in January, 1890. It is just what you want as a finish round the face of a child's hood.

R. M.—Send me word what stitch you wish to crochet an infant's sacque; also give your full address.

SUBSCRIBER—Two styles of Tam O'Shanter cap are given in book No. 1 "Reliable Patterns."

SUBSCRIBER, Beverly, Mass.—We thank you for sending directions for knitted lace; printed the same in the JOURNAL some time since.

ELLA MAY, Phila.—Send your address with stamp enclosed to M. F. Knapp.

M. B. A. Randolph, Me.—Send your address, with 2-cent stamp enclosed, to M. F. Knapp.

### Bee-Hive Pattern.

COMMENCE with chain the length desired, work loosely.

1st row—Wool over the hook, insert the hook in the 3rd st from the hook, work a double crochet; do 6 more in the same place, miss 1 chain st, 1 s c in the next. \* miss 1 of the foundation, 7 d c in the next, miss 1 of the foundation, 1 s c in the next; repeat from star to end of row.

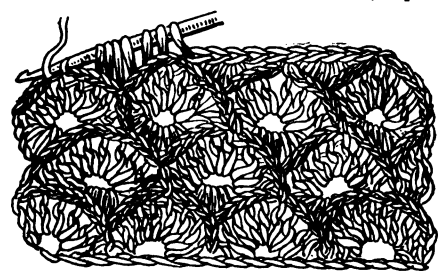
2nd row—Turn. (In this row insert the hook always in the top and back loop of the stitches of last row). Insert the hook in the top and back loop of the first d c of last row; draw the wool through loosely; do the same in the next 2 stitches, wool over the hook and draw it through the four stitches on the hook, ch 1, \* 1 s c in the centre one of the 7 d c's of last row. Now raise 7 loose loops in the 7 next consecutive stitches, put the wool over the hook and draw it through all the stitches (8) on the hook, ch 1; repeat from star. Raise 3 loops at the end of the row, to match the beginning, wool over the hook and draw it through the 4 stitches; finish with ch 1, to secure the group.  
3rd row—Turn. 3 d c in loop of 1 ch at



beginning of last row; \* 1 s c in the same place as the s c of last row is worked into, 7 d c in next loop of 1 ch of last row; repeat from star, doing 3 d c at end of row.

4th row—Work as in the second row, in the top and back loops of the stitches, raise 7 loops in 7 consecutive stitches, wool over the hook and draw it through all. 1 ch. \* 1 s c in the centre st of the 7 d c, raise 7 loops in 7 consecutive stitches, wool over the hook and draw it through all, 1 ch; repeat from star to the end of last row, and there catch by a s c to the end of last row.

5th row—Turn. 7 d c under the chain st at beginning of last row, \* 1 s c in the same place as the s c of last row is worked into, 7 d c under the next ch st of last row; repeat



from star. At end of row, catch by a s c to the end of last row, to keep the edge even. Repeat from the second row for the length required.

D c—double crochet: wool over the hook before putting the hook in the work, over, draw through 2 stitches, over, draw through 2.

S c—single crochet: put the hook through the work, over, draw the wool through, over and draw it through both stitches on the hook.



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



**HAPPY** New Year to you, dear Sisters—the happiest of all the years of your life! May every one of its three hundred and sixty-five days bring to you some joy of service, some added

blessing of gratitude from a fellow-traveler cheered by the way, guided over a rough place, or lifted out of the mire by you. The service you render may seem to you very insignificant, you may think you are not serving at all; but if the purpose be in your soul, there will come the blessing.

**MY** heart is touched by the wail which comes from many a weary woman, and I long to fill up the vacant hearts, to enlarge the meagre lives, and to give of the fullness which God has granted me into your empty lives. How can I do it? How can we give to each other of our abundance, when it is not of gold or precious stones, but of love and joy and peace? Ah! that heart-aches is just what we can give. We may spend it freely and not impoverish ourselves.

And so, as this new year offers us a time for "fresh beginning," let us see to it that our stock of love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness is inexhaustible, and that we are lavish in spending it.

"And still beyond your household duties reaching,  
Stretch forth a helping hand;  
So many stand in need of loving comfort  
All over this wide land;  
Perchance some soul you aid to-day, to-morrow  
May with the angels sing;  
Some one may go straight from your earthly table  
To banquet with the King."

**A FEW** days ago I heard a missionary address from a charming lady. I use the word charming in no light way; she has "charmed" away want and anxiety from her home by her sweet courage and patient effort. But I did not begin to tell you about her, but about something she said: She said women were almost always dealing with dirt in some form or other; their lives were mainly occupied in getting rid of dirt. And she said it was very important that they should endeavor to fill their minds with great thoughts, as a sort of antidote for this constant association with what is in itself disgusting and degrading. And I have thought a great deal of what she said and I think there is truth in it.

And I commend you, who are feeling tired of your daily disagreeable fight with dirt in the house, in the clothing, sweeping, scrubbing, washing, in an endless circle of inevitable routine, to apply this antidote of great thoughts. Cut from the paper that paragraph or that poem which thrilled you when you read it, and pin it over your sink or on your cushion, and think about it as you wash the dishes or sweep the room. I remember once having an eager young student follow me in my sweeping tour through the house with a volume of Emerson, and, in spite of the choking dust, read me the choice bits he found, and I made some acquaintance with Clough, the poet, one summer when I had unusual duties in the kitchen and I took him there with me. I remember those days of rather offensive labor, with pleasure, because of some "great thoughts." Try it to-morrow when you take up the day's toil.

**I F** some of you have not even the advantage of a busy life, you surely must need "great thoughts." Get a map, put your finger down on it almost anywhere, and ask yourself what is going on there? What leaven of thought, or enterprise, or purpose is working there? What is the world's progress in Russia, in Turkey, in Italy? What influences are at work for good or for evil in Spain? Why have we heard so much more about Bulgaria than about its next door neighbor, Serbia? If you begin to ask these questions you will find "great thoughts" crowding upon you.

**ARE** you thinking of going abroad? "Oh, Aunt Patience!" I fancy I hear you say, "Why do you mock me? How can I go? I have no money; I am tied in this corner hand and foot." Just so I thought not many years ago, and yet, at last, I have really been; not for a "grand tour," not to many of all the fascinating places I long to see; but I have seen something of the old world, and am so charmed with it that I want you all to go; and from my experience let me whisper a word in your ear. Never mind whether or not you think you can go; begin at once to get ready. You can have a beautiful time preparing, and if you follow my advice, I venture to say you will know more of Europe without stepping out of your own door, than many a traveler who has yawned through a six-months trip.

**THERE** are a few things you may leave till the last, such as the selection of your wardrobe and the engaging of your passage, but you must decide at once where you will go. Will you spend most of your time in England, or will you go at once to Holland and make your way from there to Switzerland? If you go to England you will see such verdure as you never dreamed of before. Roses will look at you from the thatch on the roof of a laborer's cottage that make you ashamed of the bunch you gave your friend, and thought them so fine, just before you left your native land. You will wander through the "green lanes," picking flowers and getting an appetite for the bread and butter and tea which awaits you at the quaintest and neatest of wayside inns. You can fill your eyes with beauty in the great cathedrals, while your soul is stirred by the music of organ and choir. You may go into houses hundreds of years old and full of historic association, or wander on the moor where the wild, red deer still finds a home.

**OR**, if it is winter, you may go to Italy; you may see Rome before it becomes a modern city; you may take up your abode in Florence and find that after weeks of pleasure there, you would fail to exhaust its charms. You may go to quaint old Brittany and go back untold years as you watch the strange custom and costumes there. Perhaps you may prefer Russia or Norway. You may go anywhere; the conveyance is the same and the cost the same.

**YOU** must have a guide-book, of course. Perhaps you can borrow one from a library or from a friend. You will find it divided into "routes." Choose which you will take first, and appoint one of the family to read it over. Suppose you go from Liverpool to London; while you are in Liverpool you must see all you can of it. Your guide book will tell you where to go, but as you go on you will want to ask many questions. The encyclopedia will answer some for you, and you will find many friendly cicerones. Look at all the pictures you can find, and make yourselves in every way as familiar as possible with the history, the architecture, the customs of the place. You will be sorry to leave it, but you must go on to Chester. The railway journey will interest you because you find everything so different from the railroads at home. And as for Chester—but I must not begin to speak of that most delightful place—you will spend several days there looking about the strange old town, visiting the Cathedral, sailing on the Dee, going to Hawarden to call on Mr. Gladstone, and seeing the wonders of Eaton Hall, one of the fine places belonging to the Duke of Westminster.

You are now well started in your preparations. I shall wish you a safe and pleasant journey, and hoping to hear from you that you are enjoying it thoroughly, I shall say, "auf wiedersehen." AUNT PATIENCE.

#### SUNDAY OCCUPATION FOR CHILDREN.

**DEAR AUNT PATIENCE:**—In your column of the October JOURNAL some good mother asked for hints from the JOURNAL circle on Sabbath entertainment for her children. Dear heart! What must be her disappointment this month, as she eagerly looks through the JOURNAL and finds nothing! It was the first thing I sought.

Jacob Abbott's book on "Gentle Measures," is grand, and if every mother would read it and put its precepts into practice, there would be few unruly children of twelve and fourteen years whose mothers elicit so much sympathy. But to our text: Jacob Abbott does not tell us how to entertain our children on the Sabbath. I wish he did.

If you have room in your column, please insert for the dear sister who sprung the question of Sabbath entertainment, the following:

Have made a good, close, shallow box about three by four feet by six inches deep. (It may be larger or smaller to suit the convenience of owner). Cover the bottom with several inches of clear sand. Now, on the Sabbath, take your children and give them practical lessons in the geography of the Holy Land. Make depressions in the sand for lakes and rivers, heap the sand for mountains, use blocks for cities and strips of card-board for their walls.

I think with the exercise of a little ingenuity, this may be made very entertaining and instructive, and draw the dear little ones to Christ. If it can be afforded the bottom of the box may be lined with glass, which will bring out clearly the lakes, rivers and sea. Now do not allow the box to be used except on Sabbath. A. E. S.

#### USE FOR PAPER BAGS.

**DEAR SISTERS:**—Here I lie on my back, of no earthly use; but I have been very much entertained by reading my HOME JOURNAL, and I see many useful hints in your friendly letters, and thought that I would mention "Just Among Ourselves," some of the uses to which you could put your paper bags. One lady says I just hate to black a stove; it is such dirty work, and gloves are such a bother, and take time. Well just slip your hand into a paper bag and go to work; when you are through stick the bag into the stove, and that is the end of that. Another thing: What woman does not just hate to clean a spittoon? Slip a paper-bag into the spittoon which leaves a ruffle around the top, and gives that useful article of furniture quite a dressed-up look. Every morning put the soiled bag into the fire, and another dreaded job is off your hands.

I got so that I dreaded to go to the park on account of the lunch-baskets to carry around, now the children put their lunch in a paper-bag, their napkins into their pockets, and after lunch we are free to enjoy ourselves.

MOLLY.

I object to calling a spittoon a useful article of furniture. There was never such a thing in my house. Cannot we train our boys not to be spitters?

#### BOOKS WRITTEN FOR CHILDREN BEST FOR THEM.

**DEAR AUNT PATIENCE:**—I think children should be early taught the value of books. The best way to do this is to give them books written especially for children. The love for reading will come as a matter of course.

Whether children keep their books in their rooms, or with those belonging to the family in general, is, I think a matter of taste or convenience. If a child wishes to keep a few choice books in his room, why let him do so if they can be kept free from becoming soiled or dusty.

I am delighted with this new Department in the JOURNAL, and I am sure the Sisters, one and all, are glad that we can say a few words occasionally among ourselves. A MOTHER.

#### GIVE LITTLE TASKS TO LITTLE CHILDREN.

I agree with Mrs. C. H. B. in saying "Let us teach the children to be useful." Not only those girls of seven or eight years can be of great help, but those bonny boys of four and six, can save mamma many a step. We have two boys now fast nearing five and seven, and many a little task they do for me. It is a help to me and they feel that they are useful too; and, Mothers, don't forget the "Thank you," for what they have done; they then feel that you appreciate their help and that they are useful. Those two little words mean a great deal sometimes.

Will you or some of the many Sisters advise the best way to secure prompt obedience. "In a minute" is a great "bug-bear" to overcome. ROXY.

#### SHOT AND OIL AND BOOKS.

**DEAR AUNT PATIENCE:**—Let us make the most practical use of this page. Let each that writes to this column be brief and to the point. How many of the Sisters keep on hand some shot, about two or three teaspoonfuls for cleansing catchup and vinegar bottles, that we all know are so tedious to clean? After using, the shot can be dried and kept in a baking-powder box. If you have to use hard water, and find your wash basin in the kitchen will get grimy, pour a little kerosene oil into it, rub it with a rag and you will see how clean and bright it will be. If you have only a few volumes in the family, I would put them all together. As the number increases, each member might then keep separately his or her books. I believe in getting books for birthdays and other anniversaries. FORGET-ME-NOT.

Will Mrs. R. C., who writes a good word for Senecio Marcoglossus, or new German Ivy, on page nineteen (19) of the MAY LADIES' HOME JOURNAL kindly send her address to Mrs. L. E., 159 East Utica street, Oswego city, N. Y.

#### NOTES ABOUT VARIOUS THINGS.

Mrs. E. F. H. found that she could no longer stand for hours to do the ironing, which included the shirts for four men and boys; but the shirts must be ironed; and she overcame the difficulty by sitting on a child's high chair, not too far from the heater, with her basket of dampened clothes on another chair, within easy reach. Though obliged to rise when a hot iron is necessary she is much less fatigued than on other days, and can iron any garment as nicely when sitting as she formerly did when standing.

Mrs. P., living in Texas, is justly proud of her four children, and is grateful that her three sons neither smoke or chew tobacco nor drink intoxicants. She says that you who live in the blessed Northern States do not know what sad habits of drinking many of the mothers in her neighborhood have fallen into, and do not know how hard it is to protect a family from the evils of a depraved community. Let us remember with sympathy our Sisters who are in the midst of such trials.

One of our correspondents asks that we express our unwillingness to have the World's Fair open on the Sabbath. I wish our influence was strong enough to prevent it.

Mrs. M. R. wishes to thank the many friends who sent to her the information she asked about pillow-shams. She regrets that she cannot answer the letters individually.

One who is feeble in body, uneducated, poor, homeless and nearly thirty years of age, asks what she can do for a living. Parents, beware how you leave your children to grow up without the knowledge and the skill to enable them to do some one thing well.

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SUNDAYS IN THE HOUSE.

SUNDAY should be made the happiest day in the week to children. Not a day of restraint and repression to be looked back upon with aversion, and exchanged, as soon as increasing years makes it practicable, for utter license and self-indulgence. It is a holy day, but it is also a holiday. Often it is the one day in the week when the busy father can see anything of his children, at least in daylight hours, and he should not miss its opportunities.

GOD made this beautiful world full of life and light and color. He meant it to be enjoyed, not merely tolerated as a vale of tears through which we must pass to reach a better country. He implanted in all young things a happy, joyous spirit. It is the duty of parents to guide these natural impulses of their children, not to try to eradicate them.

THE Father whose tender care is over all His creatures, in whom we live and move and have our being, is a God of love, and to represent Him in any other light to children is doing them a cruel wrong. To please Him should be the central thought of all the Sunday duties, occupations and amusements. Why should He who honored the marriage at Cana with His presence, be shut out even from the pleasures of little children? He should be invoked, not as a stern mentor whom merriment would be sure to displease, but as the Master who listened to the songs of birds, who noticed the sparrows and the lilies, and who on at least one Sabbath walked in the corn-fields with His disciples.

THE day should be marked even for very young children with a change of pleasures. Certain books and toys should be kept for this time alone, and produced as a Sunday treat. Bible pictures and story books, the brighter and more attractive the better, are particularly appropriate. They need not be exclusively adhered to. There are many sweet and touching stories in prose and rhyme that will be eagerly listened to, and that teach lessons of kindness, unselfishness and obedience that will never be forgotten. A Noah's ark is a treasure of unlimited possibilities. The story of the great flood always rivets the attention, and each animal will furnish a starting point for a description of its home, its habits and its adaptation to its surroundings.

THE Sunday walk, whether in town or country, should never be omitted in pleasant weather. Bird and flower will furnish texts for a hundred sermons, but do not be too anxious to read "books in the running brooks." Tell some one interesting point in natural history, illustrating it by the object in question, and spend the rest of the time in play. The streets of the city furnish a thousand lessons, though here, too, let the chief end be relaxation.

THERE is generally some person in the neighborhood sick, or poor, or lonely, who can be visited, and this should be one of the Sunday pleasures. If some delicacy, made, or provided, by the children, can be carried so much the better. The old and blind like to be read to by a clear, earnest little voice, or sung to in the childish treble that is so sweet. Some special treat should always be provided for the children themselves on this day. Fruit, candy, or cake, such as they do not have at other times, and they should be taught to share it with others who are less fortunate.

WHEN the family is musical, an unending source of delight is provided without trouble. Let the music be the best that can be had, and increasingly good each year. If their taste is properly educated children will sing simple chants and the hymn tunes of the masters of the art with as much pleasure as the inane productions that are usually inflicted on them.

CHILDREN should be taken to church once every Sunday, not more until they are old enough to desire it. The habit is invaluable, and this invests it with the charm of association. The remembrance of the father's reverent manner, and the mother's earnest devotion, the stillness and the calm of the sacred atmosphere, will form a chain too strong to be broken to bind them in after life to the service of God's house.

ELIZABETH ROBINSON SCOVIL.

IN THE TRAINING OF BOYS.

BY AUNT MARIE.



It is my belief that, as a rule, boys are abused, and it is small wonder that so many of them grow up to be so thoughtless and useless. I want to make all due allowance for the nervous, over-worked mothers (for I have been one myself) who cannot long endure the noisy clatter of little boots, or the restless romping of "those boys." But oh, how often a little planning and loving forethought would save our "nerves" and, also, our boys.

Give the boys a room of their own, where they may be allowed to work, play, read or whatever the boyish fancy may dictate. If he be fond of reading, let him have plenty of good, suitable books, and papers, and an easy chair in which to sit in while he reads them.

A boy loves comfort as well as a girl does, and money spent in making him comfortable at home, goes a long way towards keeping him off the street. Some boys cannot be satisfied to spend a whole evening in reading; these must be provided for in some other way. Let them have games—there are many innocent ones—and let them invite their friends into the house, and feel that they have a share in the home. I used to let my boys pop corn, make taffy candy, whittle and run a scroll saw in the evening in spite of the litter it made, and I never regretted it.

If the boy wants to make money, that is, speculate in a small way, and can do it without interfering with his school duties, let him do so. It will teach him to be industrious and will cultivate business habits. I knew a mother, who went into partnership with her boys, she furnishing the capital, and the boys doing the work. In this way she taught them to keep accounts, and if the money made did not amount to much, the lessons learned were invaluable.

Boys like to be trusted, it makes them manly. If a boy deserves praise give it to him freely. I know there are boys and boys, but I have never yet found one who was not susceptible to kindness, and who could not be managed if the right course was pursued.

HINTS FOR FEEDING A BABY.

THE delicate young mothers who are physically unadapted to nursing children, and who are unable, if they so desired, to obtain a wet-nurse, I send the following directions for feeding a child with cow's milk through the medium of the much-abused patent nursing bottle.

For their encouragement allow me to say that I believe a careful intelligent mother may bring up her children in perfect health by so-called artificial feeding, sanitary and other conditions being good. I have cared for two children, and I am familiar with the catalogue of evils attendant upon the use of the nursing bottle only through the columns of various periodicals.

And so, dear little mothers, if there are good reasons why you should not nurse your baby with mother's milk, do not become discouraged if your mother-in-law or nurse speak disparagingly of every other way of bringing up a family; but direct the nurse to give the little one warmed cow's milk diluted one-half with boiled water. If the weather is warm she should also add a small quantity of lime-water, not enough to affect the taste of the milk unpleasantly.

When possible, fresh milk should be procured night and morning. It should be diluted at once with the boiled water, and set away in a cool place ready for use. After the child is a few months old, the proportion of milk may be increased until it is able to digest undiluted milk. If, when it is ten or eleven months old, it seems to demand more nourishment than milk supplies, it may be given night and morning a portion of Mellin's, Nestle's or Ridge's food, prepared according to directions on the package.

A child should not be given solid food until it is two years old. Any wise physician will advise liquid food during the period of dentition. About caring for the bottle—for upon its cleanliness depends its successful use—it and its patent attachment may be kept as clean as a cup. In order to save the trouble of cleaning a bottle at an inconvenient hour, and that a fresh bottle may be ready for use during the night and another for the morning, one should always be supplied with three well-fitted bottles. These may all be cleaned in the morning at one's leisure, with hot water and soda. After that one bottle will usually serve during the day by carefully rinsing the tube and bottle after each period of nursing. A bottle should not remain in the cradle after the child's hunger is satisfied, as the milk will become stale, and perhaps turn sour.

In cleaning the bottle and tube one need not fear to use the brushes sold by the druggist for the purpose. If one of its bristles should chance to get loose, the thorough rinsing under a faucet which should always be given each part, will surely remove any obstruction. The tube brush should be used by drawing the wire handle through the tube. I have seen some people stupidly try to work the brush end through the tube, thereby bending and injuring the bristles. When gas is not available a small oil stove is a necessity for speedily warming the milk. The mother should bear in mind that a baby is a creature of habit, and that one cannot begin too early to bathe, feed and otherwise care for it at regular periods.

If the milk should cause constipation, cathartics should not be given a child, but instead a small glycerine suppository. This should be given at a certain hour every morning, if necessary. It will tend to regulate the bowels without deranging the system.



HINTS FOR PREVENTING COLIC.

Nearly all young mothers have passed through the dreadful experience of wind colic. We have all walked the floor, tried all sorts of ancient and modern remedies, and confessed the little sufferer by turns, and all of no avail.

Now, as a young mother I do not feel at liberty to treat as nought the excellent remedies of our mothers and grandmothers. But why need the little one have the colic at all? On the face this question looks absurd in the extreme. I feel that if proper precaution is taken, there is no need of a child having the colic, and to maintain my position I will relate my experience in this line.

Twice, and twice only, did my dear, little boy have wind colic. I tried all the recommended remedies, but the only thing that would afford the least relief was hot applications, and the thought came to me, Why not heat him before it comes on? Accordingly, about three o'clock the next afternoon (the colic usually comes on between the hours of three and six), I heated flannels, blankets and shawls and rolled him snugly up before the heat of the steam. On the next day, however, I held him, gently rocking and singing until a slight perspiration started out from the little body, then gradually removed the extra clothing, taking great care to keep him from draughts. No sign of the unwelcome visitor appeared. The next day some unforeseen event prevented me from fulfilling my design. Late in the afternoon piercing cries announced the arrival of the colic. Nothing ever prevented me from taking the above precautions again, and I consider myself strongly fortified against wind colic. Try it, mothers; for my little one it acted like a charm. It may be yours. E. A. S.

WINTER CLOTHES FOR A BABY.

I want to tell how I dress my baby in winter to keep him warm and save myself much labor. Baby was eight months old when fall arrived, and wanted to be on the floor rather than anywhere else, so the question was—how to dress him to keep him warm enough.

I bought soft, wool-knit vests of a dark color. Over these I put a high-necked cotton flannel waist, about two inches longer than his dress-waists. This waist had two rows of four buttons each round the bottom, viz., one button in front, one in the back and one under each arm, the buttons in the second row being about one-half inch below the upper ones. On the under-arm button of the upper row I buttoned his garters, (a piece of elastic with a loop of tape at each end). Next came black Saxony stockings reaching several inches above his knees, with a button on the outer edge to button to the garter. Then came his diaper, over it dark flannel drawers, which were buttoned to the lower rows of buttons on the waist. Two dark flannel skirts with bands, instead of waists, buttoned to the upper row of buttons.

Over all came a worsted dress, and with shoes baby was warm and comfortable. The diaper drawers kept his little legs from being chilled when he was on the floor, and at the same time kept his clothes from being soiled or wetted. They are easy to open when baby needs changing.

One dress a week was all he needed, with a bib when taking his meals, and he was all winter with two dresses I made from an old dark blue cashmere of my own. Some odd left-over pieces of lace gathered round the neck were the collars, and baby looked as nice as any one. When he went visiting, he wore white flannel skirts in place of the dark ones, and either a white flannel dress or a red cashmere.

