

The LADIES HOME JOURNAL

And Practical Housekeeper...

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[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.]

A BUNCH OF ROSES.

BY KATHARINE B. FOOT.

It was a warm Summer evening, late in June, and two young men sat on the stoop of a handsome house in a fashionable quarter of New York. One of them was Dr. Henry Cox, the other was Edward Eliot. They were both passably good looking in feature, and more than that in figure and general appearance.

They looked what they were—men of earnest purpose and good, pure, manly lives. Presently a lady came to the door and dropped into a chair placed just inside the doorway. She was a tall, slender woman, with a bright, expressive face, and a gentle archness in it also. She sat for a minute or two gently waving a fan—a big, old-fashioned one of turkey feathers—and showing thereby her beautiful hands and arms to much advantage that were bare half way to the elbow, and shaded by a deep fall of pretty, delicate lace.

Presently she said:

"Well, boys, whither away this evening?"

"How can you ask?" said Ned Eliot, flicking away a cigar ash with his little finger. "At least, how can you ask one of us? Don't you know Miss Sallont is in town?"

"Ah! yes. I forgot. Well, Harry is disposed of. But"—after a pause—"you decidedly are not wanted there, Ned, and I must go over to see poor Mrs. Thurston. So what are you going to do?"

"You see," said Ned Eliot, with mock gravity, to his friend—"you see how I am watched over. I don't need a wife to put myself under petticoat government." But as he spoke he dropped his left hand in his aunt's lap, and she clasped it gently but very firmly in her right hand, with a gentle, caressing touch, very expressive to the observant eyes of the apparently stolid young doctor.

"I only wish I had a petticoated being to govern instead of *this* being!" she said, presently, stopping for a moment the waving of her fan to draw the smooth feathers over the back of Ned's head as if to call attention to her remark.

"You don't mean that! You know you don't!" said Ned.

"Well, I do and I don't. You're awfully nice, Ned, for your gender; but, you know, a girl would keep me company, and be always with me, and I could look after her better."

"You think, then," said Ned, interrupting, "that a girl couldn't pick up the 'not impossible he' unbeknownst, as easily as I can the—"

"Oh! nonsense! Be still! I want a girl for a thousand reasons, but principally to give her a good time and clothes and pretty things. I never had anything I wanted when these things really meant something—the height of happiness or the depth of despair—and I feel somehow that I must make up for the happiness I lost in my youth by giving all I can to some girl now. That's the only reason, Ned, that I wish you hadn't been a boy."

"Highly praiseworthy reason!"

"Not a bit of it; almost purely selfish. I'm personally beyond clothes, but I love them still. Yes, I love them still," she repeated, with a theatrical wave of her fan, "and wouldn't it be fun just to dress up a pretty girl!"

"I suppose you don't consider me a pretty fellow, then, or that club fees and tennis rackets and tailors' bills don't count?" and he turned and looked at her.

"Stop! stop!" she said lightly. "I thought we'd made a compact, Ned. You are my son, you know. A son has his rights. I want the fun of giving things where no one has any right to expect anything."

"As if you hadn't had that sort of fun for twenty years," said Ned.

"Aunt Margie," he said, presently, "I know quite well what you are thinking of."

"We'll toss up on that," said Mrs. Latimer,

lightly. "I am quite sure you can't imagine it—my thoughts, I mean."

"But I can, though. Come, I'll be your mind reader, if you will." He turned as he spoke, and gave her a glance half amused, half affectionate.

"Go on, if you choose. You'll never hit the bull's eye of my thoughts, I can assure you," she answered.

"You'll see!" and he waved his hands in

"I know men too well to drive them when they know it!" said Mrs. Latimer.

"All right, old lady. When you drive me to the turning you want me to take, I'll do it, if I can, just to please you. But I'll know it!"

"We'll see!" said Mrs. Latimer.

Harry Cox laughed as he said: "There are very few mothers and aunts that have so much sense."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Latimer. "Ned

a few cousins, and I never saw them, and I am all *she* has, really; and that's where the rub comes. She wants me to marry, and yet if I marry a girl she doesn't like, she'll be wretched, but she'll keep it to herself. She didn't have a good time of it with Uncle Horatio, and I mean she shall with me. I am afraid always of hurting her; she is so sensitive."

Mrs. Latimer had married twenty years before, Ned Eliot's uncle when Ned was five years old. Mr. Latimer was a man of forty-five then, and a bachelor. He adored his young, handsome, graceful wife, but he was exacting and jealous, and when after ten years he died, Mrs. Latimer was after a time a good deal happier than she had ever been before. Her husband left her the whole of his large fortune, not making any provision for his only sister's orphan son. But Mrs. Latimer had always loved Ned tenderly, and she was as alone in the world as he was. She at once gave him a fair share of the fortune which she felt would have been given him by a joint will, and for ten years they had lived together like mother and son.

The day after this conversation all three went out of the city and in different directions. Mrs. Latimer to the White Mountains. Ned to travel about with some friends, and Dr. Cox to his old home in Valere, a pleasant little town in Rhode Island.

Late in July Dr. Cox stood at the foot of the stairs in his father's house, and called out:

"Mother, Ned Eliot is coming to-day. Can you make room for him?"

"It isn't a question of 'can,' is it, Harry?" said a pleasant voice up-stairs. "It's a question of have to, I guess."

"Just about!" laughed Harry.

Ned Eliot came in an hour, and met a warm welcome from Harry's family—his father and mother and four boys.

"Dear me!" said Ned, as they sat at the lunch table. "How do you stand the racket, Mrs. Cox?"

"That's slang!" said a small boy. "Mother don't let us talk slang."

They all laughed, although Mrs. Cox shook her head at the child, and Ned added, "I am quite serious."

"Oh! I stand it!" said Mrs. Cox, cheerfully. "But we are very glad to know we are to have a daughter at last. I only wish they could live in Valere!" and she sighed.

"So the happy day is set?" said Ned.

"Yes," said Harry, "I wrote you, the 10th of September."

"And Jack Morison is to be married in December some time; so his sister told me."

"Yes. It's your turn next. Chums should always follow suit, you know. Has Mrs. Latimer's dreading and yet longing for girl shown her hand yet?"

"If she has, I haven't read the lines in the palm," said Ned, as they rose from the table.

"Go put on your tennis suit, and we'll go over to the Lamb's and have a game. I told them I'd bring you."

"All right," said Ned, and they were soon off.

When they reached the tennis court Ned Eliot was introduced right and left to several girls and about as many men. One girl held out her hand.

"Where did you drop from, Cousin Ned?"

"Is Ned Eliot your cousin?" exclaimed Dr. Cox.

"Not very near cousins, are we?" said Miss Norton.

"I hope so," said Ned, quickly and gallantly. "We are very Irishly related cousins," said Miss Norton, laughing. "We are cousins of own cousins. Now figure that out."

Then there was a short explanation of where they were each visiting and the game began.

When it had ended Ned Eliot sat down by Miss Norton, and they together watched a new set of players.

"Who is that fine looking girl there? The one just playing now. Ah! that was a fine run! What go and spring she has!"

"That girl! Why, I thought you knew. That's the friend I'm visiting, Elinor Hart. She's a splendid girl, an old schoolmate of mine at Rivington."

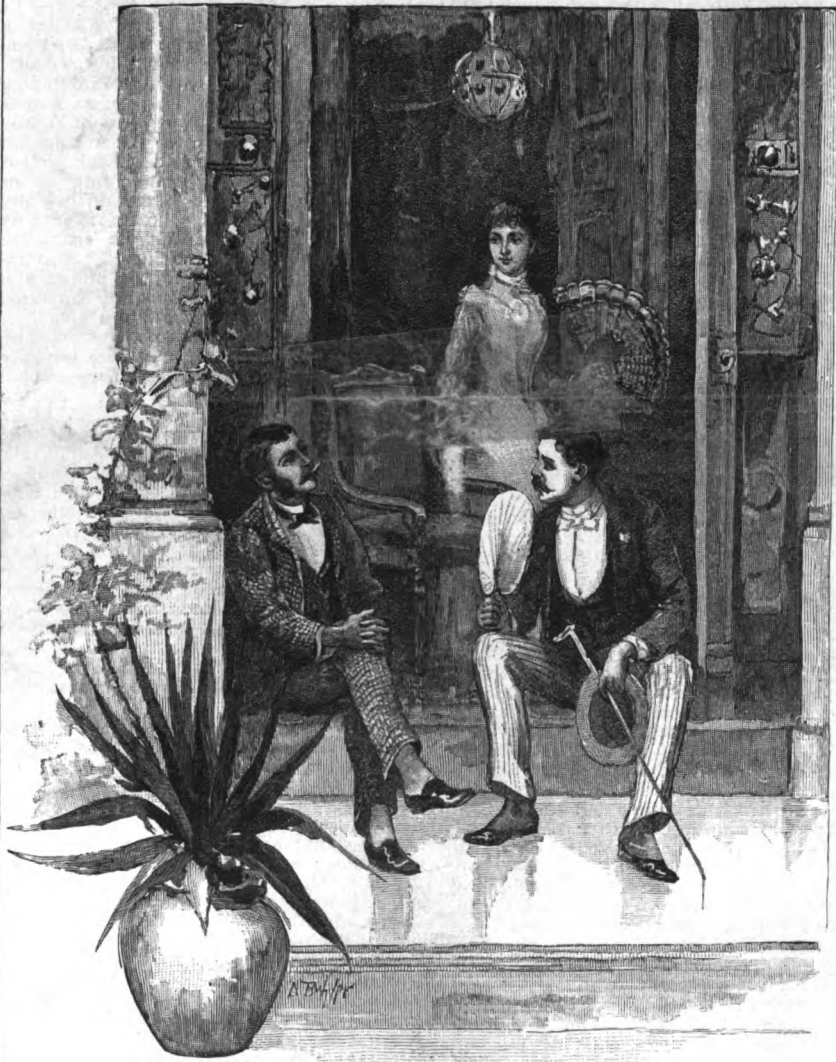
"How strong and well she looks. Evidently she don't keep herself shut up in a hot-house."

"Well," said Lou, "she's in a much hotter place than almost any girl I know of most of her time."

"How so?" said Ned.

"She does all the cooking for her aunt, her uncle and herself. They live in that big white house over there!" and she indicated it with her racket.

[To be continued.]



front of her face. "The scene opens. Aunt Margie sees before her various charming and altogether lovely feminine beings—grave, gay, lively, pious and worldly—and all of them making love to one poor man, Ned Eliot by name."

"Well, Ned, you are a wizard, and a conceited goose as ever lived!" laughed Mrs. Latimer, and coloring slightly also. "You have come near. You are 'warm,' as the children say, but you haven't hit it quite."

"No? Well I've not finished. One of these damsels pleases you, madam, and you will not be so cruel as to place them in a line before me, all veiled, and tell me to choose, but you will throw her a bunch of roses, and then I'll know which is which."

"You mean which is whom; don't you? But when I throw a bunch of roses to the girl I want you to marry, you'll pay for them, sir. Now mark my words."

"Not if I know it—at least beforehand!" said Mr. Eliot.

"That goes without saying; because you'd be sure not to like the girl I liked, and if I threw her a bunch of roses you'd kick instantly all round—at the girl and the bill. So I'll never throw any roses for you. You'll pick out your own girl and throw your own roses when I tell you to; but you won't know when you do it that anything but your own sweet will actuates you."

"Well! You're giving me a nice character, any way. Isn't she, Harry? Wake up, old fellow!"

"Mrs. Latimer is always right," said Harry, with a smile.

and I are an independent pair"—

"Thanks to you!" interrupted Ned Eliot.

"Don't interrupt me," she said, touching him softly on the head. "And we're going on as we've begun to the end of the chapter. He'll throw his own roses; and if he throws them to the girl I like I'll be glad and thankful, and if he doesn't happen to choose the one I should have chosen, I'll make the best of it; that is, I mean to!" And she ended with a half sigh.

"Don't worry, Aunt Margie," said Ned. "The 'not impossible she' is no more likely to make her appearance this year than she was last."

"You see," he said, turning to his friend, "Aunt Margie always looks upon the Summer campaign as far more dangerous to my susceptible heart than the Winter one."

"And there again she is quite right," said the Doctor, laughing. "Girls are far more fascinating out-doors than in."

"Ah! I forgot Blue Lake!" said Ned, smiling as he blew a meditative ring of smoke into the air. "Well, Harry, I'll walk up with you, but I won't go in."

"Good-bye, Aunt Margie; we'll be in before the small hours," and then the young men walked off.

"That's the best woman that ever lived!" said Ned Eliot, as he turned at the corner to lift his hat to the quiet figure on the door-step.

"Yes," said his friend. "I do think she is. You're a lucky fellow."

"Yes," said Eliot, slowly, "lucky and yet unlucky. I shouldn't have had a cent but for Aunt Margie, and neither education or profession, and she is all I have in the world except

[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.]

ALL THE YEAR ROUND IN THE HOME

BY CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK.

OUT OF DOORS. AFTERNOON TEAS. EARLY VEGETABLES AND FRUITS.

The last week in May or the first week in June is usually extremely warm. Summer seems to have come with a bound, verifying the assertion often made of the American climate, that it has a Summer, an Autumn and a Winter, but no Spring.

The occasional chilliness of the early May days that remind one of Winter lingering in the lap of Spring, is suddenly swallowed up in a heat that would not seem unseasonable in July or August.

The denizens of cities think longingly of sea and mountain breezes, and begin to make arrangements for the summer flight to the shore or the hills, while the residents of country towns or villages who do not leave home for the heated term get themselves and their houses into hot weather trim.

It may be questioned whether the home-keepers are not nearly as well off as those whose means permit them to travel about from one watering place or fashionable sea-side resort to another. The latter have the benefit of the change, it is true, but they also have the discomforts inseparable from hotel and boarding house life, and they lack such home comforts as their own bath rooms and the liberty to wear whatever *neglige* suits them best.

The house that in Winter is made warm and cosy looking by heavy draperies and fur rugs may be given a cool, summery aspect by taking up the heavy skins and carpets and leaving only the mattings or hard wood floors. Where there are neither of these, the ordinary deal floor, if neatly laid may be stained at very slight trouble and expense, and a few small rugs placed here and there where there will be most passing back and forth. Such floors are easily kept clean and do not hold the dust that will be retained by even the most carefully swept carpets.

The thick hangings should all be taken down and if the housekeeper cannot afford to replace them by scrim, cheese-cloth, muslin or light Madras curtains, she should content herself with the shades alone.

It is the part of wisdom to put away, also, the delicate ornaments that may be injured by fly-specks. Unframed photographs or sketches, silk and lace lamp-shades, painted hand or banner screens, carvings, bits of light colored drapery,—everything that cannot bear cleaning in some form without danger, should be laid away during the reign of the house fly.

At this time of year, people should stay out of doors as much as possible. The intense heat that may usher in the month is likely to be of brief duration. In its stead will come the "perfect days" that one rarely finds as the summer advances, and the soft color of the tender verdure gives place to the harder, deeper green of the more mature leafage. Now everything is fresh and new. Flowers of many sorts are in their glory and the roses run riot. The later Summer can bring no such beauty as that which is now seen on every side.

The fresh turf invites to tennis and croquet and the long twilights permit of these amusements being enjoyed when the midday heat has gone. Lawn and piazza teas are in order now. In no other month will the out-door surroundings be in as perfect condition as they are now in this opening of the summer.

A very pretty custom and one easy to follow by those who are the fortunate possessors of pleasant grounds and broad verandahs, is that of being "at home" to visitors one afternoon in every week throughout this month. The ordinary visiting cards of the hostess may be issued with "Wednesday afternoons in June" written in one corner. On the appointed days the mistress of the house should see that the lawn has been freshly clipped and rolled, that the flower beds are free from weeds and the grounds generally are in good trim. Her other preparations may be very simple, consisting chiefly of having a few comfortable chairs and settees arranged on the grass in the shade and on the piazza, with perhaps a rug or two laid down for the benefit of those people who dread taking cold, even when the thermometer is well up towards the nineties. Two or three big jars of roses or other flowers may stand on the piazza, or there may be half a dozen choice potted plants placed here and there.

The refreshments should be simple and may consist of lemonade or tea *a la Russe* and fancy cakes. Small bread and butter sandwiches spread with finely minced ham, tongue, fowl or sweetbreads may be added, if desired.

When more elaborate refreshments are wished, strawberries and cream or ices will supply all that is needed. Salads or hot dishes, such as oysters or croquettes are out of place at such an entertainment. One or two small tables, draped with pretty white or fancy lunch cloths should stand on the porch or lawn and the tables may be served by a neat maid in a white cap and apron. Where there are grown daughters in the family or the hostess has young girls staying with her, they may act as waitresses.

Hot tea is quite *en vogue* at these affairs and is especially popular just now because it is so thoroughly in the English fashion. The tea should be made on the table, and the hot water kettle with its spirit lamp, the tea cosy and the dainty cups and saucers always make up a pretty picture. Many people go so far as to declare that the hot tea is really more cooling and refreshing in its effects than iced beverages.

The arrival of fresh fruits and vegetables simplify perceptibly the work of the one who caters for the household. The early spring has been aptly termed "pinch time," in reference to the difficulty that prevails then of finding a tempting variety of food. It is early for lamb and late for poultry. Eggs are scarce and high. The palate is weary of canned fruits and vegetables, while the fresh products of the garden are either not yet in the market or else sold at such prices as to place them practically out of the reach of all but the really wealthy. The expedients to which the housekeeper resorts to prevent monotony in the fare become

tiresome and she hails with joy the advent of the season that brings green peas, string beans, asparagus, lettuce, water cress, radishes, young onions and beets, fresh tomatoes and berries within the compass of people of moderate means.

This very plenty is, however productive of danger. Fresh fruits and vegetables should be partaken of sparingly at the outset, if one wishes to avoid unpleasant results. One need not go so far as to quote the warning example of the man who died from eating too much new cabbage, nor yet of that other who perished from too free indulgence in cucumbers and on whose tombstone his mourning widow inscribed the cause of his decease, following it with the singularly inapplicable text, "Go thou, and do likewise!"

While such extreme fates as these may not be imminent there is yet risk of pain and discomfort by too generous eating of such new vegetables as cabbage, cucumbers, radishes, cauliflower and above all new potatoes. The old rule that declares new potatoes should never be eaten before the Fourth of July contains more than a grain of truth. Caution in their use should be especially observed in the case of children, if one wishes to avoid laying the foundation of bowel troubles that may prove annoying all summer.

The same care should be maintained with early fruits. June apples are provocative of cholera-morbus and should never be eaten uncooked, by children. Strawberries are not usually unwholesome, but red raspberries are almost poisonous to some people. The seeds both of these and of the black raspberries are said to tend to produce constipation. Cherries should never be eaten except when they are absolutely fresh. There is no other fruit that deteriorates so quickly after it is gathered, and for this reason it should be avoided when it is sold in city markets. Fresh from the tree it is comparatively harmless.

It might seem needless to take the pains to refute the absurd theory that the stones of the cherries assist to digest the fruit, were it not that some people seriously hold this belief.

The present writer has been questioned as to its verity in all good faith by persons whose common sense in other matters would seem to place them above such fancies. One mother went so far as to assert gravely that the prussic acid in the cherry pit helped digestion, but she failed to explain how it would escape from the closely sealed stone in which it is enclosed.

"STUDY ABROAD."

NEW YORK, MARCH 10, 1888.

EDITOR OF LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.—Having read lately some questions of American students about going abroad to study music in Germany, I wish to make a few remarks on that subject.

One of the inquirers is a young lady,—she wishes to know if Berlin or Stuttgart is preferable.

Stuttgart is not a musical centre. Neither the operatic nor concert performances equal those of our American principal cities. One of the principal motives in the study of music is the attendance of well rendered operas and all kinds of first rate concerts. The quantity and quality of such performances form a part of the so called musical atmosphere. Every one knows that a very important part of the student's education abroad is derived from these sources, as one should always become accustomed to hearing the highest class of music interpreted in the best manner, for the acquirement of a pure standard and true refinement of style. It should counterbalance to a certain extent technical methods and mechanical drills in order to foster and develop musical feelings which are sometimes dwarfed by undue prominence given to mechanical work.

Stuttgart is a beautiful and healthful city which might be recommended to American families with small children, but even then I might prefer Hannover where the purest German is spoken.

The student of music who goes to Germany ought to direct his steps to one of the centres of music which are Leipzig, Dresden and Berlin. Since Berlin has become the political heart of Germany united, it has also become the scientific and to a certain extent the artistic centre of Germany and the whole world.

Leipzig with its famous Conservatory of Music and its great University has not gone backwards, but Berlin has overtaken it. The musical student will find more artistic atmosphere in Berlin than in Leipzig; so will the scientific student. The English nation being more conservative send their students to Leipzig, but the Americans with more practical instinct for true advancement seem to understand it already and send more students to Berlin.

The next musical centre of Germany is Dresden. It is Germany's first place in the rendition of opera, has the greatest attraction to artists and students of vocal music and offers an intense variety in the Concert-field. Dresden the so called "Florence of Germany" deserves well this name. It encloses such treasures of artistic collections; besides the famous picture galleries: that any student artistically inclined may well spend one season there and be benefited thereby.

It is furthermore a charming homelike city, possesses the most beautiful surroundings of all German cities, in every direction and at short walking distances or on the beautiful river Elbe, where we can reach that incomparable Saxon-Switzerland in one hour's sail. It is a healthful, clean, well managed city and agreeable in summer and winter.

We all know that times have favorably changed in America concerning the higher and better pursuits of life and that it is not necessary to go to Europe for the mere sake of study. We have in our country the best schools and teachers. The American teacher has even some advantages over the European teacher, he is namely like our businessman, endowed with great faculties of practicability and knows wonderfully well how to adapt himself to the different or peculiar characters of his pupils. The great Boston Conservatory of Music is a good example of what Americans can do in this direction, and the most renowned schools of mu-

sic in Europe may for their own benefit, adopt the practical part of the management of that institution.

Still there are many reasons why a student of scientific or artistic ambitions may or should take a journey to Europe and remain there for at least one year—provided the student knows where and how, especially in the arts of music and painting and the practical study of the languages.

There is a certain artistic atmosphere in Europe which we don't possess here, and the best country to inhale such atmosphere is unquestionably Germany.

The Paris Conservatory is also a wonderful institution and offers great inducements to students, so also the Conservatory of Moscow with Rubinstein at its head, but the musicians and professors of Germany live more entirely for their arts and understand it better to create the purest musical atmosphere,—and—the intellectual force of the art is better developed in Germany than anywhere else. Then the condition of society there is such that it recognizes and encourages artistic aspirations without obliging artists to neglect their duties as teachers, to stimulate other tastes or to conform closely to the etiquette of society. Therefore there is more chance for the student to get in contact with a purely artistic mode of life.

The impatience of the American schools, teachers and pupils,—in fact of the whole nation in all its professions and undertakings to do too much in a certain specified time, does very often much harm. In Europe and especially in Germany, time has little consideration to the teacher. His wonderful efforts to lay a most solid foundation for work in the higher pursuits of science and arts are the source of the afterwards great success in turning accomplished artists out of such institutions as the Conservatory of Leipzig etc.

Travel, even without any educational pursuit, will enrich the mental horizon of a young or old mind,—so much more will be the benefit to a scientifically or artistically inclined mind if it can mingle for a period of one or two years in the scientific or artistic world of other nations.

After coming to a satisfactory selection of place which ought to be either Berlin, Dresden, or Leipzig for the musical student in Germany, the American ought to be fortunate in finding the proper home. This is the next serious question. It has to be a happy pleasant Family Home, considered so from the American point of view, a place where the student can properly digest all musical or artistic impressions with other students of the same kind (socially and otherwise); and such a home ought to represent comfort as Americans understand it. For young ladies without families, it is also important and pleasant to have the proper and congenial company in matters not connected with study, namely society and pleasure.

Then, such a home ought to be conducted by Germans of refinement and culture who have comprehensions of arts and who understand American character and its better peculiarities.

The different members of the household, no matter if they are art students or not; if they wish to study German in a practical and very pleasant way, ought to unite in the evenings or mornings and study in German, such subjects as: History of music or arts, Aesthetics, Acoustics, etc., in a social, pleasant way under proper directions. The house ought to make it also an object to invite representatives or teachers of the different arts for social intercourse. A great deal can be learned from professors in social conversation, which we cannot learn from their lectures,—provided the student is inclined to do so. English may be spoken in the house for the most necessary matters of comfort, but the principal language of the house ought to be the German.

Such a home would represent to American students a pleasant and profitable home. The student must make it a serious point to study the language in the quickest, most interesting and most practical way.

The residing with a German-private-family is sometimes very pleasant and advisable, provided the American can find a family representing refinement and culture; but as a rule it is not advisable, as there are very few families of the better class who will accept foreign boarders in their household. Those who wish them are almost all of the inferior sort; money grasping people of little culture, and the American student—so much more when it is a lady—becomes soon very uncomfortable and finds seldom the necessary rest and repose for study. The novelty of the German-private-family-life is soon exhausted and disgust and discomfort take place of the first charm.

The true insight into the practical part of a language does not come so much from the uninteresting, sometimes even silly and unrefined conversation of daily house matters in such a family, but rather from the thoughtful, interesting conversation with educated, artistically inclined people whom Americans ought to meet often socially. Fashionable boarding houses and uneducated or morose private-families ought to be avoided. Without giving true pleasure they will retard the practical use of the language and make life very often tiresome and uninteresting.

Finally, the American who is ambitious about learning the language practically and quickly, should, if not belonging already to a Conservatory of music or high school of some kind, select some class study; for instance, ladies may, join a drawing,—painting,—fancy needlework,—lace-making or cooking class, etc. Two hours spent every day in such work will soon advance the student of German, beside learning something useful. All such classes stand in Germany under the highest patronage and are well frequented. Branch studies in private schools like Mathematics, History or Literature are also good, but the practical working classes are preferable because they oblige and invite more free spontaneous conversation with the fellow students.

These remarks are not theoretical conceptions of mine, but practical views of what I have seen in my many travels through Germany, what I have partially done for American families who sojourned in my house for over a year, (in Dresden,) some of them residing there now, and what I expect to carry out as

a most perfect whole next summer or fall. If there are no signs of war next summer then I shall go with 10 or 12 Americans; families or young ladies; to my Dresden home and continue it on the principles explained in this letter;—in case of war we shall do so in the fall. I am most respectfully your obdt. servant,
M.

PROF. EDWARD MAYERHOFER,
"PENSION BRYANT,"
84 AMMONSTRASSE, DRESDEN, GERMANY.

THE TEA-PARTY.

BY M. E. SANGSTER.

With acorn cups and saucers,
And lovely oak-leaf plates,
A paper for a table-cloth,
And bits of stone for weights,
Because the wind in frolic
Might blow it all away,
We children had a company
In Cedar Woods to-day.

We had a loaf of gingerbread
From Grandma's best receipt,
The very nicest kind of cake
For hungry boys to eat.
We had Aunt Sarah's cookies,
And biscuit made with yeast,
And sandwiches of course beside—
A real royal feast.

We'd asked our cousin Lucy,
And Doctor Perkin's Fred,
And pretty Lottie Sanderson,
And merry Jack and Ned,
But sitting by her window,
As dull as dull could be,
We saw, as to the woods we went,
That fretful May McGee.

"Poor little lonesome cripple,
No wonder she is cross;
We all of us might be the same,"
So pleaded darling Flossie.
And as we looked and listened,
We thought about a way
To make a sort of litter
And carry little May.

You should have seen her wonder,
You should have heard her laugh!
We had a splendid time with May,
A better time by half
Than if we'd left her pining
A prisoner by herself,
As lonely as a single cup
Upon the kitchen shelf.

And since we've thought about it,
We mean to have a care,
And always in our pleasant things
Let some forlorn one share;
And thus, our mother tells us,
We'll keep the Golden Rule,
And send the happy times along,
At home, at play, in school.

—Congregationalist.

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[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.]

DISTINGUISHED AMERICAN WOMEN.

Mrs. John Sherwood. A Woman of Rare Beauty, Intelligence and Culture, Whom New York Society May Well be Proud to Call a Reigning Queen. An American Who Has Been Received in Foreign Courts and Circles of the Nobility and is the Friend of Eminent Men and Women of Several Nations.



[Engraved expressly for the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.]

No one who regards the portrait of the woman at the head of this article will need be told that it represents a rare and most interesting character. Few people known in the best society of New York will fail to recognize this picture, which is a reproduction of the celebrated portrait painted by Stephen Hills Parker, which for choice of subject, richness of coloring, and vitalized expression is one of the finest works of art in the United States.

Not to know Mrs. Sherwood argues one's self-ignorance; for her *salon* is one of the most desirable in the country, and society realizes fully how much it has to thank her for raising literary culture to the highest place, and making refined manners and true courtesy the currency most in demand in its circles. They are, moreover, filled with a sort of grateful pride that she has shown foreign society what an American may be. Mrs. John Sherwood's position as an accepted leader in all things worthy, graceful and refined is an unique one, and one which affords a salutary lesson to every woman of the age. Not all have her gifts of heritage and education, but all may emulate her earnest choice of the higher ideals of life and her untiring efforts to bring her fellows up to the high point where she has set her standard. She is an example of a beautiful, cultured, courted woman, who yet has mind and heart enough to place the frivolities of life at their proper valuation, and, without making a violent crusade against the great wrongs and errors of the world, to hold the people whom she has met at their best, and cultivate the good impulses, the sweet feeling, the aesthetic taste and the true politeness (which is refined unselfishness) in the circles immediately surrounding her. It was Goethe who exhorted undertaking the work which came nearest to hand. Mrs. Sherwood's lines have fallen in the field of social life. She has caused it to flower as a beautiful garden wherever her influence could be felt. In this, no less than in her continued industry in her chosen path of literature and her wonderful work for many worthy charities, she has performed a noble work and made herself justly distinguished.

It is no small thing to have gained a controlling influence in the best (by which I here mean the most cultivated and privileged class) of New York society. To be a leader of "the ruling set" implies more than beauty, for that is everywhere; more than wealth, for that is Midas-like, and so usual as to be taken for granted; more than literary talent, for that has not always obtained with the most fashionable people; more than personal fascination, for do we not meet charming women in every great drawing-room? It is a rare combination of all these attributes, with a mind fitted to grasp the best ideas, a heart to love humanity and believe in it, and a presence to command admiring respect which has given Mrs. Sherwood her status. To "know Mrs. Sherwood" is not only a patent of respectability and social standing; it is to draw near to a winning, graceful, stimulating personality, and feel in contact the heart of a true woman of the highest order.

In viewing the life, for instance, of Mrs. Stowe, we have to deal with the stern realities of New England life as it was in the country forty years ago, with uncompromising facts, religious severities, political reforms, principles and rules for spiritual living, in short, to consider a period and conditions which, while not without touches of the beautiful in sentiment and art, had an atmosphere permeated with a strong flavor of Puritanism, an invigorating smarting salt as of the east wind upon the New England coasts. Regarding Mrs. Sherwood's career, one is filled with a sense of supreme culture, the air is redolent of flowers, of music, of pictures, pageants and courts; of exquisite tones of color, of grace, elegance, and the refinements of life, which lead up out of common place thinking, and inspire a realization of unattained possibilities. All these rest upon the solid ground of right feeling, good judgment, and the proper valuation of things utilitarian and graceful; but every rock is overruled with tendrilly vines, every river bordered with brilliant flowers, every knoll graced with leafage. Seen through her rose-tinged lenses, the world

is debonair, gallant, sweet and noble. She feels and makes others feel the possibility of all beauty, without enervation. She answers in her life the question which has made warm discussion between stern moralists and the apostles of the beautiful.

Mary Elizabeth Wilson was a New England girl, having been born of the best blood of the Granite Hills, in Keene, New Hampshire. Her father was General James Wilson, a man distinguished for his services to the state and the nation, a well-remembered Whig orator, of the days of Webster and Clay. He was a man of genius, of Irish descent, and partook of many of the characteristic graces of that nation, being peculiarly genial, quick in his perceptions, and full of fiery eloquence.

Her mother was Mary Richardson, a great beauty of a rather melancholy temperament, which was deepened into sadness by the loss of several children. Mrs. Sherwood has been heard to say that she has never seen anyone so handsome as her mother, that she looked like the *Mona Lisa* in her noble, aristocratic sweetness of expression. Her daughter's young life being overshadowed by these domestic afflictions, she sought diversion in literature, rather than in young society. She was possessed of a precocious and retentive mind, with a remarkable taste for the beautiful, combined with discernment upon the public questions which were the subjects of her father's thoughts and his conversations with the eminent visitors who came to their house. When General Wilson was elected to Congress the family removed to Washington.

Soon after this event Mrs. Wilson died, and the care of the house and a family, composed of a rather helpless father and numerous younger brothers and sisters, fell upon the young girl. The friends who frequented the house were of the most distinguished and aristocratic of the society of the capital at that brilliant period, and Lizzie Wilson, as she has always been called, became noticed as a beauty and a belle. Her personal attractions were greatly enhanced by her powers of mind and graces of character, and it is told by friends as an amusing fact that she was constantly besieged by offers of marriage from old men, wifeless senators and congressmen, who, much prized by the young lady as friends, became her violent aversion when they placed themselves in the light of lovers. Her correspondence with the noted men who were her friends in youth, including Bancroft, Prescott, Bryant, Motley, Washington Irving and Richard Grant White, Dr. Leiber, Longfellow, Wm. Pitt Fessenden, Bret Harte, Henry James, is a delightful treat to the favored friends who are sometimes given access to her collection of interesting and valuable letters.

Lizzie Wilson began to write at seventeen, and her first published article was nothing less than a criticism of "Jane Eyre," which, through Senator Dixon, of Connecticut, found acceptance in a first-class journal and attracted much attention for its penetration and a certain creative faculty which is the better part of the critical function. Before leaving Washington, Lizzie Wilson, however, made a love match, marrying Mr. John Sherwood, a young lawyer, who is still living. Theirs has been a happy union, though both have led busy, intensely-occupied lives. The latter may be a reason for the first condition. While to the social world of New York and other large cities Mrs. John Sherwood is perhaps best known as a woman of society, by those who read and think more than they talk and hear, she will be recognized as a writer of authority upon many themes, particularly those which are helpful towards the amenities of life, an author of high standing and a poet of tender sweetness. Her social privileges have made her foreign correspondence of highly estimable value. For sixteen years Lord Houghton wrote to her constantly. She has for some years been a voluminous contributor to the leading New York journals, her articles in the *Atlantic Monthly*, *Scribner's*, *Appleton's Journal*, *The Galaxy*, and also in the *Tribune*, *Times* and *World*, earning her a reputation second to no writer of the present time. She has for nearly ten years sent New York letters to the *Boston Traveler*, and her articles to *Frank Leslie's Weekly*, *Harper's Bazar*, and scores of other journals from Maine to Oregon have proved how excellent articles might be made upon the lightest topics, no less than upon the weighty questions which she so ably handles. Mrs. Sherwood idealizes chit-chat about a bonnet, and upon a topic so commonplace as shopping sheds a light of exquisite taste, historical comparison and classical reference which is a revelation to less gifted writers. Naturally her writings are in urgent demand, and she probably is one of the best paid writers of the day. She wrote for Appleton two books—"The Amenities of Home," and "Home Culture." She has written two novels which bear her acknowledgment—"The Sarcasm of Destiny" and "A Transplanted Rose"—the latter being a pleasing object lesson in the customs of good society, which has been amusing and useful to thousands of readers.

