

THE LADIES' JOURNAL AND PRACTICAL HOME HOUSEKEEPER.

VOL. III, NO. 3.

PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY, 1886.

Yearly Subscription 50 Cents
Single Copies 5 Cents.

[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.]

TOO LATE.

BY MRS. EMMA C. HEWITT.

"You'll be ready at eight, sharp?"
"Of course! Did you ever know me to be behind time?"

"Not often, I confess. Well! I'll be here. Good afternoon," and John Gordon walked off quickly, whistling softly, and thinking vigorously of the girl whom he had just left upon the doorstep. Her fascination for him he could not explain; she certainly wasn't handsome (and he adored beauty); she certainly had a quick temper (and he admired even-tempered women); she surely rolled him beyond description, by her sarcastic speeches (directed at him as much as any one—and he hated sarcasm in a woman; it was a weapon he preferred to keep in his own hands). She was beyond question, the best read woman with whom he associated, and could talk readily on almost all topics from politics to pickles (and of all things he disliked a "smart woman"). And yet in spite of all these things there was, to him, a fascination in her presence, perfectly inexplicable to himself. So, as I say, he walked down the street now, wondering, wondering, wondering, what it could be.

I don't suppose two mortals ever had more desperate quarrels than these two; and yet after a time, they always seemed to come round. Their feuds were sometimes long, sometimes short, but, of whatever duration, always fierce. And, during the time of battle, the most unpleasant truths were told in the frankest manner. And yet, as they generally were truths, each had the grace to acknowledge them as such; and I believe that they were more truly friends than people who never quarrel at all.

"You are affected," he had written during one of their fiercest battles, "you are an actress of the first degree, and I have often laughed in my sleeve to see how much expression you could put into a mere turn of your arm. I have laughed to see the poor devil to whom you happened to be talking at the time, so taken in. You are a born coquette."

(here he was wrong—she was simply an attractive girl who liked to be admired; and the admiration that was generally conceded her, made him a little vicious and unjust). "You only care to entertain the person present. I believe you to be thoroughly heartless. Your temper is so fierce one never knows what to do. When you get angry you lose your head, and, for the moment, you don't dislike, you hate your opponent," &c., &c.

She neither tore her hair nor the letter, upon its receipt. Theo Campion seldom wasted her energies that way. She simply laughed, and then, when she thought she had given him time to recover from his late attack of anger and be thoroughly ashamed of himself, she replied to it.

"Your favor came duly to hand," wrote she, calmly, "and upon its receipt I—shall I confess it?—laughed. You say I am an actress. Yes! that was proved last winter at the theatricalls. Didn't I tell you then that I thought I had mistaken my vocation—that I should have gone on the stage? Surely I was honest enough. But you were unjust to me in one point—I never acted for your benefit. Indeed, why should I? If for no other reason than that you know me so well, it would be useless. But I never have felt any desire to do so. Whatever you have seen me I am, truly and emphatically.

"But all this wasn't what I laughed at. I laughed when you told me I lost my head &c., because it recalled to my mind so forcibly a conversation you and I had a little time back 'when I don't like people from any particular cause,' and you positively looked so vicious I felt quite alarmed, 'I don't dislike 'em I hate 'em! No; I don't dislike Seaforth—I hate him! I hate that kind of a man and I hate him! I wanted to know and now you know!"

"Your letter was a revelation to me in one respect. I have often wondered how it was that you and I quarreled so—I know now. We are so much alike by your own showing of yourself and your accusation of me. You said too, at that

time: 'There's Miss Raymond; sometimes when I'm with her I think lots and lots of her, and she seems just as nice as can be, when, presently, she'll make one of her sarcastic replies, and I feel as if I hated her, all in a moment.' But it is useless to quote further; you, no doubt, remember and can make the practical application equally well with myself.

"You speak of some things that I consider my

next evening remorse had the inside track. Perhaps he had been a little hard on her. Perhaps he was in the wrong oftener than he thought. May be he did aggravate her somewhat to those provoking speeches."

Anyway, whatever his process of reasoning was, that evening found his steps tending Campion-ward, and a truce was declared.

All that had been six weeks ago, and they were still, pending a new eruption of the volcano, fast friends.

Do you want a description of Theo? 'Pon my word I cannot give it. I remember her perfectly, but as descriptions are so

"That tongue of yours will get you into trouble yet."

"No news, my dear boy. It did just now, for I bit it most unmercifully."

"Pity you didn't bite it off! You've no more heart than—a coal scuttle," fumed he.

"Then I don't presume John Gordon and I will do each other much harm, for you know he has the reputation of being a desperate flirt, and I've always heard that he had no more heart than a—what shall I say? well! suppose we say shovel, to continue your elegant simile," replied Theo, in a coolly defiant tone. "But calm your rage, my dear boy, and tell me what has so roused your ire."

"Why, coming up to-night in the cars he was talking to a lot of fellows, and he said that you said," and George hesitated.

"Yes, he said that I said. Now this is interesting. Well?"

"I shan't tell you what he said," broke out Geoffrey in a rage again. "Be satisfied to know it was one of your ugliest speeches. He said he never was so cut in his life for a moment. If I was in his place I'd never come near you."

"If you were in his place you would be as he is, at liberty to stay away or visit me at your own sweet will. You would, under those circumstances, perhaps, have gained the knowledge that he has, that it is a matter of complete indifference to me as to whether he comes or goes. I presume, however, it needs no comment when I tell you he has begged the favor of my company to Delamayne's to-night. By the way, Millie, if you're going with me to-night," turning to her younger sister, "you'd better be pretty sure to be ready on time."

"I don't happen to be going with you," remarked Millie coolly, with her mouth full of blackberry jam, as Geoffrey dashed out of the room with a smothered oath at the ill success of his "rowing up."

"If you are calculating on Geoffrey, you are mistaken. He's going with Ellice Warner."

"My dear, the time has gone by when I based any of my calculations whatever on Geoffrey Campion," again replied Millie,

with as good an imitation of Theo's manner as she could get up on the spur of the moment.

Theo had turned to leave the room but this stopped her short at the door. "How on earth are you going, then? Not alone?"

"I'm going with Dolly Perkins," trying to look unconscious of the fact that this was the first time she had ever ventured forth with a young man "all by herself."

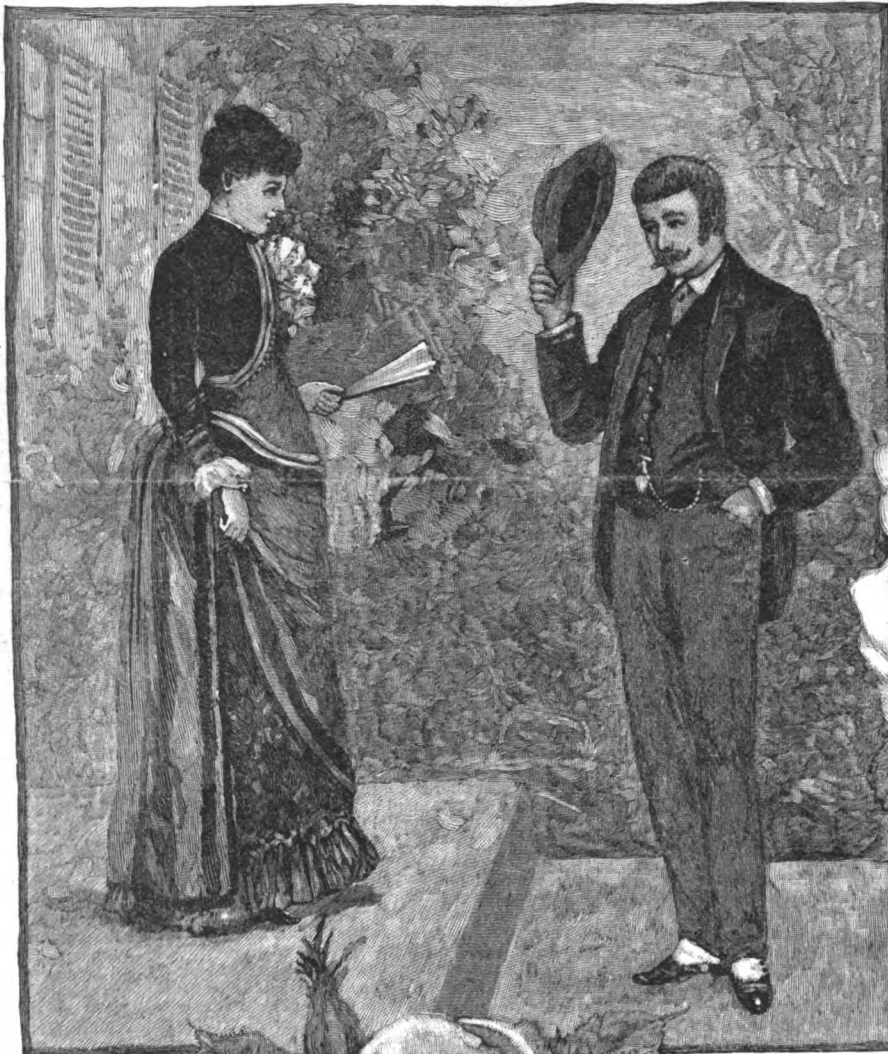
"With Dolly Perkins! How long since you started up for yourself in this way? I've half a mind to forbid it," half laughing, half in earnest.

"It wouldn't be a bit worth while," replied Millie, indifferently. "I've only to ask papa, you know, and he let's me do just as I want, you know, about such things. Why shouldn't I go with Dolly Perkins if I want to?" her indifference changed into defiance. He's just as good as any of your old John Gordon's and Harry Trascos. Come Theo," she added, a second after, "own up, you're cross. You know you are."

"I guess I am a little," and Theo laughed good naturedly. "But it does try me dreadfully to be talked about behind my back," and tears of vexation came to her eyes. "Well, little girl, do as you please," and she closed the door after her, whistling gaily. A moment after the door opened and she put her head in with: "I say, Millie, if I had a lover who rejoiced in the elegant and euphonious title of Gustavus Adolphus, I'd just hate to have him abbreviated to Dolly. I wouldn't allow it," and off she went again, but not too quickly to hear Millie call after her "All right! When I have a lover by the name of Gustavus Adolphus, I'll see that he is called so in full."

By the time John came, Theo had entirely recovered her good humor, and John Gordon who had in reality loved her for years, way down in the bottom of his fickle heart, found her in her most charming mood.

When I say he had long loved her I mean this: When he liked her he felt more deeply for her than he had ever felt for any other woman, and though he was constantly falling in love with new people he always returned to Theo. He would have fallen into fevers over her long ago only she always kept him at a certain distance. Never had she seemed so dear to him as to-night, and, as they walked along, he wandered off into tender reveries of the fulfilment of the dream that had taken possession of his soul for the last six weeks. He had determined in that time to "settle down." He had also determined that he would marry Theo—a fact of which she was sublimely unconscious. He hadn't spoken to her



unsatisfactory; nobody reads them anyway, and each reader creates a heroine for himself after all! so what's the

use? This much I will say—her enemies said she had a snub nose, and a large mouth; that she laughed too much, and tried to show her teeth; that she tried to attract gentlemen's attention. Some gentlemen went so far as to say that they never paid attention to any girl that had three or four men constantly dangling after her at a party. (N. B.—These worthy young men were some of those whom Theo had seen fit to snub). But her friends, both male and female, all agreed in calling her "one of the jolliest little girls,—not a bit pretty—oh, no! but very bright, and just as jolly a little specimen as can be." She hadn't even a "rare smile," and I confess it with chagrin, because I know that to be a heroine she ought to have that appendage, whatever else she might lack in the way of beauty.

She was just a good, solid, wholesome girl, with sound common sense, a good share of mother-wit, an immense capacity for enjoyment, a keen sense of the ridiculous, a quick temper, an often unnecessarily sharp tongue, a very forgiving disposition and warm affections. She seated herself now at the supper table in sublime indifference to the fact that her brother Geoffrey sat glowering at her from behind his coffee cup, in a way that foreboded a storm.

"By George! Theo it's disgraceful!" burst forth when he found she paid no attention to him or his covert attack.

"Why, dear child! how you do startle one. To what do you particularly refer in this elegant but explosive remark?" replied she, calmly, breaking off a piece of toast.

"Why the way you treat John Gordon?"

"And, pray, has John Gordon been complaining to you of my treatment of him?" she asked, still forcing herself to speak calmly, though an angry light came into her eye.

"You know him better, he wouldn't," he began—

"Yes, I thought I did. I knew he wouldn't," interrupted she. "But what have I done now?"

own private affairs; but as long as you have chosen so to write, I, also, choose to answer them.

"As to my treatment of my various 'lovers,' as you are pleased to term them—bah! lovers are plenty and cheap, and many, very many, in fact I may say most of them, are dear at any price—I can afford to lose, I do not regret them. What I value is friends. It hurts me to have you fly off at a tangent in this way every little while, when at most times I am unconscious of giving offence. I do sincerely regret that we should quarrel in this way. Do you know it seems to me absolutely silly, and unworthy of a full grown man and woman, that you and I, two people that, by some few years, have left childhood behind them, should squabble (ungraceful word, but to the point), make up, resquabble and remake up, like a couple of cross children sliding on a cellar door. It may be most your fault, it may be most mine; but in any case it is excessively silly and disagreeable. I'm perfectly willing to own up to my half, but don't you think it would add a little to the unity of our sentiments, and be better for peace all round, if you would just be willing to acknowledge, for once, that you could, by any possibility, be in the wrong," &c., &c.

It is needless to transcribe more. His sentiments upon the receipt of the above letter were a mixture of chagrin, rage, remorse. Before the

because—well—because though they were the best of friends, he had never seen the exact time. Somehow she had never allowed him to approach near enough for that.

Of all the girls to whom he had been attentive, (and their name was legion) none had ever wou from him a bona fide declaration. One of the most engaging of his ilk, he seemed more than ordinarily heartless, and yet he was not. He said that the trouble was that his heart was too large—it held too many people. To his credit be it said he never interested a girl in him for pure vanity's sake. He was always first himself interested, but always woke up from engaging dreams in time to keep himself from engaging himself to the "object of his affections," (pro tem) if they might be worthy of that sacred name.

Theo had baffled him at every point. She always accepted his attentions as a matter of course, when he was attentive, but when he absented himself for six weeks at a stretch, she never inquired where he had been, and treated him precisely as if their daily intercourse had never been interrupted. John might be as unpleasant as he pleased and Theo could stand it with perfect equanimity, but let him approach "sentimental nonsense," and she snubbed him most unmercifully, and thereupon ensued a quarrel that left them at daggers points for a time.

"O. course it must be so," caught Theo's ear as she stood behind a curtain getting a breath of air. "You know he has been attentive to her for so long, ever since they were children, in fact, and just notice his attentions to-night to Millie." "Yes, I see," and Mrs. Chambers nodded her head as she always did when she fauced herself particularly astute, till the green bows on her head-dress waved frantically in the air (now Theo hated those green bows). "Yes, I see," said she again. "Quite an 'elder brotherly' air. O, I've no doubt they are engaged at last. I'm sure I hope so," added she viciously, "he's dangled around long enough. It's about time for her to make up her mind. Though I dare say she'd had him long ago if she had the chance. I shall be real glad for Allan Hubert when it comes out. I do hate to see such an excellent young man absorbed in a girl that is such an outrageous flirt as she is. For my part I think those two are well matched. It would be a shame to spoil two couples."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.]

THE DOCTOR'S DAUGHTERS.

BY MARY ABBOTT RAND.

CHAPTER III.

It was a pleasant custom of the Drexell girls to leave the parlor curtains by night as they were by day;—that is, draped back, leaving free a chance to look out on the beautiful views for which Uplands was famed.

Then, by night, home comers or passing strangers had also "beautiful views" within. And thus, Mac Bennett had opportunity of seeing how pleasantly the evenings were passing for his rival.

He could have shot him many a time as he stood singing by Fanny's piano. But that was not enough for Mac.

It was the open fire;—the laughing, cheery, open fire that suggested to him ample means of revenge.

"If she had treated me decently," Mac reflected, "I could have been as agreeable as that is; but, 'fire is a good servant and a bad master.' So can I be! I don't care what becomes of the whole kit of them."

It was easy enough for Mac, who knew well the ways of the house, to slip into the kitchen and down cellar while the family were at evening prayers, right after tea. At that time, Peggy always left the back doors unlocked, so that the milkman might step in an exchange his full can for the empty one which she left on the kitchen table.

Mac then cautiously bored holes in the under part of the kitchen floor and applied a slow match. He was out again in less than fifteen minutes, moving with cautious steps through the back entry, while Peggy rattled the tea dishes, and Fanny was practicing the accompaniments for Captain Alf's songs.

He had fortified his bad feelings with the brandy bottle, else his conscience would have made it impossible for him to have risked so many lives to satisfy his revenge. But now, excited and maddened, he worked desperately, and would have enjoyed nothing better than the sight of the house in flames. Prudence counseled him to be off, and he was successful in catching the evening express for the West. Three days later, he found in a chance newspaper the item he had been looking for.

"An incendiary fire in Uplands, Mass., Wednesday evening, resulted in the total loss of Dr. Drexell's homestead. No insurance. Most of the furniture saved. A sad consequence of the fire is the loss of the doctor's sight. He was recovering from a serious ailment of the eyes, but the intense glare, exposure and excitement combined to produce the above unfortunate result." "Poor old blunderbus!" said Mac, with some compunction, for the doctor had been kind to him.

"If the fire had put out that red-headed Captain's eyes instead, it wouldn't have been more than half bad. And now, I've not prevented his getting Fanny, but hastened it, probably. The doctor can't earn anything more, and I don't believe he has much laid by. Fanny will have to marry to live, and she'll go off next voyage with that confounded Captain!"

Mac's surmises about the doctor's financial condition were not far from right. He was a man easily led by his wife, but on two points had been incorrigible. He would never have his life or his house insured. He was the leading physician in Uplands, and had a large practice outside, but more than half of it was in attendance upon patients who did not or could not pay.

What he did receive, however, had always been enough to live on in a generous, comfortable way.

The doctor, at fifty-five, considered himself a young man, with plenty of time to lay by money. Now, his sight was gone, and, with it, he might as well admit, his profession. His home, too, was gone, and what was before him and his motherless girls?

Grandma Brown's cottage was, of course, open to the family; and hers was not the only doors that would have swung wide to receive them, but they must find a home of their own.

The doctor owned a block of tenements, put up for the accommodation of the operatives in a woolen mill in which he had invested all that he

had ever invested in anything, and that was too little to support his family a year.

One of these tenements chanced to be vacant, and to this, the furniture that had been saved was carried, and arranged as pleasantly as possible by the girls, with faithful Peggy's assistance.

Beatrice and Fanny were so overwhelmed that they could hardly command themselves to do anything. Grief for their father's affliction, and the problem, "What can we do to earn our daily bread?" was ever present, and, as yet, unanswered.

Ella, feeling perhaps that her duty was principally to care for her blind father, did not waste her strength in idle worries. She was deeply thankful that they were all alive, that they still had a home quite their own, with the dear, familiar furniture in it. She rejoiced in taking care of her father with all the devotion and self-abnegation that is possible to some women.

"What puzzles me," said Captain Alf, a few weeks after the catastrophe, as the family were seated in the little dining room at No. 16, Drexell block, "is, who could have set that fire? I didn't know you had an enemy in the world, Dr. Drexell."