This winter I dress him the same, only having no longer any need for diapers. I put gray-flannel buttoned drawers on him, making them long enough to reach to his ankles. These I put inside of his stockings which reach up over his knees.

So many mothers keep white or gingham dresses on their little ones in winter, and then complain of the amount of washing a baby makes. My baby, in winter, has never increased my washing and ironing very much. S. H.

ADVISE ASKED OF "THE COUNCIL."

Will some mother who has been successful in curing her child of bed-wetting, and the child has suffered no ill effects from it afterward, please give me the benefit of her experience? My boy has a strong, hearty belief of nearly nine, but as soon as he is asleep, he loses control of himself and his bed is thoroughly deluged. I notice that a cold increases the trouble. I have tried several remedies, but none have had the desired result. G. W. F.

TELLING STORIES TO YOUNG CHILDREN.

In answer to a "perplexed mamma," I will say that I am the mother of two little boys four-and-a-half and seven, and a little girl three-and-a-half. I never read to my little boys; I take some first-class boy's periodical and have several story books for children. I read these and then tell them the story in my own words. This has an attraction which reading has not. The stories in the Bible I treat in the same way. Mrs. C. B. PROCTOR.

WHO WILL HELP THIS MOTHER?

Will some one kindly tell me what to make and how to make babies' first clothes? MARY.

STRAIGHTENING THE BABY.

So many babies suffer from wrinkled clothing. The first action after taking the young baby from the cradle is to give the back of its clothes a "jerk" to straighten them. How would we feel, mothers, if our clothes got in such a jumble every hour?

No wonder mothers have sleepless nights! No wonder baby frets all day having to lie on a mass of wrinkled flannel and muslin.

Yet from time immemorial the babies are so dressed—long skirts sewed on broad bands and many times pinned. Mothers, there is a far better way: Make the little skirts, which are to be worn next the skin, sleeveless and long enough to cover the abdomen, and then fasten the diaper over it. Then the little skirts are to be cut like a princess wrapper and button in front with small, flat buttons. Put a box-pleat in the back and two smaller ones in front, so they can be let out easily when baby grows larger.

Instead of hemming round the neck, and armholes and sleeves of all babies' flannel wear, cut in small scallops, and buttonhole stitch firmly with silk or linen floss the same color as flannel. This is also a pretty way to finish the skirt round the bottom, and if you can a little cluster of leaves looks pretty in each scallop.

Muslin skirts should also be cut princess, and then with Mother Hubbard dresses baby is warm and comfortable and hence "not cross." KITTY KARL.

TURNING A SLEEPING BABY.

My mother taught me not to allow my baby to sleep on one side longer than an hour. It is very easy to turn them over without waking them, and it tends to prolong their naps. I take a firm hold of the clothing near the wrist and a little below, and roll the baby gently over. It will not waken the slightest of the little sleepers if properly done, and then it is delightful to see them stretch a little and cuddle down in the new position as though appreciating the change. When they are unable to turn themselves, they get cramped after sleeping an hour in one position, and that wakens them and makes them irritable.

If mothers of cross babies will try this plan, I am sure they will find it "helps." FANNIE STONEY.

A CURE FOR A CHILD'S CORNS.

Being a mother, and having no mother to go for advice, perhaps you will help me. My oldest child four years old is troubled greatly with corns between the toes. Is there anything I can do for them? They are very distressing. J. W. FLETCHER.

Place a piece of absorbent cotton between the toes, and let the child wear soft shoes with broad toes. Corns are caused by pressure obstructing the circulation.

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

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**HOW I BOUGHT A DOG FOR HIS MAJESTY, THE SULTAN OF TURKEY.**



The following letter addressed by Gen. Lew Wallace, when he was United States Minister to Turkey, to his son, Henry L. Wallace, will interest thousands of boys as a humorous account of how the author of "Ben Hur" bought a dog for presentation to the Sultan of Turkey. The letter is printed by permission of Gen. Wallace's son.

CONSTANTINOPLE, TURKEY, Feb. 14, 1885.

MY DEAR HENRY:—

The Sultan is driven by business every hour of the day and a great part of the night. . . . Harrased as he is it is a question in my mind if the sword of Othman, hanging on the walls of the mosque at Eyoub, would be worth the wearing. It brings the sovereign no peace, no rest; but that is not what I want to tell about.

It is curious that I forgot to say anything of the dog which His Majesty asked me to get for him. Now to the report: I spent four days in London doing nothing but looking at dogs. As you know, it is the greatest dog market in the world, just as England is the greatest horse, sheep and cattle market—I mean, of course, for specialties in the way of blooded stock. I'd like to know what kind of a dog I did not see in those four days. The dealers brought to the Langham every species I had ever heard of, and many more too. The specimens ranged from a King Charles spaniel, so small you could easily put him in your overcoat pocket, up to a boar-hound, big as a year-old burro.

The prices asked were simply amazing—and in most instances they were the actual market prices, running as high as five hundred guineas, or three thousand dollars. The dog I sought was for no ordinary purpose; it was to take care of my royal friend, and to be his intimate, his guardian, his sentinel, his body-guard. Consequently it must have the qualities of strength, faithfulness, good nature and courage. My first idea was a St. Bernard. I found this species will not do for the climate of Constantinople; their long hair is against them; and when I came to see a pure blood, he was not so fine looking as I had imagined. I then thought to buy a boar-hound, such as Prince Bismark keeps to accompany him in his constitutional, and is always photographed with him. It is an immense brute, in fact.

When I examined one I shrank away; his face was treacherous and full of malice. He did not seem so much a dog as a dangerous beast of prey. I knew by my own feeling that the Sultan would be afraid of him. Then I examined the stag hounds, being started in that direction by recollection of Sir Walter Scott's friend and boon companion, Maida. They did not suit at all. They are merely hunting dogs, and not by any means handsome. They would not do for the beauty-lover of the East; so I gave them the go-by.

Finally, at the suggestion of a friend who has attended the bench shows of the city for a couple of years past, I sent for English mastiffs. The first one brought me was about two years old, and he had the recommendation of having taken the first prize for the most magnificent creature of his kind I have ever seen. I wanted him at sight; but, how much? I asked. Only five hundred guineas! I shut my eyes and ordered him off.

The dealer then said he had one of his sons, perhaps eight months old, which he would sell for a much less sum. I had the pup brought, and closed the bargain at once. A finer dog I never saw. He has a head like a lion's, a body to correspond, is quite thirty-six inches high already, and measures, from point of tail to muzzle, over six feet. His color is exactly that of a lioness. His face below the eyes is black as ink, so is his mouth. A crowd gathered in the portico of the hotel to see him. One man climbed to a window on the outside, and looked in, suggesting a burglar or thief. The dog saw his head; his eyes reddened; all the hair on his back stood up straight, and I never heard a growl so basso profundo. It was a fine exhibition of nature. I took him at once, paid the money, and had him sent express, by sea, to Constantinople.

He came safely a few days after I landed and was taken immediately to the Sultan, who had already dispatched several messengers to ask about him. He is now in clover and his master is delighted with "Victorio." When Mehemet, the Kavass, took the dog to the palace, every one in the reception-room gave

a glance and then ran. "It is a lion," they said. At last accounts he was playing with the little princes, and, it is said, the Sultan is getting acquainted with him.

You think the price a large one to give for a dog; and so it is. It would buy an excellent horse at home. But it was to be a present. I remembered the beautiful Order offered to me, the Arab horses—which the law forbids my acceptance—the jewels I may not receive. Better to forget His Imperial Majesty had asked for a dog than to bring him a second-rate animal. So much for the gift, which was a pleasant thing on both sides. With love to all, Your father, most affectionately.

LEW WALLACE.

**WHAT MAKES A BOY POPULAR?**

By HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN in his boyhood was very popular among the simple, hard-working pioneers. He had no money, but had what was better than a golden purse—a heart that could feel. He sympathized with everybody, and even with the beasts and birds.

He was intolerant of any injustice, and was a true knight, although he wore blue-jean trousers which were usually too short for him. This sympathy with others grew. Once walking in Washington with Seward and discussing affairs of State, he heard some birds crying, and found that a young bird had fallen from its nest. He stopped and replaced the bird in the nest. That instinct of universal sympathy made him a popular boy, and a yet more popular man. If a person lives up to the best light he has, he will have more. If a person is generous at heart without money, he will one day have money with which to be generous in hand.

Robert Burns was a popular boy. Why? Read his lines to a meadow mouse which he accidentally ploughed out of the ground. Sir Henry Havelock was a popular boy. Why? He was chivalrous. He led boys at school in the same high spirit that he led the English army in India.

Gladstone was a popular boy although he was very conservative in his educational years. One of the things that made him popular was a debating society that he formed and of which he became the leader. This society was a study of life and the problems of the age.

Popularity is the recognition that the world gives to sympathy and unselfishness. It cannot be bought with money. It shuns him who is ambitious for it. "I am the most unpopular young man in college," said a student to me some years ago. "I want to be popular; I try to be; I spend my money generously, give spreads, seek society, and yet I am disliked." He was rich, had an honored name, and had been sent to the greatest of our colleges, but he sought to attract attention to himself, and his generosity was selfishness.

Politeness makes a boy popular. Politeness is a debt due to superiority, and reverence is a likable trait in a boy. Let two boys apply to a gentleman for a situation, and that one will be selected who shuts the door, wipes his feet, and stands hat in hand with an "I thank you, sir." A gentleman knows another gentleman by instinct, and nothing pleases a true gentleman more than to recognize a gentleman in the soul and manners of a boy.

The popular boy is a lover of sports. That is right. But he looks upon the play-ground as a place for the pleasures of his fellows, and he goes there to the end that he may help them enjoy themselves. He buys his games for others. He goes on excursions for others, and when he camps out or goes out sailing he is eager to do twice the work of the others.

An affectionate boy is always popular, if his affection be manly. Affection is a manner of expressing sympathy with others. A generous boy is popular; generosity is but another way of expressing sympathy. A chivalrous boy is popular; a high sense of honor is a regard for the rights of others, and yet another manner of expressing sympathy.

What makes a boy popular? Manliness. During the war how schools and colleges followed popular boys! These young leaders were the many boys whose hearts could be trusted. The boy who respects his mother, has leadership in him. The boy who is careful of his sister, is a knight. The boy who will never violate his word, and who will pledge his honor to his own heart and change not, will have the confidence of his fellows. The boy who defends the weak will one day become a hero among the strong. The boy who will never hurt the feelings of any one will one day find himself in the atmosphere of universal sympathy. "I know not," once said the great Governor Andrew, "what record of sin may await me in another world; but this I do know; I never yet despised a man because he was poor, because he was ignorant, or because he was black."

Shall I tell you how to become a popular boy? I will. Be too manly and generous and unselfish to seek to be popular; be the soul of honor, and love others better than yourself, and people will give you their hearts and delight to make you happy. That is what makes a boy popular.

**A LITTLE WAY DOWN STREET.**

By ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

My boy, you came in rather late last night, and this morning, when your mother asked where you were, you said, "Down street." Then when she wanted to know where abouts down the street, you said, "Oh, just a little ways."

Now, I don't think you intended to lie to your mother. As a rule, you are a truthful boy, and your mother can believe you. But I wonder if you know how far down street you were last night? You were right when you said you were "down street"; whenever a boy comes home late at night, and is afraid or ashamed to tell just where he has been and what he has been doing, I know as well as he does, and his mother knows, and everybody who knows anything about boys knows, that he has been "down street."

And more than that, my boy; I know that he has been a long way down street. A long, long way. Have you a map of your route last evening? No? Well, never mind; we know you were down street, and we can make a map in a minute or two. Sit down here, and we'll see how far a boy travels when he leaves home after supper, and goes "down street a little way" and doesn't get back until ten o'clock or later.

Here is your home, this bright little spot like a star on the map. The sweetest, purest, safest place this side of Heaven; the home where, from father to baby, they love you better than all the rest of the people in all the big, wide world. Now, you start from here and go "down street"; somehow the street always has a down grade from home when you sneak out after night. See how far you get from respectability and self-respect, when you reach this corner, "just a little ways down," where you loafed—eh? Well, I'll say "loitered," if you prefer it—where you "loitered" last night. Here are the fellows with whom you loitered. You had to meet them here, because you can never meet them in your home, for two reasons; in the first place, your father wouldn't permit one of them to come into his house, and in the second place, you would be ashamed to invite them there, whether your father forbade it or not. Sweet "gang" for your father's son to "loiter" with, isn't it? It's a long ways from your respectable home, from your mother's friends and your father's guests, to this corner "down street," isn't it?

Then—look on the map, my boy—see how far it is from manliness and decency. Two ladies hurried past this corner, friends of your mother; possibly they had been spending the evening at your home. Thank Heaven they could not see you as you slunk back into the dark doorway, feeling like the sneak that you were; and, as they passed by, one of the loafers with whom you were loitering shouted an insulting remark after them. Your cheeks burned in the dark, at that. Didn't your home and your sisters seem to be a thousand miles away just then?

See, too, how far you were from purity. Some of the boys told some stories; do you think you can repeat them to your sisters? Don't you wish this morning that you could forget them forever? Don't you wish you had never heard them? Don't you know your mind will never again be as pure and innocent as it was before you went "just a little way down street" last night? While you were listening to these stories, punctuated with profanity, the dear ones at home gathered in the sitting room, your father opened the Book, and read; they knelt at the family altar and commended themselves to the keeping of the Heavenly Father; and tenderly remembered the boy who was "just a little way down street." Then the lights went out one by one, the house was still, and only the loving mother waited anxiously and sleeplessly for the boy who was down "street." It was more than ten million miles away from the sweet, old chapter that your father read, down to the stories that you heard, my boy. And what a steep grade, all the way down!

And it was a long, long way from the truth. When you evaded your mother's question, and said you were only "a little way down street" the lie in your false heart looked guiltily out of your eyes as it rose to your cowardly lips. Just see where you were; you, ordinarily a brave, manly, truthful boy, turned into a liar and a coward! You would fight, I know, if any boy called you such names, but just tell yourself the truth; don't lie to yourself. Weren't you ashamed to tell your mother where you were? Yes. Well, doesn't that make you a sneak? And weren't you afraid to tell your father? Yes. Well, what does that make you? And did you tell the honest truth when your mother asked where you were? No. Well, what are you then? And let me tell you that the "half truth" and "half lie" you told your mother is like all half breeds; in has all the worst traits of the vilest race and none of the virtues of the best.

"But," you say, "a boy doesn't have to go with toughs and riff-raff when he goes 'down street'; there are some mighty nice boys go down street at night." My boy, I know it; there are some "mighty nice boys" go out of nights, but they are not so nice when they come back. You can't select your company on the street. The corner is free to everybody. There is no exclusiveness in street company. There is no safe "corner" for you after night except the chimney corner. And when you leave that, and spend the evening on the street, and can give no account of your doings on your return beyond the bald statement that you were "just down street a little ways," we know, with pain and sorrow, that our boy has locked up in his mind and heart, shameful, guilty things that he dare not tell in his home. Keep off the street after night, my boy. Other people will think better of you, and, what is a far more important thing, you will think much better of yourself.

**TWENTY-ONE "CON'S" PROBLEM.**



THE Editor was very much pleased with the hearty way in which the JOURNAL's boys responded to the "Con's" problem. More than 3000 answers were received, and a very large part were correct. All the letters were numbered in just the order in which they were received, and were opened in the same order. Here are the names of the first five boys whose answers were found correct; and, according to the announcement in the November JOURNAL, a gold dollar has been sent to each of them:

J. W. PETTEY, Prospect, Ohio;  
ERNEST GREGG, Detroit, Michigan;  
FRANK D. BECKHAM, Columbia, S. C.;  
MARC HIGGINBOTHAM, Detroit, Mich.;  
GEORGE E. GRISWOLD, Decatur, Iowa.

This is how the young Irishman's story should have been written, his name being signed at the bottom:

"Our family consisted of considerably more than ten people when I was a more or less contented boy; but in consequence of inconsideration on the part of some of our unconscionable connections I left home and fled to the continent. As I didn't prosper there I continued my travels, concealed in the hold of a ship whose name is not contained in any lexicon. I was discovered and incontinently dragged out. One day I reconnoitered, and found a new and convenient hiding-place. I contrived to keep this two days, but at the end of that time was found and sentenced to condign punishment. By a preconcerted arrangement with a sailor I managed to get occasional liberty. After considerable hardship I reached this country and located at Macon, Con."

Of course a large number of boys who worked out the problem correctly will be disappointed that they did not get one of the dollars. But these and all other JOURNAL boys will have a chance at the next one, which will appear in the next (February) number. We hoped to print one this month, but it was not quite ready, and so we shall postpone it until next month. Look out for it, then, boys! In the meanwhile, the Editor congratulates the winners of the "Con" problem.



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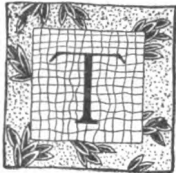
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A BOY WHO BECAME A KING.

By NELSON W. WILSON.

(Continued from December number.)



Oh Quay's surprise he was among the favored number permitted to take seats in the great ring, and as the hour approached for the ceremonies to begin, his heart suddenly beat high with hope.

Finally the beautiful eleven-year-old princess, accompanied by her ladies, climbed to the top of the tower where they knelt and for a long while prayed to their gods. The bands about the palace then played the national air, and the five thousand expectant heirs cheered the princess whose features could hardly be distinguished on top of the tower.

For a moment the music stopped; the three girls gazed toward heaven with upturned faces, and suddenly threw the three balls into the air. They seemed to float about in space for a minute as if hesitating in which direction to fall. Suddenly the breeze wafted them above the spot where Ah Quay sat intently gazing upward, and then they fell, separating in their downward course. The first ball that reached the assemblage below struck Ah Quay on the knee, and it was but the work of a moment to hide it among the loose flowing folds of his moqua. He thought he had secured one of the ladies of honor for his wife, and he immediately started for the royal palace to claim her.

When he reached the gate leading into the apartments of the princess and her ladies, the guard stopped him and inquired in gruff tones where he was going.

"I am going to get my wife," said Ah Quay, innocently. "Here is the ball to prove that one of the ladies belongs to me."

The lad drew the ball from his moqua and had no sooner presented it before the astonished gaze of the officers than they knelt before him, and called him "The Son of Heaven!" Oh Ah Quay then glanced at the ball for the first time, and as he did so his

Quay's past history, and caused a great sensation by making it known to the entire Annamese nation that they were to have a foreigner for a royal son-in-law and part heir to the throne. The affair created a great disturbance for a few days, during which time the princess declared that if she could not marry Oh Ah Quay she would never marry at all, and then what a nice state of affairs the nation would be in when she died. The ministers finally decided that as the proclamation had been written in the Chinese court language, and had not forbidden Chinamen to enter the contest, that the young man had a perfect right to his place, and this settled everything.

The ceremony was performed with great pomp two days later, and Oh Ah Quay then received the title "King Shulin." Two years later a little son was born to the princess. Seven years later old King Tidok died, and the young boy, Prince Onnasuro, was formally crowned King of Siam. In reality, however, the once poor little orphan boy, Oh Ah Quay, was the ruler, and had reached his exalted position only by study and perseverance. Soon after the old king's death he made a visit to Peking, where he met the Emperor of China. When that august personage had heard the young ruler's history, he conferred upon him and his son the title of "Leon-Ko-Poh-Chow-Wong," which means "King of the Two Seas." He further granted him, and his people, Chinese protection in consideration of a tribute of elephants and gold, which custom has been continued every year since then.

And to-day the nine-year old king of Annam, Thank-Tai, who is a direct descendant of Oh Ah Quay, of Hon San, China, rules on the magnificent throne of Annam.

This is the story, and when it is finished the wayward scholar always returns to his books with renewed energy. It is a very pretty story and a true one, too.

Little Thank-Tai, the youthful king, is a very sad and melancholy boy, and is greatly given to day-dreaming, although he studies a great deal. He loves to watch the gold fishes in the globes in his room, and seems to care very little about toys and playthings as other children do.

BRIGHT SAYINGS OF CHILDREN.

GRACIE'S SYMPATHETIC INVITATION.

Across the way from Gracie's home lives a family with which her parents do not care to associate. The smallest scion of this family is a forbidden playmate for our little girl. Gracie, who is a real little missionary, was much exercised

LITTLE SYBIL'S DISCOVERY.

By LUCY C. LILLIE.

(Continued from December number.)

SYBIL knew nothing of such a danger, of which Jenny feared, of losing the work of Mrs. Jasper. She thought only of doing Jenny and Bob and her mother a kindness, and not a pang of fear had ever crossed her mind or heart in uncle George's presence. To other people he might seem stern, reserved and unapproachable; to Sybil he was all indulgent kindness and affection. The dark eyes of his dead sister seemed to be looking at him from the childish face; the little rosy mouth, with its dimpled corners, was so like the one he had kissed for the last time ten years ago, and

the town in the friendly darkness, and pasted them all up myself. Now I've told you that I was an utter greenhorn in some respects. What happened will prove it. That night poured with rain; the Methodist church had a social, and some committee meeting was going on. I was standing rather forlornly after my performance was over, reflecting that the money I had taken in would barely pay my expenses, when a lad approached holding out a piece of paper. It was my printer's bill. "Father told me to present you with this and ask you to call in the morning."

"I took it with a leaping heart. I never before, strange as it may seem, had received a formal bill, and my only interpretation of the boy's words was that the kindly printer seeing my non-success had made me a present of his work. No wonder you smile; but such was the fact, and with the utmost gratitude in my heart I went back to my hotel, there to



"Sybil was clinging to the young sewing-girl with the sweetest caress in her manner."

Sybil's voice was like music to him from the happy past. Her light knock brought a smile to the Judge's grave face, and when she appeared he looked up from his writing table, with a cheery—

"Well, little woman, what now?"

"It's about Jenny," said the child, standing by her uncle's chair and looking very important. "It's a very particular thing indeed, and I want it so much. She's poor, you know, and she's just made some lovely clothes for me, and now she—we're afraid Mrs. Jasper won't pay her this morning, and she needs the money. I said I'd tell you," concluded the little ambassador with a quick backward toss of her curls and a gleam in her eyes.

"Why on earth should Mrs. Jasper delay?" the Judge began angrily.

"Oh, we're not sure," exclaimed Sybil, "but I was so afraid of it."

"And who is Jenny?" inquired the Judge, his vexation giving way now to amusement.

"She sews," Sybil answered. "I had a lovely talk with her the other day all about herself. Mrs. Jasper hadn't come in and Jenny sat in my room. Her father died long ago, but they used to be well enough off until then. He was a printer, in a town out West—some name like—oh—it was like your pepper—oh, yes, Cayenne. His name was Arbutnot; she is Jenny Arbutnot."

But Sybil's story was suddenly interrupted. The Judge's face had flushed and then paled.

"Stop, my dear," he said hurriedly. "Are you sure of this? Where is this young girl?"

"Upstairs, uncle George."

"Tell her to wait, my darling, until I send for her."

The moment the door had closed upon the little figure, the Judge unlocked his private desk and began a quick, nervous search of some old papers; then putting an envelope into his breast pocket, he left the house hurriedly, going as quickly as he had ever walked to the residence of his oldest and best friend, rector of a neighboring church.

Doctor Seaman was at home, and in a moment the Judge was ushered into his study, where he plunged at once into the matter which had brought him there.

"It's a story you will hardly believe," the Judge said with a smile, "but it's all true, and I want advice as to my duty in the matter. I don't know whether I ever told you that when I was a lad, sixteen to eighteen, I was an ignorant of business or worldly matters as a little child, and I had to work my way through college; did whatever I could get to do in a busy Western town, and when our holidays came I went about making use of the only accomplishment I possessed. I could read well, was a fairly good mimic and elocutionist, and in those days out West entertainments were scarcer than they are now, you know. Well, I generally paid my way on these trips and brought back a small nest-egg; but to do it I had frequently to walk from place to place, and to attend to anything I could for myself in preparing for my 'show.' Funds were pretty low with me one Christmas time, and arriving in a Western town, where I had done well once or twice before, I determined to get my handbills and posters printed, and under cover of the night, paste them up myself. It would hardly do for the elocutionist to beseech with the paste-pot and brush in his hand. I found a genial printer doing a thriving business apparently, to whom I gave a certain amount of my confidence, interesting him sufficiently in me to say 'he'd do well by me.' The posters struck off, I crept round

find a letter saying I must start for Cleveland at once. My grandfather was dying. This fact filled all my thoughts. A draft for my expenses had been inclosed, and I started by the midnight stage. Two weeks passed at my grandfather's side. It was only when the end came I had to help my uncle to wind up the affairs of the estate, that I learned business methods, and it rushed over my mind the idiotic mistake I had made. Now, then, here was my chief wrong-doing. I procrastinated—though with plenty of money now at my command—I can hardly tell why, and let weeks elapse before I wrote to the printer in Cheyenne, explaining my error and inclosing the amount due; but the letter was returned, and all I could ever discover of the man was that he had been killed in a railway accident, leaving his family in great poverty; but on sending for their address, was informed they had left the town, the postmaster could not say for what destination. Once or twice I advertised, but with no success; but ever since, whenever or however I have heard the man's name, I've searched for my old creditor. Queerly enough, this morning, I believe my little Sybil, out of her sweetness and compassion for all those in need, has put me on the right track. She has had a girl named Arbutnot, like my dead creditor, working for her, and she came to me this morning to see that a bill was promptly settled, as this Jenny Arbutnot was so poor. Her father was a printer in Cheyenne. There seems no doubt, as the name is not ordinary, I can pay my debt at last, and with interest; but I want your advice as to how it shall be delicately and serviceably done."