She has several anonymous novels upon the market, which have made a reputation for themselves. Her charming book called "Royal Girls" is a series of sketches of the queens and princesses of the royal families of Europe. It relates to their early life, and tells of the rigid discipline, thorough education and inexorable routine that royal maidens are forced to undergo in order to fit themselves for their exalted positions. Her collection of essays called "Manners and Social Usages" is doubtless the best thing extant as an authority upon all matters of etiquette. This is a very valuable copy-right, and she derives a handsome income from it. Her poems before mentioned have been signed "M. E. W. S.," and, besides finding an honorable place in literature, are, to the deep pleasure of their author often discovered, finding them often when she has forgotten them.

"—From beginning to end,
Perfect and safe in the heart of a friend."

Of them a translation of "Carcassonne" is a gem, and was placed by Longfellow in his collection of "Poems of Place." "The New Year," "The Lighthouses of the World," "The Sculptor's Vision," and "Tais-toi, Mon Coeur" are among the familiar things which are known and loved under the initials which spell so

singularly and truthfully suggestive a pseudonym. Mrs. Sherwood is the author of hundreds of short stories which often appear unsigned. She has great industry and power of work. Her habits are regular, and her daily routine, severely exacting and arduous, is supported with marvelous composure. She rises at four o'clock in the morning, and writes two hours. She breakfasts late, spends an hour or two of happy domestic duty and intercourse with her husband and family. Before noon she resumes work, and when not engaged for a reading writes until four o'clock, when she dresses and goes out. On these leisure (?) afternoons she may be met at the most desirable houses in New York, making social calls, attending receptions, dining with friends, appearing later as patroness at balls or Germans, or acting as chaperone to one of the many beautiful girls who so ardently gather about her everywhere. She returns home very late to rest and to take up again in the early morning her increasing labors with the pen.

Since her early girlhood she has known the most eminent people of America. Her social position has made her sought by distinguished foreigners, who generally bring her letters when they come to New York. Her catholicity of taste brings authors, artists, actors and every person who has done anything worthily to her house.

Mrs. Sherwood during her several seasons abroad has been presented to Queen Victoria. Several members of the royal family have sent her letters indicative of their enjoyment of her letters from London to American journals, especially those pertaining to the Queen's Jubilee. She had the honor of three interviews with the beautiful Queen of Italy, who received her very graciously. She has spent two winters in Rome, summered four times at Aix-les-Bains, which place she dearly loves, meeting numbers of people of royal birth and intellectual prestige, and passed four remarkable seasons in London. She knows many people worth knowing in the court circles of England, France and Italy, and, visiting at some of the great houses of London, and the counties of England, she knows many of the beautiful and titled women in the court circles. She knew the Duc d'Aumale, Lord Houghton, Sir Frederic Leighton, Sir John Millais, Browning, Lord Cranford, Lord Salisbury, Gladstone—all the artists and authors—Austin Dobson, and scores of other interesting personages. She has mentioned these men in her delightful letters to the *Boston Traveller*.

Her readings, begun in her own parlor in 1885 for the Mt. Vernon Fund, have, however, marked a very decided point in her life. They were begun modestly, with no hope that they would attract fifty people. They have been so popular that they have gone on for three years. She has read (always in parlors) over one hundred times. She has raised thousands of dollars, and has contributed to charities in New York and other cities nearly \$10,000 by this means. Taken up as a recreation and as a means of forgetting or subduing a great grief, with the hope of doing good to young girls and others who could make their living by the accomplishments of music and elocution, with, perhaps, a remote idea of "founding a *salon*," these readings have now become a passion and a profession with Mrs. Sherwood, and she hopes to do greater good than she has already done. The material for these readings has been wholly personal. She narrates what she has seen and what has interested her at the moment. These readings have been accounts of her visits to interesting places, of her personal knowledge of great persons, of her views of social and political affairs abroad. Because she tells people what they *like to know*, New York society has listened and paid two dollars a ticket for reading after reading, until the amount raised by Mrs. Sherwood for charity has already reached nearly \$10,000. Her readings have done more than this. They have made literature, intelligence, good breeding fashionable. Perhaps Mrs. Sherwood had an intuition that the unceasing round of balls, receptions, teas and opera going were palling upon the taste of New York women. That theatre parties were not satisfying, that four-o'clock tea inanities, a thousand times repeated, proved so wearisome that girls were in danger of turning to coarse and unworthy associations for diversion, and her project has succeeded in making a central point of otherwise objectless afternoons—a worthy and improving topic for thought and conversation where before had been dreary platitudes, "flat, stale and unprofitable."

It is a delightful and refreshing thing to attend one of Mrs. Sherwood's readings. Look at her picture, and imagine such a woman—black haired, dark blue eyed, and handsomely dressed, usually in black with choice laces and flowers—greeting the thoroughbred ladies who throng her drawing-room, filling the chairs, which are set in close rows even out into the dining-room and hall. See her seated behind a table loaded with magnificent roses and other sumptuous flowers—the remembrances of friends—with candles burning in the silver sticks at either side, and a glass of water convenient to her hand. She pleasantly introduces the ladies and gentlemen who assist her with preliminary music and recitations, and then turns to her manuscript, beginning her reading.

Her themes are upon Roman days, ruins, paupers, pageants, ceremonials and carnivals. Upon, perhaps, "Turin, Milan and the Italian Lakes"; upon manners and customs at Aix-les-Bains, where she has experienced a remarkable cure, and other European cities; upon the presentation of ladies at court in England; upon the artists and literateurs, ancient and modern, of the mother country, with most graceful and clever criticisms on their works; upon the status of women in the foreign countries she has seen. One course of readings was wholly literary, and given to a company of young ladies. These comprised essays upon "Early English Poetry," "French Essayists," "A Good French Literature," "The Dramatists of the Restoration," and "Horace Walpole and the Wits." Her historical sketches bring the people and the age up to the hearer

most marvelously. Her papers always have a fund of interesting reminiscence, scintillating flashes of wit and a running commentary which combines good sense and humorous perception in a delightful degree.

Mrs. Sherwood is President of the "Cause-ries," a literary club composed of the most distinguished women in New York society. It was founded by the late Mrs. Cullum, who was a grand-daughter of Alexander Hamilton. Mrs. Fish and Mrs. Astor were members. On the death of Mrs. Peabody (Mrs. Cullum's sister) Mrs. Sherwood was unanimously elected. This band of ladies, which includes Mrs. Wm. Preston Griffin, Mrs. John Taylor Johnston, Mrs. Morris K. Jessup, Mrs. Wm. H. Osborn, Misses Hamilton, Mrs. Arthur J. Peabody, Mrs. Arthur Brooks, Mrs. Drexel, Mrs. Henry Day, Mrs. Howells, Mrs. Gray, Mrs. Sutherland, Mrs. Oliver Sumner Teall, and many others represents New York society at high-water mark as regards culture, social position and private excellence. This club write papers on the topics of the day, and discuss them afterwards in each other's parlors.

The private life of even a literary woman should be respected. It is only necessary to say that with Mrs. Sherwood the love of her children has been an absorbing passion, and that here she has suffered terrible losses. Her eldest son, a gifted and beautiful boy named for her distinguished father, James Wilson Sherwood, was taken from her by a brief illness, and she has never recovered from this blow. Later on, in 1883, her youngest son, John Philip Sherwood, full of gifts and graces and beauty—another Arthur Hallam whom another Tennyson should immortalize—was suddenly taken away, and the bereaved mother lost for a time all hope, health and faith.

But the last came back, and an inspiration to work, to add to the comfort of the Blind, the Poor, the Afflicted—"in memoriam John Philip Sherwood"—has led to the readings which have become a life work. Those who attend these readings see at her throat a beautiful miniature of this loved and lost son. It was painted by Rosina Emmet.

Providence has spared her yet two beloved sons—Samuel Sherwood, a clever and original artist who inherited the fine old homestead, Sherwood Forest, Delhi, N. Y., so long identified with the Sherwood name, and who lives with his father and mother, and Arthur Murray Sherwood, a young broker, who has given Mrs. Sherwood infinite happiness by presenting her as a daughter-in-law the American Angelica Kauffman, the distinguished young artist Rosina Emmet.

In Mrs. Sherwood's parlors hang the original and imaginative drawings and paintings of her two artist sons. One by Samuel Sherwood of his brother Philip, taken just before his death, is clever and pathetic. Several done by Philip Sherwood show that in his early death a genius was lost to the world. In his name Mrs. Sherwood has contributed to the funds of the Home for the Destitute Blind the St. Joseph's Hospital, the Kindergarten for the Blind, the Woman's Exchange, the New York Diet Kitchen, the Manhattan Hospital and Dispensary, the Home of St. Elizabeth and many others, various schemes to care for children, and to many objects known to but few of her friends, who confide to her sufferings not made public, and especially for reduced ladies and for young women who are striving to fit themselves for a profession by which they may earn an honorable livelihood. Mrs. Sherwood recently said to the writer:

"My one idea is to be of use to my young countrywomen; to teach them that it is honorable to work, honorable to be honorable, honorable to know how to behave well, and, above all things, that it is no sign of independence to be loud and fast and indifferent to the restraints of good manners. I hope there will be more 'ladies' who will be proud to work, knowing that by so doing they add to the fine old profession of being a gentlewoman."

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[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.]
MISS ATHALINA'S MIND CURE.

BY JESSIE F. O'DONNELL.

"You don't exercise enough Helen Markley. That's half what ails you. Why! great, strong woman ez I am, ef I should set in the house and do nothin' all day long, I would soon pine away to a shadder. Caesar!" And Miss Athalina gave a jolly laugh which shook her broad sides and brought a faint smile to Helen's face.

"It is easy to talk," answered the young lady addressed, in an injured tone. "But I'm not strong enough to exercise much. The least exertion tires me so and brings on one of my dreadful headaches, or a dizzy turn, I don't see what I have to live for, anyway," and the tears stood in her blue eyes.

"O Caesar I've heard you say that before, Helen Markley, but when you're sick, I don't see but you're jest ez scart ez the rest of us. Ef you have such a longing to die, why do you keep dosin' an' dosin' with med'cin all the time?"

Helen Markley gave an injured little sniff as she answered, "I don't think I really wish to die, Miss Athalina, and yet I don't know why I should live, I'm of no use to anybody or anything."

"I haint' goin' to deny that, Helen, for take you all round you be the most useless creature I ever knew."

A flash of indignation swept across Helen Markley's languid face. It was easy to condemn herself, but to have another acquiesce so heartily was a harder thing to bear.

"I don't think I ought to be blamed for that, Miss Athalina," she said. "If I were well and strong, it would be different."

"You are just the one to be blamed, Helen. Your uselessness and your poor health, too, are your own fault. It's time you was woke up to it. With your mother

to coddle you an' your father to think you ain't fit fur nothin', there's nobody but me to tell you the truth—Great Caesar's ghost!"

And Miss Athalina dropped into her favorite exclamation. She was wont to vary this, according to her mood. When mildly surprised, she said, "O Caesar!" but this apostrophe passed through various changes till in moments of intense excitement it reached the forcible phase of "Great Caesar's dead ghost!"

"Helen, I didn't mean to make you cry. I shouldn't take the trouble to tell you these things ef I couldn't help you. I've known you ever since you was a baby and you was a bright, laughin' little thing—no pale, languid looks, or tears, or blues then—and ef you can't hear the truth from me, you're past help."

"I don't like to suffer with my nerves as I do, Miss Barnes," answered Helen Markley, lying back in her chair and wiping her eyes. "Haven't I tried to get well? just think of all the medicine I've taken! I don't think Dr. Holcome has done me a bit of good, and I've almost made up my mind to let Miss Stonewort treat me."

"Who's Miss Stonewort?" asked Miss Athalina shortly.

"She has been in town a week," answered Helen "and has helped different people wonderfully. She's a Christian Scientist, a 'mind cure' Physician, you know," and Helen sat up with unusual animation.

"Mine cure fiddlesticks!" exclaimed Miss Athalina contemptuously.

"Don't you believe in the mind cure, Miss Athalina?" queried Helen, a shade of superiority in her tone. "Everyone does now."

"Yes I believe in the mind cure—no one more firmly than me, where there is mind disease, and who doubts that? there must be mind cure. But I don't believe in no mind cure Physicians," she continued, sentimentally, "or rather, I believe we could all be mind curers, ef we was only willin'." The Christian Scientists hold a good many sensible opinions, but, Great Caesar! they're only the ideas sensible people hold the world over, and there's a sight of foolishness grafted onto the Christian scin'tists' sense."

"I attended one of Miss Stonewort's lectures last Tuesday, Miss Barnes, and it was beautiful. She said we were not made to be ill, that each one of us was a wholesome, beautiful spirit, that the mind should have control of the body, and she gave case after case that she had treated and cured."

"She told you, too, that you mustn't be continually thinkin' of your bad feelin's an' fearin' disease and sufferin', 'fear's the tap-root of disease, she says and she's right. You can't tell me nothin' 'bout it, Helen I was there, an' heard her tell the same things that I, with many others, have been preachin' away on years an' years, and nobody took me for the priestess of a new faith," and Miss Athalina gave a jolly peal of laughter it did even languid Helen good to hear.

"Now Helen Markley, ef you'll put yourself under my treatment this summer, I'll make a different girl of you in three months' time, and ef you'll do exactly as I say, I haven't a doubt you'll be well in another year."

"How do you mean?" asked Helen with a faint show of interest.

"That you are to be my patient, and obey me a great deal better'n you ever did Dr. Holcome," replied Miss Barnes.

"What do you mean?" cried Helen indignantly. "Haven't I obeyed Dr. Holcome? You just ask him if I haven't taken his doses faithfully."

"And that's all you have done," was her friends comment, "stuff and nonsense! you needn't tell me! Don't I live next door to you? and haven't I watched you all these years, particularly the last two while you've been under Dr. Holcome's care? and I know," concluded Miss Athalina, mysteriously.

"What do you know?" asked Helen, with dignity.

"That you have been out to parties night after night and danced all the ev'ning, while takin' med'cin to ward off dizzy spells. Then you will set in the house an' mope, day in an' day out. You never guard against takin' cold, but set out late in the night air, dressed improperly, an' expose yourself generally. All of Dr. Holcome's med'cin' wont do you no good, long ez you do such imprudent things."

"But I should die ef I didn't do something, or go somewhere, Miss Athalina, it isn't as ef I were happy and care-free like other girls. I have worries you don't know anything about," and the blue eyes were again full of tears.

"Humph!" grunted Miss Athalina, sotto voce. "Just ez ef I didn't know all about Phil Stephens an' how mean he treated her! of course, they say Helen broke the engagement, but, Great Caesar's ghost don't I know ef she did, it was only because Phil showed plain enough he'd got tired of it. 'Twas as plain as the nose on her face to see him a tormentin' an' tormentin' her to see how much she would stand, an' she with no more speret than a spring chicken a-givin' in an' humorin' him till he flirted so outrageously with Prue Packman, it would have made an oyster writhe! Don't I know she's been mopin' an' sighin' an' pinin' ever sence Phil left her? But there's good sense in the girl an' I'm going to unearth it."

Aloud she only said, for Miss Athalina could be kind as well as crusty. "I know we all have our worries Helen, but it's our duty to master them not let them master us. There's a sight of trouble an' sufferin' in the world, but folks live through it somehow, an' come out none the worse for wear."

And Miss Athalina gave a swift little sigh as her own buried past rushed back to her, for she had loved and suffered with a passionate strength of which Helen Markley could hardly conceive.

"You be a useless creature, Helen," she said, but your education has been all wrong. Your mother never brought you up to do anything. You don't do no housework, you never do a stitch of sewing, you ain't no great reader, you don't know one tune on the pianny from another, an' you really can't do nothin' but paint. Ef you did that well, I wouldn't say nothin' but after all your lessons an' paintin' an' putterin', you ain't applied yourself so as to do any better'n the average. I ain't sayin' but you've painted lots of pretty things, but they ain't done really well enough to compete with good decorative work in the cities, and you couldn't make a livin' off'n your paintin' ef you should try."

"I am not obliged to earn my own living, Miss Athalina," replied Helen, gravely, "and as to being useful, ef I can only be a comfort to mother and the rest, I'm sure that's more than many girls are. And surely they love me at home."

"A great deal better'n you deserve!" assented Miss Athalina severely. "Your mother would work her fingers off the bone any day, so you could set in the parlor, your father'd give you his eye-teeth ef you sh'd ask him, and Tom and Ned think you must have things jest as you want them—more'n half because you're their only sister—but what kind of a comfort are you to 'em? I ain't denyin' but you're sweet tempered, an' don't complain over-much, but Great Caesar's dead ghost!" exclaimed Miss Athalina, warming with her subject, "how do you 'pose your friends feel to see you go draggin' 'round, with no more life than a sick snail, a-lookin' melancholy an' injured, an' when anyone speaks answerin' in a dead-an'-alive sort of way that makes one feel like kindlin' a bon-fire under you to rouse you?" and Miss Athalina gave the girl a good-natured little shake.

"How can I help it, Miss Barnes? I'm so alone in the world," sighed Helen. "No one to sympathize with me, or care for me! Papa and Mamma are kind but they don't understand me, no one does, I haven't anything to live for, and I might just as well die."

"Dead Caesar's ghost!" exclaimed her exasperated friend, "That's jest what I'm goin' to do for you, give you something to live for. Say, now, once for all, will you let me treat you this summer?"

"Yes ef you think you can do me any good, but I don't believe you can."

"I'll risk it!" retorted Miss Athalina, grimly. "Will you promise to do jest as I say?"

"As far as I can," answered Helen, meekly.

"Well, then, go home, an' go to bed, get a good night's rest and come over to me the first thing after breakfast to-morrow mornin'. I ain't sendin' you home because I don't want you, Helen, but it's gettin' late for you to be out. These spring evenin's is chilly."

"I'll go through the garden," said Helen, "it's shorter."

"You won't do no such thing. You've got on little thin shoes, and the dew'll wet em through in a jiffy. You go up the side-walk," and Miss Athalina opened her front door.

"What have you got in them bottles, Helen?" noting with disapproval the vials in the young lady's hand.

"It's a sleeping-draught I got from Dr. Holcome. I just came from his office and stopped here to rest, I was so tired."

"What is it, Helen,—Bromide?"

"No, Bromide doesn't have any effect upon me any more—my nerves are in such a state

I don't know what this is, but it is very powerful. Dr. Holcome told me I must get all ready for bed before taking it, as it would put me to sleep so quickly I might doze off right in my chair."

"Great Caesar's dead ghost!" exclaimed Miss Athalina, witheringly. "Did Dr. Holcome tell you that? he probably knew nothin' else would satisfy you. I more'n suspect it's nothin' more than a decoction of rose-water and bread-crumbs, or somethin' equally powerful. Now, you jest give them bottles to me and don't you worry none 'bout goin' to sleep," and Miss Athalina seized the bottles and retreated into the house, slamming the door energetically behind her.

It was Miss Barnes who was wakeful that night. A long time she tossed upon her pillow wondering what she should do with Helen Markley.

"There's little things that'll help her for a spell," she said, "but I've got to give her some strong, abidin' interest to bring her out'n them morbid feelings. 'Taint' nothin' much but feelin', but it's a-wearin', on her. She don't take no interest in nothin'. Helen Markley ain't more'n twenty-three, and she's got to be stirred up. I gave her a pretty good blast this evenin'. How she did wince!"

"There's ways for her to learn her sufferin's mighty small side of some troubles that come. Don't I know? Wasn't I fretful an' morbid, an' useless, till I a great joy and then a great sorrow uprooted my whole life with its selfish aims an' its gloomy imaginin's? 'Taint' to many the great joy comes, or like mine, it soon takes wings. But after all, there's nothin' like a great, over-whelmin' trouble that reaches down deep an' grapples onto the soul to stir up all morbid feelin's over nothin', and sweep them away with lesser worries like straws in a hurricane."

"We can't make great joys or great sorrows to order," said Miss Athalina aloud to herself in the darkness, "and it's a merciful providence of God that we can't, for there's few souls strong enough to bear either, but there's always work left of some kind. I believe in work," continued Miss Athalina, argumentatively. "There's nothin' like it to take you out of yourself, and make you see there's somethin' in life 'sides one's own mizzerle little pains an' worries, an' heartaches. Now you must have work, Helen Markley," waving her plump hand toward an imaginary presence by the bedside.

"It must be work that you'll take some kind of a living interest in, an' that'll stimulate to health an' strength, an' growth. What under the canopy shall it be?"

Miss Athalina was about falling asleep with her problem unsolved when a bright thought flashed through her drowsy brain. "Great Caesar's dead ghost!" she exclaimed, sitting bolt up-right in bed with her black eyes sparkling. Why didn't I think of that before? Bot'ny! flowers! the very thing! Helen an' I will study Bot'ny. Sakes alive! Why! I know more 'bout Bot'ny than anyone in this county. Professor Selkirk, of Binghamton University, sends me all his rare specimens to analyze. I haven't done much the last year sence I lent my Herbarium to the University. I don't always pronounce them Botanic names right, but I can write them, every one, and I know the habits of every plant in this state, certinly. Helen an' I will tramp off to the woods an' study flowers in their native wilds. It renews my youth jest to think of it, not that I'm ez old ez Caesar's ghost, either!" and Miss Athalina fell into a self-satisfied slumber.

Helen Markley walked languidly the next morning across the garden to Miss Barnes. She was tired, and scarcely noted the fresh, sweet beauty of the June morning.

"How can I help being blue," she was thinking, "There's nothing to interest me in life. I haven't any particular one to confide in, or to care for me. It isn't that I care for Phil now. He has forfeited even my respect. I don't think I ever cared as much for the man as I did for the friendship. But when we were first engaged, it was so pleasant to look forward to his visits, his letters, and his attentions. Heigho!" and Helen stooped to gather a cluster of blue violets as she pushed open Miss Athalina's gate.

Her friend was watching her from the side-porch. "Well, she does look 'bout tipped!" she murmured, sympathetically, noting the girl's pale face and listless movements.

"I came for orders, Dr. Barnes," said Helen, dropping down on the steps, languidly.

"I haven't got your full course of treatment marked out yet," said Miss Athalina. "Ain't them vi'lets sweet, Helen? Do you know much about flowers?"

"Only enough to love them dearly."

"What's your mother doin', Helen?" asked Miss Athalina, abruptly.

"She was hunting for carpet-bugs when I came away," said Helen with a laugh.

"Well then," said Miss Athalina, "this is my first order. You jest go home and help her hunt for a spell."

"Why Miss Barnes! I never could bend over so with my poor back!" exclaimed Helen.

"I don't 'pose your back is wuth more'n your mother's," said Miss Athalina contemptuously. "'spose hers aches, too. You are to follow my prescriptions, I b'lieve?"

"All right," and Helen rose, slowly, with a flush on her face as she remembered the many ways in which she might lighten her mother's cares.

"You take them vi'lets with you," said Miss Athalina, "an' think of them while you're after them bugs, whether the leaves is round, or p'inted, or how they be. You may not find many bugs, but learn all you can 'bout them vi'lets an' then come and tell me."

Two hours later, Helen again walked through the garden to Miss Barnes. She had assisted her mother in one or two little household duties, in spite of the latter's surprised remonstrances, besides bringing up the rear in the raid on the bugs, and had bravely tried to keep her thoughts on the violets. On the whole she had been successful, and had been interested in noting the blossoms' individualities.

"I didn't know the leaves were heart-shaped," she said.

"Hump! I'll be bound there's lots of things you don't know about 'em," said Miss Athalina. "What did you find out about them English vi'lets?"

"The leaves are heart-shaped and the flowers are double and purple, and oh! so sweet! That is all I can see about them."

"Don't you see them leaves is nearly smooth?" asked Miss Barnes, "some vi'lets' leaves is downy, and some is smother'n these. See how the leaf's bordered with little round teeth—crenate, Bot'nists call it—and them flowers, to be sure, is double and purple, but all English vi'lets ain't double, and some is blue, and some is white."

"It must be lovely to know as much about flowers as you do, Miss Athalina," said Helen, with a wishful sigh.

"Ef she ain't tumblin' right into my trap!" thought Miss Barnes joyfully, mentally apostrophizing Caesar's ghost.

"There ain't no reason you shouldn't learn all I know," she said cheerfully, "that's going to be my treatment for you this summer, a course in Bot'ny and one in health at the same time. 'Taint' no use you're bein' sick, and 'taint' no use you're bein' unhappy, and flowers is awful comfortin' things sometimes. They sort of speak to you when you can't bear nothin' human. I don't know nothin' better'n huntin' for flowers out'n the fields an' woods, a-breathin' in the strong, sweet air, and a thank-in' the Lord jest for bein' alive. Wouldn't you like to drive down to Bolton's woods this afternoon, Helen? I'll hitch up Dick. Then we'll ramble through them woods after flowers. It's too late for Arbutus, but the Hepatikys and Blood-roots and them darlin' little Wind-flowers and the vi'lets will be out. You've no idee how many varieties of vi'lets there be, Helen. The Arter-leaved, an' Hand-leaved, an' little sweet white ones, an' big blue ones, an' fuzzy yellor ones. Wouldn't you like to go?"

"Yes indeed, Miss Athalina, and I should love to learn about flowers, and you're ever so good to take all this trouble about a selfish, useless girl like me," and Helen cried, softly.

"'Taint' no trouble," said Miss Athalina, putting her strong arms about the slender figure. "I know what 'tis to be blue and discontented, Helen, but 'taint' right. God didn't intend we should go through this world a-dwellin' on its mournfulness. An' we must get away from self. The secret of true happiness lies in that. To be a-lookin' at, an' thinkin' of an' dwellin' in self, is misery, nothin' short of it! Now go home, an' lie down an' rest, so as to be ready for this afternoon. Don't think of things. Read somethin'. Here, take this Bot'ny and study up vi'lets."

[To be continued.]

Oh! That Headache.

"How I am tormented with this continual headache. It is ache! ache! ache! morning, noon, and night. It is the last feeling and thought before restless slumber and the first sensation at return of consciousness. It is the terror and torment of my life, and there seems no promise of an end to it while the lamp of life continues to burn. I feel at times as if I must go mad. I move about in my anguish or must lie prostrate and helpless in my agony, with the sole pity, 'oh, no! not sick; only has the headache.' But neither insanity or death comes to my relief. On, on, must I pursue this path of desistent pain. No help, no comfort, no relief. The toothache, may be ended by extracting the tooth, but where is the good surgeon that can extract the brain to stop the pain."

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[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.]
HIS BROTHER'S KEEPER.

BY MARION HARLAND.

CHAPTER III.

The State Penitentiary at Richmond, Virginia, is situated on the bleakest of her seven hills. Below the blank white walls of the outer enclosure lies, on one side, the turbid, tumbling river, whose voice—hoarsely threatening in Winter, a tender lullaby in Summer—is never silent. Hollywood Cemetery—beautiful with vale, mound and leaping brook—bounds another. The third and fourth look toward the most thriving, as she is the fairest, city of the New South. The murmur of traffic, blent with that of the river, floats over the wall by day; the even-song of the rapids reaches the prison-cells on warm nights.

One solitary listener used to lie awake, hour after hour, maddened by the things the river told. Stories of wooded hills whose feet it washed; of lowing herds that had drunk from it, and wild fowl that floated on its bosom; of trees bowing to dip bright branches in the dancing current; of homesteads it mirrored; the laughter of merry men, the song of happy girls as oars beat and feathered it; of the arias of mocking-bird, the cry of wild geese stretching toward the south in the amber Autumn sunset; the whistle of the partridge in the stubble; of flower-scent and piping winds, and—divinest of all—the boundless, free sunshine, glorifying the illimitable vault of blue above the heads of those who girdled themselves and walked whither they would; while he was here—alive and young—cut off from his kind in the very flush and passion of early manhood; bound as securely to one place and fate as the stone mortared into the floor of his cell.

A calendar hung opposite his bed. He drew a red-chalk pencil through a numbered day each morning. Beside the calendar he had made a calculation on the wall. Seven hundred and thirty days in all of life-in-death; seven hundred and thirty nights; twenty-four months; one hundred and four weeks. He might write and receive letters whenever he and his correspondents willed; once each quarter visitors were admitted. His brother had accompanied him to the prison, and had influence enough with the wardens to obtain a special permit to visit him on Christmas day. He was the bearer of a box of flowers, a dainty vase in which to keep them, and a letter—all from Sidney Scott. She wrote to him once a fortnight. On his twentieth birthday in February (St. Valentine's day) he received through the friendly keeper's hand, a tiny Wardian case, stocked with ferns and creeping plants. On a slip of paper attached to the gift was written, in Sidney's hand:

"They will grow and thrive without sunshine; but see to it that they have air."
The prisoner called the fernery his "chapel," the donor he remembered in his prayers as his ministering angel. Flowers came to him as regularly as her letters. These last were brave and sunny; in them sisterly affection and womanly address were dignified by a certain maternal strain, pathetic and quaint when one considered the circumstances of the correspondence. He treasured her flowers as long as bud or twig retained a semblance of life. The vase containing them stood on the one table in his dormitory, with his mother's picture and the Bible she had given him the Christmas before she died. He kept each of Sidney's letters in the Bible until the next came.

Aleck Kirkpatrick came to see his whilome client at the end of the first quarter's imprisonment; at the close of the second the pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Fitzhall. Mrs. Upshur had been a leading parishioner; and he mourned sincerely that her son had strayed from the fold. He had hoped to find him a pronounced penitent, and was at a loss just how to "deal with" the grave, respectful man who thanked him for visit and ghostly counsel, but did not "open up his mind as freely as he could have wished."

This was in mid-May, and the day after the good old man reported upon "the case of Mrs. Scott, who was a leading parishioner." Mark Upshur's name was brought up to Sidney.

She came down so promptly that he knew she had heard his voice in the hall. Mrs. Scott and Mrs. Kirkpatrick were cousins two or three times over, in true old Virginia style. There was enough of family resemblance between their daughters to touch a dying nerve in Mark's heart as Sidney advanced eagerly to meet him. She was tall and slender, and her cousin, neither so slight nor so fair of hair and complexion. Her eyes were well-opened and honest; her expression was frankly piquante. The day was warm, and she wore a white gown. What with the heat and the glow of welcome, her bloom was as vivid as the damask-rose blush that ranked high in the long catalogue of Kate's charms. She put out her hand to Mark as to a brother. At the second of the meeting of their palms he had a novel thrill of self-gratulation that he did not stand in this relation to her. It was but a flash of conscious emotion, succeeded by a plain humiliation in the reflection that she never troubled herself to analyze the precise character of her regard for him. He was Wallace's brother and a fellow missionary. The vainest of men, who was yet not blind and deaf, could not have misconstrued her behavior.

"You need not tell me that you bring comforting news," she said, with the distinct enunciation of every syllable that was always unlike the somewhat slovenly speech of the section. "I heard it in your step before I saw you. You left him well and in better heart than when you last saw him. I know that much from his letters."

"You are clairvoyant. He is well, and doing well. He has just been given the place of assistant book-keeper. The superintendent took occasion to commend to me privately his exemplary conduct, and to remind me again of the four days' commutation each month in consideration of the same. I advised Wallace to dwell as little as possible upon this

point. Such calculations only serve to unsettle his mind."

"Very true!" Sidney nodded, self-forgottenly. "The advice was wise and kind."

"Wallace charged me to thank you for your last letter—the best he has had, he says," pursued Mark. "But he always implies, if he does not assert, that. He also asks your acceptance of this. It is not jewelry, as you might suppose from the box," seeing her look surprised at the sight of the small parcel wrapped in tissue paper. "He asked me to have it put up neatly for you."

The token was a slender watch-guard of black and white horse-hair, interwoven ingeniously with curious and pleasing effect.

"One of the prisoners makes them in such odd moments as he can find," Mark explained. "He learned the art from a prisoner whose term overlapped his, and he, it is said, from one confined there still earlier."

A warm cloud arose between Sidney's sight and the flexile chain. There was something infinitely piteous in the tale of the handicraft thus transmitted. Each strand was a thought and a sorrow.

Mark was watching her apprehensively, and she must speak.

"The dear, thoughtful boy! He recollected, then, that this is my birthday?"

"Yes. But he had the chain ready for you before he thought of it. Indeed, he consulted me as to the propriety of sending it just now. Both of us questioned the taste of obtruding such a memento among more auspicious offer-

foretaste of perpetual retribution in the knowledge that he has dragged you down irrevocably in his fall."

It was a daring accusation, intrepidly uttered.

Mark sank into a chair, and covered his face with his hands.

"Heaven help me!" he groaned. "I am between two fires!"

"Trample one out!" said the girl promptly.

"Your true friends—all whose good will is worth having—will help you!"

"I know who will be faithful at whatever cost!" He arose, pale but collected, and smiled an answer to her anxious look. "Fidelity must combine with courage before one can hurt a friend for his good. I may be late in coming, for I have a business engagement at eight o'clock, but I shall be here during the evening, cost what it may. Good-bye!"

Mrs. Scott was an incurable invalid. She had not walked a step in seven years, and even when tolerably free from pain, and able to receive visitors, was wheeled from room to room in a reclining chair. When Sidney sped to her with her gift and story, she was lying on this in her favorite Summer nook, a shaded corner of the back portico. The retreat was hung with a rich brocade of multiflora roses, a climbing dear to the Virginia floriculturist of the olden time, which crowded into one brief fortnight the efflorescence of a year. In the invalid's fingers was a strip of netted lace, in and out of which the ivory hook moved deftly. A pink silk coverlet was thrown over her feet;



ings. Don't misunderstand me!"—as she uttered a tone of dissent. "That we have a fair estimate of the very best side of your nature is patent from my presentation of the trifle, with Wallace's wishes for your long and happy life. They are meagre words, but you know what they mean. I can add nothing but 'God bless you!'"

Her head was bent over the task of detaching a gold chain from her watch, and substituting for it the new guard. She held it up with glistering eyes.

"Isn't it pretty? I shall use it until it is worn out. Thank you both! For the gift, the good wishes—most gratefully for the blessing! May I ask a birthday favor from you—you alone and personally?"

Her voice shook, her eyes and smile were so wistful as to infuse added gentleness into Mark's tone.

"Can you doubt that I will do whatever I can to gratify you? Command whatever lies within the poor limits of my ability."

"Then"—with growing agitation—"won't you come to my little party this evening? The step must be taken some time"—hurrying on with the appeal as she marked the fast-gleaming visage—"The sooner, the easier. Does not your persistent avoidance of society convey doubt of your friends? You dwell among your own people, not in a community of heartless worldlings. Don't be angry with me!"

He had turned away and begun to pace the room at the renewal of the invitation he had declined a week before, but now stopped in front of her.

"Cannot you see that respect for yourself and your mother ought to keep me away, if I could resolve to draw upon myself the pitying condescension which would be the mildest phase of the ordeal? Upon my soul, I am tempted to call that a merciful sentence that shut Wallace away from intercourse with those whose equal he once was."

"That is ignoble shame, Mark!"

She never quailed at his fiercest moods. White and clear, her face was upraised to his, her voice no longer quavered.

"When Wallace comes home he ought to find the groundwork of his rehabilitation laid by his nearest of kin. The Law will release him when he has done stated penance for wrong-doing. You are preparing for him a

her gown, like her daughter's, was white muslin. She looked like a choice bit of fragile china, with her pure face and ethereal figure; her gracious carriage was the product of generations of culture.

"A symphony in pink and white!" said Sidney, kneeling to kiss her. "My Lady of Peace, a glimpse of you would calm an irritable volcano. Mamma, dear, there has been an eruption. Your headlong daughter has done it again!"

"Fortunately for my continued peace of mind, 'It' is usually nothing alarming. What is the present form of headlongism?"

The gravity that overcast, without marring the serenity of the sweet face as the recital went on, struck dismay to the girl's soul.

"Mother! have I done wrong? Oh! if I had you always with me!"