"Pooh!" said the doctor, with something of his old spirit. Since his blindness, a gentle resignation had come over him which was very touching.

"What reason had you to suppose I hadn't any enemies, Captain? Let me tell you there never was a doctor that amounted to anything but what had enemies. With some friends, too, some fool ones, that 'God bless you, doctor,' for what you are not responsible for; and more fool ones who curse you for what you are not in the least to blame. Why, not to mention names, I know a man who would shoot me with good relish, because he believes it was I, instead of whiskey that killed his son. Fact is, no doctor can cure a whiskey-soaked cholera patient, but Mr. What's his-Name don't believe that."

A wistful patience stole over the doctor's face, and he added, "Ah, well! My work and my enemies seem very far behind; I can only bide my time now."

While the Drexells were on these stormy waters, a happy family were homeward bound on the Caledonia.

There's nothing, perhaps, so like heavenly transport as the giving back of our dead; or, those we had believed to be dead.

Fred Garrett had as little reason for remorse in regard to his treatment of his parents as ever a good son had; yet, the best son may find enough to regret, and may yearn with unutterable longing to comfort the dear ones forever beyond his reach.

And now this rare happiness was given back to Fred.

Standing on deck, watching the familiar landmarks as the steamer neared Boston harbor, no one could be happier than he.

The last drop of delight was Fanny's latest letter in his breast pocket.

"Well, my boy," said Mr. Garrett, deeply enjoying Fred's happiness, "You look as if your cup were brimfull."

A couple of sailors passing Fred at that moment heard what Mr. Garrett said, and one of them muttered: "That handsome feller better look out, then! When cups are brimfull is just the time they slop over!"

Fred did not happen to catch the sage remarks, and so lost a prophesy.

He had not heard of the disaster which had befallen his friends.

He was a little disappointed not to meet any of the family, yet there were plenty of parishioners thronging the wharf with eager hands of welcome, and Fred soon learned of Dr. Drexell's blindness, and the altered fortunes of the family.

He could not help a sudden hope that Fanny might consent to an earlier marriage in consequence.

He had secured a position as master of a high school, and could give her a cosy little home.

It was evening when he took the train out to Uplands.

Before going to the parsonage, which had been made ready for the reception of the minister's family, he bent his steps to No. 16 Drexell block.

He was so busy in his happy castle building that he almost ran into another young man, also heading for No. 16, and also castle building as busily as Fred himself.

This was our young sea-captain.

He was somewhat ambitious in his ideas, and although very much in love and engaged to be married, he had not expected to be married until he had a great deal more money in the bank or afloat on the seas,—enough to dress pretty Fanny like a princess.

But how could he leave her now?

She proposed to utilize her musical acquirements by giving piano and vocal lessons.

As her father's diseased nerves could not bear the sound of practicing, she would have to go to her pupils' houses.

"A beggarly way to do!" exclaimed the young captain, warmly. "She shan't do it!"

So, he was hastening to her changed home with his own ardent plan that they should be married without delay, and sail the seas over together.

As he sprang up the steps just ahead of Fred, it was Fred that recognized him, and said, with most apparent coolness, "Good evening, Captain Marston."

"You have the advantage of me, sir," rejoined the captain, in tones quite as frigid.

"Beg pardon, sir," said Fred. "You will remember bearing a note to me the day I sailed a few months ago?"

"Oh yes!" said the captain, in his usual hearty way. "Mr. Garrett, I believe. Dr. Drexell's friend."

"Miss Drexell's friend," corrected Mr. Fred, significantly.

The captain had no chance to reply to this, for little Ella opened the door in response to the bell, which Fred had jerked impatiently on reaching the topmost step.

"Why, Fred! Why, Fred!" said Ella, in tones divided between joy and distress.

The girl's agitation was very noticeable to the captain,—so much so that he said to himself, "Oh, I guess it's all right, and I won't have to shake this young man after all. To be sure, there's more than one Miss Drexell, but I never thought of little Ella as old enough for a lover." And, with a careless "How do, Ell," he was hastening on to his Miss Drexell whom he could see in the parlor beyond. But, what does this mean! Little Ella has disappeared! Mr. Garrett is evidently come to see the Miss Drexell, and Fanny, after one frightened glance at the young man, covers her face with her little hands, and flings herself on the sofa, burying her head in the pillows till there isn't much visible but a sobbified crown of brown curls.

The two heroes stood as if struck by lightning.

How they could so soon apprehend the true state of affairs is more than I can explain.

The lover with the red moustache was the first to speak.

"Fan!" he commanded, more roughly than she had supposed he could speak. "If you have anything to say, now's the time to say it."

The frightened culprit raised her head, looking distractingly pretty, as well as scared.

"Oh Fred! Oh Alf!" she moaned, and down went her white face among the pillows again.

"Look here!" exclaimed the young captain, angrily, "We are not Siamese twins, I believe, this young man and I. It's got to be one or the other, and mighty quick, too!"

Fred was the most composed of the three, but the expression on his face was harder for the girl to meet than Captain Alf's stormy wrath.

"How could I help it," prayed Fanny, stealing one glance at Fred. "I was alone and frightened, and Captain Alf was so kind, I couldn't say no."

"Well, then, you shouldn't have yes to Mr. Garrett, too," put in the captain.

"But I had to," persisted the unreasonable beauty, "because I had always loved him."

"You said you loved me, Fanny," said the sailor, beseechingly.

"I know it," faltered the girl, "Oh Alf! Oh Fred! What shall I do? She held out two small hands imploringly, but though one sparkled with the captain's diamonds, he did not touch it; and Fred, standing with folded arms, seemed quite unconscious of her dramatic appeal.

"Fanny," he said, at length, controlling his own feelings in a masterful way, "I shall not blame you,—poor, motherless girl, till I understand the facts. Think it well over and decide between us. I certainly shall not assert any claim if you prefer Captain Marston."

"And if you want the other fellow, take him!" said Captain Alf, wrathfully, but struggling to act as fair a part as his rival.

The two candidates simultaneously took leave and started for the door.

"Think it well over and let us know in the morning when we call," added Fred, giving Fanny a look that nearly broke her heart.

Captain Alf hadn't room for much tenderness just then, and closed the door with a bang that expressed his sentiments better than words.

It might be just as well to draw a veil over Fanny's remorse only that this "o'er true tale" is written to warn young girls what bitterness comes of untrue dealing.

She blamed herself all she deserved, and that was severely. When her burden was greater than she could bear, she would moan "Oh mother! mother! If you had only been here, I would never have got into such a dreadful trouble."

Then she would try so hard to "cry easy," lest she should awaken Ella. All the while, Ella crouched motionless, making believe she was asleep. It was well for Fanny that she took that way of showing her sympathy.

Morning found the elder sister as far from a decision as ever.

With Fred was twined all the romance of her girlhood. He was as he had always been her ideal of goodness and good looks. It was a fact that she had never really been in love with anybody but Fred Garrett.

On the other hand, she could never forget her fright on the lonely road to Grandma Brown's, when she called on the young captain for help, and he responded so gallantly.

"And how kind and splendid he has been right along," reflected Fanny,—"The most generous fellow that ever breathed."

"But oh! to think of poor Fred." She sighed again. "Nobody like Fred, after all."

None of the household made any inquiries about Fanny's heavy eyes and pale face next morning. For that once, Fanny was glad her father was blind.

Beatrice was busy over her manuscripts, writing now, not because "genius burns," but for the sole and only purpose of making a little money.

Ella avoided her sister and Fanny had her wretchedness all to herself. She hoped and dreaded to have the door bell ring, but it did not respond at all, either to her hopes or fears.

At last, she buttoned on her trim little winter jacket and set her becoming fur cap prettily over her brown frizzes.

She couldn't have helped a coquettish air to her dress if her heart were breaking, and she tripped off to the post office with her usual quick step. Yet she had such a pathetically sad little face that winter morning that every acquaintance meeting her was struck with it.

There were two letters in the Drexell box that morning, and both were for Fanny.

She did not dare open them till she had locked herself in her room. The one directed in Fred's clear, finished hand, was the one she read first, and, after she glanced at it, she cried till there were no tears left.

"Dear Fanny, (his note began) for the last time I call you so, for it must be my task now to forget everything that has made you dear to me, and try and realize that it must have been a mistake on my part ever to have fancied that I could have been dear to you. Poor child! my heart aches for you,—poor, motherless girl. God keep you from all harm ever prays

"Your friend,
F. L. GARRETT."

And this was the captain's epistle:
"Miss DREXELL:—No more at present or future either from
"ALFRED CARR MARSTON."

Fanny had got beyond tears, as I have said, when it occurred to her that she had not read her sailor lover's message.

It acted like a tonic, and, for a broken-hearted young lady, she showed a good deal of energy.

Her first act was to tear off her engagement ring, and pack it deliberately in its dainty, little box.

How she admired that box when she first opened it.

Now, she hurriedly wrapped and addressed it to the captain, as if she could not get it out of her sight quick enough.

The young captain's letter was like a glass that revealed all at once the difference between a passing fancy and a genuine attachment.

But it was of little use now that Fanny had leaved her own mind.

There was never a more determined fellow than Fred Garrett, and he had renounced his first love utterly.

A night of reflection, in fact, left both heroes on much the same footing. They both felt that they had been made fools of, and were humiliated on recalling the scene of the previous night when their own individual Fanny could not decide between them.

There was, however, this difference. The hot-natured captain had experienced an entire revulsion of feeling. His love had changed to wrath. Take Fanny now! Not if she should crawl

around the globe on her knees and beg his forgiveness.

While deep in Fred's heart, though unacknowledged, was a yearning pity and love for the unreliable little beauty, who was still as charming as ever in his sight. Still, pride had the floor, and Fred laid his plans for a hasty departure from Uplands, and every castle with Fanny for a corner stone was ruthlessly torn down.

The captain was soon off and away without a word of farewell, except a chance good-by to little Ella whom he met the evening before he sailed, as she was coming out of the druggist's with a soothing lotion for her poor father's eyes.

"Good evening and good-by, Ell," said he, gruffly, yet with a sympathizing glance of his blue eyes, in spite of himself. There was something very appealing in the slight figure, the mourning dress and the sweet, womanly expression of the young face.

"I hope you will have a pleasant voyage, captain," said the girl kindly.

"Pleasant! Well," rejoined the Captain indignantly, "I hope the old tub will go to the bottom. Good-by, Ell. Better luck to you."

"Dear, dear! What a pity!" thought Ella, as the wrathful young man walked off without more words.

The sailors who had known Captain Alf on former voyages, declared that he used to be called "the pious Cap'n" but now he swore like a pirate.

Fred Garrett was changed, too, from a gay, merry young fellow, to a grave, reserved man.

"Teaching is just spoiling him," declared some of his young lady friends. "He is so prim and sober now."

And Fanny herself was changed. She could not bear to stay in Uplands, and soon secured a position as teacher of music in a young ladies seminary.

She did not escape admiration, though it was of a kind that gave her no trouble. There was something irresistible about this Fanny. All the young ladies were in love with her; and in the usual, superlative fashion of school-girls, declared that "Miss Drexell was too sweet for anything."

She came back to Uplands for occasional vacations, always planning to avoid the times when Fred Garrett would be at home.

He was becoming famous as a lecturer on scientific subjects, and had attained a position as professor at Yale.

"It would be so much better for you, Fred," his mother would often say, "if you should have a home of your own. A professor, to be all that he can be to the students, should invite them to his own house. Society has claims which you can't meet as a single man. I used to think," continued his mother, cautiously, "that our doctor's oldest daughter would make such a nice, little wife for you, but I haven't heard anything about her this long time."

"That is out of the question," said Fred very gravely.

"But Fanny is not the only one in that family," continued his mother. "The next daughter, Beatrice, what a beauty she is! And very talented, too, I hear. I never seemed to know her, however."

"You never would, mother. She lives away up in the clouds," remarked Fred, taking a newspaper, as if he were weary of the subject.

"The youngest one isn't up in the clouds, though," persisted Mrs. Garrett. "Little Ella must be eighteen or nineteen now, and a very sweet girl she is. Nobody could manage a house better than she, even with three times her experience. And then, her patience with her poor father. I suspect he's a trial, Fred."

"I dare say," said the young man, throwing the paper down and leaving the room.

But his mother threw a parting shot. "Just notice how pretty Ella has grown, next time you meet her, will you?"

"Oh bother!" muttered the professor, in a very un-professor like way, as he snatched his hat and went out for a walk.

It chanced at the first corner, he met the young lady in question, and he was provoked because his mother's words came back to him just then and made his usual self-poised manner quite embarrassed.

He could not help "noticing," though, that little Ella had wonderfully improved. Her eyes were bluer, her pretty hair more golden, and she was not quite the pale little thing he remembered. There was a rose flush in her cheeks that deepened as he spoke to her.

Now that he had banished Fanny, this was not an unworthy vision to place in the empty niche.

And so Mrs. Garrett's words had some effect, and Fred fell to contrasting Ella's golden locks with Fanny's brown ones, and Ella's quiet way with Fanny's sparkle and vivacity.

Which would he have by his fireside supposing he could have his choice?

Fred knew well enough there was but one answer to that question for him. But Fanny? That could never be.

Well, then, why not Ella? The professor marked out his course exactly as if he were drawing a diagram.

He would renew his calls at the Drexell's, beginning the very next evening, with an offering of strawberries for the blind invalid.

Next time he would call directly on Miss Ella herself; and, so on, marching step by step, till his mother should have the satisfaction of visiting him in a home of his own.

But first, for the last time, he would dream that Fanny was the lady of the house.

Just this once.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A beautiful complexion is one of the most charming attractions woman can possess; and, from time immemorial, toilet articles of various descriptions have been used to beautify the complexion. The PASTILLES DE FLORENCE, of various tints, made by Madame LEWENBERG have met with great success, and have proved nearer perfection than any similar preparation, being used either as a cream or powder. It has the endorsement of the most eminent chemists, for purity and good effect on the skin, which makes it very desirable, as so many powders are poisonous and dangerous.

A HOLIDAY OPPORTUNITY.

The advertisement of Cornish & Co's. well known organ in another column, offering the organ at \$43.00, affords our readers one of the best opportunities of the season for securing for their friends or themselves, a valuable instrument at an exceptionally low price. We hope the advertisement will receive the widest attention.

C. secures The Home Friend 4 MONTHS on trial. Size Youth's Companion. Full of home helps. HOME FRIEND, Plainfield, Conn.

VIRGINIA FARMS Mild Climate. Cheap homes. Northern Colony. Send for circular. A. O. BLISS, Centralia, Va.



[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.] A MUCH MOOTED QUESTION.

"What shall we do with our girls?" has been so often discussed as to seem, it is feared, a rather trite subject for a homely; and yet did it ever strike you that one great reason for constant discussing and re-discussing certain subjects was that those subjects were many-sided and would bear it? What is soon settled is little talked about. But with all that is said upon the subject no one as yet seems to have struck upon one great evil in girl life, while many invite in holding up their hands in deprecation, shaking their heads with the solemnity required of the occasion and remarking (forgetting the same remarks were made while they were still as the training age) "girls weren't so when I was young."

But the great source of the evils of the present day in girl training, is comprised in a few words of the matron who had trainable daughters:

"To what boarding-school are you going to send your daughter next year, when she graduates at the academy?"

"None."

"Not send her to boarding-school! What on earth are you going to do with her?"

"Keep her at home and get acquainted with her."

Aye! "Get acquainted with her." How few, how lamentably few women are "acquainted with" their own daughters. At an early age they are sent to school (and rightly and properly) and the mother's influence, as evinced in baby associations, begins to wane. There the mother has been the one to please and advise with, even in baby plays, companions of a similar age, step in, and the mother and daughter slightly but surely grow apart. From twelve to eighteen the child develops into womanhood—a new light dawns upon her, a new thoughtfulness seizes her and she is no longer what she was. A mother sends her child to boarding school for three or four years, for what? Alack-a-day! "to be finished," (and too often is the finishing process complete in one sense of the word) and expects the voluntarily returned to her the daughter she has voluntarily sent from her. She is grieved and disappointed that her daughter no longer comes to her as she should—that she seems reticent and disinclined to talk of things nearest her heart. But she forgets that she has turned her daughter from her at a time when her whole nature was developing, and when she, herself, should have been the one to watch the bud unfold into a blossom, should have watched the plant and, with her own tender watchfulness, her ever ready sympathy for the girl's mistakes and childish, womanly sorrows, have taught her to lean on her as her earthly counsellor. All this is not hypothetical, it has been done, it can be done, and there is no more sweet, more lasting bond than a truly sympathetic mother and daughter.

Boarding schools, in their effect on nine girls out of ten, are pernicious. Be the teacher ever so wise, ever so gentle, ever so judicious, it is impossible to give sixty growing girls, aye, or even twenty, the mother's oversight they should have. Regular hours are good, regular lessons are good, but all this is possible at home, and the herding together is bad, immeasurably bad.

Send your children to boarding-school in their very early days, if you will, or must, but after they get to be twelve years old, keep them at home, establish their health, physical and mental, and "get acquainted with them."

Mrs. EMMA C. HEWITT.

EDITRESS OF LADIES' HOME JOURNAL:—I quite agree with "The Mother of Five" in regard to feeding children meats. For even if they could masticate it sufficient for assimilation, it is too stimulating. I have a reliable medical work—as every mother should have—in my library. The author avers that children should not eat meats till arrived in their teens. Since, from its stimulating nature, it causes early maturity; and early maturity means as we all know—early decay. This author claims that milk, and vegetables (to which I add, cereals) should constitute their chief diet. None can gainsay that milk is nature's food, for the young in the human, as well as animal world. I now recall a widowed mother with several children, that were always ailing, always attacked with prevailing diseases. At length she purchased a cow, and the children became notably healthy and tough. I have always heard that well fed children, were not liable to contract contagious diseases. It is now maintained that skim milk will cure that fell kidney disease, that we might call the American scourge; since it destroys so many of her able statesmen. Though milk is such a valuable diet, it often proves very disastrous to young babes. I found it so with my babe after weaning, trying milk from different cows; but with boiling, diluting, and fusing every way with it, he did not thrive. He had the whooping cough when but four months old, rendering him feeble. At length I tried with marvellous success, a food prepared from Baron Von Liebig's formula—that most noted chemist of the world. The crowning act of his life was the discovery of a substitute for mothers milk. Many mothers are, you know, from various causes, debarred from nursing their offspring. This being the case, it is of vast benefit to them, this Horlick's Food. After using it my babe gained in strength. He has cut teeth all summer, cutting four double teeth in that hot July month. Since then, he has cut his eye teeth, without loosing, as we can see, a pound of flesh. Hence, do you wonder that I feel like recommending it to

mothers. I make no doubt that it would prove very strengthening to delicate, complaining girls, when arrived at their critical age. It makes a drink pleasanter, to most people, than chocolate; not having any bitter taste. Try it then, mothers. Send to Horlick's Food Co., Racine, Wis.—stating if desired for infant or invalid—and they will send you a trial box, or pamphlets informing you more in regard to it than can I in such limited space.

P. S. I hear nothing but praise on all sides for the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

A MOTHER OF THREE.

[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.] "HOME DOCTORING."

A short, pointed article on this subject in a late number of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, I hope we all shall heed.

Some of us, who have no knowledge whatever of medicine, and but a limited experience with disease, dare to prescribe for sick ones in our family, and recklessly dose them for symptoms which require the immediate attention of a skillful physician.