And the Judge drew from his pocket a faded bit of paper, which he had never wished to lose, in which the fact was stated that the sum of \$4.20 was due Rosnell Arbutnot, etc., etc.

Meanwhile, Sybil had rushed back to her nursery to find Mrs. Jasper administering the sharpest of rebukes to poor Jenny, and there was for the moment no chance of stemming the tide of the old lady's wrath; but Sybil's eyes blazed when the housekeeper turned to demand how "she had dared go to her uncle about the bill."

"Because I wanted Jenny not to wait one moment," declared the little girl. "She is my friend, and I love her."

It was upon an odd scene that the Judge opened the nursery door a moment later. Sybil was clinging to the young sewing-girl with the sweetest caress in her manner, but her eyes were dancing not altogether with mirth, while Mrs. Jasper angrily tossed Jenny's parcel together, declaring "she'd look it over well before she paid for it."

"Oh, no, Mrs. Jasper," said the quiet voice of her master, "Jenny's bill is to be paid now, with another I owed her father years ago."

And while Mrs. Jasper, dumb with mortification and surprise, stood by in silence, the Judge questioned Jenny, eliciting facts which proved his surmise to be correct, and an hour later he and Sybil were accompanying the delighted, bewildered girl to her mother's home, where a scene ensued, which to this day Sybil is fond of recalling with Jennie. It took but a short time for the Judge to make matters comfortable in the Arbutnot household, but what Sybil liked best was that her uncle realized Jenny's dream of a *Lingerie* shop all of her own, where you may be sure the Judge's little heiress is a constant patron, and the tea in the nursery was given with all the "delicacies of the season," as a celebration of what Sybil called "her discovery."



"He was introduced to his bride the princess."

heart gave a sudden jump, for he read the name of the princess worked by her own soft hands. A great crowd collected round him to tender their congratulations, and presently the old king himself, attracted by the noise, came out to view his new son-in-law. When he saw how refined and handsome Oh Ah Quay was, and how much whiter his skin than that of the rest of his people, he was overjoyed. He also noticed that he spoke the same language and dressed like the Annamese, and this pleased him so, that he at once conducted Ah Quay in state to the royal apartments where he was introduced to his bride the princess. She was immediately captivated with him and fell so in love that she would not allow him to return to the silk merchant, but insisted that he should stay and make immediate preparations for their coming marriage. A few of the jealous old nobles, whose sons had not been fortunate enough to catch the coveted ball, started in to investigate Oh Ah

concerning the spiritual welfare of her little neighbor across the street. One day she was playing in front of the house and chanced to see him, when she ran to the gate and called out in a pitying little voice, "You poor little boy! Come over to my house and go to Heaven with us!"

TOO MUCH FOR PAPA.

Six-year-old Ted had been looking out of the window at a passing funeral, and his little face was a grave bit of an interrogation point.

"Papa, how does they go to Heaven?" Papa thought a minute, then said, "O, like a little bird sometimes, dear."

"A little chicken-bird, papa?"

"Yes," answered papa, rather amused.

Then Ted fell into a deep reverie, his little face puckered into wrinkles.

By-and-by he looked up and said, "Then, will mamma go up like a hen, papa?"

# HELPS FOR GOOD HEALTH

## WOMAN'S GREATEST ENEMY.

### A FEW HINTS HOW TO TREAT SICK HEADACHES.

BY LAURY MACHENRY.



**T**HE headache *par excellence*, or, rather, *ad libitum*, among women is the "sick headache," and by that, I find, is meant a head-ache which is attended in any stage of its action by a nausea which increases until vomiting ensues, when the patient's skin becomes naturally moist again. She drops into a nap, and wakens to find the grinding, throbbing pain much better, and herself on a short route to recovery for this time. Aye! there's the point! She knows it only means for this time, and that she must expect many, many times through her life to go through the agony of the past few hours.

And yet I feel sure that every woman can lessen the number and frequency of her headaches by simply taking care of herself.

Now, the first thing is the diagnosis—You can't take care of yourself unless you know what care you need, so let me help you out in this.

Now we will divide our patients up into three classes:

First—those inclined to be fleshy, full-blooded, sluggish and possibly slow and easy-going in all they do.

Second—spare, quick, active and nervous women who get around with a whiz, do forty things at once, and with faces whose lines and wrinkles show that they are worrying for all creation.

Third—those women who belong partly to both the first and second classes, and yet not strictly to either; and this third class I intend to ignore completely, so far as talking directly to them goes.

They are, usually, a reasonable class to get along with, and I have no hesitation about asking them to read what I write to their fleshier and thinner sisters, and pick out such morsels as they need for themselves.

To my fleshy sister, then, I would say: Your trouble is, doubtless, a general sluggishness of all of your internal machinery. You are lazy! Not that you dislike work, but from a habit which has grown upon you. You need a great deal of will-power to induce you to take active exercise or do active work. You like work that you can sit still and perform; you will sew all day, rather than fly round and do the chamberwork; you will not walk if there is a street-car, and yet you can eat heartily, and you do relish good things.

Now, of course, I will advise you to take more active exercise; but, don't attempt it until you first have done something toward stirring into activity and health your individual organs.

In nearly every case, laziness is a disease, or a complication of ailments, brought on, I grant you, by habits of idleness and ease; but a disease, nevertheless, and it is useless to attempt to throw off your slow and easy habits and to assume a life of energy and activity, while your liver is torpid and sluggish, and your blood thick and slow, and everyone of your organs gorged with bile. Of course you could, by a tremendous effort, put on a spurt of activity, if a sufficient incentive could be brought to bear upon you, but it would be at a great expense of will-power.

Leave your sewing-machine for a year, and the oil on its various bearings will dry up or gum up, and when you place your feet upon the pedal it will run hard. Now you can do either of two things: you can put on extra strength and make it run by sheer force; or, you can clean it up and oil it, so that it will run with its old-time ease.

Do I make myself clear?

Now, to get your liver working and your blood in healthy condition, take laxative food, and adopt habits of exact regularity.

There is nothing in our whole life so conducive to our health and happiness as this regular attention to the wants of the body. If mothers could only be taught to train up their little ones "in the way they should go" in this matter, we should soon have a population of healthy, brisk, red-checked men and women. No more yellow skins and sallow complexions, languid manners and dyspeptic grumbling.

Here is an excellent, cooling laxative, perfectly safe, and you can increase or diminish the dose in quantity or in frequency as best suits you:—

Get a pound of Glauber salts and put it in a quart bottle; fill the bottle up with water, shake it up well and let it settle. Take a wine-glassful of the clear water every morning as soon as you get up, and, if you find it necessary, another after breakfast.

You can continue this course for weeks, and your skin will get fresher and healthier, your breath sweeter, your eyes clear, your headaches less frequent and less severe, and your indisposition to active exercise will be less pronounced. As soon as you commence this treatment, gradually increase your active exercise, especially out of doors.

And then there is another important thing to remember. The waste products, which have been clogging your system, will also be expelled through every pore of your skin; therefore, bathe rather oftener than usual, especially the feet.

I wish I could induce you to try a brisk sponge bath in tepid water every morning. Remember I am speaking to fleshy sisters now. As a rule, the thin, active, nervous women do not need it. Just an all-over wetting and a brisk rub off with a coarse towel. It won't take ten minutes and you feel the invigorating effects of it all day. In cold

weather add a little alcohol to the water, say a tablespoonful to each quart. If you feel disposed to be chilly or shivery, add a tablespoonful of tincture of capsicum, or of essence of Jamaica ginger to each quart.

This water that I advise you to drink as a medicine, will prove more palatable and you will have more faith in it, if you will compare it with a glass of any of the high-sounding foreign medicinal waters in taste, appearance and, especially, in its effect.

In the matter of diet, I would advise you to abstain from rich pastry and cake, and indulge in fruit and vegetables. Eat slowly and chew well and long.

This course that I have laid out is for a thorough curing of sick headache; but I suppose you will want to know a relief for the times when it comes on during the curing period. Well, when you feel your sick headache coming on, you can nearly always "head it off" with an emetic. You know from experience that the vomiting must come sooner or later, so at the first approach of the headache, take a good emetic (ipecac, or tartar emetic), and lie down and wait for it to act. Drink warm water to help it along. As soon as it is over, soak your feet and ankles in very hot water with mustard in it; then go to bed and take two or three swallows of hot water with a little solution of menthol in it (make it as strong as you can swallow), rub some menthol on your head where the pain is, make the room all dark, and you will be asleep in two minutes. When you waken, you will bless the JOURNAL for this advice.

Please don't take the different quick headache cures that are advertised, and specially avoid the little headache pills.

If, for any reason, it is inconvenient for you to take the mineral water recommended above, you can get some senna leaves and carry them with you; it is not at all necessary to make a tea of it—simply chew the leaves well and swallow juice, pulp and all. You can take a pinch—about as much as a man usually takes of tobacco—once or several times of an evening, and its effect will be noticed in the morning. This has also the advantage of not tasting very bad.

In my next paper, I will speak to the second class of patients—the nervous, thin women who tend to weakness.

### HOW TO TREAT A SORE THROAT.

BY A TRAINED NURSE.



**A** SORE throat is a frequent accompaniment of cold, but it also often arises from some derangement of the digestive function. Attention to the diet is always important in the management of this affection.

If the throat is merely red and inflamed, with no spots on its surface, a simple gargle of salt and water, or chlorate of potash one teaspoonful in a glass of water, will probably relieve it. Use the gargle frequently. A cloth dipped in cold water squeezed until it ceases to drip, wrapped around the throat and covered with a bandage of flannel will assist in reducing the inflammation. It should be changed when it becomes dry.

Meat should be avoided for a few days—first gruels, beef tea, and light articles of diet being substituted for it.

When there are small white or yellowish ulcers in the throat there is probably constipation as well, and a laxative is needed. Two teaspoonfuls of compound liquoric powder, or two pills of aloin, strychnia and belladonna, taken at night, will relieve it. If the ulcers are touched with a brush dipped in compound tincture of benzoin—"Friar's Balsam"—they will disappear more rapidly. The application can be repeated three or four times a day.

The diet should be light and easily digested, a raw egg beaten with milk and sugar and flavored with vanilla, or one lightly boiled, can be given instead of meat.

The tonsils are small, almond-shaped glands lying on each side of the upper portion of the throat. They can easily be seen if the tongue is held down with the handle of a spoon. They contain a fluid-like mucous which oozes from them when they are pressed. Its object is to moisten the food as it passes into the throat and make it slip down more easily. Sometimes these glands become very much inflamed, and may ulcerate, causing the disease known as quinsy or tonsillitis.

The swelling causes the tonsils to meet across the throat, rendering the act of swallowing very difficult and producing a sensation of suffocation. There are sharp, shooting pains from the throat to the ear, and the invalid feels feverish and miserable. Even talking is painful.

Cold applications to the outside of the throat give relief in the early stages, and bits of ice held in the mouth help to subdue the inflammation. Later, if abscesses form in the tonsils, hot poultices and fermentations are used to hasten the formation of pus so that they may be ready more quickly to lance.

Inhaling the steam from a pitcher of boiling water is recommended. Fit a tin funnel over the top of the pitcher and put the end of the tube in the patient's mouth.

The diet should be concentrated and as nourishing as possible. Strong beef tea, milk and eggs beaten with milk. It is almost impossible to swallow solid food.

This disease is a very painful and troublesome one, but it is seldom dangerous, except in delicate children. Persons who are subject to it should be careful to avoid exposure to cold or damp.

### LITTLE THINGS WORTH NOTING.

**V**ERY often it is the short hint or suggestion that we read somewhere which proves a mountain of help at some critical time.

#### A SEA-BATH IN WINTER.

People who are fond of sea-bathing in summer should know that in winter a most effective and yet simple substitute for sea water is a cup of rock salt dissolved in warm water and added to the bath. A warm salt bath of this kind is the most refreshing tonic for an exhausted body. But don't go out of doors after taking it. Just before going to bed is the right time.

#### A CURE FOR POISON-IVY.

It is a good thing to know in summer when in the country that a splendid and almost sure cure for poison-ivy consists of wood-lye. Tie wood ashes in a bag and boil a few moments. Dilute so that it will not be too harsh, yet leave it quite strong. Paint with it the afflicted parts, and in ten minutes wash off with soft tepid water, and anoint with vaseline. Repeat two or three times, or till a cure is effected.

#### THREE REMEDIES FOR CHILBLAINS.

The modern remedies for chilblains are legion—more almost than the sufferers therefrom. Three of the best are: raw onions sliced and bound upon the sore spots; oil of peppermint well rubbed in; and thirdly, tincture of iodine, applied with a feather or camel's-hair brush.

#### WHAT WILL PREVENT BUNIONS.

Easy shoes with wide soles and low heels will be found the most effectual preventive of bunions on the feet. Where they exist, they can be palliated by spreading thickly with cold cream or some healing salve, upon going to bed. A round piece of court-plaster over the unguent will keep it in place and save soiling the bed-clothes.

### TREATING A DIPHTHERIA PATIENT.

Diphtheria is the most dreaded form of sore throat. It is a constitutional disease, a form of blood poisoning, but the symptoms usually begin in the throat. The whole surface is inflamed and swollen, and here and there either on the tonsils, the soft palate, or the surrounding tissues are patches of membrane, either gray, yellowish or white. There is difficulty in swallowing; the patient is feverish and very much exhausted.

The doctor should be sent for at once and every direction that he gives carefully followed. The throat is usually washed constantly with some disinfectant solution, applied by means of a long-handled brush, or a little mop made of cotton fastened on a small stick. It is very hard to be obliged to make the sick person submit to this treatment, but the only hope is in carrying it out faithfully.

The diet must be the most nutritious that can be obtained. Beef juice squeezed from raw meat and mixed with cream, raw eggs beaten light with a little water, milk and white of egg shaken together, milk and brandy or whisky, oyster broth made with milk with the oysters finely chopped in it.

When the patient cannot swallow, peptonized milk and beef juice mixed with pancreatine and given by means of enemas.

#### HOW TO STOP NOSE BLEEDING.

Continued and obstinate nose bleeding has been at times very hard to stop, and a simple and effective remedy will no doubt prove welcome to those who live in the country or at a distance from medical attendance. Several severe cases of nose bleed have occurred at the Hospital of the University of Pennsylvania, and, after trying every expedient without success, Dr. D. H. Agnew as a last resort, tried ham fat. Two large cylinders of bacon were forced well up into the nostrils, resulting in almost immediate relief and an entire cessation of the hemorrhage. This easy remedy should be remembered by those who are subject to frequently recurring attacks of nose bleed.

## Straws show which way the wind blows



Watch them—and be convinced. When you see all sorts of washing powders patterned after *Pearline*; when you see it imitated in appearance, in name, in everything except merit; when you find three persons using *Pearline* where two used it a year ago; when you hear it as a household word with the best housekeepers; when you find its former enemies now its staunchest friends;—then you may know the wind is taking you along toward *Pearline*.

Why not go with it? You are losing money by trying to head the other way; money, and labor, and time and patience. Go with the rest—use *Pearline*—and you stop losing, and begin to gain. Millions realize that there is everything to gain and nothing to lose—

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HINTS ON HOME DRESS-MAKING BY EMMA M. HOOPER.

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

NEW IDEAS FOR SKIRTS.

ONE of the prettiest trimmings for a skirt front is a ruche on the lower edge of the material, silk or ribbon. If of the dress material, or silk, cut the strips bias, pink both edges and lay in triple plaits, which require five times the length of the space to be covered, stitching them in the centre.

OTHER FEATURES IN SKIRTS.

WALKING dresses will continue to escape the floor, though carriage costumes may lie there for three or four inches. A narrow contrasting front and side panels on cloth dresses are separated by wider panels of the dress goods, forming the back.

A FEW GOWNS EASILY MADE.

HAVE a cream Japanese silk—which is smoother than a China silk for an inexpensive evening gown—made with a ribbon ruche on the foot of the round skirt, short-puffed sleeves half way to the elbows, and a half low, slightly pointed bodice.

FASHIONABLE SLEEVES AND COLLARS.

THE flaring Medici collars may be large or small, end over the bust in a point, finish in the front with square or pointed ends, or end three inches back from the centre front, with the front covered by a straight collar.

STYLISH BASQUES AND PRINCESSE GOWNS.

JACKET fronts are still worn over loose vests, finished with a pointed Swiss belt of velvet the color of the fronts. Alter coat sleeves by draping folds of the second material at the top, or cut a V out at the top reaching half way to the elbow, and fill in the space with a puff of the contrasting goods.

DRESMAKERS' CORNER

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

EMMA M. HOOPER.

LAYETTE—Buy what is called "baby" flannel, which is part cotton and washes better. Cambric, nainsook or longcloth for the skirts. Wrappers are of striped flannel feather-stitched with wash silk.

MISS M. B.—Allow fully two yards more to cut your plaid dress on the bias, as you must match the figure in the seams running diagonally across the skirt.

MRS. J. H.—The fastener you mention is all that is claimed for it.

M. K.—You could use the plush skirt for panels and a border across the front, or all around a lighter brown cashmere skirt. Then have sleeves, collar and yoke, vest or front of basque of the cashmere.

MRS. H. C.—Send me your address and I will assist you regarding the gown and cape.

MAE C. B.—Black velvet will make up stylishly with suede, tan, blue and gray for a blonde of your complexion. Very dark red is also becoming, unless your hair is decidedly red.

RTBY—The lining is made entirely separate and gored in the usual manner: one front gore, one on each side, and a plain back width. Fit the front and sides with V's or darts at the top, and gather the back in a narrow space. Finish with a facing of canvas, put on bias, and of the lining, also an outside facing of the dress goods about four or five inches deep, and sew the dress-brad flatly on the under side just so as to show the edge beneath the skirt.

DRESS AIDS FOR MOTHERS. FOR MISSES' WEAR.



VERY neat plaid frock for a girl of fifteen years is made with a round waist buttoning in the back, having the plaid cut of the bias for the large full sleeves and the front of the corsage only. The full skirt is hemmed up on the right side and piped with black velvet, which forms the pointed girdle fastening in the back under a rosette and the collar.

For nice wear a bright royal-blue cashmere, or camel's-hair, is stylishly fashioned with a round full skirt, trimmed with a pinked ruche of the same. The waist is round in the back, slightly pointed in front, and full from the shoulders, with a velvet grille from the side seams, laced in front, a large velvet rosette on either side of the opening in the back, collar and shoulder puffs of velvet.

HATS AND CLOAKS.

Young girls wear reefer and close-fitting jackets, with velvet collars and cuffs, or Astrakhan trimmings in the shape of collar and binding. Other styles have the hussar braiding on the fronts, and braided sleeves. Vests are seen on the handsomest jackets.

blanketing cloth, with yoke and collar of black velvet, or Astrakhan. Smaller girls have the reefer jackets and long coats, which no longer touch, however. The latter have the one-piece fronts, or the plain waist extends all around and has the skirt gathered to it, with large collar, and sleeves of velvet.

Misses wear felt hats broader in front and turned up on one or both sides, in blue or brown felt chiefly, with a trimming of pom-poms, tips, wings, velvet and ribbon. Smaller girls of six to twelve years wear the broad brimmed felt or beaver flats, simply trimmed with ribbons as a bow high in the back, straps to the front where flat on the brim lies another brim, or they have a wreath of tips around the crown.

GIRLS' FROCKS.

The chief features of children's clothes are their practical design and attractive appearance whether made of a fifty-cent homespun or a two-dollar bengaline. Full skirts sewed to waists with a cord; full, slightly pointed bodices and very large full sleeves are seen with many modifications, though the ideas remain the same.



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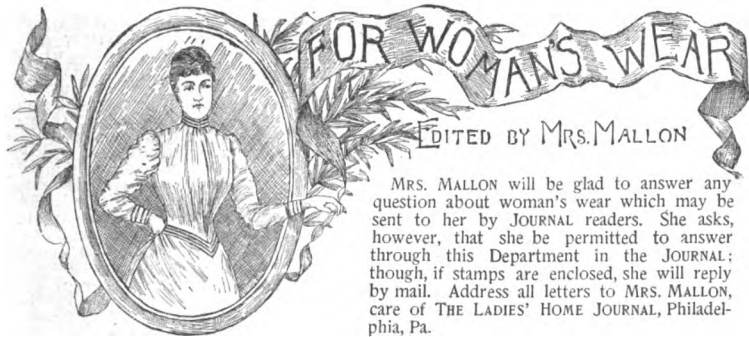
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Advertisement for 'Ever Ready Dress Stay' featuring a metal-tipped stay and the slogan 'Will Not Cut through.' It includes the name 'Ever Ready Dress Stay' and 'Take None But Them.' and 'Ask for them.' It also mentions 'Manufactured by the YPSILANTI DRESS STAY MFG. CO., Ypsilanti, Mich.'

Advertisement for 'Ladies' featuring 'WINTER PRICES ON BICYCLES' and 'Stamping Outfit' with 150 patterns, impression papers, and embroidery designs. It includes contact information for Mrs. J. Adams and Walter P. Webber.

Advertisement for 'Violin Outfits' featuring a violin and the slogan 'Violin, Case, Bow and Self-Instructor Sent to any Part of the United States ON 1 TO 3 DAYS TRIAL SEND US YOUR ADDRESS.' It includes contact information for G. W. Story in Boston.

Advertisement for 'Cures Headache' featuring 'Wright's Paragon Headache Remedy' with a 5-minute cure and contact information for Wright & Co. in Detroit.



MRS. MALLON will be glad to answer any question about woman's wear which may be sent to her by JOURNAL readers. She asks, however, that she be permitted to answer through this Department in the JOURNAL; though, if stamps are enclosed, she will reply by mail. Address all letters to MRS. MALLON, care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pa.



HERE is a certain type of woman who can, without looking bizarre or loud, assume some part of the get-up specially dedicated to mankind:—she is the woman who looks saucy and coquetish in the Hussar jacket; she is the woman who is never

feminized by a stiff hat, or a high collar, and she is the one who is so absolutely feminine herself that even the divided skirt would not make her fall from her high estate. Such a woman is the one who can wear the coat that is a close imitation of the swallow tail, and which is but another addition to the pretty coats affected for evening wear at a

buttons were used, and it was worn with a plain black cloth skirt with just sufficient train in the back to suggest that it was not intended for street wear. Another coat was of rich black satin, with sleeves and waistcoat of black brocade that had clusters of pink roses upon it. Pretty enough the shirt front and collar were of pink silk, matching the roses in hue.

**ABOUT WOOL GOWNS.**

How to make a smart wool gown is oftentimes a problem not only to the woman who does her own dressmaking, but to the woman whose profession it is to make dresses. The style at present demands simplicity, and that a skirt shall fit the figure with the same exactness that is expected from the bodice. Closings with buttons seem to receive little consideration. Invisible ones, those laced in the back, or buttoned under the arm, having special vogue. Whenever you see a gown with folds either in the front, or back, and no visible method of getting into it, you can conclude that a hooking is done under the folds. In arranging this do not make the mistake that is common to so many dressmakers—that is, of not putting hooks and eyes on bodices that are large enough to do the duty that is expected from them. A small hook and eye will frequently cause a great amount of angry passion to arise, and cause more wrinkles than all the worries and troubles of the week; one breaks one's nail in trying to get them together, and when they are got together they divorce themselves as soon as possible—a something that is anything but pleasant. Do not overtrim your cashmere or serge frock. A border around the lower edge, well-shaped sleeves and high collar form sufficient decoration for the wool frock.