"You would probably be more cautious and less beneficent. I should not have had the courage to appoint my parlor and my birthday fête as the scene of the trial by fire. For the rest, you were right. Mark Upshur ought to live his life—not simply endure it. The stuff of which heroes are made does not tamely submit to a false position. We must give account for what God, not man, knows us to be. If he would bring up Wallace's standard of honest manhood and manhood's duties, he must not slink, like a guilty coward, out of the sight of his kind. He is his brother's keeper."

"His brother's keeper!" Sidney Scott repeated it to herself when she was arrayed in her gala robe, that night. "And so am I, for that matter!"

She took from a drawer her watch, with the hair chain depending from it. She had not intended to wear it. A time-piece, however elegant, is not a fashionable adjunct to evening dress. It was near the hour for her reception, and she had not leisure for debate or consultation. She thrust the watch hurriedly under her corsage, leaving several inches of the guard exposed with the gold hook Mark had fastened to it by a jeweler. This she caught upon a button.

The act was imprudent to absurdity, and almost certain to excite comment. In no event could it aid him whom she championed, and might stir painful associations in Mark's breast. Yet the heart under the silken bodice beat as loftily as did ever soldier's under corset.

"It shall not be written against me that I would not lift by so much as a little finger the load I would bind upon another," she was saying as she ran down-stairs just as the bell announced the first arrival.

Mrs. Scott's reclining chair was set near the drawing-room door. She made a point of thus sharing hospitable duties with her daughter when practicable, and looked a lovely fairy-godmother to the tall, supple girl who took her stand at her right.

"Do I please you, Mamma mia?"

"When did you ever displease me, love?"

There was only time for the two sentences when guests distracted their attention. Buoyant in the persuasion that her mother had observed and approved of the significant addition to her costume, Sidney's spirits made the gathering gay even in the crucial half-hour given up to the unattractive people who, scum-like, always arrive earliest upon the scene.

"Such jubilant sounds greeted our ears as we drove up that we supposed ourselves the latest comers," said Kate Kirkpatrick, swimming up to her cousin at the head of a flotilla of belles and beaux. "A room half-full of people is usually like a batter-cake waiting to be turned."

Prominent in her train were Miss Marshall and her brother from Richmond, and Mr. Barney, a New York banker, all three being guests of the Kirkpatricks. Although Kate entered on yonnie Marshall's arm it was reported that the Northern—natty, debonair and forty—was her preferred suitor. She was surpassingly beautiful to-night, the undisputed queen of the court she had ruled since she was sixteen. A heavy cluster of admirers—Mr. Barney in the inner ring—encompassed her, Miss Marshall and several other lesser lights acting as maids of honor, when her gloved hand arrested Sidney in passing, by seizing the hair-chain.

"What an odd-looking thing! What is it made of? Where did you get it, and why do you wear it?" cried the beauty. "It looks like a talisman! Tell us all about it!"

She scored a telling point with the critical banker by her attitude and the arch eagerness that deepened the carmine on her cheek and parted her lips over the small white teeth. She knew her capabilities and never abused them.

"A story!" said Barney, with the Anglican drawl the New York dude is sure to overto. "Let us have a revised edition of 'The Talisman,' by all means, Miss Scott."

The idle group closed nearer about the youthful hostess, buzzing, as flies pipe in air before alighting on a drop of syrup. Others, passing, stopped to listen. Kate was in her glory. She gave the chain a playful tug.

"The romance is at the other end of it—may be in the shape of a miniature! Ah! that blush is a terrible tell-tale!"

Sidney hated herself for the scarlet surges that made her hot and dizzy. Without knowing it, she was wrought up to tensest nervousness by the interview of the morning, and the anticipation, which was almost a dread, of Mark's appearance. Generous, impulsive, fearless though she was, she was but a girl, sensitive to invidious regards. It is, as a rule, not callousness, but courage, that gives to a pure woman the semblance of self-dependence. When I hear it said of such an one, "She does not care what people think," I make up my mind that she does care—more than her detractors would—but that the importance of something overmastering self-consciousness curbs the manifestation of concern. Brought face to face with the necessity of mounting the lower step of the pillory on which she had urged Mark to "hold still," Sidney estimated by her spasm of moral cowardice what she had imposed upon him. A great rush of compassion, of admiration, of kinship with the soul she had sometimes called weak for shrinking from the "fire," restored the poise of heart and thought.

"You will find nothing more sentimental than this!" she laughed, dangling the watch in Kate's face.

"Pshaw!" with a bewitching little pout. "But this—this—appendage, my dear! Is it a trophy—a veritable scalp? And was he an Indian? It is too coarse to have come from anybody else's head."

In the general clamor of merriment, Mr. Marshall made himself heard.

"What admirable history was in the Richmond penitentiary, Miss Scott? That chain was made there. One of the ah—boarders—manufactures them for his individual emolument. The patent is unmistakable. Charitable people supply loose hairs from horses, white, black and gray—for the ah—ingenious boarder's use."

To his mortification and Mr. Barney's amazement, an awful silence fell upon the company. A hundred pair of eyes met upon her whose ill-judged heroism had tossed the pregnant bomb into their midst. The electric shock of conviction flashed from brain to brain. They were not unkindly—these Old Virginia neighbors, nor was Sidney Scott unpopular. Yet the sensation was as though a leprous garment had been exhibited to a concourse of clean Pharisees. In the absence of precedent, reason and general laws of decorum had prescribed a line of conduct that nobody would marry a man whose brother was in the penitentiary. The suspicion that a young woman "in our best circle" was in direct correspondence with the outcast, blighted charity, stock and branch. Horror, incredulity, righteous indignation palsied every tongue, glared in every eye.

Sidney lost not one whit of all this in the few minutes that elapsed between Mr. Marshall's speech and the sound of her own voice, ringing full and vibrant, to the farthest corner of the room.

[To be continued.]



[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.]
KITTY'S GOLD LOCKET.

BY FLORENCE B. HALLOWELL.

"One never loses anything by being kind," said Grandma Tilton, as she entered the kitchen after having stuffed half a dozen fresh doughnuts into the pocket of Silly Tom's ragged coat, "and I do believe Miss Jasper just about starves that boy."

"He gets all he needs, I guess; and you know, Mother, you'd give away your head if you thought any one wanted it," said Aunt Jane, a little crossly.

She was flushed and tired from frying the doughnuts, and didn't fancy having them given away; and then she never liked to see Silly Tom hanging about the house. She said his long, lank face and vacant smile were enough to give any sane person the nightmare. "I can't help feeling for the poor boy," said Grandma. "There aint many that give him a kind word, I know. You ought to have more charity, Jane."

"I've enough for all ordinary occasions," said Aunt Jane. "But charity's wasted on that Tom. He hasn't sense enough to appreciate it."

Kitty Lansing, marking the annoyed tone of her Aunt's voice, concluded that it wasn't a very good time to prefer a request she had been burning to make all the morning, and so ran out in the yard, where Silly Tom sat under a tree, greedily devouring the doughnuts.

"Are they good, Tom?" she asked. The boy smiled, but did not answer. Miss Jasper, with whom he lived, always maintained that he had more sense than people generally supposed; but she was laughed at for her opinion, and Tom received the treatment generally given to harmless imbeciles. He was made the butt of every man and boy for miles around.

Kitty, who was spending the Summer with her grandparents and Aunt Jane, while her father and mother were in Europe, had been very much afraid of Tom at first. But she soon discovered how gentle and harmless he was, and pitied him from the bottom of her tender little heart when the hired men laughed at him and made jokes at his expense. She pitied him, too, because he had to live at Miss Jasper's, for she had heard that Miss Jasper was stern and unkind, and forced Tom to work beyond his strength, giving him in return for his labor a bed in an unfinished garret, insufficient food and clothing, and many hard words.

Tom finished the six doughnuts in what seemed to Kitty an incredibly short time, but his hunger did not seem satisfied.

"Do you want more, Tom?" she asked kindly.

Tom nodded, and glanced timidly toward the kitchen, where Aunt Jane's energetic figure could be seen moving about from table to stove and pantry to sink. He had a wholesome dread of Aunt Jane's sharp tongue, even though he could not comprehend half she said.

Kitty hesitated. In the pocket of her blue gingham apron were two fat brown doughnuts which she had expected to eat herself, and she felt hungry for them. It would be at least two hours before dinner, and she knew Aunt Jane would give her nothing more to eat until then. But Tom looked so appealingly at her that she thought she ought to be generous enough to give the doughnuts to him, and after a short struggle with herself she took them out of her pocket and handed them to him.

He seized them eagerly, gave a loud, harsh laugh, expressive of his delight, and then, vaulting the low fence which surrounded the yard, took his way across a pasture which divided Mr. Tilton's large farm from Miss Jasper's small one.

Kitty watched him until he disappeared from sight in a small belt of woods, and then went into the house again, wondering if she would find her Aunt in a better humor, and if she would have the courage to ask for permission to wear her gold locket to the picnic in Ashbury woods on the morrow.

Kitty had been the proud possessor of the locket just a week. It had been given to her on her birthday by Aunt Jane, who said at the time that, though she had been able to keep the locket herself for nearly thirty years, she was "morally certain" Kitty would lose it in less than a month.

"Oh! Aunt Jane! You don't know how careful I'll be!" Kitty had cried, in indignant protest. "I've never lost anything real nice in all my life, and of course I wouldn't lose this!"

"You won't, if you can help it. I know that," said Aunt Jane. "But little girls aint as careful now as they were in my day, and like as not you'll be wanting to wear this around for common."

It was a very pretty locket, set with tiny diamonds, and inside was a picture of Grandma, taken when a young woman, and a lock of her hair, brown and curly. The old lady's hair was white now, and her kindly face wrinkled and worn, and Kitty could scarcely believe she had ever looked so fair and blooming as the picture represented her to have

been. Aunt Jane had wanted to take the picture out, but Kitty had begged so hard to have it left in that Aunt Jane, who had a kind, warm heart, in spite of her sharp tongue, finally consented.

"But if you lose it, Kitty Lansing, I'll never forgive you," she said.

Kitty was to wear a very pretty white dress and new blue sash to the picnic, and Grandma had promised to fill her basket with all sorts of good things to eat. She was to go with a near neighbor, who had two little girls of whom Kitty was very fond, and she was sure of having a pleasant day. But she felt that her happiness would not be complete unless she wore her gold locket.

Aunt Jane had put the stone crock of doughnuts in the pantry, and was peeling potatoes for dinner when Kitty entered the kitchen again after seeing Silly Tom off.

"Don't you want to help me, Kitty?" she asked.

"If I can," answered Kitty, readily, and she went to the closet for a knife.

"Never mind. I'm afraid you'll cut your fingers," said Aunt Jane, "and I'm nearly through, anyhow. You'd better go up-stairs and lay out the things you want to wear to-morrow. Mrs. Jay said they'd be along after you about eight o'clock, and she won't want to be kept waiting. You must have everything ready."

Kitty thought that now was her time to ask about the locket.

"I—I suppose I'd better wear my locket, Aunt Jane," she said.

Aunt Jane let the potato she had just taken up fall back into the pan, and, resting her elbow on the table beside her, stared at Kitty a full minute before she made any reply.

"You must be crazy," she said at last. "The very idea of your even thinking of such a thing! Wear that locket! No. I should say not."

Kitty did not argue the matter, but went up-stairs feeling chagrined and unhappy. She thought Aunt Jane was "just too mean for anything," and when she took out the locket and looked at it, and reflected that if she wore it to the picnic she would be the envy of every other girl there, she couldn't help shedding a few tears of disappointment and vexation.

She knew it would be of no use to try to change Aunt Jane's mind, and after looking at the locket a long time, she slowly and reluctantly returned it to its box.

At six o'clock the next morning Aunt Jane rapped at Kitty's door.

"Come, Kitty," she said. "It will be eight o'clock before you know it. Dress quickly, and come down stairs. I want you to eat a good breakfast, for it's a long drive to Ashbury woods."

"I wish you were going, Aunt Jane," said Kitty, wide awake in a moment. "Why won't you?"

"Because I'm too old for picnics," answered her Aunt, "and have too much work on hand to waste a whole day rambling over the Ashbury hills. That may do for some people. But it wouldn't suit me." And she went down stairs, telling Kitty to follow her as soon as possible.

The breakfast was even better than usual, but Kitty was too much excited to eat much, and was waiting at the front gate with her basket when the light wagon containing Mr. and Mrs. Jay and their two little girls, drove up.

"You haven't any shawl, Kitty," said Mrs. Jay, "and you'll need one coming home."

"Oh! I forgot!" and Kitty rushed back into the house with all speed.

Her shawl was in the second drawer of her bureau, and in getting it out she overturned the little box containing the gold locket; and of course she had to stop a minute to look at her treasure, great as was her hurry.

"How I wish Minnie and Nellie could see it!" she thought. "Oh, dear! If I could only wear it! I know I wouldn't lose it."

She hesitated a moment, then closed the drawer with a bang, and, seizing the shawl, ran down stairs, the locket clasped close in her hand.

"I will wear it," she thought. "It's mine, and I have a right to wear it if I choose."

A moment later and she was climbing into the wagon to a place between Minnie and Nellie, and it was too late for her to repent her hasty action.

She did not enjoy the drive as much as she had expected, for her conscience was ill at ease. She had been taught to be obedient and truthful, and felt really wicked when, on arriving at the picnic grounds, she fastened about her neck the black velvet ribbon on which was suspended the much-valued locket.

Of course Minnie and Nellie noticed it at once, and went into ecstasies over it, and several ladies asked to look at it, and remarked that it was very valuable, thus making foolish little Kitty happy for a short time.

But it was a very short time indeed. She was in such fear that she would lose the locket that she did not venture, during the whole morning, to join the other little girls in any games, and sat alone under a big tree, her hand going up to her neck every moment to see if the locket was still there.

She was glad when one o'clock came and the baskets were opened for lunch. Her own basket was a very large one, and she was eager to share with all about her the good things it contained. She was handing out fried chicken and pickles to the little Jay girls with a generous hand when she heard a loud shout and much laughter from some boys not far away, and, looking up, saw Silly Tom crawling out from a little thicket, in which he had evidently

been taking a nap. He looked as ragged and forlorn as ever, and a little frightened, too, when a dozen or more boys as large as himself gathered around him and began to tease and mimic him.

"Don't hurt poor Tom," he pleaded in an humble tone. "Tom's so hungry."

"They shan't hurt you, Tom!" cried brave little Kitty, springing to her feet and hurrying toward him. "Come! I'll give you something to eat from my basket." And, taking the poor imbecile by the hand, she led him away from the boys, paying no heed to their mocking laughter, though her cheeks were scarlet and her sensitive lips trembled.

"Dear only knows how you can bear to touch the creature, Kitty," said Mrs. Jay, drawing aside as Tom came near her. "Give him something to eat and let him go. I never saw his like for wandering around. There never's a picnic that he don't turn up just about lunch time. I wonder Miss Jasper don't keep him closer."

"He runs off without letting her know, I guess," said Kitty, as she filled Tom's pockets and hands with all manner of good things; and then she bade him go, for she knew his presence was disagreeable to everyone except herself.

She had forgotten all about him two hours later, and, strange to say, about her precious locket, too, and was playing hide and seek with some little girls around an old cabin on the edge of the wood, when, suddenly, Nellie Jay reminded her of both.

"Oh, Kitty!" she cried. "Where is your locket? You didn't give that to Silly Tom, I hope?"

Kitty turned fairly sick with dismay when she put her hand to her throat and found the locket was no longer there.

"I had it when we came to the cabin, I know," she said, tears filling her soft blue eyes. "Oh, Nellie! haven't you found



it? Please don't tease me." But Nellie protested that she had not seen it, and a search for it began at once. But, though it seemed to the little girls as if they looked over every square inch of ground for two yards about the cabin, the locket could not be found.

"Oh! what will Aunt Jane say?" cried poor Kitty, sobbing with grief and despair when at last Nellie declared it was of no use to look any longer. "I can never go home without it. She said she would never forgive me if I lost it."

"And there's Mother calling us," said Annie Mason. "It must be time to start home."

They all turned toward the picnic ground, Kitty following slowly, so blinded by her tears that she almost fell over a figure reclining in the grass, not far from the cabin. It was Silly Tom, and he jumped up and laid a detaining hand on Kitty's arm.

"Tom so sorry little girl cry so hard," he said, with a foolish smile.

"I'm crying for my locket, my pretty gold locket that Aunt Jane gave me," said Kitty. "I've lost it. I know it must be somewhere around that cabin, but we've looked till we're tired, and now I've got to go home," her sobs breaking out afresh.

"Come, Kitty, come!" called Nellie Jay, looking back. "The horses are hitched up, and Mother is beckoning to us."

So Kitty moved on again, leaving Tom, still smiling, staring after her.

"Your Aunt ought not to have allowed you to wear the locket," said Mrs. Jay when she heard of Kitty's loss.

And poor Kitty felt in duty bound to confess that her Aunt had not allowed it, whereupon Mrs. Jay appeared very much shocked and surprised.

Kitty felt more miserable than ever after this, and, greatly as she dreaded meeting Aunt Jane, she was glad when the long ride was over, and the wagon stopped at her Grandfather's gate.

"Why, what's the matter, child? You look sick," cried Grandma, as Kitty entered the kitchen, the big basket on her arm.

Kitty began to cry again, though she wouldn't tell why, and Grandma, thinking the picnic had been too much for her, and that she was probably tired out, very sensibly hurried her off to bed, and in half an hour poor Kitty had forgotten all her troubles, and was sound asleep.

She remembered them the next morning, however, when she awoke, and it was a very sad, pale little girl who crept down stairs to breakfast at seven o'clock.

Aunt Jane looked at her with anxious, inquiring eyes.

"You shan't go to another picnic this Summer, Kitty Lansing," she said. "We ought to have known it would be too much for you. But I suppose you had a good time."

"Oh, no, I didn't, Aunt Jane," answered poor Kitty, summoning all her courage, "because—because I lost my locket."

"You didn't wear that locket!" cried Aunt Jane.

Kitty nodded in reply. She was too much frightened by the expression on her Aunt's face to speak.

What Aunt Jane would have said in reprimand or reproach will never be known, for at that moment the kitchen door was pushed open, and Silly Tom, looking weary and disheveled, and with his clothing wet from the night dews, came slowly in.

"Little girl's locket," he said, approaching Kitty. "Tom look till the dark come, then sleep in cabin and look when the light come. Tom can find things," with a foolish laugh, and he held out to Kitty, in his broad, rough hand, the lost locket.

Well, I couldn't tell you if I tried how Kitty laughed and danced for joy, and how earnestly she thanked Tom for what he had done.

"You see, as Grandma said, one never loses anything by being kind," she said, with a happy laugh, "and Oh! how glad I am I was kind to Tom yesterday!"

Even Aunt Jane was grateful, and showed it by making Tom sit down to such a breakfast as he had never eaten before in his life; and then she gave him a suit of her father's old clothes, a decent hat, and a pair of stout boots.

"Everybody kind to Tom now," said the boy. "Tom find little girl's locket some more."

But the "little girl" had learned a lesson, and the gold locket was never lost again.

[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.]
THE RAINDROP'S STORY.

BY EMILY MEIGS RIPLEY.

Baby said to himself, "Of course she will give me some then" but he didn't say it aloud you know, and so it did not occur to mama that he wanted some, and when she failed to offer it to him, his feelings were very much hurt, but he didn't scold nor try to, for he loved his mother dearly. So he just lay still, trying to think why she had done it; but the more he thought it over, the more thirsty he grew, till at last he had to begin to cry.

Some people think babies cry just for the fun of it, but that's an awful mistake. I've watched babies by the thousand, and I know it takes a great deal more good reason for it, to bring a baby to it, than it does a big person,—for instance, I saw a full sized lady cry, like every thing, once, because she had gone to church with her "crimps up." It was Easter-Sunday too, and she had spent the whole week and the whole of her money getting her new dress and bonnet, determined to look more fine than any other lady at church, and so she did, all the way up to the crimping pins! When she got home she looked in the glass and screamed! Then she snatched her fine bonnet off and sent it flying across the room and sat down and cried with all her might! Now no rain-drop ever caught a baby crying for such a trifle as that, did you?

Then I've seen a great big boy sit blubbering by the hour for a gun, when he might have known that if he had'n't more sense than to do that, he had'n't half enough sense to manage a gun; and so it goes, and yet the poor little babies, who only cry when they are suffering, are the only ones who are called naughty for it. Remember too, they are suffering two ways, first for the thing that hurts and next because they cannot speak to tell it.

I almost hate to tell how I saw that darling going on into trouble getting more and more thirsty every minute, till he and his mother were nearly wild—he with trying to tell what was the matter and she with trying to guess it. At first she thought he wanted more sugar and finally offered it, but bless you, the baby knew better than to take it and he looked and looked towards the pitcher till he thought he should burst with desire to scream "water!"

Hour after hour went by and he was offered every thing in the house but the right thing, and he was danced and shaken and patted and walked up and down (past the ice-pitcher every time,) till finally, when mother and Nora, the nurse, were both ready to drop with fatigue, he fell asleep on Grandfather's shoulder, from sheer exhaustion! but it was a restless moaning sleep and I could see tantalizing dreams that flew all around him: where he dreamed he was big and pumping his own self a drink, when just as he was putting it to his lips some one would knock it away. Of course when this happened, the poor little fellow would cry out, and Grandpa would say "there, there" and strike up another verse of the good old song "Bum, bum, bum, bum—bumbumbum," and our poor baby would quiet down again, under the power of the blessed tune and the pumping of another bucket of that hateful dream water. After a while he woke and when his mother took him he thought, "now she is going to give me a drink," but nothing but the bottle of milk was offered and, while it was better than nothing, it felt stale and disagreeable in his dry little mouth and wasn't what he wanted, by any means.

The crying and fretting went on and he was searched for pins and turned up and down, over and over and petted in a thousand ways and taken out in his fine carriage with mother, Grandfather, and Nora, as attendants, which might have been a relief, except they would take him to the fountains, which he thought they did just to tease him, and he wished some very big wishes that he had never been born.

All that night and the next day his distress grew worse, and as his little strength went down, with the weariness and sleeplessness, the fever went up, and I didn't know which to pity most, the baby or the mother.

This all happened in the North, where they had gone to avoid the summer heat, and when his mother realized that he was very ill, she telegraphed to his father to come which made baby smile rather a crooked smile, for he thought "I'd rather have an old tin cup full of water than a whole procession of papas!"

When he came the mother heard his hurrying

(Continued on page 15.)



[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.]
RETRIBUTIVE OR CORRECTIVE?

BEULAH R. STEVENS.

I wonder how many of us, when we punish one of our little ones, stop to consider why we do it.

This thought was brought to me very forcibly some time ago, by an incident that occurred at the home of one of my friends.

This lady is a good sensible woman, usually showing excellent judgment in the management of her home and baby.

But one day the little fellow, scarcely a year old, was drumming on the table with his spoon. His mother paid no attention to this, merely smiling at his gleeful enjoyment of the noise.

But presently the little arm swung slightly to one side and the spoon fell, with disastrous stroke upon a cup and saucer that had been a Christmas present to his father. A great triangular piece fell from the saucer and the mother, without considering how much she was to blame in the matter, punished severely the little hand that had done the mischief.

The sharp cry of pain, the look of grieved surprise, the pleading hands held up to her who had caused his trouble (for where else can a baby turn for comfort)—these were enough, surely, to show her the wrong she had done.

I took the lesson to heart and when I feel inclined to correct my baby for any thing, I stop and think whether it is because of what he has already done or whether I really and truly think the punishment is for his good—to prevent a repetition of the fault. (I would say just here that I think this applies with even more force, to scolding.) Am I punishing him for the act itself or merely for the result of the act, which in nine cases out of ten, he could not foresee?

So when I see him doing any thing that may result in harm, I use the ounce of prevention: or if the harm be already done, I consider whether or not an explanation of the wrong and a caution to be careful in future, will not prove more effectual than punishing him in a spirit of anger. I find the more I reason with him, the more I can do so; and I know this plan has saved us both much pain.

But though I resolved to adhere strictly to this method, I found that when very busy or out of sorts, if I found him in mischief I spoke crossly and scolded before I meant to—often when he was perfectly innocent of intending to be naughty, so I taught him to tell me he was sorry, or that he didn't mean to do it, if it was an accident; and now, tho' he is only two years and a half old, he will come to me with, "I'm sorry, Mudda, you will forgive me?" I have taught him this as a defence against myself—his own mother for it disarms me every time; and as soon as I have accorded the desired pardon, we both forget all about it and are as merry as possible, though I often have a little talk with him first showing him where the wrong lay.

This may seem a childish plan to those strong-minded sisters, (I might say strong-bodied also,) who always have perfect control of themselves; but you who are overworked, irritable, nervous, half sick or discouraged—try it. You will be astonished to find how quickly your child's tender heart will prove penitent when it perceives the wrong—how truly sorry the little thing will be for the fault and not merely because of the punishment it brought.

[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.]
GIVE YOUR CHILDREN SYMPATHY.

BY BEULAH R. STEVENS.

One day not long since as my little two-year-old son was standing beside me at the window, I tried to point out to him, an object at some distance. He did not seem to see it, and stooping to bring my eyes to a level with his, I found the object to be out of the range of his vision. I lifted him to my shoulder and soon the little hands clapped their sweet accompaniment to the joyful "Dere, dere!"

It set me to thinking more deeply than ever upon the necessity of bringing our views, our language, even our manual ability, down to the level of our children.

Some one has suggested that when we lose patience with a child for inability to perform some task, we should try the same thing with our left hand. But I think this of treble importance when applied to the child's mental and moral capabilities.

Sisters if we could lift the little heads to our thinking level as easily as we can bring the dear little faces so close to our own, there would be no difficulty: but since this is impossible, and I may say undesirable, let us stoop and look at things from their point of view.

Every true mother does this more or less, instinctively, but even the most tactful mother is apt to grow impatient sometimes because the child does not comprehend so readily as she expects. While I have known women who seemed to be almost devoid of this ability to look with a child's eyes; and I have often longed to cry out to her to kneel beside her baby and see how very contracted was its horizon.

Mothers you give your children well kept homes, handsome clothes, plenty of good food

and abundance of love. Do give them sympathy? sympathy in their joys, in their troubles and in their eager efforts to unravel the thousand and one mysteries with which even their little world is teeming.

[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.]
TALKS TO MOTHERS.

BY LUCY AGNES HAYES.

I love children. This is my excuse for talking to mothers. As a friend of mine—a poet—says: "There is something so sweet and lovable in little children that we—parents and teachers—long to keep the sweetness that God has breathed into them inviolate so that it may not lose one iota of its fragrance, even tho' for the selfish reason that it may refresh our own tired souls."

A child! How much a lover of children sees in those two words. To a sour old bachelor they mean—destruction of peace, quiet study—all that sour old bachelors love. To a mother or to a true teacher they mean ineffable happiness to one's self—indescribable possibilities!

And yet a tired mother often forgets the comfort—the possibilities—when her family of four rollicking boys have their childish quarrels just on her busiest day! When Jack comes home with some homeless wandering canine trotting contentedly at his heels; when Tom comes in with a hole in his best trousers made by climbing trees; when Dick has had a row with the minister's son and the minister calls in to "pray with her" over the irrepressible Dick; and when Hal who almost broke his neck last week on a velocipede, declares that a boat on the river is essential to life!

Yes, she feels "like flying;" but if she is a sensible woman she neither flies herself nor sends anything else flying.

The authorities say that nine-tenths of the insane people of this country are so through "giving way to their feelings."

I beg of you, mothers, have patience with the children. Enter into their lives. They are so trustful. Get their trust: you also have their obedience.

Respect yourself too much to give away to impatience or anger before your child. Respect the child's soul and God too much to be a living bad example for your darling's copying.

I heard a child say to his brother when their mother was threatening them—"Don't cry, Charlie—ma don't mean it." I've seen a child of ten years completely conquer his mother. She was a lovely woman—highly educated—but weak and indulgent. Her child's will was stronger than her own. Now, when I see these things I mourn for the children. I feel that Justice is no longer on the earth. Are such women fit to bear the name of mother? I feel that an unnatural slaughter of innocents by mothers is going on around us, and I protest against it.

Do not be frightened, dear mothers, but bear with me for love's sake.

A plant is given you. You choose the best possible conditions for its growth: sunny window—good earth—water and air.

A child—a more precious plant is entrusted to you: an immortal to testify for or against you at the Judgment.

Do you see to it that the house that holds it is sunny with the light of Heaven and the smile of your countenance? Sunny with love which means self-sacrifice, reading of the future and trust in God?

Do you see to it that the fields surround your child if possible?

Do you see to it that God's fresh air comes into your house daily and nightly and that it is not tainted by foulness of thought, word nor deed?

Are the conditions favorable for the growth of your child?

If these are favorable the bugs and worms in the shape of little sins come and must be destroyed.

Are you on the lookout for them? Do you see to it that they are nipped before they sow the seeds of disease and death?

Begin to train your child when it is in the cradle, but use common sense in the training.

After all—it comes to this: mothers undertake God's work and no help but the help of God avails them.

I thought I could write a pretty "talk" to the dear mothers who read THE JOURNAL, but I acknowledge failure. My pen cannot flourish its letters when my heart is sorrowful over the cries of the children for bread and lo! stones are given them.

[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.]
BABY'S EARLY DAYS.

BY HELEN MAXWELL.

My baby's first bath was of melted lard, rubbed completely over the body, then gently removed with a linen napkin. This was done under the direction of an eminent physician. The idea appeared very novel to me; but the result was so wonderful I think it should be a more common practice. When laid by my side, baby seemed perfectly pure and clean.

His second day, when the little, sensitive bit of humanity had become more accustomed to the cold world, his bath was of tepid water, with a little pulverized borax dissolved in it in a warm room. This continued, of course, every day as quickly as it could be well done, then nicely dried in all creases. The use of powder is seldom needed if proper attention is given to the bath. Though a tender little fellow, I have never yet had occasion to use it on my six-months'-old boy—the pride and delight of the house. If soap is used at all upon an infant, it should be of the purer white soaps—not the highly colored and perfumed so commonly used—and even this sparingly. It very often causes the chafing and roughness of the skin which frequently is of so much annoyance to both mother and child. Then, too, the little eyes invariably suffer, not only during the operation of bathing, but long afterward, when once inflamed. The babe's face, from birth, should be kept uncovered. It is a grave mistake to have their heads buried beneath blankets, when pure air is just as essential to their

health as to ours. Then, keeping the head cool is also a preventive against scurf.

If the weather permits, accustom baby to an airing each day—if only a walk across the piazza. A child, Dio Lewis has told us, can no more thrive without fresh air and sunshine than can a flower. Then, too, he will be far less liable to those torturing spells of colic.

My first baby, now waiting for me in Heaven, suffered from this a short time after birth. I had had little experience, but stoutly refused all poisonous and pernicious drugs. I would wrap the feet in warm flannel, and lay the same across the stomach, frequently reheating. He would soon fall into a refreshing sleep, which, if I thought the little stomach comfortably full, I would endeavor to have him do without more food, as overfeeding is the most frequent cause of this trouble. Feed baby at regular intervals, and do not be continually stuffing him. A healthy baby vomits because it is able to cast off of the stomach the surplus. One whose diet is properly attended to will never vomit. If fed from your breast, be sure that the quantity and quality supply his demands. If you are weak and worn out, your milk cannot contain the nourishment a babe needs, and good cow's milk, or some food that contains the same elements as human milk, should be at least partially substituted. You will soon feel the advantage yourself, and see it in the child. See that the food is properly diluted to suit his digestion, as it is not the amount a babe consumes that will cause him to thrive. Attention should be given to keeping the baby warm as Autumn's chilling days come and Winter settles down upon us.

He must be warm, or he cannot sleep. If he does not sleep his accustomed time in the morning, examine the little feet, and you will often find them cold. This should not be. I once actually saw the little toes of a year-old baby purple and frosted in what seemed a comfortable house. This was aided, I think, by the use of tight shoes. It is a mistake to have baby's shoes fit too snugly at first, or they will soon be uncomfortable until the little toes are seen peeping out, which will not be long, for the feet are constantly growing, as is the rest of the body.

As a rule little ones are not clothed as warmly as we grown people, and, not using the exercise we do, feel keenly every change. A pair of infant blankets are of untold value to wrap baby in while asleep, or should Mamma or Nurse be called away during the bath, or if the house be not heated throughout. Fold baby snugly in these to carry him to bed. He will not notice the cold hall, and when laid in crib or bed will be far more comfortable than if in direct contact with cold sheets.

Do not allow baby to be constantly dosed with quack medicines and drugs if you value his health and life. Grandma, auntie, or that very kind old friend may have baby's welfare at heart; but they labor under a very great mistake when they advocate the use of gin, paregoric, cordials, and the so-called soothing syrups—soothing only as long as they stupefy the brain, too often injuring the stomach irreparably and weakening the digestion for life.

There is great help and economy in having a medical work of merit in the house. These can be purchased at a comparatively small sum, and, with a little intelligence, you may save many dollars and sometimes serious sickness.

Having been under the guidance of an allopathic physician from childhood until I became a wife and mother—in whose abilities I have the most implicit confidence, and for whom I have the greatest esteem—I am strongly in favor of the New School treatment for children, the medicines being more gentle in their action, so palatable and yet so wonderful in their results.

It is only in the more trivial ailments I would advise home treatment. Those who are acquainted with babyhood well know how frequently these occur, and while we scarce think it necessary to see a physician, we feel concerned unless something is being done. If a child is very ill, a doctor should be consulted at once, as with children diseases develop rapidly; but give baby a fair chance for his life, and unless afflicted at birth he will not be apt to have much need of the doctor's care. Attend or superintend his bath and food, see that he has the very necessary air and sunshine in the proper time of the day, plenty of sleep; have him amused and developed as the little mind and body grow, and your child will be a blessing to you—the guardian angel of your home. God bless the "little kings and queens." I love them every one.

[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.]
BABY'S PLAY HOUSE.

Thinking it barely possible some mother had not heard of this invention for keeping babies quiet, I make bold to present it to the Ladies' Column. Take a wooden box and line it inside with cotton batting, tacked on securely with headless tacks so no hurt can ever come from them, then cover with cloth, bringing that up to the outside of the box and tacking it on the edge. Paper the outside of the box with ordinary paper, putting a border round the bottom and up and down the corners. Finish the top with a plaited ruffle tacked on with brass headed tacks. Bore holes in the side of the box, put a rug or quilt and pillow in it and put baby in with his playthings. If your box is as high as it should be, he can't climb out, he can't tip it over, he can peep through the holes to play "peep-a-boo" with you as you go about your work, and if you have to leave the room for a minute he is safe. With his playthings and an occasional smile and word from mother he will pass a good many contented hours in his box.

[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.]
BABY'S PICTURE BOOK.

I would like to tell the friends of the Journal that I made my little girl a year and a half old a scrap picture book by taking two pieces of paste-board and covering them with pictures. Then six leaves of new print pasted the raw edges down and pasted on pictures from old Peterson's. I cut the fashion plates in pieces and took some of the other pretty pictures. It pleased her the most of anything she had. Any bright pictures will do.

Summer Diet.

The debility of which grown people complain in Spring and Summer affects a nursing infant seriously. This infantile debility is frequently the effect of insufficient nourishment and it is more than usually difficult to bring a child so affected through the trying time of hot weather.

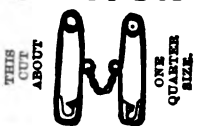
When the above condition is manifest Nestle's Milk Food will prove beneficial in giving strength and tone to the system in carrying the little one through the heated term.

Talk with your doctor or personally confirm the foregoing by sending for trial package and pamphlet.

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Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania. The 39th Annual Session opens October 4th. A three years graded course is given in Spring and Winter terms. For further information address RACHEL L. BOYD, M. D., Dean, N. College Ave. and 21st St., Philadelphia, Pa.