Warm packs, mustard pastes, and poultices of onion or flaxseed meal are safe and well, and no mother need fear to use them without consulting a physician, neither should we be afraid to give castor oil, ipecac, or like, safe, simple medicines, when the case in hand seems to require it, but to meddle with powerful drugs, of which we have no knowledge, or to let bad symptoms of disease develop into those still more alarming, while we lose precious time dosing and experimenting with our little, weak, home-brewed messes and teas, is unwise, and often has fatal results.

When bad symptoms do not yield to reasonable home treatment, or when those appear which we do not understand, then it is time to send for a physician upon whose skill you can rely, for we mothers have no call to prescribe or treat such cases.

A few weeks ago, my baby, then fourteen months old, woke one morning, vomiting. When baby vomits I know she is quite sick, and I watched her symptoms anxiously. In a short time the retching with vomiting was repeated, and thinking she or I had eaten something to which her little stomach objected, I gave her a large teaspoonful of castor oil, thinking it would clear her stomach and bowels of irritating contents. But it did not, for, after a full moving she continued vomiting and grew sick so fast she not feverish or as if in acute pain—but constant retching which soon exhausted her baby strength. I sent in haste for our physician, fearful the child had in some way obtained and swallowed poison.

On his arrival I told him of the oil she had already taken, and he said, "that was well, but in this case the child evidently needs something more searching, since the source of irritation is still there," and he gave her a powder which I suspect was calomel and rhubarb.

This more searching physic soon cleared her bowels of two large, raw beans which her fingers had somewhere found, and she had swallowed without so much as a choking laugh or cough, to tell us of her exploit.

Well was it for baby and me, that I did not depend on "home doctoring" that day.

Another instance comes to mind where too much confidence in home treatment resulted in the death of a bright little two years' old boy. His parents at that time, had recently moved to live with the child's grandmother, and his mother did not know that a tin box, which with other rubbish was in a stand drawer in the kitchen, was half full of rat poison, and without doubt the old lady had forgotten its existence, no rats or children having been about the house for years.

One day, the little boy's busy hands found they were strong enough to pull out the drawer, and then it was not long before the same eager, little fingers had pried open the box and put enough of the poison in his mouth to kill him, unless something was speedily done to relieve him.

But nothing was done of any merit, though the little one vomited almost constantly until his death the next night. The grandmother thought the little boy was having a "worm spell," and dosed him on tansy and pumpkin seed tea, and though the young mother felt troubled and wanted to send for a physician, the old lady, confident of her own medical skill, strongly vetoed it, saying she knew "more about roots and yarbs than a dozen doctors," and the child would be "all right in the morning." And without doubt the child was "all right" in the morning, for he had entered the beautiful Heavenly Home, to which I hope you and I will sometime find entrance, but the poor mother, crazed with grief, thought it all wrong.

One noontime last September, our little girl, Birdie, was dancing in and out of the open doors, singing from exuberance of health and happiness. At one o'clock she came to me and laying her head in my lap, said wearily, "Oh, mamma, I am so sick."

I was startled to find her pulse racing and her flesh burning with fever. She called for her little chair again and again, and movements told me what I had dreaded from her all summer, bloody dysentery, it being at that time an epidemic in the place.

A sharp, violent attack of bloody dysentery, and the teams and men all in the grain fields a mile from the house and none of them expected home till night! My heart sank with dread and anxiety, for I knew the child needed the immediate care of a physician. Before I had time to plan, and hardly to pray, there was a quick clatter of hoofs around the house corner and one of the workmen dashed past on his way to the workshop, some part of the mowing machine having broken in the field and he had been sent home for tools to repair it. I ran out and dispatched him, mounted horseback as he was, for our family physician. Providentially, the doctor's gig was at his door, and in less than an hour he stood by Birdie, who had grown so sick she was rolling her head and having almost constant movements, over which she had lost control.

As he measured for her a searching physic, he said, "I hardly think your little one can escape a run of dysentery, but she may, if the cause of this bowel irritation is something that can speedily be removed." That potion of powder shortly afterward cleared her bowels of a large pomegranate seed that she must have picked from the garden. A single, half-ripe plum, with its seed, had caused all this disturbance in her system, and I dare not think what the consequence might have been had I delayed, even a few hours, to potter and experiment with home-brewed messes, before sending for a physician.

One mother to whom I had told Birdie's alarming symptoms at that time, said a child of hers once had "just such a turn" and she cured her with black pepper tea, which I would not dare to give even to a cat that I loved,—and another mother claims she healed her little one of dys-

entery, by herself drinking freely of black table tea, and another depends on steeped raspberry root when any of her flock are threatened with diarrhoea or dysentery, and doubtless some of these things have virtue, but I think we ought not to venture to depend upon ourselves when aggravated symptoms appear, dilly-dallying with our catnip and elderberry teas. They are well enough for slight attacks of bowel complaint, but I do not dare depend on them or on my limited knowledge of the strength and properties of even such home-brewed potions, in any case that is not readily controlled by judicious dieting and simple astringents.

JOHN'S WIFE.

A WAY TO KEEP THE CHILDREN QUIET.

"I wish there was some way to keep those children quiet on a rainy day or when it is too warm for them to be out in the sun playing," said a weary mother the other day to her friend and neighbor. "I always notice what little trouble you have with your children, although you have three more than I have, and I thought perhaps you could tell me how you managed it."

"A very easy matter, my dear," replied her friend. "Children must be amused, or they will become cross and naughty; so would you or I. Suppose you were doomed to stay all day, or half a day, in one room, were not allowed to read, write or sew, could only sit on certain chairs and handle certain articles, there was no one to talk to or nothing but a game of solitaire for us to play. Why, we'd be almost crazy. Anyone, man, woman, or child, in good health, must have something to do during their waking hours. Yet how few mothers try to furnish this something to the busy hands and active brains of the little ones. You notice children out in the street or garden. Are they ever still or quiet? No. It is true, they find amusement in the most trivial thing. Now I have thought about all this, and have fixed up one room in the house, the play-room, exclusively for my children. The room is the large one on the top floor. It is all I had to spare, and as I could not afford good carpet, I painted the floor and left it bare. A poor carpet would be worn out in six months. In the winter the room is heated by a little circular stove, and over this is put a wire screen, so there is no danger of the children burning themselves. The walls are painted a delicate gray, with a pink border, and I have a wainscoting that is one of the chief charms of the room."

"What is it?" Well, I collected all the pictures I could out of magazines, illustrated papers, etc., and pasted them on the wall from the floor almost as high as the mantel. Pictures of animals and birds, and those of child-life, are, of course, the greater number. I put the colored prints down near the surface, so that the smaller children could enjoy them, and they are pasted on so nicely that tearing them is impossible.

"Then," continued this nice little mother, "I have five boxes in the room, all of different sizes. These boxes have covers that fasten down, and are padded on the top, with a flounce around the edge, so that when the box is closed they have the appearance of little ottomans. Each child keeps his playthings in the box, and it is their particular property. A nursery rug with all kinds of animals cut out of cloth, with the name embroidered underneath, is among the furnishings of the room."

"My children amuse themselves for hours in that room, with only excursions now and then to the kitchen for something to play 'tea party' with, and I flatter myself that they learn considerable from the pictures, as well as neatness and order with their playthings."—New York Morning Journal.

TRAINING HOUSEKEEPERS.

Dear mothers, you may think I am harsh when I say that you can hardly begin at too early an age to teach your little girls how to be housekeepers or home makers.

Have a box for the playthings, and teach the little boy or girl who has them, to put them away. Teach them that, by so doing, they are helping mamma, and they will do it willingly, for all children love to help. Have low nails for sacks, hoods, mittens, and rubbers, and see that each thing is put in the right place by the child that used it, and it will soon become so natural to her to put away her wraps, that she would sooner think of going out without them than to leave them out of place when she is done with them.

Have some bright cloth dusters, and just as soon as the little girl is old enough (and she will be quite old enough as soon as she can walk), commence giving her lessons in dusting, perhaps she will only need to have her own little chair to dust for a long time, but teach her how to dust that well, and she will never know any other way. You will be surprised to see how soon she can dust a room. Such little tasks will not hurt her but rather help her, for she will thus gradually and unconsciously learn the art of good housekeeping. As she grows older, teach her other duties, only a little at a time. After the dusting comes the dish-washing, but don't keep her too close to that; let her help you, or else take turns with her, being sure you do your half. Almost all children dislike dish-washing.

Begin early with the sewing, but don't begin with patch-work. Children like to make something—something which there is some prospect of finishing. Wouldn't it look like a great undertaking to you, to make a quilt all by hand? I think it would. Then how must it look to a child? A holder is more easily made than a square of patch-work, and when it is finished, it is something of itself. An apron for grandma or auntie or mamma, or even for the little girl herself, would not be such a very large piece of work, if mamma only basted it carefully, and took a few stitches on it now and then, when no one knew anything about it. One thing be firm about; after an article is begun see that it is finished. If the time spent in beginning three-fourths of the things which are begun, was devoted to finishing the other fourth, very many people would accomplish much more than they do.

Take my advice, mothers, and begin giving your little ones tiny tasks each day; perhaps not more than five or ten minutes' work each day, at first, but gradually, very gradually, increase the work time. Be systematic about it, and it will be a lifelong blessing to both mothers and daughters.

We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of the well known F. P. Robinson Company, of Boston, Mass., who hold an enviable reputation for dyeing black stockings. Dyed by a peculiar process of their own, and warranted positively not to crock, the stockings are as pleasant to the wearer as white ones. The silk finish given to all goods adds much to the beauty of the hose, and is improved rather than diminished by washing. Any one giving their patronage to this firm will find all orders filled in a prompt and satisfactory manner.

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FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. BRUSH STUDIES AND HOUSEHOLD DECORATION.

NEW SERIES—NO. II.

BY LIDA AND M. J. CLARKSON.

Some General Hints Upon Fabric Painting—Kensington, Lustra, etc.—Its Adaptation to Household Decoration—Queries Answered.

[Copyright Applied For.]

The accumulation of queries the past month touching upon the subject of fabric painting, makes a chapter upon this topic a necessity, as it would be impossible to reply to them separately, either by letter, or in the space devoted especially to this purpose in these columns. The growing taste for rich embroidery upon velvet, plush and other fabrics, seems to have given rise to several styles of painting; that familiarly known as Kensington, because of its resemblance to the work done in the famous Kensington school of embroidery, with Lustra, or metallic painting, tapestry coloring, etc. Indeed, many beautiful effects may be produced by the brush, which would be an impossibility to the needle. In painting, there is often wider scope or artistic taste, and we can warmly recommend these branches of decorative art to our readers. Perhaps Kensington painting has met with more abuse, not only from critics, but from those who have never seen any really good work of the kind, than any other branch of art. In fact it is sometimes set down as no art at all, scarcely worthy the name; a mere pastime for children, or invalids. It is frequently said, "Why, anybody can do Kensington!" and so they can, after a fashion, but a passing novelty soon to be consigned to oblivion.

But the more we see of the work, the more convinced are we, that it supplies a want long felt by persons who cannot afford costly embroideries, and that, for decorative purposes, it rivals them in beauty and durability.

There are several other reasons which will recommend it to the general reader. It is simple, and yet the richest effects may be obtained with it. It is without very cleanly work, requiring no turpentine, oils, mediums, or varnishes; is economical, too, and although it takes a great deal of paint, yet by intelligent selection of colors, unnecessary expense may be avoided. Kensington painting may be adapted to innumerable uses, and for all sorts, and styles of work within the range of embroidery. It may be purely conventional, or mannered, by which term is meant that its use may be limited to designs not in anywise copied from nature, but more like the patterns generally used for embroidery. As a rule, however, the treatment of floral designs copied from Nature's own portfolio will give better satisfaction. In this way the work may have an artistic value, and be made a study of form and color as other branches of painting.

In response to a very large number of requests we give in this paper a fuller explanation of the work, with instructions that should enable our readers to learn it readily without further teaching.

Those who have already made some progress in oil painting, will, we think, find no difficulty in acquiring the art.

The list of paints necessary is not a long one: Silver White, Yellow Ochre, Zinc Green, Ivory Black, Carmine, Burnt Sienna, Mars Black, Antwerp Blue, Vermilion, Chrome Orange, and Cobalt, may sometimes be needed. Any colors you may happen to have on hand may be used in this work. With this simple palette almost any design may be executed. These are the ordinary tube colors. If some of our readers find it necessary to economize closely, or the work is large, and elaborate, as for curtains, portieres, etc., the paints in dry powder may be ground for use at home. Any of the above mentioned colors may be purchased in dry and ground in oil, until nearly as smooth as the tube colors. It requires a good deal of time and perseverance, and is most successfully accomplished by the use of what is known as a slab and muller. A slab eight and one-half inches square will probably cost one dollar; and the muller from fifteen to twenty-five cents. These are the all articles, especially where a quantity of paint is to be used, in large, bold work. Besides the colors you will require a good palette, a few sable brushes, No's 4, 5 and 6, a bottle of deodorized benzine, and a pen. The benzine is useful to remove oil spots from your fabric, to rub out any mistakes made. The best material for the work is velvet, or a good quality of velveteen. There are some brands of the latter, almost as handsome as the silk pile, and that take the paint much better than a poor quality of velvet. One of our readers has especially inquired as to the best material. The color of material selected should harmonize with the subject. A dark green, suits almost any design unless it be blue, or purplish or flowers. A deep red, or maroon sets off white, or pink flowers to advantage. Olive is good for red and yellow. A deep ochre, or yellow, especially rich for large white flowers, or the pale flesh de lis, and an old gold or citron yellow enhances the effect of such subjects as the poppy, nasturtium, trumpet flower, etc. The design should be first stamped or sketched upon the fabric, which is fastened firmly to the drawing board, and then you are ready for a first attempt. Suppose the subject to be water-lilies, which make a rich and elegant decoration for many purposes. You will first squeeze upon your palette a good quantity of silver white, without any oil, or medium, as the thicker the better. If too thin it will spread, and will not take the mark of the pen. The paint is mixed upon the palette as in ordinary painting, for the general tone adding to the white, a little yellow ochre, ivory black, a trifle permanent, or Antwerp blue, and a little

burnt sienna. Taking your brush lay this tint upon the petals of the lily, using the paint very generously. It is perhaps best to outline your leaf, or petal first to give distinctness of form. Now with your pen, an ordinary steelone will do, although a gold lacquered pen is rather better, make regular strokes imitating the stitches in embroidery. These strokes are generally made from the point of the petal to the centre of flow; just as the stitch would be taken in embroidery. Where darker shading is necessary add more burnt sienna, and lay on with your brush as before. The light and shade is best laid on with the brush before the pen is used at all, blending as in regular brush painting. The pen is used merely to give the work the appearance of embroidery.

There is one important rule—be sure to keep the pen point free from paint by wiping constantly upon a soft rag. Sometimes this will be quite necessary after each stroke, to avoid dulling the high lights by your darker shades.

There are pens with from three to seven points, which are sometimes used to expedite the work. We have always preferred the plain gold lacquered pen with single point, either coarse or fine, as the subject demands. The above method is the simplest in use, and we think the most desirable, it being much easier than the old way of applying all the paint with the pen alone. Sometimes the color may be taken up, on the inside point of the pen, and dislodged by pressing, or flattening it down, as it is drawn from the point of petal, or leaf towards the centre, leaving it in little rolls on each side of the petal. Sometimes it is necessary to take up the paint upon one side of the pen, and aim upon the other, according to the side of leaf, or petal thus outlined.

This imitates embroidery very perfectly, but is stiffer and more conventional in style.

In making roses, daisies, etc., the paint is taken up on the right edge of the pen, and rolled around the petals, by commencing at the middle of the flower, and following the edges around, until all the petals are thus outlined with a roll. Afterwards the petals are filled in, the work done in the manner first mentioned, the paint laid on with the brush, and scratched in with the pen, as already described.

Still another, and very successful method where it is desirable to imitate couching or embroidery, is to outline all the work simply with the brush, which is well filled with paint, and twisted as it is drawn along, which dislodges it in a continuous roll. The brushes used for Kensington, are either fine bristles or sables. Do not cut them off, as is sometimes advised, using the stubs to lay on the paint. The better pointed the brush, the nicer the work. Flat pointed brushes are best for almost any work.

If any of our readers are interested in decoration for ecclesiastical purposes, they may be pleased to know that the most satisfactory results are to be had by pen painting. Within the past year we have painted an altar cloth, with large monogram in centre of frontal, with side panels of passion vine, and inscription with Greek crosses upon the super-irontal, all of which work, has been repeatedly taken for heavy embroidery.

The cost was less than half what the embroidery would have been.

We find of late, that for many kinds of decoration, most beautiful effects may be produced by a combination of the different styles of painting, often more pleasing than any one kind alone. As for instance, Kensington and brass painting, Lustra and Kensington, Lustra and iris-embroidery.

Decorated corner for table cover.

We give this month, by special request, a design for table cover, which illustrates this combination in a very charming manner. The corner is of felted, or dark blue, upon which is applied in ivory embroidery stitches, corner pieces of blue velvet. The edge of the velvet is finished with a silver cord couched on with thread of silver. The design of autumn leaves and woodstools, is painted in Lustra as follows: Paint first with silver, using a large quantity of color in the high lights, and afterwards touching up with sparkling silver. The shadows are put in with silver and steel mixed, the deepest accents with steel alone. The effect is very good and pretty.

It is trying to be more clearly understood that painting may be done as handsomely, as smoothly and effectively upon velvet, or other fabrics as upon canvas.

Where the nap is crushed, and the paint plastered on, leaving hollows in the pile, there is nothing to be done but to refer to the work.

There is really no more excuse for daubing upon these fabrics than upon canvas.

One of our correspondents asks "Does not painting on velvet with a brush, lay the nap?" No, decidedly not, if it is properly done, and here we do not refer to what is known as dye painting, which is simply coloring, or dyeing the nap, by thinning the paint with turpentine, and rubbing into the pile, but to regular oil painting upon velvet, or plush.

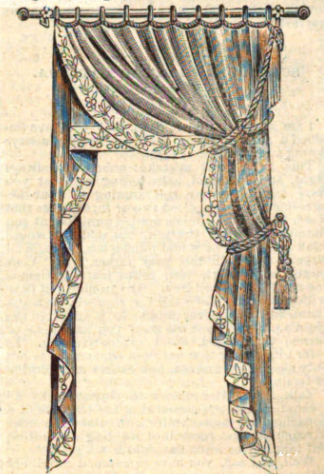
Take, for instance, a design of apple blossoms. The flowers are painted in Kensington, the centre dotted on with a full brush, and the hard wood may be executed also most beautifully with the brush, as in any oil painting, only that in purely decorative work, more latitude is allowed in the use of the pure bright color, and may heighten the brilliancy and effect, by bright touches of color that would scarcely be allowable upon canvas.

The palette for this work is Antwerp blue, white, yellow ochre, cadmium, or chrome yellow, burnt sienna, and black. With the exception of the white, we do not blend these colors upon the palette, but dot, or dab them on roughly with the point of the brush, shading darker at the lower side of the branch, with black and burnt sienna. Now where the light is supposed to fall upon the branch, generally the

upper side, we lay the color on very freely, using the blue, white and black mixed. Sables, 5, 6, and 10 are best for this work. Knots, or protuberances in the wood may be represented here and there with black and burnt sienna, margined with white and yellow ochre. Use the paint generously, as the rougher the appearance of the wood, the better the effect.

