

# THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

NEW YORK OFFICE  
379 ALBANY  
50 BOSTON PLACE  
1891

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH, 1891

TEN CENTS A COPY

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### MARCH

Light-footed March, wild maid of Spring,  
Your frolic footsteps hither stray,  
Smiles blent with tears will April bring—  
'Tis April's sentimental way.  
But your wild winds with laughter ring,  
While young and old your will obey:  
A moment here, then on the wing,  
Coquettish March, what games you play!

I know a maid as blithe as you—  
Child of the Ice-King and the Sun—  
At her fair feet fond lovers woo;  
She flouts and jeers them, every one:  
And then she smiles—once more they sue:  
Then blows she cold—they are undone.  
Oh March! could you or she be true,  
Then all were naught, so you were won.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

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**THE FANCY AND THE USEFUL.**

EVERY woman knows that it requires courage to lay aside a bit of fancy work, that is growing under her deft fingers into a thing of beauty, that will be a household joy forever, and resolutely sit down for a half-day of patching and mending. It is so much pleasanter to make the beautiful Sorrento embroidery, or the drawn-work on rich linen, or to study out the lace patterns in THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, than to repair one's old clothes. But your neat, methodical woman occasionally will make a special task of looking over her wardrobe. A new braid is put on a frayed skirt; the worn buttons on the bodice of the gown are replaced by new ones; a missing button is supplied to the walking-coat; a tiny rent is darned in a garment; a small patch neatly inserted in another, and the stockings are darned. Then the lingerie is looked at, and all the collars and cuffs with ragged edges are consigned to the rag-bag. The woman who attends to these small matters is always well dressed, because presenting a neat appearance; and then she is never made uncomfortable by the consciousness of a yawning rent; for rags are so unwomanly that they disturb a true woman's conscience.

ELLA B. CARTER.

**THE CHILD'S LEFT HAND**

WHY do not mothers seek to cultivate all of their little one's capabilities and faculties? Why, for instance, do you teach the child to skillfully use the right hand, and ignore such possibilities for his left? Why do you mourn if the child be naturally "left-handed" and seek to cripple his free use of the unruly member? One would almost suspect it was in the nature of a crime to be ambidextrous, so persistently are children admonished to "Take the needle in your other hand, dear!" "Why will that boy drive nails with the hammer in his left hand?" One constantly hears such lament from the lips of mothers and teachers. Left-handed? And why not? Either-handed, rather, as would always result from equal attention to the muscular use of both hands. In the earlier stages of learning to write, children are apt to complain of their hand "getting tired," from the cramped attitude of the fingers; all this would be obviated by alternate use of the left hand. I know a man who has only his left hand to use, and it is wonderful what dextrous use he puts it to: carpentering, the pruning of his large orchards, in fact all the multifarious employments of the farm are accomplished with speed and precision. It is only the left-handed greeting that one notices in our neighborly intercourse, and even that does not, after a few times, seem either odd or unusual.

LYDIA WOOD BALDWIN.

**Poison In Toilet Soaps!**

Attention is directed to this Paragraph from the "The Times" newspaper:

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# The Ladies Home Journal

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

Vol. VIII, No. 4

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH, 1891

Yearly Subscription, One Dollar  
Single Copies, Ten Cents



THE PRINCESS OF WALES AT HOME  
BY LADY ELIZABETH HILARY



to be called Her Royal Highness is the destiny of everybody born to wear a crown—that is, every woman body. But it remains for one woman among all the royal families to have the endearing title of Her Royal Sweetness given to her, and that honor belongs to Alexandra, Princess of Wales. This gracious lady has all the world over won, not only admiration and esteem, but love. And certainly there must be something specially fine and womanly, when even a stranger has a feeling of affection for the woman who will one day be Queen of England and Empress of India. Princess Alexandra, the eldest daughter of the King of Denmark, belongs to a remarkable family. Historically, Denmark is counted as of great importance, but, in reality, it is but a small sovereignty, and the Princess herself was, while thoroughly educated, taught all the industries that would be part of the knowledge of a daughter of

As the years have gone on and the bride of nineteen is the mother of a son twenty-six years old, the remarkable beauty of face and magnetism of manner that so charmed the English people at first, is as great as ever, and she is the best evidence in the world of the fact that a woman has discovered the secret of eternal beauty, and that it is—a loving heart, a generous mind, and a sweet, amiable consideration.

Her Royal Highness is most happy when residing at Sandringham, in Norfolk, where she chooses to live as might any gentleman. Here she has her favorite drives, her pet charities, her wonderful dairy, her own flower garden and all her pets. To women who are interested in floriculture it may be told that it is a great fad of the Princess to care for a wild flower garden, which is in one corner of the grounds and where the dainty blossoms from field and forest are cared for and made sweeter and lovelier because of the attention given them. Sandringham House is not shown as are many of the royal houses, but, of course, it is seen by those who are fortunate enough to be among the attendants or visitors of her Royal Highness. It is a very large and, as the title illustration above shows, a beautiful place, but one which impresses you more with its comfort than with its magnificence. Here, in the pretty morning room, the Princess thinks out and arranges for her numerous charities, looks over the letters that are specially intended for her eyes, and is busier than many a poor man's wife in caring for the comfort of others.

The drawing-room, while very charming, is quiet and refined. It is comfortable and affords an example—worth following—to the numerous women who over-furnish their rooms with chairs and tables until they are so crowded that one is afraid to move about.

The nearest church is Wolverton, an ancient one that has been restored by the Prince of Wales, and made very impressive by the artistic care given it. On one side of the entrance there are seats of curiously-carved wood intended for the royal family and their visitors, while on the other side are those for the stranger within the gates. There are four memorial windows in the chancel: one is to Princess Alice of Hesse, which was erected by her brother the Prince of Wales; and opposite this is another to Prince Leopold, that has just been put in position. On the brass lectern is inscribed a memorial of the little Prince who died on April 7th, 1871. This year, which had been one of great distress to the Princess, ended happily, and caused her to express her feelings in letters that could not fade, these tender and believing words:

"TO THE GLORY OF GOD."  
A thank-offering for His Mercy.  
14 December, 1871.  
ALEXANDRA.

"When I was in trouble I called upon the Lord, and He heard me."

It seems unfortunate that women who occupy less trying positions, and into whose lives there has not come so much of joy and sorrow, have not the same continued faith in God that is shown by this royal lady.

In her charities the Princess has shown greatest interest in those institutions intended for women and children, and has made special exertions for the Chelsea Hospital for Women, and for all the places where little children are cared for. When she herself was suffering from acute rheumatism, the little patients at the hospitals got a greater number of books and toys than ever before; and I, who have seen, would say that in going through the wards of a hospital, giving a blossom here, a word of sympathy there, and of consideration or advice to another, the tenderness of manner and kindness of heart shown by this royal lady is most touching. One of her great desires has been to make in London a suitable home for working girls; for those girls who found the ordinary boarding-house too expensive, and who were, so to say, cast adrift in the world. From this idea grew the Alexandra House, at Kensington, and, remembering what the greatest lady in the land does, a number of other houses of the same kind have been started in different parts of the city.

Life at Sandringham is, as I said before, very simple. The Prince breakfasts with his sons and any male members of the royal family who may be there; the Princess breakfasts in her private apartment, while the young princesses break their fast in an old-fashioned room still known as the school-room. When this meal is over they come down to say good-morning to their father, and are usually accompanied by a group of pet dogs. The gentlemen go out shooting or riding, while the ladies in the house amuse themselves with books and papers and, later in the day, are joined by the Princess. Luncheon brings all together, and this informal meal is, when the season will permit, served in a tent put up in the woods near where the mighty hunters are. The Princess leads the procession going to this in a smart yellow cart drawn by the plumpiest of ponies, driving herself and one of her lady guests. She is, by-the-by, an extremely good whip. Luncheon, over the ladies return to Sandringham House, everybody meeting again at five o'clock tea, and dinner being served in the dining-room at about half-past eight o'clock.

The Prince and Princess dine with their guests; the Princess sitting in the centre of one side of the table, while the Prince is exactly opposite. When dessert is served a piper plays the bagpipes in the corridor outside, in veritable Highland style, that is, pacing backwards and forwards.

One of the chosen spots is the dairy; there the Princess herself has made butter many a time, and she and her daughter have served to their visitors the delightful dishes only possible when they are direct from a dairy. This room was made in Bombay, and has a decoration of wonderful Indian tiles, while there are churning rooms, butter rooms, et cetera, that make it really ideal. Too much cannot be said in regard to the education given to the



THE PRINCESS OF WALES  
(Regarded by the friends of the Princess as her best portrait.)

daughters of the Princess of Wales. They know how to sew so well that they can make their own gowns, and their knowledge of every art taught them is thorough. They can go into the kitchen and cook—cook well; they understand the art of bread-making, and if they were ever thrown upon their own resources would be able to take care of themselves. And this has been done not only as an example to other mothers in the kingdom, but because her Royal Highness thought it right for her daughters. I wonder how many of the daughters of American gentlemen could make butter, sew, paint, are good musicians, have a knowledge of sculpture and can read and speak three or four languages? And yet this is true of the daughters of the Princess of Wales. Sweet-faced, healthy-looking girls, they are always gowned



THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES  
IN THEIR CARRIAGE

(From a portrait taken last fall while the royal carriage was driving through Hyde Park.)

ordinary gentlefolk. Her sister is the present Czarina of Russia, and her brother is King of Greece. At the age of nineteen, a beautiful young girl, she was married to Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, and it was a marriage so pleasing to the English people that the poet laureate was not exaggerating when he wrote "We are each all Dane in our welcome of thee." As she was greeted then, so has her greeting ever continued, for she is, without any exception, the most popular woman in the kingdom. What the Princess says, what the Princess does, and what the Princess thinks, meets the approval of all the British wives, mothers and daughters.



MARLBOROUGH HOUSE (THE PRINCESS' LONDON OR TOWN HOME)



in the most simple manner and work at their books and with pencil and needle in a way that would shame the daughter of many a tradesman who ought to thoroughly understand everything that is really woman's work.

How many daughters are there? Well, of course, one has lately married the Duke of Fife, but she is also shown in the illustration which pictures the happy mother surrounded by her children. The oldest son is Albert Victor; the second, George. The oldest daughter, Louise, now the Duchess of Fife; the second, Victoria, and the third, Maud. Simplicity of manner, as well as of costume, is peculiar to the young princesses, for while they are perfectly *au fait* in regard to what they should do on formal occasions, still they are yet so natural in their manners that the stranger meeting them is most of all charmed by this.

People talk about busy women, and yet there are no busier ones than those in high places. Mistakes must not be made, and a good memory becomes a great necessity. The Princess of Wales holds a drawing-room in the name of the Queen, at which presentations are equivalent to those made to her Majesty, giving the lady presented exactly the same privileges. She never seems to forget the numerous women who are presented to her, and the look of recognition later on, given when she meets one at some great function, is always deeply appreciated, and wins for her not only the loyalty of the woman whose face she has not forgotten, but of every connection she has.

Marlborough House, the town residence of the Princess of Wales, is stately in appearance as the illustration shows. It has spacious grounds about it, and is much more palatial looking than Sandringham; but here, as there, the same beautiful daily life goes on. Of course, the Princess must be a little less her own mistress and a little more the servant of the English people, but when she is that she charms so by her own sweetness that her reward comes even on earth.

Very fond of both walking and driving it is not marvelous that the Princess has retained her beautiful complexion, and that, with her artistic knowledge, she is counted the best-dressed woman in England. Simplicity is the key-note to her attire, and it is by her influence that the well-made cloth gown and the small bonnet have retained their hold so long in the fashionable world. When she goes yachting, a simple blue serge gown, trimmed with white braid, and a cap on which the name of the royal yacht is painted, is the costume fancied by her and her daughters, and the one that permits them to have a thoroughly good time and enjoy the sea and the sea air as they wish to do.

Purity of thought and deed has characterized the entire life of her Royal Highness, and to be in her set means to be received by a woman whom the whole world knows to be good and true. Women who find their lot cast in high places are bound to set an example to the rest of the world, but too often this example is made tiresome and uninteresting. With the Princess this has been different, for her own sweet manner, her own faith—when trouble came—that she would be helped, and her interest not only in her own life and that of those about her, but extending as it does to the stranger and the sufferer, has made many women eager to be as good as our Princess.

She has that marvelous art of making goodness seem attractive; of making the right act the pleasant one and of impressing upon all who know her the knowledge that to do good is to have a pleasant time, and not to do it is to miss some of the pleasure of life. Many princesses have been written about as having been beautiful, as having caused great wars, as having done great deeds of valor, of having made men die for them and kingdoms quarrel over them, but of none of them can it be said, as it is of this gracious lady, that the whole world bows down before sweetness and goodness, that peace has been the watchword of her life—and not only does she value peace but those loving sisters, Faith, Hope and Charity, abide with her. In her own household the devoted wife and mother, she is, nevertheless, the Princess of Wales, the wife of the future King of England when it is demanded that she shall preside at some great social function, and for this ability to be whatever time and place demand of her she gains special admiration from the English people. The wife and the mother never forgets her duties in the Princess, nor does the Princess ever forget what she owes the English people in her duties as wife and mother. The life is many-sided but her Royal Highness is perfectly capable of filling with grace and dignity all that is expected of her. Simple in her attire at her home and when in the country, she yet thoroughly understands the art of magnificent dressing when it is required. She has taught women all over the world the beauty of simplicity, and the assumption of cottons has become more and more general every year because the Princess of Wales approves of

them. She herself never looks prettier than when in a simple print gown, and it is well argued that if the Princess can afford to dress simply, certainly the wife of the merchant and of the tradesman is wisest in imitating her.

When the Princess went to Ireland not very long ago, she was received with such joy by the Irish people that the most daring whispered that if the sweetest lady in the world would only come there and live, land-leaguers and land-owners would shake hands, and peace and plenty would reign over the land. You see for one woman to have made entire nations in love with her, there must of necessity be about her something brave and noble—something better and grander, greater of heart and purer of mind, than is in most women. And these are the possessions of the Princess of Wales—possessions more to be longed for than great estates or superb palaces. Royalty can always make its power felt. It can seldom make the world conscious of its absolute sweetness.

England may count itself blest above all other nations in having the Princess of Wales

## HOW SOME WOMEN EAT

By OWEN PROCTA



If women would maintain a standard of good health there are three very simple rules that must be followed, three things to be insisted on: regular exercise, regular sleep and a sensible and regular method of eating. These are the foundation laws of all hygiene, and yet they are nothing more than the dictates of ordinary common sense.

Plenty of sleep is within the reach of all women, no matter what their daily occupation may be, for plenty does not necessarily imply long hours, but a reasonable amount at certain regular hours, with which neither work nor pleasure should be permitted to interfere. Every woman should endeavor also to per-

refuse to avail themselves of cheap and nutritious food, preferring, instead, worthless, harmful pastry.

How can women who abuse their stomachs and neglect the demands of nature thus, expect to be well and strong? In view of my statement it is scarcely necessary for me to say that among the forty odd women who came and went during my luncheon, there was scarcely one with a clear, rosy complexion such as every woman should have, or who gave the impression of perfect health. You knew instinctively they had no appetite for the little they eat; that they suffered from headache and "nerves," and were heiresses to a thousand natural but necessary ills that the exercise of a little common-sense would avert. With a little thought any woman will see that pie, composed as it is of lard, sugar, flour from which all nutritive powers have been extracted by the processes it has gone through, and a little cooked fruit, will not furnish the body with proper nourishment for one hour, much less for three or four.

If you deny your body nourishment, and if you starve yourself or any portion of yourself, you cannot have health or development. Without these life is practically valueless, and it is nothing less than our duty, in so far as we may, to make our lives of value to ourselves and those about us. No woman crippled in health or energy can do so, and I therefore appeal to the women who may read this to consider this sadly neglected subject, and apply it each one to themselves.

Eat as little as you wish, and as seldom as you wish, but when you do eat, by all means let it be food and not trumpery. Let whatever you take into your system be for the support and nourishment of your body, not to clog and impair it. If the question of economy arise, let me assure you that economy is on the side of health. A simple soup, with plenty of good bread and butter, costs no more than fruit-cake and ice-cream; but how vastly different it is in effect! It is easily digested and wholly nutritious, and after a few tests, any, but an abnormally morbid palate, will prefer such a diet.

I appeal especially to the women whose livelihood depends upon their own exertions; work is done twice as quickly and as well when you are strong and healthful, when your heart is light and your head clear. Try then to make that your normal condition. Sleep, bathe and exercise with the utmost regularity. Eat a light, but nourishing breakfast; it is far better for you than a heavy meal that weighs down your stomach before it is scarcely awake, and keeps it tired and sluggish all day. A cup of coffee or, better yet, chocolate, good bread and butter, an egg and a little fruit are quite enough nourishment until noon; then eat a plain lunch, oysters or soup, a simple salad or cold meat with bread and fruit are best. At night when your day's work is done, and you have leisure to rest and properly digest your meal, eat a warm, but not too heavy, dinner. Follow this manner of living for a year, and I will guarantee that at the end you will look younger and be happier, healthier, better women than you ever were or could have been on the pastry diet.



PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR, (eldest son) THE PRINCESS LOUISE, THE DUCHESS OF FIFE, (eldest daughter) THE PRINCE THE PRINCESS VICTORIA, (second daughter) PRINCE GEORGE, (the second son) THE PRINCESS MAUDE, (youngest daughter) THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AND FAMILY

held up to its women as a model. Wherever she has gone, wherever she has lived, or among whatever people her lot has been cast, she has made the mental and moral tone of society sweeter and better than it was ever before. You who only think of her as the coming ruler of a great nation, do not perhaps realize how wonderful is the power of the woman, but you certainly must think how beautiful must have been the family life of the people from whom she came. There must be much that is good in the state of Denmark now. Scarcely a household in any of the English countries is without a picture of the Princess, and men who look at it, hope that their own daughters will, if they have not her beauty, at least show something in their characters of her sweetness and gentle kindness. Her children are not just those who have been born of her; they are those in her kingdom all the world over. She sets for them the example of a good daughter, a faithful wife, a loving mother and a considerate friend. What more would you ask? Surely "in her gates her children will rise up and call her blessed!"

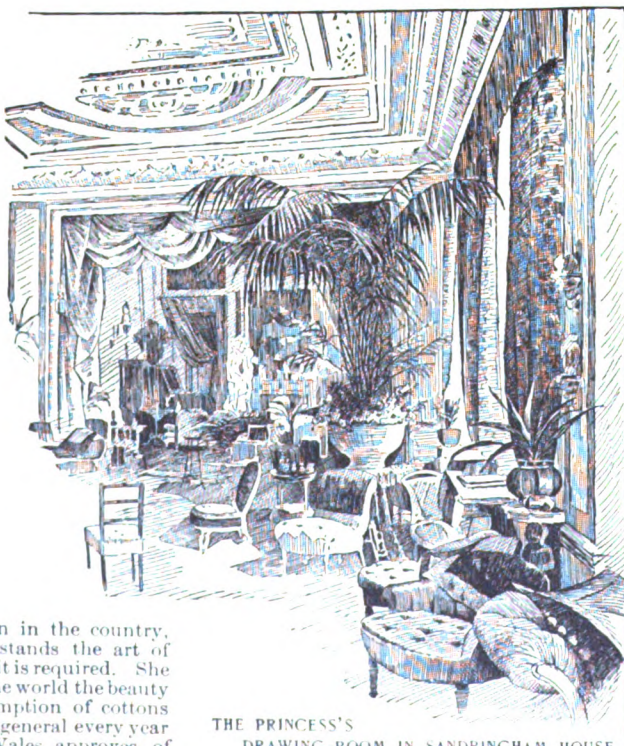
form a certain amount of exercise each day, and to have the quantity and the hours of taking it as nearly uniform as possible.