LADIES! Recommend "Almond Meal" to prevent wrinkles and make the skin as soft as velvet. It leaves the face "kissable" and sweet, too, and not in the least "greasy." A lady writes, "The condition of my skin is entirely due to Miner's Almond Meal. Unlike other preparations it is so harmless that it could be eaten in any quantity." Send 2c. stamp for pamphlet on how to become and remain beautiful, to H. A. & F. L. MINER, Registered Pharmacists, Malden, Mass. Miner's Almond Meal 25c. Sent by mail on receipt of 30c.

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**MENT OF ARTISTIC NEEDLE-
WORK.**

KNAPP, EDITOR,
No. 20 Linden St., S. Boston, Mass.

Terms Used in Knitting.

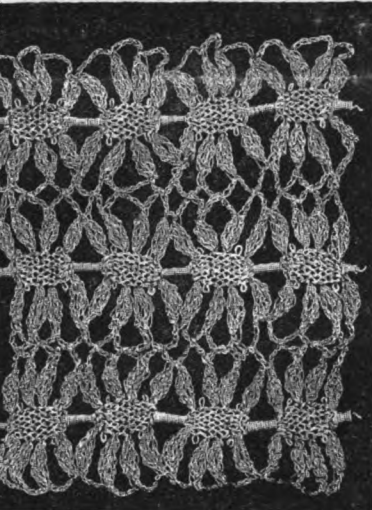
plain. P—Purl, or as it is sometimes called, or K 2 tog—Narrow, by knitting 2 together. Row the thread over the needle before inserting next stitch. This makes a loop which is also considered a stitch, in the succeeding rows or w—Twist stitch. Insert the needle in the stitch to be knitted, and knit as usual. Sl—From the left hand to the right hand needle knitting it. Sl and B—slip and bind—slip one t. the next; pass the slipped one over it, except binding off a piece of work at the end. * In repetition, and is used merely to save words. p 1, repeat from * 3 times would be equivalent to sl 1, k 1, p 1, sl 1, k 1, p 1, sl 1, k 1, p 1, together.

Terms in Crochet.

in; a straight series of loops, each drawn hook through the preceding one. Sl st—Slip it hook through the work, thread over the w it through the stitch on the hook. S c—single; having a stitch on the needle (or hook) put e through the work, draw the thread through , and the stitch on the needle. D c—double having the stitch on the needle, put the needle he work, and draw a stitch through, making e needle. Take up the thread again, and draw h both these stitches. T c or Tr—Treble Cro- ring a stitch on the needle, take up the thread a stitch, put the needle through the work, and thread through, making three on the needle. the thread and draw through two, then take aread and draw it through the two remaining; ort Treble Crochet: like treble, except that e three stitches are on the needle, instead of the thread through two stitches twice. It is rough all three at once. L t c—Long Treble like treble, except that the thread is thrown er the needle before inserting the latter in the he stitches are worked off two at a time, as in Extra Long Stitch—Twine the cotton three nd the needle, work as the treble stitch, bring- cotton through two loops four times. P— or ade by working three chain, and one single cro- st stitch of the chain.

Novelty Braid Insertion.

ow—Make a st on the hook, throw twice over the hook, insert the hook in op of braid, make 3 long treble crochets loop, bring them all in 1 st, ch 4, make ; treble stitches in third loop of braid, ch t c in fourth loop, ch 4, 3 l t c t loop of braid, over twice, go in op 3 times, ch 4; so on until you have a the desired length; then begin on the



[Engraved expressly for the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.]

er side of braid and work as above, except t 7 stitches in ch instead of 4; repeat to end braid. Second strip of braid—Work as above, join as u work, after making the l t c, ch 3, slip st, der ch 7, ch 3, 3 l t c; so on. You can make the insertion as deep as you ce. By adding a top edge, to sew on by, you n have a lace edging. Long treble crochet—l t c—is made by put- g thread twice round the hook before put- g hook in work. M. E. M.

Narrow Edging.

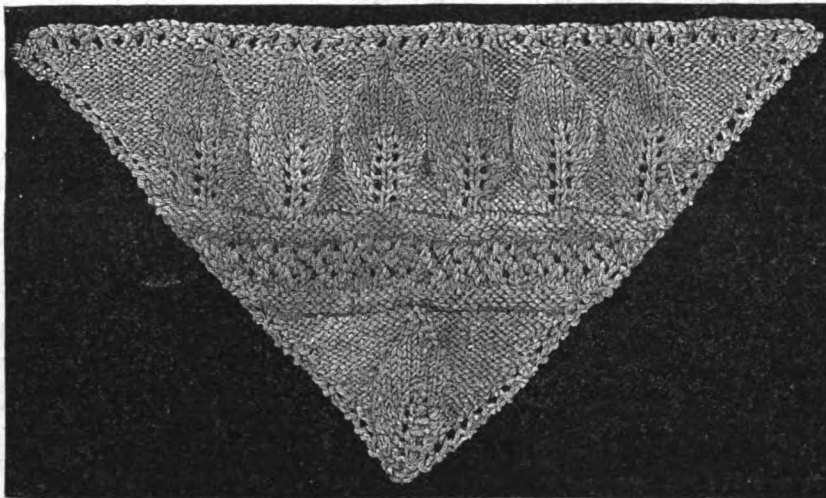
Cast on 9 stitches. Knit across plain. 1st row—Slip 1, knit 1, thread over, narrow, read over, narrow, thread over, narrow, read over, knit 1. 2d row—Knit across plain. 3d row—Slip 1, knit 1, thread over, narrow, nit 3, thread over, narrow, thread over, knit 1. 4th row—Knit across plain. 5th row—Slip 1, knit 1, thread over, nar- w, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, read over, narrow, thread over, knit 1. 6th row—Knit across plain. 7th row—Slip 1, knit 1, thread over, narrow, nit 3, thread over, narrow, thread over, nar- w, thread over, knit 1. 8th row—Bind off 4, rest plain; repeat. N. M. G

Shell-Work Wristlet.

Cast up 27 stitches on each of three needles. This gives you three shells on a needle. 1st round—Seam 2, knit 1, over, knit 4, nar- ow. Continue all round. 2d round—Seam 2, knit 2, over, knit 3, nar- ow. 3d round—Seam 2, knit 3, over, knit 2, nar- ow. 4th round—Seam 2, knit 4, over, knit 1, nar- ow. 5th round—Seam 2, knit 5, over, narrow. Repeat from 1st round until the wristlet is he desired length. D. J.

Knitted Bed Spread.

Knitting cotton No. 12, three threaded. Cast up 5 stitches. 1st row—Knit 1, over, knit 1, over, knit 1, over, knit 1. 2d row—Knit 2, purl 2, over, knit 1, over, knit 1, purl 2, over, knit 1. 3d row—Knit 4, purl 4, knit 3, over, knit 1. 4th row—Knit 2, purl 3, knit 1, over, knit 1, over, knit 2, purl 3, over, knit 1. 5th row—Knit 5, over, purl 6, knit 4, over, knit 1. 6th row—Knit 2, over, purl 4, knit 2, over, knit 1, over, knit 3, purl 4, over, knit 1. 7th row—Knit 6, purl 8, knit 5, over, knit 1. 8th row—Knit 2, purl 5, knit 3, over, knit 1, over, knit 4, purl 5, over, knit 1. 9th row—Knit 7, purl 10, knit 6, over, knit 1.



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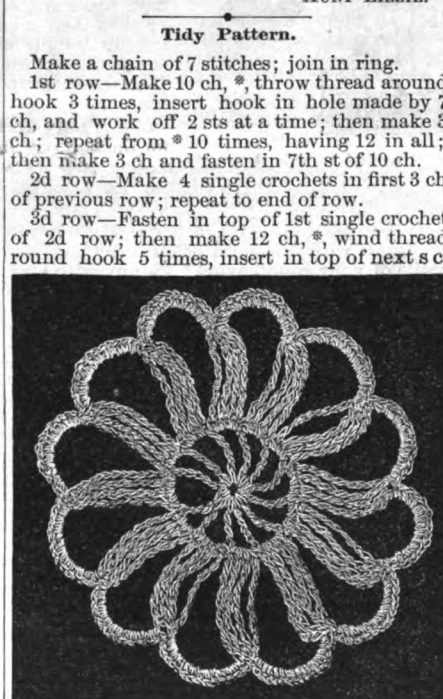
10th row—Knit 2, purl 6, knit 5, over, knit 1, over, knit 5, purl 6, over, knit 1. 11th row—Knit 8, purl 12, knit 7, over, knit 1. 12th row—Knit 2, purl 7, knit 5, over, knit 1, over, knit 6, purl 7, over, knit 1. 13th row—Knit 9, purl 14, knit 8, over, knit 1. 14th row—Knit 2, purl 8, slip and bind, knit 10, narrow, purl 8, over, knit 1. 15th row—Knit 10, purl 12, knit 9, over, knit 1. 16th row—Knit 2, purl 9, slip and bind, knit 8, narrow, purl 9, over, knit 1. 17th row—Knit 11, purl 10, knit 10, over, knit 1. 18th row—Knit 2, purl 10, slip and bind, knit 6, narrow, purl 10, over, knit 1. 19th row—Knit 12, purl 8, knit 11, over, knit 1. 20th row—Knit 2, purl 11, slip and bind, knit 4, narrow, purl 11, over 1. 21st row—Knit 13, purl 6, knit 12, over, knit 1. 22d row—Knit 2, purl 12, slip and bind, knit 2, narrow, purl 12, over, knit 1. 23d row—Knit 14, purl 4, knit 13, over, knit 1. 24th row—Knit 2, purl 13, slip and bind, narrow, purl 13, over, knit 1. 25th row—Knit 15, purl 2, knit 14, over, knit 1. 26th row—Knit 2, purl 14, slip and bind, purl 14, over, knit 1. 27th row—Knit 2, purl across, over, knit 1. 28th row—Knit across, over, knit 1. 29th row—Knit 2, purl across, over, knit 1. 30th row—Knit 2, purl across, over, knit 1. 31st row—Knit across, over, knit 1. 32d row—Knit 2, purl across, over, knit 1. 33d row—Knit 2, purl across, over, knit 1. 34th row—Knit across, over, knit 1. 35th row—Knit 2, purl across, over, knit 1. 36th row—Knit 2, over and narrow until you come to the 2 last stitches; then over, knit 1, over, knit 1. 37th row—Knit 2, purl across, over, knit 1. Repeat two last rows twice. 42d row—Knit across, over, knit 1. 43d row—Knit 2, purl across, over, knit 1. 44th row—Knit 2, purl across, over, knit 1. 45th row—Knit across, over, knit 1. 46th row—Knit 2, purl across, over, knit 1. 47th row—Like 46th. 48th row—Like 45th. 49th row—Like 46th. 50th row—Knit 2, purl 3, * over, knit 1, over, knit 1, purl 7; repeat from * 4 times; then over, knit 1, over, knit 1, purl 4, over, knit 1. 51st row—Knit 6, purl 4, * knit 7, purl 4; repeat from * 4 times, purl 4, over, knit 1. 52d row—Knit 2, purl 4, * knit 1, over, knit 1, over, knit 2, purl 7; repeat from * 4 times, knit 1, over, knit 1, over, knit 2, purl 5, over, knit 1. 53d row—*Knit 7, purl 6; repeat from * 5 times, knit 5, over, knit 1. 54th row—Knit 2, purl 5, * knit 2, over, knit 1, over, knit 3, purl 7; repeat from * 4 times, knit 2, over, knit 1, over, knit 3, purl 6, over, knit 1. 55th row—Knit 8, purl 8, knit 7; repeat from * 4 times, purl 8, knit 6, over, knit 1. 56th row—Knit 2, purl 6, * knit 3, over, knit 1, over, knit 4, purl 7; repeat from * 5 times, over, knit 1. 57th row—Knit 9, * purl 10, knit 7; repeat from * 4 times, purl 10, knit 7, over, knit 1. 58th row—Knit 2, * purl 7, knit 4, over, knit 1, over, knit 5; repeat from * 4 times, purl 8, over, knit 1. 59th row—Knit 10, * purl 12, knit 7; repeat from * 4 times, purl 12, knit 8, over, knit 1. 60th row—Knit 2, purl 8, * knit 5, over, knit 1, over, knit 6, purl 7; repeat from * 4 times, knit 5, over, knit 1, over, knit 6, purl 9, over, knit 1. 61st row—Knit 11, * purl 14, knit 7; repeat from * 4 times, purl 14, knit 9, over, knit 1. 62d row—Knit 2, purl 9, slip and bind, knit 10, narrow, * purl 7, slip and bind, knit 10, narrow; repeat from * 4 times, purl 10, over, knit 1. 63d row—Knit 12, * purl 12, knit 7; repeat from * 4 times, purl 12, knit 10, over, knit 1. 64th row—Knit 2, purl 10, * slip and bind, knit 8, narrow, purl 7; repeat from * 4 times,

slip and bind, knit 8, narrow, purl 11, over, knit 1. 65th row—Knit 13, * purl 10, knit 7; repeat from * 4 times, purl 10, knit 11, over, knit 1. 66th row—Knit 2, purl 11, * slip and bind, knit 6, narrow, purl 7; repeat from * 4 times, slip and bind, knit 6, narrow, purl 12, over, knit 1. 67th row—Knit 14, * purl 8, knit 7; repeat from * 4 times, purl 8, knit 12, over, knit 1. 68th row—Knit 2, purl 12, * slip and bind, knit 4, narrow, purl 7; repeat from * 4 times, slip and bind, knit 4, narrow, purl 13, over, knit 1. 69th row—Knit 15, * purl 6, knit 7; repeat from * 4 times, purl 6, knit 13, over, knit 1. 70th row—Knit 2, purl 13, slip and bind, knit 2, narrow, * purl 7, slip and bind, knit 2,

narrow; repeat from * 5 times, purl 14, over, knit 1. 71st row—Knit 15, * purl 4, knit 7; repeat from * 4 times, purl 4, knit 14, over, knit 1. 72d row—Knit 2, purl 14, slip and bind, narrow, * purl 7, slip and bind, narrow; repeat from * 4 times, purl 15, over, knit 1. 73d row—Knit 17, purl 2, * knit 7, purl 2; repeat from * 4 times, knit 15, over, knit 1. 74th row—Knit 2, purl 15, slip and bind, * purl 7, slip and bind; repeat from * 4 times, purl 16, over, knit 1. 75th row—Knit 2, over, narrow, until you have 2 left; then over, knit 2 plain. 76th row—Knit across plain. Bind off. Four of these sewed together make a square-AUNT LIZZIE.

Tidy Pattern.

Make a chain of 7 stitches; join in ring. 1st row—Make 10 ch, *, throw thread around hook 3 times, insert hook in hole made by 7 ch, and work off 2 sts at a time; then make 3 ch; repeat from * 10 times, having 12 in all; then make 3 ch and fasten in 7th st of 10 ch. 2d row—Make 4 single crochets in first 3 ch of previous row; repeat to end of row. 3d row—Fasten in top of 1st single crochet of 2d row; then make 12 ch, *, wind thread round hook 5 times, insert in top of next s c,



[Engraved expressly for the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.]

work off 2 sts at a time; repeat from * twice more, having 4, by counting 12 ch, make 10 ch, repeat to end of row; then make 10 ch and fasten in top of 12 ch. 4th row—Make 16 single crochets in first 10 ch of 3d row; repeat to end of row. Fasten the thread. This completes one circle. It can be made in a round or square tidy. If square, use center of circle to fill up the space between each. I like a round tidy better. I will send directions for 'he fringe again. Use Clark's cotton, No. 16. S. E. B. GRANT, PA.

Edge for Ruffle.

A very simple but pretty finish for a ruffle or edge of hem is made by crocheting with No. 40 cotton directly into the cloth 7 ch, 1 slip st, at spaces of a sixteenth of an inch apart. The succeeding rows, to any desired width, are 7 ch, 1 slip st, into 4th st of former 7, for last row to chain, instead of 7.

Crocheted Ruching.

Use split zephyr or silk. Make a chain the required length. 1st row—Double crochet in every other stitch of chain, with 2 chain stitches between. 2d row—Double crochet in every double cro- chet of 1st row, with 2 ch between. 3d row—Like second. 4th row—*4 treble crochet under ch 2 of 3d row, then 4 trebles under the double crochet of 3d row; repeat from * until finished, which gives the required fullness. If one likes, sew tinsel cord on the edge. E. S. E. Double crochet—Thread over the hook be- fore putting hook in work. Treble crochet—Thread over the hook twice before putting hook in work.

Hair-Pin Receiver.

Take a small Japanese round basket, fill it with curled hair, put a piece of coarse netting over the top, knit a piece with split zephyr in loop knitting, sew it over the netting. Another way—Remove the bottom out of the same kind of basket, and have a piece of loop knitting on both top and bottom, put a ribbon round the basket, make a bow, and sus- pend it by a loop of the ribbon.

Wave Tam O'Shanter.

Two skeins of Germantown wool, a fine bone hood. Make a chain of 4 stitches; join, work 8 rows in s c, taking up the back part of st, widen in each row, so that you have 40 stitch- es in the 8th row. 9th row—Commence the wave part, put 1 s c in 1 st s c in next, so on through the row. 10th row—Put 1 s c in each of 3 stitches, and 3 s c in the middle st of the point; so on through the row. 11th row—Put 1 s c in each of 5 stitches, 3 in the point; so on through the row. 12th row—Put 7 s c in each of 7 stitches, 3 in the point; so on. 13th row—*Skip 1, 1 s c in each of 4 stitches, 3 in the point 1 in each of 4 stitches; repeat from star. 14th row—Skip 2, 1 s c in each of 4 stitches, 3 in point, 1 in each of 4; repeat the 14th row 13 times. Crochet round 1 row, by skipping 2, put 1 s c in each of 9 stitches; repeat through the row. 2d row—Skip 2, make 7 single; repeat. 3d row—Skip 2, make 5 single. 4th row—Skip 2, make 3 single. 5th row—Skip 2, make 1 single. Crochet 6 rows plain. Finish with *2 d c in 1 st, 3 d c in next, 2 d c in next, 1 s c in next; repeat from star round the cap. Make a pom- pon of the yarn for top of cap. LIZZIE B.

Baby's Blanket.

5 oz. of soft Saxony. Cast on 200 stitches and knit in blocks (2 purl, 2 plain) till it is square. Then crochet a row of scallops round the edge.

Columbia Yarns.

TRADE MARK REGISTERED
CELEBRATED FOR
Excellence of Quality
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Thread.

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NEW
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London and on the Continent in the Various
Schools of ART NEEDLE-WORK, and by
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ors, for 20c. 25 small skeins
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package of Crush and Velvet
Pieces for Crazy Patchwork,
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package of Satin and Silk
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[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.]
INTERIOR DECORATION.

BY A. R. RAMSEY.

ARTICLE XVII.

Much space was devoted in the March JOURNAL to the consideration of the "hall" in our city houses, where little or no decoration could be attempted. The month of June, however, brings us once again to the season of the Summer flitting to the cottage, on shore or mountain—and here the hall is growing to be the important feature of the house.

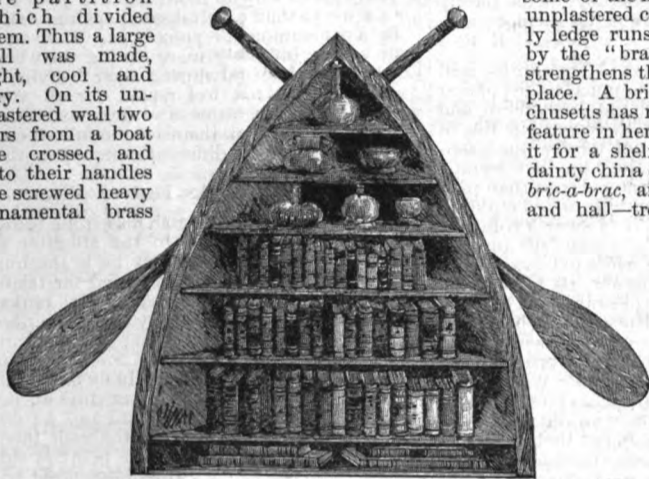
In this we are imitating our English cousins, who make of the hall—especially a country hall—an informal meeting place for the family, a sort of living room entered at once from the front door. Afternoon tea is served here; the gentlemen smoke round its open fireplace in the evenings, or on rainy days; to its cool quiet the ladies retire from the glare of the sunlit piazzas; and here at the approach of Autumn the first fires are lit.

To make this pleasant place possible, most of the new villas are built with a generous square hall, even at the sacrifice of room elsewhere, and it is quite in keeping with the uses of such a hall to furnish it with the luxurious divans, easy-chairs, coffee-tables, *bric-a-brac*, armor, hangings and pictures which usually adorn a parlor.

But to many of us these things are not possible, nor even desirable, since our Summer-home existence is but life on the wing, and its very contrast to our sober, settled Winter home is its greatest charm, and the makeshifts, the contrivances on which we pride ourselves, and which would be scorned elsewhere, are made delightful by the picnic-like character of this temporary home.

In one such cottage on the Jersey shore a small room near the entrance door was at slight expense thrown into the hall, by tearing away

the partition which divided them. Thus a large hall was made, light, cool and airy. On its unplastered wall two oars from a boat are crossed, and into their handles are screwed heavy ornamental brass



hooks, which serve as a rack for the bats of the boys and the tennis rackets of the girls. In one corner a large jar (made of a piece of terracotta pipe stood upright in a flower-pot saucer, and both painted by the village painter with a geometrical design of dark blue on a pale red background) receives the gay parasols and Japanese umbrellas of the ladies, while in another corner stand the oars of the boats, the crab and butterfly nets, the fishing-poles and rifles. Across one end of the hall, about as high as a dado, is a low bookshelf of the plainest description, its contents veiled by a slight, flimsy curtain of yellow silk, while the top of the book-shelf is a stand for many pretty odds and ends from the city home. Wicker chairs abound, and divans (whose cushions of turkey red and blue jean can be removed at will to the grass or boat) run round the other sides of the room, with spaces left here and there for a coffee-table, some of which are *bona fide* tables in willow or wicker-ware, while others are only shelves on hinges, which when not in use are allowed to fall against the wall, and when needed are raised and supported by a folding bracket.

The doorways are curtained with the blue jean before mentioned—the same which is used in workmen's overalls, and which in the decorator's vocabulary is called denim, the name by which it was known in the South before the War.

The windows are draped very heavily with full curtains of "crazy cloth"—a blue design on an ecru background.

The floors are bare, being stained with a very light shade of Sienna, and covered in the centre by a Kensington Art Square, in shades of red and blue. A table, holding pamphlets, a lamp and work-baskets, added to the many minor decorations which home-loving women are sure to create around them finish the description of this hall. In it there is not one really expensive article, and yet it is the most charming of Summer retreats.

For such a hall the accompanying illustration of a corner book-shelf or cabinet would be useful, as it is made cheaply from pine by any carpenter, its only distinction being that the shelves fit into grooves cut into the solid sides. After the carpenter has finished his

work, and before the cabinet is put in place, it is carefully covered with wall paper of some brilliant design—Japanese paper, or one with much gilt in it being especially desirable.

When the paper is dry, the edges of the shelves are covered with a narrow fringe or broad gimp, put on with ornamental brass-headed nails. The whole thing can be made for \$3.00, and has been made for less, when the paper used was already in the house and the wood taken from heavy packing cases.

Another style of "corner cupboard" has been made from a worn-out flat-bottomed boat—quite useless as such. One end was cut off even, so that the boat stood upright, about as high as a man. It was then pushed back into a corner, and fastened firmly there by a carpenter, whose aid was also needed to transform the seats into shelves and in giving the boat a coat of fresh paint.

Another pretty cupboard grew out of the perplexity which the owner of an old-fashioned house felt at the presence of too many doors in his hall, and, worst of all, two of these doors were *false*, merely made to balance real ones. But to destroy them would be to destroy the symmetry of the apartment. After much thought, it was decided to remove all the panels of the false doors, leaving only the wooden jambs, which would thus frame in a recess as deep as the thickness of the wall. In this recess shelves were built for books and *bric-a-brac*, covering them with a glass door so arranged that the upper and lower halves could be opened independently, and the whole was painted to exactly match the remaining doors. The beauty of this little cupboard exceeded the planner's fondest hopes. The unsightly white doors gave place to a charming little piece of decoration and color—very useful decoration, too—at small expense, as the carpenter who did the work was glad to buy the old-fashioned doors of thoroughly seasoned wood, at a price which nearly paid for his part of the work.

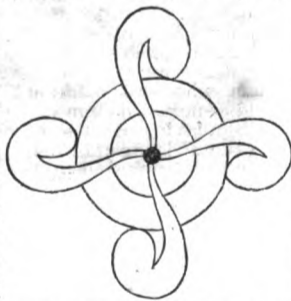
In some of the more roughly finished, unplastered cottages a very unsightly ledge runs round the walls, made by the "brace" which holds and strengthens the "uprights" in their place. A bright woman, in Massachusetts has made this ledge quite a feature in her decoration. She uses it for a shelf on which to stand the dainty china of the dining-room, the *bric-a-brac*, and books of the parlor and hall—treasures from sea and shore are heaped on it in the various rooms, while along it the Japanese paper pictures, so common now-a-days are hung side by side, thus covering the rough face of the brace with a line of bright colors.

A pretty frieze for the hall, or any room high enough to admit of a frieze, is made from the Japanese muslin, which comes in quaint designs of dark blue and white in very narrow width—from twelve to eighteen inches. The material is tacked to the top of the wall lengthwise, so that the width of the muslin is the depth of the frieze. Being so easily put on, any "handy" woman can make her own frieze, and need not pay a paper-hanger to do it.

Summer hangings, lambrequins, curtains and draperies generally are of the lightest description, both in color and texture, and many diaphanous materials for these purposes are offered in the shops. In the cheaper qualities nothing is prettier for curtains than the graceful clinging "crazy cloths," which come in good designs on a background of unbleached white, and sell as low as eight cents a yard. Cheese cloth, too, at five cents a yard, makes the Summer curtain a possibility to the most economical of house-keepers; but in both of these much material is needed, as the curtain must be made very full to look well—four breadths being required for each window of ordinary size. They can be made without trimming, if desired, and looped back with heavy white cord; but an edge of wide cotton lace, soft and delicate, is an addition, while a coarse torchon lace and bright, pretty ribbons make charming decorations at moderate cost.

For something more pretentious, Altman & Co. show lovely East Indian curtains with a sheer background and colored stripes. They range from \$3 to \$13 for simple but beautiful draperies.

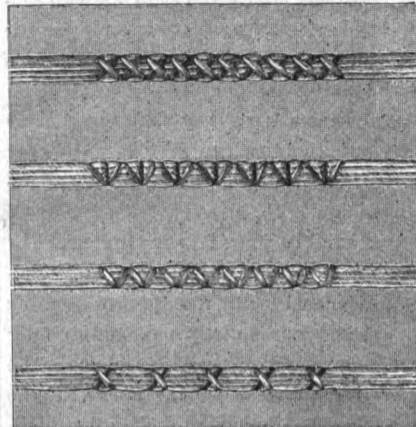
The denim already referred to lends itself readily to decoration, and some very pretty designs for applique work on denim can be made at home by the least tutored of workers. The central idea of these—or, to give it its technical name, the unit of the design—is a *comma*-like figure, with more or less variation in the head or in the stem. After these commas are cut, four (or six) of them are put together and basted on the denim, the ends of the tails meeting in a common centre. This figure is applied to the background by any one of the stitches given for applique work, or is finished by a couched outline. (See May JOURNAL.) Borders are made by placing the figures at regular intervals along the sides of a curtain or portiere, and are very effective and very easily and quickly done. The commas to decorate denim are cut from unbleached muslin, turkey red, gay colored silesias or satens, and if the outline is couched, a heavy white cord, like that which dressmakers use in "piping," gives the best results. If the outline is not couched, the new thread, Bargarene, is the most effective to use in applying the design. In all comma fig-



ures the centre should by some device be made to look heavy, thus overcoming the weak, straggling look which is caused by so many lines springing from one point. The centre is quickly made heavy by lines of chain stitch worked round and round it till a small, solid circle is made.

To the couching stitch used for single lines (given in last month's article) several additions may be made when the line is a gold cord, or it is desired to have the couching add to the general color of the work in hand. The illustrations given will fully explain these variations, thus allowing the rest of this article to redeem the promise that "framing" work should be described.

There are many kinds of frames, but the simplest is that made of two hoops—one smaller than the other—covered with muslin or



baize; the work being laid over the smaller hoop, the larger one is slipped over it, thus holding the material "taut" and evenly stretched. This style of frame can only be used for small work, and is worthless when the material creases or crushes easily—as velvet or plush. For these stuffs, and for large pieces of embroidery, another kind of frame must be used—either a hand frame or one on a stand.

The stand-frame, when heavily weighted and made of wood which does not warp, is a great convenience, for it can be raised or lowered as needed, and this prevents the tiresome stooping so injurious to girls. But a well-seasoned frame is hard to find, and as an ordinary frame can be propped up before the worker on books or blocks of wood, and as it is less cumbersome and in the way when not in use, many workers greatly prefer it.

This sort of frame is sold at all the large stores where fancy work is sold, but if not accessible any carpenter can make a frame for you by cutting two "bars" with mortise holes at the ends, and two narrow flat stretchers with a row of gimlet holes bored through them at regular distances. The ends of these "stretchers" slip into the mortise holes of the "bars," and are held there by pegs which fit into the gimlet holes. To each "bar" is nailed a strip of strong linen, and on this the ends of the work are sewed, using strong linen or pack thread doubled. If the material is delicate, strips of linen should be sewed to the sides before the framing is begun. All of the work, except just enough to fill the frame, is rolled over the lower bar; the "stretchers" are then put in place and secured so as to stretch the work "taut" from top to bottom.

A strong twine is tied to the top of one stretcher and the work firmly fastened by it to the sides of the frame, passing a needle threaded with the twine, first through the stuff (or linen strip, as the case may be) then around the stretcher and again through the stuff till the sides are finished, straining the stitches so as to draw the work tight from right to left and hold it evenly in all parts.

It will take some practice to do this nicely, but Patience and Practice are the good fairies of the embroiderer—the only ones who lead the way to Perfection.

To the frame should be fastened a light Japanese basket, or pretty bag, to hold the materials of the worker, and for each piece of embroidery a cover, large enough to wrap frame and all in, should be provided. The materials needed will be two thimbles—well-worn silver ones are best, but smooth rubber will do—a pair of small scissors, and a steel piercer. The worker should always wear an apron, with a large bib, of fine, smooth linen or cotton, with a pair of sleeves to slip over the dress sleeves. A deep pocket on the apron and a roll of linen, to hold crewels and silks, will also be convenient. Thus equipped, one is ready for work. How to work must be talked of next month.

C. M. G., Auburn, Neb.:—For the stitches 1 and 3 of the March number, it was not intended that the work should be done in vertical lines, one following the other. That is the effect when worked or illustrated. But, in reality, two lines are worked at once, the stitch changing from line to line in order to keep each stitch vertical; or, better still, work across the stuff in diagonal lines, and when a number of these are finished the effect is as illustrated.

[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.]
A BED-CHAMBER IN A COUNTRY-HOUSE.

BY J. K. LUDLUM.

The floor was painted in imitation of oak—the base and woodwork around the doors and windows a shade darker. Knit rugs of mixed colors were laid here and there.

The window-shades were yellow—the curtains creamy cretonne with crimson figures, hung on poles. You can buy poles now at twenty-nine cents apiece.

The wall and ceilings were white for cleanliness and health.

The fireboard was removed from the fireplace and wood piled on the brass dogs ready to be lighted. This gave fine ventilation and was cosy and homelike.

The mantel was covered with crimson flannel,

a strip also fastened against the wall for a background. A pleating was fastened with brass tacks around the edge of the shelf.

Between the windows was a square packing-box with one side removed and shelves fitted in. This was covered with cretonne like the curtains and a full pleating run round the sides to hide the box.

Above this was an old-fashioned cherry mirror, with a curtain on a hoop draped each side.

In one corner a row of shelves had been fitted and a curtain hung before it on a rod.

In another corner was the "washstand," a shelf fitted low down against the wall, with a hole cut into it for the basin and covered with oilcloth, and a curtain fastened around the edge to hide the slop-jar underneath.

The bedstead was an old-fashioned affair, with low head and foot boards, but the pillows were large and the shams and counterpane of coarse white lace over red calico made a pretty effect.

There were ribbon bows and pretty cushions on the queer old chairs and the room was a most restful, inviting place at little expense.

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THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

AND

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A NATIONAL ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL.

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MRS. E. C. HEWITT, } ASSOCIATE EDITORS.
MRS. J. H. LAMBERT, }

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Philadelphia, June, 1888.

When subscribing, please state clearly if your subscription is a renewal. Also, if former subscription was entered under any other name or residence.

We would say to all sending such, that we do not accept names of subscribers, sent on postal cards. All names sent must be accompanied by full subscription price for time desired.

We are constantly receiving letters from subscribers asking if such and such an advertiser is reliable. The fact that an advertisement is found in our columns, is a sufficient guarantee that the advertiser is reliable. We never under any circumstances, allow an advertisement to appear in the JOURNAL unless we are fully satisfied that it is exactly as represented.

It should be fully understood that premiums are given for new subscribers, not to them. We pay the person who takes the trouble to find new subscribers for us, but do not induce people to subscribe by offering a premium as a sort of a bait to become subscribers. We do not believe in the Chromo method of business—THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL is its own best premium.

Mrs. FLORINE THAYER McCRAY is writing the life of Harriet Beecher Stowe, whose son and daughter are supplying her with material, and giving her all the help they can. This will be the only authorized biography of Mrs. Stowe. Mrs. McCray is a neighbor and friend of the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," who was much pleased with Mrs. McCray's temperance novel, "Environment."

Let us again tell our readers that changes of residence are placed upon our books immediately upon receipt of request for the same and a duplicate of the latest issue sent out lest there may be some difficulty in obtaining it. But as we write our wrappers sometimes two or even three months ahead, they need not be surprised to find that two or three papers have still continued to go to the old address. It would be impossible for us to withdraw those particular wrappers from the thousands already written, so we prefer to send duplicate copies, though the loss is ours, to insure the subscriber's getting the paper at the new residence.

When sending in a change of address, please do so in something like the following form; "Please change the address of Mrs. M. B. Staley, Binghampton, N. J., to Mrs. M. B. Staley, No. 645 Cooper St., Phila., Pa." Thus giving, both former and present address in one letter. This avoids all the trouble of writing backwards and forwards.

Elmer C. Griffith, Mt. Carroll, Illinois,—sent us recently, unaccompanied by money, a large list of names which were promptly returned, as we enter no names upon our books unless accompanied by full subscription price for time desired.

It would be manifestly absurd for us to accept a mere mass of names without money, as we have no evidence that such names are bona fide subscribers, and such a course would enable any one to send us any where from 100,000, to 1,000,000, bogus names and claim the cash prize.

We desire that if any have paid their subscription price to this agent, they may know that the list was returned at once. We are led to take this step by the manner in which Elmer C. Griffith has written to us on various occasions, taken exception to our action in the matter. We quote below the closing sentence of the last letter received:—

"If I am not permitted to the contest then I shall use my influence and my time against your paper."
"ELMER C. GRIFFITH."

THE LAST CALL.

Until July 1st only—will our special offer of a premium for a single new subscriber hold good.

It is hoped that every woman who reads the JOURNAL will send at least one new subscriber before that date;—it would be an easy matter to secure half a dozen new subscribers and receive half a dozen premiums for them.