A correspondent asks how she may decorate and drape a door to hide its side casings, yet in a way that will not shut out the light thus admitted from an adjoining room, or closet. The secret of an artistic arrangement for this purpose lies almost wholly in the manner of draping. If there is stiffness no amount of work, or rich material will accomplish the object.

Within the past few years there has been a great change in the character of house furnishing in this respect, and it is not only a pleasure to visit some of the large establishments dealing in artistic furniture, but one may often bring away some hint as to simple decoration for home use. Superb and costly hangings may be very cleverly imitated by catching the grace of some particular adjustment of folds, or loopings. We have endeavored to show this in our illustration of hangings for door, and think inquirer will find this a very artistic and tasteful arrangement, more so than the double draped lambrequin she had thought of using.



SUGGESTION FOR DOOR DRAPERY.

Hangings of two shades of the same color are often tastefully combined in this way, while sometimes a decided contrast is preferred. Momic cloth, felt, billiard cloth, satin sheening, or any material that will fall in soft, graceful folds make handsome hangings. There is also a figured, or broad-canton flannel that comes in rich colored and closely resembles plush, but a better material is always cheaper in the end. Canton flannel catches the dust, fades and roughs up, and for a while gives a room a very shabby appearance. Some soft, rich material edged with a band of velvet, decorated with Lustra, or Kensington will generally give the best satisfaction. A bold design of Virginia creeper, or trumpet flower painted in Lustra makes a rich and effective decoration. As for the color of the hangings, that must depend upon the furnishing of the room, wall paper, curtains, etc. Although they need not be the same shade they should harmonize with the prevailing colors.

A clever friend has just framed a ten inch plaque very handsomely, by having a carpenter prepare for her a beveled board, with a hole in the centre the regular size, which she has covered with garnet plush, gummung with mullage, and using shade tacks on the back.

The plaque is fastened in with small screws, and the entire work covered with silesia, which gives a neat finish. The cost was less than two dollars, with as she says "a little paint and pleasant labor."

"A pretty whisk broom holder in made in the shape of a guitar, the strings of silver threads, and the entire work covered with silesia, and fastened at each side with a bow of ribbon, or other ornament. Daisy tidies of rick-rack, with strips of ribbon plaited with daisies and wheat are very pretty. The ends of the ribbon, and the web of daisies are pointed and finished with tassels, balls, or brass ornaments."

A very handsome mantle lambrequin is made of violet satin, with bands of velvet the same color decorated with fleur de lis in pale shades of purple. These bands run up the sides and centre of the valence, and the finish is an edging of floss balls in old gold and violet.

One of our correspondents has kindly sent us some cross cut wooden section cards, which are very pretty for different decorative purposes. They are as thin as paper, showing the grain of the wood most beautifully, and may be painted in either oil, or water colors.

Dainty calendars may be decorated with flower suggestive of the different months, and threaded upon satin ribbon makes a particularly attractive wall ornament.

These cards are also very useful as souvenirs, or may be used as birthday cards or mementoes.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

A. M. A., Ohio:—The word palette is pronounced palet with accent on the first syllable. When we say "the palette will be so and so," it is meant that the colors given will be used for the subject in hand. Generally full directions follow as to how these colors are to be mixed, or blended.

The large tree trunk may be painted with white, permanent blue, burnt sienna, raw umber, and ivory black. If in the immediate foreground it should be rich and dark in tone.

The colors for water depend entirely upon the character of your picture, whether in sunshine or shade, morning, noon, or evening, etc. White, permanent, or Antwerp blue, cadmium, raw umber, and a trifle ivory black, with sometimes burnt sienna, or light red, might answer your purpose.

"Guarantee" asks if Briggs' patterns are suitable to use in stamping designs for decorative work.

Yes; upon anything which may be pressed with an iron. The perforated parchment patterns are best for plush, velvet, or similar fabrics.

As for the choice of painting, or gesso-making as a profession, that we should scarcely say competent to judge. Money, credit, and hard work, and in order to succeed there must be a thorough understanding of the particular branch chosen. To teach successfully, or sell one's pictures, the art of teaching and painting should first be mastered. "Ignorance" knows better than we her proficiency in either branch of work.

Mrs. F. L. C., Me.:—Properly speaking a do is something intended to protect the lower part of the wall, against the wear and tear to which it is subjected, and may be made of wood, mottog, Lustrata Sienna, or other material. A wall paper dado being somewhat darker than the main wall has also its use, as it shows soil less, and wears better.

"Lena":—Red and yellow cherries would look best upon a warm gray, or fawn colored ground.

E. S., Mass.:—If you cannot paint, or embroider, and yet are handy with the needle, do some work, you can make a very pretty lambrequin of darned net trimmed with oriental, or hand-made lace, and lined with colored silesia. It will brighten up your room wonderfully.

We shall continue to rent studies for copying, flowers, landscapes, Kensington, Lustra, etc. We will continue to rent hand-painted studies for copying, flowers, landscapes, Lustra, Kensington, etc., to subscribers to the JOURNAL. Send stamp for list and particulars.

We offer as premiums the month iridescent and brocade painting, for a club of six, or one full subscription. For a club of twenty the design in Lustra and Kensington described in this paper for table cover corner, and which may also be used upon clock scarf, or bracket valance.

For these premiums names should be sent direct to our address: Money order should be drawn on the office at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., but all letters addressed to

L. OF M. J. CLARKSON, PLEASANT VALLEY, DUTCHESS CO., N. Y.

PRATT & LAMBERT'S AMBER ENAMEL.

For Enameling Art Pottery, Faience, etc., painted in oil or water colors, without bak ing. If your dealer will not procure it for you, write to Pratt & Lambert, 110 Nassau Street, New York. Price 25c and 50c per bottle.

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FOR ONE DOLLAR.

Is offered a three months' trial subscription to the Art Interchange, an illustrated monthly magazine, published with full size working outline designs in every number, and thirteen large colored plates of your favorite designs. For these premiums names should be sent direct to our address: Money order should be drawn on the office at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., but all letters addressed to

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Section 11, 220 Aviston St., Hottel, Conn.

ART VEILERS.

sketches from N. Y. or other, or sketches some of ed y on canvas, paper, p aques, for painting. Printed instruction of any required. Give name to Amateurs, Artists, Teachers. EUGENE PEARL, 23 Union Sq., N. Y. Work.

A BEAUTIFUL, hand-painted in oil or velvet square, suitable for parlour or fancy work. Cost only 75c. Mrs. L. V. P. O. Ottawa, Ill.

25 Gold Fringe Chrome Cards (something new, India ink) with new, 10c. CELLULOSE RING FILE with each pack. TUTTLE BROS., North Haven, Conn.

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Library, Smoking, Reclining, and Invalid Chair Combined. Price \$7 and up. Send Stamp for Catalogue. LUBURG MFG CO., 145 N. 8th St., PHILA., PA.

CEDAR CHESTS.

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Best known for hatching chicks. Its principle is just like a hen sitting on a nest of eggs. It can be raised in at 50c per lb., and sold for 20 to 25c per lb. A fine chance for women and boys to make money. Send for circular. Address: Natures, Incubator Co., Quincy, Ill.

DECORATIVE ART COLOR BOX AT HOME.

MOIST WATER COLORS. Given for only 8 new Subscribers, at 25 Cents each, per Year.



We offer as a premium this box of English Moist Water Colors, of which we have representation above, with a variety of colors, including white, yellow, blue, green, red, purple, etc. for a low price. The box is of tin, japanned black on outside and white on inside. It has two covers which, when open, afford ample room for moving the palette. It has a thumb-hole in the bottom, so that it can be used as a palette. The colors are in numbers, each one used in a tin tray. Three good brushes of different sizes complete the set. Most colored artists desire a box of this kind. The colors are of the highest quality, and are the property of Arts in England. For more information, send for circular.

Given as a premium for 8 new subscribers, and mailed, post paid, to any address. Address: Ladies' Home Journal, Phila., Pa.

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
 AND
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 A NATIONAL ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL.
 CONDUCTED BY MRS. LOUISA KNAPP.
 Published Monthly at 441 Chestnut St.,
 PHILADELPHIA, PA.
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMP'Y,
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Terms 50 cents per year, 25 cents for six months. In clubs of four or more, only 12 cents per year. Advertising rates 50 cents per square line each insertion. Address, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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Receipts.—The fact that you receive the paper is a proof that we have received your remittance correctly. If you do not receive the paper promptly, write us that we may see that your address is correct.

Errors.—We make them; so does every one, and we will cheerfully correct them if you will write to us. Try to write us good-naturedly, but if you cannot, then write to us any way. Do not complain to any one else or at all. We want an early opportunity to make right any injustice that we may do.

Philadelphia, February, 1886.

Now For Two Hundred Thousand Subscribers!

We now have over one hundred thousand paid subscribers on our books. These are all permanent, yearly subscribers, independent, and exclusive of any short term trial subscriptions, and have been secured within two years, our circulation having doubled twice, in 1885. To secure 200,000 the coming year, the JOURNAL will be made better than ever before. A decided improvement will be made in the illustrations, as the best engravers the country affords have been engaged. New writers have been secured. Rose Terry Cooke will favor us with domestic stories; Harriet Prescott Spofford will do the same; Christine Terhune Herrick will furnish several papers on the servant question, and Sarah Orue Johnson, (Daisy Eyebright) will write a series of articles on etiquette.

We are doing much for you, now what will you do for us? You have done nobly in the past,—only keep on in well doing and that 200,000 thousand will easily come. Not less than 12 pages will be furnished monthly, at 25 cents a year in clubs of four or more.

We believe in furnishing the best practical and helpful domestic journal ever published, for the smallest sum of money possible without loss, that every woman in the land may afford its visits, and thus enlarge its field of usefulness. We make no profit on our subscriptions, we look to advertisers for that.

Show the JOURNAL to your neighbors and friends, and tell them how small a sum of money will secure a year's subscription.

Now For Two Hundred Thousand Subscribers!

(FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.)

TO THE SISTERS OF OUR JOURNAL.

"Is 'Maybelle' dead!" Over and over again these words have come to me since the day that the November number of our JOURNAL told its sad news to its tens of thousands readers.

Dear, true-hearted, helpful, sympathetic Maybelle, dead! I loved her. We all loved her.

To-day I have been looking over the copies of our JOURNAL, reading with tears her letters to us, and I find not one word but that is full of love and sympathy, and strong with earnest effort to help some one. To comfort and to smooth rough places for others seemed to be her life purpose.

And now this life has gone out and we no longer can look for her words and her help.

We shall miss her, oh, how much. I learned to watch for each word of hers, first, in Tribune and Farmer, later, in our own HOME JOURNAL.

Dear Heart, she little knew the comfort she gave and the hope she woke in sore, tired hearts. From ocean to ocean, wherever our paper wings its way, she sent good will, sympathy, help.

I remember, a few winters ago, a little thing she wrote was so rich with cheer that I clipped it from its page and pinned it on our sitting room wall, that I might not lose sight of its comfort.

Nearly all winter the bit of paper remained there, and then, sealed in a letter, it was sent out with the surety that it would comfort a sick, discouraged friend.

In one of "Maybelle's" letters she tells us of a baby boy now grown to be a bearded man. By this we judge, the Reaper did not come for her till life's meridian was past, yet, her life seemed so full of activity and vigor we wonder just what called her home; if the summons came suddenly and unlooked for to this one of "us grey haired mothers."

We would that our editress had told us more of her life and of her death.

"Maybelle's" work is done, and well done, this we know. Sweet is her rest, great her reward, but for you and I, there is yet work for us to do, else we should not be here!

All our days are "days of grace." Let us live so close to our Saviour that we shall live the remainder of our time as our Master would have us.

Only a few months ago "Maybelle" told us "the posts of time run swift," and what we do for the good of humanity and the salvation of our own souls—we must do quickly. "Too late," are words we do not want on our lips when we go down to meet the last enemy. They need not be

there if we will only put ourselves in the keeping of the tender Care-taker, Jesus Christ.

Our sister has passed on into the "Great Unknown," if the realization of all the blessed promises, and the certainty of perfect rest and happiness, can thus be named. But her words shall live after. I glean a few of them from her late letters to us, though sure that her written thoughts and her memory will long be held in remembrance by the sisters.

"A lowering brow and a fault-finding tone have driven more men from their homes than the rum shop has ever lured away."

"Living within, or living without one's means, makes a vast difference in the career of any young couple."

"It is a consideration of far more importance than we are willing to admit, what our children really think of us. How do the little every day acts of our lives strike them? Are they forming a good impression of their parents, one that shall stand well the test of time and future experience in life? Or are we losing ground with them and lessening our influence for good over them?"

"Even our tones are sometimes of a kind to make the little children think we do not love them. Pity it is for the little ones who imbibe this feeling with regard to mother."

"Many experiences, which seem very hard while we are passing through them, are not at all hard in the retrospect. Be of good courage, toiling, loving mother, and you will rejoice in a bounteous harvest."

JOHN'S WIFE.

SCRIBBLER'S LETTER TO JULIA.

NO. VII.

I am afraid my dear Julia, that you have imbibed a sort of fancy that Gustavus is always wrong and you always right.

This is a great mistake; nobody is always right, and I cannot help telling you that you were entirely wrong last evening in your disagreement. I've noticed two or three times that when you thought Bessie needed punishment you didn't correct her yourself, but said you would "tell papa" and he would punish her. That's all wrong—and "I'll tell your father," or "Your mother shall settle you, young man" system is the ruination of children. Any trouble you have with your own child settle for yourself, then and there, and then never allude to it again in the child's presence, lest the good you have done be turned to dogged, don't-care-a-tive-ness. To refer to a matter that has been squared up is not only absolutely unkind, but causes a revolution of feeling.

Talk the matter over with Gustavus, by all means; all matters concerning the children of a household are the better for a discussion, in order to reach the best method of meeting difficulties, but talk it over when the child is not present.

Well, as I say, you have threatened to tell her father several times when Bessie didn't behave herself, and yet last evening, when the trouble which arose was strictly between Gustavus and her, you interfered. That was not only very silly but absolutely wrong. Just look at it, Julia, you leave your own correction for Gustavus, and then when he attempts to attend to what properly belongs to him, you interfere.

Perhaps you have not regarded it in that light, but you are inculcating in your daughter a disrespect for her father's authority (and your own as well) that may recoil on your head some day in the most unpleasant way.

Bessie is too young to punish? Not a bit of it. Severity is not necessary. If she is too young to punish, why threaten her with it? Why tell her at all, absolute lie?

If she is too young to punish, she is not too young to absorb the very decided element of untruth with which you are bringing her up. And a promise to square an account with a child, pleasant or unpleasant, is just as much a promise as any other promise—unfulfilled, it is broken. And if your child promises not to leave the doorstep and goes, she does no more than when you promise to correct her for her next offence and don't. Why, you are worse, for two reasons. You are older and should understand the responsibility better, and you stand in the light of an example to your child.

I can't wonder that Gustavus' patience has been considerably tried, lately, both with you and her. When she tried last night to cut with her knife upside down, and made up her mind it should do so in spite of everything, and set to work screaming like a wild Indian because it didn't, it's high time somebody took her in hand, and you were wrong to interfere with Gustavus. The fuss was between her and him. After a child can talk as well as Bessie can (and snap her black eyes as Bessie can when things don't just please her) the time comes to settle matters promptly, by reason and argument first if possible.

Another thing. You complained to me about having so much sewing to do, and your back ached, and your head ached, and you did, indeed, present a forlorn appearance.

If you will reflect, however, it was not the pile of stockings, nor the pile of other mending which caused all this, although they were "the straw that broke the camel's back" and seemed like the thing that had made you so miserable. Before you began to mend you made—and the dresses you made for Bessie last week were a disgrace to you. You open your eyes! Why, you thought you took so much pains with them! True, so you did; pains and aches, too. I will only take one for an example, and you made six.

The one I refer to was, I suppose, the worst one. First, you sewed on the machine sixteen fine tucks—then you inserted a puff, and sewed sixteen more tucks, hardly more than three threads deep. Sixteen and sixteen make thirty-two, and once and a-half times thirty-two is forty-eight yards of absolute sewing—unnecessary sewing. You like your child to look nice? So do I. But for a woman who has as little health and strength as you have, it is worse than folly, it is suicidal; and Bessie wasn't any cleaner, and sweeter and prettier in thirty-two tucks than she would have been in sixteen. If women have money to spend in quantities, and desire to put the work out to those whose living depends upon just such mothers, I have nothing to say, but I repeat, you are worse than foolish.

They take time, and health and strength, and you might be about better business. And what did you do it for? You let the secret out. You said: "Mrs. Grundy's little girl had one like that on in church last Sunday." Mrs. Grundy's income and yours are two different matters. How many of those tucks did Mrs. Grundy put in? There are several ways I have noticed lately in which you are showing a very undesirable ambition. Dress your child nicely, but don't let it undermine your health nor form the topic of your conversation.

SCRIBBLER.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"A."—You will never make a success at literary work.—Ed.

MISS LOWDEN:—Chicago Specialty Co. do business in Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. A. M. C.:—We don't recommend any of the firms you mention in your letter.—Ed.

CAN some of the ladies give a few hints on the making of good butter? and oblige C. C. Y.

"INQUIRY" will find directions for crocheted child's sack in this number of L. H. J.—Ed.

F. A. W.:—Our subscribers have spoken in the highest terms of the Pearl rug machine.—Ed.

LILIAN DAVIS wants a recipe for bologna sausage. The firms you inquire about, Miss Davis, we do not recommend.

"ARDENT ADMIRER":—The purl stitch is the same as the old fashioned seam stitch, which any experienced knitter will describe to you.

WILL "Mrs. M. McO." in December number of L. H. J., please tell the subscribers where the stocking can be purchased by the yard? and oblige ONE OF THEM.

CAN any of the readers of the L. H. J. tell me where I can buy tissue paper bed spread and pillow shams? And oblige a

CONSTANT READER.

EDITRESS L. H. J.:—Will M. M. in November number please send her address to Ida M. Roberts, Germantown, Ky.

WANTED:—A receipt for making starch for mourning goods—lawns, muslins, and calicoes. Mrs. GEO. F. COOK,

FOXBORO, MASS.

Mrs. KNAPP:—Can any of the sisters tell me anything of the Windsor hand sewing machine, and to whom I can apply for circulars? And oblige Mrs. M. BAHLER,

BRICK CHURCH, N. J.

"LOUIE":—If you will send to Thurston's drug store, Buffalo, N. Y., for a package of Blush of Roses, it will remove the freckles and blackheads entirely from your face, as it has done for mine. LAUREL.

DEAR EDITRESS:—Will some of the sister readers of the L. H. J. tell me what will prevent my canary bird from eating her feathers? And oblige Mrs. W. A. C.

WHITEVILLE, N. C.:—Brass chains are used exclusively for draping curtains this season. The traustron is now placed above the door.—Ed.

EDITRESS L. H. J.:—I would like to ask Mrs. John Tibbetts, of Chelsea, Mass., if the Florence Oil Stove she uses to heat her room with is the size advertised in the JOURNAL for \$1.50, and if the smell of the oil is not offensive? LAUREL.

IRENE:—Our readers will be glad of your directions for knitted boot, as soon as you can send them. We cannot give you the address of Mrs. Ellen Ammerman—perhaps some of our readers may be able to. Provide your boy with the Youth's Companion, of Boston, Mass. No paper is better for a boy to read.