But if preference can be given to any rule, of the three I may say that relative to eating is the most important, and the one most neglected by women. Among women it is only a cultivated few who know what to eat, and profit by their knowledge. Not only in private families but in all public places you will find this to be true. At one of our famous hotels, justly celebrated for the excellence and variety of its *cuisine*, I recently saw an intelligent, well-dressed woman order fish-chowder, apple pie and a cup of tea at luncheon, and I find that this is the order of three out of every five women who lunch there; this among the supposedly wealthier class of people who suit their menu to their palates rather than their purses.

In a spirit of investigation I visited a popular restaurant to observe the customs of yet another class of women. This place is much frequented by saleswomen of the better class, and shoppers who desire to save on their lunch bill. The house is solely for the accommodation of women, and is supplied upstairs and down with lunch counters in place of tables; the counters were neat and attractive, and the waitresses attentive, and it was with quite a feeling of satisfaction that I perched myself on a stool and adapted myself to the brass foot-rail.

I was given a bill-of-fare to select from, that was as varied as one need wish, and included oysters, soups, meats, simple *entrées*, all kinds of bread and the usual variety of cake and ices. Moreover, when I tested the viands I found them well cooked and appetizing; anyone could have eaten there a sensible, healthful lunch, and yet, of twenty women who were seated at that counter, only one, beside myself, did so.

Of these twenty women, five ordered ice-cream and cake; three a piece of pie and cup of coffee each; two had bread and butter, followed by dark fruit-cake; and the eight remaining women were divided between eclairs, cream-cakes, jelly-tarts and doughnuts, with an occasional cup of coffee or tea. The one sensible woman had soup, a sandwich and light salad, with a piece of sponge-cake and a cup of chocolate. I lingered over my own luncheon, so that the twenty women all changed during my stay, but the proportion of cake eaters remained the same. The majority of these lunchers were working women. They had probably, at the least calculation, been at work since nine o'clock that morning, and had yet some four or five hours more of labor before them; during that time they expected to sustain life and nourish their body and brain upon one piece of pie and a cup of coffee. Among the harder working class the same thing exists also, and women deliberately



THE PRINCESS'S DRAWING-ROOM IN SANDRINGHAM HOUSE

## Prepare for Spring

The spring of all seasons in the year, is the one for making radical changes in regard to health. During the winter the system becomes, to a certain extent, clogged with waste, and the blood loaded with impurities, owing to lack of exercise, close confinement in poorly ventilated shops and homes, and other causes. This is the cause of the dull, sluggish, tired feeling so general when spring approaches, and which must be overcome or the health may be entirely broken down. Hood's Sarsaparilla has attained the greatest popularity all over the country as the favorite Spring Medicine. Hood's Sarsaparilla soon expels the accumulation of impurities through the bowels, kidneys, liver, lungs and skin, and gives to the blood the purity, quality and tone necessary to good health.

### "In the Spring of '90"

I experienced that tired, dull feeling, and what sleep I had nights seemed to do me no good. Dyspepsia seized me, and each morning, in the effort to get rid of the bad taste, I had severe vomiting spells. I was much discouraged. My druggist suggested Hood's Sarsaparilla. I took two bottles and am happy to say it MADE ME A NEW MAN, and I never was better than now." JOHN MACK, foreman Springer & Willard's stock farm, Oskaloosa, Iowa.

### Worked Wonders

"My health was very poor last spring and seeing an advertisement of Hood's Sarsaparilla I thought I would try it. It has worked wonders for me as it has BUILT MY SYSTEM UP. I have taken four bottles and am on the fifth one. I have recommended it to several of my acquaintances and they think there is not another such medicine to be found." JOHN MATTHEWS, Southwest Oswego, Oswego County, N. Y.

N. B.—Be sure to get

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar



**A WOMAN'S RARE ESTATE**

By EMMA C. DOWD

You may not be great, as men count glory;  
You may not have riches, or honor, or power;  
You may not be versed in Time's vast story;  
Beauty and grace may not be your dower.

But you can possess what is sweeter and fairer  
Than wealth, or knowledge, or fame's estate—  
Holding it better and nobler and rarer—  
To uplift a thousand than make self great.

Comfort and strengthen souls in sorrow;  
Seek and discover the star in their night;  
Point to the hope that blesses each morrow;  
Lead the way outward from darkness to light.

Proffer a hand to the struggling and weary,  
Give them a friend in this world of foes,  
Make their pathway a little less dreary,  
Brighten their eyes with the sight of a rose.

Pass not the sinful with robe drawn tightly,  
Let no unkindness reach hand or lips,  
Help them to rise from the slum unsightly;  
Every error can Love eclipse.

So shall your life, a thousand lives blessing,  
Grow to be beautiful, wise and great;  
And a thousand hearts will be confessing:  
"Lo, she hath come to a rare estate!"

**MOTHS OF MODERN MARRIAGES**

By MRS. P. T. BARNUM



MARRIAGE to-day is with too many women a garment lightly donned and carelessly worn, instead of a right royal robe which no true woman can put on voluntarily without accepting the obligation to wear it with integrity, dignity and such grace as is possible to her.

Hence is the air of our every-day life all a-flutter with the wings of invisible moths—moths whose name is legion, and whose power of destructiveness is appalling. The varieties are infinite, some more mischievous than others—moths of jealousy, moths of dissension, moths of riper sensitiveness all hidden away in thousands of royal robes, yet daily doing their deadly work in their attempt to destroy the institution of happy marriage.

Nothing contained in our wardrobes is so fair, nothing so frail, nothing so liable to be eaten by moths. Yet, how careless many of us are to protect it! What are the remedies? In the first place women cannot too strictly beware of jealousy, the petty jealousy that would fetter every thought and glance of the one you love. Admit the beauty, grace, wit and worth of other women, and let your husband do the same; do this out of pure love of all things admirable if you can. If not, do it for justice, for you have not a monopoly of all gifts and graces in your own proper person; do it for prudence, that your husband may not think too much on the subject of which he dare not speak to you; do it for pride, that men may not say we are the worst detractors of our own sex.

In the next place, trust your husband unless he has proved himself unworthy; even then try to regain your lost faith, and, if necessary, "assume a virtue if you have it not." But don't go to extremes; temper your confidence with discretion, having in mind that he is mortal and fallible. If you must be absent from him in those leisure hours in which Satan is said to provide "some mischief still" for idle men to do, it is not incumbent of you to provide for his solace a companion of the gentler sex, younger and fairer than yourself. Shun dissension. What matter, great or small, is worth quarreling about! If a little cloud of anger or misunderstanding arises between you, dispel it with a burst of loving sunshine. Unless some high moral question is involved, and it rarely is, avoid explanations—which usually do more harm than good—and hysterical reconciliations which are bad for the nerves. Every "scene" gives you an added wrinkle and ten gray hairs, and shakes your husband's faith in the firmness of his household happiness, a faith he sorely needs to take out into the world where men rasp and women—other women—charm him. Scenes persisted in, will ruin your health and beauty, and make your husband brutally abusive, or as indifferent to your tears as to the rain-drops on the window-pane. If you have sinned against light and knowledge (otherwise common sense) as to quarrel with the man for whom you would die, make haste to repent and believe; repent your own share in the quarrel, and believe, without exacting the admission, that your husband does the same. There is no generosity a man so admires and appreciates in his wife as her willingness to absolve without confession. It appeals to him in proportion as he is incapable of understanding or practicing the same virtue.

Again, be careful to have your little reserves of thought and feeling, and grant your husband the same right. Don't seek to tell him your every thought—many of them are not worth the telling—and don't ask to know his. This is not secretiveness, but common-sense and delicacy; as much so as the feeling that prompts you to say your morning prayer inaudibly, and to take your bath in private. Do you think that any reserve is fatal to the oneness of an ideal marriage? Have you heard of the "atomic theory"? How scientists tell us that all palpable objects, even granite, are composed of innumerable infinitesimal atoms, which, however close they may seem to be, never really touch each other?

This is true of the heart of a man and a woman. They can never quite touch, for the most devoted husband and wife can never see anything from exactly the same point of view; or feel anything in exactly the same manner and degree. This is the inevitable consequence of differing sex; but they may come so near that nothing can come between; so near as to support each other and resist the world with granitic strength and solidarity.

Many a marriage robe has been frayed and fretted beyond all possibility of repair by a moth of most innocent, and often beautiful, appearance. This is the constant presence at the fireside and table of a third person. Always undesirable, it is especially disastrous in the earlier years of wedlock. The presence of one who is not "of ourselves" may often restrain what is worst in us; but alas! it always restrains what is best. There must always be in the most perfect unions and the best ordered lives, some little friction which will once in a while find expression. Which of you does not know that a harsh or unjust word from the one you love best cuts twice as deep, and rankles ten times as long, if overheard? You cannot forget it, because you imagine the third person can never forget it. The gentle protest with which, if alone with your husband, you would disarm his fractiousness, dies in your throat because of the third person. The loving caress with which you would close his lips and make him ashamed of himself, is as impossible to you as if you were paralyzed. If misunderstood, pride will not let you explain, and you retort indignantly; or, at best, keep silent with an aching heart, and in time you grow to hate that third person who may be an angel of light, but who is none the less eating holes in your marriage garment.

It may not be possible, without neglecting a sacred duty, to have your house entirely to yourself. The third person may be the dear old father or mother, who perhaps has no one but you and whose heart would be broken by separation. Or, it may be an invalid sister or brother to whom you must give, personally, the tender care no money can purchase. In this case have due regard to the sensibilities of every member of your family; but, I charge you, as you value your mutual love and happiness, be inflexible in your resolution to keep some waking hours out of every twenty-four when the fireside shall be sacred to you and your husband; when you can tell each other your thoughts, your hopes and fears, with no stranger intermeddling with your joy.

Much friction comes of the inability of the average woman to comprehend that her husband has many thoughts, moods and feelings, in which she has absolutely no part. If wives could realize this, and accept the fact, how many unhappy moments would be spared them! Love may be, and is, with a good man, the greater and better part of his life, but it is not *all his life*. It is unfortunately true that with a woman, love—the love she bears her husband—is her "whole existence." She cannot disassociate herself ever so little, for even the briefest time, from that love. It tinges every thought, affects every action. Men are not made that way, and the most devoted has hours when he is as uninfluenced by the existence of his truly-loved wife as if she had never been. This is not treason, for it is unconscious; and woe to the wife who confounds this phase of man's mentality with disloyalty, for she will weary her husband with reproaches he does not merit, and cannot understand.

A husband may at times be silent and pre-occupied, and yet it does not argue that he is indifferent to, or tired of his wife; he may be depressed, and yet not feel that marriage, for him, is a failure; he may be captious and fretful, yet feel no irritation against his wife. I am not absolving men from the obligation to be agreeable to their woman-kind, nor extenuating their frequent infractions of the code of marital amenities; I am only assuring you, for your own good, that these things are often the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual discordance which you have not caused, and about which you would be unwise to grieve. Learn to wait, and by-and-by you will find that business went wrong that day; or he sat in a draft, and all his bones ached with an incipient cold; or he had eaten an indigestible meal (not at home of course), and was depressed he knew not why. Wait! wait! and when you have found out what the matter was, you will be thankful you did not weary him with foolish questions.

For such personal charms as may be yours—and every woman has some—thank God and make the most of them. Make of them gold, wherewith to gild the fetters which your sterling qualities of heart and brain have forged around your husband. Think it time well spent in choosing his favorite colors and styles, and making yourself fair in his eyes.

Interest yourself in all your husband's pursuits, and share such as you can. You cannot go to business with him, but you can learn enough of it to listen understandingly when he talks of it, and to give him quick sympathy, and often a bright idea which he will appreciate and use. Share his pleasures; take your holidays together, even if by so doing you make them few and brief. Don't spend your summer in the mountains and at the seashore, leaving him in the city; and don't stay at home in the autumn while he goes to Europe. It is an ominous state of things when husband and wife can really enjoy separate pleasures.

Dear sisters, if I seem to be putting on you all the care of the marriage-robe, it is because I am now talking only to you, not to the husbands. And you know as well as I do, that if they neglect their part of this sacred duty, the punishment does not fall so heavily on them. A man need not stay at home and suffer. Out in the world he can get distraction, amusement, and even a spurious kind of happiness. But we women, what woe is ours if the robe that should enwrap us radiantly and gloriously, is frayed and torn so that the coldly-curious eyes of the world see through the rents to where our hearts are shivering in the chill winds of disappointment and disillusion!

**UNKNOWN WIVES OF WELL-KNOWN MEN**

**\*III.-MRS. WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE**

By AN AMERICAN GIRL



DO not know that it was so much the letter of introduction that I carried to her that gave me one of the greatest pleasures of my life, but I really think it was because I told Mrs. Gladstone the truth. I told her that I wanted to get acquainted with the wife of a great man, and that I wanted to write an article about her; she laughed as merrily as possible and said she didn't believe there was anything to say; and when I insisted that there was, then she laughed again and told me that I must spend the afternoon and have tea with her. She is one of the most charming looking women you ever saw; a sweet, kind face framed in full, soft, lovely hair and topped by a cap of velvet and lace. A gown that falls in artistic folds and doesn't rustle, and a way of looking at you as if she were interested in everything you said—that's Mrs. Gladstone.



MRS. GLADSTONE

She showed me the paper in which was this announcement: "For some time past, the little town of Hawarden has been in a state of excitement, in consequence of the anticipated nuptials of the two Misses Glynnne, sisters of Sir Stephen Glynnne, Bart., M. P., who have been engaged for some time past to Lord Lyttelton and Mr. William Ewart Gladstone. Thursday last was fixed upon as the date when the ceremony should take place. About half past ten a simultaneous rising of the large assemblage, accompanied by a burst of melody from the organ, announced that the fair brides had arrived. All eyes were turned toward the door to witness the entrance of the brides and bridesmaids, with the rest of the bridal party, and the slow procession up to the communion table. In a few minutes all had arrived, and the imposing ceremony had commenced. At this moment, the spectacle presented was an extremely interesting one. The large bridal party exhibited every elegance of costume and the dresses of the ladies belonging to it, as well as those of many among the spectators, made up a very brilliant and attractive scene, lit up as it was by splendid sunshine. The ceremony was performed by the Honorable and Reverend G. Neville. At its conclusion, the newly wedded couples and their immediate friends passed out amid the felicitations of the throng."

"There," said Mrs. Gladstone, "that's an account of my marriage as it was given in the Cheshire newspaper of the year 1839."

I looked at her, I saw the beautiful expression on her face, and I said: "Then, Mr. Gladstone doesn't believe that marriage is a failure?"

She didn't answer this but smiled, and afterwards showed me another paper, in which there was a description of their golden wedding. It was at the National Liberal Club when Mr. Gladstone said, referring to his wife: "No words that I could use would ever suffice to express the debt that I owe her in relation to all the offices that she has discharged on my behalf, and on behalf of those that are nearest and dearest to us, during the long and happy period of our conjugal union." It seemed to me that Mrs. Gladstone had been very wise. Unlike the wife of any other Prime Minister she had not gone in for having a salon, for surrounding herself with rich and powerful friends who would simply care to be received at the house of a Prime Minister, and yet have no real interest in the cause which he so thoroughly and entirely championed. Instead, she had given her time to caring for him, to seeing that he was under any and all circumstances as comfortable as possible, and, that in this way, his health was preserved for the nation for whom he did so much good.

\*This series of pen-portraits of "Unknown Wives of Well-Known Men" was commenced in the January number with a sketch and portrait of Mrs. Thomas A. Edison; in the February number, Mrs. P. T. Barnum. Future sketches will present Mrs. T. De Witt Talmage, the Princess Bismark, Mrs. Chauncey M. Depew, Mrs. Will Carleton, Mrs. John Wanamaker, Mrs. James G. Blaine, Mrs. Bishop Newman, Lady Tennyson, and other women whose portraits and lives are at present comparatively unknown to the public.

She has made for him a home in which she finds rest and happiness; indeed, she has been the ideal wife and mother.

In 1874, when Mr. Gladstone retired from office, he felt it was necessary, for pecuniary reasons, to give up the superb house that had been his London home for eighteen years, and, because of going into a smaller house in Harley street, he sold a great many of his books, pictures and bits of china. This was a great grief to him, and yet, as a good wife should, Mrs. Gladstone stood by him, tried to make the pangs less and the new home as pleasant as the old. She does not care for society, as it is meant by the round of balls and receptions, and the giving and going to them; but she is delighted when she is at the head of her own dinner-table and has about her a circle of friends who know and love her and Mr. Gladstone.

Her great happiness, however, comes when the Parliamentary session is over, and, with Mr. Gladstone, she returns to her old home at Hawarden, is with him while he composes books, writes essays, and chops down trees. But this doesn't mean that Mrs. Gladstone has no interest in her husband's public work; her pride in it is very great, and she is not content with hearing her husband's voice from behind the ladies' frills in the House of Commons, but on every important occasion Mrs. Gladstone has always been by his side. Just remember that this means going over the country in railway trains, being for hours on open-air platforms, and then you will understand why the people of England worship Mrs. Gladstone as a heroine.

It was because she reared and educated her seven children entirely by herself, that a few years ago Mrs. Gladstone was asked to write a little treatise on "Healthy Nurseries and Bed-rooms." Always with her husband to encourage him, always anxious to keep from him the disagreeable and to bring before him the pleasant things, Mrs. Gladstone has been the most marvelous companion for a great man; and, indeed, he is more than great—he is a man who is blest, who finds in one woman the knowledge of how to be a good wife and the art of perfect companionship.

It was a little funny to hear Mrs. Gladstone tell about her own public speeches. It was with great reluctance that she accepted the Presidency of the Woman's Liberal Federation, but before it she has delivered several speeches. Having naturally a very low voice and a sweet gentle hesitancy in speech, that she could not change, her public utterances have been perfectly natural, and, while it wouldn't do for men to talk that way, there is something delightful about it in a woman. She has never wanted to make a speech, but, once risen, she has remembered her husband, taken courage from that, and said what she had to in the best and fewest words possible. I ventured to ask her where her longest speech was made, and she said "At Manchester, last autumn, before five hundred ladies and gentlemen. I spoke for ten minutes."

It is in charity work rather than in the political field that Mrs. Gladstone believes women can do best; and she herself sets this good example by not confining her work to those about her own home or near her, for during the dreadful cholera epidemic of 1876 she visited without fear the London hospitals every day and established convalescent homes. Now, every week or so, she takes comfort and brings joy to sufferers in the London Hospital, in the House of Charity, in Soho, while a school of refuge in Westminster rises up to tell of her kindly thoughts.

There are women married to great men who may have made greater marks in the social world, but after my visit to Mrs. Gladstone, I concluded that that woman did the best work who was a good wife, a good mother and a good home-maker, who set a fine example for the women of England to follow, who for fifty-three years has kept her husband's love, has known the great pleasure of seeing him rise and rise, who has stood by him through sorrow and through joy, and who, more than any other woman, deserves to be described as is Isabel in Tennyson's poem:

"The queen of marriage, a most perfect wife."  
And this is what I learned from an afternoon with Mrs. Gladstone.