Please notice particularly this month the premiums described in the last pages of the JOURNAL for single new subscribers. Many of them have heretofore been given away for two subscribers,—but are now offered for only one new subscription and 10 cents extra, just enough to cover the cost of packing and postage.

One new name is easily secured, surely every friend of the JOURNAL can do that much, only show the JOURNAL to your neighbor and explain the low price, and a present, useful and practical shall be yours for your trouble. The Stamping outfit described in the last number and offered as a free present for one new subscriber is entirely new and is fully worth a dollar for the patterns alone. The list of premiums includes, Books, Tissue Paper Flowers, Embroidered Handkerchiefs, Tidies, Silver-plated Ware, Fancy-work, Stamping Patterns, and a thousand and one things of real use and value to women.

This is our last call, please bear in mind that our offer of a present for one new Subscriber holds good only,

UNTIL JULY 1st, 1888.

PRIZES AWARDED.

The twenty cash prizes, as offered in the December number of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL to the persons sending us the largest number of six months' subscribers up to April 1st, 1888, were awarded as follows:

- To Frank Finch, Clyde, N. Y., \$500, for 2,520 subscribers.
- To A. G. Shafer, No. 321 2d St., Detroit, Mich., \$450, for 1,237 subscribers.
- To Mrs. E. M. Landers, No. 27 Highland St., Brockton, Mass., \$400, for 1,099 subscribers.
- To W. A. Walling, South Edmeston, N. Y., \$350, for 1,004 subscribers.
- To J. H. Clark, Half Moon, N. Y., \$300, for 1,000 subscribers.
- To Harry Merrill, Landaff, N. H., \$275, for 853 subscribers.
- To Jennie Graham, No. 537 N. St. Paul St., Rochester, N. Y., \$250, for 766 subscribers.
- To Lydia Thompson, Box 170 Newtonville, Mass., \$225, for 732 subscribers.
- To W. L. Ripley, West Medway, Mass., \$200, for 717 subscribers.
- To Anna Daniels, La Crosse, Wis., \$175, for 706 subscribers.
- To E. Payton, Gunnison, Col., \$150, for 663 subscribers.
- To J. W. Briggs, Macedon, N. Y., \$125, for 559 subscribers.
- To E. A. Keith, No. 461 N. Centre St., Terre Haute, Ind., \$100, for 545 subscribers.
- To E. B. Lane, No. 603 W. 6th St., Chester, Pa., \$75, for 511 subscribers.
- To H. C. Hare, Alexandria, O., \$50, for 501 subscribers.
- To Mrs. E. Rowson, Petaluma, Cal., \$25, for 491 subscribers.
- To Mrs. Miller Jones, Village Green, Pa., \$20, for 449 subscribers.
- To Miss F. N. Earle, Camden, N. J., \$15, for 404 subscribers.
- To Mrs. Josephine Disbrow, Lansing, Mich., \$10, for 401 subscribers.
- To Mrs. E. R. Parrish, Canton, O., \$5, for 382 subscribers.

400,000.

The LADIES' HOME JOURNAL has a larger circulation than any other newspaper or periodical published in the United States; furthermore, it mails nearly every copy to a bona fide, paid, cash in advance, yearly subscriber—every one of whom has paid the full regular subscription price. Its subscription list has been secured on the merits of the JOURNAL alone—no premiums or gifts of any kind being given, except to club raisers—neither do we use free sample copy editions to swell its circulation.

NOTICE TO PHILADELPHIA SUBSCRIBERS.

A discrimination in the rates of postage to city subscribers, is made between weekly and monthly periodicals, to the great disadvantage of the latter, for, while the weeklies can be mailed to city subscribers for one cent per pound, monthlies cannot be mailed to city subscribers for less than one cent for each two ounces, except where the subscribers go to the post-office for their mail. This regulation REFERS ONLY to subscribers in the particular city to which the periodicals are published. As THE JOURNAL, in its present form, weighs over two ounces, we, being located in PHILADELPHIA, are, therefore, obliged to ask our Philadelphia subscribers twenty-four cents extra, for postage, unless the paper is addressed at the post-office to be called for, or to any post-office box. REMEMBER, this refers to Philadelphia subscribers ALONE, and to those in no OTHER city.

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PREMIUMS SENT TO CANADA ARE SUBJECT TO DUTY. We cannot undertake to forward ANYTHING to Canada or other foreign countries, except at the risk of the subscriber.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ALTHEA M. CHENEY, WINNECONNE, WIS.—Write to Wanamaker's, 13th and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia, Pa., for information desired in regard to pine-needles.

EDITOR LADIES' HOME JOURNAL:—I have been a faithful reader of this best of papers, ever since its birth. Never was a paper born which so fittingly filled a vacancy, and so satisfied a long-felt want in our homes and families, or so flourished and grew, as this LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. Truly, "None know it but to love it, or name it but to praise"—and its editors are women! I glory in its growth, prosperity and success as though it were a member of my own family—as indeed it is. A number missed or mislaid is mourned and eagerly searched for as for a lamb astray from the fold, and none are ever destroyed. I have to try very hard to be generous enough to lend mine to a friend who finds it hard to spare even the small sum it costs. I know that its future is as assured as that the sun will shine next summer. It must live! We cannot do without it! "Long may it wave," and our children come to call it blessed!

Well—this is a burst of pent-up enthusiasm! I have long felt that I must express myself to the editors, in gratitude, but somehow I felt modest about taking their time to read my "burst," but the goodness of the last two numbers has overcome me. So valuable a paper, at so reasonable a price that almost any one can have it, is a great blessing.

Now, my dear friends, I shall not blame the editors a bit if they do consign this paper to the justly celebrated depths of the waste-basket, and me to—well—the perpetual use of paste-brush and pot, but if they don't give me my just deserts I want to tell you how I have helped my boy to some, indeed many happy evenings at home, and what he did helped to make many others beside himself and his mother happy. It may help another boy's mother, or the mother of boys, who hardly knows what next to think of for them.

Mrs. C. E. R.

EDITOR HOME JOURNAL:—The duties and the rights of women are so much talked of and written about that I should hesitate to add anything did I not think there was one side of the question which did not receive due attention. I protest against the idea that women are responsible in any greater degree than men for the unhappy homes and ill-trained children that are so often seen. It is such a common thing for people to say, if a man fails in business, that 'tis due to his wife's extravagance—if he spends his evenings out, 'tis because his wife does not make home pleasant—if a boy gets into bad company, his sister should have had more influence over him—that women who do not believe themselves capable of averting all the evil under the sun should say so. While there are women who consider themselves equal to all that is required of them, who can keep their husbands at home evenings, put their babies to bed at six o'clock, and keep the older children in order so as to assure a quiet evening for the husband, there are scores of women whose hearts are just as full of motherly love and wifely devotion to whom it is an impossibility. It seems to me all wrong to keep all the disorder and perplexities of home-life out of sight of one who is and ought to be interested in all the details—and further, I think, men of common sense do not expect it. Besides, children are not to be managed like machines—to eat and sleep, and laugh and cry by rule, or to be sick only when convenient. Husbands, who are not thoroughly selfish, will not be made miserable by a fretful baby or a tired wife. Such things act rather as a tonic to their better natures, and they enjoy having an opportunity to show how kind they can be, and to see how much pleasure they can impart at so little cost to themselves. And how little does a father know about his children, their dispositions and their habits, if he sees them only when quiet and orderly. Disorder and confusion should not prevail in any household, as a rule—not because it is unpleasant for the father, but because it is wrong and unpleasant for all. A woman, whether she has a husband or not, should be neat and clean and pleasant as possible because it is right she should, and by so doing she adds to her own happiness and the happiness of those about her. The average woman, if she is a wife, is not wise where her own welfare is concerned. She can see where other women fail in influencing their husbands in the right direction, can plan wisely for her children's welfare and amusements, but her personality seems to be so absorbed by those around her that she really forgets to care for her own comfort and convenience. Personality is what she lacks. It is the one essential thing she should cultivate, not to make herself disagreeable or unkindly of those whose love and esteem is more to her than anything else in the whole wide world, but as a duty she owes to herself to be as wise, as generous and noble a woman as 'tis possible for her to be—not only in her home-life, but in the world she lives in.

ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., March 23, 1888.

DEAR SISTERS:—There is an inborn desire in every individual to increase personal possessions. With the go-ahead-itive-ness and determinative will, of Americans particularly, every vocation is seized upon with the ultimatum—to make money—in constant sight. But there is one investment, ever sure, paying compound interest without defalcation, which is often, quite often, passed by or neglected. This one investment is—a boy's confidence.

That the boys and young men of to-day will be the husbands and fathers of to-morrow is a fact. All thoughtful minds, convinced of this, will see the necessity of training these boys for to-morrow. I agree with "Scribbler"—too much is said of training girls to be good wives, while too little of training boys for good husbands. I reiterate it, a boy's love and confidence once won and kept most hallowed will prove a paying investment.

And how shall we mothers and sisters gain this confidence is a question pertinent to the subject? Having read with sincerest pleasure the excellent paper, "A Plea for Boys," by

Minnie Gebbert Sprague, in the March number of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, I felt constrained to add a few words on the subject gained from practical experience.

Remember, young life needs sunshine. We cannot always be gay but we can be pleasing. Would you, if you could, have their young lives shadowed? Meet your boy always with a smile, even if your eyes are filled with tears welling up from a heavy heart. Always—I said always—even though he has disobeyed you during his absence. Let his first greeting be a warm, loving one, and trust me, it will soften his heart and he will meet your chiding half-way with a sincere repentance.

Trust him! If your son knows you have perfect confidence in him it will prove a barrier to many a wrong-doing. He may disappoint your trust; yes, again and again. But each time let him know that to you, at least, by-gones will be by-gones, and help him to begin again by giving him a new corner stone. Apropos, did you ever count for one week only, how often on your knees you sought forgiveness for sins committed? And how each time the Comforter assured you by your heart's peace that your sins were "remembered no more."

Don't give a boy too much religion. Remember, extremes meet, and as sure as you insist on too much piety—that positive you can be that when away from you he will be wicked. Teach him of our Saviour's love and infinite sympathy, for He once dwelt and suffered on earth. But, I entreat you, let your religion and teachings be sunshiny.

Finally, do not nag! If there is any one course that will warp a disposition it is to dwell upon past errors. After planting a tree, suppose next day you would go out and twist it this way, next day twist it that way, and another day give it a twirl. Would it become deeply rooted, firmly planted, think you? Neither correct each fault at the time committed. A little lecture or advice kindly and privately given will do more good to your boy for six weeks than a half-dozen naggings daily.

Be a companion for your boys. They need your society infinitely more during their boyhood than they did during their babyhood. And if you do not feel repaid for all your worries, anxieties, cares and responsibilities, when they give you their hearts' fullest confidence, then you are different from any mother I have ever known.

AN EARNEST READER.

DEAR EDITOR:—Will a rash masculine being, who has no other claim to the attention of the sisters than the fact that he is the husband of one of them, be pardoned for trying to elbow his way through their ranks? Shortly after our marriage my wife subscribed for your valuable paper. That was not quite two years ago. May I proceed after this confession of our short membership of the sisterhood? I seldom read the paper myself, but busy bustling Martha reads aloud and we discuss whatever is interesting to the male intellect. I am now coming to the point of this article. Our family circle was immensely agitated over the pen-and-ink duel of Nina and Eunice. She who must be obeyed (to use extremely haggard language) felt like giving both a piece of her mind, but I dissuaded her and secretly resolved to explode a shell in the enemy's camp and surprise Martha by writing a letter myself.

After a fresh dip into the ink-bottle, I am ready for the fray. I am also a young professional man with a slender income, and made of ordinary clay, but by no means do I lay claim to "genteel poverty." Who, that is comfortable and provided with a few grains of that much-lauded article, common sense, need plead poverty of any description? Dickens says, "Elegant thrift is more than any waste." To me the above expression is the most objectionable in the English language.

Now to proceed to the white wrapper business. I like my wife to look sweet and all that, but when it comes to worrying herself to death by running up-stairs every few minutes to change her dress in order to find favor in my eyes, I cry hold! I am perfectly willing, being too poor to provide a servant, to eat with my coat as long as that piece of stern reality is represented by a starchy-eyed and flushed bit of womankind—my queen. Why, I love her just because she adapts herself so charmingly to circumstances. I do not know whether to admire her more as lady or as maid and no matter how distinguished the guest, she acquits herself equally well in kitchen and parlor. I often call her, and others like her, a chameleon.

Do you want to know what she wears? In summer, some of that dark stuff—calicoes, I guess—that Eunice declares so obnoxious. Some light ones, too, cut loose at the neck and lace sewed in. Never saw her wear a paper collar, and don't think I would like them. In winter she has dark cloth wrappers made out of old dresses and generally a piece of ribbon tied in a coquettish bow passed round her neck. Collars rub her skin too badly. Of course in the afternoon she is most daintily arrayed. I forgot to mention a cream wrapper in her trossau, a rosebud sort of thing trimmed with lace. Of course I can't help preferring that to the rest, but always in its proper place, and I am satisfied to see her in any garb she sees fit to wear. If we husbands cannot love our wives when they are obliged to do housemaid's work in fitting dress, I say by all means stretch a point and get a servant.

Do you want to know what she does? All the housework save the washing and does not grumble about it. Since my hours of work are short I assume the task of attending to fires, carry coal, remove ashes, and sweet is my reward. She helps me with my business correspondence, draws plans for me, plays, sings, paints, and renders my life and home beautiful on seven hundred a year. Now why shall a man be disenchanted with such a helpmate, if her dress be not always white and parfumed? I, for one, recognize a true diamond in any setting. In conclusion, would say, sisters all, wear whatever is suitable to the work on hand, and your husbands, if they be true men, will love you for 'a that and 'a that.

MARTHA'S HUSBAND.



[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.] FORMAL DINNERS.

BY ELIZA R. PARKER.

"Ostentation is snobbish. Too great profusion is snobbish. There are people who are more snobbish than all these—Those who can and don't entertain at all."—TRACKERAY.

"Thrice blessed be the man who invented dinners." Who can deny their power to refresh, soothe and strengthen?

In every period of the world, the good feeling of nations, as well as the friendship of individuals, have been engendered by the charms of the dinner-table. Statesmen have generally understood this secret. Talleyrand regarded the dinner-table as the best place to transact business, and Napoleon was partial to costly feasts and social entertainments.

There can be no doubt that much of the refinement and culture of society is due to the social intercourse of dinings, and therefore the dinner-table has come to be an important factor among all civilized people.

Our country has made great progress in this art in the last quarter of a century, and is now noted for the elegance and excellence of its dinners.

The rules which regulate dinner-giving are generally very well established, and have been adopted from both England and France, with the addition of some of our own national customs.

The first consideration in giving a dinner is a judicious selection of guests, as without it, little enjoyment can be expected. The object of the hostess should be to bring together persons of equal intellectual attainments and mutual sympathies; it is not necessary that they should all be friends, but simply congenial from common tastes and ideas.

A writer on the subject says: "Good talkers are invaluable, and good listeners indispensable."

The dinner is more especially the entertainment of married and older people, but youth, always charming, adds an attraction that comes only by the mingling of different ages.

For formal dinings, invitations are issued in the name of the host and hostess a week or ten days in advance. Very fashionable people send them by messenger, and the answer should be returned in the same way whenever possible.

Promptness is required in accepting or declining an invitation, that the hostess may know the number of her expected guests.

Many persons who entertain a great deal use an engraved card, the name of the host and hostess on one line, with the request in smaller letters, with blanks left for the name of the guest below which are others for the date and the hour of the dinner. The following is a very good form:

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES MADISON request the pleasure or

company at dinner

On _____ at Six o'clock.

Or, if preferred, the invitation may be all printed on handsome note paper, on which a monogram or the family crest may be placed, as well as on the envelope.

If the entertainment is given in honor of a friend, or visitor, a second card should accompany the invitation, on which is inscribed To meet

COL. AND MRS. ROBERT LAWSON of New York,

or the name of the guest may be engraved on the invitation.

The acceptance of an invitation may be written as follows:

MR. AND MRS. FREDRICK GREY accept with pleasure

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES MADISON'S invitation to dinner at Six o'clock, Thursday, March 21st.

The note of refusal may be in a similar style.

Etiquette requires guests to arrive ten or fifteen minutes before the dinner hour, thus giving time for introductions and friendly greetings.

To be late is an unpardonable breach of good manners.

The hostess should not be expected to wait for an absent guest after dinner has been announced, as to do so would be rudeness to the rest of the company.

Much tact may be displayed in arranging the seats of the company, so each may have suitable companionship during the meal. To do this, have a card handed to each gentleman containing his own name and that of the lady whom he is to escort to dinner. If the guests are few in number, the hostess, when receiving a gentleman, may name his partner at dinner.

On the plate of each guest should be a card, containing the name, and with it the menu card, which may be plain or elaborate in design. If written, it should be done with elegance and taste. The menus may be in English or French as the fancy dictates, but unless the guests are known to understand the latter language, we think it a display of affectation to make use of it.

There are two methods of serving dinner, the French and the Russian—the former being to set the various dishes on the table to be served

by the host and hostess, and handed to the guests by the servants, and the latter is served from the side table, each course brought separately, the table being handsomely ornamented.

For dinings, an extension or large round table is used. The tablecloth should be fine and white, and under it should be spread a thick woolen cloth. Napkins should be of fine texture, but heavy, and should never be starched—they should be neatly folded and laid on the plates with a piece of bread an inch thick and three inches long laid in the folds. Beside each plate may be placed as many knives, forks and spoons as will be needed in all the courses, a glass for water, a water carafe with a glass dish of ice for every three or four persons.

At opposite sides of the table salt and pepper stands should be set.

The china and silver should be well kept, and perfectly bright. For those who can afford it, a set of china decorated in colors to match the color of the dining-room, renders the table very attractive.

No ornament for the table is so simple and beautiful as flowers, yet they must be delicate and appropriate, and never in profusion. Blooming plants make handsome centre pieces, if tastefully arranged with seasonable fruits, and surrounded by choice dessert dishes.

A tiny bouquet of flowers in dainty holders, laid at each lady's plate, and three or four choice buds in the folds of the napkin for each gentleman, to be placed on the lappel of the coat, adds to the effect.

All the plates needed can be counted out, and such as ready filled with dessert set convenient to serve.

Dessert plates should be set out with doilies and finger-glasses, the latter filled with tepid water in which geranium, lemon verbena leaves, or slices of lemon are put.

The French custom is to serve each vegetable as a separate course, but it is usual in our best circles to serve at least one vegetable with each meat course.

If not brought from the side table, dishes to be served are placed before the host and hostess, the soup tureen and soup plates before the latter. The salad and dessert should be placed before the hostess, and the other dishes before the host. As each plate is served, it is put upon the salver held by the waiter, who places it before each guest. Vegetables or entrees served in the course are handed on the left side to each person to help himself. As soon as any one has finished with a plate, it should be removed without waiting for the others. When all the plates are removed the next course should be brought.

The crumb-brush is not used until the dessert is ready to be served.

If waiters are well trained, one to every six persons is sufficient. They should wear thin-soled shoes, and move as noiselessly as possible. "Nothing so distinguishes the style of perfectly-appointed establishments from vulgar imitations as the quiet self-possession of the attendants."

If the host is a graceful carver, at dinners not too large, he may do the carving, but if not expert in this art, it is best that he should not attempt it but leave it to a servant. When more than one meat is served, the most substantial should come first, and the roast should precede the boiled. After roast comes entrees.

With game, jelly is always served. After salads, cheese.

The order of dessert is pastry or pudding, ices, fruits, nuts, raisins, bonbons.

Two kinds of animal food should never be eaten from the same plate. More than two kinds of vegetables should not be served with a course.

Plates should not be helped too abundantly, as to do so is very ill-bred.

The next paper will give the etiquette and toilets of guests for formal dinners, with menus and receipts for the various dishes.

[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.]

TWO DAINTY DISHES FOR BREAKFAST—PUFF MUFFINS AND ROASTED PARTRIDGES.

Very few people are indifferent to the blandishments of a good breakfast. To those few I have nothing to say but to the vast majority whose comfort is made or marred by this meal I would suggest two dishes which, if added to any ordinary breakfast, would make it appetizing enough to satisfy the most epicurean taste.

First, we have "puff muffins" made after this fashion: If you are a small family—five persons, for instance—take a pint of flour and a level teaspoonful of salt, sift it into a bowl and mix gradually with fresh sweet milk to the consistency of cream. It will require a pint of milk, perhaps more, as flour varies in the amount of fluid necessary to mix it to a given consistency, the best flour always requiring the most. The inexorable rule for these muffins is that the batter must be thin. Break three eggs into a bowl and beat light with an egg whip, add these to the batter just before you put it to bake. With nice lard, grease well three sets of "gem pans," fill them almost level full and set them in a quick oven. The muffins will be done in fifteen minutes, and should be buttered and eaten immediately. Never put lard in them or they will not be fit eat. If made according to these directions they will demonstrate the appropriateness of their name by puffing up to an astonishing height and will be as light as the time-honored feather. The most dainty eater will not be satisfied with less than three of them, for they are little else than delicious brown bubbles.

The following is, I think, the very nicest way in which partridges are ever cooked: Take one dozen partridges that have been nicely dressed. Examine them carefully, for if they were "captive to the bow and spear" of a sportsman they may, and probably will, have feathers buried in them by the shot. This is a very necessary precaution and the most successful search for them is made with the tine of a kitchen fork or the narrow blade of a pocket knife. Nothing destroys one's appetite for a

bird more effectually than cutting into a bunch of these hidden feathers.

Therefore, you will first satisfy yourself that they have all been removed and then proceed as follows with each bird: Arrange the legs and wings like those of a fowl that is to be roasted. If you do not know how to get the former in shape thread a large needle with coarse white thread which you will knot, now stick the needle through the ends of the legs where they have been cut off draw the thread carefully through up to the knot. If the "parson's nose" has been left on the bird as it should be, you can either wind the thread around that and tie it, or take a stitch through it and tie. This arrangement of legs and wings give the birds a pretty shape and the threads can be clipped and drawn out when they are cooked. Season each bird with salt and pepper and put them in a baking-pan just large enough to hold them, and sprinkle them with a tablespoonful of flour. Pour a pint and a half of cold water in the pan and set it in a well-heated stove where they should cook in half an hour. Slow cooking entirely destroys the juiciness and flavor of birds.

Lay each bird in the pan on its breast so that when turned over after the back is browned the breast will brown last. Every now and then as they cook baste them with the gravy in the pan, and when you turn them over sprinkle again with a tablespoonful of flour.

If the gravy cooks away too much—though this is hardly possible—add a little more water, although sweet cream will make it much nicer. If not thick enough add a little cracker dust, or some flour creamed smooth with butter. Never use browned flour as it impairs the delicate flavor of bird gravy.

There is another method of cooking partridges that is considered by some people nicer than this. I do not think so but as it is also a delicious recipe I will give it when I write again. I will also give a recipe for preparing beef for an invalid which is very nutritious and exceedingly nice. It is not beef essence, nor beef tea, nor steak—what it is I will tell you and I think you will find it something entirely new and very delicious.

ANNA ALEXANDER CAMERON

HOME COOKING.

ORIGINAL RECIPES CONTRIBUTED BY THE JOURNAL SISTERS.

FRENCH RECIPE FOR BOILING A HAM:—After having soaked, thoroughly cleaned and trimmed the ham put over it a little very sweet clean hay, and tie it up in a thin cloth; place in a ham-kettle, a braising-pan or any other vessel as nearly of its size as can be, and cover it with two parts of cold water, and one of light white wine (we think the reader will perhaps find cider a good substitute for this); add, when it boils, and has been skimmed, four or five carrots, two or three onions, a large bunch of savory herbs, and the smallest bit of garlic; let the whole simmer gently five hours, or longer should the ham be very large.

When perfectly tender, lift it out take off the rind, and sprinkle over it some fine crumbs mixed with a little finely minced parsley.

SCOTCH SCONES:—One quart flour, 1 teaspoonful sugar, 1/2 teaspoonful salt, 2 teaspoonfuls Royal Baking Powder, 1 large tablespoonful lard, 2 eggs, nearly a pint of milk.

Sift together flour, sugar, salt, and powder; rub in lard cold; add beaten eggs and milk, mix into dough smooth and just consistent enough to handle; flour the board, turn out the dough, give one or two quick kneadings to complete its smoothness, roll it out with rolling pin to 1/2 an inch in thickness, cut with sharp knife into squares larger than soda crackers fold each in half to form three cornered pieces; bake on hot griddle eight or ten minutes brown on both sides.

Mrs. B. F. D.

Will the Ladies of the HOME JOURNAL try the following receipt, I have had help from these columns and so would like to help a little.

BROWN BREAD:—One cup corn meal, one cup flour, two-thirds cup molasses, two-thirds teaspoonful soda, little salt.

Water enough to make medium batter which will be enough to half fill two well greased baking powder (pound) cans, put on cover, steam two hours, set in oven half-hour, let stand a few minutes before taking off cover (which must be greased as well as can.) Turn bottom side up and they will slide out easily; and unless I am mistaken you will have some loaves of Brown Bread you will be proud of, as well as easily made.

Mrs. C. D. Z., PLANO, ILLS.

SQUASH CAKES:—1 pint sifted flour (generous), 1 cup dry squash, 2 tablespoonfuls sugar, 1 egg, butter size of walnut, little salt, 2 teaspoons Royal baking powder.

Mix with sweet milk to consistency of muffins, bake in muffin tins twenty minutes.

Sift flour, sugar, salt and powder together, rub in butter, beat up squash and egg with little milk and turn into flour, add more milk as required.

Mrs. B. F. D.

SPANISH CREAM:—One-quarter box gelatine, one pint of milk, yolks of three eggs, one-half cup of sugar. Stir the gelatine, eggs and sugar into boiling milk; flavor with vanilla. Beat the whites to a stiff froth, and stir in lightly.

EDITOR L. H. J.—I have tried many of the excellent recipes found in the columns of the L. H. J. with good results and wish to ask if any one can give me the recipe for "potted fish"—also how to retain the crispness of ginger-snaps and freshly fried oysters, potatoes, fish etc., and very much oblige a JOURNAL Sister.

E. W. L.

"Harry's wife" can "whip cream" by beating thick sweet cream with a Dover Egg Beater or silver fork, but the former is the easier and quicker method.

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[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL] SELECT STYLES.

Latest Fancies in Choice Millinery. Bonnets and Handsome Hats. Artistic Stoles. Lovely Tea-Gowns. Exquisite Opera Robes and Modest Church Coats. Novelties in Wraps. Luminous Gowns. Opening Gleanings in Philadelphia and New York.

BY MRS. JAMES H. LAMBERT.

It is comparatively easy for a fashionably to recall and describe the admired of an approved hat or bonnet, but more than ordinary capacities for seeing, drawing and delineating, are required by one who is expected in a single sketch to the leading characteristics of new and styles as defined in some fifty thousand recently exhibited at the Grand opening in Philadelphia, New York, Brooklyn and

Two thousand handsome head covered mosaic millinery in Wanamaker's colors, and, after a despairing effort to formations, relief comes in the shape of one from Harold Brydges' "Uncle Sam" as varied in shape as the feathers of a peacock. Spiral, circular, triangular, oval, orbicular, cuneiform, fusiform, curviform, polygonal, multilateral, aucted, hooked, conchoidal, heart-shaped, pear-shaped, oblique, flat—each of which there's a name, and many of which there are none, does this mysterious assume. Ribbons, flowers and underlaid disorder, together with laces and g ornaments, creating a quaint, coming frame to the picture-like beautiful woman.

The new hats have low crown and, but others, like La Tosca, show, as in a hat with high, squarish crown, just a little curled up. A specimen of this style is in color, the straw hat being in the with full trimming of steel ribbons, the side with ornament of cut to the left of the front is a dove, its head nearly touches the brim and tail extend above the crown. with a larger square crown, has riously twisted, and is trimmed with long ostrich plumes, which back of the neck, and quite a is in golden-brown straw; its in front and is slightly turned and it is trimmed with a drab velvet, and a tuft of others is placed on the top of

Low crown are in favor, and very pretty and very becoming. Hats are now rarely seen in any come in all kinds of fancy or three kinds and colors or the hue being incorporated in ribbons, laces and flowers are bonnets of straws, and nets are also called into service. The rich shapes consists of a huge, at the back. The bonnet or metallic leaves, placed and round the top, inside front is a bunch of flowers, tirely of leaves and flowers hile dainty little creations, with light trimmings in gauze ribbons and flowers. black lace show ruffles or l, and between the double and clusters of roses and ed flowers are placed. As as the border of the most ses, with stems and fo-

TOILETTES.

The high-class modiste, the me dressmaker to do? is naturally comes to the vly through the miles of mes shown this season of fashion; and never ive than now, or more ves have disappeared, oced vulgar, pull-backs oten, and only the me-at top back of skirt—a graceful slope above wire bustle, which sus-improves the appear-ans to remind us of the e deforming cushion— dress accessory, real-ting to the body, and of weight and warmth

Models from celebrated it must be confessed t home modistes were pleasing styles, and great advantage of the importations. nations characterized of Lewis S. Cox, and ace was a particular-oss-green Henrietta, shirred front of old bands of luminous

bead passementerie, and finish of rich lace. Another of these pretty, fanciful dresses, in India silk, had front of lace, with loops and bows of ribbon.

The most dainty dresses for Summer wear, are of China silk, showing lovely ground shadings and odd figures, these fancy fabrics being beautifully made up in conjunction with plain or self-colored soft silks, and trimmed with lace, picot-edged or velvet ribbon in quite another color from the dress material; and again, in the same Moorish parlors, were shown church or visiting costumes of silk and Henrietta and other soft woolen stuffs, with stylishly made up models of the useful and convenient elastic suits, self-finished, with velvet combinations, or trimmed with decorative braid.

A real French gem at Wanamaker's was in the richest *faulle Francaise* in an odd golden fawn shade. The underskirt was arranged in deep box plaits in front, with a full gathered back. Falling over this skirt were graceful folds of very fine silk Spanish lace artistically looped at the back. The right side of skirt was adorned with a fall of jet lace, while a fold festoon of silk started from the right side front, and was carried down, and then up, around the black lace at left side, where it was secured near the back draperies of lace. The silken corsage was covered with lace peculiarly put on, being plaited at back, from shoulders to waist-line. In front was a fullness of lace under a shield of jet; below this a Spanish corsage of silk was bordered at top and bottom with band of cut jet passementerie, and the collar was of passementerie to match. The sleeves were slightly full on the shoulders, with puff of silk lace at wrist and *faulle Francaise* band below and over lace.

An evening dress of cream Brussels net was fancifully trimmed on lower skirt and draperies with perpendicular lines of cream satin ribbon, ending in double loops. The waist and sleeves were tucked and each tuck was headed with band of ribbon. Bows were on the shoulders and wherever the skirt was draped.

Some of the newest dresses are being made just now with the fronts plaited slantways and crossed at the waist under a deep belt, the plain space at the middle being filled up with a plastron of *faulle* or *surah*. Shopping, visiting and church costumes are seen with short mantles of the same material. The dress usually falls in soft folds of some thin or light-weight woolen goods over a silken or Velutina skirt. It is slightly draped on the left side to show the underskirt. The mantle is short to the waist, fitting at the back, loose in front, with sling sleeves. It is of the woolen fabric and is trimmed with velvet ribbon in the color of the skirt.

Velutina looks like Lyons velvet, as it has the same pile and lustrous surface finish, but it is far more serviceable than the silken texture, and much less expensive—two desirable qualifications. In the Fall only certain shades were introduced, while among the Spring and Summer lines of Velutina are odd tones of all colors, and delicate tints in cream, pink, blue, together with mode, drab, steel, and the Gobelin and other old tones.

DRESS WRAPS.

The outside coverings for the Summer months are neat, stylish and useful, on the one hand, while another class of wraps embraces pretty toilette accessories in small *vetements* put on as finish to an elegant costume. In the immense varieties exhibited are the long cloaks—the Newmarkets and Raglans in checked, striped and plaided foreign and domestic cloths, and then there are coats that completely cover and protect the dress, and are suitable for travelling, which are made of the new gray silk-warp Tamise, a material not easily soiled, which is not injured by dampness, will not stay crushed, and is entirely dust proof—most essential qualifications for the materials of garments intended to be worn in all weathers. These Tamise long cloaks are lined or faced with black or colored soft silks or *surahs*, and are entirely without trimming, except the buttons, which are handsome, but generally plain. Some imported models of long cloaks are in redingote form, with pockets and cord girdles, and others, of fancy cloth, are finished off with a plaited or gathered pelerine, and a straight collar of velvet.

The newest models in short mantles are made to fit the figure almost as closely as jackets, but they look like mantles because they have long, pointed ends in front, and then the sleeves are joined to the back of the *vetement*, just as the mantle sleeves are, and elegant visites have open Juive sleeves of silk or velvet, with puffed sleeves of lace underneath them, corresponding in style with the long plaited lace mantelet ends in front. For warm days there are count-

SHARPLESS BROTHERS,

Warm Weather Specialties.

Plain and figured China Silks, 75 leading colors, new designs, splendid qualities, 60c. 75c. \$1.00 and \$1.25 a yard. Plain, striped, checked and figured *Surahs*, 50c. 75c. 90c. and \$1.00 a yard. Summer Silks, all colors, checks and stripes, 40c. 50c. 75c. \$1.00, \$1.25 a yard. China Crepe, 63c. worth \$1.00 a yard. Black and Colored Velvets, 52c. 55c. \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2.00 and up to \$8.00 a yard. Black and White Stripe Velvet, 68c. a yard. Bonnet's Perfection Black Silks, superior, \$1.00, \$1.18, \$1.45, 1.79 and \$2.15 a yard. Black *Surah*, 75c. \$1.00, \$1.25. *Armure de Lyon*, \$1.00, \$1.25. B. Priestley's Black Silk-warp Tamise, Clairette, Princetta, Feather and Convent Cloth, \$1.00, \$1.25 and \$1.50 a yard. Black silk and wool lace, for entire dresses or combinations, light, strong, durable, and dressy, 50c. a yard. Wool, Henriettes, new shades, 75c. \$1.00. Silk-warp Henriettes, \$1.25 and \$1.35 a yard. Serge Suitings, all colors, 50c. 75c. and \$1.00 a yard. English Cloths, \$1.00, \$1.25. Sponged Domestic Cloths, 75c. \$1.00 a yard. Tricot Cloth in spring shades, 50c. a yard. Entirely New Printed Dimity, 40c. a yard. Royal Satines, 12 1/2c. Saratoga Suitings, 12 1/2c. Ladies Muslin, 12 1/2c. a yard. Choice lines of French Satines and Scotch Ginghams, 25c. 35c. 50c. a yard. Crushed Roses in leading colors, 45c. a bunch worth \$1.25. Ostrich Tips in black, white, and colors, 45c. a bunch worth \$1.25. Fichus and Summer Shawls, all prices. Towels, Table Linen, Bed Furnishings, and Summer Draperies, for in and out of town houses. SPECIAL—On Goods bought by us at low figures, and sold at small profit, the customer reaps the advantage, and to save the House of the Patrons from actual loss, the cost of transportation must be paid by the purchaser. For estimates, samples, and summer Price List write to SHARPLESS BROTHERS, Chestnut & Eighth Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

DRESS CUTTING

is made very easy if you have one of the Mme. Demorest Dress Charts with book of instructions. All of the Mme. Demorest patterns are cut by this chart, which accounts for their superiority and world wide reputation. A child can learn to cut with this system. Lady Langton writes, "Have tried all cutting systems; bought yours a few years ago, and have used no other since. It is very easy to learn and by far the best, as well as much the cheapest system."