**COLORS FOR WOOL FROCKS.**

Navy, sapphire, and bright, mazarin-blue, ashes of rose, heliotrope, silver-gray, garnet, copper, old-rose, lincoln, billiard and emerald greens, all the browns, and all the scarlets form the list of colors fancied either in cashmere, serge, or that wonderful army of wool goods that come under the name of suitings. To give an artistic effect without overtrimming is what is desired, and really that which is achieved in illustration No. 2.

**AN ARTISTIC WOOL GOWN.**

Emerald-green serge is used for making this gown which has a skirt that, while almost smooth in front, is laid in the usual box-plaits at the back. The edge is finished with a band of natural beaver, the glossy brown of which contrasts well with the green of the stuff. The bodice is quite plain in the back and is laid in folds, as illustrated, in front, the closing being concealed under the folds on one side. From each side, at the waist-line, starts a brown velvet ribbon which is brought to the front and arranged in loops and ends that come far down upon the skirt. The high puffed sleeves are of brown velvet, almost exactly matching the fur. The collar is a very attractive feature to this frock. There is an inner one of serge, which is simply the high curate shape, but framing it is a very high one of velvet, something after the fashion of the Medici shape, which is wired to position. Nobody can doubt but that the pretty damsel caught that single rosebud with its long stem to add another harmonious bit of color to her gown as she rose from the quaint old chair to receive some welcome visitor.

Such a costume in brown, trimmed with black fur; in gray, trimmed with either black or brown; in blue with black, and scarlet with black, mauve with brown, or in black with black would be in good taste. And, although I do not believe in buying a coat, cape, muff, or any special article of any but the finest furs, I do think that one need not spend all of one's money in having the most costly furs for trimming the foot of a skirt; so that in selecting trimming, the woman who has the ability to shop may obtain a great bargain that will be a never-ending pleasure.

If the trimming fur does its duty, that is looks well for one season, then all has been gotten from it that is desired, and the bargain seeker should be satisfied.

**AN HISTORICAL EVENING WRAP.**

Anybody who reads the old plays or the books descriptive of the manners and customs of the times when the Jacobites arose and wanted to bring back the king unto his own, will remember how the *visite* is referred to as the favored wrap for the lady who is going out to play a "game of loo," or have "a dish of tea." The *visite*, exactly the same shape as it was worn by Lady Betty or Lady Dolly so many years ago, is the favored evening wrap of to-day. An ungraceful-looking wrap when it is off, it becomes extremely picturesque when it is assumed. It is developed either in white or black silk, the preference being given to black, and the silk should not be of too heavy weight because so much of it is used that if it be over-weighty it will not hang gracefully. Chantilly lace is used for the trimming; Spanish lace is effective if the *visite* is not very full, but as in its fullness much of its beauty consists, it will be wisest to have it of surah silk, trimmed with Chantilly lace. The one worn by Mrs. Kendal in that very romantic play that has the same story that Dickens told

**THE WAY STYLES ARE TENDING.**

Unlike the gentleman in Pinafore, who might have been a Russian, a French, a Turk or Prussian, but who elected to remain an Englishman, it seems as if the woman of to-day had a leaning towards the styles and colors of sunny Spain. She glories in red, grows rapturous over yellow, finds a suggestion of the mantilla in the *visite*, toys with her fan, and regards it as a weapon of coquetry or defense; walks with care hoping that she may reach the easy grace of the Spanish woman, and shows a tendency to use the curious subtle odors that specially belong to the land of bull fights and chateaux. Her liking just now is for the Toreador hat; it is a hat that is extremely becoming to some women, and just about as becoming as a policeman's would be to a good many others. Too many women make a mistake in getting it small, and then the effect produced is positively ridiculous. Others display their lack of knowledge as to fashion and history by attempting to trim it in some other than in the right way, and the result is sad to behold. A Toreador hat is most effective in scarlet, blue, a light brown that is a first-cousin to yellow, or black, and its decorations should be of black.

**THE SMART TOREADOR HAT.**

(Illustration No. 4). The pretty woman here shown not only wears the correct Toreador hat, but wears it properly. It is of scarlet felt, having a conical crown and a brim that stands distinctly off from the crown before it turns up. Over the brim is a net-work of black cord from which depend little passementerie balls; and at one side near the front are three full pompons of black. The jacket that accompanies this is of scarlet cloth, with a collar and cuffs of black fur, and frogs of black passementerie closing it.

**A LITTLE TALK.**

I never seem to be able to finish scolding the general woman about the way in which she assumes her bonnet; and the reason for this is that every day in the week I meet women who ruin charming toilettes by a bonnet put too far back, not pinned securely to position, or dancing over the eyebrows as if they had a vague idea that the sunshine ought to be kept from the eyes. My dear general woman, do not be afraid to ask your milliner how your bonnet is to be put on; whether a little of the bang is to show or whether it is to be entirely hidden from sight; whether you are to tie the ribbons in a prim bow under the chin, or knot them in a careless fashion at one side. Above all things don't wear a veil with a bonnet not intended for one; don't hide the decoration on your chapeau with full folds of net that look like swaddling cloths; and if you have a bonnet that permits a veil, learn to put it on in the right way. Sit before the glass and practice until you know how, and just remember this, that as long as we women do have to dress we want to dress well, and that once you learn how to do a thing you never forget it, and that the right way is always the easiest.

Do not let a smooth space, where the hair is brushed up or down, show between your bonnet and the plaited knot that you fancy is a coiffure. It looks very ugly and really takes away the chic air of the bonnet. Wear your hair high if your bonnet demands it and then when the chapeau is removed it is a simple affair to re-arrange it in the manner most becoming. There might be a treatise written on "Why women's bonnets do not look well." But really it may be summed up in this way—the woman who wears the bonnet has not considered whether it is suited to her



THE VISITE OF TO-DAY. (Illus. No. 3).

in "A Tale of Two Cities" is of garnet taffeta silk trimmed with black lace; this is most effective on the stage, but for general wear a black one will be found desirable.

**THE VISITE OF TO-DAY.**

(Illustration No. 3). The *visite* here shown is of black surah and Chantilly. A wide surah is gotten so that the cape may be made without any seams. It is in reality a straight strip of silk gathered at the neck to a band of ribbon which is folded over to conceal the sewing, and then flares at the front so that the long ends may form the fastening. Three frills of Chantilly lace trim the lower edge, the lowest one falling below the silk. These frills must be extremely full, and great care is taken in their sewing on, which is, of course, done by hand. The hood, which in the picture is drawn over the head, is also of the lace, and when it is off, falls at the back in the prettiest and quaintest manner possible.

An all-white *visite* may be trimmed with white silk lace of any kind, and the hood will then be made either of piece lace or of a fichu of sufficient size for that purpose. A few *visites* are noted that are intended for street wear, but it must be remembered that this is not really the use to which they should be put, the ladies of the olden times being carried in their sedan chairs, and not appearing with a *visite* upon them when they were walking.

**TO WEAR A WRAP WELL.**

This does not sound as if it were difficult, and yet to keep your arms in a position that does not pull the wrap out of place really becomes an art. A short wrap usually permits very well the carrying of a muff, for then a good curve is gained and the wrap adapts itself to it. With a long wrap considerable attention is needed to keep the sides from flying apart and making you appear as if you were coming down "like a wolf on the fold." What shall you do? Have on each side, where your hands come, a loop of rather heavy silk cord matching the material in color, and by slipping your hand through these, hold your wrap in place so that it will not wrinkle up on the shoulder. The woman who knows how to wear her clothes well is the one who has solved the question of economy in dress, for she is at her best always. Once one knows that the wrap is properly put on, there comes a curious sense of ease: the carriage is better, and the wearer, assured of this, holds her head well and seems satisfied not only with herself but with the world in general. Like a well-fitting gown, a wrap, correctly hung, is a luxury to the wearer.



A QUAIN WOOL GOWN. (Illus. No. 2).

face, whether her coiffure is suited to it; indeed has forgotten altogether that minute details make perfection. The little details are necessary for good dressing as are the little acts of kindness to happiness.



A TOREADOR HAT, (Illus. No. 4).

place of amusement when the wrap is laid aside. It is made of brocade, velvet, faced-cloth, rough cloth, such as is chosen by a few men for dress clothes, and it is also developed in plain serge. The waistcoat is of different material from the coat proper, and the little bit of shirt front that shows, instead of being white linen is, prettily enough, of white silk, so that the severe coat has the masculine, starched look taken from it. Unlike the other coats, the Louis Quinze, the Henri Deux, the Louis Quatorze, or that which Charles II wore, this latest coat is not christened, even in London, by a pretty name, being called the "masher's coat."

**A CLOTH AND VELVET MASHER'S COAT.**

(Illustration No. 1). The masher's coat shown here is of very dark-blue broadcloth. It is fitted closely into the figure, cut away below the waist-line in front, and when my lady is standing perfectly erect, the requirements of good fashion are reached by the straight swallow-tails not showing in front at all. The coat rolls back in the received fashion, and is faced with blue silk exactly as if it were a man's coat. The waistcoat is of black velvet, double-breasted, turned back in shawl fashion, the revers being faced with silk, and it is buttoned with flat, gold buttons about the size of a penny. The little shirt front is of white silk, closed with small white buttons and white finished with a high collar of the white silk, above which shows a fold of white lisse. The sleeves are quite high and full, and are of velvet to match the waistcoat.

The combination of blue and black is an admirable one; not only is it a success from the fashionable standpoint, but it is also one from the artistic, the two colors, dark though they be, coming out wonderfully well. Then, too, it must be remembered that such a coat may be worn with either a blue or black skirt, and this, of course, affords a slight change in costume. A very smart coat of this kind is noted in all-black; broadcloth forming the coat proper and the sleeves and waistcoat being of black velvet, the shirt and collar of black silk. For this, very handsome cut-steel



THE MASHER'S COAT. (Illus. No. 1).



FOR WOMAN'S WEAR EDITED BY MRS MALLON



A DAINTY VELVET BONNET. (illus. No. 6).

THE day has come when we fold closely about us the long, comfortable wrap, that protects not only the shoulders and the back, but keeps the entire body warm. Long wraps are in much greater favor with our English and French cousins than they have been with us, but as they mean the prevention of ills, such as the rheumatism, by making an equal warmth, as they do, over the entire body, certainly we ought to accept what the practiced modiste not only considers most graceful, but that which is undoubtedly sensible. For long cloaks the rough cloths are fancied; they are shown in deep cardinal, dark blue, emerald-green, gray, olive, indeed in most of the colors in vogue, and are often trimmed with fur or feathers. The diagonal cloths, especially those in dark blue, are much liked for these wraps, but they usually require a somewhat heavy lining as they have not the warmth of the rough cloth. Medici collars that suit long, slender throats, round cape-like collars, or those that have their ends cut off square, are noted either in fur velvet upon the long cloaks, and then, of course, the cuffs and muff correspond.

A BLACK CLOTH CLOAK.

A very effective all-black coat is made of black diagonal; warmth is added to it by smoothly laid sheets of cotton wadding between it and the silk lining. It fits closely in the back and is semi-loose in front, being sufficiently long to entirely cover the gown. The collar is almost a cape, it is so deep, and it is of black Persian lamb, with a high curate collar of the same fur standing above it. The sleeves are high on the shoulder, and are of mandarin shape, with a band finish of the Persian. The bonnet is a small folded one of diagonal cloth, and a strip of astrakhan for its brim, while a jet butterfly stands up just in front. The muff is of black Persian.

ANOTHER LONG CLOAK.

(Illustration No. 5). One of the most elegant of long cloaks is shown in this illustration. Slightly fitted in the back it has absolutely loose fronts, the entire coat being made of mode rough cloth. The high collar, and the shawl collar that is attached to it, are of black marten, the shawl collar going off in narrow pipings on each side that extend the entire depth of the coat. The sleeves are very high and full, and are gathered into deep cuffs of black marten, while a very large black marten muff is carried. The bonnet is a small mode felt one with plumes of black upon it, and the ties are of black velvet ribbon.

Such a coat in gray, trimmed with gray trimmer, would be extremely effective; or with black or brown it would be commended when trimmed with dark fur. While the Persian fur is very fashionable, it must be said that it is by no means as becoming as the long-haired furs, and consequently my lady oftener chooses black marten, black bear, silver fox, Alaska sable or some one of the many furs that are softening in effect.

A BIT OF ECONOMY.

Some thoughtful body has written to me about the wearing out of bodices under heavy wraps or coats; how velvet sleeves flatten down and grow shabby; how decorations are ruined and how the assumption of either a tight-fitting or heavy coat means ruin to an elaborate bodice. Then, why wear one? You will show wisdom if when the silk or wool gown is cast aside, and the bodice of it is in a state absolutely more holy than righteous, you get your needle and thread, darn and mend that bodice thoroughly and keep it for the winter days for wear with any skirt under a wrap. Of course, the presumption is that you are not going to remove your wrap. If you haven't an old bodice it will pay you to make a new one for this special purpose, letting it be either of soft cashmere, or, if you can, or care to go to the expense, of silk. The pretty French jerseys that are shown are very useful for this purpose.

THE JERSEY OF TO-DAY.

It is made of stockinet, but is not absolutely plain. The colors are dark blue, dark red, black, brown and gray, and they have on them hair lines of a contrasting shade, scarlet being on the blue, black on the scarlet, scarlet on the brown as well as on the black. Made with a high collar and revers buttoned down the front, and it has for a neck finish a broad ribbon that ties in a wide bow and ends. Such jerseys can be worn with any skirts, and are in perfectly good taste. They are specially desirable when a tight-fitting seal jacket is worn, for getting in and out of it has always been such a worry, and the wearing thereof made a sorrow to the proud possessor of the jacket that she thought just suited her.

THE SMALL BONNETS.

Now that the small flat bonnet is the one most admired, mankind is inclined to laugh at it, although for the last five years he has done nothing but complain of the one that obstructed his view when he sat behind it. American women, who incline to have oval faces, find the small bonnet decidedly becoming, and for that reason, if for no other, they should think a long time before they give it up. They like the Grecian fillet, and so they put it every where; on the day-time bonnet, on the bonnet to be worn at night, and on the one that is counted especially suited for afternoon teas.

A pretty little bonnet for evening wear is an oval one of pink velvet, on which rest two bands of gold; just in front is a knot of the velvet, and above it, bowing forward, is one tiny white tip, while at the back, also bowing forward, are three white tips; the ties of pink velvet ribbon are looped carelessly at one side. The combination of pink, gold and white is very good, and as it is to crown the head of a blonde it will bring some color into her cheeks. Another bonnet, a pale blue one, is specially suited to the brunette who has a good color. This is of gold studded with turquoise, that is, the crown is made of it, and the brim—only a twist of velvet—is of the pale-blue shade; in front are two pale-blue tips and a high fan of rose-point lace. Instead of strings a straight bridle of blue velvet comes from the back and is fastened up on each side with turquoise pins.

THE NOVELTY IN BONNETS.

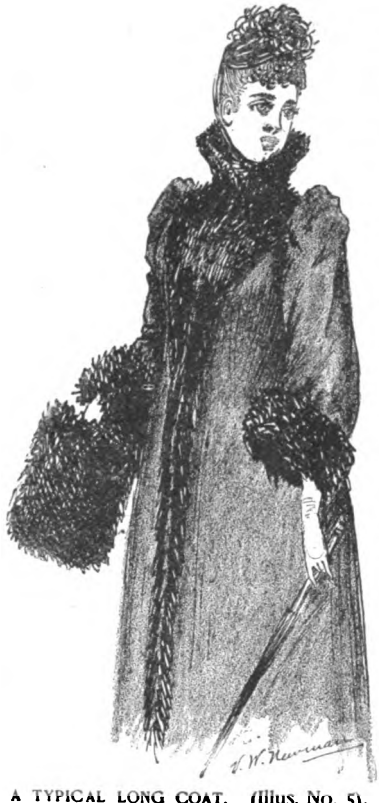
(Illustration No. 6). This is the latest fad in bonnets. Its distinction lying in the way the fillets are arranged. The bonnet itself is a flat one of turquoise-blue velvet, its decoration consisting of pale-pink roses arranged in a careless way that is very attractive; coming from the back and resting on the hair, as pictured, are three fillets, having turquoise set upon them. In black velvet and jet a bonnet like this is also noted, while another one is of white velvet trimmed with white tips and having gold bands at the back. A little trying? Well, perhaps; but every bonnet is trying unless it is worn by the right woman.

WHAT IS SEEN.

Muffs of fur are very much larger than they were last season, so that they are not only really of use, but in time may be cut up and make something else.

Among the enameled brooches are noted the American flag; the English one, the Queen's coat-of-arms, and the Prince of Wales' crest, so that the patriot of each country can satisfy herself. Mrs. Kendal wears at her throat an American flag.

The chatelain continues to grow in size and variety, its latest edition being a silver case that holds the lozgette, and which looks exactly like a medicine box. In choosing little belongings for New Years give a look at the pretty silver jewelry, which is not expensive, and which can be worn so well with cloth costumes, or very plain gowns all during the day. However, the wearer of silver must remember that it must be as bright as a mirror, and, like Caesar's wife, quite above suspicion.



A TYPICAL LONG COAT. (illus. No. 5).

ing little belongings for New Years give a look at the pretty silver jewelry, which is not expensive, and which can be worn so well with cloth costumes, or very plain gowns all during the day. However, the wearer of silver must remember that it must be as bright as a mirror, and, like Caesar's wife, quite above suspicion.

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A STYLISH CLOTH HAT. (Illus. No. 8).

FROM Paris and London comes again and again the announcement of the popularity of wool. Silk has, of course, its place, and velvet is counted one of the combination and trimming materials of the season; but cashmere, serge and all the wool stuffs have a cachet given them never known before. No daytime affair is too elaborate to permit the wearing of a wool gown, and yet in its absolute simplicity it suits itself to all times and occasions. And just here I want to say a little word about the care of the wool gown. It has to be confessed that it has the unpleasant habit of collecting various portions of the earth, most of the threads that are flying here, there and everywhere, and a straying leaf or the petal of a rose is likely to attach itself to it, and the consequence is, as they say in the old-fashioned game, that a wool gown and a whisk broom need to be close allies.

The broom wants to be wielded with a deft hand, and fly over the dress, gathering whatever an afternoon's stroll may have made it accumulate. Do not, if you want your gown to look nice, let it wait until to-morrow for the brushing, but instead have it thoroughly brushed as soon as it is taken off, and hang it up, not by the belt, nor by one strap, but by two straps, the one on each side, so that in this way the skirt is held in shape. Neatness is so essentially a part of good dressing that no woman who expects her gown to look well will achieve it unless she starts out with it as immaculate as the linen collar that is about her throat.

**THE LIKING FOR LACES.**

The liking for laces is a something that has grown with great rapidity, and not content with having her frock laced down the front, or at the back, Mademoiselle chooses that some portion of the drapery shall be laced together as well. The eyelets must be well made so that the lacing can be as exact as that in a pair of corsets, although it is not permitted to relax in the same manner. A very pretty gown that shows the laced effect in a simple fashion is at illustration No. 7.

**A WOOL AND VELVET GOWN.**

The much liked contrast of green and black is developed in this costume, the material being green serge and black velvet. The skirt is box-plaited in the back and is quite plain in front and at one side, but on the other the seam is left open and flares apart sufficiently to show a panel of black velvet so arranged that it looks like a petticoat. At the top, for quite a distance below the waist, the wool material is laced together with black silk. Across the foot of the tablier is a band of flat, black silk passementerie. The bodice, sharply pointed in the back and front, has a graceful arch over the hips. It is draped to show a pointed section of velvet, and below that is laced together, the silk cord being tied in loops and ends that fall on the skirt.

The collar is a high one of velvet, and the sleeves are also of velvet and are very high on the shoulders. Little rolls of padding, fitted underneath, holding them in place. The hat is of green felt, with the soft Tam crown of black velvet, and decorations of black ostrich plumes. The gloves are black undressed kid, and when a wrap is necessary with this gown one of green cloth and black velvet will be assumed.

In almost any of the combinations in vogue a gown like this will be very smart, and if one wishes to give it a little more wintery look, that could be done by having a fur band on the edge of the skirt where the passementerie now is. The fancy for the flat foot-trimming continues, for there are numerous women who see no beauty in an absolutely untrimmed skirt, and these women are catered to in an artistic manner.



A WOOL AND VELVET GOWN. (Illus. No. 7).

**FANCIES IN HATS.**

A look at the last picture convinces one that not only does the soft velvet crown deserve its popularity, but that it has it. Almost all the fashionable hats and bonnets show soft crowns, and velvet and cloth are folded to suit the shape of the face, or to be a little unique, as the wearer may dictate. A very smart hat noted is one of emerald-green velvet. It is made with a soft, rather full crown of the velvet and has, just in front, two mink heads poised so that they look up; mink tails, drawn through the drapings of the velvet, show a little in front and come out at the back resting against the hair. This sounds very intricate, although the hat itself is a marvel of simplicity; yet, curious as it may seem, the milliner said it was more than troublesome to make.

The extremely flat saucer-like hats have a certain vogue, but are not to be commended for daytime wear. In yellow felt, with black decorations; in rose with dark green, or in sapphire-blue with white, they obtain. Usually the decorations are a bunch of Prince of Wales' feathers placed at the back with a fan of lace against them as contrast, and broad ribbon velvet ties that come forward and are looped under the chin.

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**MID-WINTER ROSES.**

(Illustration No. 8). This hat or bonnet has a soft crown of pale-rose cloth and a brim of astrakhan. At the back there stands up loops of black velvet, and just in front of them are three large pink roses accompanied by the foliage that nature herself would give them. The ribbon velvet ties are black, come from the back and are knotted as is most becoming. A hat like this would be pretty in brown cloth and pink roses, with mink for its bordering; or in gray cloth with gray krummer and crimson velvet orchids. The amateur milliner will not find this difficult to imitate, and she can, of course, have it made of material like her gown, and the decoration, whatever she wishes, providing only that the same outline and general effect is obtained.

**THE IDEAL GOWN.**

The ideal gown is the one which is easy to get into, which looks well, which is artistic

and which is becoming. Nine times out of ten it is either a black cashmere, or a black Henrietta cloth, with a decoration of velvet. The soft, graceful lines into which these stuffs fall, cause womankind to admire them and for once their admiration is correct. Do you want a gown designed for a charming English woman? A gown that was counted a success at an artistic gathering, and which made the wearer blush with delight because it was of her own making and naturally of her own choosing? Very well, then, here it is:—

**AN ARTISTIC WOMAN'S FROCK.**

(Illustration No. 9.) The material is black Henrietta cloth, and the skirt is quite plain, hanging very well and just long enough in the back to look graceful. The only drapery is a long tablier which is caught up on one side and in this way forms three or four pretty curves. The bodice is a round one of the cloth, having a soft full gilet of rose-colored crepe de chine inserted, the wool material turning away in revers that are faced with black velvet, which tends to bring out the bright rose color. The sleeves are very full and finished with deep close-fitting velvet cuffs. About the waist is worn a black velvet belt. The bonnet is of black velvet, a soft, full shape, with a bunch of rose buds resting just in front and coming down on the hair. The ties are of black velvet ribbon. The gloves are of black undressed kid, and the wrap that covers all this artistic



AN ARTISTIC GOWN. (Illus. No. 9).

gown is of black serge, made after the fashion of the Connemara cloak. If you don't care for a black gown, then make one like this either in garnet, brown, gray, olive, navy-blue green, or mode; or, if you want to have something very, very pretty for quiet evening wear, an all-white one, having a white gilet and trimmed with white velvet, will be most artistic.

**SOME TIMELY SUGGESTIONS.**

The high linen-collar is again noticed with the cloth bodice; for awhile womankind had her throat free and untrammelled, but again she has become convinced that the white edge is needed as a finishing touch to the dark costume. Do not let your collar button show, and under no circumstances break the point of the stiff linen which must, in reality, be as upright as the curate for whom it was named.

For visiting, white undressed kid gloves are usually worn with dark gowns. Under no circumstances should they be close-fitting. The willingness to wear a somewhat loose glove being conceded as an announcement that your hand is sufficiently well-shaped, or small enough to permit it.

Either plain net, or that with small chenille dots, is preferred for veiling. The net showing the beauty spots having been called "common," which means that a well-dressed woman prefers that some one else wear it beside herself, is no longer in vogue. It is certainly true that the beauty-spot had an undesirable knack of getting just where it shouldn't be, and a beauty-spot is not fulfilling its object in life when it decorates the end of your nose, gets in one corner of your eye, or by sticking close to the corner of your lip makes your mouth appear one-quarter of a size too large for the rest of your face. This so often happens that good bye to the beauty-spot is said without any grief whatever.