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"In Spite of Sharp Winds." A Kansas lady half my time in the open air in the saddle, on the prairie, and in spite of the sharp western winds my skin is soft as silk, and as fair as any one could wish—all due to Packer's Tar Soap, which I have used for years, and consider the finest thing for the complexion. Packer's Tar Soap is pure, mild and curative. It soothes while it cleanses. Price, 25 cents. All Drug-gists. Sample, half-cake, 10 cents in stamps. Mention THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

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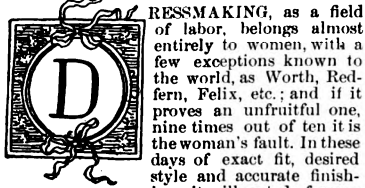
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# WOMEN'S CHANCES AS BREAD WINNERS

## \*III.—WOMEN AS DRESSMAKERS

By EMMA M. HOOPER



RESSMAKING, as a field of labor, belongs almost entirely to women, with a few exceptions known to the world, as Worth, Redfern, Felix, etc.; and if it proves an unfruitful one, nine times out of ten it is the woman's fault. In these days of exact fit, desired style and accurate finishings, it will not do for one just to "pick the trade up." There are certain laws to be learned, and from a good teacher that can only be taught by beginning at the foundation. In a word, technical education is necessary in order to become a successful dressmaker. Every large city has schools for teaching certain systems or charts, but I know of only one such school where every rudiment of the business is taught, from hand-sewing, hemming, over-casting, blind-stitching, etc., up through cutting-out, measuring, basting, fitting, draping, button-holes, machine-stitching, trimming and entirely finishing a suit. Any woman going through this course cannot fail to do her work correctly; but whether it will be artistic or not, depends upon the woman. If she has a good eye for colors, taste in combinations and styles, with a quick idea of what is appropriate for the customer, she will prove invaluable and artistic, as well as correct. This the school cannot give. It must be inborn and cultivated from reliable fashion magazines, a quick observation, viewing the colors and materials and the habit of making a study of the customer.

A well-informed dressmaker should, also, be well posted as to styles, materials, colors, trimmings, prices and the appropriate occasions for every article she makes. Such a woman has every chance for success, whether working in a fashionable modiste's shop or setting up a business for herself.

As far as indifferent workers are concerned, the large cities are full of them, and they can not even get work for four to seven dollars a week, but drift from one place to another, discharged as soon as their work is examined.

In cities one can only succeed by knowing her profession well, and then she needs either influential friends to get her work by the day in private houses or in a store, or money to live on while waiting for the tide of success. Sewing in families means wages from one dollar and a half to three dollars a day in New York, but it is a remarkably proficient woman who gets the latter sum. Two dollars is the average price for a day's work from 8.30 A. M. to 6.30 P. M. Luncheon is always provided, and often a late dinner. One family can recommend this dressmaker to another, and get her a good custom if she is satisfactory. It mitigates very much against a sewer if she is slow, as people expect about two suits a week finished, with the occasional help of one of the family. Some of the higher-priced dressmakers take a seamstress with them to do the pressing, basting, etc., and charge seventy-five cents to one dollar for her; but in such a case they are expected to finish a costume in two days without extra help.

There is a dearth of good, swift dressmakers of medium prices, and she who aims to fill this want will meet with success sooner than the one refusing all offers under twenty dollars a week, as fitter in a store. These latter positions are secured by influence or reputation, and pay from eighteen to forty dollars a week in the large stores of such cities as New York and Chicago. There they have no general workers, but persons for each branch of the business. I would say right here, never give up a country custom to come to a large city, which is always overcrowded, unless you are perfect in your work, and know some family in good circumstances who will employ and recommend you. The business is decidedly overcrowded with workers, but not with those having a thorough education for the work. Like every profession there is room for first-class work, but not for careless workers.

If you have the money necessary to pay your board in the city for three months, and attend a good dressmaking school—about one hundred dollars—and have natural tastes for the work, then adopt the trade; otherwise you had better flee from it, for you cannot more than fill the position of a skirt or waist hand in a store or with modistes, where from three to seven dollars is paid for such work, and there are hundreds waiting for a chance to get it. From such a place there is no advancement, for each one has her special work, as one faces skirts and sews on the braid, another overcasts basque seams, a third makes and puts on the collars, etc., and if they sew here for ten years, they only know this one thing, and not how to cut this out, which is done by the forewoman. It is no art or credit to get into one of these places; for the pay is small, the treatment often cruel, combined with the fact that they cannot work above it.

Positions are obtained through influence, advertising, and often the schools secure them

\*This series of papers "Women's Chances as Bread-winners," was commenced in the January number with Elizabeth Robinson Scott, and continued in the February number with "Women as Stenographers," by W. L. Mason, President of the Metropolitan Stenographers' Association of New York. Future papers in the series will consider—"Women as Telegraphers," "Women Behind the Counter," "Women as Journalists," "Women on the Stage," "Women as Artists," "Women as Doctors," "Women as Teachers," "Women as Type-setters," etc., etc.

for their better pupils. If work is taken to the dressmaker's home she charges from eight to twelve dollars for a woolen dress, twelve and fifteen dollars for a silk or evening gown. That is one of the moderate-priced ones. Others charge from fifteen to thirty dollars, whose work is not as good. The prices depend upon the reputation of the dressmaker, and upon the place of her business.

In setting up a business at home, remember that a great many dresses have to be made each week to pay the girls, rent, fuel, light and boy to carry the packages. A large house trade pays; a small one does not; but this gives one the chance of advancing to a higher plane of prices than sewing from house to house will ever do; but at the same time it brings many trials. The most vital point is to know every branch of the business well; then commence with moderate prices, and increase when you have a settled run of custom that is so well pleased with your work that it will remain with you. Do not remain a dressmaker, but aim at becoming an artist in the profession.

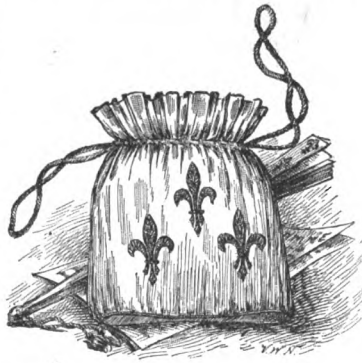
There are some very wealthy modistes in New York who made their money at their trade, but invested it well, and are now living in elegance. On the other hand there are women sewing here for ten years at four dollars a week, and cannot cut out a decent skirt. In selecting a system of fitting, take the easiest adjusted, for some are so complicated that it requires a mathematician to understand the figures. One school of dressmaking provides a boarding-house for its pupils, and, if possible, secures them positions, but does not promise this to all. No matter whether you elect to try your lot in a city or country, the trade must be well-known in order to secure custom, and charge living prices, the latter being governed more or less by the custom of the place. When sewing in families, one is more apt to advance to an establishment of her own than if in a store or some other establishment, for in these places the workers never see the customers, and one must have a personal following to secure trade for her own place. Unless equipped with the keenest of weapons—knowledge—let the profession of dressmaking alone.

## A PRETTY OPERA-GLASS BAG

UNDOUBTEDLY the great vogue given to the *fleur de lis* came from its revival by Madame Bernhardt when she appeared as the heroic Maid of Orleans. Since she first appeared in the white costume with its silver and blue *fleur de lis* upon it, the flower of France has decorated everything.

Wherever it can be embroidered, or painted, or put on in metal, it is seen.

This bag, by-the-by, is among the novelties, as it is made neither of silk nor plush, but of cloth, which soon show signs of wear, but of cloth.



The color is acentric brown that has a glint of olive over it, and the fabric itself is the ordinary light-weight faced cloth for ladies' gowns. The bottom of the bag, cut the shape of the glasses, is stiffened with a bit of paste-board, as is usual, and the lining is of soft silk, the same color as the cloth. The clasp is given by the embroidering, in gold thread, of the *fleur de lis*, arranged in the conventional manner pictured. The heavy silk cord, which makes the drawing-string, is of the brown. In gray cloth, with silver *fleur de lis*, in black with gold, in blue with silver, in yellow with gold, or, indeed, in any color fancied, or that will be harmonious with one's gown, this little opera-glass case will be found very convenient, and a smart adjunct to one's toilette.

## WHEN BEFORE THE CAMERA

IF you are short and stout don't ask the poor artist to make a picture of you full-length. He will if you insist; but he knows he is doing a great wrong thereby. Nothing is so graceful and pleasing in a picture of a stout lady as a sitting half-length, the figure so turned as to hide the too stoutness. Again, if you are slim and angular, do not for an instant forget that a full-length figure will make you appear more slim and angular. Then the pretty bust picture is your only hope and you should insist on having none other. If a gentleman has a very long neck—no matter how nicely he looks in a high collar, his picture if taken in such a high affair would look grotesque. A short neck and high collar, a long neck and low turned-down collar by all means. No loud stripes, no great checks, no striking figures should be worn in a photograph. One thing bear in mind when you visit the studio—bring along your home expression. Don't spend two days before you come to the studio practising poses and different expressions before your mirror; and, lastly, give the photographer the benefit of exercising his artistic and professional ability.

## HOW TO MAKE DRESSMAKING PAY

By ANNE JENNESS MILLER



DO not think anybody can become a dressmaker, any more than I think any person can become a painter or an architect. Dressmaking, in the sense in which I understand and use the term, is not the mere making of clothes.

It is far more than that; it is the tasteful construction of apparel adapted to particular individuals. Any woman can make clothes, but not all women can make a good costume. Clothing consists simply of garments used for the purposes of a covering or protection from the elements; costume signifies such garments as are made or worn from a proper sense of that which is in consonance with good taste, or with a correct notion of that which is becoming.

Woman, particularly when she is beautiful, is the most attractive thing in the world, and more pains should be taken to drape and dress her, than with almost any other branch of art. I do not think that dressmaking has ever revealed the esthetic beauty that is possible. We have had style and fashion, but we have never had what I regard as the highest forms of art in dress, and we never can have until such a time as it is regarded as a fine art, instead of now as a trade, and until the time shall come when women or men, who are dressmakers, shall be treated with the same consideration, socially or otherwise, as we to-day treat a painter or a sculptor.

Dean Swift said that if the moon were inhabited and a way were made whereby we could communicate with that planet, all the women of our world would wear no other clothes except those made in the moon! The same satire might well be applied to some of the women of to-day; but the rules that enter into the art of dressmaking are being more and more conscientiously studied and applied by the votaries of correct form here in America. Something more than mere skill in using the needle is required to make a good dressmaker. A keenness of observation and the power of reading and understanding human nature; a correct idea of temperament and of anatomical proportion; a refined and educated taste for coloring and combination—all these are necessary, and without them no woman can hope to achieve success in the world of dressmaking. The dressmaker who will make her profession remunerative is the one who will save disproportion in dress such as we have had in the past, and whose stock of ideas and nicety of taste will enable her to adapt costume to each particular temperament and each individual.

The canons governing and constituting the art of dressmaking remain to-day the same as in the days of the Roman empire. Only in their application does the dressmaking of this century differ from that of two thousand years ago. The most beautiful dress we have ever had has been the Greek dress, and, in some periods, the Roman; that is, according to real art. But such dress is not available for our climate, with its abrupt transitions from heat to cold, nor for our business vocations and conventional usages. The artist or dressmaker of the future must study the laws governing dress as it was in those days, and at the same time take into consideration adaptations to climatic and social conditions.

Dressmaking is a noble art. In the purity of its ideas it is a type of the highest culture. Ladies should go into it, for it requires the esthetic instinct and the educated taste, and these belong only to the higher and more refined temperament. The world is rapidly moving in the direction of the beautiful, and, at the same time, the healthful, in dress; and long and close experience and devotion to the study of what is really tasteful and artistic, is an essential of every would-be dressmaker.

There is a large number of our women whose means will not permit of their dressing as well as they would like to. Yet the costumes worn by these women must be made to conform to the canons of dressmaking. Simplicity is beauty, and the same taste must enter into the construction of a plain cloth dress, as enters into the construction of a court costume.

To be candid, I would not advise any woman to take up dressmaking who is not qualified in the respects I have mentioned, to carry it on. The woman who lacks these qualifications will never rise in her profession, nor will she ever secure more than a meagre income. But it requires an artist to paint a "Madonna," while a day-laborer can safely be trusted to calcimine your drawing-room ceiling. In the same manner there are different grades of dressmakers, beginning with those who appreciate the importance and the dignity of the art, and going down to those who have acquired the rudiments of the profession, but who have no originality, no taste, no ideas. Possibly, there is money to be earned by the latter class of dressmakers, but while there is, the reign of the beautiful and tasteful in dress is longer and longer delayed.

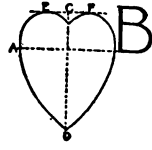
For women who can sew only, there is not much hope. She may receive one dollar, two dollars or three dollars per day—that is all. But for the woman who can design, who can fit, whose ideas are original, the field is limitless, and there is fame and fortune for her.

The lesson that I would impress upon women now engaged in dressmaking is study! study! study! Work! work! work!

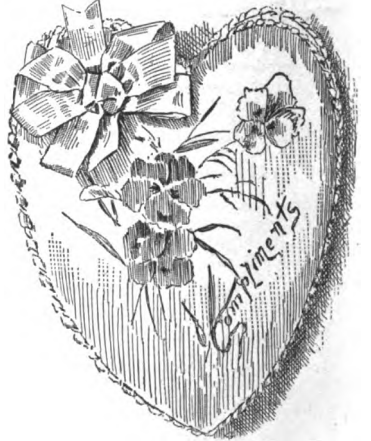
In the language of Walter Savage Landor; "Rise!—Let no one lift you!"

\*The issue of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL for April will be our special Easter number, overflowing with the fragrance and good cheer of that joyful season. From the front cover, exquisitely designed by W. Hamilton Gibson, to the very last page, the number will be one of rare beauty and interest. Many delightful features will combine to make this the brightest of Easter greetings to the women of America.

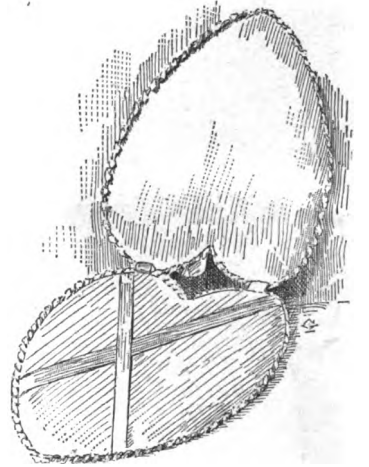
## A DAINTY EASTER SOUVENIR



BEAUTIFUL are many of the little things seen in the stores, prepared for Easter souvenirs, but perhaps none more dainty than the following, which can so easily be made: Cut four paste-board hearts measuring seven and three-quarters inches from A to B, nine and one-quarter inches from C to D, as in above diagram. Cover two of the pieces with pink or other colored satin, and two pieces with white satin. Neatly over-hand the pink and white pieces together. You now have two hearts. Fasten these together at the top



at E and F, with three-quarters of an inch of pink satin ribbon, half an inch wide. Sew a pink chenille cord round the edge of each heart, which gives a handsome finish. Fasten a bow of inch-wide pink satin ribbon on the upper left-hand corner. A delicately painted spray of pansies or lilies completes this



beautiful Easter novelty, which serves as a photograph-holder for one's choicest friends. The word "Compliments" may be painted in gilt, diagonally, or otherwise, beneath the spray.

## A Mineral Spring in Every Household!

Not everybody can visit the Spas of Europe, the most famous of all which is Carlsbad, and which has been known for centuries for its healing properties, but everyone can have the Spa on his sideboard in the shape of the CARLSBAD SPRUDEL SALT, which is evaporated from the Sprudel Spring at Carlsbad and exported to the United States.

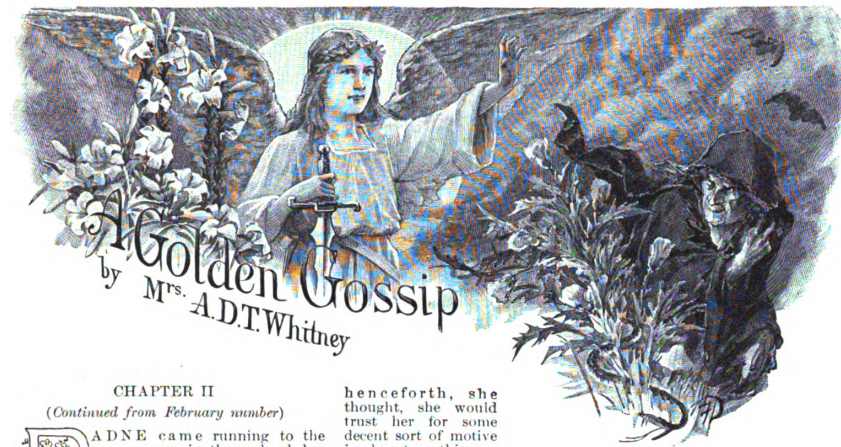


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CHAPTER II

(Continued from February number)

**R**ADNE came running to the women in the orchard, her apron over her head, for flimsy defense, while the big raindrops drove like bullets, solid and far apart, straight down among them to the ground.

"Why, a'n't you all crazy, I should like to know," she ejaculated, rushing to the rescue. She took Miss Crooke right up into her arms, and fled staggering back with her. The others brought what they could, and followed. But the brown silk bag fell, forgotten for the instant in the scurry, as Miss Haven seized pillow and afghan from the chair.

For the first few minutes of the tempest, when hail began to dash against the window-panes with almost shattering force, and the outside world palpitated from blaze to blackness with the rapidity of some gigantic nictitation, nobody thought of any little accessory thing. Yet when Miss Sarah did cry out, "O my money and my papers!" the dismay of the serious mischance added itself, not without a touch of absurd Shakespearean association, to the panic of the storm.

Cushions and wraps were tossed over and shaken. The great, brown silk bag was not among them. "My ducats," or their representatives, no where appeared.

"They'll all be paper-mill pulp! O my gracious, what a flash! We'll all be killed, and I sha'n't have a cent o' money left to live on!"

Not one of the other women noticed that Rill Raye had slipped out of the room. They all stumbled against each other, and flapped things in each other's faces. Before they missed the girl she stood among them again, with her wet face and locks, and garments heavily dashed with water. "Here it is," she said quietly, and held out the recovered treasure to Miss Sarah.

"The Lord and the land!" cried that astonished woman. "You a'n't ben down that orchard in this flame and fury!"

"It didn't take three minutes," Rill answered coolly.

Somewhat their fears laid themselves down before her bravery. They were calm and still after that; only now and again Sarah Crooke would ejaculate, "Well, I'm beat! I haven't got a word to say! Rill Raye, you come and sit by me," she commanded, when they drew up at last for such a repast as they could make without the agency of the cooking-stove, which was approached only for a hurried filling of a pitcher with boiling water for their tea. They drank it without spoons, and they ate short biscuit and sponge-cake without knives and forks, for the livid lightning still streamed and pulsed, and the rain beat and thunder rent with those occasional splitting sounds that told of some material thing that had made a link between an angry sky and a trembling earth.

Radne had helped Mrs. Crooke to bed. "They'd better all go," the old lady had said tremulously. "Make 'em all go to bed, Radne. If the's any place safe, it's the's feathers." Radne had closed the wooden shutters in the bedroom, and brought a light; then the simple soul, hidden away and not seeing the storm any longer, quitted down and fell asleep.

"It's set in for a night of it. You can't get home," said Sarah Crooke to Rill. "The latter was resuming her boots that had been slid across the kitchen floor by Radne to a drying-place beneath the stove, and replaced by a big pair of flannel shoes belonging to Miss Sarah.

"I must. Aunt Amelia will have been awfully frightened, and if I don't get back she won't sleep a wink all night."

"It can hardly last like this," said Miss Haven. "And if anything can get about, the express will come with my papers from town. We can send word over by Thrapp."

henceforth, she thought, she would trust her for some decent sort of motive in almost anything.

Rill did go home with Thrapp, riding by his side on the high front seat of his heavy-covered wagon; the storm still flashing and growling, and renewing itself suddenly at intervals.