DEMOREST FASHION & SEWING MACHINE CO.,

17 East 14th Street, New York.

less capes, crossed fichus, small mantillas with half-pelerine, sleeves, and coquettish little *vetements* in jacket form, with loose sleeves to the elbow, and long ends of plaited lace passed under a band at the waist.

An exceedingly stylish shoulder wrap in rich black silk has point in back and front of dark and light cut steel beads, with sparkling pendants. The shoulders are covered with a netting of illuminated beads, and the arm pieces are finished with a fringe to match. The silken parts are outlined with beaded bands, and the front finishes are *en suite*. Another small confection of dark brown grenadine is embroidered all over with illuminated golden brown beads. A full fan back is of Spanish guipure lace, the collar and vest of velvet, edged and ornamented with brilliant beads.

FABRICS AND FANCIES.

China, India and *surah*; silks in self colors, and showing all manner of unique and pleasing designs, are in great demand not only because they are very pretty, but because they are comparatively inexpensive. Silk foulards and bengalines also claim a share of popularity, and the plain varieties are accompanied by others, with ground in same color, with stripes, spots and flowers in other shades or hues.

In woolen materials the lovely silk-warp Henriettes in exquisite shades are largely used, also Priestley's gray silk-warp Henrietta, Tamise and Clairette, which come in all the dark and silvery gray shadings, with medium slate gray. Then there are *mousseline de laines*, *voiles*, wool armures and bengalines, with challis and other dainty fabrics. Some small figured goods are shown, but the fancy appears to be for large designs.

Velvets are among the favored fabrics for costumes intended to be worn throughout the entire Summer. A great trouble is the frailty of Lyons silk velvet, as well as its high cost, hence the general desire to know of a worthy substitute. Velutina was introduced last year, and as it looked so nearly like Lyons silk velvet that it was often mistaken for its costly cousin, it was bought and worn by many elegant ladies, and proved so satisfactory in wear and good looks that a demand was created for the same material in novel hues and delicate tones suitable for evening wear and tea gowns, as well as for costumes and dresses. Among the recent importations in Velutinas are rose-leaf pinks, pale sky blues, steels, modes and browns, together with dark shades of all the popular colors.

Some time ago we wrote of a glass fabric for dresses. Now it is announced that paper underclothing promises to be a success. It is said to be strong, light, and looks like the finest lace linen. However, sensible ladies will cling to the domestic cotton cloths which are now superior to the favored foreign brands of past years. For handsome underwear and dainty garments for children, the Imperial cambric is specially adapted, for it is very fine, soft, evenly woven and beautifully finished. Garments of this (Concluded on opposite page.)

SOMETHING NEW AT RIDLEY'S.

A Catalogue of Costumes and Accessories, for Theatricals and Athletics sent Free.

Pretty but inexpensive materials for Masquerade, Fancy Ball, Fruit and Flower Festival Toilets, in the city or country, and at the seaside. Satins all colors, 39c. 50c. 58c. 68c. and 84c. a yard. Velvets black and in colors, 75c. \$1.00, \$1.50 to \$5.00. Velutina a new, useful and durable velvet pile, lustrous material in street colors for costumes and tints for Evening Dresses, 75c. \$1.00 and \$1.25 a yard. Colored Moire Silks, 97c. and \$1.25. Pompadour and plain India Silks, Foulards and *Surahs*, also Summer Silks in checks and stripes. All qualities, all prices. Laces and Nets for Draperies and Trimmings, Bead Passementeries, Gold, Silver and Colored Braids. Ridley's Celebrated Black Silks, Rhadames and Gros Grain, 87c. 97c. \$1.17, \$1.27, \$1.47, \$1.67 and \$2.00 a yard. Wool Materials, 25c. 40c. 60c. 75c. to \$1.00 a yard. Cotton Goods, 5c. 7c. 10c. 12 1/2c. 25c. 35c. to 50c. a yard. The May Number of Ridley's Millinery Designer, price 25 cents contains Approved and Popular Styles in Hats and Bonnets, for Early Summer and Mid-Summer Wear, in stylish head covering for dressy occasions, and Hats for Seaside and Mountain Excursions. Novelties in shapes, and odd Decorations.

Ridley's Fashion Magazine,

50 cents a year, 15 cents a single number.

This Quarterly Journal is full of seasonable suggestions with reliable price lists, and illustrations of every line of articles needed for Dress and Family use. For Catalogue of Theatrical and Athletic Costumes, Millinery Designer, and Fashion Magazine, also samples write to

E. RIDLEY & SONS, Grand and Allen Sts., New York.

Please mention the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL in letter of advice.

SPRING STYLES.

Stockinet Jackets, \$2.75 to \$2.00. In black, colors, stripes and checks. Cloth Jackets, 2.50 to 30.00. Raglans, 6.00 to 40.00. Newmarkets, 5.50 to 25.00. Beaded Wraps, 7.50 to 35.00. Jerseys, 1.00 to 45.00. Ladies' Black embroidered Fichus, 5.00 to 30.00. "Star" Shirt Waists—sizes 4 to 18 years. White, muslin, with linen collar and cuffs, \$1.00; All linen, \$1.35; Colored, unlaundried Percalé, plaid back and front, 50c; Percalé finer quality, 85c; Pacific Percalé, \$1.00; French Percalé, \$1.35; Oxford, \$1.65; Flannel, \$1.25, \$2.00, \$2.25. Full line Boy's Kilt and Pant Suits. CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT. Flannel Suits (1 piece) 4 to 12 years, \$4.00 to 10.00. Flannel Suits (2 piece) 4 to 12 years, 4.25 to 7.50. Gingham Suits 2 to 14 years, 1.00 to 10.00. White Suits 2 to 14 years, 1.25 to 15.00. Girls' Reefing Jackets 2 to 12 years, 2.75 to 7.00. Misses Stylish Jackets 12 to 16 years, 3.50 to 12.00. A full line of Infants' Wear.

LEWIS S. COX,

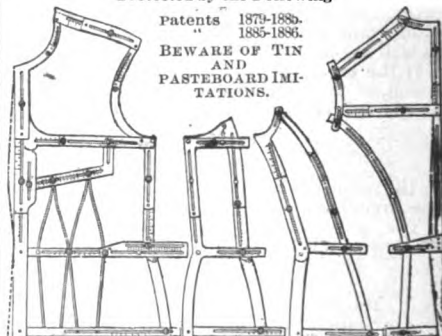
1290 Chestnut St., PHILADELPHIA, PA.



Are the best BLACK GROS GRAIN DRESS SILKS. To introduce them, we will retail at factory price, ONE DOLLAR PER YARD, express prepaid; as good as are usually sold at \$1.50. Send two cents postage for sample. RAVEN SILK COMPANY, 144 Monroe Street, Chicago, Ill.



NEARLY 30,000 DRESSMAKERS NOW PROCLAIM THIS WONDERFUL MACHINE To be the Only Improvement on the Tailor's Square Ever Invented. Protected by the Following



SHOW THIS TO YOUR DRESSMAKER In the age of rapid and artistic work this Machine is a NECESSITY. It lasts a lifetime, and drafts directly on the lining ALL ladies' garments perfectly from ACTUAL MEASURE IN ONE-FIFTH the usual time. Within the reach of all; it is a great boon to dressmakers and apprentices. It prevents fullness at bottom of front darts in princesses and polonaises, cuts the French bias, and performs work in a few moments that otherwise requires hours. Its success is unprecedented, and thousands have thanked us for allowing them to test Machine FREE OF CHARGE. You may test Machine at your own home for 30 days FREE OF CHARGE. After 30 days' trial, if not worth 10 TIMES our asking price, then return it. Send now for VALUABLE ILLUSTRATED CIRCULAR and LIBERAL OFFER, FREE. THE MCDOWELL GARMENT DRAFTING MACHINE CO., 6 West 14th St., New York City, SOLE MANUFACTURERS, Mention this paper.

RACME A complete garment worn under the corset or flannels, protecting the clothing from perspiration. Cheaper than dress shields, one pair doing the work of six. Misses' bust measure, 28-33, \$1.50 Ladies' " " " 34-39, 1.00 M. DEWEY, Mfr., 229 Marshfield Ave., CHICAGO. Send money by P. O. order. WANTED.

Patent Improved Lotta Bustle.

The Only Perfect Folding Bustle. For elegance of style it has no equal. Warranted to infallibly regain its shape on release of pressure, and cannot get displaced while in wear, like other folding bustles. Be sure that "Improved Lotta" is stamped on each Bustle. If not sold by your dealers we will send post-paid a 5 spring for 50c. or 7 spring for 63c. Columbia Rubber Co., Sole Mfr's, Boston, Mass.

Wanamaker's

The store is alive with activity. The hum of business at the Dress Goods counters is as cheery as a grasshopper's song in June. Life everywhere, bustle everywhere.

Hints from here and there among the seasonable Dress Materials. Summer Cloths in variety, plain, checked, and mixed White-capped Challis, 20 to 60c. Albatross and Velling, 50c. to \$1; creamy Cashmere, 50c. to \$1.25. Silk-and-wool Gloriosa, \$1.25 to \$1.50; shimmering Mohair, 50c; and so on to the white fancies for infants' Outing Cloaks. Then that little world of cottons: Ginghams 10 to 50c., Sateens 10 to 37 1/2c., Chintzes 7 to 12 1/2c., Seersuckers 5 to 25c., Batiste 12 1/2c., Crazy Crepe 12 1/2c.—every one a trade triumph. India Silks. The light-weight, wide exquisitely fine stuffs that of late have won their way with women of taste. Plain shades alone, 84 colorings and 42 different designs, 75c. to \$1.50. Satin-figures on white and ecru grounds, \$1.25. Black India Silk firm, close and even, 29 inch, \$1.50. Black at \$1.00 and \$1.25 if you choose. Pongee Silk, real dustless shantung, \$5.00 the piece of 19 or 20 yards. *Surahs*, plaids, checks, and stripes, 19 to 24 inch, 75 to \$1.50. Pure Dye, pure silk Black *Surah*, \$1.00.

Send a letter for samples or goods; our mail order buyers use taste and judgment in making selections for you. JOHN WANAMAKER, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

5 CLAIMS FOR MADAME FOY'S Skirt Supporting CORSET



1. Skirt Supporter. 2. Health. 3. Comfort. 4. Perfect Fit. 5. Modern Shape. BY MAIL \$1.30. Foy, Harmon & Chadwick, NEW HAVEN, CT. USE BROOK'S COTTON, Suits all machine and Hand Sewing. GLACE AND SOFT FINISH. 50 Cents Per Dozen. The Cheapest Because it is the Best



SELECT STYLES.

(Concluded from opposite page.)

muslin are neatly trimmed with fine embroideries, laces, and ruffles of the material, or Imperial cambric is made up in conjunction with the tucked and lace woven cambric in the same quality.

No material will be more popular for general wear and for full dress than black silk, and really a dress of good black silk is by no means expensive, for while elaborate decorations are often used upon an elegant toilette, many quite as stylish gowns are made entirely without trimming. Domestic black silks wear better than the imported brands, *par example*, the Raven black silk, in superior black, sells at \$1.125, \$1.50, and it is said that they do not shine, wear out in folds or creases, or rumple. Trimmed with black silk lace, Ochantilly or Spanish, a dress of Raven black silk can be worn upon the most dressy festival occasions.

The newest ribbons are striped or ribbed, and the most fashionable color is a shade of pale yellow, with a pink tinge, called *peau de nymphe*, the name being applied to a particular kind of silk as well as to the color. Another novelty is the Opaline ribbon, which is really in marvelous colorings, being so exquisitely shaded that it shows the lovely opal tints.

For information thanks are due John Wanamaker, Sharpless Brothers, Lewis S. Cox, Philadelphia; E. Ridley & Sons, New York. For samples of gros grain silks we thank The Raven Silk Co., 144 Monroe Street, Chicago, and for samples of Imperial and other cambric muslins, thanks are due King Philip Mills, Worth Street, New York.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"J. E. T." Mullet Lake; "Mrs. Charles Springer," and dozens of others:—Scarcely a day passes but letters reach us asking for information about systems of dress-cutting, good-fitting, and charts. To glean facts upon such points visits were made to the most reliable establishments in New York and Philadelphia, and from the obliging head of each manufacturing department many valuable ideas were gleaned in regard to the science of dressmaking. Fact first is that the most expert cutter and fitter of artistic gowns uses no system, she simply throws the cloth—unbleached muslin for her pattern—over the shoulder of the lady, pins in the seams, blocks and cuts out half the waist, and from this model she fashions a perfect-fitting, elegant bodice. Other artists cut by systems, but some who fit dresses beautifully use the very charts that our readers say they cannot understand. Hence we can only say, any system clearly learned will aid the earnest worker; but, like every other employment, dressmaking requires much practice to ensure desired perfection.

"Mrs. McAdoo," Texas:—Six girls to dress, and most of your sewing to do by hand! How do you manage? Why don't you buy ready-made underclothes? You are right. You should not have paid more than 8 cents a yard for the muslin. Why, for 12 cents a yard you can get a beautiful quality of King Philip cambric muslin, a grade suitable for ladies' and children's underwear and other home purposes. For making handsome undergarments, dresses, aprons, and dressing robes and sacques a superior material is the "Imperial" cambric, which is wider, finer and sheerer than the other white fabric. It laundries beautifully, and is largely used in manufactories as foundation for the all-over tuckings and lace designs, which are used to form yokes, sleeves and other decorative parts of children's, misses', and ladies' dresses and other garments. Samples of King Philip cambric and Imperial cambric can be obtained by sending request and stamp direct to King Philip Mills, Worth Street, New York City.

"L. C.":—After bathing, dust a little dry powdered borax under your arms, and in a short time all unpleasant odor will be removed.

"A.," Streator:—Chantilly lace is lighter and finer than Spanish guipure, but either will do to drape over your black satin skirt. Yes, you can use surah for your waist. If your arms are pretty and plump, you need not line the sleeves.

"Mrs. M. L. A.":—Such dresses are not worn to church in the city. In country places and at the seaside they are used for afternoon and evening wear. Yes, you can trim back as you suggest.

"Dolly L. W.":—Misses of fifteen may wear dresses with skirt long enough to reach to the top of the walking shoe. If your hair comes out, or is thin, by all means have it shingled.

"Mrs. F. D. M.":—There are three such journals—*Le Journal des Modes*, *Le Moniteur de La Mode*, published in London, and *Le Guide de La Mode*, the newest, is published in Paris.

"Mrs. C. M.":—There is no prettier way of making up lace dresses than the one you suggest.

"Mrs. Ed. M.":—Silk-warp or all-wool Henrietta in brown would do to combine with your silk.

"Amateur Actor":—There used to be such a house on Fourteenth Street, New York, but it is not there now. You can, however, find out what you wish to know by writing for an Illustrated Catalogue of Costumes and Accessories for Theatricals and Athletes, to E. Ridley & Sons, Grand and Allen Streets, New

York. Ask in the same letter for samples of Velutina at 75 cts., \$1.00, and \$1.25 a yard in the colors you desire for your tournament and masquerade costumes. Velutina looks like Lyons silk velvet, and being far more durable, will answer your purpose better than the expensive material. Yes, you can get all kinds of gilt and silver braids from the same house. For other information read fashion article in this issue, and in writing to our advertisers, please mention the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

"Mrs. Chester," Scranton:—For little boys of from four to ten years of age, and youths of thirteen, I find the "Star" shirt waists most correct in proportion and made of the best wearing materials. On page 10 in the May number of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL you will find price list of "Star" shirt waists.

"Mrs. F. C. Alger," Lowell, Mich., wants to know where to get materials and directions for making flowers of tissue paper, and "Mrs. C. A. T." writes to ask where Japanese napkins and table-cloths may be found. Write to the Dennison Manufacturing Co., 630 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, for pamphlet on the "Uses of Tissue Paper." They also keep the desired Japanese goods.

"E. L. Scott":—Silver gray is one of the fashionable colors. By reading fashion article and advertisements, on this and the opposite page, you will find out all you need to know about Spring and Summer millinery.

"Clara B. French," Aurora, Neb.:—Should think you could procure repairs of your machine by applying to New Home Sewing Machine Co., 30 Union Square, New York. They doubtless keep repairs of old machines; if not, they can tell you where they can be found.

[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.]
DRESS REFORM.

BY FANNIE P. GAY

A distinguished author, a woman, writes from New York to the Boston *Journal* on the subject of Dress Reform and laments most lugubriously "the pinched waist, the bunchy tounure and the iron-moulded gown."

It seems a pity, when all the intellect, culture and ingenuity of the age are needed to bring about this much to-be-desired reform in dress, that so much of talent and force should be spent in crying down the good which has been already accomplished. It is, by far, too common, this habit of speaking disparagingly of the modern style of dress.

Did Caesar, when he fought his battles, gain courage for greater victories by lamenting and bewailing past conquests? Never! The remembrance of success already attained, spurred him on to greater effort. So, while we are working for improvement in this matter of dress, let us take heart from what we have gained thus far, and not make a bad matter worse.

For my own part, I do not share in the wholesale condemnation of the prevalent mode of dress. I think a woman can be comfortable and handsomely clothed if she wishes, and not be out of style. It is not true, that the pinched waist is the rule and not the exception, even in fashionable circles—These blue-stockings (and they are very blue) happen to see a foolish virgin with an hour-glass form and straightway all the women of Christendom are lacing themselves to death.

It is a well known fact that Worth refuses to fit a gown for a woman with a wasp waist, as the harmonious lines of the figure are destroyed; and women are too well-informed generally, and know too well what the results of tight-lacing are to practice it. Tight lacing has been relegated to shop-girls and the ignorant classes. No woman of sense or taste will compress her waist for she knows she neither looks nor is well.

Let us see if we cannot robe a woman of to-day so she will be comfortable and charming. First we will put upon her, a combination under garment, all wool—for it is in winter-time,—warm close-fitting and connected together. Then we will put on a pair of soft woolen stockings. The supporters of these stockings are simply straps over the shoulders, fastened together just below the hip and from which, are elastic suspender with buckles holds the stocking. No strain on the stomach or hips and no tight bandage about the leg.

Then the corset if she wishes; we should be better satisfied if she left it off but if she cares for it, we will put on one of those corsets without steels or whalebones, resembling a corded waist more than any thing else. We will suppose, to begin with, that she is a woman and not an ignoramus, so of course it will not be tight or uncomfortable.

Now the corset-cover with buttons, at the waist-line, on which are buttoned the bustle, and underskirts. Yes, the poor berated bustle, long-suffering and much-abused. This one is not a pad of cotton or hair, but is constructed of braided wire or torsion springs and is light, airy and comfortable. Lastly, the dress skirt with its long graceful folds and full draperies, and the dress waist, which, by the way, is not endowed with sleeves as tight as the integument, nor a collar to remind one of the old-fashioned stocks for criminals.

The middle back seam and darts under the arms are furnished with loops at the waist-line, which by means of buttons on the skirt binding remove all the weight of the skirt from the hips and make life endurable. All her clothing as will be seen, hangs from her shoulders, with no pressure upon the waist or hips.

Now we will put on a becoming hat and outside garment—oh! we have forgotten her boots; Here we have kept the poor dear in her stocking-feet all this time—Never mind she is no hot-house flower and can endure a slight exposure. She shall have some broad, low-heeled boots, easy and comfortable to walk in. Now she is arrayed—Does she not look well? She certainly feels well and is well. Of course, if a woman wants to be uncomfortable, there is no law to prevent, and she will not, I am sorry to say, have to try very hard. She can wear cumbersome steels in her skirts, carry a heavy weight of clothing on her hips, wear high-heeled, tight boots and Oh! me, the catalogue is unlimited,—and be deliciously miserable. But there's no need of it, and it is her own fault it she does.

It is safe to say that a hundred years from now, perhaps in a shorter time, our granddaughters and grand-neices will laugh at some of our costumes of to-day.

Oh! if it were only against the law for a woman to make herself hideous! and hideous some of us certainly are. Why must a woman wear a bustle as big as a molasses cask when one of moderate size would look ninety per cent better? Why will she wear boots that make her mein as ungraceful as an ostrich, and cause one to gaze in fear and trembling, for fear she will topple over, when she could be comfortable, graceful and safe? And so on ad infinitum. And no amount of science and hygiene preached into such women will make them any different. Some women will exaggerate a style which is beauty itself, into ugliness, and some will be uncomfortable in the most hygienic of gowns, in spite of all you can do or say. But Sisters mine and Brothers too, for I take it for granted the brothers read the L. H. J., please don't condemn the whole sex for the sins of, I hope, the few. We are not all uncomfortable, nor all hideous, and do give us credit for what we have attained and while shouting "Excellior," don't disparage the heights already won.

NORWOOD, MASS.

[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.]

SCRIBBLER'S LETTERS TO GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS AND JULIA, HIS WIFE.

SECOND SERIES. NO. X.

BY MRS. EMMA C. HEWITT.

Upon my word, Julia, when you talk (I was going to say, as only you can talk, except that there are plenty more like you, more's the pity) one would imagine that you were the one woman in the world who possessed a husband, a household or children. Your children, believe me, aren't half so interesting to other people, for either their good deeds or their bad, or yet for their smart sayings, as they are to you; nor are they one tenth as interesting as are their own children to themselves (and as they fondly imagine, to others).

I just listened to you the other evening, when you were talking to that poor little new neighbor of yours, why you fairly took her breath away. The poor thing actually looked dizzy when you were done with her. You did not talk loudly but you just kept up one steady stream about "my husband," "my children," "my kitchen," "my nurse," till I thought I should go wild. Once in a while, the poor little neighbor *did* try to tell some of her experiences, as a propos to some of yours, but it was all of no effect. She was swept away in the torrent of your eloquence (?) if an egotistical uninvited dissertation on one's own personal experience can be so termed.

But you were "come up with" *once*, I think, well, and very deservedly too. You seem to think that *your* way is the way.

Do you remember Mrs. Perriwrinkle's reply when you spoke to her about her method of hemming towels? No? Well I'll repeat it to you, and do, for goodness' sake, try to remember it this time. It was a good lesson and you should labor to remember the good lessons you receive, Julia. But I've noticed frequently that people's memories are not *half* so good as their "forgetteries," in such cases.

You have a first-rate "forgettery," Julia, for unpleasant subjects.

Well, as I was about to remind you, you said to Mrs. Perriwrinkle, in your most arrogant (and I should think, offensive) way, "What do you hem your towels that way for? I don't."

Mrs. Perriwrinkle did not look up from her work—she raised neither her eyes, nor her voice—she just said, very quietly, "Don't you? I do." Then she raised her eyes and looked you calmly and squarely in the face for half a second, and then resumed her work, as quietly as she had dropped it. It was the best thing I've seen for a long time. And the reproof was given in such a lady-like way too. I'm sorry it did not have more effect.

Your way may suit you better, but that is no

"THE RETROGRADE."
(TRADE MARK.)
Silk Lace and Jersey Mitts.
Sewed with the patented Retrograde stitch, cannot Ravel or Rip. Best material, Best make.
ASK FOR THE
RETROGRADE MITTS.
A. G. JENNINGS & SONS,
62 & 64 Greene St., New York.
Sold by all leading Retail Houses.

WARREN'S Corsets.
Boned with Featherbone. Absolutely Unbreakable.

Why You Should Change from Others to Us.

You buy Dry Goods, Nick-Nacks "Notions," and what not, all the time. You either buy them in your own town or you don't; the "don't's" are the ones we're after—after those who order by mail from the big stores in the big cities. Every wide-awake store in every big city reaches out for a lion's share of your trade. Every store, we're willing to believe, strives to be fair and prompt, else they'd lose your confidence and custom; so you see we aren't a mite more honest than other folks—other stores.

Very Often, Though, one store possesses much greater facilities than another; infinitely greater assortments; lower prices, because less grasping for greedy profits; quicker in filling and despatching goods: careful about having nothing sent out that isn't fresh, new, stylish, trustworthy; we think we are that one store—we earnestly promise all these rare advantages.

Besides, we pay postage on all goods in the fifty-two distinct departments, except on such offices won't pass. If you would like to have us at your

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reason that some one's else way, may not suit them better, nor is it any reason that others should drop their own methods and adopt yours.

Believe me, Julia, there are few things more ill bred than "talking shop" as it is called. A lady once said to me, "O dear! I do get so tired of 'dry-goods,' you know Papa and my husband are in the wholesale dry-goods business and its just 'dry-goods,' 'dry-goods,' 'dry-goods' all the time, from the time they come home in the evening, until they go away in the morning. I do wish they'd talk about something else."

The poor little woman found it very monotonous, and so did all their visitors.

Must women never discuss household affairs? How are they to learn from each other if they do not talk about them?

By all means, women must discuss household affairs, otherwise there would be no means of their learning from each other. But do you, can you honestly call it *discussion* when you occupy all the time telling of the way you do things, without giving the others a chance to say anything; and, way down deep in your heart, did you not start out in this discussion (?) with the distinct, though unavowed, purpose of *teaching everything and learning nothing?*

Again, I say, try to remember that *your* house, *your* husband *your* children and above all *your* methods, and *views* (for the first three may have acquired an individual interest, entirely apart from any connection with you,) while they are of immense importance and interest to your individual self, but as a drop in the bucket in the estimation of other house-wives, as compared to their *own* husbands, their *own* children, their *own* households, and above all their *own* ways and views.

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

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

TO CORRESPONDENTS:—All inquiries about flowers and their culture will be cheerfully answered to the best of my ability in the columns of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, when they are of general interest. Those of personal character, and not of general interest, will be answered by mail, provided a stamped envelope is sent in reply; and not otherwise. If an immediate reply is desired, it can only be obtained by mail, as the matter of the paper is made up several weeks in advance of date, and any reply which comes through the paper will necessarily be delayed. In asking questions about plants which you have failed to grow successfully, tell what kind of culture you have given them, and this will often enable the editor to get at the difficulty, and give you the information you require.

Send all letters direct to the address given below, and not to the office of publication. EBEN E. REXFORD, SHILOH, WIS.

The Best Flower for the House.

I am constantly in receipt of inquiries from beginners in floriculture as to the "best plant for growing and blooming in the house." While it is a difficult matter to answer a question like this satisfactorily when there are so many fine plants for house-culture, I generally advise the questioner to begin with the Geranium.

My reasons for doing this are good ones. In the first place, the Geranium is not one of the "particular" plants. It will grow well in almost any kind of soil. It will stand dust, and drought, and dry air, and great changes of temperature. In the second place, it blooms profusely, and for a great share of the season. In the third place it is a flower of great beauty, and no other flower has such variety of color and shades of color. You can have scarlet of the most intense brilliancy, or scarlet of the softest tint. You can have white, and pink, and salmon varieties, and among the crimson runs riot. And you can have single flowers, or double ones, as your taste inclines you. And another good thing to be said of the Geranium is that it is seldom troubled with any of the "ills that plants are heir to" in the shape of insects. The aphids, the scale and the mealy bug will not take up their habitations among them if there is any other plant for them to feed on.

I have said that this plant will do well in almost any soil, but it will do so much better in a soil especially adapted to its liking that it is well worth while to take the trouble to obtain the proper material for it. I have found the best soil to be one composed of two parts turfy loam, dug from under the sods of old pastures, one part thoroughly rotted manure, preferably from a cow-yard, and one part sharp sand. If these ingredients are well mixed you will have a soil that is rich and light; one which the roots of the plants will penetrate easily, which will not retain too much water, and which will not become close and impervious to the free admission of water.

In potting the plants, you cannot be too careful about providing perfect drainage. The Geranium does not like a soil that retains a great deal of water, and most soils will do this, unless the drainage of the pot is good.

Put an inch or two of brick or pottery broken into pieces as large as a cent, into the bottom of each pot over five inches across. If you have sphagnum moss at hand, or cocoa fibre, spread some of this over the brick or pottery, to prevent the soil from washing down into the crevices. More persons fail to grow plants well from a neglect of proper drainage than from any other cause, I am convinced. They seem to think it unnecessary, as the water will run off through the hole in the bottom of the pot. But it frequently happens that this hole becomes completely stoppered up after a little and the surplus water stands in the bottom of the pot till the soil is soured, and then disease sets in. Drainage must be attended to if you would grow fine, healthy plants.

If you want your Geraniums for winter flowering they must have special treatment during summer. I put mine out of doors in some sheltered place and water them only enough to keep them in a healthy condition. I do not encourage a strong growth during the season. If buds appear, I pinch them off at once. I cut off the top of each branch and this induces the formation of side branches, and in this way I secure compact plants with plenty of branches from which flowers will be given later. If allowed to grow to suit themselves they will very likely become ill shaped plants, and no amount of trimming or pruning will overcome this defect if given too late. The time to decide the shape you want them to take is when they are small and before they have begun to bloom. Plants that are kept quiet during the summer reserve all their energy for the winter months. When brought into the house and given a chance to show what they can do, they will astonish you with their growth.

The treatment advised forces them to rest during summer, to a great extent, and allows them to carry out the instincts of their nature by growing and blooming at a later season. In this way we can make a plant that is naturally a summer bloomer, bloom during the winter. We reverse the natural "order of things" as much as possible.

If you want your Geraniums to give a great many flowers, do not give them too large pots to grow in. In large pots they will grow luxuriantly, and become fine plants with a profusion of foliage, but the flowering will not begin till the roots fill the pots pretty well. Seven, eight and nine inch pots are generally large enough for the most vigorous year old plants. If they become root-bound in these, shake them out of

the old soil, trim the roots off somewhat, and repot, cutting off enough of the top to counter-balance the loss of roots.

Some writers seem to think that a young plant is best for winter blooming, that is, a plant started from a cutting in spring. I do not agree with them. Plants two and three years old have always given me the best satisfaction. Young plants may be most vigorous, but older plants always give more flowers. In a window near my desk, as I write, stands a three-year old plant of the Master Christine variety, with fifteen bunches of flowers, and as many more buds in various stages of development. This variety is, with me a constant bloomer. To keep it from exhausting itself, I give it weekly watering with manure water. It likes nothing else so well as liquid manure from the cow-yard. I find that all Geraniums prefer this to any of the fertilizers prepared and sold for use on pot plants. A teaspoonful of ammonia in a pailful of water starts a dormant plant into vigorous growth.

For winter blooming I find the single sorts much the best. The best varieties I have ever grown are:

Master Christine, bright rose color with white markings on upper petals.

Bennett's Pink, a variety of same color as Master Christine, but a much larger flower, with broad petals.

Fritz, large flower of fine shape, salmon, with white edge. A steady bloomer.

Rienzi, intense scarlet, with a texture like velvet. Very large flower, of perfect shape. One of the finest of all.

Wm. Cullen Bryant, large flower, perfect in shape, and rich scarlet. A good bloomer.

Mrs. James Vick, salmon, marked with white. Profuse and constant.

Pauline Lucca, pure white, with red anthers. The best of the whites, with the exception of White Swan, which I have not tested sufficiently to be able to say much about as yet. A small plant has born some fine trusses, but I am inclined to think it is not a good winter bloomer. Its flowers are larger than those of the other variety and provided it does as well in winter it is an improvement on that.

Mrs. Moore, white with a large rosy spot in center. A very fine variety.

Salmon Vesuvius, immense truss, of rich color, with a peculiarity of holding its flowers well till most of the buds on the truss have expanded. This gives each cluster the appearance of a great flower like a peony.

Then there are the scented and fine-foliaged varieties. Every one will want a plant of the Rose variety, for the beauty of its foliage, and the fragrance it possesses. The skelton has a more finely divided leaf with a less agreeable fragrance. Dr. Livingston has a finely cut leaf, with pungent order. The Lemon has a spicy order, and the Apple and Nutmeg sorts are worthy a place in any collection. These kinds being grown for their foliage alone, it is well to encourage a free growth of branches, therefore they should have larger pots than the flowering kinds, and not be allowed to become root-bound.

Among the variegated leaved kinds the best for the amateur are:

Happy Thought, dark green leaf with a yellow blotch in the center.

Distinction, small leaf with a narrow brown zone near the outside of the leaf.

Freak of Nature, yellow leaf with green blotches in center. A Happy Thought with the position of the colors reversed.

Mrs. Pollock, green leaf with creamy white edge, and zone of brown, yellow and red. A very showy sort when well grown, but pretty sure to drop its leaves about as soon as they reach full size.

Mad. Salleri, small, compact plant, branching freely, but never growing to be more than a few inches in height. Leaves pea-green with white border. This is the best variegated variety.

FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

Mrs. Q. F. Walker writes:—"I am very much interested in your 'Talks about Flowers,' and like the idea of correspondents giving some of their methods, as well as asking questions. Like Mrs. J. W. Putman, I sow seeds quite early in the house, but instead of using birch-bark I use tin fruit cans. Almost any one can get the cans, while bark would be out of reach of most. I remove the rim that is left on opening the can by putting the can on a very hot stove for a short time, it can easily be pried off after being well heated. Care must be taken to not allow the can to remain too long on the stove, as that might unsolder the side-seam. Then I put the can over a round stick of wood, and with a hammer and chisel I make a good sized hole in the bottom of the can. Over this hole I place the piece that was cut out of the can when it was opened, and then it is ready for the plant.

When you wish to remove the plant, let the soil dry out a little, and you can push the earth out without disturbing the roots. I have transplanted hundreds of plants in this way, many of them in blossom, and they go on growing as if nothing had happened to them. My chance for house-plants is not as good as I wish it were, but there is scarcely a week during winter that I do not have blossoms. I winter all that I can in the cellar. I was glad to read the words of praise you gave our native flowers, and at some future time would like to write about those I cultivate."

I shall be glad to have this correspondent tell us about the native plants she is growing. I am quite sure that those who love flowers for their beauty would become enthusiastic over the plants to be picked up about the fields and forests if they would undertake to make a collection of them. Some of the most admired plants in my garden are native ones, and I have proved to all who have seen them that it is possible to make them quite as attractive ornaments of the home grounds as any of the high priced foreign sorts. They are easily cultivated, and improve greatly under good care.

Carrie A. Benjamin writes:—"I would like to tell the readers of the flower Department of the Journal how they can get new plants of Cape Jessamine. When the bush is in bloom, take a few flowers,—those which have forked stems should be used,—and put them in water just as you would any other flowers, but it is

necessary to keep them in a semi-dark place. They will look as if wilted for some time, but after a time they will put out little roots. Let the flowers remain in the water till the roots have grown considerably, and look strong. Then transplant into rich soil, and water carefully. The first year the plants will have to be protected from the frost."

This correspondent does not give her state, but from what she says about protecting from frost I infer that she lives at the south, as the Cape Jessamine is not hardy enough to stand our winters out of doors, at the north. I understand, from what she says about "forked" stems, that she refers to stems on which two flowers were borne.

Mrs. J. E. Gochenour writes:—"I do not believe in sparing the knife on plants that require trimming. It brings them into good shape. On those that I do not want to bloom I use the knife also, nipping out the heart of the branches."

Tell H. S. C. to water her Geraniums with weak ammonia water once a week, one teaspoonful to two quarts of water. Also to stir up the ground on the surface of the pot with a fork."

The advice about stirring the soil is good. If it is followed the air is admitted to the roots more readily than would be the case if the soil is allowed to crust over, and the water applied penetrates readily to the places where most needed. It also keeps down all weeds.

Chole E. Stockwell writes:—"I wonder if any of the readers of the Journal are troubled to know how to conveniently water their plants as much as I was when I first took the responsibility of caring for them? I at first used a tin cup, but nearly as much water went outside the pots as in; then I tried a basin, but this was not satisfactory, as wide-branched plants would not allow me to tip it sufficiently. Then at my mother's suggestion, I tried the syringe, with satisfaction. The syringe used has a rubber bulb the size convenient to hold in the hand. It has two lengths of rubber tubing; one is one foot in length, the other two feet. I place the suction valve in a pail of water, carrying the pail on my left arm, hold the bulb of in my left hand and guide the stream with my right hand. I can in his way get the water right where it ought to go. This syringe is also convenient for sprinkling, and without water may be used to blow the dust off the leaves."