In making a velvet girdle, or belt of any kind, do not, by too stiff a lining, give it an upright air. Really what is required in the velvet girdle is that while it is firmly fastened to position and does not wrinkle at all, it must appear the natural result and not the one that comes through. To have decorations on gowns look as if they grew there as the foliage does about the flower, is the artistic dressmaker's idea of a beautiful gown. An idea that is very good, provided its limitations are remembered.

**Holidays, 1890-91.**

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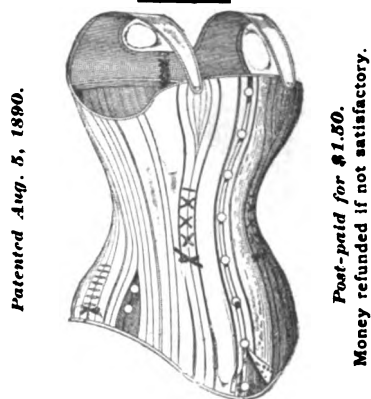
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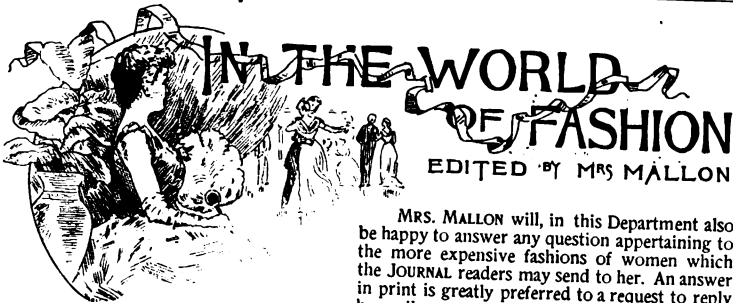
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MRS. MALLON will, in this Department also be happy to answer any question appertaining to the more expensive fashions of women which the JOURNAL readers may send to her. An answer in print is greatly preferred to a request to reply by mail.

**T**HERE is no doubt that the picture hat is at its very best when it is made of cloth and velvet. Soft felt can, of course, be bent in different ways, but the cloth so easily lends itself to all the curves that are deemed most desirable, that it becomes invaluable in the formation of a hat intended to give the wearer an air of comprehending art in dressing. Cloth chapeaux have always been in vogue, but this season has made them more



TWO NEW PICTURESQUE HATS, (Illustration No. 10).

popular than ever, and it is by no means unusual to see a bonnet made of cloth decorated in the most elaborate manner and worn with a costume in which that special cloth does not enter at all. With cloth gowns the cloth bonnet is to the fore, and, as the absolute simplicity of the toque is no longer insisted upon, some very graceful effects are achieved. Oftenest the velvet part is brought near the face, its softening influence being appreciated, and then the decorations may be of feathers, jet or steel coronets, daggers that look real enough to kill, or fancifully tied knots of ribbon, or feather pompons.

**TWO PICTURESQUE HATS.**

The hats shown in illustration No. 10, are very good types of those most in vogue. The one perched high up on the head and which has an air not unlike that of the hats worn in the days when the ladies rode in sedan chairs, is made of blue broadcloth and blue velvet. The edge is finished with a narrow roll of velvet; then there come folds of the cloth, while in the centre, quite on top, is a double box-pleat of the velvet. Close against the little bonnet, at each side, is a bluish-gray wing, while at the back a bunch of blue tips stand forward in Prince-of-Wales fashion. Blue ribbon velvet ties belong to this bonnet, and may be worn with it or not, as desired. The gown is a dark-blue cloth, braided in gold, and about the throat is a collarette of black bear.

The coquettish "Tam," as the English girls always call it, is specially suited to a young and pretty girl, and as it permits bending in to suit the face, its possibilities are many. This one is made of striped chevot matching the gown with which it is worn. The band is braided and is sufficiently large to make the hat set well down on the head, a something that is always required with such a hat. The big, flat, full crown is then bent forward and pinned to position as is most becoming. A rosette of plaid ribbon is on top, but by the arrangement of the crown it is pulled a little to one side. Remember in getting a Tam that you can scarcely make a mistake in having it too large, while you can commit an atrocious one in having it too small; nothing makes a young woman look so near idiocy as a small Tam O'Shanter perched on top of her head. It appears to a looker-on as if for the time being she had assumed the chapeau of her small brother.

The Tam, pure and simple, is never a dress hat. Young girls with desires to appear picturesque do occasionally wear velvet ones in the evening, but that does not make the fashion correct.

**GOWNS FOR OUTDOOR SPORT.**

The girl who walks, who hunts, or who skates is in her element this winter, for she can be as athletic and yet look as pretty as possible. She has a gown specially dedicated to each purpose, and she would not think of appearing, especially on the ice, not properly costumed. For awhile skating seemed to be a little in disfavor, but now it has regained its ascendancy again, and the keen delight felt by the good skater is once more appreciated. The wise girl is the one who, over her skating costume, wears a long wrap that is very warm; this she leaves in somebody's care when her skates are assumed, and this she puts on whenever she rests for a few minutes, or when she starts for home. The reason for this can be easily understood, for when she is warm from the quick exercise she has taken, she stands in great danger of getting that most undesirable catch—a cold—and for this reason she must bundle up even if she doesn't want to. Fur cloaks are, of course, the most becoming, but very long ones of scarlet, blue, or brown serge heavily lined, are very picturesque, and of quite as much use.

**A SKATING COSTUME.**

First of all a skating costume needs to be short, and next it should be simple. These requirements reached it may be as pretty as is desired. Redfern chooses as the best style the one pictured at illustration No. 11. It is made of Scotch homespun, in warm browns, and is really what might be called a polonaise costume, as it is all in one piece. Wrinkled across the front sufficiently to be graceful, it is yet quite plain about the lower portion of the skirt, and is arranged in box-pleats in the back so that sufficient fullness is given to allow absolute freedom of the body. It is double-breasted and closed with large brown buttons, while a high collar and single revers, sable are its only trimming. The sleeves are moderately high and easy in their fit, and the gloves worn are gauntlets of heavy kid that button far up over the sleeve. The hat is a Tam of the same material as the dress, with a tiny fluffy pompon, like a Panjandrum's button, just on top of it. The muff is of Alaska sable to match the collar. The whole effect is so good that one feels quite certain that the girl who is going to skate herself into the good graces of somebody, will want one just like it.

A very bright costume made after this fashion is of scarlet cloth trimmed with black marten. The brilliancy of its color makes it very suitable for the purpose desired, and if it were only to be worn once or twice it would be commended, but an all-scarlet gown is very apt to tire the wearer.

**THE VOGUE GIVEN FURS.**

Furs probably never had such a vogue given them as this season. A tiny bit of fur appears on a bonnet, a collar of it decorates a gown, it forms the foot trimming on another, and is used for pipings in a way that surprises those not initiated as to its possibilities. It becomes a difficult confession to make, but there is no doubt about it that even Russian sable is not as becoming as sealskin. There is something about the velvety fur that brings out every good tint of the flesh and charitably condones every fault, so that when woman-kind continues to approve of it, it is because it is so absolutely well suited to her. The seal

coat is many in shape, but one as to collar. Not just one in design, but in effect. The collar must be high, and a coat without a high collar is almost as dowdy-looking as the one which does not have its sleeves raised on the shoulder. While many tight-fitting seal coats are worn, still the one with the semi-loose front is counted more stylish, and is certainly more comfortable, for a very tight fur coat is apt to give one a sensation of being done up like a mummy. It is just possible that several thousand years from now our mummies may be that way, and the people who may be living then will wonder about the curious fabric that we wore.

**SEAL AND PERSIAN IN COMBINATION.**

A very smart seal coat is one that has for its trimming the curly glossy skin of the Persian lamb. The depth of color in one fur seems to bring out the intense blackness of the other, and each gains rather than loses by the combination. Such a coat is pictured at illustration No. 12. It is sufficiently long to be graceful and yet it is not quite what is known as three-quarters length. It fits quite closely in the back and is semi-loose in front. The very high collar is, of course, wired to



A JAUNTY JACKET. (Illus. No. 12).

position and forms a marvelous frame for the face. It is sharply cut in, and revers show on each side, one extending the full length of the coat, narrowing down until it seems only a binding of Persian lamb, similar to that which also outlines the entire collar. The sleeves are very high on the shoulder and come forward in the regular full fashion, drooping slightly over the tight-fitting cuffs of black Persian, which reach very nearly to the elbows. The muff carried is also of black Persian. The hat is a turban of brown velvet with the head of the seal just in front, and two tiny sable tails extending over the back. The very loose sleeves permit the wearing under them of bodices that have high sleeves, and it must be confessed, even if that were not thought of, that the full sleeve itself is much more picturesque than the extremely tight-fitting one into which most of us struggle and try to preserve our tempers.

I do wish in buying sealskin that the general woman would remember that the darker the skin is the more it is to be desired, for as it is certain to fade in wear, the dark will show less what it has gone through than if you began with that of a brownish hue. The London dye, which is conceded to be the best, is almost black, and that is the one that should be given the preference. Remember, too, that while the little seal lives in the water and swims around as happily as a seal who does not know his fate can do, that rain means destruction to your coat, that is, many rains. If you are unfortunate enough to be caught out in one storm, as soon as you get home hang your cloak, not on a willow tree, but on a clothes-horse in a cold room; do not allow it to dry where there is hot air. It will flatten the nap so that it will not permit itself to be brushed up again. After your coat has dried in the proper fashion, if it has a crushed look take your hand and go over it, brushing the nap up, for like a velvet frock, a seal coat properly made, always has the nap running up. Then, too, it is wiser, if you have a box large enough, to keep your coat in it; and it will retain its shape better, if, like a fine frock, it has its sleeves well stuffed with soft paper and plenty of paper put in between the front and the back of it.



A STYLISH SKATING COSTUME. (Illus. No. 11).

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FOR SEVEN MONTHS

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# THE PRACTICAL HOUSEKEEPER

EDITED AND CONDUCTED BY MRS. LOUISA KNAPP.



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



**LD Father Time** has turned a new leaf and spread before us a clean page, with only the heading of the new year—1891.

How we shall fill it depends upon the kindly offices of our numerous readers. The management is extremely desirous of enlisting the cooperation of every woman who reads this Department, and particularly desires that anything new, unique or original, or that may be deemed in any way thoughtful and suggestive for the comfort of others, shall be submitted to the Editor of this Department.

Criticisms and suggestions will be gladly received, and changes will be made to suit our readers, as far as may be practicable. May we not hear from you?

MRS. LOUISA KNAPP.

## DAINTY DISHES FOR INVALIDS.

BY ANNA ALEXANDER CAMERON.



**T**HERE are so few things that an invalid can or will eat, that any addition to them will be hailed with joy by those who are at their wit's end, and cannot devise any novel dish to tempt the invalid who has grown weary to open mutiny of the limited variety offered from day to day.

Each day develops the necessity for three or four meals, and if the probable period of invalidism stretches out at length, or, worse still, indefinitely, the possible dishes must recur so frequently of necessity that they become an utter weariness to the luckless eater.

Wise and merciful is the nurse who plans variety in every possible way, no matter how small! Even the use of *dishes* unused before is a refreshment. Dainty bits of china or glass, could make at least an occasional fitting into the sick-room because one could wash them afterwards one's self, and the little extra trouble is compensated for by the evident pleasure that their use confers.

I cannot understand any objection on the part of the nurse, professional, or home-born, to preparing what the patient is to eat. It seems to me simply a question of duty, as it should be an interest, to be sure that the nourishment is in every way suitable and acceptable. If a nurse is not capable of performing all of the duties of her profession she should not undertake to follow it. If she is, I see no reason why she should object to one of these legitimate duties more than to another.

All come in the line of duty, and the execution of them is but the fulfillment of her part of an agreement. There is nothing mental in any service rendered to the sick. Their condition of helplessness, of being thrown on your mercy as it were, changes the character of services rendered them, and lifts them to the same plain as those rendered to a baby.

For my own part I am not willing to relegate to a servant, excellent though she be, the preparation of what is so important a factor in the restoration of health.

In fever, and other diseases when solids are inadmissible, beef essence made at home ranks every other preparation known, for nutrition and assimilation. It is far superior to beef tea, when concentrated nutrition is required. Here is a tried receipt for it which will give perfect satisfaction, if instructions are carefully followed:

### BEEF ESSENCE.

Get two pounds of tender round of beef. Carefully trim off every atom of fat and cut the meat up in small pieces, about half an inch square; or, better still, grind it up in a meat-chopper. Put it into a clean glass jar, such as is used for putting up fruit, and lightly screw on the top. Put a handful of straw in the bottom of a deep saucepan, set the jar on that and surround it with a wisp of straw to prevent its touching the sides.

Fill the saucepan with cold water to within three inches of the top of the jar and set it on the stove to boil. Let it boil for an hour and a half, then remove the jar from the saucepan, pour the juice out and season with a little salt. Throw the meat away, for its virtue has all been extracted. This essence is not only extremely nourishing, but is very nice. Keep it in a cold place.

### BARBS OF TOAST.

When the patient has recovered sufficiently to be allowed such things, little bars of dry toast will be relished. Remove the crust from an ordinary slice of white bread, cut it into strips half an inch wide and set it in the oven to get crisp and of a pale brown. Serve with beef tea or chicken soup.

### CHICKEN JELLY.

Another thing allowed in cases where the stomach cannot stand solid food, is chicken jelly.

Prepare nicely, and wash thoroughly, a full grown chicken that is in perfect condition. Put it on in a pot with two quarts of water. Let it boil steadily until the flesh will pull to pieces readily, then remove it, pour the liquor through a colander, return it to the pot and boil it down to about half a pint. Skim this carefully, salt it to taste, pour into jelly molds and set in a cold place to thicken. In warm weather a desert spoonful of gelatine dissolved and added to the chicken liquor will insure its jellifying perfectly. If any grease remains after it jellies remove it carefully.

### CREAM TOAST.

This makes a pleasant variety sometimes. Cut a slice of white bread about half an inch thick and toast it before the fire. Although some persons succeed in making reasonably good toast inside of the stove, that method is generally only fit for dry, crisp toast. The reflection of the fire directly on the bread is the only way to insure the perfection of toast. The pretty brown, the charming flavor, and the tenderness all meet in this method of our grandmothers which has no superior. When browned on both sides butter with perfectly fresh, sweet butter. Now heat three tablespoonfuls of fresh, rich cream, into which you have put a piece of butter the size of a nutmeg, and which you have salted to your taste. Let the cream get hot, but only that. On no account boil it. Pour half of it on one side of the toast, being especially liberal to the crust. Now turn the toast over and pour the rest of the cream on the other side. Set the plate in the oven for a minute to be sure that it is hot enough, and serve at once. Too much cream makes it too moist and not nice. Too little leaves it dry in places. Three tablespoonfuls to the slice is sufficient. If you cannot get cream use fresh milk boiled. With this a much larger piece of butter will be needed. For delicate and delicious toast the cream is essential. Do not forget the salt.

### SCOTLAND'S FAVORITE PUDDING.

THE FAMOUS "SCOTCH HAGGIS" SUNG IN SCOTTISH VERSE.



**T**HE dish of "Scottish Haggis" which is so highly esteemed in Scotland, and which was mentioned by her national bard as the "great chieftain o' the pudding race," is made with the tongue, heart, kidneys and liver of a sheep, and sometimes, when a very large dish is required, the meat from the sheep's head is added also. The various ingredients, when properly prepared, are boiled in the paunch or stomach-bag of the sheep, which latter must, of course, be thoroughly cleansed previous to using. This is best accomplished in the following manner:

Wash the paunch well, soak it for two or three hours in cold, salted water, then turn it inside out, scald and scrape it; rinse again in clean, cold, salted water, and dry carefully by pressing it gently with a soft cloth; examine the bag very closely, and if there are any thin places or holes in it, repair these with a fine needle and thread before filling. The following is a very reliable and well-tested method of preparing the ingredients which are to form the "haggis." Weigh the meat, then mince it finely with half its weight in fat bacon, and mix it with two large tablespoonfuls of finely-minced onion, a plentiful seasoning of salt and pepper, a pinch of cayenne, one tablespoonful of mixed herb powder and an ordinary-sized breakfast-cupful of "medium" oatmeal. When thoroughly mixed, moisten well with good, brown stock or gravy, and turn the preparation into the paunch which has been made ready for it. Sew it up securely—being careful to leave plenty of room for the haggis to swell during the process of cooking—then plunge it into plenty of boiling water and boil gently and evenly for three hours. During the first hour prick the skin here and there with a needle several times, in order to let the air escape and so prevent the haggis from bursting—a very annoying accident which sometimes happens when the dish is being prepared by inexperienced cooks. When done enough, serve the haggis just as it is on a very hot dish, with a simple garnish of sprigs of parsley and sliced lemon placed round about. Good brown sauce or gravy in a hot tureen, may accompany this dish if desired, but in Scotland it is generally served quite dry.

Sometimes a haggis is served as a sweet dish, and when this is the case, bread-crumbs and beaten eggs should be substituted for the oatmeal and gravy, while chopped raisins, well-cleaned currants, lemon-juice and grated nutmeg should be used in place of the cayenne pepper, onion and herb powder. Fine, white sugar and white sauce may then, if desired, be served as accompaniments.

When parboiled, a well-made haggis will keep good for two or three weeks; one is often sent, therefore, in this state from Scotland as a present to friends at a distance.



### PRIZE BUBBLING.

Who can blow the largest bubble?

Bubble parties are the latest fad in New York this season. Every person is provided with a long-stemmed clay pipe and prizes are given for the largest bubble that is blown by a lady and gentleman respectively. It is very amusing and the affair is easily arranged at short notice.

Be careful to make the suds of Ivory Soap. This gives a very light, clean lather, free from all impurities, and not at all unpleasant to the taste or smell. Any other soap will be disappointing; Ivory is especially suited to this end as its ingredients are so clean.

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### ROLLED BREAD AND BUTTER.

CONVENIENT DISH ADOPTED BY ENGLISH WOMEN AT AFTERNOON TEAS.



**T**HE bread required for this purpose must not be more than twenty-four hours old, and it must be of a spongy, elastic character. The loaves may be baked either round or square, but to be really nice they should not measure more than five-and-a-half inches in diameter. Cut the slices just as

thin as it is possible to cut bread, using a very sharp knife for the purpose so as to cut smoothly, and remember to butter them previous to cutting. Remove the crust—unless it is exceedingly soft and thin—and roll each slice up lightly in bolster form, handling it very gently, yet firmly, and just pressing it sufficiently to make the folds adhere. A little patience is sometimes necessary in order to do this satisfactorily, but "practice soon makes perfect," and it is well worth persevering until we can thoroughly master the business, as the dish proves a most welcome one in many ways. The English patronize rolled bread and butter very largely at "afternoon teas," which I think is rather a good idea, as the ladies can then enjoy the slight refreshment without removing their gloves—often a great trial to those who indulge in six, eight, or even ten buttons—and are yet in no danger of getting grease spots. The rolls should be arranged in a pyramidal form on a pretty lace dish-paper, and be garnished round the base with tiny tufts of fresh, green parsley. For light luncheons, and suppers too, it is frequently served, the bread then being spread with some savory butter, shrimp, sardine, anchovy, etc., instead of just the ordinary. The outside of the rolls should then be sprinkled lightly with finely-minced parsley and lobster coral or very bright red crumbs, and should be dished up tastefully on a flat bed of crisp, well-seasoned water-cress—the latter, of course, to be eaten with the bread, if desired.

### READ THIS.

Chicago Office of LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, November 19, 1890.

MESSRS. SHERMAN, TANGENBERG & CO., 491 and 493 Carroll Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:—Sometime ago I ordered one of your 50 pound Perfection Flour Bins, and am pleased to advise you that it has proved to possess all the good points you claim for it.

Your "Perfection" will enable every person using it to make better and more wholesome bread, besides proving a great convenience and source of economy. Yours truly,

R. S. THAIN, Advertising Manager.

The above letter speaks well for the Perfection Flour Bin and Sieve, and is only one of the great many similar letters received by manufacturers of this great household necessity. It keeps the flour dry and free from dirt, mice, rats and cockroaches. No housekeeper can afford to do without it.

### FIVE CHOICE MEAT DISHES.

#### CHICKEN HASH.

**M**INCE cold roast or boiled chicken not very fine, and to one cupful of meat add two tablespoonfuls good butter, one-half cup of milk, enough minced onion to give a slight flavor, and salt, pepper and mace to taste. Stew it and stir often, and serve with garnish of parsley. Every particle of bone must be subtracted.

#### BEEFSTEAK AND KIDNEY PUDDING.

**L**INE a basin with moderately thick paste, fill with the steak and kidney cut into pieces, season well with pepper and salt, pour over it a cupful of beef gravy, cover with paste, tie in a cloth and boil for two-and-a-half hours. If liked, mushrooms may be added.

#### CALF'S-HEAD PIE.

**B**OIL a calf's head for thirty-five minutes; then cut into pieces, put a layer in a pie-dish, then a layer of sausage meat, then more calf's head, then three hard-boiled eggs sliced. Pour one-half cup strong beef broth into the pie-dish and bake. When done, pour into a mold in which is one-half cup of beef broth, and let stand till cold.

#### IMITATION PATE-DE-FOIE GRAS.

**L**IVERS of four fowls and as many gizzards, to three tablespoonfuls melted butter, a chopped onion, one tablespoonful pungent sauce, salt and white pepper to taste. Boil livers until quite done, drain and wipe dry; when cold, rub to a paste. Let butter and chopped onion simmer together slowly for ten minutes. Strain through thin muslin; turn into a larger dish and mix with it the rest of the seasoning; work all together. Butter a small earthen jar and press the mixture down, interspersing with square bits of the boiled gizzard to represent truffes. Cover all with melted butter and set in a cool, dry place. If well seasoned it will keep a fortnight in winter, but should be kept closely covered. The livers of a turkey and pair of chickens will make a small one. They are delicious to those who like them.

#### POTTED BEEF TONGUE WITH CHICKEN.

**T**AKE the meat off the chicken—do not use the skin and sinews. Chop and pound well with a pound of tongue, boil the bones to make a glaze, and moisten the meat with it; season with salt, pepper, nutmeg and a spoonful of butter. After pounding well and running through a sieve, press it in pots, stand the pots in a stew-pan with hot water in the bottom. Let steam thirty minutes, then cool. Wipe dry and cover with hot butter.

# THE PRACTICAL HOUSEKEEPER

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## A CHAPTER ON OATMEAL.



ANY make a mistake in stirring oatmeal too much while cooking; it is apt to make it mushy and pasty; some may prefer it cooked so, but I think it is much better and more palatable cooked in this manner: Allow one-half pint of coarse oatmeal, and two even teaspoonfuls of salt to each quart of water. Put the meal and salt into a farina kettle (or tinnail, set in a kettle of boiling water), pour on the water, hot or cold, it makes no difference which; when it thickens give it one good stirring, and cook three hours. No need to watch, stir or add water except in the under kettle.

### OATMEAL CRISPS.

One cup oatmeal, nearly one-half teaspoonful salt mixed together dry; cover with cold water and let it stand half an hour. Drain off any water remaining; drop by spoonfuls on a tin, spreading as thick as possible. Bake until brown and crisp, but not scorched in the least.

### FRIED OATMEAL.

Put cooked meal in a bowl or tin, wet with cold water. In the morning cut in slices and fry on a griddle. Eat with butter and sugar, or syrup.

### OATMEAL COOKIES.

One cup of sugar, two eggs, one cup of flour, one cup of cold boiled oatmeal, one teaspoonful of soda, two of cream tartar, a little salt, one tablespoonful of butter; roll thin and bake in a quick oven.

### OATMEAL BREAD.

One-half pint of oatmeal, one and one-half pint of flour, one-half teaspoonful of salt, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, three-fourths of a pint of milk; boil the oatmeal one hour in one and one-half pint salted water, add the milk and set aside to cool; then add the flour, salt and powder, mix smoothly and bake in a well-greased tin, nearly one hour; protect with paper about twenty minutes.

### OATMEAL GRUEL FOR INVALIDS.

One tablespoonful of fine oatmeal, mixed with water to a smooth paste. Pour into a pint of boiling water and boil twenty or thirty minutes, stirring often; salt, and add spice and wine if allowed.