"And she don't know but half his load is crowbars and cooking-stoves. He carries everything."

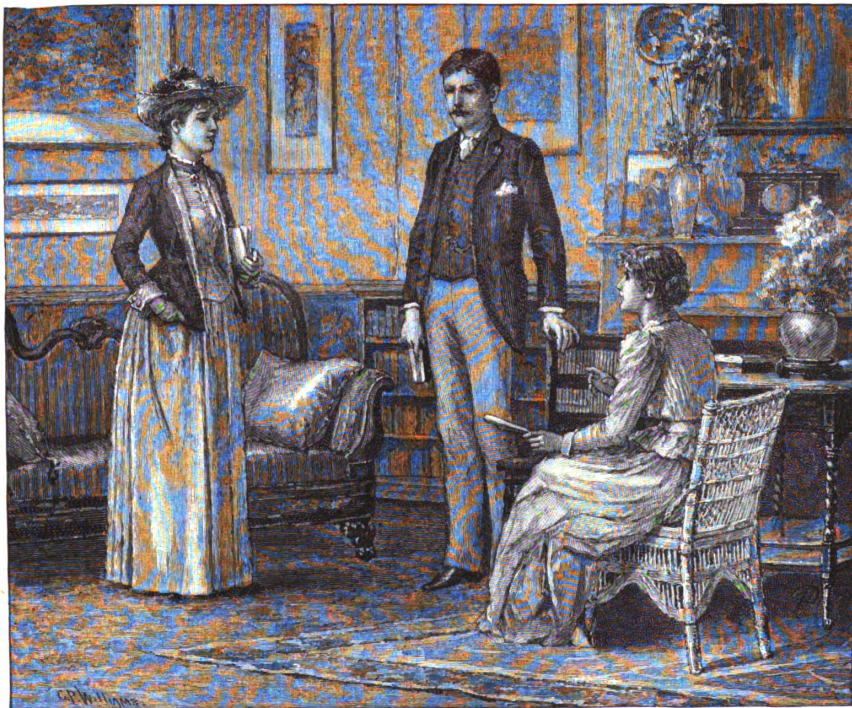
Not many days later visitors came in with a new story; the ride with the young expressman, without date or explanation. Miss Crooke crushed it.

"You may just leave that right there," she said. "I'm knowing to the whole of it. It was Wednesday night, in that thunder-storm, when neither you nor I would have crossed the doorstone for a gold mine. She went home from this house, to keep her aunt from being scared; and she took the only way there was. When there a'n't but one way, and a thing's to be done, she don't stop at it, if it is over a fence. Rill Raye has got a good heart, and she's clear spunk to the back-bone!"

CHAPTER III

WHEAT-SEED, AND TARE-SEED

**I**T happened so very shortly after. History repeated itself. Another summer gust came up after tea one evening when Miss Haven and Rill had settled to their now regularly established game. A whirl of wind tore in without warning through the open window, sent the light curtain draperies streaming through their looped ribbon fastenings straight into the room, enveloping dangerously for a moment the tall double-burner lamp which Rill caught quickly with both hands, saving a catastrophe. Their cards were swept to the floor, a growl of thunder rolled round the horizon, and heavy, separate drops of rain struck like shot upon the panes and thudded upon the porch roof. Rill snatched up scarf and hat. "That's for me, again," she said. "Don't mind; I've got my parasol." "You'd better wait," expostulated Miss Haven.



"This is Dr. Harriman, Rill. Miss Raye, you know Dr. Harriman, do you not?"

"Well, you do surprise me, Miss Crooke. You didn't use to talk in that way about Rill Raye. Aint the wind kind o' got round lately?"

"Yes, Miss Upson, it has. And you needn't mind callin' me a weather-cock if you'd like to, for I presume likely I am. I've had as pertickler opportunities to judge as if I was; and I don't never insist on p'intin' east after it fairly blows west."

Putnam King heartily enjoyed the whole story. "I don't see but you've got a plant here, for your gospel-gossip manufacture," he said. "Only all the raw material won't be of the Rill Raye sort, exactly. A girl," he added, rather slowly after a pause, "who would go through fire and water for an uncomfortable old aunt whom she doesn't pretend to be fond of—or for a Miss Sally Crooke—what wouldn't she do for anybody she really cared for?"

"She would go through moral fire and water. She would burn and drown, inside, for—them." Miss Haven sacrificed a bit of grammar to her hesitation in specifying gender.

Putnam King went on sketching queer outlines of faces with his aunt's stylo upon her blotting-pad for several minutes, without saying a word. Then he remarked, nonchalantly,

"I can't; there's no Thrapp, this time, and it wouldn't do twice, if there were. Thrapp's very good-looking; and he was very polite when he handed me down, with aunt Amelia standing in the doorway. She wasn't impressed with simple gratitude to either of us; she's so extremely apt to think there's something in it—millions of things, besides me and the right one. Good-night, dear Miss Haven. Please shut me out quick." And she slipped through the small opening which she allowed in the door, helping herself to pull it after her against the increasing drive of the slanting rain. Miss Haven had to return, a little dazed with the sudden upshot of affairs, and picked up her bezique cards.

Rill Raye stepped off the porch into the darkness full against the broad shoulders of a man standing at the foot of the two steps, furling an umbrella. The girl started, sprang back, and the figure turned. It was too dark for them to see each other's faces, but they were not altogether in the dark, either.

"Miss Rill Raye?" asked Putnam King, at a tolerably certain venture.

"Yes; I'm like the witches, always out in a storm. I must hurry. Good-evening, Mr. King."

"I can't say that, under the present dispensation of the elements;" and the umbrella

went quickly up again, its owner leaning it over Rill's head, marching along the gravel walk with her to the little front gate. They were outside it and fairly moving up the street before she could finish her expostulation. The introduction was made; all in a minute they were quite well acquainted. Miss Elizabeth's simple avoidance of procrastination had beautifully prepared matters.

"Is this your way? I thought my aunt told me you lived on the North Road?"

"Yes, there is a turn, presently. Brook Lane zigzags across." Inwardly, Rill was saying to herself, "This is worse than Thrapp. What shall I do with him when we get to the door?"

"Do you often go home alone, all this way in the evenings?"

"O yes; evenings are harmless in Wewatch. Sometimes, though, I take an express wagon."

"I heard of that," Mr. King said. If he could have told her all he had thought about it since hearing, his answer would have been less succinct. He held the umbrella further over on the girl's side and well before her. Wind and rain were in their faces, but their force had momentarily abated.

"I don't think you are dividing things fairly," remarked Rill presently, in a comical little tone of aggravation. "I've all the umbrella and you have all the rain."

"It isn't easy to divide here. We'll do better farther along. How the street lamps flicker!"

"Yes; and how far apart they are! There aren't any at all upon the lane; that's why I come home by lightning—when it isn't moon-light."

"You must know the way well."

"Every step and stone of it, Mr. King." She added suddenly, half stopping, "I'm afraid you'll get lost going back. Do let me finish alone, now. The rain is really holding up."

"There will be light enough, and the rain is not holding up," Putnam King answered, with decision. The lightning, sheeting suddenly the cloud-hung heavens, and illuminating the tree-vistas and the pathway before their feet, verified his first words.

"And besides," Rill continued, as the darkness covered them up again, "Aunt Amelia always thinks I do things on purpose."

"Don't you?" inquired Mr. King. "I do." There was a good deal of purpose in his tone at this moment.

"But she supposes some other purpose."

"That often happens with many people, I find. If we altered our course for that, there very soon wouldn't be any purpose left."

"Mr. King," Rill began again, "would you mind leaving me at the last corner?"

"I will mind anything you tell me that is reasonable. I will leave you as soon as I see you safe."

"Thank you."

The tone had changed between the two. Rill's bit of habitual daring and self-assertion had dropped out of her speech, and in words and accents she yielded to a new-found mastery. She took gratefully a consent where she would ordinarily have defied refusal.

The nearest corner was in full view from Miss Bonable's cottage, which stood endwise upon the street. When she let Cyrilla in she stood and peered into the darkness over her shoulder, chin up and on tip-toe. "What did you come on this time?" she demanded.

"These two," answered Cyrilla, showing her little feet, with an alternate lift of damp boots.

"Did not a drop on head or shoulders, and this thing hasn't been opened!" She passed her hand along the folded parasol. "Don't tell me!"

"I will not," answered Cyrilla, quietly, making her way in next aunt Amelia, who had still stired into the dark during her test manual of Rill's person and equipments.

A parting flash of the retreating shower lit the air suddenly and showed a man's figure standing at the turn, facing this way and lingering with a watching air.

"I might have known, and I did know!" said Miss Bonable, closing the door and coming back to the sitting-room. "Why can't you ever tell the honest truth?"

"You told me not to tell; and the honest truth is exactly what you never will believe. Aunt Amelia, must I be crooked because you won't let me walk plain and straight?"

Cyrilla spoke with passion; she contemned herself and aunt Amelia at that moment. She went off up to her own room and fastened herself in there.

Aunt Amelia sat down angry and pale. She crossed her hands upon her lap, let her head, still erect, just touch the top of her chair-back and her eyes fix themselves in a level line across the room upon nothing. It was an intense moment with her. She was posing all unconscious, as we often do, for

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the registering—in a light which photographs more than sunlight can—of an instant of vital experience. Her lips were dropped in a curve of hopeless, resentful dejection. From under her level lids shot a swerveless look of wrathful protest. She sat so for fully fifteen minutes, all alone. Then she drew in the long remonstrance of her gaze, lifted her prone hands, rested her elbows on her lap, and dropped her face into her spread fingers.

"The child I wanted to have loved so!" the words broke out through sobs. Aunt Amelia cried, and cried, and cried; and nobody knew but herself and God the deep wells of her life whence rushed those bitter tears.

The next day, when Miss Haven came in, she was as hard as ever. Rill was out. Miss Haven hoped her niece had reached home without harm.

"She wasn't wet—to speak of," Miss Bonable answered, stiffly. "I'd more than half as lief she would have been. I don't like these tramps, evenings," she went on with a sudden, harsh frankness, "if 'tis to your house. That was better, I thought, than being off amongst the girls and alwars coming home caperin' with a lot. But one to herself is worse, and I believe it was that dentist man, this time. He stood at the corner while she came in alone. Why don't he come here if he wants to see her?"

That was really funny; but Miss Haven only half smiled for pity of aunt Amelia. She would answer that question later, maybe. "Rill was alone when she left me last evening," she said, gently. "She hurried away in the storm lest you should be anxious, and if any one joined her afterward, I do not think it was Dr. Harriman. I am pretty sure he was elsewhere."

Now, concerning Dr. Harriman's alibi, Miss Haven could hardly have knowledge or proof; it only did occur to her to associate Putnam King's arrival some twenty minutes or more after Rill's departure, with her possible escort home. That Putnam had said nothing simply gave her a little more to think of in a different or further way. "I think her meeting any one was purely accidental," she said.

"She's dreadful liable to accidents," said Miss Bonable, grimly. "And they have been dental, lately," she added, strangling a smile. "As to me, much she seemed to care about my being anxious after she got here! Miss Haven, some girls would walk over red-hot layvies if they could only be walked with! It isn't that I think any real harm of Rill—so far; but it's the disposition. It was her mother's way, and it scares me. She's in her mother's tracks; and I know what they lead to."

The last sentences seemed to come from her lips of themselves; her face was strained and absent; she did not look at Miss Haven as she spoke.

"Miss Bonable! Your own sister!" Then Miss Bonable did look round at her friend, and met surprised, indignant, yet still pitying eyes.

"She wasn't my sister," she said. "Now you know; and you know more than anybody else in Wewachet, except myself. Rill never knew, and I don't mean she shall. I don't know what makes me tell you, only you seem as if you held out your heart to me, and what's in mine goes into it. You can keep it there, I suppose." Still as grim and stiff as ever; if she had been bidding Miss Haven go about her business, she could not have been more uncompromising than in uttering this confidence.

"My dear Miss Bonable!" said Elizabeth Haven. There was no less of appeal and sympathy, than of astonishment, in the exclamation. The open heart was still held out, and as if she could not help it, Miss Amelia poured forth further from her own. It was the bleeding of the wound, however; it was not with any voluntary gush of warmth.

"He did marry my sister instead of me. We were promised; but Esther was taking and pretty—she couldn't help that; I don't suppose he could help it, either. I never had her coaxing ways; I was fair-looking, and I just meant what I said, that was all. It's no new story; I've read a hundred like it; I suppose they're happening all round; but I lived mine—that's the difference. When I found out what they wanted I gave her all the things I had got ready—and been so busy about that I had not noticed sooner. I gave her my wedding gown; she'd rather not have had that, but I made her. 'If you take part, you take all,' I said. I wouldn't let her off. It wasn't Church form they were married by—it was Congregational. But I remembered one sentence in the Episcopal that run through my head all the time we stood before the minister: 'Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?' I gave them both to each other—and it was giving away all that might ever have been soft or sweet in my life. I've been just the hard old maid folks know here, ever since. But there's another Amelia Bonable that never had her life out fairly yet, that has got to rise up somehow in the last day and begin again. Know each other? Folks ask that about the next world. As if we knew the least bit what to look for half the time! It'll generally be somebody else, I guess; if we're sure of ourselves, it's as much as we shall be!"

Miss Bonable was thinking aloud some of the thoughts that had filled and chafed her silent solitudes. Miss Haven did not interrupt her.

"Sometimes I think her conscience broke her heart when she saw how altered I was and how I stayed altered. She only lived two years. And then Marcus Raye was ashamed and afraid to come back to me, even like a brother. He kept off, and there was no word for me to say; and, in a year after, he married that Lorraine Braitway. He must have been wild; it was a kind of making away with himself. Her name was up then, for her flirtings and jiltings; and afterwards it was worse—as bad as things can be with a woman. She went off, out West somewhere—nobody knows. And he turned straight the other way and

went to Australia. Before he went he came to me—they'd lived on in Maplefield, down East, where all the first of it happened, and I'd come here where uncle Bonable's folks used to live. Nobody in Wewachet knew, when he left the child here, that it wasn't my sister's; so I've held my tongue and given her the advantage. She's got a good deal of Mark in her, but the thought of the mother keeps me on the tenter-hooks."

"Rill doesn't know you, and you do not trust her." Miss Haven did not stop to put in words of sympathy or admiration; she passed without delay to the point that vitally concerned the two.

"That's it; and that is how it has to be. I'm glad I've told you; I'm glad one person understands, and that it's you. It's a comfort to have somebody know the other of me. I used to be 'Amy' when I was alive. You wouldn't think so now."

Miss Haven leaned toward her, took her hand and kissed her. "My dear Miss Amy!" she said. Then the hard face quivered, a change ran over it, the straightened cheeks took softer curves, and hot tears—a baptism of tenderness—ran over them.

"I thank you for letting me see your hidden, beautiful self," Miss Haven told her, still keeping the poor, feverish hand that moved restlessly in her kindly clasp.

"You won't?" Miss Bonable began, and then lifting her eyes to her friend's, "No, I'll not ask you," she said. "You don't hear for curiosity, and you won't tell for talk!"

"No," said Miss Haven. "You have trusted me, and I will be faithful; but to be faithful, might be, some time, to speak. More harm is done, sometimes, by keeping secret than by repeating. And there is one thing I shall take my first chance, and every chance, to say. There is a noble woman among these Wewachet people, of whom they do not know the half. They shall know that they do not know. I like to stimulate interest in the right direction; I like to set the best to finding out the other best."

"Don't say anything to Rill." "I shall say a great many things to Rill. She shall not be cheated of her duty and her gratitude. But I shall bide my time, and you need not be afraid."

Somehow, when Miss Haven left her, Miss Bonable felt as if she had only once more told her story to the Lord, and got a word from Him she had not had before. She was not afraid to leave it so.

There is more than one thread to the simplest yarn. It is time to show a little of Dr. Harriman's relations with our small chronicle, and of how they were already affecting that gentleman. It is as true of a man as of a woman, that with some really fine points of character there may undeniably co-exist some frivolities. Dr. Harriman knew very well that he was handsome and noticeable in many ways, and that his coming into any new scene or neighborhood was apt to make a certain sensation. He was aware that young feminine eyes glanced—or more than glanced—at him with a favoring interest, and that the possibilities of life suggested themselves more or less dimly or positively, with more or less of delicious wonder and speculation, to the youthful feminine mind at his approach. He knew that the sit of his Sunday coat across his shapely shoulders was an august and sacred thing in the vision of these girls, whose own little mysteries of fold and ribbon and trinket were managed in conscious counterpart, and meant to be sweetly, if not as imposingly, impressive in their turn. And Dr. Harriman was not indifferent to the pleasure of being universally and instantly welcome, or to the fact that words from his lips, or little courtesies of course at his hands, had the delicate charm aimed at by Sam Weller in his love letters. He measured words and attentions judiciously, for the most part, reserving the more for the time and person that should find him in sober earnest to give. He did not intend to give yet awhile; he did not mean to marry until he had thoroughly and deliberately arranged for the comfort of marriage.

Dr. Robert Harriman was not a silly trifler; he was in earnest with his life; but he was capable of a certain surface amusement while the earnest waited. In his case it had to wait, or he thought so; he was helping a younger brother through college, and he had sustained the expense of a sister's wedding outfit. His mother needed no direct help from him, but he saved her these demands which would have been too heavy for her. If others came, of sickness or loss, he must stand ready. He could not marry yet awhile. But that the sublime conferring was in his hand he was well reminded by such girls as Connie Norris; and their open wiles and candid beguilements warranted, he thought, a certain degree of tolerance, or even innocently "tentative" response. With Cyrilla Raye it was different. Evidently, here he must make approach if he desired it; evidently, also, it would have to be with decided and significant endeavor.

She had kept her resolve to know nothing of him after that heroic introduction, until an every-day presentation should take place in some inevitable manner. Her dignity was reinforced by loyalty. She had recognized Connie's pre-emption of privilege; with severity of honor she renounced interference with what had been assumed in the confidence of immature, effusive friendship. She met thought of the due formalities; the tittle-tattle matter in inference as a thing accomplished. People were rather conjecturing how the acquaintance would go on; wondering at the mutual aloofness. The two themselves were quietly curious as to whether any acquaintance would ever be begun.

When at length one day, thrown together in a call at the same house, the friend who received them, embarrassed at their non-recognition, said questioning—"Dr. Harriman—

(Continued on page 15)

**HOW TO TEACH THE BIBLE**  
A SERIES OF THREE BRIEF PAPERS OF HELPFUL HINTS TO SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHERS

BY GEORGE W. CABLE

SECOND PAPER

TEACH THE CHRIST-LIFE



STUDYING or teaching, it is one; the pursuit of truth or beauty for mere truth or beauty's sake, is a vain mistake of means for ends. The end of Bible-teaching is not only the Bible; it is not even truth or beauty; not even the beauty of holiness. It is the impartation to—nay, better, it is the development of truth—all kinds of truth—in the pupil's daily conduct, and of all kinds of beauty in his character. The end of all true Bible teaching—we all know it; the only trouble is to remember it, and not the ultimate end alone, but the immediate end every time we sit down to it—is the development of a better likeness of Christ in the pupil's conduct and character. This, and this only, is what I mean by teaching Christianity.

This is what I mean by using the Bible to teach Christianity. Not a headlong attempt to show Christ manifestly set forth in every page and paragraph; that would be trying to begin at the top to mount Jacob's ladder. Not the cramming of final, crowning truths or Christianity into parts of Scripture that do not really contain them; distorting the Bible to teach Christianity; not contriving allegorical or symbolic meanings and then swamping and sinking them with eager and far-fetched moralizings; drowning the Bible to teach Christianity; not expanding, even in the apostolic writings, upon the ever-so-valuable non-essentials that accompany Christianity, as if they were parts of its essence. The true use of the Bible is none of these. Its true use in a teacher's hands is for him to maintain that all truth, all beauty, are parts of Christianity, and finding whatever truth and beauty are really contained in the page before him, to relate and adapt them accurately and with all skillful dispatch, to Christianity's only one or two supreme essentials.