EDITRESS LADIES' HOME JOURNAL:—Can any of the subscribers of the HOME JOURNAL tell me how to start bread with what is called "Potato Ball" how the potato ball is made and what it starts from in the first place? There are a few in a neighboring town using it, and I am anxious to know how to keep it. MARY.

ALBANY, Oct. 18th, 1885.

EDITRESS LADIES' HOME JOURNAL:—In the September number of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, I saw a description of a rug made of cloth patches. I have tried to make one and don't succeed. If the lady will send a small sample I will gladly pay her for her time and the postage. Address Mrs. J. A. BAKER,

289 CLINTON AVE.

FOR "MIGNONETTE"—(Remedy for gall stones.) Take a teaspoonful of sweet oil every night before retiring, for three nights, then omit three nights. Follow this plan until the oil has been taken nine times, then if relieved, leave off taking for a while. This oil, it is said, dissolves the gall stones. Where the disease is chronic it should be taken periodically. Its use alone will prolong life and save much suffering to those afflicted with this dangerous disease. MISS L.

Mrs. B. H. WILLIAMS:—The best health corset I have seen is Madame Foy's skirt supporter. They lace on the sides, are very short on the hips, narrow points in front, shoulder braces and a curved back to hold the weight from the back. I have worn them for nearly twenty years, but never lace them below the waist line. They are sold at all the leading dry goods stores of any large city. Try a pair. M. A. J.

DEAR EDITRESS:—When the neighbors come in to spend the evening we hardly know how to pass the time. If you would only suggest some good games suitable for any one to join. We have a few good games, but have worn them threadbare. Do you know one commencing "A good fat hen?" Each one in turn says it and then it is "Two ducks and a good fat hen." Then it goes on "Three squawking wild geese, two ducks and a good fat hen." Beyond that I could not go, and I should like very much to learn the whole of it. SUSIE M. HYDE,

JEWETT CITY, NEW LONDON CO., CONN.

"Pearl"—Give your bird a little cayenne pepper, sprinkled over his feed, or better still, a red pepper pod placed between the wires of the cage. They are fond of the seeds, and they are a certain cure for the wheezes or asthma, and you will find that after your bird eats a few of these, he will immediately recover his voice, and you will be repaid with sweeter and clearer songs than ever before. Please try it. J. F. B.,

PENNSYLVANIA.

EDITRESS LADIES' HOME JOURNAL:—I am a reader of your very interesting and instructive paper. The Nov. number is particularly so to me, on account of "Mildred's Class in English Conversation." I am obliged to work from eight in the morning until six at night, allowing an hour for dinner, but I am anxious to be educated. I have been through school some years, still I feel so ignorant, and the older I grow the more I realize my inefficiency. The letter received by Mildred suggested an idea to me. I would like to correspond with an educated lady, for my own improvement. I will provide paper and stamps, and would esteem it a great favor if some one would help me to improve my grammar. Do you know of any one who would be willing to write to me?

JULIA L. THURSTON.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H., BOX 673.

"A SUBSCRIBER" Inquiring about necessary articles for baby's wardrobe should procure at least, the following: Three slips for night wear and seven for day wear, three flannel skirts, also two pinning blankets, made of one breadth of flannel each, open all the way for convenience in tending baby at night, three woven shirts, three strips of flannel catstitched on the edge, measuring eight inches in width and five-eighths of a yard in length, for bands, and three pieces of linen diaper. A square of cotton flannel hemmed is very convenient to use in the cap white bathing baby, and two flannel shawls could be used as a wrap when carrying the little one through the hall from room to room. Three or four pairs of knitted socks are also needed. This is an outfit which will keep baby comfortable. Of course many other pieces may be added if fancy and pocket book can agree.—Ed.

A subscriber writes: Can some one who has had experience in oiling floors, give directions? I have heard some say to use boiled linseed oil, but did not say whether it was to be applied hot or cold. How soon can a floor be used after oiling? Will some one tell me what is the matter with my chickens? They have very little appetite, their tails droop, are somewhat drowsy, and lose greatly in weight.

How often do Pekin ducks have to be picked? Some say every new moon, others three or four times a year—also give general management.

My gums are very tender, especially next to my teeth, what shall I do for them? POINT VIEW, KANSAS. Mrs. IDA M. FRY,

[Use salt and water for a wash for your teeth.—Ed.]

EDITRESS L. H. J.:—If any one troubled with ants (not aunts), whether they are red, black, or any other color, big or little, many or few, will lay fresh catnip around in the places infested they will soon find themselves well rid of these pests. Sledge has been laid to my larder by a great variety of "the varmints" but catnip never failed to put them to rout. It will also prevent millers from getting into beehives, and will start roaches on the race sooner than anything else. If "John's Wife" will try it, she will not have to climb to the rafters with her sugar box and bags of sweets, nor sit guard over her meal bag, etc.

I have some excellent recipes I mean to send to the JOURNAL, and if I ever find time will tell a few of the many things I know about housekeeping, that I know will help some young wife and house mother who is having a hard time to keep the household machinery in good running order.

A dainty little maiden has come to live with us, and she so engrosses my time and taxes my strength that I have little of either left for writing. ABERDEEN, D. T. D. D. E.

BANGOR, ME., Nov. 18, 1885.

EDITRESS OF THE L. H. J.:—After reading "Ida Belle Diserens'" letter, I cannot resist the temptation to add my mite, whether it meets with the approval of the editress, I hardly know, but I will trust to her generosity. Perhaps such an entire stranger will not be welcome to this bright, chatty and genial paper, but I must tell you how I happen to have a copy of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL in my hand.

I was a bright, lovely morning, some time in October. I had been ordered home from a visit by the doctor (had an attack of congestion of the lungs) and was feeling blue and decidedly disconsolate, when I happened to take up Zim's Advocate, and my eye fell on the advertisement of this paper. Amongst the numerous attractions was the announcement "Hints on Pastel Work," and other artistic information. I was interested at once, for I have just taken up that branch, under the Chautauque Circle of Fine Arts, and every scrap is very acceptable, so of course I sent my name at once, and I am so delighted with the whole paper, advertisements and all, that instead of four months' trial, I shall send the subscription fee for a year, as soon as '86 commences.

If "Ida Belle Diserens'" is interested in art, perhaps I can offer her a few suggestions that will be new to her as well as to others.

As a wedding gift to a friend, I painted a com-mode set, without going to the expense of having it fired.

The design was wild roses, and I used oil paints, but thoroughly mixed the paint with a preparation that comes, called Amber Enamel, using it very freely. Then I proceed just as if I were painting any ordinary piece of canvass. After the work was finished, and very, very dry, I took a sable brush and went all over the design with the preparation. The effect was equal to china painting, and less expensive, the actual cost being thirty-five cents for the bottle of enamel as I had all the other material.

Just now (and the panel is on my easel in front of me) I am doing a clump of scarlet poppies on an elm panel. First oil the wood, and take a rag and rub very hard, that polishes the wood and brings out the grain to perfection, then take a lead pencil and sketch the design upon the wood, using oil paints of course. Don't cover up the panel any more than necessary for the beauty is the oddity of the bare wood, without any background. When completed take a little gilt paint and gild the beveled edges. I have lots more to say, but I am afraid I have trespassed already upon the good nature of the editress.

Will Miss Clarkson give a few hints in regard to pastels, especially the foliage.

I did a moonlight view from nature, and had very good luck, but the foliage was much more complicated for me, and I just don't get the knack some way. MAUD F. BUZZELL.

For the benefit of our subscribers, who have frequently requested us to aid them in improving their complexions, we quote the following from an exchange: "Fashionable women and girls in New York always have their necks and arms 'polished' before going to a ball or other entertainment where they appear with very décolleté dresses. The 'polishing' greatly beautifies the skin. First the arms and neck should be thoroughly covered with glycerine. After this has been thoroughly rubbed off, the arms and shoulders are covered with cold cream, which is allowed to remain on fifteen minutes. This is then rubbed off with a piece of soft white flannel, and the arms and shoulders are covered with 'baby' powder, and rubbed very thoroughly. This finishes the operation. When this is completed they look like polished marble, and the skin seems to take on a wonderfully fine and beautiful texture. Oatmeal and Indian meal water are both excellent for washing the face and hands in. The meal softens the skin and gives it a delicate flush which is very becoming. The majority of women will also find that salt water will help their complexions. Get ten cents worth of rock salt every month and wash in a basin in which a good lump of it has been placed. Rain water is an excellent thing for the skin, and there is as much truth as poetry in the saying that the 'early dew of the morning will make like the face of an angel the woman who bathes in it.'

MAUD F. BUZZELL.

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THE PRACTICAL HOUSEKEEPER



[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL] WHOSE FAULT IS IT?

While the failings of our "help," sometimes lead us to the belief that they are made up with a disproportionate amount of original sins in their compositions, it is not upon their shoulders alone that all the blame should be laid. To take an unprejudiced view of the servant question one should always bear in mind the source from which they sprang, or, as we, in moments of extreme irritation with the entire class, are prone to say,—the pit whence they are digged. The peasant homes of Germany, the shanty of the Irish bog-trotter, the negro cabins of the South,—all furnish their quota of ignorant and untrained workers. They flood our cities and crowd our newspapers with applications for situations, for which, many of them, are totally unfitted. It is, in these days of compulsory common school education, a comparatively rare occurrence to find a white person who can neither read nor write. The latter accomplishment is sometimes lacking and can seldom be said to be of a high order; but reading, after some poor fashion, is generally possible. Once in a great while, servants are met with who read books for enjoyment and instruction, but, as a rule, their literary efforts are confined to the perusal of the daily paper, and many do not look at even that from one year's end to the other. Hence, it happens that, almost the only opportunity they have of acquiring knowledge is from their associates,—those who have neither higher vantage ground of experience nor greater breadth of thought than themselves. In spite of this, the power of each over the other is wonderfully strong. No statement of master or mistress can, for a moment, hold place against the contradiction of one of their own rank. And, very naturally, they consider themselves leagued together in opposition to the common foe—their employers. Judging others according to their own petty belief in human nature, they cannot grasp the idea that there may be men and women who would tell the truth, even to their personal disadvantage. Some years ago, an upright statesman was nominated for Governor of a Southern state, by the Democratic party. His opponent was an unprincipled man who did not scruple to use any means to secure his election. A prominent citizen of the State Capitol was the owner of large mills and employed many colored operatives. After the election of the so-called Republican candidate, the manufacturer asked a negro, a man of average intelligence, what had persuaded him to vote the Republican ticket rather than the other. "Well, you see, boss," returned the man, "colored speakers, dey tole us dat if de udder man war 'lected gabnurnor, he'd take de free schools 'way from us an' send us off to Liberia."

of the servant. In cases where impertinence is inveterate the servant should be discharged. No mistress ought to lower herself to bawdy words with an inferior. In such altercation the lady is at a terrible disadvantage, for her self respect prevents her from descending to the personal abuse which is the chief and familiar weapon of her opponent. If servants once understood that, while uniform kindness is the rule, disrespect would be followed by prompt dismissal, half the battle would be over. Another evil to be deprecated is the habit indulged in by many women of discussing their "help" freely in their hearing, or in the presence of those who will carry the story to the servants' quarters. "I suppose your cook never allows you to come into the kitchen?" said one lady to another. The person addressed cast a quick glance at her friend's nurse who sat in the room, baby on knee. "Oh, I have no trouble in that line," she rejoined. "My cook generally seems pleased to have me try new dishes." "Mine doesn't dare object openly, of course," said the hostess. "Still, I am favored by remarks to the effect that real ladies don't put themselves out to hang around the kitchen when there's a competent person in charge. Jane told me the other day, that all the time she lived with Mrs. J—she (Jane) had the ordering of everything that came on the table. During the two years of her incumbency there, Mrs. J—entered the kitchen but once, and then to thank Jane for an elegant dinner she had sent up on Mr. J—'s birthday." While this colloquy went on the nurse sat, apparently unobservant of what was passing, but doubtless treasuring up every word, to be retailed to the cook at the first convenient opportunity. An excellent woman who, to the bewilderment of those neighbors who were acquainted with her amiable disposition and genuine kindness of heart, was notorious for the numerous changes in her domestic corps,—gave a dinner party. Although incapable of intentional cruelty to a living creature, she kept up, throughout the meal, a running fire upon the waitress—orders, reproofs and criticisms. "How can you be so awkward, Mary? No, no don't put that dish there. Do try to remember what I told you about only giving forks with salad." And, to a friend at her side,—"Did you ever see such a time as I have with my girls? I shouldn't think you could eat a morsel of a dinner put on the table in this helter-skelter fashion. You, who have such a good waitress. I find it just impossible to train mine." Meanwhile the poor maid who was really trying to do her best became more and more uncomfortable, grew redder and redder, and half-a-dozen times seemed on the point of bursting into tears, while her mistress, not realizing the positive inhumanity of her strictures, and the discomfort she was inflicting on her guests, succeeded in spoiling a meal that would have done credit to her and her servant, but for her fault-finding and gratuitous apologies. Another housekeeper is given to, what is popularly known as "nagging." When she has given an order to a servant she cannot let it alone, but follows it up with persistence that would be amusing were it not so exasperating. A sketch taken from life will best illustrate her ways and methods:—She interrupts the chat of an evening visitor, to call in a maid and order her to lock the basement door. (Her home is in a large city and she has a great dread of sneak thieves). Two minutes later she stays the flow of a lively anecdote:—"Excuse me, I must see about that door." Going to the speaking-tube, she repeats the order, and returns, but not for long. Before another topic is broached she is at the tube again:—"Maggie, have you locked that door?" "Yes ma'am," comes back from the lower regions. Still she is not content. She talks in an uneasy, fragmentary style for a few moments, then, rising, says: "If you will excuse me an instant I will run down and see to that door myself." On her return she looks better satisfied. "It was locked, after all," she says. "But you never know when servants are telling the truth. Not that Maggie does not do very well, as a rule, but I would not trust one of them out of my sight." Yet this poor woman marvelled that she found it so difficult to keep servants. The work was not heavy, but the fault-finding was. Another fruitful source of dissatisfaction among servants is delay in the payment of wages. This is not often caused by unwillingness to give the money, but more frequently by carelessness, or the thought that the postponement will do no harm. "It is only a few dollars." Let those women who dislike to ask their husbands for money put themselves, mentally, in the position of their employes, and judge if it is much less disagreeable for a hireling to make such an application. It is not uncommon to hear servants, in speaking well of a situation, add, as a final and unusual recommendation,—"And they pay regular every week." A bright, pleasant kitchen is a prime requisite in a house. While all servants do not care for pictures or plants, it is well to try and see if they do not appreciate these additions to the tightness of an apartment which is to them, eating, working, and sitting room. It is here that they spend most of their waking hours, here they receive their friends. It is an incorrigibly slatternly maid who does not feel some pride in keeping her environments neat and attractive. If the coat makes the man the kitchen often has much to do with making the cook. A few of the gay chromos which have been banished from parlor and bedroom walls, a rocking chair, a bright rug, and half-a-dozen plants in the windows, are an investment that will cost little and will be worth treble their market value if they make a good-natured cook and a cheerful kitchen. CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK.

HOME COOKING. ORIGINAL RECIPES CONTRIBUTED BY THE JOURNAL SISTERS. WHITE MOUNTAIN CAKE:—Take six ounces of butter, one pound and two ounces of sifted flour, one pound and two ounces of fine sugar, six eggs, beat the whites to a stiff snow; one and a quarter cups of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of cream tartar, a very little nutmeg. Bake in jelly cake pans. Mrs. E. M. NEGRO COCONUT CAKES:—Take a large coconut, grate it with the brown rind on it. Then take one lb. of brown sugar, boil it with two or three tablespoonfuls of the milk of the coconut. Boil until a thick syrup, then add the grated coconut. Boil until stiff. Have a large dish well greased with butter. Make the cakes in small heaps. Set them aside to cool. Mrs. E. M. DEAR EDITRESS:—Cake recipes are plenty, but I have such a nice one, I think it better than angel food. WHITE CAKE:—One cup white sugar, rolled, one-half cup butter, (washed) mix butter and sugar to a cream, whites of four eggs beaten to a stiff froth, two-thirds of a cup of sweet milk, two cups of flour, and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Put the powder in the flour, then sift four times, stir until you can't stir any longer, then put in a buttered cake dish and bake. THE following recipe for Harrison cake, you will find fully as good as any fruit cake, not so expensive, or as hard to make or bake, and will keep as well and can be eaten with more impunity: Two cups brown sugar, one cup molasses, one cup butter, one-half cup milk, four cups flour, four eggs, three cups stoned raisins, three cups currants, spices to taste, one-half pound citron, one teaspoonful soda, two teaspoonfuls cream tartar (or three of baking powder). The currants and citron may be left out and double the amount of raisins used. Bake in rather a slow oven. ROYAL BAKER. JUMBLES:—One pound of butter, one pound of fine sugar, one and a quarter pounds of sifted flour, three eggs, nutmeg to taste. Beat the butter to a cream with your hand. Beat the eggs very light, but do not separate the whites from the yolks; add them to the butter and sugar, then add the sifted flour by degrees; beat all well together with the hand. Then drop them on tins that have been buttered. Bake a light brown. Mrs. E. M. PUMPKIN PIES:—Peel and stew a medium sized pumpkin, strain through colander and stir up well, add one teaspoonful each of cloves, allspice and ginger, and two of cinnamon, little nutmeg, two eggs, two teaspoonfuls of flour dissolved in water, good sized piece of butter, sugar and salt to taste, and milk to make the proper consistency. ROBERTA. LEMON PIE:—Juice and grated rind of one lemon, one cup of water, one tablespoonful of corn starch, one cup of sugar, yolk of one egg, butter size of an egg, boil the water, wet the corn starch with a little cold water and stir in, when it boils pour over the sugar and butter, stir together, after it cools add the eggs and lemon, put this in crust and bake. Make a meringue of the white of egg and a little sugar, when the pie is done spread this on, return to oven and brown. This is for one pie. LUCRETIA HAGAND. CHARLOTTE RUSSE:—Have ready a glass dish lined with slices of sponge cake or lady cake, dissolve one-third of a box of gelatine in one-half pint of sweet cream or new milk, place in a vessel of hot water and stir occasionally until dissolved. In the meantime take one and a-half pints of rich thick cream, put in large bowl, place the bowl in crushed ice or snow, and when cream is well chilled, whip with Dover egg beater, until all is thoroughly whipped, pour the dissolved gelatine and milk into a shallow vessel, stirring to keep from getting lumpy, as soon as it begins to thicken stir in slowly the whipped cream, flavor and sweeten to taste, pour into dish containing sponge cake and set away on ice to congeal. LUCRETIA HAGAND. SWEETBREAD CROQUETTES:—Boil two pairs of sweetbreads in salted water a few moments, cut up, cut also one-half can of mushrooms into dice. Make a roux, by putting one and a half ounces of butter in a saucepan, and when it bubbles sprinkle in two ounces of flour, mix and cook well; then pour in a gill of strong stock or cream; when this is also mixed add the dice, which stir over the fire until they are well heated; take them from the fire, add the beaten yolk of two eggs, which return to the fire a moment to set, without allowing it to boil. When cool form into croquettes; roll them in cracker crumbs, then egg, then cracker crumbs again, and fry in boiling lard. Mrs. HENDERSON. CROQUETTES:—Take any scraps of meat, all of one kind or a mixture—any cold bits—chop fine. To a pint of the chopped meat add a cup of cooked rice, or a set of brains cooked in salted water, a small onion, juice and grated rind of a lemon, a little parsley, salt and cayenne pepper. Mix all together and chop very fine. Shape into rolls or pear shape, roll in beaten egg or browned bread and cracker crumbs, fry in hot lard as you would doughnuts, just a few moments. If they are cooked too much they are hard and crumbly. They are good hot or cold. Can be made during the day and heated up when wanted for an evening party, by just setting in the oven for a few moments, or in a steamer over boiling water. Garnish with parsley, or carrot tops or cress. Chicken or turkey croquettes can be made in the same way.