This correspondent would find a watering-pot with a long curved spout about the best thing to apply water with. I have two or three lengths of spout which can be slipped on over

the ordinary spout, extending it two feet if necessary. This can be thrust in among the plants without disturbing them in the least, and in this way I can reach every pot, no matter if it is at the farther side of the bench, without any trouble. Where not many plants are kept the syringe might answer satisfactorily, but where the collection is a large one I should think the process of watering would necessarily be a slow one.

Mrs. Mark Musgrove writes:—"I plant flower seed in boxes in very light soil, and then press down with my hand. Then I set the box away in a warm shady place till the plants begin to come up. Then I give them sun, to strengthen them. Large seed I sprinkle some soil over. I always have the best of luck with plants started in this way. Let them have all the sunshine possible, and do not put out of doors till all danger of frost is past. I read the Journal through from cover to cover, and then wish there was more of it."

Mrs. Jennie F. Belden, West Branch, Mich., writes:—"In the February number 'Saxie' asks what plants are hardy for the cemetery? If she will write me, giving address, and sending two stamps for return postage, I will send her a root of a very hardy plant that will live where the thermometer falls forty degrees below zero. It is much used in cemeteries here. The flowers are white, about the size of a dime, and borne in clusters. It comes into bloom in June, and continues to flower till the ground freezes in the fall."

A Reader writes:—"I sympathize with those who have been troubled with little black flies about their plants. I have watched eagerly for remedies. Eternal vigilance seems best of anything. You must turn, lift, wash pots, benches, and catch and put all of the troublesome things to death, but next day there'll be more to take their places. But follow up this treatment day after day and you will conquer them. Most plants will bear water so warm that it will kill the worms at their roots. Lime water is good if not used too strong. I put a cork in the bottom of the pot, fill with the solution, and allow it to remain an hour. It helps keep the pests down, but does not exterminate."

My Begonias have given me great pleasure this winter. They are so easy of culture, and so satisfactory in every way. The Rubra and Argyrostigma picta have not been without flowers.

I shall certainly make an addition to my list of these plants. I want to speak a good word for Thompsonii plena Abutilon. It is truly a 'thing of beauty.'

I sprinkle tobacco leaves crumbled to a powder (Concluded on opposite page.)

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TALKS ABOUT FLOWERS.

(Concluded from opposite page.)

der over the soil in pots, and find that this keeps away the flies about which this correspondent writes, to a great extent, though, as she says, it is next to impossible to get completely rid of them. I prefer lime-water to any thing else for killing worms in the soil. I have never had any trouble from using it too strong. The water will take up only a certain amount of lime, and I do not think it possible to hurt most plants with it. There are some plants, Azaleas, for instance, which are always injured by lime in any form. It is not possible to grow them well in a soil having lime in it, so that soil has to be procured from localities where lime does not abound.

I find that my proposal for an exchange of ideas among flower loving and growing readers of the Journal was very favorably received. I shall be glad to receive hints from them about the cultivation of plants out and in doors. Let them be brief, practical, and drawn from experience. What is wanted is information that can be relied on, not theory. I have received several articles that are very interesting, but it is not possible to use them because of their length. If the publisher could be prevailed on to give me more space for the Floral Department, such articles would be welcome, but in the present crowded condition of the paper, I must ask to have letters from correspondents, designed for use in this column, condensed as much as possible.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Susie Cottingham, Way Cross, Ga., wants to know if some one will send her seed of Scarlet Salvia in exchange for a white Flag Lily bulb.

Mrs. N. P. A. says that her Wandering Jew (Tradescantia multicolor,) which had beautifully striped leaves, has turned green, and wants to know what she can do about it. It is the nature of most if not all variegated leaved plants to revert occasionally to the original nature of the family. If she will take cuttings from some branch in which the variegation is yet retained, and clip out every branch that appears in which there seems to be a tendency to return to the characteristics of the original green leaved plant, she may succeed in growing a plant with striped leaves.

A reader asks:—"Will you please tell me how to treat Smilax? We kept it in an East porch in summer, and it made a growth of ten feet, and was so heavy that the rack would not support it. When we brought it into the house we kept it in a South window. The leaves all dropped off. We cut the top off in February. It did not sprout up again till January. Most of the little bulbs rotted, the two sprouts that are on it now are very weak."

This plant must be allowed to rest. After making such a strong growth during the summer it was exhausted. On finding that the leaves were falling, the stems should have been cut off, and water withheld. If the application of water was continued quite naturally the tubers would rot. It would be better to procure a new plant, as the one you have is diseased if part of the tubers have decayed. Give a light sandy soil, which should be kept moist, but never wet. When growth is over, rest will be required, and the inclinations of the plant in this direction must be observed. Give no water until growth begins again. When a plant wants to rest you will know it by the turning yellow and falling off of the leaves.

Mrs. E. B. M. wants to know what the name of a plant in her possession is. She describes it as follows:—"Bulbous,—leaves two inches wide, dark green, thick, bright and glossy. Two flowers on long spike, measuring seven inches across, of rich salmon pink, with velvety texture, lined with Nile green. Leaves four and a half inches long." It is some variety of Amaryllis.

Mrs. Mark Musgrove, Oak Bar, Cal., would like to exchange Mountain Lily bulbs, Tiger Lily bulbs, a Lily with a variegated leaf, and Mock Orange shrubs, for house plants or other flowers. The Mountain Lily is a lovely flower she writes, from three to four inches across, with from twelve to sixty flowers on a single stalk. Grows three to six feet high. Very fragrant. Those having plants to exchange are requested to write first.

S. G. B. wants some information about the Clerodendron, which she says blooms profusely with her at times, but not continually. She must not expect it to do that, as it is not a constant bloomer. After it has flowered, cut it back, and give it a rest. It can be wintered in a warm cellar, but one which barely keeps out frost will be sure death to this plant. She can get Stevias of John Saul, Washington, D. C.

Mrs. E. J. Alexander wants to know where she can get Plumbago and Daphne. James Vick, Rochester, N. Y., and most other florists can supply them.

H. wants to know how to care for a Heliotrope through the summer that is designed for winter use. Keep it pinched back to make it bushy, and do not allow it to flower at all. Shift as needed, and keep out of doors in some sheltered place. Do not train to a trellis if you want the best effect from it, but tie to small sticks if a support is required. By repeated pinching in you can make it so compact and bushy that no support will be required.

Mrs. S. E. Atkins has been greatly troubled

with black flies or lice on her Chrysanthemums. She tried tobacco in smoke and tea. Neither seemed to do much good. Try Pyrethrum or Persian Insect Powder. Or, get some of the Tobacco Sulphur Soap made by the Rose Manufacturing Co. of New York, and follow the directions on the can. This is the most effective of anything I have ever tried on aphides of all kinds, and most easily applied.

Mrs. Franklin Ferris says that her Geraniums are very vigorous and healthy, but will not bloom, and wants to know what the trouble is, and what can be done to bring flowers. I am inclined to think, from what she writes, that she has them in too large pots. These, as well as most other plants, bloom best when somewhat root-bound. A cramped condition of the roots has a tendency to produce flowers instead of leaves and branches. Most plants of Geraniums do not require pots larger than seven or eight inches across.

Mrs. M. T. C. wants to know what to do to keep the small white insects off her plants. I presume she refers to the mealy bug. I would advise the application of kerosene emulsion spoken of in a recent number of this paper, I think. I know of nothing else so effective.

Jennie Dewees wants to know how to tell the difference between the poisonous Ivy which grows at the North, and the Ampelopsis or Virginia Creeper. The latter plant has five-parted leaves, while the Ivy has three parted ones. If careful to get plants with five divisions of the leaf she will never get the wrong one.

Miss W. D. C. wants to know what sort of a trellis I think best for such plants as the Morning Glory. I prefer the wire fencing which comes in different widths, and with several sizes of mesh. This can be tacked on the veranda pillars, or wherever it is wanted without being obtrusive, and it affords the best support of anything I have ever tried for all kinds of climbing plants. In fall it can be taken down—rolled up and stored away. If properly cared for it will last a lifetime. Racks and trellises are generally left out over winter, and cost a good deal more than the netting if repairs are made on them as required after the first season.

Amateur wants to know what variety of white edged Geranium is best for general planting in beds. Mad Sallerol. This is a low grower very compact, requires no trimming to keep it in shape, and its foliage forms a perfect cushion of pale green and white. Its leaves never shrivel on the edges and turn brown and unsightly, as most white variegated sorts do. It is a most charming pot plant, and I use it to brighten up groups whose flowers are fine, but whose foliage is not plentiful or attractive. I have ordered twenty-five plants of it, and shall grow them for next winter's use in the green-house. It is fine for cutting for small bouquets.

Inquirer wants to know if I think the Fuchsia a good plant for cultivation in the open ground in summer. Yes, if you have the right location for it. It must have a place where the hot sun will not strike it. If fully exposed to the sun it is quite sure to drop its leaves, and generally its buds, and when this occurs it is a failure as a bedding plant. The morning sun will not injure it. It will do well in a place where it does not get any sun. But I prefer to grow it in pots.

Several Correspondents ask what kind of culture the much talked of and advertised Moon-Flower requires. It should be given a rich soil, deep and mellow, kept moist, and trained to a trellis or on strings. If it does not branch freely, pinch off the top.

It should be started as early as possible, if a good crop of flowers is expected, as, under ordinary treatment, it comes into bloom late in the season. There seems to be a difference of opinion as to the best method of wintering them. Peter Henderson advises starting young plants from cuttings, which can be kept in the window among other plants. Others say that it is best to take up the roots and store them in the cellar. I prefer to buy young plants from the florists. This is certainly the least trouble.

Mrs. W. D. A. wants to know what to do with her Oleander which has grown to be so large that she has no room for it in her bay-window.

If it is in the form of a shrub, she can cut it back to a satisfactory height, and plenty of new branches will start, and in a short time she will have a plant of less height than the old one. If in tree form, it can not be managed so well, and I would advise putting the old plant out of doors for summer decoration of the yard, and starting a new plant for the house. I have an old plant which has been used in the garden several summers, with splendid results. It is taken up in fall, before the coming of cold weather, the roots crowded into a box, and packed away in the cellar, where it gets very little light, and only enough water to keep the soil from becoming dust. In April I bring it up, and water it, and it soon starts into growth. As soon as warm days come it goes out of doors. If frosty nights occur I cover it with a blanket. When the ground becomes warm I plant it out. It bears great crops of brilliant flowers and is one of the most ornamental shrubs in my garden.

To all correspondents:—I am constantly in receipt of letters from parties asking that a reply be sent by mail, as they do not want to wait till an answer can be given in the Journal. In every case where stamps are enclosed for postage, a reply is sent by mail, as soon as possible, but so many letters do not include postage that I can no longer undertake to reply to any in which stamps are not sent. Be sure to send an envelope, stamped and addressed to yourself, when you want an immediate reply. And do not ask me to reply to inquiries through the paper, in which the information asked is not of interest to any one but the writer. The space at my disposal in the Journal is too limited to make it advisable to answer such questions there. If you haven't an envelope that can be enclosed conveniently, send two stamps and I will furnish the envelope. Some days I receive twenty and thirty letters to be answered by mail, and if nothing but a stamp for return postage is enclosed I am "out" a package of envelopes, and in a year this amounts to quite a sum.

And I must caution some correspondents to be more careful about giving their addresses.

I have been to a good deal of trouble in hunting up the location of post offices when the name of the state was omitted in the writer's letter. I have several letters that can not be answered because the post office was forgotten.

THE RAINDROP'S STORY.

(Continued from page 6.)

footsteps coming towards the door as she sat with the little moaning baby on her lap and her heart beating so high she could hardly breathe and at the first sight of her dear strong husband she cried out, "Oh Robert, at last you have come!" then her poor little head fell back—she had fainted. He dropped on one knee by the side of the chair and looked into the two beloved faces so altered by suffering he hardly recognized them and I saw him grow old, from the blow it was to his heart.

The baby thought "I will open my eyes to see if you brought me a drink" but there was no sign of it and he had no further interest in such a papa, and gave up to utter despair, saying, "I will surely die of this thirst; how I wish it would rain!—if I could catch even one drop in my mouth it might save me." This made me struggle hard to get loose and go down, but I was held back, in spite of every thing.

Suddenly the father remembered himself, and seized a glass of water and threw it in the mother's face to bring her to, when Oh goodie! several drops went into baby's mouth, for he had seen it coming and opened his lips to catch it. He held it there and loved it, and the drops that glistened in his little fuzzy hair felt so cool and refreshing that Master Charles quite "cheered up" as the saying is and said to himself "I most wish mamma would faint again!"

The water revived his mother and when she opened her eyes, she said, "Ah Robert, see how you've soaked poor baby—call Nora quick to come and put dry things on him." Alas, poor baby! he said, "why don't they leave those nice cool things on me, I'm so nearly 'gone dry' inside, I wish they wouldn't dry me up out side too!"

But every bit of dampness was hurried off him and replaced with flannels so soft and beautiful but so awfully dry, that he fairly gasped at the sight of them. He thought "I do hope they won't think to wipe my head," but just that minute Nora said "law baby, look at your hair, it's standing full of water drops and she took a towel and soaked up every precious one of them! This made him so mad that he shook one fist at her and hit her with the other and as she neither saw nor felt the injury he intended her, he was greatly disgusted and said, "well you are a stupid thing not to know when you are hurt!" It always vexed him when Nora spoke of his hair because one day she had told him he hadn't much more hair than a gourd, and like other bald people, he was very sensitive on that question, and didn't relish any rude jokes about it. He said to himself "I wish she would say that to Grandfather, about the top of his head, wouldn't he send her flying?"

He was always looking out for a chance to pay Miss Nora back for that speech and one day, when she put her head down close to him to play "boo," he caught both hands full of her hair and tugged at it with all his might and the little rogue chuckled in his sleeve to hear her say "ou—ch baby! for mercy sake let go!" and as she tried to pull the hands loose, he tried to pull the hair loose, saying to himself, "I'll make you wish you hadn't any more hair than a gourd, so I couldn't get hold of it!" Well, after they had changed every thing on him but his skin, and polished his little head, he feeling better for the refreshment he had had, fell off into a little nap and awakened up from it looking really better and they all rejoiced over him within an inch of his life!

Mamma said she knew her darling would be better as soon as he saw dear papa—but wasn't it dreadful for papa to throw that horrid water on you poor petkin? but it was an accident, and it shall not happen again, if you will forgive it this time." Then she said "just see, Robert, how reproachfully he looks at you for your blunder how smart and knowing he is getting to be—and only two months old, it's really wonderful." This made baby say, "mamma's the poorest hand to read the expression of a fellow's face I ever saw! reproachful, indeed! no sir, Papa, I only wish you would have another accident and drop me in the cestern!" Baby didn't know that his eyes were about as expressionless as the eyes of a potato.

Then papa who was fresh and strong carried him round and round the room, showing him every thing and rattling at them all with his pen holder, to make a noise, in that mistaken idea that that made them doubly attractive. Now a headache is a headache and just as big a one can get into a little head as a big head and noise and jolting feels just as painful to it and yet people think the only way to please the sick baby is with a hub-bub! Is it any wonder they cry, when it hurts so badly?

I tell you it isn't much fun to be a baby—it's so hard not to be able to speak: suppose you had an awfully sore toe and one of your brothers or sisters was standing on it! how quick you would shriek "get off my toe!" and yet if you were a baby, you would have to let him stand there, and when you cried with the pain, those who heard you would probably say, "Oh dear! baby is so cross this morning!" so, children, I hope you will always be thoughtful and kind to a baby and try to be a good guesser of what it wants by thinking what you would want if you were in its place and remember that a comfortable baby is generally happy and good but a baby that's crying is trying to say "ouch" or that its hungry, or thirsty, may-be.

Little Charlie's father loved him dearly but was a very poor guesser of his wants, and nearly worried him to death, especially when he tapped on the silver ice pichner and showed him his own funny picture in the side—so long and drawn out that it would make a cat laugh; but not a sick cat. Baby didn't feel like laughing and said "I feel about as long faced as I look, I'm so thirsty for what's in this pichner?"

Then he stiffened his little back and screamed and they tucked him up in his fine carriage for a ride by the lake. As Nora started off with him his mother cautioned her not to go too near

the water's edge, while baby thought he would give her every pretty thing he had, if she would only tumble him in! but Nora was very careful and rolled him high and dry past lovely lake and puddles and he kept looking up at the clouds and wishing it would rain.

Pretty soon it did begin to rain, sure enough, and he threw out his little hands and opened his mouth to catch every drop he could, hoping Nora would go slowly, instead of which she flew along, as if the rain-drops had been as many unchained tigers after her, and this made baby say, "What a precious dunce Nora is! but it's just because she's a girl—boys aren't half so 'fraid as girls are;"—just then, however he saw his papa coming full tilt, towards them with an umbrella and mamma running behind with her rubber coat to put all over the carriage.

Then he gave up all hope and as his mother leaned over him her lovely face full of anxious tenderness, sheltering him from the blessed rain, he said to himself, "Oh my dear mamma if you only knew it you are killing your little boy."

[To be continued.]

[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.]
THE KINDERGARTEN.

X.

BY ANNA W. BARNARD.

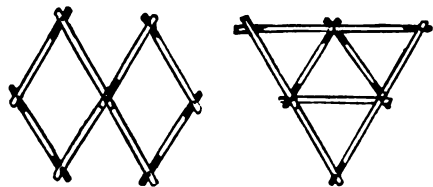
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At a Teachers' Institute the remark was once made by Thomas K. Beecher that, in the pursuit of knowledge upon any subject, so long as a part of that subject is not understood, the countenance of the student, whether child or adult, invariably wears a serious, anxious expression, but that at the moment the mind grasps the idea sought, this expression gives way to a smile! Many observations made in the years that have passed since these words were uttered, have led to the conviction that, in every instance, the truth of the assertion may be proved. Can it be the recognition of ideas that causes the incessant play of smiles on the sweet and flower-like faces blooming in the "Children's Garden?" For, if there is a place on earth where smiles do shine and radiate, it is here—smiles born of the very joy of knowing and doing—of being and loving.

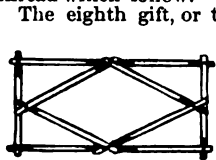
LINES.

THE EIGHTH GIFT.
THE CONNECTED SLAT.

The eighth and ninth gifts, or the Connected and Disconnected Slats, are sometimes included in the fourth group, the Disconnected Slats being used as an occupation, and woven together



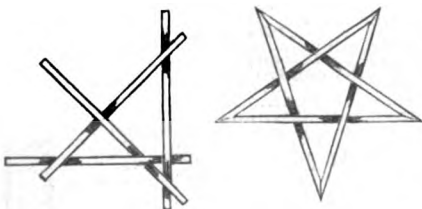
er into surfaces, but both gifts seem more properly to belong to the second group, representing, as they do, partly the surface and partly the edge of the surface combined, and leading from the former, as shown in the tablets, to the latter, as shown in the sticks, rings and thread which follow.



The eighth gift, or the Connected Slat, consists of from ten to sixteen thin, wooden slats, about five inches in length, and half an inch in width, which are riveted together, end to end, so that they can be folded up, like a carpenter's rule, into the length of a single slat, or unfolded and stretched out to the combined length of all the slats. The gift is marked off in inches, and may be used as a measure. It shows the embodied edge of the entire surface, or the outline form of the whole plane, and, owing to the width of the slats, a part of the plane also. This embodied edge, or outline of the plane, can be lifted up, so that it may be seen and examined from all sides.

The children first open or unfold all the links of the slat, measure it on the table, examine it as to its material, parts, color, etc., fold it up again, and by direction make with it vertical, horizontal and slanting lines—right, acute, and obtuse angles, followed by triangle, square, oblong, rhombus and rhomboid. The slat is a great aid in the study of angles. With it, by the help of the lines on the table, right angles are made, which may be held in many positions, and the fact more strongly emphasized that these are not necessarily made with vertical and horizontal lines. Different sizes of acute angles are made by simply moving the outer ends of the slat nearer together, and of obtuse angles by a reverse movement.

The Connected Slat shows how one form is the outgrowth of another, as the rhombus of the square, etc. Three of its links, the smallest number that will enclose a space, form an equilateral triangle. Four links form a square,

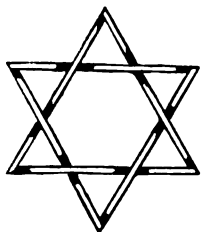


which is quickly changed to a rhombus, by pushing either in or out, two corners diagonally opposite. Five links form the pentagon, to be changed by a slight movement to the trapezoid, or "boat." One additional slat makes the oblong, to be shifted into the rhomboid, and this into the trapezium, or "kite," and this again into the hexagon, or "honey-comb" cell. One more slat added each time the figure is changed, gives in turn the heptagon, octagon, nonagon, decagon, etc. These simple forms are followed by combinations of two or more. Eight links form two rhombuses, joined by obtuse angles. Nine links form an equilateral triangle, divided into four equal equilateral triangles. Ten links form an oblong enclosing a rhombus. Five or ten links form a five-rayed star, and six, or twelve, a six-rayed star. Pentagons, hexagons, octagons, etc., are quickly made and joined in various ways, or shifted into other forms.

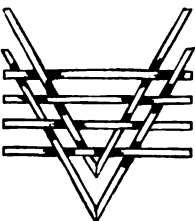
The Connected Slat is one of the simplest, and yet one of the most attractive gifts, and the children never weary of reproducing with it in this novel way, the forms with which they have become familiar in the exercises with the gifts which have preceded, and are prepared by its use to receive the Disconnected Slats which follow.

LINES.
THE NINTH GIFT.
THE DISCONNECTED SLATS,
OR
SLAT-WEAVING.

The Disconnected Slats are made of tough, pliable wood, and vary in length, width and texture. Those in common use are about ten inches in length, and two-fifths of an inch in width. A single slat is first given, which is carefully examined as to material, length, width, thickness, etc. It is found to be many times longer than wide, and many times wider than thick; and to have two long, plane sides, and two long and two short edges. Attention is called to other articles made of wood, and in familiar conversation many facts are learned in regard to the different kinds of



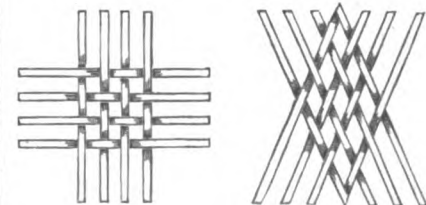
wood, and their various uses. In slightly bending the slat, the discovery is made of its tendency to spring back to the original position. By suggestive conversation and experiment it is learned that, if bent too far in any direction, the slat will break, that, if put into the fire, it will burn to ashes, that if soaked in water, it becomes more pliable, that it is somewhat elastic, may be used as a measure, etc. Then the middle of the slat is found, and by direction the children touch its upper and lower sides, and right, left, front and back edges. It is made to "stand," or touch the table by a short edge, and inclined gently backward till it lies on the table in a vertical position, showing how appropriately a vertical line is called an "up and down" line. Two slats are given, and made to touch each other by sides, by long edges, and by short edges, and to point from right to left, front to back, or "up to down," upper right to lower left, and vice versa. Parallel lines in all directions are laid, and made to serve as "railroad tracks," "streets," etc. Similar exercises are repeated with three slats, but with this number no permanent form can be made. There being no connecting link, the form falls apart when an attempt is made to lift it. With four slats a connected whole may be made, but only when each slat comes in contact with all the others. The simplest form that can be lifted unbroken, is made thus. One slat is laid on the table in a vertical position, another is made to cross this at right angles, the two remaining ones being woven into these from opposite slanting directions, so that all shall come in contact. The slats, in supporting each other, form a substantial whole. The children examine this to see how each slat is held in place by its neighbors, count the angles, and observe the forms of the hollow spaces. In this simple figure may be counted eight right, eight acute, and eight obtuse angles—in all twenty-four; and one trapezium and two triangles are seen to be enclosed. By shifting its parts, and weaving in one additional slat, the figure is transformed into a five-rayed star enclosing a pentagon and five triangles. Opening two rays of this star, joining together one slat of each of the two rays so separated, and connecting the ends of the two remaining slats by weaving in a sixth, a six-rayed star is formed, enclosing a hexagon and six triangles, the whole form showing the interlacing of two equilateral triangles.



Following this rule, each time the figure is to be changed, of opening two rays—making a new one by joining together one-half of each of the two separated rays, and connecting the ends of the two remaining half-rays by weaving in one more slat, the number of rays may be steadily increased, always being equal to the number of slats used. Thus ten slats form a ten-rayed star enclosing a decagon and ten triangles, and showing two pentagons interlaced. A star with twenty-four rays would, owing to the limited length of the slats, be almost circular, and no child could make it.

Eight slats may be woven together into the form of a fan, which, with paste and fancy paper, may be made substantial, and used as a fan. If the slats in this form are shifted, and made to cross each other at right angles, the result is a "window," whose square panes are easily changed to an oblong, rhomboidal, or rhombic shape. These forms can be easily made by children, with a very little help, and give unbounded delight.

The Disconnected Slat, used alone, shows only one edge of the surface, but several slats may be interlaced or woven together into a number and variety of surface-like forms—an occupation far more difficult than any hitherto attempted, and one requiring the constant exercise of patience, perseverance and self-control on the part both of children and adults. Ow-



ing to the stiff, unyielding character of the slats, and their constant tendency to be shifted out of position, considerable strength, combined with judgment on the part of the worker, must be exerted in adjusting and keeping the parts in place, and often, when the figure is almost completed, one slat, not having been securely fastened, breaks away from the others, and the whole form falls apart. The one slat that failed in office (though that was only to

keep still) caused all the labor to go for naught. Yet, shall one dare say that any labor goes for naught, if, in spite of failure, it be finally pushed to a successful issue? There is no better vantage-ground for the study of character in young or old, than in this occupation of slat weaving—many an adult becoming discouraged and ready to yield at the first unsuccessful attempt, while the oft-repeated failures of others act as a stimulus to renewed and greater exertions. The one who likes slat-weaving, will never be the one to yield to obstacles.

A lady of fine musical talent, wishing to devote all her energies to the study of Kindergarten, gave up, until the course should be completed, her musical practice, subsequently stating that much less time than she had deemed necessary, was required to regain what she had lost by intermitting her practice, owing to the increased strength of finger and wrist muscles acquired by her in the exercise of slat-weaving, and giving her testimony as to the invaluable discipline exerted by this occupation on mind and body.

Slat-weaving is only begun in the Kindergarten, its more difficult exercises being reserved for older children. If continued long, the occupation becomes very tiresome, even to adults, and children, especially, must not be taxed with it, nor their strength exhausted by it. The amount and kind of work given is, in every instance, to be regulated by the individual capacity of the worker. The systematic use of this gift quickens the perceptive and inventive powers, cultivates patience and perseverance, develops dexterity of hand, and strengthens the muscles.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All correspondents are requested to read the QUESTION and ANSWER that form the opening paragraph in this series of papers.

"Mrs. W. B. D.," Vancouver, Wash. Ty.,—"M. M. J.," Battle Creek, Mich.,—"M. A. D.," Beaver Co., Pa.,—"S. E. K.," Bangor, Me.:—Your letters have been answered by mail.

"E. S. B.," Rochester, N. Y.:—Makes a request with which it is impossible to comply.

"Huldah," Nashville, Tenn.:—Will find below, answers to all her questions.

"A Constant Reader," asks, 1st, "How and where can you learn to be a Kindergarten teacher?" By a regular course of study with a Kindergarten trainer, in San Francisco, Washington, Boston, New York, or Philadelphia. 2d, "Does it take a whole year to learn?" The length of the course varies from six months to two years. Eight months' faithful study is the minimum time in which to become thoroughly prepared to enter upon the work, and this is to be supplemented with continuous after study.

3d, "Are Kindergarten teachers paid?" Yes. 4th, "Are they so plenty that it is by mere chance one gets a position?" Applicants for positions must take their chances in this as in all other fields of labor. The already large number of Kindergarten teachers is steadily increasing. The best are always in demand.

5th, "Are Kindergartens all private?" No. Letters (enclosing stamp) are always promptly answered by mail. Several recently received (some of them minus the stamp) contain questions of such similar import that it is thought best to give these public answers.

1st, "What is the cost of 'Kindergarten outfits'?" It would be impossible to make an estimate without a knowledge of all the requirements in each particular case. Catalogues containing lists of Kindergarten furniture and materials, with prices annexed, will be forwarded free to anyone sending request to that effect, with name and address, to "Friends' Book Association," Fifteenth and Race Street, Philadelphia.

2d, "Where can materials be obtained?" From the street and number above named; also from E. Steiger, 25 Park Place, N. Y., and Milton Bradley & Co., Springfield, Mass.

3d, "Can 'Kindergarten outfits' be sent by mail?" If by 'outfit' is meant all the equipments of a Kindergarten, No. If the term refers simply to "gifts and occupations," owing to the weight and bulk of these, only a few of the smaller and lighter ones, and these in small quantities, can be sent.

4th, "Are there no easy books of instruction on the subject?" and, 5th, "Can I prepare myself, by reading, to teach Kindergarten?" There are guide-books to be used for reference by graduates of Froebel's system, but no one of these books professes to supply the place of the living trainer. The system can only be learned by long and faithful study of its many details. Pupils are required not only to do all the work done by the children in their four years' course, and much more, but to make exhaustive studies of all the gifts and occupations, to write abstracts of each and every one of these, also essays upon the principles underlying the system, and to learn, by actual experience with the children, many physical exercises, ball-games, plays, marches, songs, stories, etc. How to conduct every period of each day's exercises, how to apportion and alternate the many kinds of work and play, how long to continue each with benefit, and without injury. How to care for the body, how not to force the mind, but to wait for and assist its gradual unfolding. How to reverence the soul. Above all, striving to "become even as one of these little ones," ever with childlike spirit seeking a clue to the mystery of child-nature, only in this continued state of receptivity gradually growing able to catch fleeting glimpses of that region wherein "angels fear to tread!" Herein lies the chief reason why the disciples of Froebel insist that the Kindergarten shall not be called a school. For, as has been truly said, "in the school the essential thing is the imparting of knowledge; in the Kindergarten the essential thing is the CHILD!" Here all influences conspire to form an atmosphere of growth, and this growth must be in freedom. "In the universe it is only law guiding motion that makes freedom possible." The law that guides the orderly motions of the Kindergarten into the largest liberty is as yet but dimly understood, and cannot be learned from books. In its proper place it will be treated of in these papers.

It is written that "Man was placed in a gar-

den, to dress and to keep it." Who keepeth a "Children's-Garden" enters not upon an avocation, but a vocation. It is not a business. It is a religion. To every mother and daughter, and to every father and son as well, the last word is, Read, study, learn from every available source how to deal with childhood, but not without the fullest preparation, and only after long association and earnest study with a living teacher, and from the living pages of the children, shall you be inspired to tread worthily the paths of Light that lead through the "Children's-Garden!" And in this study shall be assured not only your children's but your own highest happiness. For very early in your time of reverent waiting, a little seed, guarding within it a mighty principle of Life, shall take root, and grow and grow in silence till it shelters you with fruitful boughs and leaves of healing, and, without knowing how or why, a change shall pass upon your whole thought, and you shall say, each one of you, "I never knew before what Life meant. I will work in silver, with pearls, with diamonds, but never again will I experiment with priceless living gems—the children's souls!" "Come, let us live with our children!"

TELL YOUR MOTHER.

Although this bit of advice was written for girls a generation ago, there is no less need of its being followed at the present day:

I wonder how many girls tell their mother everything! Not those "young ladies" who, going to and from school, smile bow and exchange notes and cartes de visites with young men who laugh at you and your pictures, speaking in a way that would make your cheeks burn with shame if you heard it. All this, incredulous and romantic young ladies, they will do, although they gaze at your fresh young faces admiringly, and send or give you charming vases or bouquets. No matter what "other girls may do," don't you do it. School-girls' flirtation may end disastrously, as many foolish and wretched young girls can tell you. Your yearning for some one to love is a great need of a woman's heart. But there is a time for everything. Do not let the bloom of freshness in your heart be brushed off in a silly flirtation.

And above all, tell your mother everything. "Fun" in your dictionary would be indiscretion in hers. It would be no harm to look and see. Never be ashamed to tell her, who should be your best friend and confidant, of all you think and feel. It is very strange that so many young girls will tell every person before "mother" that which is most important she should know. It is very sad that indifferent persons should know more about her fair young daughter than she herself. Have no secrets that you would not be willing to trust to your mother. She is your best friend, and is ever devoted to your honor and interest. Tell her all.—Fanny Fern.

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Designed under the supervision of MRS. LOUISA KNAPP, Editor of the Philadelphia LADIES' HOME JOURNAL AND PRACTICAL HOUSEKEEPER, expressly for the subscribers of that paper.

The designs are all new, and include the latest ideas in embroidery. All large patterns.



You can make money with it by doing stamping for others, and save money by doing your own stamping.

The Outfit comprises patterns for every branch of needle work and flower painting, and EVERY PATTERN IS THE FULL WORKING SIZE. The several Flannel Skirt patterns are each a full length strip, instead of a short section of the pattern, and EACH BORDER HAS THE CORNER TURNED. Among the designs are two very beautiful sprays for the end of a Table Scarf, one of Roses, and one of Daisies and Ferns, each 15 inches long; six exquisite fruit designs for Napkins and Doilies; Cup and Saucer, Sugar Bowl, etc., for Tray Cloths. Design for Slumber Pillow, full set of outline designs for Todies, and complete set of Initials, large enough for Towels, Napkins, Handkerchiefs, etc. Besides these the outfit contains bouquets (not little sprigs) of Poppies, Bachelor's Buttons, Pond Lilies, Roses, Daisies, and many others, and a beautiful new design for Tinsel work. ALL THESE DESIGNS ARE ENTIRELY NEW, and as Mrs. Knapp has designed the Outfit expressly for the readers of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, it can be procured from no other source. Each Outfit is accompanied by directions for Stamping by PARKER'S NEW PATENT METHOD, without Paint or Powder, and with no daub.

Description of a Few of the Patterns Contained in the Outfit.



ALPHABET—1 complete set of Initials, suitable for Table Linen, Towels, Handkerchiefs, etc., etc., 1 1/4 inches high, and very pretty designs.

FLANNEL SKIRT & BLANKET PATTERNS—Each of these designs is twenty inches long, with separate corners, all turned, for each.

No. 1.—Wide 3-part scallop, with spray of Lilies of the Valley above each scallop, 3 inches wide. No. 2.—Running design for braid, with scallops for needlework, over 3 in. wide.



Samples of Doily Designs. No. 3.—Plain narrow scallop for edges of blankets, etc. No. 4.—Plain wide scallop, for borders. No. 5.—Narrow vine with scallop, for laid work, etc. No. 6.—Strip of plain scallops, with lot of little sprigs, to use over the scallops.

The Patterns in this Outfit are all New Designs.



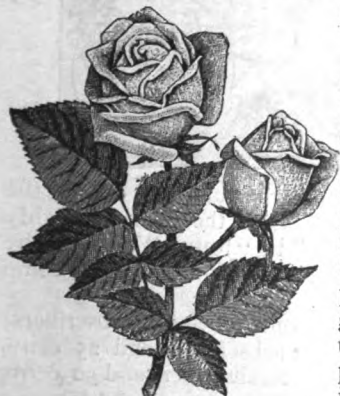
SCARF AND TABLE COVER DESIGNS.