So we say once more, whatever the book of Scripture, whatever the passage, whatever momentary indirection may be necessary, the end always in sight, the battle standard, the goal in the race, must be the inculcation of practical Christianity. We must not say *make* all things bear to that point, but *use* everything only and always as it does naturally bear to that point; and where it does not, hasten by. Moreover, we must labor to hold the pupil as steadfastly to the same effort. Whatever arises in either the teacher's or the pupil's mind, let it be met by the challenge, as of a gentle gatekeeper, What can you tell us of practical Christianity?

There are ways of teaching the Bible that leave Christianity untaught. The Bible is not Christianity; Christianity is at least as much older than the Bible as Enoch is. The Bible, even if every separate word of it be divinely inspired, is only Christianity's revelation, the tree that bears Christianity. The words of Christ, hanging from that tree, are its fruit. But it also bears Christianity in all its parts; for Christianity is its all-pervasive essence; and whatever part of the Bible we teach, be it root, bark, sapwood, heart, leaf, flower, fruit or seed, our constant, pre-eminent, diligent purpose should be, must be, to extract from it, by the distilling power of thought and converse, the eternal truths of Christianity and turn them into duty, conscience and choice. The Bible, Christianity, even Christ himself, are but flint to us; not fire, save as they kindle in us the pure flames of justice, mercy and love. No follower of Christ may hope to profit any soul to whom he teaches the Bible except when he so teaches it as to widen and intensify the Christ-life in the affections and daily actions of his learners. This is the whole final purpose of the Bible. Whenever we do not in some degree accomplish this, we do not succeed in really teaching the Bible at all. And since every counterfeit sort of Bible-teaching is easier than this sort, we should make this sort our paramount purpose each time we sit or stand to teach, and from the moment we begin, to the end.

**DON'T DISCOURSE AND DON'T DOGMATIZE**

IF the noblest and most indispensable part of real study is not hard study, but hard thinking, then our Bible teaching must be of a kind that will never tend to lull, but always to stimulate the pupil's own pondering and questioning energies. Here lie the great danger and small value of the lecturing or discoursing habit in the Bible teacher. Better any ten sincere words from any pupil, the result of his own thought, than a hundred from his teacher that do not excite the pupil to think for himself.

"I know my lesson." How many millions of times has that been said untruly. We know our lesson, not when we have memorized its texts or merely accepted its statements in passive credence, but when we have distinguished in it what to us is positively knowable and have made it our own positive knowledge; have weighed, what to us is believable, and made it our own positive belief; and recognizing also whatever in it is to us not yet absolutely knowable, or even subject to the grasp of our unwavering belief, is yet good and reasonable to hope for, and have taken it into our hopes.

One who knows a lesson thus can teach it; and you may know a good Bible teacher by seeing him often playing pupil to his pupils and bidding them teach him. Thus is developed, in both teacher and taught, the skill to distinguish with a hale, sane readiness and self-candor between the many good things that come as yet can only hope, the fewer that may be fully believed, and that great few

which can be, and need to be, absolutely known. A class so taught will not often be found spending on questions, time out of proportion to their comparative values. I can imagine such a class saying, "With Paul we hope in the resurrection; with David, the prophets, apostles and martyrs, we believe in God; but we know—absolutely, by our own lives, we know—that every sin is so much death. We know that Christ's righteousness, holiness and unselfish, yearning love, as far as we succeed in repeating them in our own hearts and activities, are even now and here eternal life and joy, eternal in breadth whatever they may be in length. And we know that the better we can learn and apply these, the stronger will be our real belief in God, the surer our faith in His goodness and mercy, and the brighter and nobler our hope in the resurrection."

(Concluding paper in next Journal)

**TO BIBLE TEACHERS**

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# A RUSTIC COMEDY

BY MARY E. WILKINS

"Well, it won't be many Sunday nights more," said Jerome, with embarrassed pleasantry. His thin lips curled in smiles as if under stiff protest. He looked like his sister, though he was younger and darker. People called him handsome. He had never paid any attention to a girl in his life, and he was well toward forty, until he commenced courting Bessie Lang.

Now he was to marry her in four weeks. They were to live in his house with Maria.

The Bowles' house was finely furnished, the carpets were all tapestry, and there were drapery curtains in all of the front rooms. Village people eyed them with respect and admiration. Mrs. Lang had expatiated a good deal to Bessy upon these grand household belongings. "Them carpets is elegant, elegant!" said she. "I expect you'll feel fine enough when you're livin' on 'em. They'll be dreadful hard to sweep, that's the worst of it; but maybe you won't have to sweep 'em much."

Maria Bowles, although there was money enough to pay for one, would not keep a servant; none could work to suit her.

Jerome had talked the matter over with Bessy. "We can't keep a hired girl when we are married," said he; "Maria wouldn't be willing to; but we don't need one, anyhow, with only three of us."

Bessy had assented sweetly and smilingly. She had never done any hard work; although the Langs were too poor to keep a servant, her mother had taken it all off from her. The older woman regarded her daughter's little, soft, white hands and tender arms with a kind of fierce protection; she would have worked her own to the bone to save them. The sweeping of those tapestry carpets was all the drawback to her delight over the prospective marriage, and she was hopeful over that. She could not believe that Maria Bowles could have the heart to be less tender with the girl than she; very likely she would not let her touch the carpets.

To-night, when Jerome came into the vestry, Mrs. Lang gave Bessy a little nudge, and she colored, but did not look around. After meeting, she took his arm and walked down the street with childish decorum, sitting her pace to his. Her mother followed after with one of the neighbors.

Maria Bowles had stalked on alone, faster than any of the others. She entered her house, went unswervingly through the dark for a lamp which she lighted, then sat down to wait for her brother. No matter how late he should return, he would find her sitting there, bolt-upright and unoccupied, rigid and remorseless, with that remorselessness toward her own comfort which could sting another deeply because it reflected upon his selfishness. Maria was not pleased with this match; she did not wish her brother to marry. She had said all along that it would come to naught. "She's a flighty little thing," she said often. "She won't have you, Jerome, you mark my words."

Jerome, past the first rush of youthful confidence, and thereby rendered more susceptible to it, had caught the poison of his sister's nature. At times he looked at Bessy with an incredulous and suspicious air which bewildered her. He questioned her sharply about all her doings. She used to tell her mother, but Mrs. Lang was rather pleased than otherwise. "O, he's kind of jealous, child," she would say, "that's all, he'll get over it."

Bessy was all ready to be married with the exception of the wedding silk and the bonnet in which she was to come out as a bride the Sunday after her marriage. She was to be married in a white muslin gown. She and her mother had planned to go to Wellsboro to buy the silk this next Monday. But in the morning Mrs. Lang was not well; she was subject to rheumatism, and just at this critical moment had an attack of it in her knee.

"I don't know what's goin' to be done, Bessy," said she. She had contrived to hobble out into the sitting-room, and sat there helpless.

"I couldn't walk over to Wellsboro to save my life. I s'pose we could get a team, but it would cost two dollars, an' I don't know how I could get in and out, then. I wonder if you couldn't get the silk yourself, Bessy?"

"O mother, I'm afraid to!"

"I'd like to know why? It's time you learned how to do such things yourself. I

wa'n't any older than you when I was married, an' I bought an' earned everything I had, myself, my weddin' silk an' all, an' I cut an' made it, too. I should think you could do as much as buy it when the money was right in your hand. I guess I shouldn't have been afraid when I was a girl. I should have thought I was pretty lucky. I wouldn't tell of it if I couldn't, if I was you. Here's the dressmaker comin' to-morrow!"

"O, mother, I'm dreadful afraid I shall get something you won't like!" Bessy stood before her mother, terrified and appealing, in her little, limp morning calico.

"I don't see why you can't buy a dress if I ain't at your elbow; you won't always have me. You know jest about what you want; you don't want to buy any light, dabby thing, you know that. We've talked it all over, and you don't want to get anything that's goin' to fade or spot. I think a good, brown silk would be about as good as anything. An' you want to look out an' not get one that will crack. Some silks will crack right out before you've worn 'em any time; you must take a corner of it and pinch it together this way between your thumb an' finger, and see if it's made much of a crease. If it has, it's likely to crack. You want to remember all these little things, an' take your time an' luk aroun' an' not buy the first thing you see. That's all, you can do it jest as well as anybody, if you only think so."

Bessy was at last persuaded and encouraged, and after dinner she started for Wellsboro to buy her wedding silk. She had to buy a bonnet, too. It was a three miles walk. All the way she meditated upon the intended purchases; she had her little purse in the very bottom of her pocket, which she had pinned together for further safety. In the purse were thirty dollars.

Her mother had scrimped and saved with infinite toil over petty household financiering, her father had eliminated what he could from his poor treasury. He was a small farmer, and money was the scarest thing he had. If Bessy could only have had a bridal gown woven of green ribbon grass, embroidered with daisies and clover, there would have been wealth for it; but to buy one of foreign production came hard. Bessy kept feeling of the purse to see if it were safe. She had never before had so much money in her possession, and she kept repeating to herself her mother's instructions about the silk. Finally she emerged into the busy main street of Wellsboro, and began peering with innocent weary eyes over the dry goods counters.

She went here and there in a panic of hesitation; at last, she bought desperately, saw her purchases done up with pitiful misgivings, took the parcels in her arms and started for home. As she walked she began to be more at ease. She had some money left in her purse and she was confident that the silk would not crack. She had bought some beautiful white rosebuds for her bonnet. After she got well out of the town, she took the rosebuds out of their paper and stopped a moment to look at them. A green light fell upon her through the thin birch woods which bordered the road. Bessy held up her rosebuds and surveyed them, smiling admiringly, her head on one side. "O dear!" said she suddenly, with a great sigh. She put the flowers back in the paper and walked on. A wearing trouble had come over her face, as it had been doing at intervals for the last few weeks. Her mother had often asked her sharply what the matter was, and Bessy had answered, "Nothing. Why?" and the look had gone away.

Truth was, that this poor little rose, who had so far gotten all her motions from her mother as from a strong wind, and had gone sweetly all her life at the beck of another's will, having had her gown and her husband—almost her virtues—selected for her, was beginning to perceive dimly that the great events of life have single entrances, that not even love can enter alongside, no matter how fondly crowding; and the perception awoke in her, for the first time acutely, the sense of individuality.

It was only a gentle, tender little girlish spirit which begun to be aware that it had in the world its own proper direction which was distinct from another's, and there was produced, as yet, only a mild unrest.

Pretty soon Bessy gave herself a peep at the silk, then at her white satin bonnet-ribbon, and her face brightened. She pictured to herself the effect of the rosebuds with the white satin loops.

She was within a half-mile of home when a young man came up behind her. When he caught sight of her he slackened his pace and kept quite a distance between them. He was hardly more than a boy. He had a good deal of youthful height. His face was pale, with a pleasant look about the mouth. He eyed the young girl's fluttering draperies and loops of brown braids, and would have looked stern had the youthful sweetness of his face allowed it.

Suddenly he paused irresolutely. He had seen one of Bessy's bundles slip from under her arm; she kept straight on and did not

notice it. The young man quickened his pace, then slackened it; he even opened his mouth to call out to her. But he finally walked slowly along, picked up the bundle and stood looking after her. He had a parcel of his own. He took a step forward; then he gave his fair head a defiant shake, set his boyish mouth hard, and laid down one of the bundles on the ground. Then he kept on.

When Bessy reached her gate she looked around and saw him in the distance. He inclined his head stiffly. "Lawrence Bell has been behind me all the way," she thought, with troubled reflection.

When she got into the sitting-room, her mother was not there. She heard her clinking dishes in the kitchen where she was trying to get tea. Bessy laid her bundles on the table, then paused aghast, looking at them—the silk was not there. She could not believe it at first. She counted them over and over, she pried into them. There was no doubt about it; the precious silk was not there. There was not a minute for deliberation. She heard her mother coming.

"Is that you, Bessy?" she called out.

"Yes," answered Bessy, in a weak voice. "You've got home in good season," said her mother, limping painfully in. "How did you get along?"

"Pretty well—I guess."

Mrs. Lang went over to the table and began undoing the bundles. "Why, where's the silk?" asked she, turning to Bessy.

"I—haven't got it."



"Mr. Lang in the doorway gave a grunt."

"Haven't got it?"

"No."

"Why not, I'd like to know?"

"I'm—going again."

"Goin' again?"

"I'll get it—to-morrow," faltered Bessy, miserably. She was quaking with terror at her own wickedness.

"Get it to-morrow! Why, here's the dressmaker comin' to-morrow!"

"I'll go up an' tell her not to, after supper; she'd as soon change with somebody else."

"Why didn't you get it?"

"I'd rather—go an' get it—to-morrow. I—got the other things to-day."

"Well, I must say you're smart to take that long walk over again. I did think you had a little more sense. I don't see what you mean."

Mrs. Lang, full of angry perplexity, discussed the matter at length. She suspected something wrong, but she did not know what. Once she came near it. "You ain't lost any of your money, have you?" asked she.

"No, I haven't lost a cent!" Bessy replied, with alacrity. She feared lest her mother might ask to see her purse, but she did not.

Soon after supper, Bessy started ostensibly to notify the dressmaker, but in reality to search for the silk. As soon as she should find it she would hurry home and confess to her mother.

It was after nine o'clock when she returned. She had not found the silk. She was quite pale when she entered the sitting-room. Her mother and Jerome were there; her mother looked wonderingly, Jerome suspiciously.

"Why, where have you been, Bessy?" asked Mrs. Lang.

"Where did I tell you I was going?" said Bessy. She tried to take off her hat unconcernedly.

Then Jerome spoke. His thin face looked hard and unpleasant. "You were not in the dressmaker's when I came past an hour ago," said he, in a cold voice. "I stopped in there on an errand for my sister, and—I know it."

THE bell for Sabbath evening meeting was ringing, but it was still quite light. The sun had scarcely gone out of sight, the sky was a clear, pale yellow, and the trees looked dark and distinct; it seemed as if one could count the leaves.

The bell rang, and Bessie Lang came down the street with her mother. Bessy was small and round-faced. She held up her rustling muslin skirts daintily out of the dust and moved, with a light toss, like a bird. Her mother in her black gown and Sunday bonnet stepped firmly beside her.

They passed presently a glossy white house set well up from the road, on a pile of green banks. Bessy's mother nudged her when they came to it. "Pretty soon you'll be turnin' in there, an' I expect you'll feel pretty grand," said she. "I declare, there's Jerome at the window now! He's lookin'; look up an' bow to him. Why don't you look up?"

Bessy looked up, and bowed to a man whose face was dimly visible like a pale shadow at one of the windows.

"I guess he ain't quite ready," remarked Mrs. Lang. "Mebbe he's waitin' for Maria." She and Bessy were already seated in the church vestry, when the man emerged from the house and came down the steps between the green banks. There was a woman with him. She looked older than he; her face was pale and self-contained, and her bonnet-strings were tied austerely. Maria Bowles in her young days had experienced a disappointment in love. Whatever change it might have worked in her nature, she had tied her bonnet-strings straighter and pinned her shawl more evenly ever since. That may have the outward evidence of an inward revolution, of a



"I know all I care to, now," said Jerome.

perpetual squaring of herself for a contrast to the crookedness of the world, whereby she acquired a certain cold peace and satisfaction in life. As they went down the steps she surveyed her brother with pale, sharp eyes; then she picked a thread from his coat sleeve.

"I s'pose you won't be home 'til late to-night," said she, in a dry voice which had no accord with her friendly action.

"Somewhere about ten."

"It was eleven before you got home last Sunday night."

what's goin' to be done, Bessy," said she. She had contrived to hobble out into the sitting-room, and sat there helpless.

"I couldn't walk over to Wellsboro to save my life. I s'pose we could get a team, but it would cost two dollars, an' I don't know how I could get in and out, then. I wonder if you couldn't get the silk yourself, Bessy?"

"O mother, I'm afraid to!"

"I'd like to know why? It's time you learned how to do such things yourself. I



Bessy stood staring at him, clutching her hat-ribbons.

"Where was you, Bessy?" asked her mother.

The young girl said nothing. She kept drawing her under lip in between her teeth.

"Bessy!"

"It wasn't any harm, it wasn't truly, mother! I can't tell you—to-night, but it wasn't any harm!"

Jerome stood still with his black eyes fixed upon her.

"You might believe me!" said Bessy, half sobbing, looking at him in a frightened way.

"I haven't got anything to say," said Jerome, slowly. "When a young woman goes off alone in the evening and stays till after nine o'clock, and says she's going to a certain place and doesn't go there; and then, when she's found out and won't tell her own mother, and the one she's going to marry, where she's been, of course folks can draw their own conclusions." Jerome's voice had a rasping sound; his s's sounded like whistles.

"I did go to the dressmaker's," said Bessy, gathering a little resentment in the midst of her distress.

"You went somewhere else, afterward," said Jerome; "you wasn't there when I was there."

Bessy flushed pinker and pinker. He looked at her with the more icy disapprobation.

Bessy's very pinkness and roundness, while it had attracted him, had always filled him with uneasiness and suspicion. The light, curly locks of hair which she had worn over her forehead like the other young girls, had made him uncomfortable. One day he had pushed them back with a hard hand.

"I'd wear them that way if I were you," said he, "it looks neater."

So Bessy had obediently brushed back her hair; but exposing her round, blue-veined forehead only gave her a more childishly sweet look yet, and Jerome's mind had not been set at ease.

"I think you're real cruel," said Bessy. "You'll see you are, some time." Then she began to cry.

But Jerome did not soften. He stalked out into the entry and got his hat off the table.

"Wait a minute," whispered Mrs. Lang, following him. "It ain't anythin', I know; she'll tell me when you've gone."

"I know all I care to, now," said Jerome. His face was very pale and had an expression of repellent misery. He went out, shutting the door with solid decision.

"I don't know what you've done, Bessy," said her mother, coming back, "he's mad."

Bessie sat quite still, with her face hidden in her handkerchief.

"Where in the world was you?" said her mother.

"Mother, I'll tell you to-morrow," sobbed Bessy, "I'll make it all right, when I do."

Mrs. Lang coaxed and scolded with no avail. Bessy went off to bed, and had not confessed a word. She slept—she was so young that trouble had no power to keep her awake long; but she awoke in a panic of misery. This loss overshadowed everything else for her now; no one could know how stupendous and shocking a thing it seemed to her. She had never had a silk dress in her life. The having one at all, and paying so much money for it seemed to her almost sinful. She realized acutely her parents' hard toil to procure it. And now she had lost it. The thought of her mother's distress was harder for her to bear than her anger. "Poor mother," she sobbed to herself over and over, "what will she do?"

She stole away as soon as she could after breakfast, hiding her hat under her apron and slipping out of the front door. Then she went up the Wellsboro road, looking on either side. It was a dewy morning; the bushes were all sparkling and dripping, and little cobweb disks were spread over the grass. High up in the blue morning sky hung the filmy half moon, only delicately visible now.

Bessy had gone about half a mile, when her heart gave a great leap. How had she missed it the night before? There lay the parcel just off the path, pushed a little under the leaves as if by a passing foot. Bessy snatched it up, turned about and ran home.

She burst into the house calling, "Mother, mother!"

Mrs. Lang thrust her head out of the kitchen; she was full of fierce indignation at Bessy's absence.