### ANOTHER RECEIPT FOR GRUEL.

One quart of boiling water, one-half cup of oatmeal. Salt to taste, and, if you like, sugar and nutmeg. Wet the oatmeal, and stir into the boiling water. Boil slowly half an hour, stirring well. Thin with milk, and strain if desired.

Always look over oatmeal to get out the black specks, and rinse in cold water.

### OATMEAL PUDDING.

Two cupfuls apple-sauce, one-half cup of oatmeal, three eggs, one cupful of sugar, one and one-half pint of milk; flavor to taste. Boil the oatmeal in milk one-half hour, add the sugar, apple-sauce, beaten eggs and flavoring; pour into a well-buttered pudding dish, and bake one-half hour in a moderate oven.

### OATMEAL PUDDING.

Mix two ounces of fine Scotch oatmeal in a quarter of a pint of milk; add to it a pint of boiling milk; sweeten to taste, and stir over the fire for ten minutes; then put in two ounces of sifted bread-crumbs, stir until the mixture is stiff, then add one ounce of shred suet, and one or two well-beaten eggs. Flavor with lemon or nutmeg, put in a buttered dish and bake slowly for an hour.

### COSMETIC.

Oatmeal for the face and hands wet with water soon soaks, but prepared in the following way will keep good any length of time: Take three cupfuls of oatmeal and five of water (or less quantity in the same proportion); stir well, let it stand over night in a cool place; in the morning stir again, after awhile stir thoroughly, and strain; let it stand until it settles, then carefully pour off the water, and add enough bay-rum to make the sediment about as thick as cream, or thinner if liked. Apply to the face with a soft cloth, let it remain until nearly dry; then rub briskly with a soft flannel. Shake well before using.

### OATMEAL FLOUR.

Probably the grain is more nutritious and healthful in its coarse state, but oatmeal flour gives a pleasant change from wheat flour, graham or Indian.

### OATMEAL MUFFINS.

Two cupfuls of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of white sugar, a little salt, and oatmeal flour to make a moderately stiff batter. Add the soda to the milk and beat a few minutes before adding the other ingredients. Bake in hot, well-greased gem pans.

### OATMEAL FLOUR GEMS.

Oatmeal flour one cup, wheat-flour one-half cup, one and one-half teaspoonfuls baking powder, one egg, one cupful milk, one-half teaspoonful salt. Sift the oatmeal, wheat-flour, baking powder and salt. Beat the egg and add to the milk; stir into the dry ingredients, and beat well. Bake in hot oven in gem pans.

### RAISED OATMEAL BISCUIT.

Dissolve one rounded tablespoonful of butter in a pint of hot milk; when lukewarm, stir in one and one-half pint of oatmeal flour, and one-half pint of white flour, one well beaten egg, a little salt, one tablespoonful of sugar, one-half yeast cake; work the dough until smooth. In the morning knead well, and roll out half an inch thick, cut into rounds, and bake when light.

### OATMEAL FLOUR PUDDING.

Two cups of oatmeal flour, one-half teaspoonful salt, one cup of molasses, one cup of milk, sweet or sour; one cup of chopped raisins, one-half cup of sliced citron, one teaspoonful soda, one egg; steam three hours.

### OATMEAL FLOUR BISCUIT.

Rub a little shortening into one quart of oatmeal flour, and wet it with one pint of sour milk, into which you have stirred one teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in a little hot water, one-half teaspoonful salt. Use as much more flour, either oatmeal or white, as you need to roll out, to about an inch in thickness, and bake in a quick oven.

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## HOW TO DRY FIGS.

A RECEIPT USED BY CALIFORNIA FIG GROWERS.

SELECT figs that are just ripe, but not over-ripe. Have ready some boiling hot weak lye or lime-water. Fill a perforated ladle with figs, dip in the hot lye and let them remain for a minute, then drain carefully. Proceed thus with all of them.

Have ready a well cooked, but rather thin syrup of white sugar. Into this put figs enough to cover the surface, and let them cook gently for fifteen minutes. Take out, drain thoroughly and put on dishes and put more figs in the syrup. When all have been cooked and drained set the dishes out in the sun to dry, covering them carefully with wire gauze covers to protect them from insects. Keep them in the sunshine every day until they are thoroughly dried. Put away in boxes with bay leaves between the layers of figs. How to pack and press them in the boxes for market will have to be asked of one of the California fig growers. There the figs are regularly prepared for market. This is a California receipt for drying them.

## OYSTERS COOKED WITH RICE.

PICK and wash carefully one pint of rice. Put it in a pan, salt to taste and pour on it one pint of fresh oyster liquor that has been strained to free it from shell. Set the pan in a steamer and cover closely. From time to time, as it cooks, stir it with a fork. When perfectly done and tender remove from the steamer and stir into it, while hot, a quarter of a pound of butter. Beat two eggs very light, separately, and, when the rice cools, stir them in. Butter a baking-dish, put the rice in it and smooth it over the top. With the back of a tablespoon make undulations all over it, close together and deep enough to hold an oyster. Into each one put a teaspoonful or bits of butter, then lay in each, one large, or two or three small oysters, freed from any particle of shell. Sprinkle over these salt and a little black pepper, and half a teaspoonful of fine cracker dust. Cut into bits and sprinkle over them a quarter of a pound of butter. Set in a hot oven and brown quickly. Serve at once. Use about one quart of oysters and a little fresh butter. A shallow baking dish is best. The rice should not be more than an inch and a half deep in the dish. Be sure to brown quickly.

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# ALL ABOUT FLOWERS

EDITED AND CONDUCTED BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

## THE CULTURE OF THE ROSE.

THE short article written by me last season on the Hybrid Perpetual Rose met with such a warm reception that it proved what a passion flower-lovers have for this most beautiful of all flowers; and all summer long requests kept coming in for "more" on the subject of Rose-growing. In response to these requests I have determined to make this largely a "Rose number" and trust that the amateur will derive some benefit from the hints I venture to give in these pages.

Roses are plants loving rich food and good care. Unless these can be given they will fail to give that satisfaction which the careful and loving Rose-grower always expects and seldom fails to receive. No plant responds more readily to good cultivation, and no other flower gives one-half the pleasure that the owner of a fine Rose gets from it.

Most Roses like a somewhat heavy loam, but it must be well drained. It is impossible to grow a really good Rose for more than one season in a soil retentive of water. A soil of clay and gravel well enriched, often gives wonderful results with this plant.

But in a light and sandy soil it seldom does well. Something heavier must be worked in. The best fertilizer for Roses is old, thoroughly rotten cow-manure. It should be black and friable, never fresh. Horse-manure is not good, and I have never had good results from the use of guano. Bone-meal is good—if cow manure is not at hand—if dug in well about the roots of the plant. Decayed matter from a chip yard suits the Rose well. One of the finest plants I ever saw grew in an old chip pile where it had been set because there was no other place for it, but the chips had lain there so long that they were rotten.

In making a bed for Roses, dig the soil up to a depth of a foot and a half and mix the manure thoroughly and liberally with the whole mass, providing for drainage if any is required. Old bones, brick, crockery, cans; aye, even old boots and shoes can be utilized for this purpose. This refuse can thus be disposed of and got out of the way, and be made to answer a good purpose at the same time, and in this way you "kill two birds with one stone."

In choosing a place for Roses I would always select one where the plants could be sheltered from the fierce afternoon sun, as it causes the flowers to fade rapidly. An eastern or south-eastern exposure is best; it should be airy. A close, damp spot generally breeds mildew.

In buying plants I would always get dormant ones, if possible, as these are not only larger than greenhouse-grown plants, therefore more immediately effective, but they are

hardier, having been grown out-of-doors. Most dealers take the plants up in fall and store them in a cold cellar in order to have them in readiness for the early spring trade. For thirty or forty cents you can get strong, large two and three-year-old plants, which will give very good flowers the first season if allowed to bloom. I would advise cutting off most of the buds the first season, however, in order to throw the strength of the plant into a production of wood for bearing flowers the coming year.

Summer-blooming Roses require but one good pruning a year. This should be given in spring, before the annual growth begins. This pruning should be carefully done, and in such a manner as to induce the production of plenty of branches, as the number of flowers depends largely on the amount of blossoming surface. If you cut back too closely you cripple the plant to a considerable extent for the season. I would always advise the amateur to allow several stalks to each plant. I am aware that many advise but one stem, but I have never seen a satisfactory plant of this kind except when grown under the hands of a professional.

Let your Rose bush be a bush, not a prim, little, uncomfortable-looking tree, or, more properly speaking, caricature of a tree.

## WHEN YOU BUY ROSES.

IN buying Roses, I would always insist on having plants grown on their own roots. Grafted plants are not satisfactory, especially in the hands of the amateur, because they often send up vigorous shoots on which no flowers are borne, and in a year or two the old top is starved out by the strong, new growth from which the unsuspecting amateur expects great things. He waits impatiently for flowers, and after a time finds out that the rank growth comes from the roots on which the graft of a choice variety was worked, below the junction of graft and root, and is therefore of no value for flowering purposes. When the amateur Rose-grower fully understands this, he will not only know why his vigorous plant produces no flowers on the new shoots, but will make up his mind to buy no grafted plants from that time on.

Hybrid Perpetuals should be pruned at intervals, all through the season. This class blooms on new growth of wood at various periods during the season, and in order to secure flowers the plant must be kept making branches. This is done by giving it high cultivation and cutting back the old growth to strong buds, from which new branches will be put forth to bear flowers. You have grown the popular Ever-blooming Roses, haven't you? If so, you know that you must cut the plants back from time to time if you want flowers during the season. You must act on the same principle in cultivating the Hybrid Perpetual class. Constant and judicious pruning, with a liberal amount of food, will secure good results with them.

I am aware that most dealers send out Hybrid Perpetuals and Hybrid Teas as hardy. In the middle and southern portions of the United States they may be so. But at the north they are not hardy enough to endure our severe winters unprotected. I would advise laying the plants down on the ground in November, with pieces of sod on each stalk to keep it in place. Then cover with leaves to a depth of six inches, or put ever-green branches over them. Keeping out the cold is not the object aimed at; rather keeping out the sun. The plants will freeze, of course, but if shaded they will remain frozen. If not shaded, they will thaw and then freeze again.

## THE JAPANESE ROSA REIGOSA.

SOME one recently asked me what kind of a rose this is. It is a Japanese variety, single, having large flowers very much like those of our wild variety, but hardly as delicate in color. Its foliage is very luxuriant and beautiful, and colors finely in fall.

## TWENTY-FOUR HYBRID PERPETUAL ROSES.

A LIST of the best Roses of this class has been made up from the extensive experience of such enthusiastic growers as the late George Ellwanger, who knew and understood Roses as few other men have. Years of study and observation qualified him to give an opinion which has the ring of authority in it. I give the list as read by him before a meeting of the Western New York Horticultural Society, adding to each Rose named, letters to designate qualities in which they excel. A, indicates a habit of free blooming in autumn; B, beauty; H, hardiness and S, fragrance. As some will select from the list with reference to one or the other of these qualities, these letters will be found useful as a guide to the particular merits of each kind:

- Alfred Colomb—A, B, H, S—color, carmine.
- Anne de Diesbach—A, H—carmine.
- Baron de Bonstetter—B, H—velvety maroon, shaded with rich crimson.
- Baroness Rothschild—A, B, H—pale, satiny pink. Exquisite.
- Baronne Prevost—A, H, S—Pure rose.
- Caroline de Sansal—A, H—Pale pink, or flesh color.
- Countess de Sevegel—A, B, H—silvery-pink.
- Eugene Verdier—A, B, H—soft, pure rose.
- Fisher Holmes—B, H, S—bright crimson.
- Francois Michelon—A, H—deep rose, tinged with lilac.
- General Jacquemont—H, S, B—intense dark crimson.
- Louis Van Houtte—A, B, S—crimson-maroon.
- Mabel Morrison—A, B, H—beautiful ivory-white.
- Madame Gabriel Luizet—A, H—pink.
- Madame Victor Verdier—B, S—carmine-crimson.
- Marie Bauman—A, B, S—crimson-vermillion.
- Marie Rady—B, S—vermillion, shading to crimson.
- Marguerite de St. Amande—A, B, H—bright rose.
- Marshal P. Wilder—A, B, H—cherry-crimson.
- Maurice Benardin—B, H, S—bright crimson.
- Paul Neyson—A, B, H—deep rose.
- Pierre Noting—B, S—maroon.
- Rev. J. B. Camm—A, B, H, S—carmine-rose.
- Victor Verdier—A, B—bright rose, carmine-centre.

La France is omitted from this list only because it is not a true Hybrid Perpetual, but a Hybrid Tea. It is, nevertheless, a most beautiful and free-flowering variety, of exceptional sweetness, and as an autumnal bloomer it has no superior. Though not classed as quite hardy, it will stand the protection recommended for all Roses of the classes named in this article. Adding this to the above list we have twenty-five kinds, which includes the best varieties adapted for open-air culture at the North, in the opinion of Mr. Ellwanger.

The above list would doubtless be amended or added to by its compiler were he living, for since it was made several new varieties of great merit have been introduced. Among these are the following:

- American Beauty—B, S, H, A—Deep, glowing rose.
  - Perfection des Blanches—B, H, A—milk-white.
  - Her Majesty—S, B—Of immense size. Satiny pink.
- Select any from the list given and you are sure of getting a fine Rose. There is not a poor variety included in it, each having its distinct and individual merits. I can recommend any one of them, and each will more than repay you for the trouble you may exercise in raising them.

## SUMMER, OR JUNE ROSES.

JUNE, or Summer-Blooming Roses, as they are generally classed, are those which bloom but once during the season. Their flowering period is during the latter part of June, and first half of July. They bloom with great profusion at this time, and no garden is complete without them.

Included in this class is the well-known Provence or Cabbage Rose, with its multitude of rosy petals and delicious fragrance, and the old Damask—the favorite of our grandmothers, and a Rose worthy of place in any garden today, but now seldom seen. The fragrance of the Damask is peculiar to this one variety, and is most exquisite.



LA FRANCE ROSE.

George the Fourth is one of the best summer-flowering kinds. Its flowers are not large, but they are very double, and are produced in clusters, and a well-grown specimen will be so loaded with blossoms that the branches bend almost to the ground. It is a rich, dark velvety crimson in color, with a fine fragrance.

The best yellow is the Persian, sometimes called Harrison's Yellow. The color of this variety is superb, being very bright, with a silken texture of petal. It is a most profuse bloomer, and one bush will fill a large garden with brilliance, quite like a burst of sunshine. Unfortunately, it lacks fragrance.

Among the white kinds, there is nothing better than Madam Plantier, which I notice several dealers class among the Perpetuals. It does not belong there. This Rose is small in size, but very double, and blooms in clusters. It is fine for cemetery use.

The Scotch, or Austrian Roses, are low, spreading growers, with semi-double flowers, both white and yellow, and are fine for planting in front rows of shrubbery.

General Washington is a grand old Rose—large, double, free-flowering, and a rich crimson in color. One of the best.

There are others of great merit in this class, but the above are those best adapted to the use of the amateur.

## TWO BEAUTIFUL CLIMBING ROSES.

The list of Climbing Roses is a small one, and out of this list there are but two which I can recommend. These are:—

- Baltimore Belle—white.
  - Queen of the Prairie—carmine-rose.
- These bloom profusely, are quite hardy, and are very beautiful. Planted together, they produce a charming effect. They are excellent for training to the pillars of the veranda, about porches, and over arches of gate-ways. They require protection in winter. On account of the large size of their stalks, and their stiffness, it is not an easy matter to lay them down for covering without injuring them, unless a large amount of earth is heaped about the base of the plant. If this is done, the canes can be bent over it in a curve, by working carefully, without breaking or splitting them, as all sharp bends are avoided.



THE AMERICAN BEAUTY ROSE.



# ALL ABOUT FLOWERS

This department is under the editorship of EBEN E. REXFORD, who will take pleasure in answering any question regarding flowers and floriculture which may be sent to him by the JOURNAL readers. MR. REXFORD asks that, as far as possible, correspondents will allow him to answer their questions through his JOURNAL Department. Where specially desired, however, he will answer them by mail if stamp is enclosed. Address all letters direct to EBEN E. REXFORD, Shiocton, Wisconsin.

## FURTHER WORDS ABOUT ROSES.

**N**OTHING can eclipse the half-opened Moss Rose in loveliness. It is perfection perfected. No collection can be called complete that does not include several varieties, among the best of which are the following:

**Blanche Moreau**—Color, pure white. Blooms in clusters. Very charming, the buds being heavily mossed, and the contrast of white and green being extremely effective.

**Glory of Mosses**—A most magnificent Rose. Color, vivid carmine-rose, shading into crimson tinged with purple; very double, and of extra size. Richly mossed, and deliciously fragrant. One of the very best roses in this class.

**Henry Martin**—Rich, glossy pink, shaded with crimson. Flowers globular, full and sweet. Well mossed.

**Luxembourg**—An excellent old variety. Bright crimson-scarlet. Large, very double, fragrant and very mossy.

**Princess Adelaide**—Large flowers, of rich, rosy-pink, fragrant, beautifully mossed, and a great bloomer.

### EVER-BLOOMING, OR MONTHLY ROSES.

**T**HE ever-blooming section, among which are Teas, Noisettes, Bourbon and China Roses, is too well-known to require any praise from me. Every lover of sweet and beautiful flowers knows them, and will have at least a few plants in the garden each year, to cut from daily. No other flower equals them for summer use, though there are many plants which bloom more freely, for one fine Rose is always prized more than a score of inferior flowers. I doubt if money can be invested in any other plant for the garden from which more satisfaction can be secured. A bed of forty or fifty plants will furnish flowers for the house, for bouquets, and your friends all through the season. Try them and be convinced that a bed of these Roses is superior to anything else in the bedding-plant line.

I will name only a few of the most profuse and constant-blooming sorts:

**Adam**—bright pink, large and sweet.

**Andre Schwartz**—dark crimson, with very fine bud.

**Bella**—pure white, long, pointed buds.

**Catherine Mermet**—rosy pink, shaded with fawn. Large and sweet.

**Charles Rovoli**—soft rose color. Flowers perfect in form when open.

**Coquette de Lyn**—canary yellow, with delicious fragrance.

**Duchess of Edinburgh**—intense scarlet, very fine in bud.

**Douglas**—cherry red, with velvety texture. Sweet.

**Duchess de Brabant**—rose, shaded with amber. Very fragrant.

**Etoile de Lyon**—chrome yellow. Exquisitely beautiful and sweet.

**Marie Guillot**—perfection in form. A queen among the whites.

**Souvenir d'un Ami**—rose, shaded with salmon. Very sweet.

**Perle des Jardins**—rich yellow, fragrant, and fine in form. A good substitute for the popular Maréchal Niel, which it so closely resembles, that it is sold in great quantities each year as that Rose, and few are able to detect the cheat. Unlike the Niel, it is a very free bloomer.

**Metor**—velvety scarlet. One of the best dark kinds.

**Safrano**—amber and fawn. Fine for buds. Sweet.

**Sunset**—a sport from Safrano, but with a peculiarly rich blending of yellow, fawn and apricot. This rose is very fragrant and very beautiful as well.

**MILDEW AND INSECTS.**

**T**HE mildew which often causes much trouble among Roses, is a fungus. A cold and damp location seems to favor its development. Weak varieties, and unthrifty plants are most subject to it. Give rich soil, and that cultivation which insures vigor and health, and it seldom does much damage. But a cold, damp spell sometimes brings it on among very healthy plants. The best remedy I know of is flour of sulphur, dusted over the bushes when moist with dew.

Insects are far more troublesome, and some of them will be almost certain to attack your plants each season. The most effective means of getting rid of them is syringing the plants well, all over, with a solution of whale-oil or tobacco soap, in the proportion of one pound of soap to one gallon of water; or by dusting powdered hellebore over the plants when damp. It is well to act on the defensive with regard to insects. Don't wait for them to come, but forestall them—get the start of them. Take it for granted that they will come if you don't head them off, and go to work early in the season and keep them from taking possession of your plants. Prevention is not only better, but easier, than cure.

**CUTTING BACK HYDRANGEAS.**

**F. C. D.** asks if it is best to cut off all the stalks of hydrangeas when putting them in the cellar for the winter, or only such branches as have borne blossoms. Cut back all branches to stout, plump buds, from which healthy branches can be expected when the next period of growth begins. Cut away old growth with a sharp knife.

**BEST HOUSE PLANTS FOR AMATEUR.**

**FORBENCE J.**—I would advise geraniums in variety, abutilons, pink, white, and red; begonias Waltontensis, rubra and gigantea rosea, heliotrope, calla, and English ivy. These plants, with the exception of the ivy, are all good winter bloomers, if properly cared for, and grow better for the amateur than any others, because they are stronger in constitution, therefore able to stand more in the way of neglect or improper treatment. With ordinary care they will do quite well, while most other plants would give but poor satisfaction.

**WATER LILIES.**

**M. T.**—This correspondent asks when to lift canna roots, and says her pansies are all going to seed and dying out. In reply to first question, would say: "Take the roots up after the tops have been killed by frost. If your pansies are allowed to perfect seed they will be sure to 'die out,' as the plants exhaust themselves. If you want flowers you must keep the seed-pods cut off. You can get the book on flowers which you speak about, of James Vick, Rochester, N. Y. I cannot give you the required information about chicken-raising."

## FLORAL HELPS AND HINTS

### PASSION FLOWER, LILACS AND HONEYSUCKLE NOT BLOOMING.

**E. F.**—This correspondent writes that she has the plants named above, and only one—the lilac—blooms, and that but poorly. She speaks of poor soil. This is probably the reason why there are few flowers on this one plant, and none on the others. Lack of nutriment explains their stunted appearance. Manure the soil well, and when the plants get to growing well, you will doubtless get good crops of flowers from them.

### TROUBLE WITH ASTERS.

**Mrs. C. L. D.**—This correspondent writes that when her asters were just ready to bud, the plants began to droop, and in a week they were dead. What was the cause of failure? I presume that examination would have shown a sort of black aphid at work at the roots. The aster is often injured by this insect, and his presence is unexpected because he works beneath the soil.

### ASTERS AGAIN.

**Mrs. M. A. R.** Writes that her asters fail to produce perfect flowers, and she cannot secure good seed from her plants. From what she says about their proximity to trees, I infer that they are too much shaded, and that doubtless the soil lacks nutriment, the stronger roots of the trees probably robbing the asters. Try another location.

### NON-BLOOMING ROSE.

**Mrs. J. C. W.** writes that a tree peddler presented her mother with a rosebush to be a General Jacquemont, but after having had it five years, it has given no flowers. Why? Probably because it is, like many tree-peddlers, a fraud. Beware of tree-peddlers and the stories they tell.

### WINTERING OLEANDERS.

**"ALICE"** asks if oleanders can be wintered in a dark cellar, in tubs, and if much water should be given? A dark cellar is a better place for such plants than a light one. Only enough water to keep the soil from getting dry should be given.

### SATANIA BORBONICA.

**Mrs. J. S. O.** asks if this palm can be sent safely by mail, also price. Small specimens will go safely by mail, but it would be more satisfactory to get larger plants, which would have to be sent by express. Price from 25 cents to \$1.00. I have no plants for sale.

### PROPAGATING PLUMBAGOES, SHOWERING GLOXINIAS.

**A. T. A.**—Take half-ripened wood of plumbago, at any season, and insert in clear sand, which should be kept wet and warm. You will find that showering the foliage of the gloxinia injures it. Keep clean by covering the plants with a thin cloth, or paper, when sweeping or dusting.

### AGERATUM NOT BLOOMING.

**Miss M. P.**—The leaf sent is ageratum, sure enough; but I can't tell you why the plant fails to bloom.

### OUR "NATIONAL FLOWER."

**Mrs. E. C. L.**—I believe that it has been decided—that is, so far as such a matter can be decided by "voting"—that the golden rod shall be considered our national flower.

### WINTERING PLANTS IN CELLAR.—FLIES IN SOIL.—CLEAN SAND.—HYDRANGEAS, ETC.

**Mrs. C. R. B.** asks if geraniums, fuchsias, oleanders, hydrangeas, abutilons, cacti, roses, pelargoniums amarillids, begonias and mimulus can be safely wintered in a cool cellar. All but the two last named can. She wants to know how to get rid of a small black fly which seems to breed in the soil. Dust the surface with insect powder. What is meant by "clean sand"? Sand free from other soil. Should a year-old hydrangea bloom this season? That depends.