A comprehensive Cook Book, containing numerous valuable tested methods of preparing delicacies for the Festival Season, and all the year round, can be obtained by sending name and address with 10c. to "Housewife," LADIES' HOME JOURNAL office, 441 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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D. Parker, of the Brighton (E. M.) Hospital, says, "Ridge's Food resembles the mother's milk so closely that infants are reared, and WELL reared, exclusively upon it." Another physician, at the head of an orphan asylum, says, "I have been using this preparation for five years or more, and have the most unbounded faith in it." Another says, "I had long tried to procure for a pair of twins in my practice a food that would not acidulate, etc." Ridge's Food fulfills the condition perfectly.

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CHILDREN'S CLOTHES.

Infants' Wardrobes—Garments for Girls in Late Winter—Materials at Half Price—A Few Fancy Dresses.

BY MRS. JAS. H. LAMBERT.

One of the most sensible freaks of fashion is illustrated in the present method of preparing the wardrobe for the expected guest. No longer is it necessary for the inexperienced young mother to worry herself into an injurious condition of nervousness, by thinking over what must be done before baby comes, or to really make herself seriously ill by using the sewing machine, or even sitting too constantly at her work, for at that period of a woman's life, it is best to take a great deal of open air exercise, and it is well in most instances, to use the eyes as little as possible.

If the mother is quite well, and really desires to do the sewing, she may then prepare all the little garments with her own loving hands, but in fact it is cheaper to buy a complete outfit of actually necessary articles, than it is to buy the materials, and make them up at home, or to pay for the sewing, for every furnishing store has an assortment of infants' garments in all grades, but very few ladies, even the most wealthy, now buy the expensive dresses and other fancy grades, until they know what sex baby is, and his or her size after the first month or two is past. An outfit recently selected at Sharpless Brothers, for a coming baby, only cost \$25.00, and it contained every article of clothing the darling required for the first four months of its young life, including cap and cloak. By that time mother baby had outgrown ever thing, and the sensible mother put him in short clothes, which she found in just the desired styles and size.

In dressing growing girls, a special point is now made in having the dresses made so that the weight is equally distributed, for often the shoulders and chest are not more able to support the garments than are the hips. The little corded under waists have armholes and wide shoulder pieces; they fit the form, but not closely, and have buttons placed on them at the waist line, upon which drawers and skirts are fastened up so that the waist gives equal support. These waists can be bought ready made, in sizes for children from one year old up to twelve.

It is between the ages of twelve and sixteen that the mother has the most trouble with her daughters; it is then their forms are "fashioned" and physically injured through ignorance. Waists are made to "fit" for school outfits, the girl goes away, to stay, perhaps a year, but in three months she has spread and developed so that the waists have become actually uncomfortable; however she goes on wearing them, and like the foot of the Chinese lady, the body of the girl is compressed so that it stops growing. This difficulty exists with ordinary corsets, for girls will not let out the strings or laces as they should, and until lately nothing has been created to supply this urgent demand for a waist support that would "give" according to the growth of the miss.

In searching for something for a growing girl of twelve, whose shoulders were rounded from a close application to her desk, and who outgrew waists in a few months, this corset was found.

As may be seen by the illustration it has a high centre section which supports the weak back, and in that piece are elastic coiled springs, which respond to even the breath of the child, and "give" as the body grows, even if the girl is not sensible enough to let out the laces which are placed on either side of the elastic section. The wide shoulder straps rest near the neck, so that the weight of the garments which are buttoned on to the set if desirable, is not felt in any one portion of the body. These Ball's health preserving elastic section corsets for misses, come in sizes from 18 to 26 inches, for girls of from twelve to sixteen years of age, and cost \$1.00 each, postpaid.

Dresses for children are made now of any of the cloth goods, the tweed mixtures, suitings of all kinds, homespun, cashmeres, pails, poplins, smooth or rough surfaced fabrics, and indeed anything may be used, such as plush, velvet, Arcadia velveteen, silk, and the veilings, which are light and airy for evening wear. In some of our leading houses a general reduction in the prices of all manner of dress goods, and indeed everything introduced for fall and winter, will be made, so that the various counters can be cleared for the incoming novelties for spring and summer, which will be opened in March, April and May; hence ladies do not care for extreme styles, they will find it greatly to their advantage to send for samples of reduced dress goods, or Paris novelties, marked down, and to buy what they need now.

Among the new toilettes for this year is a walking costume for a miss of thirteen. The skirt and plastron are of brown homespun, shot with copper color. The jacket bodice and tunic of the same cloth, all trimmed with brown velveteen, put on in bands. The hat of same cloth is trimmed with folds of velveteen, the crown is soft.

For a brunette, a becoming dress is made of garnet Francaise faille, the new French silk; the front of the skirt is of embossed terry velvet of the same shade, crossed by band of plain terry velvet; the bodice is trimmed to correspond, fastening half-way with enamel buckles and half-way with froggings of large garnet beads; the enamel buckles fasten the bands of velvet on the skirt. This dress is handsome for a young lady of seventeen or eighteen, while her sister of twelve may wear a dress of real serge, with jacket of rough irise cloth in dark blue, with collar, cuffs and revers in pin-striped corduroy; the fasteners down the front should be handsome. Blue felt hat trimmed with red velvet.

Some of the fancy ball toilettes made this season are pretty and quite inexpensive. The dress of a Florian Shepherdess is of floriated sateen, and is trimmed with lace and field flowers; with it is worn a white muslin apron trimmed with lace, and a straw hat decorated with rose colored ribbon.

For the Ancient Country dame, is a flowered print skirt with a tunic of blue and white striped print. Muslin edged with narrow lace trims the square bodice, and the ruffles of the sleeves and cap are to match.

The Little Waggoner is to wear fustian or rough cloth trousers, smock frock of unbleached linen or cotton, honeycombed at the front, red

handkerchief loosely knotted under the collar, and rey el hat. And a Falconer has on doublet of brown cloth with gold buttons, hood and cape of green figured cloth, green cloth breeches and tan colored shoes and stockin'gs.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Mrs. B."—Your letter came too late to be answered in last month's JOURNAL. The coat will cost you \$10; price last month was \$15.

"Anxious Mother?"—Thank you for the suggestion. Read above article, and let us know in the described corset is not just what you needed for Lida. Price by mail \$1.00; send with bust and waist measure to Editor Fashion Department L. H. J., 441 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

"Wise Shopper?"—In writing to Soapless Brothers for samples of Parisian dress goods, at reduced prices, please mention you were directed to do so by LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

A Profitable Investment

can be made in a postal card, if it is used to send your address to Hal et Co., Portland, Maine, who can furnish you work that you can do and live at home; few there are who cannot earn over \$ per day, and some have made over \$50. Capital not required; you are started free. Either sex; all ages. All particulars free.

Progress is the spirit of the age, and we have never realized this more than when investigating the improvement in making flour, as illustrated in the mills of Charles A. Pillsbury & Co., at Minneapolis. In contemplating the advancement from the humble wayside mill, with a capacity for grinding enough grain for the wants of the few farmers in the vicinity, to the great mill of this firm, with its capacity of 7,000,000 bushels of wheat yearly, or 7000 barrels of flour daily, the genius of progress is truly exemplified. In this connection we will also say that as great improvement has been made in the quality of the produce, as in the facility of production, and "Pillsbury's Best" is now the most popular brand wherever known. It is made from selected Minnesota and Dakota wheat, and the claim of the proprietors that it "bakes more, whiter, and better bread" than any other flour, has been proved by our best housekeepers, and wherever we have known it to be once used they invariably want to continue. Try it.

All lovers of flowers should note the advertisement of Samuel Wilson, of Mechanicsville, who offers 13 packets of choice flower seeds, in all the most desirable varieties, for the moderate sum of 30 cents. As all the seeds sold by Mr. Wilson are grown in his own nurseries, and the selecting of them personally superintended by himself, they are in every way reliable. Large pansies in every variety, and double roses a specialty. Illustrated catalogue, with full directions for cultivating, sent with each order. Send stamps for this prize collection of seeds, and in sending mention LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

BUY YOUR DRY GOODS IN NEW YORK.

Fifteen years ago it was not unusual for ladies posing as leaders of fashion to order their costumes direct from Paris. This custom is now a most absurd and and, while visitors to any of the dry goods and many rich stores from the celebrated dressmakers of that city, very few residents of New York order their goods by mail from Europe.

It has been found that so great an advance in skill and taste has been made by the New York dressmakers, and such enterprise has been shown by the dry goods merchants of New York city in obtaining the fine fabrics, that purchasers in the home market can be dressed in equal, y elegant materials and in better taste than by ordering direct from Europe.

In matters of ladies' fashions, New York is to day the Paris of the United States, and many thousands of ladies living at a distance from the metropolis, and these ves of its large and varied stocks of elegant materials, and are clothed in the latest and most approved styles, both as to cut and materials, and yet they rarely pay a visit to the city.

This is accomplished by ordering through the mails. While all mercantile houses will not take the trouble to send samples of their choice fabrics by mail, and rather discourage a lady in obtaining by the city of the most of New York merchants make a specialty of it. Presently among them is Le Boulevard Brothers, Broadway and Fourteenth street, a house which was established in 1840. This house keeps a large force of experienced clerks whose sole duty it is to fill mail orders with care and promptness. Residents outside of New York find it in regard to their advantage to deal with this house, for in addition to their willingness to send samples of their latest novelties, they have adopted a plan of reserving portions of such lots of goods as they buy much below the market rates and which are frequently retailed less than they cost to import. Hereofore they have a few of their city customers to take all of these bargains. Le Boulevard Brothers, Broadway and Fourteenth street, have a very large establishment and do a very active business in all kinds of dry goods.

They have recently added three new departments, viz.: upholstery, coats and suits, and ladies' and children's boots and shoes. They invite you to communicate with them in regard to anything of large or small, or which you may stand in need of. The advertisement in another column can be referred to.

Our lady readers will do well to send to Mr. John A. Salzer, Lacrosse, Wis., for his elegant catalogue for 1886. Mr. Salzer has over 2000 acres devoted to the growing of NORTHERN GROWN SEEDS, and dozens of greenhouses for the production of blooming plants. The list of tropical plants and novelties is unusually large. Send 10 cents in stamps when you write for his catalogue, and receive in addition a specimen package of grand Pansy seeds, (40 sorts). Mr. Salzer is the western Pansy specialist.

SHARPLESS BROTHERS

HAVE MARKED MUCH BELOW VALUE, ALL FALL AND WINTER GOODS, SUITABLE FOR LATE WINTER AND SPRING.

Special In'vcments in Every Department.

Table Linen 50 cents and 75 cents a yard worth 75 cts and \$1.00.

Imported Hats and Bonnets, Stylish y Trimme 1; \$5, \$7, \$9, \$10, and \$15; worth \$8, \$10, \$15, and \$20.

Jackets and Coats, \$5, \$8, and \$10; worth \$9, \$12, and \$15.

Reliable Guinet Black Silk, \$1.35 a yard, worth \$1.75.

Paris Novelties, a 1 colors, 75 cts. and \$1 a yard; worth \$1, \$1.25, and \$1.50.

All Wool Serges, useful colors; 2 1/2 cts. a yard.

Cashmeres, for Spring Costumes, in colors, 37 1/2 cts. a yard.

Black Cashmeres, splendid grade 50c. a y rd.

New Scotch Plaids, for Ladies and Children, 40c. a yard.

Infants Wardrobes, \$15, \$20, and \$25.

ALL GOODS SENT FREE OF COST FOR TRANSPORTATION.

Information and Estimates given, and any mentioned sample sent upon application to MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT.

SHARPLESS BROTHERS, CHESTNUT AND EIGHTH STREETS, Philadelphia, Pa.

Read Fashion article in this number of L. H. J., and mention JOURNAL in letter of advice.

Le Boutillier Bros., Broadway & 14th St. New York. DRY GOODS.

We employ a large force of experienced clerks, whose sole duty is to attend with care and promptness to

Mail Orders.

It pays to buy Dry Goods in New York. You get the lowest prices, the latest styles and largest stock to select from. New York prices are 20 to 40 per cent. lower than those of any other city in the United States.

Write to us for samples, catalogue or information. Your letter will be answered; not thrown into the waste paper basket.

Complete Stocks of Silks, Velvets, Dress Goods, Cloakings, Hosiery, Underwear, Table Linens, Blankets, Laces, Embroideries, Passementaries, Ladies' Shoes, Upholstery, Suits, Wraps, Gloves, etc., etc.

Cut this out and put it in your scrap book.

ESTABLISHED 1840.

BLACK STOCKINGS

THAT POSITIVELY Will Not Crock!

LADIES' FINE LISLE HOSE, MISSES' RIBBED HOSE, GENTLEMEN'S HALF HOSE; 50c. TO \$1.50 PER PAIR.

UNBLEACHED STOCKINGS DYED FOR 25c. PER PAIR.

We GUARANTEE these goods, after being dyed by us, not to soil the feet or underclothing, that they are equally as clean as white hose, and the color and goods will improve by washing. Try a few pairs and you will be convinced. "Black finish" on all goods. Terms strict y cash. Goods by mail must be accompanied by postal note or money order.

THE F. P. ROBINSON COMPANY, 49 West Street, Boston, Mass.

KENSINGTON PAINTING

A NEW BOOK!

Finely Illustrated. Contains full directions for this beautiful and popular work. KENSINGTON PAINTING is done with Pens instead of brushes. This book tells what Pens and Paints to use; gives a Description of the Terms and Materials used; shows how to mix paints in the Preparation of Tints and Shades; so has an Illustrated description of colors to use in painting Roses, Pond Lilies, Golden-Rod, Pansies, Cat-Tails, Clematis, Azalias, Fuschia, Sunag, Wheat, Japan Lily, Forget-me-nots, Thistle, Lotus, Bir s, Ow s, Storks, etc. The instructions for LUSTRA PAINTING were written by the well-known artist, LIDA CLARKSON, and it is needless for us to add that the directions given are full and complete, and so plain that it will be readily understood how to do this fascinating work. The instructions for HAND PAINTING gives Directions for Painting on Silk, Satin, Push, Velvet, Fe t, Bolt ng, etc. This book is FULLY ILLUSTRATED with artistic designs.

Price only 25 Cts. 5 for \$1.00. Circulars free.

Kensington Painting Outfit, \$1.50. Lustra Painting Outfit, \$3.00. J. F. INGALLS, Lynn, Mass.

EVERY LADY

Who wishes to use ELEGANT and FASHIONABLE STATIONERY, should send 45 cents and get a box of "DUTTON'S ROYAL LINED PAPER," heavy weight. Box contains one quire of Paper and twenty-five Envelopes. Visiting Cards, Wedding Invitations, Reception Cards printed to order. Correspondence solicited.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 31 West 23d Street, New York.

FLOUR.

GET THE BEST, WHICH IS



BECAUSE IT MAKES

More Bread, Whiter Bread, Better Bread,

THAN ANY OTHER FLOUR.

PILLSBURY'S BEST IS THE BEST!

For Sale by All First-Class Grocers.

WRITING PAPER BY MAIL.

Are you troubled to find paper to suit you, and, at prices high? If so, send us 4 cents in stamps and we will forward you samples representing nearly 250 varieties of Foreign and American papers; the cheap as well as the best grades, with full information as to prices, sizes, envelopes to match, and cost of sending by mail, etc., etc. No finer assortment can be found in this country.

WARD & GAY, Stationers, 154 Devonshire St., Boston.

THE NORMAL CORSET.

The Perfection of Art. No "cranking in." Natural contour. Ease and grace combined. Ready Agent; wanted everywhere. Address to: SCRANTON CORSET CO., Scranton, Pa.



The best elastic bone in the world for dress-making purposes. For sale by the wholesale and retail trade. Samples free.

THE WARREN FEATHERBONE CO., Three Oaks, Mich.

ELASTIC STOCKINGS.

For enlarged veins. Send or direct ion for measurement. SHARP & SMITH, Manufacturers of Surgical Instruments, 73 Rando ph St., Ch. cago, Ill.

MUSIC GIVEN AWAY!

To introduce our new Winter catalogue of Sheet Music, Music Books, etc., in every family having a Piano or Organ, we will, upon receipt of 10c to pay postage, send free Ten complete pieces of our very latest popular vocal and instrumental music, full size (11x13 1/2) printed on elegant heavy music paper, and would cost \$4.00 any music store. A new page illustrated catalogue of all kinds of musical instruments, 10c extra.

WILLIS WOODWARD & CO., Publishers, 42 & 844 Broadway, New York.

ARTISTS' MATERIALS.

Wax and Paper Flowers, Materials, Leather tte Paques and Panels; China Coors; latest Brass novelties for decorating; Brass Hammering; Kensington and Lustra painting outfits; Paint Boxes and Color Books; and stamps for illustrated catalogue to RIPKA & CO., 140 South 8th St., Phila., Pa.

THE PERFECT PROGRESSIVE EUCHRE SCORE MARKER.

No Sticky Wafers. No Mistakes. Absolutely Infallible!

It consists of a number of strips of cardboard, one for each player, printed with numbers showing progression and tables, and perforated to make detachable coupons, all the s slips for one s tor evening's entertainment being neatly tied together by a ribbon. A set of rules is sent with each marker. We believe that for simplicity and correctness it furnishes the PERFECT system of counting.

PRICES:—For 4 or 5 Tables, 50 cts. per set, post-paid; for 6 or 7 Tables, 60 cts.; 9 or 10 Tables, 75 cts.

BURROWS BROTHERS & CO., Wholesale and Retail Booksellers and Stationers, 23, 25, 27 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, O.

AN ASTONISHING OFFER!

\$3.00 Worth for 30 Cents.

Ogilvie's Popular Reading, Number 25, contains the following eight stories, all complete: Before the Dawn by Mary Cecil Hay; The Poor Clerk and His Crooked Sixpence, by George Sargent; A Life's Secret, by Mrs. Henry Wood; My First Offer, by Mary Cecil Hay; A Sister's Story, by a popular author; The Lost Letter, by Mrs. J. H. Hilde; The Man with Three Eyes, by R. E. Francillon; Our Entertainment, by P. W. Robertson. Any of the stories are printed in large type, bound in handsome cover, with colored frontispiece. Sold by all dealers or mailed for 30 cents, by J. S. UGLIVIE & CO., PUBLISHERS, P. O. Box 2767, 31 ROSE STREET, NEW YORK.

HAYNES' EXCELSIOR and TILTON GUITARS

are the best. Each instrument fully warranted. Also fine Music Boxes, Violins, Banjos, Cornets, etc., at lowest prices. Beware of imitations, as we manufacture the only genuine William B. Tilton Guitars, with all the improvements. Catalogues free.

JNO. C. HAYNES & CO., 35 Court St. Boston, Mass.

LADIES ELASTIC BELTS,

A necessary article of toilette. Write for circulars G. W. Flavell & Bro., 248 N. 8th St. Phila., Pa.