"I'd like to know—" she began; but Bessy, radiant, shamed-faced with smiles, interrupted her—"Oh mother, I've found it!"

"Found what?"

"My dress, my brown silk dress! Here it is!"

"Bessy Lang! What do you mean?"

"I did buy it, mother, and I lost it coming home, yesterday. I didn't want to tell till I'd found it."

"Bessy Lang, you don't mean to say you lost that new—brown—silk dress!"

"I found it, mother—here it is all safe. I knew I should! That's where I was last night, hunting for it."

"I never heard of such carelessness in my life."

"Just see if it ain't pretty!"

Bessy tremblingly opened the parcel, then she gave a scream. Her mother caught it out of her hands—it was nothing but a roll of white cotton cloth.

"For goodness sake!" cried her mother, and stood staring.

"O mother! I don't know what it means," sobbed Bessy.

"Means? Well I know what it means. You have lost all that new, brown silk, an' I don't know where you are goin' to get another, an' Jerome is dreadfully put out. You've got yourself into a nice predicament. Well, it's no more than I ought to have expected. You was always just so heedless."

"Jerome won't be mad when he knows!"

"I dunno whether he will or not. I don't know how you're goin' to get married, anyhow, you won't have a thing to wear to

meetin'. Here I've been savin' all this time."

"I'll go and look again."

"Look again!—h'm!"

But she did look again. Even her mother hobbled down the road and aided in the search. They came home empty-handed at dinner-time, Bessy, in spite of her pride, half crying through the street, and her mother scolding and lamenting under her breath.

Mrs. Lang went directly into the kitchen. Bessy, who had now quite broken out sobbing entered the sitting-room. In a minute she gave a loud cry and ran into the kitchen.

"Mother, mother here it is!"

"What?"

"Here it is!"

"I don't believe it!"

"It is, it is! Just see!"

Bessy shook the silk out of the wrapper, and it rustled down in shining folds.

"For the land sake, don't let it get onto the kitchen floor! Where did it come from?"

"I don't know. It's the silk."

"I don't see what made you get such a light color. It'll spot."

"I thought it was real pretty."

"Pretty! Pretty want what you wanted. This is a cream color. You ain't got any more judgment than—"

"O, mother, where did it come from! There it was lying right on the sitting-room table."

"It's more'n I know; the whole performance is beyond me!"

Their wonder and speculation increased until four o'clock that afternoon, when Mrs. Bell, Lawrence's mother, came in. She was a pretty, long-visaged woman with a slow way of speaking. She had been sitting quite a while before she remarked with long-drawn placidity: "You had quite a time gettin' your silk, didn't you, Bessy?"

"What!" cried Bessy and her mother together.

"Yes; when Lawrence brought it in last night and undid it, an' there was all that brown silk instead of the cotton-cloth I'd sent him for, I couldn't believe my eyes. I s'pose he told yer about it; he looked as if he thought he was out of his head. Then he happened to think that he'd changed it with you—I s'pose he took your bundle to carry, he didn't say so, but I s'pose that was the way it was—an' then he gave you the wrong one."

Bessy's face was full of bewilderment. She kept looking at her mother.

"He charged me not to say anythin' about it," went on Mrs. Bell, "an' he said he'd bring the silk back an' get the cloth. I see he did bring the silk. It's real pretty, ain't it?"

"I think it's quite pretty," murmured Mrs. Lang.

"Did Lawrence take the cotton-cloth?"

"No—I guess he didn't."

"Well, I thought mebbe he wouldn't till he came home. I guess he thought he'd stop on his way back. I'll take it when I go. You see, I think that silk is very handsome. You must have thought it was funny when you opened that bundle, and saw cotton-cloth?"

"Yes, we did," said Mrs. Lang. She kept casting suspicious and sharply questioning glances which had almost the force of words, at Bessy. The minute after Mrs. Bell had gone, she began—

"Now, I'd like to know," said she, "was you walkin' with Lawrence Bell last night?"

"No, I wasn't; you haven't any right to look at me so, mother! I haven't done a thing!"

"I shouldn't think you had! How did he come by your bundle?"

"I—don't know!" Bessy laid her head on the table near the new silk, and began to cry.

Her mother snatched the silk away. "Don't after all. You'll have to carry it over after supper. This is more'n I can see through!"

"I—don't know any more than you do," said Bessy, brokenly. "He was behind me when I came home from Wellsboro, yesterday. I don't—know another thing—"

"It's the greatest piece of work I ever heard of!"

After tea, Bessy took the cloth and went over to the Bells'. It was dusky, and she did not at first see Lawrence leaning over the gate. Then she started.

"O, good-evening," said she, tremulously.

"Good-evening," returned Lawrence, stiffly, and opened the gate.

"Is—your mother in?"

"No; she's just gone over to Mrs. Martin's."

"I've brought back this cloth."

Lawrence started—"I suppose you know how mean I've been," he burst out.

Bessy looked up at him mutely.

"I was just starting to come over to your house," Lawrence went on, screwing his toe into the walk. "I was going to tell you—there wasn't anybody at home, so I just put the silk in the window this morning. I'll own I did a mean thing, Bessy. I'll own I saw you drop that bundle, and I picked it up and was going to give it to you. Then—I laid it down again, and I suppose I swapped bundles somehow, when I did it. I didn't find it out till this morning—I don't know what possessed me. Mother saw you go by, and she said she guessed you were going to buy some—wedding things; and I guess I felt kind of ugly. I didn't want to speak to you, and I didn't care much if you did lose your things. I know I did a mean thing—"

Suddenly the boy made a step forward, and flung his arms around Bessy. "O, groaned he, you don't want to marry that Jerome Bowles, do you, Bessy?"

"Lawrence, you mustn't do so! Stop!"

"Tell me you don't—"

"I guess I do."

"I don't believe it."

"What do you suppose mother would say? Don't!"

"It isn't your mother, it's you! Bessy, tell me the truth—wouldn't you rather marry me than him?"

"Lawrence Bell, you let me go!"

"What made you say you'd marry him?"

"He—asked me to."

"Asked you to! Is that the reason girls have for getting married? Bessy, you knew I liked you."

"No, I didn't!" Bessy murmured faintly. She was half crying.

"It seems to me you might have known. I never looked at another girl when we went to school together. I always thought you and I would be married some time. I never said a thing for I thought maybe it wasn't quite fair. You weren't much more than a little girl, and I wasn't very old myself and wasn't earnin' much. But I guess I should, if I'd known. Well, I ain't going to talk about it. If you've made up your mind to marry him I ain't going to urge you to break it off. I won't do anything mean. I shouldn't have said this to-night if I could have helped it."

Lawrence walked along by Bessy's side with a defiant air, when she started toward home. It was only a little way. "I'm going in a minute," said he, when they reached the house. "I'm going to tell your mother about that silk, myself. I ain't going to let you."

Mrs. Lang was in the sitting-room. She looked excited. Lawrence began at once upon the subject in his mind.

"I'm real sorry you had so much trouble about that silk," he began impetuously, "I want to tell you—"

But his speech seemed to loosen the flood-gate of Mrs. Lang's emotions. "Well, I dunno but it's just as well that the silk was lost," said she. "I guess it's a good thing that we've found out what Jerome Bowles is before it's too late!"

Lawrence and Bessy stared breathless. Mr. Lang in his shirt-sleeves stood listening in the kitchen-door. "Well, I don't care if you do know it, Lawrence," Mrs. Lang went on—"I've just been up there; I thought I'd explain about last night, an' I must say he's a strange fellow. I guess Bessy's better off without him than with him—an' his sister ain't any better—"

"O, mother! what did he say?"

"Say? He wouldn't believe one word I said; jest the same as told me I lied; said he'd made up his mind that Bessy wasn't suited to him, and Maria, she chimed in: 'I told him finally, that I guessed Bessy wasn't beholden to marry him, an' I guessed with all her advantages that she might marry somebody else, an' not be an old maid like some folks, 'cause a fellow had treated her mean.' I guess Maria Bowles took it!"

Mr. Lang in the doorway gave a grunt; he was quite an old man. "I never thought much of her marryin' him, anyway," said he.

"Yes; father never seemed to like him much," said his wife. "Well, I guess he won't far out of the way; I guess Bessy ain't goin' up there to slave over them tapestry carpets, not if I know it."

"Then—you think I'd better not have him, mother," returned Bessy, tremblingly.

"I guess you won't have him, if I know it. I ain't goin' to have a little, delicate thing like you goin' up there to be trodden on by Jerome Bowles an' his old-maid sister an' a-sweepin' their tapestry carpets for 'em."

Suddenly Lawrence spoke out, his young face flushing hotly. "Say, Mrs. Lang," said he, "can't Bessy have me? I want her dreadfully, and she'd a good deal rather marry me than that old Jerome Bowles. Can't she, please?"

"I don't know what you mean," said Mrs. Lang, with sudden stiffness.

"Can't Bessy marry me instead of him?"

Mrs. Lang eyed him sharply. "You ain't in earnest?"

"Well, I rather guess I am."

"Well," said Mrs. Lang in an angry voice, "I don't think it's best to bring up anything of this kind to-night. I don't know as I've got anything against you, but I've had so much such work that I'm sick of it for one while. I'd rather Bessy wouldn't get married at all; there ain't any need of it. She's got her father an' mother, an' she—" Mrs. Lang began to cry.

"O don't, mother," said Bessy, crying too.

"I can't help it! I've been lookin' out for your welfare jest the best I know how, an' it don't seem as if there was any reason for such work as this."

Mrs. Lang's voice had angry cadences in it. "Do you think your mother'll care?" Lawrence whispered to Bessy when she went with him to the door.

"I—don't know," said she. Then they kissed each other.

They were married before very long. Bessy's wedding-clothes were all ready, and Mrs. Lang did not oppose it. Maria Bowles' tongue had not been idle, and people had heard a good many stories. "I guess they'll see now that Bessy don't feel very bad," said Mrs. Lang.

The brown silk was made up, and the bonnet trimmed with the white ribbon and rosebuds, and one Sunday Bessie "came out a bride."

When the bridal pair went to church in the evening, the bride saw the new moon over her right shoulder with a thrill of satisfaction in her childish heart. Her mother had brought her up to believe in the new moon.

When they passed Jerome's house they did not see him, but he was peering at them from behind a curtain. An unhappy man, who held ever his ear to life as if it were a shell, and heard in its mighty and universal murmur only allusions to himself. Jerome, miserable, peered at the young pair passing smilingly down the street; but they did not know it, and over them on the right, hung the silvery crescent of the new moon.

For the convenience of the readers of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, the management has made arrangements whereby any book reviewed in its Department—"In Literary Circles"—will be supplied by the JOURNAL at the price mentioned in connection with each work. A simple remittance of the price will bring any book direct to the purchaser by early mail.

## HOW TO DRESS IN MARCH

By HELEN JAY



MARCH is generally conceded to be the most dangerous of months. Physicians are apt to order delicate patients away from their Northern homes to pass its weeks in some Southern resort. It is not always possible, however, for the majority of men and women to leave business and domestic duties for an outing of this kind. Very often by taking proper care of themselves, they fare quite as well at home as those who expose themselves to the positive evils of travel in unsettled weather.

The general rules to be observed, if one would safely make the perilous passage from February to April, are these: First, to keep the temperature of the body as even as possible. Extremes are always to be avoided. Granted that the north wind doth blow, it is no reason why the furnace should be seven times heated, and the warmth of the house garments increased by many degrees. The abrupt change from the wadded wrapper and the hot breath of the register or radiator, to the light-cloth suit and the teeth of the tempest, is too great a shock for the ordinary physique. The old proverb says that "A man who sits with his back to a draught, sits with his face to a grave." Currents of hot air are quite as dangerous as their colder brethren, and should be equally avoided. Perspiration and chill are Siamese twins, hard to separate; and there is such a thing as dressing too warmly and keeping our homes too warm even in March.

Flannels, to fulfill their mission, should never be intermitted with garments of lighter texture. During the hours when the system is relaxed and vitality is at its lowest ebb, special pains should be taken to preserve the normal temperature of the body. It is both an uncleanly and unhealthy custom to retain at night the undergarments worn during the day, but it is important that the skin be not chilled by contact with linen or cotton fabrics. The use of the night-robe of soft light flannel, enveloping the body from chin to toe, is highly recommended by advanced physical culturists. Masses of blankets and mountains of comfortables will not keep the arms, neck and chest so comfortably warm.

Much depends upon the judicious use of outer wraps in maintaining the proper temperature of the body, and that leads us to our second rule which is this: Adjust the clothing promptly to circumstances, and be willing to take the trouble to change, and change again, with the variable winds of March, so that you may defeat him with his own weapons. There are days even in our bleakest month when heavy furs are a weariness to the flesh. Yet some conservative persons say: "Do not lay them aside, for now is the very time to catch cold." A generation or so ago the calendar, and not the weather, used to regulate the assuming and the laying aside of the two divisions of our grandmothers' wardrobes known as summer and winter clothes. It ought to be cold in November; if it was not so, out came the mink cape and muff on the first day of the month. April was the time for the singing of birds, and back they must go into camp, no matter how low the mercury might be. The more sensible fashion of our day supplements the heavy garments with those of intermediate weight, and gives us the short jacket and cape, which carry many safely over the fateful days of March.

A custom peculiarly American, is the overheating of public buildings and conveyances. The habit of sitting in the church or theatre enveloped in furs is productive of many pulmonary complaints. Unless a building is very cold it is safer to remove the outside garments soon after entering. A sheltered place on the deck of a ferry-boat is less dangerous than the stifling cabin, even in the winds of March.

After walking in the frosty air, many enter a crowded shop and spend an hour or more in an atmosphere almost at fever-heat, without even untying a boa. As a consequence perspiration is induced, and when they again reach the pavements "the bleak winds of March make them tremble and shiver," and they swell the number of unfortunates suffering from rheumatism and other ills. Wraps should be made so as to be easily removed.

The third point to be observed is the proper care of the feet. There is a curious prejudice among many against the overshoe, and yet the despised rubber is an essential protection against the melting snow and slush of March. The thickest sole of the heaviest walking boot absorbs enough moisture to dampen and chill the feet, and yet nothing is more perilous than sitting in a warm room with rubbers on, excepting, going about the ordinary house in slippers. Draughts hug the floor and lie in wait for the unwary. The clinging of wet skirts against the ankles is a fruitful source of aches and pains. Leggings of leather waterproof or rubber will obviate this trouble in a degree, while a skirt of flannel, faced with a rubber band, avoids the danger altogether.

While the feet are kept warm, the head should be cool. The hardest nations in the world are those which cover the throat and head lightly. Reserve the fur hat and muffler for the sleigh ride, and banish them from the promenade. This is our fifth rule.

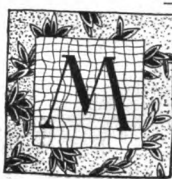
The sixth, is to avoid injudicious dressing for social events. Evening costumes for men and women are much thinner than those habitually worn during the day; and care should be taken to increase correspondingly the outer and under-garments. It is a trifle presumptuous to discard flannels, and then, after hours, in a hot ball-room, to put on a creation of lace and ribbon for a drive or walk in the night air of March.

Our seventh hint is to wear a thick veil as a safeguard against the dust which March winds bear on their wings. Catarrh and throat troubles are often caused by the introduction of foreign particles into the nasal passages.



HOW CAN SHE SUPPORT HERSELF? WHAT SHALL A YOUNG GIRL DO TO EARN HER OWN LIVING?

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE



ANY a girl finds herself suddenly obliged—in these days of sudden reverses—to take care of herself, to find for herself the food, the clothing, the place to live, which have hitherto been hers "without her care or payment"; just as free to her as the air and the light that are given to us all from the Father above.

Two questions confront her: What shall she do? How shall she do it?

To such a girl whom these lines may find in this position, or to her who in the future may find these questions confronting her, let me say—

In the first place, my dear, wherever you are, sit down calmly and think what you can do. Reflection shows you that you have hitherto been a lily of the field, doing nothing. But what have you liked to do for your amusement? Have you liked to trim over your bonnets, or alter the decoration of your dresses? Have you enjoyed gathering and arranging flowers? Have you been used to criticising your food so that you knew when it was properly cooked? Have you liked to teach in Sunday-school, or to visit the sick, or take care of your friends when they are ill? Can you write a good letter? Are you musical? Do you draw?

Think these things over; the thing you like to do you will do best. Choose deliberately whether you will be a milliner, a dressmaker, a cook, a stenographer, a nurse, or what other occupation suits you best. All these things are trades; all have methods to be learned.

To be a milliner, you must go through an apprenticeship, which will for the first year pay you nothing, very little for the second. Dressmaking you will begin to learn as a sewing-girl at small wages. Cooking will need at least a year's study. A teacher must begin in small schools, unless she is exceptionally educated and gets an exceptional position at once. A stenographer needs a full year's hard study and practice. All these trades are overcrowded. A nurse in a training-school has her board, a small weekly payment from the beginning, and one uniform.

I do not advise you—even with the strongest taste that way—to attempt literature as a means of living. It is the hardest work for the poorest pay a woman can do, and full of mortification, anxiety and disappointment. For a man it is different: a man gets twice the pay, for literary work, that is given to a woman, though it be of poorer quality. From a life-long experience I advise you to let literature alone, except as an amusement.

A good cook gets high wages and not very hard work. A saleswoman, of the average sort, can just live on her pay. It is not easy for a woman to support herself, but she has to do it often, very often.

Now, my dear, having decided on your work and fitted yourself for it, you have still to find a place. To do this, unless you have very useful friends to whom you can appeal, you resort to advertising. That is expensive, but this is not a world where you get anything for nothing. You will not like answering advertisements, but you are in earnest and must face the matter. And when you go out to do this disagreeable business, let me advise—

First: be particular about your dress. Do not go about in cheap finery, brilliant colors, and the latest styles. Do not wear anything striking. Put on a plain, dark dress, a quiet hat, dark gloves—in short, be as neat as you like, but never showy. This is business-like. Neither man nor woman looks favorably on a girl in a cheap dress decorated with cheaper trimming, a great flapping hat, or a high steeple. A woman is judged by her dress more than you think; it may be as cheap as you please, it must be neat and quiet.

Second: Be still more careful about your manner; let it be civil, reserved, quiet; and above all things avoid gushing, giggling, beaming, rolling your eyes, or any other sort of affectation. Be particularly reserved in your manner to men; a girl thrown on the world to get her own living, lays herself open to scant civility in certain places if she has no dignity of her own. There are girls who think it is all right to be very sweet, and put on all their airs and graces to every man they meet. They think—as I heard one say—that they consider it the one thing in life to attract men, and carry out that idea even when they are working girls. This is the sort of girls who get insulted in their search for work; they are not intentionally bad; only contemptibly silly, but the average man considers them in the worst light. I know girls who could go anywhere without provoking a word of disrespect from any man, because they are quiet, pure, dignified, reserved ladies—true women. Have just as little to do with men, young or old, as is necessary; do not indulge in that underbred, indelicate practice popularly called flirting. It is ill-bred in any position in life; it is destructive to a working-girl's character, and prospects.

Be careful, too, what girl friends you make. Be cheerfully civil to your comrades of your own sex, but slow to make intimacies. "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good." The Bible has its guiding word for every emergency of life. You can have no better counselor. Whatever work you do undertake, do it thoroughly. "Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well," is an old saying but worth taking to heart. If you only do half way what you take up as a profession, you might as well let it alone.