### PANSIES AND CARNATIONS.

**Miss H. C. M.**—This correspondent writes from Florida to ask how to increase carnations by slips, and how to grow the pansy. Carnations are propagated from old plants mostly by layering. Bend down a branch, half-breaking it at the bend. Insert the stalk in soil, pegging it down to prevent its escape. This must be done, bear in mind, without severing the branch from the old or parent plant. In time, what is called a callus will form where the half-broken part of the bent branch is, and later on, roots. After roots have formed, the branch can be severed from the old plant. I think there is something about your climate not suited to pansies, judging from the many complaints I get of failure to grow them well. The two carnations named will cost twenty-five cents each, and you can get them of any dealer advertising in this paper. You can get the seeds you name of any florist.

### CANNAS.—PANSIES DYING OUT.

**M. T.**—This correspondent asks when to lift canna roots, and says her pansies are all going to seed and dying out. In reply to first question, would say: "Take the roots up after the tops have been killed by frost. If your pansies are allowed to perfect seed they will be sure to 'die out,' as the plants exhaust themselves. If you want flowers you must keep the seed-pods cut off. You can get the book on flowers which you speak about, of James Vick, Rochester, N. Y. I cannot give you the required information about chicken-raising."

### WATER LILIES.

**Mrs. E. F. Howe,** Boxford Mass., requests me to say to C. E. S., whose question regarding aquatics appeared in a recent number of this paper, that if he would like some roots of white and pink water lilies, she will save him some, if he will send stamps enough to pay postage.

### BEST HOUSE PLANTS FOR AMATEUR.

**FORBENCE J.**—I would advise geraniums in variety, abutilons, pink, white, and red; begonias Waltontensis, rubra and gigantea rosea, heliotrope, calla, and English ivy. These plants, with the exception of the ivy, are all good winter bloomers, if properly cared for, and grow better for the amateur than any others, because they are stronger in constitution, therefore able to stand more in the way of neglect or improper treatment. With ordinary care they will do quite well, while most other plants would give but poor satisfaction.

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This is the most perfect, convenient, useful and effective little toilet article ever invented. It combines a Comb-Curler of superior finish with an improved Tong Crimper, and both parts being Electro-Magnetic, it quickly produces wonderfully pleasing and fashionable results. With its aid the hair can be fixed in any desired style, and when so fixed with this little instrument it retains the effect much longer, and is not even affected by damp air. Once tried always used.

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It does not break off or ruin the hair like most Curlers and Crimpers, never fails in operation, and is guaranteed to give satisfaction. **MONEY REFUNDED IF NOT AS REPRESENTED.** It is for sale by the leading drug and fancy goods trade generally, but if not obtainable in your vicinity, we will mail it to any address, post-paid, guaranteeing safe delivery, on receipt of 50c., or five for \$2. Remit by draft, express, or post-office money order, or currency in registered letter, payable to THE A. BRIDGMAN CO., 378 Broadway, New York. Mention The Ladies' Home Journal Agents wanted for Dr. Bridgman's Corsets, Brushes, Belts and Specialties. New and popular. Most liberal terms.



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## ROCHESTER EXTENSION LAMP

WITH EMBOSSED ROCHESTER FOUNT

The Piano Extension (or floor-stand) Lamp is now the popular lamp. Such a lamp adds very much to the furnishings of any handsome parlor. Where there is a piano or an organ one of these handsome lamps is almost a necessity; it is certainly a very useful luxury.

This lamp we have made especially to meet all requirements. It is all solid brass, with brass rifled finish—something no other manufacturer has attempted to furnish in a lamp of this price. The fount is the genuine Rochester Fount, richly embossed; it is equally as ornamental, and has the same burner as put on the richest and most costly lamps. The lamp is 5 feet high from floor to burner, when extended; and can be lowered to 3 feet 8 inches from floor.

We send with the lamp a large size umbrella, silk-fringe shade, with brass skeleton shade-holder and two chimneys. In ordering, please state color of shade desired—red, orange, yellow or pink.

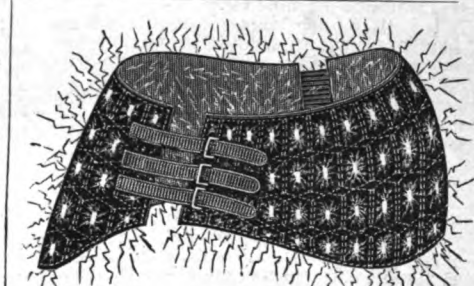
To give full particulars how to obtain this lamp FREE takes too much space for an advertisement. We therefore have arranged with Godey's Lady's Book of Philadelphia to publish full information in their December and January numbers, either one of which will be sent on receipt of 15 CTS. sent to GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, Philadelphia, Pa.

## COVER FLOORS

with "Papier Maché," a durable carpeting, costs 10 cents square yard. Directions for making and laying, 25 cents silver. H. BINGHAM, BOX 1232, NEW YORK. Cut this out.

**10c.** Per Pair. No game complete without Reed's Patent Game Counters. Scores any game cards. Handsome and durable. 25 cts. buys pack cards worth 75 cts. REED & CO., 84 Market, Chicago, Ill.

**PATENTS** FRANKLIN H. HOUGH, Washington, D. C. No attorney's fee until patent obtained. Write for Inventor's Guide.



**THE ABOVE CUT ILLUSTRATES OUR MAGNETIC BELT.** One of the grandest appliances ever made for Lame Back, Weakness of Spine and any diseases of the Kidneys. This belt will give relief in Five Minutes, and has never failed to cure Lame Back. It has no equal for Kidney Disease. It is Nature's own power concentrated and will do more good in one hour than all other remedies will do in one week. It is the crowning triumph of the nineteenth century! Whole families are often cured by wearing one Belt in turn. It gives off LIFE and WARMTH the moment it touches the body. We can refer to one thousand people now wearing this Belt. Never since Galileo has there been given to the world such a potential power for curing diseases as DR. THACHER'S MAGNETIC SHIELDS. We challenge the civilized world to produce the equal of this Magnetic Belt for curing disease. If every reader of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, will send for our book the law of magnetic impartation will be explained to them. Every lady in the land should wear this belt, as it is a perfect protection against pain and sickness at all periods of life. Write us for information of vital interest to you.

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**OUR MAGNETIC FOOT BATTERIES** challenge the world for any potency which will equal them for keeping your feet warm. These FOOT BATTERIES remove all aches and pains from feet and limbs, cause a feeling of new life and vigor equal to the days of youth. Think of the luxury of warm feet all winter in all weather! These MAGNETIC BATTERIES increase the flow of blood, vitalize it, and cause a most delightful feeling the moment your feet rest upon these powerful MAGNETIC INSOLES. Every pair gives comfort and satisfaction. If you keep your feet warm you cannot catch cold. What's the use of suffering from those tired, worn-out feet? A pair of our MAGNETIC FOOT BATTERIES will act like a charm on your blood, and give you a sensation of warmth and vigor at once. Try a pair of them quick. \$1.00, or three pairs for \$3.00, any size, by mail. Send for our book, "A Plain Road to Health," free.

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Trial 10c. At all or sent by mail, prepaid. Size 10c. Druggists. EMERSON DRUG CO., BALTIMORE, Md.

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A Harmless Vegetable Tonic for all Female Complaints and Irregularities. Druggists, or by mail, 50c. & \$1. Trial size 25c. Treatise Free. JOS. S. HALL, Jersey City, N. J.

# ALL ABOUT FLOWERS

This department is under the editorship of EBEN E. REXFORD, who will take pleasure in answering any question regarding flowers and floriculture which may be sent to him by the JOURNAL readers. MR. REXFORD asks that, as far as possible, correspondents will allow him to answer their questions through his JOURNAL Department. Where specially desired, however, he will answer them by mail, if stamp is enclosed. Address all letters direct to EBEN E. REXFORD, Shiocton, Wisconsin.

## ARRANGEMENT OF WINDOW PLANTS.



Persons owning collections of plants would exercise more care and taste in the arrangement of them in the window, the effect would be much finer than it generally is, and, in consequence, much more pleasure would be derived from them. An individual plant depends upon itself for effect, while the general effect of a collection depends largely on the manner in which the plants composing it are arranged. No matter how many fine plants it may include, the general effect will not be satisfactory if they are huddled together indiscriminately. You must arrange them in such a manner as to allow the individuality of each plant to assert itself, if possible, in such a way as to bring out its peculiarities, without making itself too prominent. Take the fuchsia as an illustration of this idea:—if crowded down among geraniums and plants of that character, its individuality is hidden to a great extent; but place it so that its beauties can be seen, without giving it a position of too great importance, merely giving it a chance to show what it is, in fact, and you will find that it not only does itself better justice, but adds to the general effect by its position. In short, give it an opportunity to assert itself and its individuality without giving it undue prominence.

It is well to have your collection made up of plants of different habit of growth. Some should be tall, to take positions on each side of the window. Between these should be lower growers, while those in front should be plants of low habit, like the Chinese primrose (*Primula obconica*) and some of the begonias. Those requiring a good deal of sunshine should be placed next the glass, while such kinds as ferns, begonias and primulas can have a place on the edge of the table, where they will receive all the light they need. Or, if you have but one or two tall plants, give these a place in the middle of the window, and let the whole collection have a kind of pyramidal effect.

Never allow your plants to remain in one position long enough to cause all the leaves on them to turn toward the light. If you do this they will look well from outside the window, but from within you will get the impression of looking into the backyard. Aim to arrange your plants in such a manner as to have them produce the best effect when looked at in the room. You grow them for your pleasure, and the pleasure of your household, not for the admiration of the passer-by.

### THE CANNA AS A WINTER PLANT.

I HAVE grown this plant in the greenhouse and sitting-room for several years, and I find it one of the most satisfactory plants I have for winter use. In growing it for house culture, pot the tubers as late in the season as possible. Give a rich soil, and plenty of water. In fall, cut off the old stalks, and encourage the growth of several new ones to furnish foliage for winter. It is well to shift the plant in October to a large pot, and give fresh soil. As a single plant, or one of a group, it is very effective, its broad, rich foliage showing finely. The best varieties for winter are *Noutoni* and *M. Valliant*.

### THE CESTRUM.

THE *Cestrum auranticum*, or Orange-flowered Cestrum, is a deciduous greenhouse shrub, often growing to be five or six feet tall, and branching freely. It is a plant of the easiest cultivation, and well deserves a place in all collections because of the richness of the color of its flowers, and also because it blooms most profusely from October to February, thus covering that period of the year when there is pretty sure to be a lack of floral display in most collections.

The flowers are borne in spikes both terminal and auxiliary. They are produced in great quantities, and are succeeded by clusters of white berries, which are quite attractive after the flowering season is past.

If one has not room for the plant in greenhouse or parlor after the flowering season is over, it can be safely wintered in the cellar. If it drops its leaves, no harm is done. When you bring it up in spring, cut it back at least half, and as soon as it feels the effects of light and water, it will begin to put forth new branches vigorously, and soon be covered with bright and pleasing foliage.

It grows best in turfy matter and rich loam, with considerable sand mixed in. Give good drainage, and let the roots have ample room to develop in if you want a fine plant. If kept in too small a pot, you will never find out the great capabilities of the plant for decorative purposes. Give sunshine liberally, and water well when growing.

It is a plant which requires very little attention in training in order to secure a good specimen. It will be found most satisfactory when grown as a shrub.

## WINTER-BLOOMING ANNUALS.

IF you cannot have expensive plants, you can have flowers that will make your windows bright and beautiful, all through the winter, if you can keep the frost away from them, and you can have them with but little cost or trouble. A pinch of petunia seed will produce many plants, and each plant will give you hundreds of flowers during the season, if properly cared for, and about all the care a petunia requires is a good earth to grow in, sunshine, and a moderate amount of water. Phlox will bloom well in winter, from seed sown in November, but it is not as constant as the petunia. Nasturtiums are excellent winter bloomers, if the red spider is kept from injuring them. Do not give this plant a rich soil, or you will get more leaves than flowers. Sweet alyssum is excellent for a hanging basket. The balsam is a charming winter bloomer, in a warm room; and the dear old morning-glory will give you flowers every day all through the winter if you keep its leaves moist enough to make them unpleasant to the red spider. You can buy seed of all these flowers for twenty-five cents, or some neighbor will give you all you want of them, gladly. It is not necessary to invest much, you see, in order to have flowers in winter, and these common kinds will doubtless afford you more pleasure than many of the choicer sorts, because they will require so much less care.

Scarlet salvia makes a magnificent winter plant. If your neighbor has one in her garden, ask her for a shoot with a bit of root attached. In a short time it will become a large plant, and the brilliant spike of velvety flowers seen above the dark foliage, will make your window glow with vivid beauty that will cheer you like a glimpse of the "fire on the hearth." Only be sure to shower it well daily, for the spider likes to work on it, and he will soon ruin it if left unmolested.

## NEW ENGLISH PERFUME! CRAB-APPLE BLOSSOMS.

(REGISTERED.) MALUS CORONARIA. WHAT LONDON AND NEW YORK SAY OF IT: "Chief among the fashionable scents is 'Crab Apple Blossoms,' a delicate perfume of highest quality; one of the choicest ever produced."—COURT JOURNAL. "It would not be possible to conceive of a more delicate and delightful perfume than the 'Crab Apple Blossoms,' which is put up by the Crown Perfumery Company, of London. It has the aroma of Spring in it, and one could use it for a lifetime and never tire of it."—NEW YORK OBSERVER. "It is the faintest and most delicious of perfumes, and in a few months has superseded all others in the boutiques of the GRANDES DAMES of London, Paris, and New York."—THE ARGONAUT.

Put up in 1, 2, 3 and 4 oz. Bottles. INVIGORATING LAVENDER SALTS. "Our readers who are in the habit of purchasing that delicious perfume 'Crab Apple Blossoms,' of the Crown Perfumery Company, should procure also a bottle of their 'Invigorating Lavender Salts.' By leaving the stopper out for a few moments a delightful perfume escapes, which freshens and purifies the air most enjoyably."—LE FOLLIER.

Genuine only with Crown Stoppers, as shown herewith. Reject Spurious Imitations. MADE ONLY BY THE CROWN PERFUMERY COMPANY, 177, New Bond St., London. Sold Everywhere.

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## To Make Plants Bloom.

Prof. S. T. Maynard, Prof. of Botany and Horticulture, Mass. Agricultural College, has written a little book, "Window Gardening," which we will send free to any address. Bowker Fertilizer Co., 43 Chatham Street, Boston, Mass. We also sell enough clean, odorless, chemical fertilizer for 20 house plants one year for 50 cents, by mail, postpaid.

### CACTUS.

10 Plants mailed for \$1.00. Hint on Cacti, 10c. Catalogue free. A. BLANC & Co., Phila. Beglad. We employ no agents, but sell direct to planters at reduced prices. Send for free fruit catalogue and copy of GREEN'S FRUIT GROWER. Address, GREEN'S NURSERY CO., Rochester, N. Y.

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**NEW FANCY GERMAN PANSIES.** Special selection of only the brightest and best, superbly spotted and stained, striped and margined, *Imperial Prize Pansies*, of striking beauty. Flowers of perfect form and large size.

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For 26 cts. (13 two-cent stamps) we will send all the above—FIVE FINEST NOVELTIES with full directions for culture printed on each packet. If you do not want all of these seeds, you can select any Three Varieties for 16 cts.

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This offer is only made to induce you to give us a trial. It would be folly for us to expect further orders from you if we failed to please you.

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Madame Schwallier.—(New). Great garden Rose. A bright pink and delicately fragrant. Meteor.—(New). The best, rich crimson Rose ever offered. Madame Scipion Cochet.—(New). A great Rose. Style of Duchesse de Brabant. Only better. La France.—Acknowledged by all to be "The Queen of Roses." Beauty of Stapleford.—(New). A Rose that gives universal satisfaction. Mile Franciska Kruger.—(New). A most charming Rose. Very highly colored. It often sent out for "Sunset." Souvenir de Victor Hugo.—(New). A Rose that everybody likes. Certainly elegant. Comtesse de Frigues.—(New). A rich golden yellow. The only rival of the *Marshall Niel* has. Viscountess de Wautier.—(New). A Rose with charming combinations of colors. The Bride.—Without question the greatest pure ivory white Rose ever offered.

The above ten choice new and rare Roses, costing at catalogue prices \$2, sent for \$1.

### Our Duchess of Albany Collection of Roses \$1.25.

Duchess of Albany.—The best Rose by far ever introduced. Ella May.—An improved "Sunset." Viscountess Folkestone.—A beauty, and one of the very best. Princess Beatrice.—A most beautiful Rose, very highly colored. Souvenir de Wootton.—A grand, red Rose. It and *Merron* being the best of their color. Cleopatra.—An elegant pink Rose. Snowflake.—A grand and new Rose. Mrs. James Wilson.—A grand Rose of the *Marmet* type. The above collection of choice new Roses will cost you, at catalogue prices, \$2.70. We will send the entire collection for \$1.25, or we will send the "Duchess of Albany Collection" and the "Champion Collection," for \$2.00. DON'T FORGET that these two collections are the very best Roses, most of them the newer kinds, and you cannot duplicate them anywhere for double the money. Our Handsome, Illustrated 80-page Catalogue, describing above Roses and all plants mailed for 6c. stamps. Don't order your Roses, Plants or Seeds before seeing our prices. We can save you money. We have all the new Christmas plants, Geraniums, Roses, etc.

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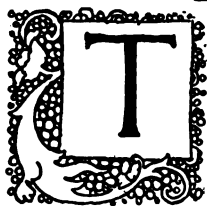
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FOR A CHURCH FESTIVAL.

By Mrs. A. G. Lewis.



THE first thing to be decided upon is the kind of festival or supper to have. There are so many different ways of serving "color teas" and "letter teas," that one is often puzzled which one to select, and how to serve the same by some novel method that will both attract and entertain guests.

It may be thought desirable to combine two ideas, for instance, an "orange" and an "O" tea, naming it, perhaps, an Orange festival, the O being printed after little Joe's direction, "uncommon large." In that case, if there be a long list to select from, the committee may well be chosen from the O's thus:—Mr. and Mrs. Oldham, Mr. and Mrs. Orwell, Mr. and Miss Osier, and so on. If the list is limited other names may be capitalized, thus:—Mr. and Mrs. HOOD, Mr. and Mrs. BrOWN, Miss BOOTH and Mr. BOND.

In order to make sure of the number and a large number of guests (an assurance that must never be lacking), and that the tables be supplied amply with suitable food, it is necessary that the parish list be divided into smaller lists by which the committee may make sure that every family is called upon. The number of tickets promised, and the quantity and kind of contributions for the table, may then be reported to the chairman.

The above details are indispensable to the success of church or charity festivals where the object is to raise a goodly sum of money.

DECORATIONS.

The tables should be covered with orange-colored cheese-cloth, or mosquito netting over white cloth. Either may be bought by the piece for four or five cents per yard, or plain white tablecloths, decorated with orange-colored tissue paper, may be used. The cost of the American manufacture is ten cents per quire. The English make is nicer and costs thirty-five cents per quire. Four quires will decorate and furnish napkins for two hundred guests. It may be ordered of most any stationer.

A pretty plan for decorating with tissue paper is as follows:—

Cut the paper in strips three inches wide. Slash these in form of fringe, making the slashes a third of an inch wide, at least. The fringe is then easily crimped by using a knife or scissors to crowd the slashes between the thumb and first finger, pinching them well, so as to form firm creases. Several thicknesses of the paper may be cut and crimped at once. Pin these fringed strips upon the cloth at the edge of the table (not for a border to the tablecloth), putting on one or more rows as desired. Table napkins, nine inches square, fringed and crimped may be made out of the tissue paper.

Tasteful mats are made by folding sheets of colored paper, first double, then in squares, then in triangular form. Cut the edge of the folded paper in diamond-shaped holes of different sizes. When unfolded and laid above the white cloth these mats are very ornamental.

Platter mats, also, are made by pasting orange-colored paper upon cardboard cut in proper form. Then fasten a full fringe of crimped paper about the edge, which must appear outside the rim of the platters.

Handsome centre-pieces can be easily arranged by lining with paper fringed to come beyond the edge, glass dishes that stand high, so graded that the largest size is at the bottom, the smallest at top; these may be decorated with fruit or flowers, or both. Colored dishes and glasses, also orange frosting and garnishing—by using the yolks of eggs only for icings and salads, and orange peel, cut in odd shapes, for meats—ensure very novel and pleasing effects.

ROOM DECORATIONS.

Draperies for windows: festoons of orange-colored paper or cloth, baskets of flowers, hoops covered with orange paper and twined with paper flowers, butterflies, Japanese form of decoration, all may be utilized in various ways to beautify the room, the orange color, of course, predominating.

MENU.

The bill of fare may be limited to such articles of food as begin with the letter O. A few suggestions may be helpful:—

- Old Government Java (coffee).
- Old Hyson (tea).
- Oleomargarine, (butter).
- Orangated Porko, (ham).
- Old Boston Comforts, (baked beans).
- Our Staff, (bread).
- Orangeade.
- Orange à la Salade.
- Oysters, etc., etc.

In case a larger range is required, the food may be named thus:—

- Tongue, Fowl, Confections, etc., etc.

COSTUMES.

Peasant costumes for young ladies are decidedly pretty and well suited for those serving at the tables:—

Blouse waists; velvet bodices; full, bright-colored skirts; stockings to match skirt; low shoes and fanciful white caps trimmed with orange ribbons.

The Spanish costume is preferred for young men:—velvet coat; knee trousers; black stockings; low-cut shoes; broad sombrero; sash of orange-colored silk, or the simpler form of wearing necktie and handkerchiefs in the desired color will do.

ENTERTAINMENT.

It is impossible to do more than suggest novel features for entertainment. Their elaboration must rest with the committee in charge.

Choruses of orange girls, guitar and tambourine players and jinglers of fairy bells, (such as are used for trimming reins for boys' harnesses); boys playing bones and light-weight drums, may accompany the piano. This combination gives very pleasing and effective music, well suited for an occasion of this kind. The tempo of the music should be in 4-4 time. "O, what a chorus!" may be arranged thus:—Young men in Spanish or ordinary costume may be selected. From quite stiff pasteboard cut the letter O, just large enough to surround their faces and about three or four inches wide; cover this with orange-colored paper. Pendant from the sleeves and skirts of their coats, also a string of the same for a necklace, oranges may be arranged. A curtain at the rear of the platform should conceal them. When it is withdrawn, they move with the appearance of automatic action to the front of the platform, their faces set squarely towards the audience, and their bodies held with the rigidity of soldiers on drill. Various suitable musical selections well committed to memory, nursery rhymes, medleys, familiar poems, "Mary's Lamb," etc., etc., may be rendered, the performers employing simultaneously the same gestures and attitudes. When retiring after each member, they step backward with soldierly precision and wait for the curtain to conceal them from the audience.

The above suggestions may be carried out in connection with a musical and literary programme. The same ideas may be carried out in lawn parties where tables are to be set out-of-doors. The lawn may be decorated with orange bunting, and pretty mottoes in yellow lettering may be arranged upon the grounds.



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# QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

**TO ALL CORRESPONDENTS:** Any question from our readers, of help or interest to women, will be cheerfully answered in this Department. But please bear in mind: Write your questions plainly and briefly. Don't use unnecessary words: editors are busy persons. The right to answer or reject any question is reserved by the Editor. Answers cannot be promised for any special issue. They will be given as quickly after receipt as possible. All correspondence should be accompanied by full name and address, not for publication, but for reference.

**CONSTANT READER**—Only the most formal terms are used on a postal card. Bantele is pronounced as if it were spelled b-w-o-y. Cantelepe should be eaten with a spoon.

**A READER**—There are so many good brands of mullin that it becomes impossible to say which is the best. You will find it most advantageous to go to some large store and then decide by weight and fineness the one you desire.

**PAULINE**—An old prayer-book will tell you the exact date of the holy day you mention.

**A CONSTANT READER**—Care in brushing and shampooing your hair will keep it in good order, and a tonic, of which quinine forms an ingredient, will prevent it falling out.

**A. G.**—If you have a friend with you and a gentleman asks you if you will have some refreshments, it is to be concluded that, as you are together, his invitation is to ask your friend if she would like to go to the supper-room. Under no circumstances would it be in good taste for you to accept and leave her alone.