The sizes here given ARE THE SIZES OF THE PATTERNS, not the sizes of the sheets of paper on which they are perforated. Each design has plenty of margin. One elegant curved branch of Roses, leaves and buds, 18 inches long by 6 or 7 wide suitable for Kensington, Ribbon work, Outline embroidery or Painting. This pattern alone worth 20 cents. One curved spray of Daisies and Ferns, 18 1/2 inches, to match Rose spray; the price of this pattern alone is 25 cents. Bouquets for corners, 6 to 10 inches wide, Bachelors' Buttons, Poppies, Roses and Pond Lilies.

TINSEL DESIGNS—One wide running pattern for single thread 5/8x16 inches. One wide Braiding design, 15x5. One Braiding design, 16x2 1/4 inches. One strip of wide scallops with tassel pendants for borders. **TIDY DESIGNS**—One set of outline designs, all new. Girl Jumping Rope, Child Reading large Book, Pretty Little Girl with Kitten. One set of flower designs, 6 to 10 in. wide: Roses, Daisies, large Poppy, Lilies, etc. **MISCELLANEOUS DESIGNS**—One design for fir slumber pillow, "Dreams of the Forest." Six designs for Doilies: Cherries, Plums, Peaches, Pears, etc. Cup and Saucer, Sugar Bowl, etc., for Tray Cloths, etc. Lots of other designs for various uses, in Embroidery and Painting, consisting of flowers, sprigs, ferns, birds, etc.

Tissue Paper Flower Outfit.

Given for only ONE NEW subscriber and 10 cents extra.

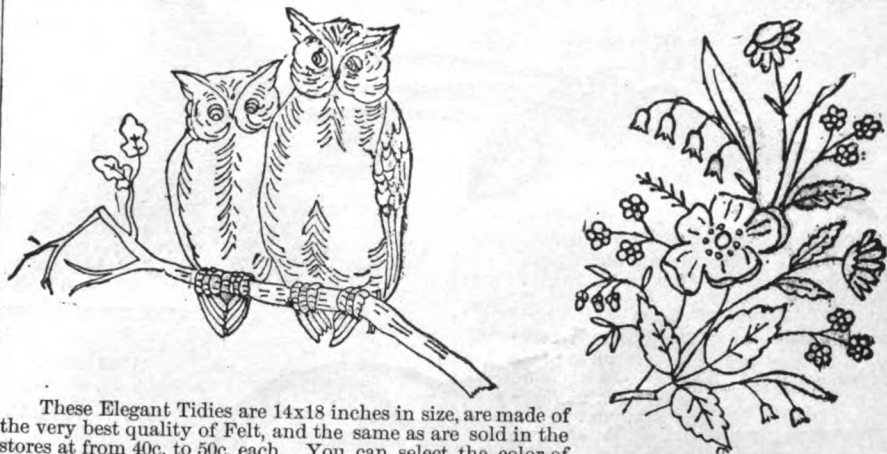


The latest craze, and a very pleasant occupation. Our outfit consists of Book of Instructions for making paper flowers, our 60 samples of imported tissue and flower papers, samples of flowers made up, patterns and materials. Everything complete. Book of instructions gives every possible and minute detail, so clearly that any person can, with a little practice become an expert in this fascinating and beautiful art.

Send us ONE NEW subscriber at 50 cents per year and 10 cents extra and we will send this outfit postpaid.

TIDIES STAMPED READY TO BE WORKED.

GIVEN FOR ONLY ONE NEW SUBSCRIBER AND 10 CENTS EXTRA.



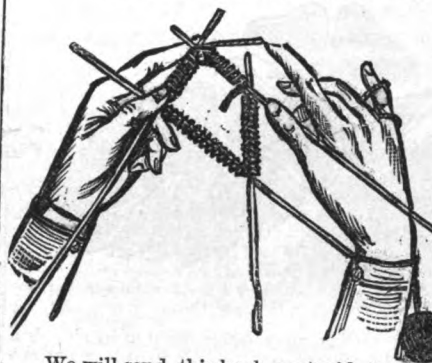
These Elegant Todies are 14x18 inches in size, are made of the very best quality of Felt, and the same as are sold in the stores at from 40c. to 50c. each. You can select the color of felt you like, and have it stamped with any design you wish, either for Kensington or Outline, or Ribbon embroidery, all ready to be embroidered.

With these Todies we give also, a book, which teaches the stitches used in art embroidery,—giving such clear and explicit descriptions as to be easily understood; and also a lesson in Kensington and Lustra Painting.

We will send one of these tidies and the book of stitches, for only ONE NEW subscriber at 50 cents and 10 cents extra.

HOW TO KNIT AND WHAT TO KNIT.

Given for only ONE NEW subscriber and 10 cents extra.

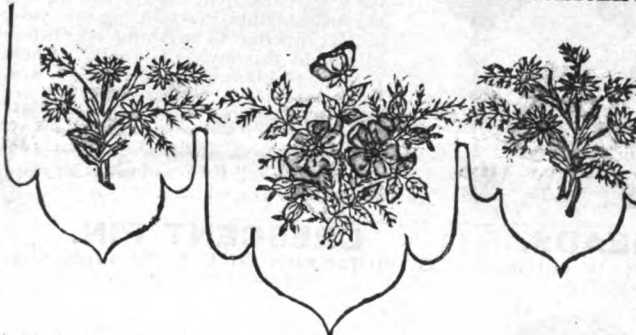


This is the best book yet published on Fancy Knitting. It teaches how to knit, giving descriptions clear, concise, and easily understood. Everything illustrated. Shows cuts and gives Five Different Ways of casting on stitches. Tells how to knit plain knitting, and to puri or seam, how to pick up a stitch, and how to repair a half-knitted stitch; gives two ways to increase, tells how to slip a stitch, how to narrow, how to cast off and how to join ends; gives careful directions for knitting stockings, gives different ways of forming the heels and toes. Tells how to insert a new heel and sole in an old worn stocking; gives directions for common and artistic darning that will imitate the knitted stitch. Gives directions for numerous styles for fancy borders for stockings, mittens, etc., etc.; squares for quilts, afghans, and many other things.

We will send this book postpaid to any address for only ONE NEW subscriber at 50 cents and 10 cents extra.

Bracket Lambrequins.

GIVEN AS A PRESENT FOR ONLY ONE NEW SUBSCRIBER AND 10 CENTS EXTRA.



These Lambrequins are made of Felt, the same as the Todies, on any color you may choose; they are 12x20 inches in size, and are exceedingly ornamental when finished.

We will send one of these Lambrequins and the book of stitches for only

one new subscriber at 50 cents and 10 cents extra.

Box of Waste Embroidery Silk

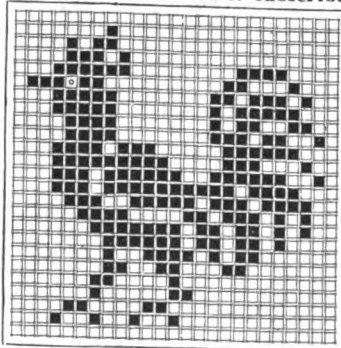
Given for only ONE NEW subscriber and 10 cents extra.



This box contains a lot of odds and ends of silks which are left from the winding machines at the factories. It is worth just as much as any silk bought, and there is as much of it as you could probably buy for \$1.00. The colors are all good and well assorted. We will send this box of silk for only ONE NEW subscriber at 50 cents and 10 cents extra.

CROSS-STITCH EMBROIDERY.

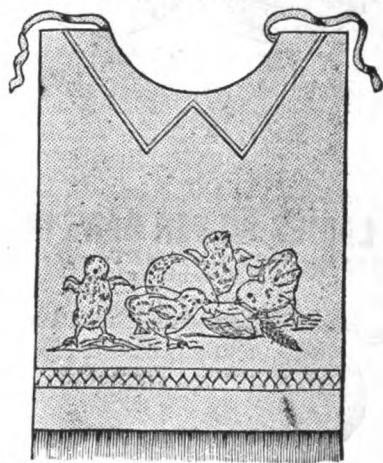
Given for only ONE NEW subscriber.



THE CROSS-STITCH is probably the oldest known embroidery stitch. It is always used and NEVER GOES OUT OF FASHION. It is used for all kinds of canvas work and for ornamental borders, etc., for a great variety of fancy work, and should be the first stitch for beginners to learn. THE BOOK contains a choice collection of OVER 100 DESIGNS. It has 12 ALPHABETS of different styles and kinds, BEAUTIFUL BORDERS for afghans, carriage blankets, etc. Center pieces for tidies, etc. Birds, animals, butterflies, MOUSE, fat boy, horse, etc. Comic designs for CRAZY CUSHIONS, and many other things. It is BY FAR the best book of cross-stitch designs ever published, and represents many designs taken direct from ANCIENT and WORLD RENOWNED EMBROIDERIES. We will send it by mail for only one new subscriber at 50 cents per year.

Child's Bib.

Given for only ONE NEW subscriber and 10 cents extra.



No. 12.—Made of fine linen Momie cloth, size, 13x18 inches, finished with fancy border, and fringe across the bottom, and stamped with appropriate designs. We will send one of these fine quality linen bibs for only ONE NEW subscriber at 50 cents and 10 cents extra.

HAIR PIN CROCHET.

Given for only ONE NEW subscribers.

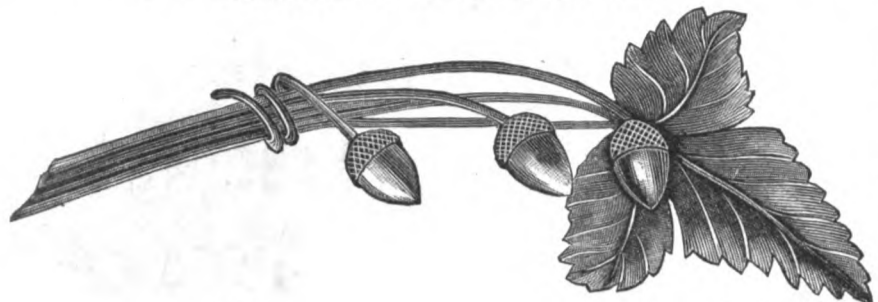


This old-fashioned crochet work is again becoming popular. This book gives explicit directions for doing the work, for edgings, insertions, rosettes, etc.

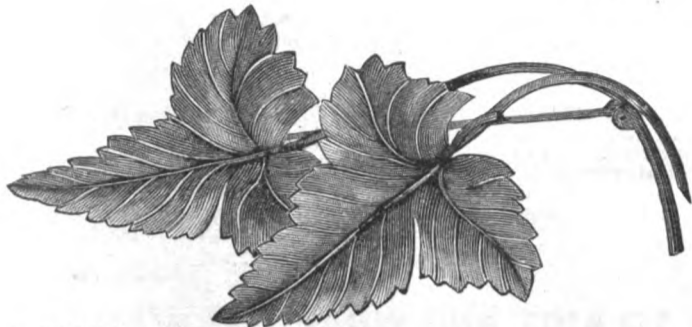
This book also contains directions for crocheting Afghans of Double Zephyr or Germantown Wool; also Lace Edging of Spool Thread, and Fringes of Crochet Twine or Worst-Zephyr or Yarn. A valuable and useful book. Price 15 cents or we will send it for only ONE NEW subscriber at 50 cents per year.

THE LATEST RACE IN PINS.

EITHER ONE OF THE FOLLOWING DESCRIBED PINS GIVEN FOR ONLY ONE NEW SUBSCRIBER AND 10 CENTS EXTRA.



ONE NEW NAME AND TEN CENTS EXTRA WILL ENTITLE YOU TO EITHER ONE OF THESE PINS.



A PRETTY AND STYLISH PIN GIVEN YOU FREE, IF YOU WILL ONLY SEND ONE NEW SUBSCRIBER AND 10 CENTS EXTRA. A VERY EASY THING TO DO.



TO DO.



The very latest fashion in pins, is a large sized oxydized pin in unique pattern of which we show four different styles as above. The cuts show the exact size. The tints are beautiful, and for 1888 oxydized silver is to be the rage. We have the prettiest styles in shape, and coloring; the workmanship in the fine finish, and the delicate tints, in oxydizing this year, are far superior to anything ever before offered in this style of jewelry. These pins are real beauties, and are the newest fashionable thing to wear in the shape of pins for the coming year. They are easily secured, only ONE NEW subscriber and 10 cents extra required. We can sell them as low as 50 cents postpaid to any address.

ROMAN HEADS.

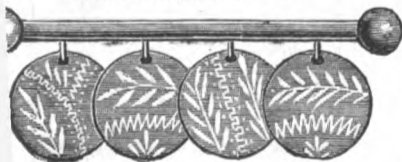
Given for only ONE NEW subscriber and 10 cents extra.



These pins are always popular. They are oxydized and are warranted not to tarnish. The cut shows the design. The quality is the best. The LADIES' HOME JOURNAL would not offer you cheap jewelry; you can depend upon satisfaction from us. We buy direct from manufacturers of first-class jewelry. These pins are first-class goods only, and are given as presents to subscribers who will help introduce the JOURNAL into families that are as yet unacquainted with us. They are easy to secure. Why not have one? Given for only one new subscriber and 10 cents extra.

LADIES SILVER BAR PIN.

Given for only ONE NEW subscriber and 10 cents extra.



Silver Bangle Lace Bar Pin, with four bangles comely engraved. One of our best premiums for 1888. They are very fashionable, and cannot be bought elsewhere for double the money, we ask for only one new subscriber and 10 cents extra.

CRESCENT LACE PIN.

Given for only ONE NEW subscriber and 10 cents extra.



A little beauty of the latest style with crescent of oxydized silver and spray of Forget-me-nots in frosted silver. These pins are exceedingly neat and pretty, and are very easy to secure. Given for only one new subscriber and 10 cents extra. We sell them, postpaid to any address for only 50 cents.

LACE BAR PIN.

Given for only ONE NEW subscriber and 10 cents extra.



A pretty and stylish Pin of frosted silver. They are the very latest style and are very popular. Given for only one new subscriber and 10 cents extra.

CRESCENT PIN.

Given for only ONE NEW subscriber and 10 cents extra.

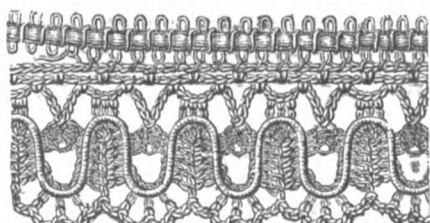


This style is VERY popular. The cut shows the design. It is of oxydized silver of the best quality and warranted not to tarnish. One of the best premiums we have ever offered. Easy to get free of cost, by securing only one new subscriber at 50 cents and 10 cents extra.

Given for only ONE NEW subscriber.

Advertisement for 'Novelty Hair Crimper' by Allen's. Includes an illustration of a woman's head and text describing the product's benefits for crimping, waving, or curling hair.

Miscellaneous Designs for CROCHET WORK.



Contains illustrations of and directions for crocheting Tidies, Lamp Mats, Rosettes, Squares and Borders for Bed Spreads, Pillow Shams, etc., and a great variety of other useful and pretty things. Price, 15 cents, or we will send it for only one new subscriber at 50 cents per year.

FANS

Given for only ONE NEW subscriber.



You may not need a fan to day but you will before long. Here is a chance to get a pretty fan for nothing. Either of these two styles of fans is very nice. The round fan was very popular last year and will be this year also.

It has very handsome handle and is altogether an ornament. The other fan comes in a variety of designs, any one of which is pretty. Either one of these fans cannot be bought for less than 25 cents. We will give one for only one new subscriber at 50 cents per year.

Silver Plated Butter Knife,

GIVEN FOR ONLY ONE NEW SUBSCRIBER AND 10 CENTS EXTRA FOR POSTAGE.



A new, handsome, neat and stylish pattern, triple-plated, on finest English white steel. Will wear for years. Almost as good as solid silver. All the objectionable qualities of German silver and brass, which are known to have a disagreeable taste, and are, when a little worn, poisonous, will be avoided in the use of these goods. They are also stronger, and of greater durability than any goods produced.

"HOW;"

Or, Things One Ought To Know.

Is a bright little book in concise form, just what one wants to know about manners and usages of Polite Society of the present day.

The style of the book is fresh and vigorous and will catch the eye and hold the attention.

"This book has been very discriminately prepared on a common sense basis. It is better adapted to the use of the average American society lady or gentleman than any work we have seen. Its conciseness and brevity are greatly in its favor in this busy world."

—Christian Herald, Detroit.

"'How,' is the name of a bright little book just published, with valuable hints on the Etiquette of Receptions, Calls, Dinners, Engagements, Weddings, Etc. It gives points for young and old worth many times the price of the book."

—Democrat and Chronicle, Rochester, N. Y.

Given for only one new subscriber at 50 cents and 10 cents extra.

FELT CLOCK SCARFS.

Given for only ONE NEW subscriber and 10 cents extra.



These are designed to be placed upon the mantel for the clock to stand upon; the end hanging over to be embroidered. We will send one, any color, 12x18 in., stamped across the end with a handsome design for tinsel, or other embroidery, for only one new subscriber at 50 cents and 10 cents extra.

A SET OF NUT PICKS

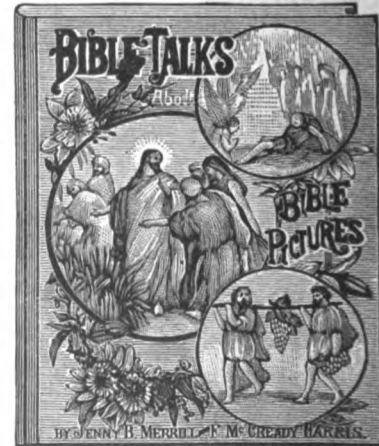
For a SINGLE NEW subscriber to the Ladies' Home Journal.



This is one of the premiums we feel sure will be very popular. This set of nut picks is just as good as a set which costs \$5.00. The picks are strong and the handles highly finished, and there is nothing to tarnish. They are useful and make a handsome dining table ornament. We will send the set for only one new subscriber at 50 cents per year.

Bible Talks About Bible Pictures.

By JENNIE B. MERRILL and F. MCCREADY HARRIS. Illustrated by GUSTAVE DORE and others. 1 vol., large 4to, beautiful chromo cover done in ten colors. \$1.25.



Every mother should have one for the children. This is the book so highly recommended by "JOHNS WIFE," in the JOURNAL columns, Mothers' Corner some months ago.

Given for only 6 yearly subscribers; or, for only 4 subscribers and 25 cents extra; or, for 2 subscribers and 50 cents extra.

Until July 1st, will be given for only ONE NEW subscriber and 50 cents.

Kensington and Lustre Painting.

Given for only ONE NEW subscriber.



This book is a complete instructor in this delightful new branch of fancy work. By the process taught, the MOST BEAUTIFUL PAINTING can be done on PLUSH, VELVET, SILK, SATIN, or any other material. The book is a complete guide. NO OTHER TEACHER WILL BE NEEDED. It gives descriptions of the designs and materials best adapted for the work, what paints to use for the KENSINGTON PAINTING and what bronzes, metallic flitters and dry colors to use for the LUSTRE or IRIDESCENT BRONZE PAINTING; also tells what tubes and bronzes to use for the different flowers and how to mix the colors for delicate shades. It also gives receipts for making the mediums for applying the bronzes, and all other information required, and contains in addition a chapter of instructions on painting Terraine or Embossed Pottery. We will send this book by mail for only one new subscriber at 50 cents per year.

The Bijou Embroidery Frame.

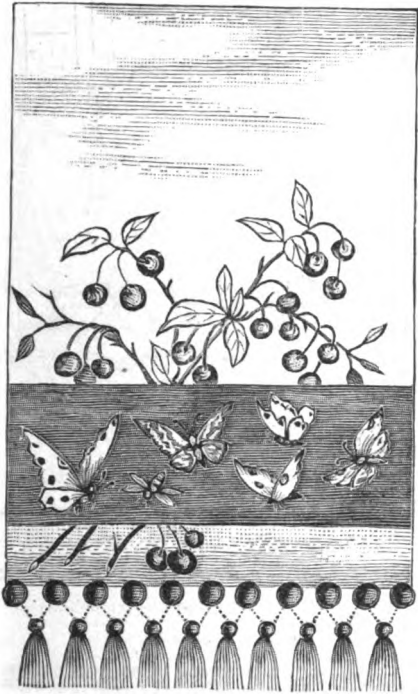
Given for only ONE NEW subscriber.

This is a small-sized frame to be held in the hand, for holding small pieces of work. It is indispensable for every lady who does any kind of embroidery. We will send you an 8 inch frame for a SINGLE NEW subscriber at 50 cents per year.

These offers are good only until July 1st.

HANDSOME TABLE SCARFS

FREE TO ANY ONE WHO WILL SEND US ONLY ONE NEW SUBSCRIBER AND 30 CENTS EXTRA.



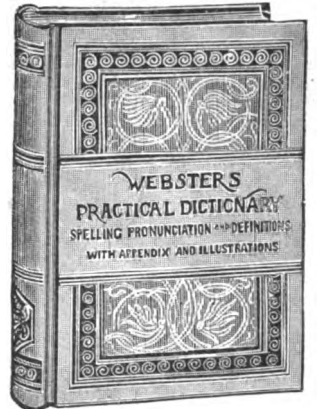
It is an absolute necessity now to have a cover for every table, and they can be made very beautiful when artistically worked.

Special offers in table covers, scarfs, and square covers made of felt and embroidered on each end or in each corner, to be thrown over tables work-stands, etc., are now among the most popular pieces of fancy work. They are very ornamental and easy to finish. These table covers are sold at the stores for from \$1 to \$2 each, but by a special arrangement we can make the following great offer: We will send a table scarf 18 inches wide and 50 inches long, made of any color felt desired, stamped on each end ready to be worked, with designs of your own choosing, either for Kensington embroidery, Ribbon work, Tinsel or Outline embroidery. Given for only one new subscriber and 30 cents extra. For 15 cents extra we will send 25 skeins of silk, assorted colors, with which to work the designs.

Until July 1st will be given for only ONE NEW subscriber and 50 cents extra,

Webster's Practical Dictionary.

Given for only 6 Subscribers at 50 cents per year; or for only 4 Subscribers and 25 cents extra; or for only 2 Subscribers and 50 cts. extra.



Webster's Practical is an entirely new work by the editors and publishers of Webster's Unabridged and contains more than twice the amount of matter and illustrations ever before offered for the price.

600,000 Words and nearly 1,500 First-Class Illustrations in Webster's Practical.

It embodies several new features which, for ordinary use, render it pre-eminent among dictionaries—not excepting even the Unabridged.

An Invaluable Book.—The importance of supplying every child with Webster's Practical for his very own, is not generally appreciated. As an educator it is worth a hundred times its price, and a little self-denial to provide one or more copies in every family will prove a better economy than an endowment of hoarded bank-stocks later on in life.

It is handsomely bound in cloth with ornamental covers. The paper is of the best quality and the type is clear. The regular price is \$1.00. OUR PRICE is but 75 cents postpaid to any address.

CURTIS PUB. CO., Phila., Pa.

Useful Books for Young Ladies.

Either one of these 3 Books given for only ONE NEW subscriber and 20 cents extra.

Talks with Homely Girls.

Talks with Homely Girls: On Health and Beauty, their Preservation and Cultivation. By Frances Smith. A manual of advice and instruction upon the general care of the health, exercise, bathing, the care of the head, hair, teeth, hands, feet, and the complexion, with chapters upon dress, manners, conversation, and all topics pertaining to a young lady's appearance and deportment. The twenty chapters are replete with information on Grace and Beauty of Form, Bathing Exercise, Care of the Head, Hair, Teeth, Face, Hands, Complexion, Carriage of the Body, Dress, Deportment, Conversation, and General Care of the Health. A very useful book for every lady. Handsome cloth binding.

Friendly Chats With Girls.

A Series of Talks on Manners, Duty, Behavior, and Social Customs. Containing sensible advice and counsel on a great variety of important matters which girls should know. By Mrs. M. A. Kidder.

A few of the chapters in this interesting volume are devoted to the following subjects: School Girls, Eccentric Girls, Invalid Girls, Bashful Girls, Engaged Girls, Elderly Girls, City Girls, Country Girls, Motherless Girls, Shop Girls, Orphan Girls, Fatherless Girls, Servant Girls, Industrious Girls, Only Daughters, Jealous Girls, Wealthy Girls, Sociable Girls, Courageous Girls, Unhappy Girls, Inquisitive Girls, Careless Girls, Romantic Girls, Girl Students, Handsome Girls, Envious Girls, Proud Girls.

Much important knowledge of great value to girls in all conditions of social life will be found in this book. Cloth Binding.

Usages of the Best Society.

The Usages of the Best Society: A manual of social etiquette. By FRANCES STEVENS. Nothing is given in this book that has not the sanction of observance by the best society. Contains 31 chapters. Introductions and Salutations—Visiting Cards and Visiting—Strangers and New-comers—Engagements and Weddings—Receptions and Debuts—Private Balls and German—Fancy Dress and Masquerade Balls and Costumes—Opera and Theatre Parties—Dinner and Dinner Giving—Table Decorations and Etiquette—Luncheons, Breakfast and Teas. The Art of Entertaining—Letter Writing and Invitations—Musical "At Homes" and Garden Parties—Traveling Manners and Mourning Etiquette—Wedding and Birthday Anniversaries and Presents—New Year's Day Receptions—Important General Considerations—Brief Hints for everyday use. This book is indispensable to all who wish to obtain the most enjoyment from daily intercourse with their fellow beings. Handsome cloth binding.

Will be found useful by all who wish to obtain instruction on matters relating to social usage and society.—Demorest's Magazine.

Knitting & Crochet.

Knitting and Crochet.—A guide to the use of the Needle and the Hook. Edited by Jenny June. In arranging this work the editor has taken special pains to systematize and classify its different departments, give the greatest possible variety of designs and stitches, and explain the technical details so clearly, that any one can easily follow the directions. There are a large variety of stitches and a great number of patterns fully illustrated and described, which have all been tested by an expert before insertion in this collection. The aim of the editor has been to supply women with an accurate and satisfactory guide to knitting and crochet work. This book is printed on fine paper, bound with a handsome cover, and contains over

200 Illustrations.

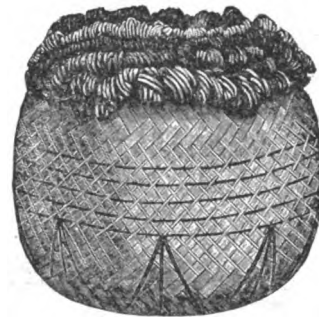
The knitting stitches illustrated and described are: To Cast On with One and Two Needles—To Narrow—To Widen—To Purl—To Cast Off—To Slip a Stitch—Round Knitting—To Join Together—Edge Stitch. PATTERNS.—Peacock's Tail—Vandyke—Looped Knitting—Cane Work—Leaf and Trellis—Triangular Kilted—Gothic—Coral—Knotted Stitch—Diamond—Wave—Cable Twist—S. ripes, etc. MACRAME STITCHES.—Solomon's Knot—Simple Chain—Spiral Cord—Waved Bar—Spherical Knot—Slanting Rib—Open Knotting—Pilot Heading—Cross Knot—Fringe—Tassels, etc. CROCHET STITCHES.—Chain Stitch—Single Crochet—Double Crochet—Half Treble—Treble—Double Treble—Cross Treble—Slip Stitch—Triolet—Muscovite Triolet—Shell Pattern—Basket Pattern—Raised Spot Stitch—Ring Stitch—Hair Pin Crochet—Crochet Lace, etc. DESIGNS AND DIRECTIONS are given to Knit and Crochet—Afghans—Undervests—Shirts—Petticoats—Jackets—Shawls—Insertion—Trimming—Edging—Comforters—Lace—Braces—Socks—Boots—Slippers—Gaiters—Drawers—Knee-Caps—Stockings—Mittens—Clouds—Purses—Counterpanes—Quilts—Rugs—Infants' Bortines—Hoods—Caps—Shawls—Dresses—Bed Quilts, etc., etc. Every lady will find this the newest and most complete work on Knitting and Crochet published.

Given for only ONE NEW subscriber and 20 cents extra.



HAIR PIN BASKET.

Given for only ONE NEW subscriber and 10 cents extra.



This is one of the prettiest little hair-pin baskets ever made. It is filled with curled hair and a covering of loosely knitted, bright-colored zephyr, into which hair-ping can be easily stuck. We will send one of these pretty baskets and the curled hair and zephyr with which to fill it for only ONE NEW subscriber and 10 cts. extra. Price 25 cents when sold separately.

If you send us only 1 new subscriber and 10 cents extra you are welcome to it, as a free present for your trouble.

Given for only ONE NEW subscriber and 10 cents extra.

A NICE PRESENT FOR THE GIRLS!

Given for only 2 yearly Subscribers, at 50 Cents per year each.

Golden Floral Autograph Album.



This Album is finely covered with leatherette, embossed and colored flowers and gilt trimmings. It contains 110 pages of assorted colored leaves, and six beautiful chromo pages. The corners are rounded. The cut gives a fair idea of the Album, but of course cannot show the beautiful colors of red, gold, blue, yellow, green, etc. Given for 2 subscribers. We sell it for \$1.00, including one year's subscription. Postage and packing 10 cents, when sent as a premium or purchased.

We have a variety of the latest styles and will send the latest style out, at the time order is received.

These offers are good only until July 1st.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

Given for only 6 Yearly Subscribers, or only 4 Subscribers and 25c. extra, or for only 2 Subscribers and 50c. extra.



The demand for this book seems unabated, although it has been read by the whole civilized world during the last 35 years. The Uncle Tom's Cabin which we offer contains an introduction which gives a vivid idea of the way in which this wonderful novel was written, and of the way in which it was received by famous men and women.

Full of striking incident, strongly drawn characters and thrilling scenes, it cannot but appeal to the mind and heart of every reader. In some parts the tragedy is so strong and fierce that every word burns itself upon our brain. Yet sometimes in the midst of sorrow Mrs. Stowe brings in a grotesquely humorous incident, as when, in the pursuit of Eliza, one of the slaves by his sharp wit so manœuvres that he succeeds in getting the slave-owner on the wrong track.

We offer it for sale for only \$1.00, and will send it postpaid to any address.

Until July 1st will be given for only ONE NEW subscriber and 50 cts. extra.

GOOD BOOKS FOR BOYS.

The following stories for boys are written by authors who are experienced writers, and great favorites with boys. They understand exactly how to write stories full of excitement and adventure, and yet not demoralizing or dull. They are wholesome stories, inculcating incidentally, manliness, and inciting to whatever is good. The volumes are illustrated and decidedly attractive. Each is printed on good paper, contains 250 or more pages, and is bound in HANDSOME CLOTH BINDING.

The following are the titles:

- JOE'S LUCK; or, A Boy's Adventures in California. By HORATIO ALGER, JR.
- JULIAN MORTIMER; or A Brave Boy's Struggles for Home and Fortune. By HARRY CASTLEMAN.
- ADRIFF IN THE WILDS; or, The Adventures of Two Shipwrecked Boys. By EDWARD S. ELLIS.

Given for only 4 subscribers at 50 cents per year, or for only 2 yearly subscribers and 25 cents extra. We offer them for sale for only 60 cents postpaid to any address. The regular price is \$1.00.

Until July 1st, will be given for only ONE NEW subscriber and 30 cents extra.

DICKENS' WORKS

Any one volume given for only one new subscriber and 30 cents extra. See December number or regular premium supplement for complete list of Dickens' Works, also list of "best popular 12mos." Any one of these books will be given for only one new subscriber and 30 cents extra. This offer holds good only until July 1st 1888.



OLD CONVEN-

appiness or misery not less true of the and one excellent ssn friction, save neral comfort and ain little conven- if considered sept- ten or neglected. , in the hope that gestions. ly "next to godlin- noted, especially in prone to come un- ry house had some ped washing-place, outer door and thus bath-room or bed- houses having city essary fixtures will e daily convenience it plumbing the best ie washstand," with pump and discharge s-cars, and communi- ails below, which are he doors of the stand. ed bowl, pitcher and hing. The best towel ler-towel, in which, if t the lower end, there

and, if space allows, t useful contrivance for members of the family iding to the cellar or o wit, a blacking-stool. ily the usual iron foot- for the blacking-box. venient to keep a small and perpendicular hole with water and used for Blacking of the kind ter in the end than that application. A man or il in the use of tools can g-stand for himself, pro- in iron furnishes the lder. But whether one , it should be remembered blacking-stand is perhaps s a convenience.

housekeepers see that inted place for storing apping-paper taken from ore cases, probably, these ot to be had without the a search when one is about rhaps least afford it. In or tacle may properly be kept ully washed out, and each k. A supply of new corks ecies. If the good rule was f removing old labels even n result from not doing so, rtainly be observed also in r possibly may ensue. , it has been related, showed s hospitality and his high e art of writing by providing terials for correspondence in his guests. But in our own s not had occasion to write in he only pens obtainable are ers rusted, the only ink in a er nearly empty or with con- over-dilution to a pale brown, the small size of white ruled ry persons seem to think proper the only apology for a desk the face of a parlor table—unless, lows the very bad general cus- sex and writes in his own lap? ot hopelessly below the level of ence should have at least one o the purpose of writing with nd rapidly. The importance of g surface, a left-hand light and ise, and especially of conversa- need mention. Where a Dave- desk is beyond a family's means, n perhaps be constructed of pine, atch the other furniture of the he front cover arranged to be let wanted, so as to form a surface for writing. The interior may be red, and the top used as a shelf for ic-a-brac. A long screw will hold n place against a wall. Ready at ry family escriptor should be paper sizes and qualities, with envelopes for other things than brief letters of may have to be written there—pens t kinds, among which it is well to that some writers like a stub pen, n imitation of the ancient quill; d not have the quality of extreme on first use at the expense of proper

fluidity and permanency—a kind sometimes called "school ink," but should be one of the excellent writing fluids of the prominent makers, which it is wisest to buy in pint or quart bottles. Writing done with these inks acquires deep and lasting blackness. A letter in pale brown ink is nearly as bad as one in faint pencil. To make the writing-desk still more useful and attractive, add to the above necessities stamps and postal cards, with the charitable intent of stopping the bad habit of borrowing; a pen-wiper; cards with envelopes for short social notes; sealing-wax, and a seal with the family initial, and the other customary accompaniments; a bottle of mucilage; a sharp steel eraser, for if allowed to remain dull it is but a vexation of spirit; a calendar; a letter weigher; a pencil with rubber tip; and a wedgewood ruler marked with fractions of an inch.

Houses provided with gas too often have not enough side-lights and drop-lights for convenient reading or writing after dark. Doubtless eyes are injured sometimes by insufficient light, when a family crowd about a single burner. Economy in the matter of needed light is a most unwise economy. Where oil is used, it is surprising to see how few families appreciate the convenience they might have by a side fixture on the wall, capable of being raised and lowered and fasted over a sofa or desirable corner for reading.

In every room where gas or a lamp is to be lighted should be one of the neat receptacles for burnt ends of matches, made by crochet work suspending a little round tin box or a glass or cup, and often hung on a gas-fixture. These match-cups are useful and easy articles for ladies to make as small Christmas presents or for fairs.

Wall-pockets, too, for newspapers, etc., are less common than their merit deserves. Here is a useful field of exercise for the ambitious boy's scroll-saw. The centre panel should have either a bright-colored paper or a suitable picture.

In every house where father or sons need exercise and have some constructive talent there ought to be provided the most usual and necessary carpenters' tools, inclusive of an oil stove and can and a glue pot, and a place for working where wood, shavings and sawdust will not vex the righteous soul of the house-keeper. It is generally wiser not to buy the ready-made chests of tools, for the selection is often not very judicious nor is the quality always satisfactory. In such workshop the

amateur carpenter can perhaps construct some of the things suggested in this paper, as well as others according to need or fancy—and may make himself very useful by doing part of the numerous and frequent small household repairs.

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