The great failure of our working-classes lies in their desire to get money as easily as they can, and therefore doing their work as briefly

as possible without care about its perfection. The clumsy milliner; the careless dressmaker; the sewer on a machine who sends out work that is crooked, full of loose threads, bungling corners; the cook who sends to the table rare veal, over-done mutton, heavy bread and ill-cooked vegetables; the teacher who fails to make her pupils understand their lessons; the stenographer who is inattentive and only catches part of a dictation; the type-writer whose letters dance up and down, who cannot spell rightly or write a brief, clear business note, are not the workers who get good places or even keep poor ones. Service that is well paid for must be faithful, thorough service, not the work of a shirk or an incompetent.

I have seen the struggles of girls whose homes were lost early in life, and I do not speak ignorantly. I went far away myself when I was only sixteen to teach school. It was a hard experience; but in those days there was nothing else a girl could do to get her living. I had much rather have gone out as a child's nurse, or as a waitress, but the false pride of my friends, and my own foolish feeling, prevented it. I was too young to know better.

Again: Never be ashamed of any honest work; you can be a good woman and an honest Christian lady behind a counter, in a kitchen or nursery, running a machine or teaching a district school, just as truly as if you belonged to the "highest circles" of the most exclusive society. One of the most thorough ladies I have ever known kept a milliner's shop in my native place, and one of the most essential gentlemen in my recollection was a servant. Character is the great acquisition of this life, it is your stay and staff in your self-support. In a woman it counts for everything, next to real, unaffected religion; nothing equals that, and that, indeed, is the foundation of character, the rock on which alone you can safely build.

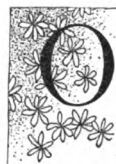
One more thing to the girl compelled to seek her own living: Do not look at work as a penalty, a terror, a necessity to be lamented and bewailed. Work is the real blessing of life. I know of no more pitiable object than the man or woman who has "nothing to do, and plenty of time to do it in." For such a person life has no savor, no real enjoyment; the bread you earn even by the hardest toil is sweeter than a gift or an inheritance. The curse of Eden was under its disguise a gift of God. If you are young, and strong, and well, labor—not beyond your strength—will soon become a pleasure to you; the book, the picture, the ornament you have saved up your spare cents to buy will have a value to you no millionaire's costliest possession ever gave him.

I once knew a young woman so rich that she could not spend her income on herself, say, "Oh! it is so stupid not to want anything!" I pitied that girl far more than I shall ever pity you, my dear. She was tired of luxury, she had nothing to expect or desire. She learned as she grew older that the power of giving to those who had wants and needs that could not be gratified, was some compensation for the weariness of her money. Her work was giving; yours is earning.

I must add one word here, beyond the subject perhaps, but too important to omit. I beg of every girl going out into the working world: Take care of your health. It is your only capital; without it you can never work. Do not be so anxious to look well that you set aside warm under-clothing for outside show. Do not eat trash for your lunch; keep dry and warm, and use wholesome food. "A sound mind in a sound body" is absolutely necessary to a working girl.

IS BEAUTY A BLESSING?

BY ANNA KATHARINE GREEN



F the beautiful women I have known, but few have attained superiority of any kind. In marriage they have frequently made failures; why, I do not know, unless the possession of great loveliness is incompatible with the possession of an equal amount of good judgment.

So much is expected by the woman accustomed to admiration, that she plays and palters with her fate till the crooked stick is all that is left her. This we see exemplified again and again. While the earnest, lofty, sweet-smiling woman of the pale hair and doubtful line of nose, has, perhaps, one true lover whose worth she has time to recognize, an acknowledged beauty will find herself surrounded by a crowd of showy egotists whose admiration so dazes and bewilders her that she is sometimes tempted to bestow herself upon the most importunate one in order to end the unseemly struggle.

Then the incentive to education, and to the cultivation of one's especial powers is lacking. Forgetting that the triumphs which have made a holiday of youth must lessen with the years, many a fair one neglects that training of the mind which gives to her who is poor in all else, an endless storehouse of wealth from which she can hope to produce treasures for her own delectation and that of those about her, long after the fitful bloom upon her handsome sister's cheek has faded with the roses of departed summer.

Though the world can show instances here and there of women in whose dazzling glances genius and beauty struggle for equal recognition, are they not the exception proving the rule? To win without effort, and yet to ignore these victories for the sake of the more lasting and honorable ones which follow the attainment of excellence in any one thing, means character, and character added to loveliness gives us those rare specimens of womanly perfection which assure us that poetry and art are not solely in the minds of men, but exist here and there in an embodied form for the encouragement and delight of struggling human nature.

GYMNASTIC EXERCISES FOR WOMEN

BY ELLEN LE GARDE



LIGHT gymnastics embrace the use of dumb-bells, barbells, Indian-clubs, wands, hoops and exercises without anything whatever in the hands. Marching, deep-breathing movements, poising, stretching and equilibrium exercises, all of which have, in a great measure, grown out of the Delsarte system, also come under the general term, light gymnastics.

The beneficial results of all these are many and varied. Hardly any one is too weak for gymnastics. Gentle massage will start the muscles and send the blood into healthy circulation. Then the patient should help herself. One of the advantages of light gymnastics is that the sick and convalescent can make what appear to be trifling efforts, and by them, in time, be restored to active health. If too feeble to be practically able to make but little exertion, try what are known as deep-breathing movements. Lie flat upon the back, take as long as and as deep breaths as possible, and while the mouth is closed, slowly throw the arms up in front and then at the sides. Rest for ten minutes. Try again the same inhalation and exhalation of air, the latter being pure and fresh. After awhile, attempt the same, sitting up. These exercises can safely be taken by the sick one every day, several times, and the whole muscular system will be improved, just as if some revivifying tonic had been given, a far better one than any charged with alcohol or some like stimulant.



From this step to the use of light apparatus in the dumb-bells is a short one. But the mistake is too often made in trying to be too muscular and using bells of too great a weight. Attempt nothing above your strength at the start; it is even better at first to go under it than over it. Above all things be methodical and regular in these exercises. Irregularity in anything—habits, expenditure, diet—brings its uncomfortable reward. Exercise must be constant and systematic to be effective.

If a beginner, purchase wooden dumb-bells of a pound each in weight.

Stand with the heels together, body erect and head up. Place the bells on the shoulders and push up that in the right hand to a count of eight or twelve; then the left, then both together at the same time.

Place the bells on the chest. Push the right-hand bell out in front eight times, the left-hand afterwards, then both.

Push the bell in the right hand out from the chest to the right, the left the same, and next both.

Put bells under the armpits. Curl them out alternately and both at the same time.

With bells on the shoulders roll out as in the movement above described.

Strike the bells quickly over the head and under the right leg; then the left leg, then again behind the back.

With the right-hand bell extended from the right side at right-angles with the body, strike it, as if it were an anvil, eight times with the bell in the left hand as a hammer. Do this in the same manner to the left and in front, holding the bell, that acts in lieu of anvil, on the right and left knees.

These are but simple movements. A teacher in the gymnasium will give you dozens more. But just after the morning bath, in a cool room, before the corset is put on, if tried for five or ten minutes daily, will end in sending a glow through the body and bringing a rich tint to the cheeks. Beauty is not always born; it can be made. Not with cosmetics; try light gymnastic exercises and you will prove to your own satisfaction that a light step, a bright eye, a clear, good-colored skin without the faintest hint of rouge or powder, makes a woman truly beautiful as well as "healthy, wealthy and wise."

Approx of this last assertion, that a woman can grow wiser, yes, actually know more, from regular gymnastic exercise is an established truth.

The greatest practical result of both light and heavy gymnastics is the fact that the mind grows in proportion to the muscle. The muscles need a will, and a strong one, to control them. The moving to exact time and to music demanded by these exercises when taken in the classes of the gymnasium, has its effect on the brain and is as important as the resulting physical gain. Dr. W. G. Anderson, the specialist, states that those women who by reason of undeveloped will-power cannot compel this servant to aid them in works they must perform, are greatly benefited by light gymnastic exercises; and that those women who are sensible enough to adopt the methods that make men the stronger, the healthier sex, who expect to be known as the mothers of healthy children, and, above all, women who wish to aid in the realization of the ideal human being, whether mentally, morally or physically, are able to be all that they would be, by gymnastic exercise.

It is a constant source of complaint that American women are not graceful. And the dancing-school has been, until recent years, the refuge for the awkward and unbalanced-muscled young or old woman. But much more valuable is the gymnasium in its education of the feet, and of the poise and carriage of the body.

To this end, fancy-step movements are given, and grace and ease of self results. Then, too, dexterity is a quality the phlegmatic slow-by-nature girl and woman needs to get on in this busy work-a-day world, where she who moves the quickest and thinks the fastest, keeping her mind clear and steady on what she has in hand, puts to rout the moral of that ancient fable of the hare and tortoise, in reaching the goal long before her slower and more deliberate neighbor.

A ZULU WOMAN'S MANSION

THE Zulu woman is the architect and builder of the Zulu house, and the style of architecture is known in the colonies as "wattle and daub." It looks like an exaggerated beehive, for the Zulu mind has this peculiarity, that it cannot grasp the idea of anything that is not round, or elliptical in form. There are no squares in Nature. To build her house, the woman traces a circle on the ground fourteen feet in diameter, and getting a number of long, limber branches, she sticks them firmly into the ground and then bends the tops over, and ties them with fibre obtained from the numerous creepers, or "monkey ropes." Then she twines thicker creepers in and out of these sticks, all round the circle of spaces about twelve inches apart, and then taking wattle (a kind of coarse grass or reed) she thatches the edifice, leaving a small hole at the top for a chimney, and another hole, three feet square, for a door. In front of this she builds a covered way, extending outwards about three feet, and the exterior of the house is finished by a coating of "daub" or mud. She then seeks the nests of the white ant, and digging them up, obtains a quantity of white clay, which she beats to powder, dries, and then mixing it with water, kneads it until it is quite smooth. This she spreads all over the ground inside the hut, and beats it carefully until it is quite hard and free from cracks. This floor a good housewife will scour twice a day with smooth stones, until it is like a piece of polished marble. The fire-place is near the door, and is simply a ring of this clay to confine the embers in one place. The other necessities found in a hut are a bundle of spear shafts drying, some tobacco, and several bunches of millet hanging from the roof. Grouped round the walls are the three amasi (a species of sour milk) jars, the native beer jars and open jars holding grain. Of course, the dense wood-smoke rising, coats the roof, millet and tobacco with soot, and long "fingers" of it hang in every direction; but the floor will be clean enough to eat on, and as long as that is so, the social Mrs. Grundy of the Zulu is satisfied. W. P. Pond.

Advertisement for Pittsburgh Lamp. Text: "Not that the 'Pittsburgh' Lamp is going to hurt electricity much. One lamp is equal to several—that's about all. Electric light is as soft as moonlight, and stronger. The 'Pittsburgh' is equally soft and four or five times stronger than that. Pittsburgh, Pa. PITTSBURGH BRASS CO."

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## THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

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

Published Monthly by

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY,  
At 433-435 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Edited by

EDWARD W. BOK

In association with

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MARGARET BOTTOME  
KATE UPSON CLARK  
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KATE TANNATT WOODS

Advisory and Contributing Editors.

With editorial representatives at London and Paris.

## Subscription Rates

One dollar per year; fifty cents for six months, payable in advance. Single copies ten cents. Three dollars per Agate line each insertion before (this) editorial page; two dollars and fifty cents per Agate line on succeeding pages. Reading Notices, five dollars per Nonpareil line.

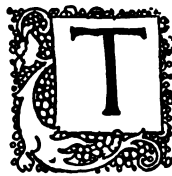
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Philadelphia, March, 1891

## AT HOME WITH THE EDITOR



HERE are few things more enjoyable to me than to take up a bundle of a hundred of the newspapers of to-day as they come to my table, and devote an evening in running through their contents. At the same time, the pleasure is nearly

always marred by the continuous battery of cheap witticisms aimed towards women, which is so generally allowed to be printed. As a rule, a woman is keenly appreciative of a good joke, or a witty sally, even if it is at the expense of her sex. But these cheap jokes about women which are constantly going the rounds of the papers, are, to say the least, tiresome, and I wonder that editors do not see their lack of judgment in printing them, since women are becoming more and more the readers of our newspapers.

NOW, a really good joke is wholesome and full of health-giving mirth, and without the wits and humorists of the day our lives would be less worth the living. But what must weary every common-sense newspaper reader is the inability of the "funny paragrapher" to evolve anything but the old jokes grown green with the moss of years. If it isn't a sally at the feet of the Chicago girl, it is a thrust at the culture of the Boston woman. Then the old mother-in-law joke is revamped, closely followed by some wit, whose only arrow in his bow is that which he shoots at woman's privileged refusal to tell how young she is. Is it not time that we had something else, something new or fresh that will evoke a good, hearty laugh? If woman is such a fascinating topic for our wits, why is she not more of an inspiration for originality? Humor is humor only when it possesses two essentials: gentleness and freshness, and it would seem from our newspapers of to-day as if the stock of each had run out.

MR. GEORGE W. CHILDS was right when years ago he issued an order to his editors that no witticism aimed at woman should ever appear in the columns of his paper. Not that Mr. Childs is devoid of the sense of humor, for no one more thoroughly appreciates a good story; but he defined what has become true of the modern jokes about women: that only a few are worth printing. Too much latitude is given the witty (?) paragraphers of to-day in their silly flings at women. I often wonder at the mental and moral caliber of the men who write some of these thrusts which pass for "jokes." I should think a man would feel too deep a respect and affection for his mother to hurl a literary stone at her sex. A man must indeed have been most unhappy in his choice of a wife who sees nothing but ridicule in her sex. The simple truth is that there are thousands of minds in America gradually aiming shafts of cheap wit at women has reached its limit. If the modern woman has imperfections, weak witticisms will not remedy them. Common-sense is the order of the day, and women are progressing too fast to be laughed at and made the butt of pointless jokes.

I WAS talking on this point to a friend of mine a few evenings ago, and he asked me, as may perhaps some of the male readers of the JOURNAL whose eyes fall upon these words: "You think, then, that the modern woman is perfect, do you?" I told him, as I write here—Not at all, my friend. She has her faults, but not half as many as men generally like to credit her with. There is one thing I have noticed and it is this: that a woman will bear having her faults pointed out much more graciously than will a man. Point out a fault to a man and you have, in seven cases out of a ten, made an enemy, or you are laughed at for your trouble. A woman will stop to think and wonder—after you have gone—whether you were right. At the moment you may think the effect of your remark is lost,—that's woman's diplomacy; she may not show that she agrees with you: she wouldn't be a woman if she did. But nine chances out of ten, provided always you are right, you have unconsciously made a stronger friend of that woman, and in thousands of little ways which only a woman can conceive and of which she alone is the master, she will show her friendship for you. And there is no friend so staunch, so reliable, as a good woman. Were I in trouble or in sorrow to-day, under an affliction which woman could understand, I would prefer the confidence of a woman a thousand times to that of a man. Woman's whole nature is sympathetic, and she is never so responsive as when she sees a man under a heavy burden of trouble or anxiety. The strongest instance of sincere sympathy and loyal self-sacrifice I have ever seen came from a woman for a man in business troubles, and she was not even an intimate friend. I believe men would be wiser, better and happier in the world of to-day if they made closer confidantes of their wives, mothers or those women of their families closest to them.

SPEAKING of confidence suggests a fault of which I wish hundreds of women of to-day might rid themselves. I refer to those women who are over-confidential about their family affairs to friends and, oftentimes, strangers. I may be accused of partiality to my own sex when I say that it is very unusual to hear a man say an indiscreet thing about his wife, while it is becoming far too common among women to discuss their husbands' and their private family affairs, not only with their confidantes, but with people who are scarcely bare acquaintances. You say: Those are indiscreet and silly women. Not at all, my dear woman; I have heard some of the best women, sterling in every other quality, unconsciously drop into this fault. There is altogether too much public discussion of affairs among women to-day which should be considered sacred to themselves. I listened to a case of this sort only a few days ago, where a woman—whose name, were I to print it here, would at once associate itself in the mind of every reader with everything that is best in woman and most noble in deed and charity—was expatiating on her husband's quick temper and stinginess to a group of friends in a public parlor. This is wrong, works only mischief, and is injurious to the happiest family life. No woman has a right to analyze her husband in public, except for the good, and even then it is not always wise. Let your friends find out his good qualities themselves. If there are one or two little grains in his character which you would rather not have discovered in him, shield them with your silence, your love and your womanly instincts. To tell them to a friend, no matter how close she may be to you, will not help matters, and walls too often have ears.

THERE are hundreds of women who have yet to learn the great lesson of silence upon matters which belong only to themselves, and not even to their families. Whatever your husband may be, my dear woman, remember that he is yours, and by stamping his faults to the world you stamp yourself a traitor to your most sacred vows. Marriage is never without its little misunderstandings, and it is well for you to remember that your neighbor has to contend with as many as those which enter into your life. The only reason you do not know it is because she is wiser than you—she does not tell of them. No matter what your husband may be to you when you are alone, he should be only one thing before the world—a loving husband and a devoted father. Your little troubles will be magnified by the world if you tell of them. They may all be true, but it is not always wise to tell some things, even if they are true. Society is cruel and given to exaggeration. Keep before you the rough but truth-freighted saying, that it is only a fool who tells all he knows. If there is a skeleton in your home, for your own sake and for the sake of everything that is most dear to you, be a true wife, a noble woman and keep the key of the closet hidden in your heart. Let not the world know more of your family life than is strictly necessary. Let your friends see the pleasant side of your domestic circle and they will be influenced; let them see the dark side, and you work your own injury. None of us are weighed with an ounce more trouble than we can bear, although we may often consider ourselves over-freighted. Others have just as much as ourselves, only they do not show it. Be wise and emulate their example.

I KNOW there are hundreds of wives in this country, while I write, suffering untold tortures from ungrateful or unfaithful husbands, and the cross is a hard one to bear. But believe me, my dear women—you who have written to me from your heart spontaneously, if unwisely,—it will not always be so. The roughest man has his tenderest spot, and some day, when you least expect it, you will find you have touched the mainspring. Nothing so touches a man who has wronged as a woman's silent patience. A far more powerful weapon is that than angry words or fretful discussions. The latter anger; but a

patient exterior, a loving indulgence, a faith in man's better self, has turned the heart of many a man, and the magic has not lost its touch. To bring others into your troubles only aggravates matters and never helps them. Peacemakers in families are only trouble-brewers. No diplomat ever lived who was so skillful that he could come between man and wife to any advantage. There are thousands of medicines which give temporary relief to pain, but only a few that cure. A friend may heal a wound temporarily, but it is never so well done or so lasting as when it is healed by the doctor and the patient. Give in to your troubles, and they will manifold. Rise above them, and they will diminish. Ingratitude, faithlessness in a husband are hard to bear, but there are scores of troubles in the world which might have been given to you in addition, but were not. These are given to others—each their portion; the great question is: How shall we bear our share?

A BRIGHT young woman, as beautiful as she was clever, once asked her father why it was, that with all her endowments and accomplishments, she was unpopular with men? Her father answered: "It may be, my dear, because you pose too much." I always recall this story when I see women in society, fair to look upon and pleasant to talk with, seeking the admiration which they believe is due them, thus completely counteracting every grace they may possess. Only a few evenings ago I was told of an exceedingly bright woman in one of the Eastern cities who had ruined the best chance a woman ever possessed of becoming a power for good in literary and social circles by a constant posing for admiration of her beauty and her wit. Men pronounced her very handsome; every one acknowledged her exceptional brightness of mind, yet none could talk with her fifteen minutes without having every good impression removed by her defiant attitude in connection with every incident, which seemed to say: "Admire my brightness; compliment me on my fairness." That woman, clever and beautiful as she is, has lost her chance, and inwardly wonders why she is unpopular with men, and, of course, with women, since they are even more quick of discernment and less tolerant with self-sought admiration in other women than are men.