**KATRINA**—Try Javelle water for removing the tea stains from the table-cloth.

**GOLDEN ROD**—Yes, it is a pretty courtesy for you to send a Christmas gift to your betrothed.

A lady should withdraw her hand when a man acquaintance attempts to hold it while talking to her. If you have a friend visiting at your home she should be included in all your pleasures, and your other friends can easily be made to understand what you expect. If an invitation has been received by you before her coming, to a pleasure party arranged by a gentleman, tell him of your visitor and the will, of course, invite her. If he does not then you must remain with her at home.

**M. C.**—Curtains of drapery silk showing blue figures on a light-hued ground, will be effective for the book-case.

**MADE**—Undressed kid gloves may be cleaned by washing them in naphtha; they are washed on the hands and then hung out in the fresh air to dry. The professional cleaner charges so little—sometimes five, sometimes ten cents—and does them so much better that it seems a greater economy to have them made spotless away from home.

**FARMER'S DAUGHTER**—Try oiling the soles of your shoes at the slides to prevent their creaking. Slippers should not be worn on the street.

**ELSAIE**—It will be wisest to have a physician remove the mole. In many countries, especially in France, moles are considered not only as signs of beauty but as evidences of good luck.

**E. F. M.**—Invitations to a card party should be sent in the name of the host and hostess. Your party call is quite distinct from any other, and when the season reopens it is your duty to pay your neighbor a visit.

**ANXIOUS MARY**—Mauve is a shade of purple and it is pronounced "move" rhyming to "rove." Your drinking so much tea is probably the reason you are thin and sallow; try milk in its place and you will undoubtedly gain flesh.

**LILY**—In addressing an invitation to sisters write "The Misses." "Thank you, I will be very glad," is a suitable answer when a friend offers to act as your escort.

**BERT**—Almond meal is more softening and whitening to the skin than oatmeal, which is only efficacious when the liquid extracted from it is used, and this is apt to be sticky and unpleasant.

**MISS IGNORANCE**—I would not advise a school-girl to break into her studies by going to a "german." Surely her friends will not be offended when she gives this as her reason; if they are, then they must be very inconsiderate.

**COR. B.**—It is best taste to call one's husband "Mr." when strangers are present. The host should carve; certainly he should not put this burden on his guest.

**M. G.**—At a morning wedding when the bride wears a traveling dress, the bridegroom would wear rather light trousers and dark cutaway coat and waistcoat.

**A. C. V.**—A blue-and-black checked suiting made with a plain skirt and postillion blouse would be in good taste. Trim the bodice with black braid. Have a blue felt hat trimmed with black velvet.

**C. B.**—If the orris-root had no odor after it had been put in the cases it was because it was too old; try getting it at some large drug store where it will be fresher. The perfume comes out best when the root is kept in boxes, or close among one's belongings.

**A FAITHFUL READER**—Brushing the hair carefully and properly will not make it come out; the strands which do are dead and better away. By rubbing a tonic made of one part of castor oil to two of white brandy, in the roots of your hair, not on the hair itself, and continuing the brushing, making the strokes long, slow ones, your hair will grow in and thicken.

**L. C. I.**—Irish poplin in black can be got. It differs in price according to the quality selected.

**TWENTY**—Stop using any vaseline on your face and remove the hairs with tweezers, or have them taken away by electricity.

**B. M. L.**—"Kismet" means "The Lord Judge between me and thee when we are absent the one from the other." Bathing the bust in cold water, and having it rubbed every night, will tend to develop it. Massage is a special system of rubbing the body that is studied and has become a regular profession for both women and men.

**OLFACTORY**—A red nose may be caused by tight lacing, indigestion, or the use of very rich food. Sudden change, especially from cold to heat will frequently cause the nose to redden. To find the cause is what one wants and then the cure will not be difficult.

**BLANCHE**—It is quite proper to send a man friend a card on which is written where you are and how long you will be in the same city with him. The question of a second love is one that each woman must decide for herself; many times it is better and sweeter than the first. Materials in which cotton enters largely, seldom dye well.

**MATTIE J.**—You can probably get a mental photograph album at some large book-store. They have been out of style so long that the small book-stores do not keep them.

**SOUTH DAKOTA**—I cannot advise any dye or preparation for the lashes, for there is always danger to the eyes in their use.

**A SUBSCRIBER**—It is in perfectly good taste to send cards to friends announcing the birth of a baby.

**B. J. O.**—Strawberry cream will be found pleasant for delicate lips; it is not as greasy as many others and has a delightful perfume. I would not advise using alum in the water for washing the face.

**DORCAS**—A gown suitable for general wear would be one of brown serge made with a plain skirt and having a basque bodice, trimmed with black braid. A black cashmere blouse, tucked to fit the figure, may be worn with the gray skirt.

**A. D. S.**—The simplest and best form of announcing a wedding is this: "Mr. and Mrs. — announce the marriage of their daughter — to Mr. — on Thursday, October sixteenth, at All Saints' Church, New York." If cards are not sent out then the only way to notify friends is through the columns of the newspapers. When the reception day is determined upon, a visiting card with no day chosen, written or engraved in one corner, and a sufficient invitation to one's friends to call. It is in better taste to have the husband's card separate; let it be much smaller. A written acknowledgment of all gifts is proper.

**DOT**—Very little hair is bought in small quantities. Dealers usually get all they require from the German market.

**MARGUERITE**—A pretty evening dress for a girl of fifteen would be one of pale pink surah, made with a full skirt and round bodice; a white gros-grain sash could be worn with it. A girl so young should not be allowed to go to parties with boys; instead, she should be accompanied by a member of the family, or a woman servant.

**FAYETTE**—The hymn "Nothing but Leaves" may be found in almost any hymn-book in use at Sunday-schools.

**S. R. S.**—Children should say "Yes, mamma," "No, sister," or "Yes, Mrs. —." This is preferable to the use of "ma'am." Yes, or no, alone, is rude.

**BELLE**—Some of the shorter poems of Owen Meredith, of Mrs. Browning, or of Adelaide Proctor are desirable for recitations. A girl of sixteen should not be considered in society and therefore should not receive special attentions from young men. A gift of any kind should always be acknowledged by a note of thanks.

**MRS. C. W. W.**—Information in regard to wedding anniversaries may be gotten from the articles now being published in the JOURNAL on this subject. The book on etiquette to which you refer, is published by Harper Bros., Franklin Square, New York.

**MRS. J. M. J.**—The history of the bronze horses of St. Marks may be found in the "Encyclopaedia Britannica," or in any good guide-book.

**MICHIGAN GIRL**—A lady does not take a gentleman's arm unless he offers it. There is no impropriety in giving a man friend an inexpensive Christmas gift.

**W. F.**—Surah silk is frequently ruined in washing by being wrung dry; it should be shaken until it is nearly dry and the sunshine should make it quite so. Do not use soda in cleaning, just plain soap and soft water.

**A SUBSCRIBER**—Care as to the digestion, as to bathing and exercise, will do more to keep the skin in good condition than any external remedies.

**SUBSCRIBER, Chicago**—A gentleman asks permission of a lady to call upon her.

**LANDLADY**—At a boarding-house the person coming in usually says "good-morning" to those already assembled at the table.

**MISS I. C. L.**—A hostess sits on the right-hand of the carriage.

**NELL**—Girls seldom make their debut until they are eighteen or nineteen, and certainly they should not correspond with young men before that time. A widow wears mourning two years at the least. Complimentary mourning, assumed for a friend, is worn three months.

**SCHOOL GIRL**—Try washing your hair in hot water and borax; this will tend to make it less greasy, and so it will not soil your bodice.

**MOTHER**—It is much wiser to call your little one by her full name, for the day will certainly come when she will regret that its dignity is lost in a silly nickname.

**RUTH L.**—It was a woman, Mrs. Cowley, who wrote—"But what is woman? Only one of nature's agreeable blunders."

**SCHOOL GIRL**—It is always in best taste to use black ink; the fancy that occasionally prevails for violet or white is only a fancy, and a passing one, whereas the black is always good form.

**PHYLLIS**—I cannot advise any application to the eye-lashes, as it is too apt to injure the eyes. A wash said to keep them in order, and which is quite innocent, is that of warm milk applied just before going to bed.

**MRS. L. E. B.**—If there is a tendency to yellow spots in the whites of one's eyes, it usually means that the liver is out of order, and that a dose of medicine is needed. I do not think either tar water or salt are desirable as washes for the hair.

**M. C. R.**—No ring can be called an engagement ring unless it is given with that understanding—the mere giving of the golden circle not sufficing for spoken words. A man should care for his own coat and hat when visiting. A gentleman does not take a lady's arm; it is essentially vulgar.

**LOVING**—To the friend who sent you a dainty Christmas card last year, send a pretty calendar, or an engagement book.

**MAUD**—An article on "The Care of a Piano," by C. W. Stehway, will soon appear in the JOURNAL, and will give you the desired suggestions.

**MILDRED W.**—As you wish to wear your blue felt sailor hat with your blue cloth gown, turn the back of the brim up and fasten it with high loops of black ribbon coming well forward, and with black wings among them. Have the usual band about the hat.

**EFFA W.**—The magazine to which you refer is called "Short Stories," and is published at 30, West Twenty-third street, New York. The paper most suitable for manuscript is six by nine inches, unruled.

**A. B. C.**—As "you," the plural, is in common use for "thou," the singular, it is necessary for euphony, if not for the sake of grammar, that the rest should be plural. "You were" is correct.

**ADELE**—The maid of honor throws back the bride's veil, assists her in taking off her glove, and holds her bouquet during the ceremony. She walks in just before the bride, alone, and goes out immediately after the bride on the arm of the best man.

**GERTRUDE L.**—Vassar College is just outside Yonkers, New York.

**GENEVIEVE**—As illness prevents your acceptance of the invitation to the afternoon tea, then send your visiting card, by post, so that it will arrive on the day of the function.

**A. K. L.**—Oatmeal gruel is a famous wash for whitening the hands; the famous Countess of Jersey, who when very old had most beautiful hands, never used any other wash for them.

**INQUIRY**—It was Benjamin Franklin who wrote "Do good to thy friend to keep him, to thy enemy to gain him."

**ESTELLE M.**—If your skin is greasy, take care of your digestion. Do not eat rich food, hot bread or drink coffee or chocolate; exercise regularly and bathe in tepid water. In making pot-pourri only rose-leaves are used. One or two tonics for the hair are advised in this column.

**MARY R.**—Trim the black poplin with black silk passementerie; it is better suited to it than is jet or steel.

**B. M. O.**—The favorite walking boot has a cloth upper and patent-leather vamp. The toe is not pointed sharply, though it is not square; the heel is rather low and square.

**M. P.**—When a man friend has kindly been your escort, you should, in bidding him "good-night," thank him for his courtesy. Say "Thank you very much for bringing me home."

**A CONSTANT READER**—When no cards are issued to a wedding, the bride's mother writes invitations to the family of the groom, and such near friends as he may wish to have present. A suitable menu consists of coffee and chocolate, cold birds, sandwiches, ices, small cakes, salads, and, of course, bride's cake.

**A PERPLEXED YOUNG GIRL**—The only way to bring your play before the public is to submit it to some manager for reading; experience will have taught him as to its worth or lack of it.

**RINA**—The fanciful Turkish slippers are used for bed-room wear; the prettiest cost about one dollar a pair.

We should like to give a new chimney for every one that breaks in use.

We sell to the wholesale dealer; he to the retail dealer; and he to you.

It is a little awkward to guarantee our chimneys at three removes from you.

We'll give you this hint. Not one in a hundred breaks from heat; there is almost no risk in guaranteeing them. Talk with your dealer about it. It would be a good advertisement for him.

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No words count not defined in Webster's or Worcester's Dictionaries. Use each letter no oftener in one word than it occurs in "TADILLA ALLOYED ZINK PEN." Arrange words alphabetically and at end of list write your name, P. O. address and number of words in list. Words must be written in ink with a Tadilla Pen and the Pen used must be enclosed with the list. We give these prizes to induce you to try the pen. A Tadilla Pen may be bought of YOUR STATIONER for a penny, or we will send sample doz., to suit all hands, and full information regarding method of awarding prizes, for 10 cents. **CASH PRIZES** SHOE AND LEATHER BANK, New York. Answers must be received BEFORE MARCH 15TH, and the committee will award prizes within twenty days. For further information address (with two-cent stamp), **ST. PAUL BOOK & STATIONERY CO., MINN.** CUT THIS OUT! IT WILL NOT REPEAT AGAIN. Mention this Paper.

**LADY AGENTS** Send for terms to Mme. McCabe's Celebrated Corsets and Waists. **ST. LOUIS CORSET CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.**

**THE CHAMPION CEDAR WASHER.** We will guarantee to give satisfaction. We will sell you one at wholesale prices, where we have no agent. Jos. Clippinger sold eight in one day. It will wash 1000 pieces per day. Write quick.

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 SLIDING SCREENS & GREEN DOORS.  
 SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

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Every family should have in the household one of these invaluable instruments for ready use in treating all diseases of the Throat, Lungs, and Nasal passages by the inhalation of pure volatile drugs, combined with fresh air, the only true method of treating diseases of the respiratory organ.

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We furnish a handsome nickel-plated instrument, together with formulas prepared by eminent physicians, complete with full directions by mail, prepaid for \$1.35.

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

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Contains three alphabets of rubber type type holder, bottle indelible ink, ink pad and tweezers, put up in neat box, with full instructions for use. Club of eight, \$1.00. **Eagle Supply Co., New Haven, Conn.**

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AND THE GROWTH FOREVER DESTROYED WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST INJURY OR DISCOLORATION OF THE MOST DELICATE SKIN.

Discovered by Accident.—In Cornwall, an incomplete mixture was accidentally spilled on the back of the hand, and on washing afterward it was discovered that the hair was completely removed. We purchased the new discovery and named it MODENE. It is perfectly pure, free from all injurious substances, and so simple any one can use it. It acts mildly but surely, and you will be surprised and delighted with the results. Apply for a few minutes and the hair disappears as if by magic. It has no resemblance whatever to any preparation ever used for a like purpose, and no scientific discovery ever attained such wonderful results. **IT CAN NOT FALL.** If the growth be light, one application will remove it permanently; the heavy growth such as the beard or hair on moles may require two or more applications before all the roots are destroyed, although all hair will be removed at each application, and without slightest injury or unpleasant feeling when applied or over afterward. **MODENE SUPERFICIALS IS SCIENTIFICALLY 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 for 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 COUNTRY AND THIS PAPER.) Cut this advertisement out.

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"MEDICATED CREAM" is the ONLY KNOWN, harmless, pleasant and absolutely SURE and infallible cure. It positively and effectively removes ALL, clean, completely and FOR GOOD IN A FEW DAYS ONLY, leaving the skin clear and unblemished always. For those who have NO blotches on the face it beautifies the complexion as nothing else in the world can, rendering it CLEAR, FAIR and TRANSPARENT, and clearing it of all muddiness and coarseness. It is a true remedy to cure and NOT a paint or powder to cover up and hide blemishes. Mailed in plain wrapper for 30 cents in stamps, or two for 50 cts., by **GEORGE N. STODDARD, Druggist, 1226 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.**

**Mrs. Allen's Parisian Face Bleach.** Gules Hair Wash. MME. DUBA, for developing the bust. Rusma, for removing superfluous hair. Bang dressing. All goods wholesale and retail. Send 2 cts. for illustrated circular. Full line of fine hair goods. Mrs. R. W. Allen, 219 Wood Av., Detroit, Mich. Sold by druggists.

**MEGRIMINE** Cures any headache in 30 minutes. Sold by druggists. Samples free. **THE DR. WHITEHEAD MEGRIMINE CO., South Bend, Ind.**

**2 Cts.** 2 BINGS, 1 LACE PIN, 25 PICTURES, VERSES, etc., & AGENT'S OUTFIT, 2 cts. **DAILY CARD CO., Whitesville, Conn.**

**HAIR REMOVED.** Ladies rid yourself of that masculine look by using liquid charged with Electricity. Warranted quick and sure. Price by mail, \$2.00; free from observation. All correspondence strictly confidential. **Estab. SETH E. LANDON, Dermatologist, 1870, 37 North Pearl St., Albany, N. Y.** Send 10 cents for book on Beauty and how obtained.

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**ANDINA** Price, \$1 a bottle, express paid. **THE BALTIMORE SPECIALTY CO., 314 St. Paul Street, BALTIMORE, MD.**

**LADY Agents Wanted.** New Rubber Undergarment. Rapid seller; good pay. Address **Mrs. B. N. LITTLE MFG. CO., Chicago, Ill.**

**PILLOW SHAM HOLDER.** Do not pay 2 or 3 dollars for a pillow sham holder. Mine are in sets of three, nicely nickel-plated, with screws complete and directions for putting up. They will last a lifetime. Mailed, post-paid, to any address for 10 cents a set; 1 dozen sets 75 cents. Agents wanted.

**T. M. GANDY, Chester, Conn.**

**IRISH JUBILEE** and 100 other Songs, 10 cts.; **Witches' Dream Book, 25 cts. HENRY J. WEHMAN, 120 Park Row, New York.**

**WANTED** In every town and village, agents to sell our Clipper Knife and Scissor Grinders. A practical article that every housekeeper should have. Liberal terms to agents. For full particulars, address **MONTGOMERY & CO., 103 Fulton street, New York City.**

**THERE IS A WAY** To secure all sorts of desirable things WITHOUT SPENDING A PENNY.

One of our new Premium Lists, of over One Thousand desirable Articles, will explain it. Send for one. No charge.

Do you know that you can purchase from us almost any desirable article in the market? Any of the goods offered as Premiums can be secured for Cash. For such as are not offered, write and get a price.

Our charges are always as low as anyone's, and

**GENERALLY LOWER.**

**THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL** PHILADELPHIA, PA.

# WINTER HUMORS

COLD, raw winds of winter fan to fury Itching, Burning and Scaly Humors and Diseases of the Skin, Scalp and Blood. No pen can describe their severity, no language can exaggerate the suffering of those afflicted, especially of little babies, whose tender skins are literally on fire. *Winter is the best time to effect a permanent cure.* Every Humor and Disease of the Skin, Scalp and Blood, whether Itching, Burning, Bleeding, Scaly, Crusted, Pimply or Blotchy; whether Simple, Scrofulous or Hereditary, is now speedily, permanently, and economically cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, when the best physicians, hospitals, and all other remedies fail. Hundreds of grateful testimonials attest their wonderful efficacy. CUTICURA REMEDIES are the



greatest skin cures, blood purifiers and humor remedies of modern times. They are absolutely pure, and agreeable to the most sensitive, and may be used on the youngest infant and most delicate invalid with gratifying and unfailing success. CUTICURA, the great skin cure, instantly allays the most intense itching, burning and inflammation, permits rest and sleep, clears the scalp of crusts and scales, heals raw and irritated surfaces, stimulates the hair follicles, and restores the hair. CUTICURA SOAP, the only medicated toilet soap, and the only preventive of inflammation and clogging of the pores, the cause of most complexional disfigurements, is indispensable in cleansing diseased

surfaces. CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood and Skin Purifier, and greatest of Humor Remedies, cleanses the blood of all inherited or acquired impurities and poisonous elements, and thus removes the cause. Hence the CUTICURA REMEDIES cure every humor of the Skin, Scalp and Blood, with loss of hair, from pimples to scrofula, from infancy to age.

## WHAT CUTICURA IS DOING EVERY DAY:

Dug and scratched for 38 years. Itching and burning intolerable. Suffered untold agonies. \$500 to anybody had they cured me. CUTICURA REMEDIES cured me. God bless the inventor of Cuticura.

CHENEY GREEN, Cambridge, Mass.

Scratched 28 years. Body covered with scales. Itching terrible. Suffering endless. No relief. Doctors and all medicines failed. Speedily cured by CUTICURA REMEDIES at a cost of \$5.00. Cannot praise Cuticura too much.

DENNIS DOWNING, Waterbury, Vt.

A bad humor since the war. \$5000 expended on doctors and medicine without avail. Gave himself up to die. Good wife suggests CUTICURA. Uses them seven months. Is entirely cured. Call on him.

C. L. PEARBALL, 1 Fulton Fish Market, N. Y.

Untold misery more than ten years. Worst form skin and scalp diseases, nearly whole body covered. Wild with itching, burning, inflammation and falling out of hair. Spent much money on useless remedies. Tried CUTICURA. Wonderful preparations. One set made a complete cure.

W. A. DILKE, 154 N. Ninth St., Phila.

Suffered many years with blood poison. Tried many doctors and many medicines. Got relief for short time only. One set CUTICURAS completely cured me. You should charge \$5.00 a bottle. Gladly recommend their merits to the world.

W. R. DOWNIE, 428 I St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

Almost crippled for three years. An awful sore limb. Skin entirely gone. Flesh a mass of disease. Leg diminished one-third in size. Condition hopeless. Cured by CUTICURA in two months.

REV. S. G. AHERN, Dubois, Dodge Co., Ga.

Baby two months old. Doctor called it eczema. Head, arms, feet, hands each one solid sore. Doctors and everything else did no good. Without faith tried CUTICURAS. In one week the sores were well. Now fat baby. Sound as a dollar.

MRS. BETTIE BIRKNER, Lockhart, Texas.

Used CUTICURAS, find nothing equal to them. Removed acne or pimples. Cured my brother of malignant ringworm. Cured my friend of ulcer on his scalp. Physicians and all remedies proved worthless. Doctors' bills several hundred dollars—CUTICURAS less than \$10.00.

WILL C. MAXWELL, Woodland, Cal.

Dreadful scaly skin. Psoriasis five years, covering face and head and entire body with white scabs. Skin red, itching and bleeding. Hair all gone. Spent hundreds of dollars. Pronounced incurable. Cured by CUTICURA REMEDIES.

MRS. ROSA KELLY, Rockwell City, Iowa.

Child brought to me with chronic eczema. Had splendid treatment from many good doctors. As a regular M. D. should have continued similar treatment, but thought it useless. So put it on CUTICURAS. The child is well.

C. L. GURNEY, M. D., Doon, Iowa.

Scrofula develops on a boy six months old. Five months later running sores covered his head and body. Bones affected. Mother dies, boy grows worse, a year passes, then CUTICURA cures.

MRS. E. S. DRIGGS, Bloomington, Ill.

Eczema from head to feet seventeen years. Body a mass of sores. Hair lifeless or gone. Limbs contracted. Utterly helpless. Doctors and all remedies useless. Tries CUTICURA. Relief instantaneous. Completely and permanently cured in eight weeks.

W. J. McDONALD, 3732 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Was covered with scrofula sores. Suffering intense. Could not sleep. Could not wear a hat. Was a disgusting sight. Best doctors six years. Getting worse all the time. Four sets CUTICURA REMEDIES entirely cured me.

GEO. A. HEINSELMAN, Plainfield, Ill.

Terrible blood poison. Suffered all a man could suffer and live. Face and body covered with awful sores. Used the CUTICURA REMEDIES ten weeks and is practically cured. Remarkable case.

E. W. REYNOLDS, Ashland, Ohio.

Skin disease seventeen years. Head at times one running sore. Body covered with scars. Tried great many remedies without effect. Used CUTICURA REMEDIES two months. Entirely cured.

L. R. McDOWELL, Jamesburg, N. J.

We invite the most careful investigation of every statement made by us regarding the CUTICURA REMEDIES, and of every one of the foregoing brief extracts from unsolicited testimonials, and to this end earnestly desire those who have suffered long and hopelessly from torturing and disfiguring humors and diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, and who have lost faith in doctors and medicine, to write to any one of our references, simply inclosing stamped envelope for reply. These testimonials in full, with many others, published in "ALL ABOUT THE BLOOD, SKIN, SCALP AND HAIR," which will be mailed free to any address—64 pages, 300 Diseases, 50 Illustrations, 100 Testimonials. A Book of priceless value to every sufferer.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are sold everywhere throughout the civilized world. Price: CUTICURA, 50 cts.; CUTICURA SOAP, 25 cts.; CUTICURA RESOLVENT, \$1.00. Prepared by POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, BOSTON.

## BAD COMPLEXIONS

Pimples, blackheads, red, rough and oily skin and hands, and simple humors and blemishes of infants and children are prevented and cured by that greatest of all Skin Purifiers and Beautifiers—the celebrated CUTICURA SOAP. Incomparably superior to all other Skin and Complexion Soaps, while rivaling in delicacy and surpassing in purity the most expensive of toilet and nursery soaps. *The only Medicated Toilet Soap, and the only preventive of inflammation and clogging of the pores, the cause of most complexional disfigurements.* Sale greater than the combined sales of all other skin soaps. Price. 25 cents.