For Bakings of All Kinds

FLEISCHMANN & Co.'s UNRIVALED

Compressed Yeast.

SUPPLIED FRESH DAILY TO GROCERS' EVERYWHERE.

Special attention is invited to our YELLOW LABEL, which is affixed to every cake of our Yeast and serves to distinguish our goods from worthless imitations.

Fleischmann & Co.'s Compressed Yeast

Is really the only leaven that will enable a cook to make first-class

BUCKWHEAT CAKES.

But be sure that you get OUR Yeast and not a spurious article.

FACTORY-DEPOT: 1221 Race Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Philadelphia, Pa.



[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.] TALKS ABOUT FLOWERS.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

The Vallota, often called Scarborough Lily, and sometimes Agapanthus, is one of our most pleasing bulbous plants for house-culture.



VALLOTA.

est Amyrillises. These flowers are borne on stalks about a foot, or a foot and a half tall, and are generally in clusters of from three to five. They are trumpet-shaped, and of a rich, intense scarlet. They last for a long time, and a large bulb will generally produce from two to four flower-stalks in its season of blooming, which is usually August or September. This plant increases very rapidly by small bulbs which form about the old plant. I find that most persons are in the habit of removing these young plants, as they generally do those of the Calla, leaving one large plant in the pot. I prefer to let at least a half-dozen grow, because each plant will produce flowers, when it attains proper age and size, and thus you get several times the amount of bloom that you will when but one plant is left. The Vallota does not like to be shifted. I dig out as much soil, every spring, as can be removed without disturbing the roots, and fill in with rich compost procured in the barnyard. Treated in this way, the plant does not require re-potting. The Amyrillises often fall to bloom, because it is necessary to give them a season of rest, and one must understand their wants, and the proper culture to give them, in order to succeed with them. But the Vallota requires no more care than a Geranium. Keep it growing moderately, and when the time comes for it to bloom, you will have flowers from it. As a decorative plant, when in bloom, it is not easy to find anything that excels it.

A correspondent writes to ask about Lilies. She wants some for her garden—something fine and hardy. What shall she get? One of the finest, perhaps the finest, of all, is L. auratum, the great gold-banded Japan Lily. This produces very large flowers of ivory white, each petal banded down its center with gold. It is magnificent. I find that it does well at the north; if planted deep—say seven or eight inches—in a well drained soil, and covered in winter with a heap of litter or leaves. I have always practiced putting a good deal of sand in the soil immediately about the bulb, surrounding this with rich earth from the barnyard. S. rosenm, a rose-colored variety, is very beautiful and fragrant. It should be given the same treatment as L. auratum. The old Chalcedonicum is a splendid flower, of spotless purity. Any of the lilies catalogued by most dealers can be grown successfully if protection is given in winter, and the soil is drained well. But in a heavy, undrained soil they will be pretty sure to become diseased.

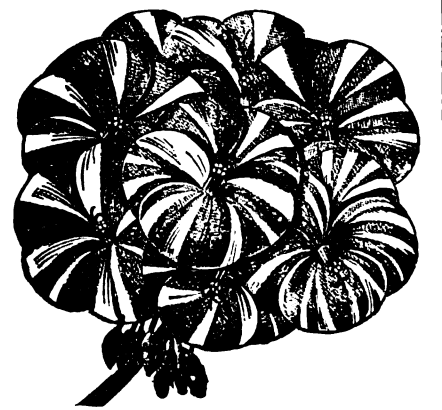
Mrs. T. V. V. writes to ask if there is such a thing as a striped Geranium. She has been told so by a friend, and she wants to know where to get one. Yes; the variety called New Life has flowers in which scarlet, white and salmon are



LILIAM AURATUM.

blended. Sometimes a bloom will have a stripe of pure white in each petal. In others one petal only will be striped. Often the flowers will be entirely salmon. Occasionally a flower will be splashed with these colors. No two will be alike.

It grows well, blooms profusely, and is very desirable as a novelty, but really is not as attractive to me, at least, as those kinds in which there is no variegation. Very frequently a branch of the plant will produce nothing but scarlet flowers, showing a tendency to revert to the type from which it obtained part of its blood. You can obtain it of any dealers in plants. It is sold at the same price as other Geraniums now, but it was held at a high figure, at first.



NEW LIFE.

John M. asks about the care required by a fernery. In the window of a room in which this is written, I have a fernery which seems to be doing very well with no care at all, beyond that of giving water about once a month. It is stocked with Ferns and other plants procured in the woods, planted in the soil in which they originally grew. When I set them out, I watered well, and kept the case in a cool room until the plants began to grow. Then I brought them to a west window in which they have grown ever since. The only rule I go by in watering is this: As long as the glass is covered with moisture, in the morning, I give no water. When this moisture diminishes, and but little is to be seen, I give more water—just enough to thoroughly moisten the soil all through. If, after watering, the glass is much obscured by moisture, I open the top slightly, for an hour or two, and give the outside air a chance to enter. This soon causes the moisture on the glass to disappear. Of course, when any of the leaves turn yellow, I cut them off, and leave no decaying matter to taint the air in the case. This is really all the treatment my fernery gets, and I think it is all that is needed, as my plants look healthy and vigorous.

Answers to correspondents. A subscriber asks for the most effectual remedy for red spiders on plants. In reply, I would say, water—and plenty of it. Syringe the plants daily, all over. The spider will be found mostly on the under side of the leaves, and there is where you must be sure to get plenty of moisture. If the plant is badly infested, dip it in water heated to 120 degrees, and let it remain submerged for a minute. This will kill most of the spiders, and not damage the plant any. After doing this, shower the plant often, and keep the air in the room moist by evaporating water on the stove. Water, and water only, will keep the red spider away. If the air in the room is kept moist, he will not be likely to attack plants in it. A dry, warm air suits him exactly.

"Saddle C."—If your violets are healthy, and grow well, I am at a loss to understand why they do not bloom. Tell me the conditions under which they are grown, and I may be able to suggest a plan by which you can secure flowers. In asking questions about flowers with which you have had trouble, always give particulars. If you say, "Why doesn't my Rose bloom?" and I know nothing at all about the treatment you have been giving it, how am I to even guess what the difficulty is? Tell how you have tried to grow it, and that will enable me to see where the trouble is, in most cases. This will apply to nine out of ten who ask advice about their plants. "A Lover of Flowers" wants to know how to cultivate Chrysanthemums and Dahlias, and if they will grow in the house. The Chrysanthemum can be grown in the open ground during summer, or in pots, as is most convenient. About the best and easiest way for the amateur is to set the plants in the ground in May or June, and let them remain there until the middle of August. Then lift and pot them. They will grow in any good soil. When potted they must be watered every day. Do not allow the roots to get dry. They will begin to bloom in September, and the later varieties will last till Christmas or New Year's. After blooming, cut the tops off and put the roots in the cellar. Leave them there till April. Then bring them up. Dozens of suckers will be sent up from the roots. Each one can be cut off with roots attached, and will make a good plant. Dahlias are out-door plants for summer and fall use. The tubers can be potted in March and started into growth. Do not plant them out of doors until all danger of frost is past. Give them a good, rich soil to grow in, and water once or twice a week with soap-suds, from the wash tub, or with manure water. Tie to stakes, as they grow, for the stalks are brittle, and easily broken. They will begin to bloom in July and continue in flower till frost comes. Take up after the tops have been killed, put the tubers in the sun, until the earth rattles off, and then keep in the cellar where it is dry and cool, but does not freeze. Each tuber with an eye, will make as good a plant as a whole cluster of them. Neither of these plants are troubled by the red spider, I am happy to assure this inquirer.

CONSUMPTION CURED. An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow humans. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. sent by mail by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Among the great variety of lamps now in use, the Champion, sold by A. J. Weldner, Phila., still holds a place of supremacy. Giving a clear, steady light, without the smoke or disagreeable odor that is so often an accompaniment of the oil lamp, and being non-explosive, on account of the patent safety extinguisher attached to each burner, it is the most complete lamp ever put into family use. While this lamp consumes no more oil than any other of its size, the light so far exceeds all others in brilliancy that if once it is tried it will indeed become the champion of the household. Having proved these lamps we feel justified in recommending them to our readers.

\$500 to \$1,000 per acre, clear profit. MONEY IN GARDENING For Boys, For Girls, For Men, For Women. How the Successful Ones have Got it by Growing Fruits, Flowers and Vegetables. Sold in THE AMERICAN GARDEN, an illustrated monthly magazine; \$2 a year, 20c. a copy. E. H. LAMBY, 47 Dey St., New York. SCHULTHEIS BROTHERS, the Largest ROSE GROWERS in the United States. Write for their descriptive Catalogue. SCHULTHEIS BROS., P. O. Box 78, College Point, L. I.

THE LADIES' SEED CONCERN. Send now for free circular. 40 varieties of choice Flower Seeds for 10 cents. 75 varieties, 25 cents. MRS. L. FERRIS, Box 224, Jersey City, N. J.

BUY NORTHERN GROWN SEEDS. No Seeds finer Flowers, Vegetables and Crops, than our reliable Northern Grown Seeds. All tested. Don't buy worthless Seeds when for less money you can get the best. BY MAIL at your door. Catalogue free. JOHN A. SALZER, La Crosse, Wis.

THE DINGEE & CONARD CO'S BEAUTIFUL EVER-BLOOMING ROSES. Our Great Specialty is growing and distributing ROSES. We have roses of all sizes and prices. The Latest Novelties and Finest Tested Sorts. We deliver Strong Pot Plants safely by mail, at all Post Offices. 7 SPLENDID VARIETIES \$1. 16 for \$2; 40 for \$5. Also other Varieties, 2, 5, and 12 for \$1.00, according to value. Our NEW GUIDE to ROSE CULTURE FREE! TURE, 76 pages, elegantly illustrated. Address THE DINGEE & CONARD CO., Rose Growers, West Grove, Chester Co., Pa.

ORCHIDS. Largest Collection in America. Cheap as Good Roses. Enclose 8 2-cent stamps (which will be refunded to purchaser), for Catalogue with colored plate, which will give practical instructions how to grow these Queens of Flowers. ROSEBANK NURSERIES, A. Brackenridge, Established 1851. Govanstown, Balt. Co., Md. Mention this paper.

How To Grow STRAWBERRIES. Sent Free! Methods for the novice. Hints for the experienced. E. D. PUTNEY, Brentwood, N. Y. And Other Fruits. BEST OF PLANTS AT FAIR PRICES.

ORCHARD & GARDEN WINE & FRUIT GROWER. For a three month trial. This liberal offer that you may become acquainted with the paper and become one of our yearly subscribers. Fifty cents per year. Sample copies Free! LIBERAL Terms to clubs. Horticultural books and plants of choice; new fruits without cost. Some to be had in no other way.

New Prolific Tree Bean. This new and valuable variety for field culture is the most prolific bean yet known; it is what its name indicates, a Tree Bean; grows to the height of 18 to 20 inches, branching out in all directions, bearing its grain so high that the pods do not touch the ground, enabling it to stand a wet spell without injury to the crop. All know, who have raised beans, that where the pods lie in contact with the ground after ripening, a very little rain ruins the crop, turning the pods and beans black. This variety yields from 100 to 250 pods to the vine. G. P. BARNHART, Esq., of Massett, Ohio, grew a plant on which were 339 FULL-SIZED PODS—OR OVER TWO THOUSAND BEANS FROM ONE! The average yield is about sixty bushels per acre, while they have yielded on small plots of ground, at the rate of 116 bushels to the acre. Quality excellent; will give perfect satisfaction.

\$50 IN PRIZES GIVEN AWAY. I have put up exactly seven ounces of the Prolific Tree Beans, in a bottle, which will not be opened until May 1st, 1886. They will then be counted, and the person who will give the number of beans contained in the bottle, will receive \$25 in cash; the person who will give next nearest will receive \$10 worth of choice Seeds; next, \$5 worth of Seeds; next, \$3 worth of Seeds. Duplicates will be sent giving every one a chance to make their own Selection of Seed from my Catalogue. For 25 cts. in stamps I will send a package of beans enough to plant three hundred hills; for \$1.00, will send 5 packages—by mail, post-paid. Every person sending 25 cents for a Package is entitled to compete for one of the above Prizes. Do not delay, but enclose 25 cents and make your guess. And be sure and remember EVERY PERSON answering this advertisement will receive a PRESENT worth at least 25 cents, and a chance to win one of the above Prizes. Address at once FRANK FINCH, Clyde, Wayne Co., N. Y. Mention this paper.

13 Packets of Choice for 30 Cts. For 30 CENTS in postage stamps or money, we will send by mail, one packet, each of the following: Aster, extra fine double mixed; Balsams, choice double, all colors; Chrysanthemums (Paris Daisy), double mixed; Mignonette, sweet scented; Petunia, large flowering; Pansies, finest strain; Portulacca, double, rose flowered; Phlox Drummondii, all bright colors; Verbena, 12 beautiful colors; Zinnia, extra large double, bright colors; one splendid Climbing Pansy; one fine Ornamental Grass, one beautiful Everlasting Flower. In all, 13 pkts. 30 cts. two collections. 50 cts. with directions for cultivating. Our beautiful illustrated Catalogue accompanies each order. We grow these seeds by the bushel and by the acre. Address: SAMUEL WILSON, Seed Grower, Mechanicsville, Bucks Co., Pa.

10 CENTS PER COPY. SHEET MUSIC! FULL SIZE. Best paper, sold every where at 30c to \$1.00 per copy. We sell it for only Ten cents per copy, or 15 pieces for \$1.00. Two large catalogues free. F. Brehm, Erie, Pa. Box 86.

Beware of Imitations. Mentholotte the true Japanese Headache Cure instantly relieves and cures Headache, Toothache, and other pains by simply rubbing. This curious remedy used in Japan for ages can now be had in Drug Stores for 10c. a box, a larger size, called Mentholotte, is sold at 25c. The British Government awarded a Medal for this article October, 1885. Dundas Dick & Co., 112 White Street, N. Y.—By Mail 10c. BUY ONLY THE GENUINE. BILIOUSINE. A two-cent stamp sent to SNOW & EARLE, PROVIDENCE, R. I., will obtain by mail a "trial package" of Biliousine, thus enabling everybody to ascertain by personal experience and not by the testimony of others that there is a sure cure for Headache, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Liver Complaint, and all diseases which arise from a disordered stomach. "GIVE ME OF THY BALM, O FIC TREE!" Invalid Pillows, filled with fragrant Fir Buds, gathered in June; Muslin cover, \$1.00; Silk cover, with hand-wrought Motto and elegant Ribb in bow, \$3.00. Postpaid to any address. OWEN, MOORE CO., Portland, Me.

Eureka Recitations. Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5. Each number contains 50 selections by Mrs. Anna Randall-Dieth, and bound in 4-color lithographed cover. Mailed for 12 cents each, by J. S. Ogilvie & Co. Publishers, 31 Rose St., New York. The five set for 50 cts.

Sawing Made Easy. MONARCH LIGHTNING SAWING MACHINE SENT ON 30 DAYS TEST TRIAL. For logging camps, wood-yards, farmers getting out stove wood, and all sorts of cutting—it is unrivaled. Thousands used yearly. A boy of 16 can saw logs fast and easy. Immense saving of labor and money. Write for elegantly illustrated catalogue in 6 brilliant colors, also brilliantly illuminated poster in 5 colors. All agents want to meet you quickly. MONARCH MFG CO., (A) 206 State St., Chicago, Ill.

(FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL) MUSICAL STUDIES.

NO. XII.

BY MARGARET B. HARVEY.

Do you understand how to count time, in Kohler's exercises? Turn to the first in Book 1, Op. 50. You see that it is written in 4/4 time, which means four quarter notes, or their equivalent, to each measure or bar. Accordingly, in the first measure, you observe one half note and two quarter notes in the base, and sixteen sixteenth notes in the treble. These sixteen notes are arranged in groups of four, each group of four united by two horizontal bars, which merely indicate that the hooks on the separate notes have been drawn together. To each measure, count regularly, 1, 2, 3, 4. In practicing, always count aloud. Make your notes literally depend upon your counts, and do not fall into the common error of striking the notes first and allowing the counts to follow at their leisure. This is the origin of lagging, irregular, or uncertain time. Again remember that the voice must lead, even the voice occupied in such mechanical employment as counting beats. But the notes must not follow so distantly that any pause can be perceived between count and note—let them be as one. And never, no matter how expert you may become as a performer, neglect to count—aloud in practicing, mentally, in playing before others.

Generally speaking, the base must be in perfect time, even if the treble be a little "out"—but don't get it "out." This rule is not invariable, of course, but it is a very good one for beginners, that is, until they know when to discard it. Count, then, in the base, 1, 2, while holding the half note, at the same instant, run the first four sixteenth notes on the count 1, and the second four on the count 2. Then count 3 on the first quarter note in the base, and also play on the same count the third group of sixteenth notes in the treble; now count 4, on the second quarter note in the base, and run the last group of sixteenth notes in the treble. You finish the bar in the base and the one in the treble simultaneously—but the base contained only three notes, while the treble contained sixteen. Every group of sixteen notes, then, is required to be played four times as fast as a quarter note, which was taken as the standard for the measure.

Now, this isn't hard. You can grasp the principle in the first bar, and find it carried out through all the succeeding ones in the exercise. That is, that every bar, in base or treble, contains the equivalent of four quarter notes, which must be evenly divided upon four regular counts. If the fingers are just as active as the mind, practicing these studies would be no more difficult than simply counting 1, 2, 3, 4. You will find in some bars, chords, meaning that two or more notes are to be struck at once; in some, four quarter notes, each of which requires a count; in some, two half notes, needing two counts upon each; in some, a whole note, requiring the four counts. But the principle can still be seen, through its thin disguise. It is the same in all the exercises.

In the second study, the base contains four sixteenth notes upon one count. It is so in the sixth, eighth and tenth studies, also, while the third, fifth, seventh and ninth, resemble the first. The object of this arrangement is to stretch the fingers of each hand, and rest them alternately. You have practiced scales and arpeggios, and so need not be frightened—have the time all right,

and the battle will soon be won. Could you not soon learn to count 1, 2, 3; or, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6; or, 1, 2; just as well as 1, 2, 3, 4?

Don't forget what you have learned about chords. Observe that the notes in the base harmonize with those in the treble; or, rather, that the single half and quarter notes chord with the first note of a group of four, which is always accented a little more strongly than the rest. These latter, then, lead to another accented note, chording with a single note in the other staff, treble or base—the intermediate notes, also, sometimes chord. It is well to begin the habit of tracing out chords, as early as possible in your musical career. If you do not, you will probably find that you have left it very late indeed, when you try to render sonatas, and despairingly confess that you cannot appreciate them. And, this is just why the general public cannot—simply because they did not at first understand what a chord is—which, you ought to know by this time, is nothing very abstruse. (I am now speaking of the practical, technical side of music—not its æsthetic and spiritual.)

Now you are prepared to understand something about accompaniments. A song, particularly if intended to be sung as a solo, is generally arranged with three staves. The upper one contains the notes of the voice, to be uttered by the voice alone. The middle staff, the instrumental part for the right hand, the lowest, the base, to be played of course by the left. This is just the place to correct some popular errors on the subject. Many persons seem to think that the instrumental part is the real composition, while the vocal is only a secondary ornament. But the direct contrary is the truth. The voice leads, while the piano or organ is merely an attendant—the voice does not positively need the instrument after the first note, which determines the key. The accompaniment sometimes repeats or imitates the air, sometimes it is merely a succession of chords or arpeggios harmonizing with the air, sometimes it is quite an elaborate composition of itself—but it is always subordinate to the voice.

Many persons, including very often musical beginners themselves, imagine that a singer's ability is tested by his or her power to play an accompaniment. "I could sing," sadly muses a sweet-voiced girl, "but I feel so ashamed when I undertake to play—the accompaniments are so hard." What would she think if she knew what I have to tell her! It is, that a great singer usually disdains to play—it is beneath the dignity of one who has a fine voice. Let such mechanical work be for those poor unfortunates who cannot sing. That is the German idea—children who cannot sing must be made to play. When difficult accompaniments are given with a song, it is understood that the assistance of an accompanist is necessary. The leading singers in a concert have enough to do to render their vocal parts artistically—accompanists are hired, like servants. If they volunteer as friends, appreciate their kindness all the more, in proportion as you realize the humble office which they have undertaken. They are useful, of course, an accompaniment does blend, and support, and heighten the effect of the various portions of a composition; but, after all, the accompaniment is but the root of the tree, the vocal ornaments, its blossoms.

Accompaniment playing is not easy—if you play for another, you are absolutely bound by the will of another, and must regulate your time strictly by the singer's voice. So, never say, "I don't play much—only accompaniments." If you can play an accompaniment well, the chances

are that you could play anything else well. But, for home singing, or if you play for yourself, a difficult accompaniment is unnecessary. Any one, with a good ear, and a fair knowledge of chords, ought to be able, with a little practice, to extemporize a satisfactory accompaniment. The first book of Kohler's exercise contains material enough for fifty or more. Take care to have your vocal and instrumental parts in the same key, and that the principal notes in treble and base harmonize. Don't try to follow the air too closely—a note here and there, an arpeggio or two, now and then a chord, with the key note at the end, will often be quite sufficient. Then you need never be at a loss when suddenly asked to sing.

I feel quite sure that, some fine day when you are getting along swimmingly, an old lady will suddenly pop in on you, and say, "That's all wrong, Miss Jones! What you're singing ain't a bit like what you're playing!" Don't try and explain, for she'll flare up indignantly, and say, "You think because I'm old, I don't know anything! I've got a better ear than you, even if I never did study music—I can tell, right away, when you don't sing and play alike." But there is no more need for you to "sing and play alike," than there is that the background should be like the picture. The background, however, should not stand out before the picture—so, keep the accompaniment somewhat subdued.

But, you say, in hymn books and school song books, the vocal part is not printed alone, separate from the other parts. I know—but these compositions are not intended to be sung as solos; this arrangement provides for a full volume of sound. Still, the accompaniment idea is there—every part is subordinate to the highest, called treble or soprano. You will find it, also, in compositions of a higher order—some imitate the human voice and its instrumental accompaniment; while, in others, one or more instruments lead inferior ones. If pupils only understood all this earlier than they generally do, what mountains of difficulty would be smoothed out of their way.

Composers do not multiply notes merely to show off their own "smartness," or to puzzle amateurs—but because, to them, notes are means by which to imitate the wonderful, varying phases of the human voice, and the instruments which also imitate it.

Now that you have been so good, I will give you a "piece." Take that charming musical poem, "The Shepherd Boy," by Wilson. "Oh, that's too simple!" exclaims somebody, "our little Sallie had that at the end of her first quarter!" If she had, I am sorry. The composition is not so simple as it looks, and considerable artistic skill and feeling are required to do it justice. The manual dexterity necessary may not be great—but dexterity, remember, is sometimes little more than trickery. You know that the idyl contains imitations of the shepherd boy's pipe, and the resulting echoes, so that your own imagination will supply you with all the hints necessary for the expression.

The piece is written in 6-8 time. That means, count 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, or six eighth notes in a bar. In the first bar given there is but one eighth note,—begin, then, on the last count, or 6. Allegretto, you know, means moderately quick. Ped means, put your foot on the loud pedal, and hold it so, until you come to the star, when the foot is to be raised. In the second bar, you see a group of three grace notes in the treble, which are to be run as quickly as possible, so as to give part of count 1 to the first eighth note. The correspond-

ing notes in the base form an arpeggio. As its notes are dotted, one-half its length is added, so that it endures for 3 counts. 4 and 5 come on the next quarter note in the base, and six on the eighth note.

In the treble, the 3 grace notes and the eighth note endure for 1 count. 2 comes on the dot after the eighth note, which dot is worth one-half of an eighth, or a sixteenth note. A sixteenth note follows this, to complete the broken value, and upon this, say, and. The other notes are counted regularly 3, 4, 5, 6. The second bar is also counted 1, 2 "and" 3, 4, 5, 6. Throughout the piece, whenever a count is divided, put the figure on the dot, and the "and" on the short note following. Give to each rest a count, as for a note. The expression "8va" means, play an octave higher than written. The treble clef before a chord in the base, means, pass the hand over to the treble side of the piano and play it. A group of three notes, with the figure 3 under it, is a triplet, requiring the same time that two notes of the kind ordinarily would—these are all rendered upon one count. The abbreviation rit. stands for ritardando, or in English, retard; it is followed by a tempo, which means, go back to the original time. A small acute angle over a note indicates, accent it. A waved line over a note or notes, preceded by tr, means, trill all the notes under the line. This you can do with your first and second finger, if you have faithfully followed the "hammer exercise." The abbreviation brill, before a running passage of small notes, stands for brilliant, which need not frighten you, if you have practiced your scales. These are all the points in the composition requiring detailed explanation.

How soon can you learn it? I cannot tell you—that depends altogether upon how faithfully you have practiced, and how closely you will follow directions given. But I know that you cannot master it in a day—and you need not despair if you do not get it for six weeks. The fingering may present some difficulty—but this you must deduce from your scale and chord practice. You can always find a leading finger, and the others will naturally follow. Avoid, as much as possible, putting thumbs on black keys. In the second bar of the composition before us, I would put my right thumb upon the first grace note, to lead the others. In the passage marked brill, I would take the two little grace notes with my third and second fingers, then put my first finger upon C sharp, and thumb on D, and so forth. You understand that in this piece, the shepherd boy's pipe is supposed to be the leading part—the rest is merely the piano accompaniment. With the scales, the finger exercises, Kohler's studies, and "The Shepherd Boy," to practice daily, from one to three hours, I have no doubt that you will be able to report a gratifying degree of practice at the end of the month. Don't be discouraged if you cannot play from memory—some of the best players always use notes, while some of the worst insist that they can do without.

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HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

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GATHERING ORANGES IN AN ORANGE GROVE.



A MODEL FLORIDA HOME.

[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.]
MILDRED'S CLASS IN ENGLISH CONVERSATION.

NO. IV.

BY MRS. EMMA C. HEWITT.

"Well, Edith," was Sara Tasker's greeting to Edith Stocker, at the next meeting, "I wonder how much there will be left of you when we are done with you."

"Girls, I'm so scared, oh so scared, you don't know," replied that young lady.

"Don't I just!" from Phillippa, emphasized with an expressive nod, "Why I felt that small you could have put me through a knot-hole when mine came."

"Phillippa, that is too bad of you. You said you were going to try to give up slangy expressions."

"Good gracious! Haven't I tried? Goodness knows I've tried hard enough, if I haven't succeeded in becoming perfect in one short week, why that is my misfortune more than my fault," exclaimed Phillippa, in a tone of injured innocence. "Think not, oh my friends," she declaimed tragically, "that I am the same reckless girl I was a month ago. Indeed, I'm worn to the bone—there it goes again—excuse me, ladies—I am, I am—almost exhausted, trying to be good; but it seems to loom up before me as such a hopeless task that I am almost persuaded to enter a convent, where my faults if not cured, will at least be hidden from the gaze of a more perfect and more critical world."

"O Phillippa, stop your nonsense! You're always making fun of things."

"Nonsense! Has it come to that? I, Phillippa Rowland, accused of nonsense."

"The letter! the letter!" exclaimed the rest in a chorus at this juncture, and accordingly, the letter was opened.

"My dear Miss Stocker," it ran, so you would like to have written me before but you had not the courage. In reply I will say that I should have liked to hear from you before; and that glad as I am that the required courage has come to you, I must, I am afraid, correct the opening clause of your letter."

"Dear, dear!" and Phillippa shook her head in comic solemnity, while Edith looked mortified and distressed.

"For my part," said Sara, "I've gone beyond the stage when I dare to find fault with anything or question anything Miss Wilson asserts or says. I am reduced to a state of perpetual amazement, closely bordering on imbecility, as I see the traditions of my youth rudely destroyed, one by one. But if I might venture to make such a remark, that first sentence of Edith's hardly seems long enough to subject her to criticism."

"You should have said 'I would have liked to write' not 'would like to have written.' The idea you mean to convey is that some time ago if you could have found the requisite courage you 'would have liked to write'—at that moment some time ago—you felt like writing then. Is it not so? I have even received letters in which the writer has gone so far as to say 'would like to have done' such or such a thing. This however is a mistake, betraying such a positive lack of education that I feel sure none of you could possibly fall into the error. You 'would have liked' to do anything, not 'would like to have' done it."

"Then you say 'I am one of those kind of people who require a good deal of courage.' Now the mistake 'those kind' is one of the most common of 'genteel errors.' Do you know the difference between singular and plural? Well, then, is kind singular or plural? Singular, you say. But if I ask you to parse 'those' you will tell me it is a pronominal adjective and must agree with its noun in numbers. Very good, but does it agree with it? 'Those' (plural) refers to the noun 'kind' (singular) which is manifestly incorrect. Say that always 'those kinds' or 'that kind' whichever you may happen to mean."

"That sounds reasonable, to say the least," interrupted Mildred, who drank in every word of the instruction eagerly, and practiced in public and in private all the improvements made possible by her extending knowledge.

"Just here," continued Edith, "I will speak of a very common fault, without knowing of course whether it belongs to any one of you. It is a very common thing to say 'that high,' 'that tall,' 'about that long,' 'about that wide.'"

"There! I'm done!" exclaimed Phillippa, "I'll never in the world say 'those high' or 'those wide' for all your Miss Wilson's."

"You probably will tell me," went on Edith, without heeding the interruption, "that 'an adjective is a word used to describe a noun or pronoun' and that, an adjective pronoun (and a pronominal adjective as the case may be) refers to some noun expressed or understood; also that adjectives qualify verbs, adjectives, and other adverbs." Now then, as the case stands, we will start out with 'that.' We know it to be a pronominal adjective—but it refers to 'long'—is 'long' a noun? No, manifestly, 'long' is an adjective. Do pronominal adjectives qualify adjectives? No. Is 'that' an adverb? What is the matter then? The matter is that 'long' must be changed into the noun 'length' or the pronominal adjective 'that' must be changed to an adverb—the adverb 'so.' The sentence must run, 'so high' or 'so wide' or 'about that length' 'that width' 'that height.'"

It is not hard to remember if one once sees the sense of it, and fixes it (this is a case where the use of 'fix' is legitimate) firmly in one's mind.

Now, one more little thing—the use of the pronominal adjectives 'each' 'every' and 'no.' They are essentially singular in effect, (I should have added 'any' to the list). All grammar books will tell you that 'each' 'every' 'no' and 'any' are singular in construction. And yet how often does one hear such sentences as this: 'Every one took a chair in with them as they went.' It should read: 'Every one took a chair with him as he went in.' Why 'he'? Because, unfortunately, we have no word in our language to express indefiniteness of sex when applied to the human race. So we borrow the French idea, and assume that everything which is not essentially feminine must be masculine, and whenever both sexes are spoken of, in a singular sense, the masculine pronoun must be used. It is awkward and oppressive to say 'he' or 'she' every time one wishes to express this idea. It is also a common fault to say 'A person, they,' 'If a person commits a crime they must expect punishment,' for instance 'If a person, etc., he must, etc.' These mistakes may seem to you unimportant, but I beg you to listen and discover for yourselves how very far from rare they are.

"Did you ever have any one speak to you of 'unravelling' and 'unripping,' and did not the absurdity strike you? Think of it! 'Unrip' and 'unravel' each express the direct opposite of that which is intended to be conveyed. Do people say that? Plenty of them—and not only that

but really well educated people, the fault being one of pure carelessness.

"If at any time I do not make my explanations sufficiently clear I will gladly rectify the mistake, if you will notify me to that effect."

"Yours sincerely,
"AMANDA WILSON."

"Ladies!" exclaimed Phillippa, "Mildred found fault with me in the beginning of this session because I said something she did not consider proper. I take it all back. I did not feel 'that small' that you could put me through a knot-hole, I felt 'so small.' I hope this apology is received in the same generous spirit in which it is made."

"Phillippa, you are incorrigible," and Mildred closed the door on the laughing five.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. M. :—Your definition of the word "graduate" as a pure definition is doubtless correct, but one, unfortunately, cannot always depend upon the definition as contained in the dictionary, for purity of diction. For instance, in the dictionary is to be found the word "like" given as either adjective or adverb. Rhetoric positively forbids its use in the latter capacity. To "perform an act 'like' another does it" is in form both inelegant and improper.

Secondly:—Rhetoric strongly advises the use of unequivocal terms—strongly advises against the use of such terms as may have two meanings. "To have been graduated" is of the former class. Its application is unmistakable. "To graduate" may mean to grade or to be graded—the teacher may graduate or the pupil may do so.

Thirdly:—If you will kindly reread that particular portion of "Mildred's Class" you will find that Miss Wilson does not recommend the latter form of the verb (though she might safely do so as being the one most highly approved of by reputable authorities at present) she merely prefers it for her own use.

M. B. H. :—Your objection to the word "enthused" is no doubt legitimate, the word being a bad one, though not the outgrowth of "newspaper slang," being, I think, coined by a well known author years before slang was so popular in daily journalism as at present.

It would hardly be worth while to go again over the arguments in favor of "would better." The words stand for themselves. Grammar and rhetoric are in a great degree "exact sciences" and with their certain rules must not be violated. Supposing, however, for the sake of argument, that your premise be correct. The idea that the girls "had to learn" grammar, was not the one to be conveyed. That sense would imply that there was a necessity—to have to do anything is to be obliged to perform that act. Miss Wilson advised its performance. The learning of the grammar was to be a thing of the future. Supposing again, for the sake of argument, that that was the sense, it would have been inelegant. It is always much better "to be obliged" to do anything than "to have to do" it. The sense is "to attain what you desire you should study grammar," the potential mood, imperfect tense, "might, could, would, or should study grammar."

The grammar used is that of one of Philadelphia's most ardent students, and most successful teachers of that study, and has in it no tinge of "Boston affectation."

Custom sanctions many inelegancies, but, while the rule, that popularity makes right applies to pronunciation and definition, even custom cannot fail to be in the wrong when in glaring violation of set rules. It is the custom in some large, well educated communities to say "you look good in that bonnet," but, until that community writes a special and individual grammar for that place, and lays down that particular law, the expression "good" used instead of "well," in that sense, continues to be incorrect, even though thousands of people say it.

Wichita Girl:—Many thanks for your kindly letter. Miss Wilson will be glad to hear from you at any time.

Miss L. L. J. :—Y'rs received. Answered by mail.

EIGHT

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- 2d. INVALIDS can wear them with ease and comfort, as they yield to every movement of the body.
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- 4th. They will fit a greater variety of forms than any other make.
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- 6th. They have had the unqualified endorsement of every Physician who has examined them.
- 7th. They have given universal satisfaction to all ladies who have worn them, the common remark being,

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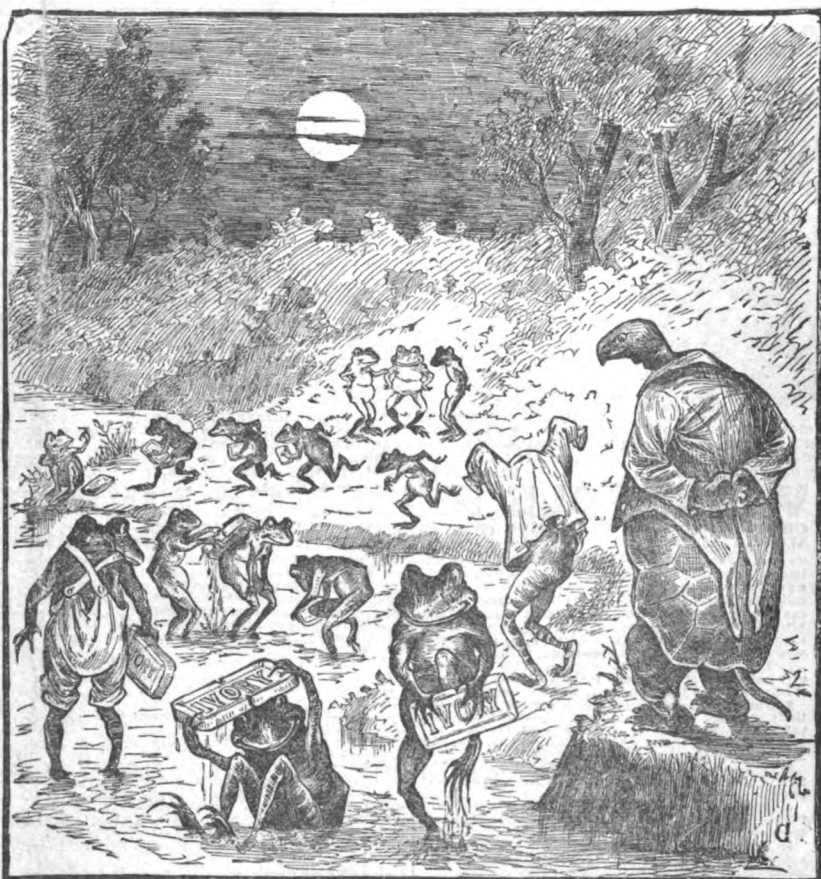
8th. They are the only Corset that the wearer is allowed three weeks trial, and if not found perfectly satisfactory in every respect the money is refunded.

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On summer nights when full and bright
The silver moon gives richest light,
Through tangled grass and bending
brake,
In haste to reach a stream or lake,
O'er mossy stone and fallen tree,
The frogs come leaping fast and free
With IVORY SOAP to wash away
The stains received throughout the day.

Along the bank they sit in rows
To scrub their limbs and bathe their
toes.
Then dirt and stains at once depart,
As though dispersed by magic art;
The very spots that nature gave,
Appear to leave them in the wave.
They look so handsome, clean, and white,
When rising from the water bright.

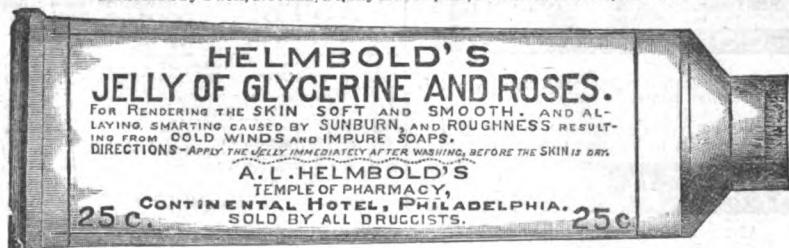
If your grocer does not keep the Ivory Soap, send six two-cent stamps, to pay the postage, to Procter and Gamble, Cincinnati, and they will send you free a large cake of IVORY SOAP.

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FOR CHAPPED HANDS, LIPS, SUNBURN, ETC., ETC.

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