MAN, in many respects, is a peculiar animal. He is easily persuaded by a woman, but he cannot be driven. A woman who seeks a man's admiration and says by her demeanor or by suggestion "Admire my beauty or my brightness," is the woman from whom a man will turn quicker than from anything else. A woman always makes a mistake when she attempts to force her beauty or her talents upon a man—or upon another woman for that matter. A woman who seeks admiration always reminds me of a hollyhock, conspicuous and flaunting, and anxious to be seen. Now, men never care for hollyhocks. It is not man's favorite flower. The violet, or a half-blown rose is more to his taste. Go where there is a company of well-dressed men, in evening costume, with boutonnières, and, if in season, the violet and the rose will be seen on the lapel of nearly every coat. And what is true with men of flowers, is true of what he always associates with them—women. A man likes to discover a violet or a rose; he wants to find out its charm himself; he doesn't wish a directory to aid him in this, and he is very contemptuous of the woman who here, there and everywhere asks his admiration. The women who are popular with men are the women who impress them with their womanliness, and by this is meant that subtle something that says "I do not thrust myself forward, but perhaps if you find me you may like me." No matter how handsome a woman is, no matter how brilliant she may be, her popularity with men is lost when she seeks to force her endowments upon them, or the world at large. Men have always liked voyages of discovery, and they like to seek the ideal woman, and not have her thrust her greatness upon them.

I OFTEN hear men express wonder why so many beautiful women permit their positions questioned by resort to artifice. A woman never looks so well as when she is herself, and never so bad as when she becomes her draper's advertisement. I remember a sweet little girl of my acquaintance, once seeing her mother decked out in gorgeous evening costume, standing puzzled with two fingers in her mouth as she muttered disappointedly and quite audibly, "I always thought my mamma pretty!" The child only expressed what others, more diplomatically, thought. Simplicity is woman's greatest charm, and lovely indeed is that woman who wears it most gracefully in manner as well as in dress. Nothing makes such a favorable background for womanly loveliness as a simple toilette. Elegance of dress is shown as strikingly in the morning-gown as in the most princely trousseau. Modest dress is woman's most beautiful setting, and is the key that unlocks for her the door to respect and to position. It becomes every age, lends grace to the figure and adds dignity to beauty. Womanly beauty has no ornament so potent, so appropriate and so sure of winning the love of women and the admiration of men. The women who find most favor with men, who appear to best advantage at the dining table, in the parlor, or at receptions are those who are most modestly arrayed. I have again and again witnessed conquests by women through a simple toilette and a womanly manner. Disagreeable as is the woman who poses, she is tolerable beside her sister who overdresses and offends the eye and the laws of good taste. History sings the beauty of the women of ancient Greece, and places them upon pedestals for ages to admire; but we are apt to forget that the beauty of those women was vested as much in the simplicity of their classic draperies as in the graces with which nature endowed them.

## THE FREE EDUCATION PRIZE-WINNERS



IN February, 1890, THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL published a series of offers of Free Educations for American girls, i. e., a complete college education at any American college to the girl obtaining the largest number of subscriptions to the JOURNAL; and, secondly, a single year's college education to any girl securing 1000

subscriptions. The competition closed on the morning of January 1st, 1891. From the time of the announcement, the competition attracted universal attention, and the interest was sustained until its close. Over 400 girls in all competed for the prizes. Of these, the results show that there are three prize winners. THE JOURNAL takes pleasure in announcing as the first winner, entitled to a complete college education, Miss GRACE PATTERSON, of Beaver Falls, Pa., who secured 1148 yearly subscriptions to the JOURNAL, the largest number reached in the competition.

Two young ladies have secured a single year's college training, namely,

Miss ELIZABETH C. MORRELL, of Omaha, Neb., who obtained 1033 subscriptions, and Miss ALICE MAUD BARBOUR, of Ansonia, Conn., whose list numbered 1022 subscriptions.

A number of contestants came close to the 1000 limit, but did not quite reach it. These, together with all who contested for the prizes, are entitled to a return of twenty-five cents on each subscription sent to us. All the contestants have been notified, and, as we go to press, hundreds of checks are being sent to the unsuccessful girls. Thus none of the contestants have worked for naught.

No competition with which the JOURNAL has ever been associated has been conducted with more mutual satisfaction to all concerned. Many new and pleasant acquaintances have been made, thousands of kind commendations upon the undertaking have been received, and altogether the competition closes most satisfactorily. While no financial profit has resulted to the JOURNAL, as a simple calculation of the expenses involved will show, the management has enjoyed the satisfaction of originating and placing before the American public the largest, and, we believe, the most beneficial single competition ever undertaken by a periodical. The JOURNAL's success makes many enterprises possible, even where they lack monetary rewards, and the competition just closed is only the first of a series which the JOURNAL will place before its readers and the public.

To the prize-winners, the JOURNAL proprietor and editors extend their heartiest congratulations. In the next issue, we hope to print the portraits of the three young ladies, together with some interesting material from their pens relating their experiences.

## EDUCATIONAL OFFERS FOR 1891

IT was our hope in this issue of the JOURNAL to print our educational offers for 1891, which will take the shape of offers of free musical and vocal training at the best conservatories of America. It has been found impossible, however, to formulate the undertaking for definite announcement in this number. The offers will, without fail, appear in the next (April) number of the JOURNAL. It is our purpose to bring this new series of offers more directly within the reach of thousands of girls whose limited opportunities prevented their entering the college education competition, where 1000 subscriptions were necessary to secure the lowest prize. Negotiations are now actively in progress, and nearly completed, whereby we shall be enabled to place a training of the voice, or a scholarship on the piano under the best teachers, within the possibilities of every bright American girl. In the April JOURNAL these offers will be printed in detail.

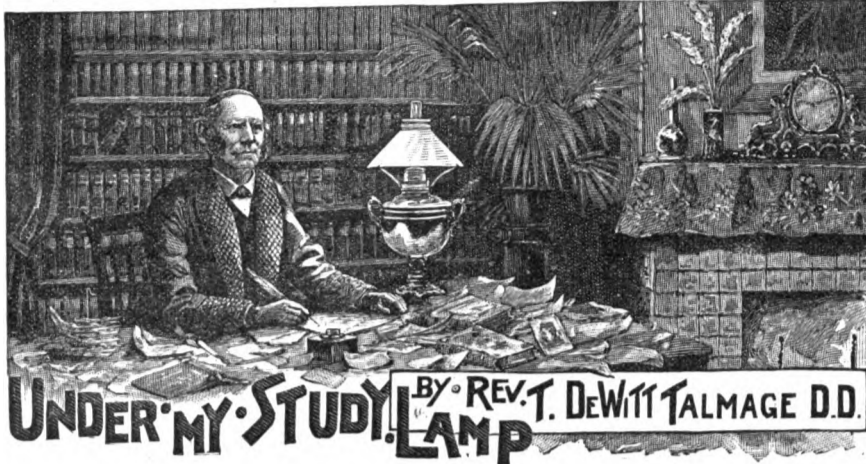
## OUR NEW ART DEPARTMENT

THE JOURNAL's new department, "Art for Art Workers," is commenced in this issue in response to the wishes of hundreds of our readers. There has been selected for editor of the department, one of the brightest and best-informed art writers in New York—an editor in whom her readers will find what an editor should be, a discerning and sympathetic friend. Miss HAYWOOD is a trained writer, having for a number of years been a valued contributor to the leading American art periodicals, and her knowledge of art matters is as thorough as is her ability to freshly and practically express it by pen.

## THE FORM OF THE JOURNAL

MANY of our readers have from time to time written to us complaining of the form of the JOURNAL in that it is too large and unwieldy. This has for a long time been as apparent to us as to them, and the question of a change to a smaller size has been under consideration for months past. All present this is, however, unpracticable. All our machinery, valued at thousands of dollars, was built and arranged to accommodate and handle the existing form. To make a change, means the worthlessness of all this machinery. Despite this, however, the JOURNAL management is gradually nearing the point where a change will be feasible. It is the purpose then to reduce the size and present the JOURNAL in a more convenient form. This will be effected as early as practicable; in the meantime, the JOURNAL must retain the form and general appearance in which it has made its success.





**I**t is easier for a woman to be a Christian than for a man. Why? You say she is weaker. No; her heart is more responsive to the pleading of divine love. She is in a vast majority. The fact that she can more easily become a Christian I prove by the statement that three-fourths of the members of the churches in all Christendom are women; so God appoints them to be chief agencies for bringing this world back to God. I may write here and say the soul is immortal. There is a man who will refute it. I may write here and say we are lost and undone without Christ. There is a man who will refute it. I may write here and say there will be a Judgment Day after awhile. Yonder is some one who will refute it.

**INFLUENCE OF WOMEN FOR GOOD**

**B**UT a Christian woman in a Christian household, living in the faith and the consistency of Christ's Gospel—nobody can refute that! The greatest sermons are not preached on celebrated platforms; they are preached with an audience of two or three, and in private home life. A consistent, consecrated Christian service is an unanswerable demonstration of God's truth. A group of rough men were assembled at a tavern one night. It came on toward morning—one or two o'clock. One man boasted that it did not make any difference what time he went home, his wife cheerfully opened the door and provided an entertainment if he was hungry when he got home. So they laid a wager. They said: "Now, we'll go along with you. So much shall be wagered. We'll bet so much that when you go home and make such a demand she will resist it." So they went along at two or three o'clock in the morning, and knocked at the door. The door opened and the man said to his wife, "Get us a supper." She said, "What shall I get?" He selected the articles of food. Very cheerfully were they provided, and about three or four o'clock in the morning they sat down at the table—the most cheerful one, in all that presence, the Christian wife—when the man, the ruffian, the villain, who had demanded all this, broke into tears, and said, "I can't stand this. O, what a wretch I am!" He disbanded that group. He knelt down with his Christian wife and asked her to pray for the salvation of his immortal soul, and, before the morning dawned, they were united in the faith and hope of the Gospel.

**WOMAN'S BEST AND HOLIEST ARGUMENT**

**A** PATIENT, loving, Christian demeanor in the presence of transgression, in the presence of hardness, in the presence of obduracy and crime, is an argument from the throne of the Lord Almighty, and blessed is that woman who can wield such an argument. A sailor came slipping down the ratline one night as though something had happened, and the sailors cried, "What's the matter?" He said, "My mother's prayers haunt me like a ghost." Home influences, consecrated, Christian home influences, are the mightiest of all influences upon the soul. There are men who have maintained their integrity, not because they were any better naturally than some other people, but because there were home influences praying for them all the time. They got a good start; they were launched on the world with the benedictions of a Christian mother. They may track Siberian snows, they may plunge into African jungles, they may fly to the earth's end—they cannot go so far and so fast but the prayers will keep up with them.

**A WIFE'S DUTY TO HER HUSBAND**

**I** WRITE for women who have the eternal salvation of their husbands in their right hand. On the marriage-day you took an oath before men and angels that you would be faithful and kind until death did you part, and I believe you are going to keep that oath; but after that parting at the door of the grave, will it be an eternal separation? Is there any such thing as an immortal marriage, making the flowers that grow on the tops of the sepulchres brighter than the garlands which at the marriage banquet flooded the air with aroma? Yes; I write here as a priest of the most high God, to proclaim the bans of an immortal union for all those who join hands in the grace of Christ. O woman, is your husband, your father, your son, away from God? Is there a friend whom you can influence? Don't say that you have done all in your power. The Lord demands their redemption at your hands, and will provide the means. There are prayers for you to offer, there are exhortations for you to give, there are examples for you to make; and I say now, as Paul said to the Corinthian woman, "What knowest thou, O woman, but thou canst save thy husband?"

**A WORD TO MY MALE READERS**

**A** MAN was dying; and he said to his wife, "Rebecca, you wouldn't let me have family prayers, and you laughed about all that, and you got me away into worldliness; and now I am going to die, and my fate is sealed, and you are the cause of my ruin!" O woman, what knowest thou but thou canst destroy thy husband? Are there not some who have kindly influences at home? Are there not some who have wandered far away from God, who can remember the Christian influences in their early homes? To every man who may read these penned words, written as brother to brother, man to man, let me say: Do not despise those influences. If you die without Christ, what will you do with your mother's prayers, with your wife's importunities, with your sister's entreaties? What will you do with the letters they used to write to you, with the memory of those days when they attended you so kindly in times of sickness? What will you do with all those memories of how daily patience, and thoughtfulness, and quiet, faithful, loving ministrations made and kept you comfortable and happy—sometimes almost in spite of yourself. You never showed then that you appreciated their unselfish devotion and anxiety for your welfare; but every detail comes back to you now with startling distinctness. Are not those same sweet voices still sounding in your heart? Now that you realize the love of those dear ones in all its fullness, will you not let it lead you toward its first Source? O, if there be just one strand holding you from floating off on that dark sea, I would just like to take hold of that strand and pull you to the beach. For the sake of your wife's God, for the sake of your mother's God, for the sake of your daughter's God, for the sake of your sister's God, come this day and be saved.

**A HEAVEN OF SANCTIFIED WOMEN**

**O**NE of the specific rights of woman is, through the grace of Christ, finally to reach Heaven. O, what a multitude of women in Heaven! Mary, Christ's mother, in Heaven; Elizabeth Fry in Heaven; Charlotte Elizabeth in Heaven; the mother of Augustine in Heaven; the Countess of Huntingdon—who sold her splendid jewels to build chapels—in Heaven; while a great many others who have never been heard of on earth, or known but little, have gone into the rest and peace of Heaven. What a rest! What a change it was from the small rooms, with no fire and one window, the glass broken out, and the aching side and worn-out eyes, to the "House of many mansions!" No more stitching until twelve o'clock at night, no more thrusting of the thumb by the employer through the work to show it was not done quite right. An end forever to the great sorrows which bow the shoulders and whiten the hair. An eternal farewell to the petty cares that carve the wrinkles across cheek and brow. Plenty of bread at last. Heaven for aching heads; Heaven for broken hearts; Heaven for anguish-bitten frames. No more sitting up until midnight for the coming of staggering steps; no more rough blows across the temples; no more sharp, keen, bitter curses! Some of you will have no rest in this world; it will be toil and struggle and suffering all the way up. You will have to stand at your door fighting back the wolf with your own hand red with carnage. But God has a crown for you. I want you to realize that He is now making it, and whenever you weep a tear He sets another gem in that crown; whenever you have a pang of body or soul He puts another gem in that crown, until, after awhile, in all the tiara there will be no room for another splendor, and God will say to His angel, "The crown is done; let her up that she may wear it." And as the Lord of righteousness puts the crown upon your brow, angel will cry to angel, "Who is she?" and Christ will say, "I will tell you who she is. She is the one that came up out of great tribulation, and had her robe washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb." And then God will spread a banquet, and He will invite all the principalities of Heaven to sit at the feast; and the tables will blush with the best clusters from the vineyards of God, and crimson with the twelve manner of fruits from the Tree of Life; and water from the fountains of the rock will flash from the golden tankards; and the old harpers of Heaven will sit there making music with their harps. And Christ will point you out amid the celebrities of Heaven, saying, "She suffered with me on earth; now we are going to be glorified together." And the banqueters, no longer able to hold their peace, will break forth with congratulations—"Hail! Hail!" And there will be hand-writings on the wall—not such as struck the Persian nobleman with horror—but fire-tipped fingers writing in blazing capitals of light and love and victory: "God hath wiped away all tears from all faces!"

**WHAT I SOMETIMES THINK**

**T**HAT the most of the people want to be good, but they do not know exactly how to make it out. They make enough good resolutions to lift them into angelhood. The vast majority of people who fall are the victims of circumstances; they are captured by ambuscade. If their temptations should come out in a regiment and fight them in a fair field, they would go out in the strength and the triumph of David against Goliath. But they do not see the giant, and they do not see the regiment.

**T**HAT we might all make our homes a hundredfold more attractive than they are. You will never keep your boy away from outside dissipation until you make your domestic circle brighter than other places he can find. Do not sit glum and with half-condemnatory look amid the sportfulness of your children. You were young once yourself. Let your children be young. Do not put on a sort of supernatural gravity as though you never liked sportfulness. You liked it just as much as your children do. Some of you are full of mischief you have never indicated to your children or your grandchildren, and you never got up in the morning until you were pulled out of bed! Do not stand before your children pretending to be specimens of immaculate goodness. Do not, because your eyesight is dim and your ankles are stiff, frown upon the sportfulness which shows itself in the first lustre of the eye and in the bounding foot of robust health. Do not sit with the rheumatism wondering how the children can go on so. Thank God that they are so light of spirit, that their laughter is so free, that their spirits are so radiant. Trouble comes soon enough to them. Dark days will come soon enough to them; and heart-breaks and desolation and bereavement will come soon enough. Do not try to forestall it. Do not try to anticipate it. When the clouds come on the sky it is time enough to get out the reef-tackle. Introduce into your parlors those innocent games which are the invention of our own day, and those that have come down from other days: chess and charades and battledore and tableaux and calisthenics, and scores of others that young people can suggest and those that are suggested to you, many of them having on them not one taint of iniquity.

**T**HAT there are monopolies on earth—monopolistic railroads, and monopolistic telegraph companies, and monopolistic grain dealers—but no monopoly in religion. All who want to be saved may be saved "without money and without price." Salvation by the Lord Jesus Christ for all the people. Of course, use common sense in this matter; you cannot expect to get to Charleston by taking ship to Portland, and you cannot get to Heaven by going in an opposite direction. Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved. Through that one gate of pardon and peace all the race may go in. "But," says some one, "do you really think I would be at home in that supernal society if I should reach it?" I think you would; I know you would. I remember that in the husking-time there was great equality of feeling among the neighborhood. There at one corn-shock a farmer would be at work who owned two hundred acres of ground. The man whom he was talking with at the next corn-shock owned but thirty acres of ground, and perhaps all that covered by a mortgage. That evening, at the close of the husking day, one man drove home a roan span so frisky, so full of life, they got their feet over the traces; the other man walked home. Great difference in education, in worldly means; but at the husking time they all seemed to enjoy each other's society. They did not ask regarding his property or education. They all seemed to be happy together in those good times. And so it will be in Heaven. Our Father will gather His children around Him, and the neighbors will come in, and the past will be rehearsed; and some one will tell of victory, and we will all celebrate it; and some will tell of a great struggle, and we will all praise the grace that fetched him out of it; and some one will say, "Here is my darling child that I buried in Greenwood, and all the after years of my life were shadowed with desolation. Just look at her! She doesn't seem as if she had been sick a minute!" Great sociality—great neighborhood kindness!

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SIDE TALKS WITH GIRLS



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

**I** HAVE read over a great many letters, all of which come from girls who are unhappy, or who at least believe themselves so. Now one-half of them haven't as much to be unhappy about as they think, and the other half are in a bad condition physically. The one sad plaint seems to go through all the letters, and that is, that their sorrows are not appreciated either by their family or friends, and that the special talent they have is ignored.

GIRLS WHO ARE MORBID

**I** SOMETIMES wish I could have each one of these self-termed unhappy girls for about ten minutes and talk to her, and just make her see that she is a little bit of a dunce. My dear child, when people have trouble, and real trouble, they don't sit down and analyze all their emotions, and remember whether this person or that person looked to the right or to the left when they were speaking to them, or whether due consideration was shown to eyes inclined to brim over with tears and lips over prone to quiver. Before real sorrow I bow myself down with the utmost respect, but before these morbid feelings of yours I am strongly tempted to smile, and yet, after all, I do sympathize with you. But count this morbidness, like a good girl, as a wicked little demon that can be driven out. Healthy companionship, plenty of laughter, good long walks in the sunshine, and work will drive out the wicked little imp—discontent—and make you the happy, healthy, hopeful girl that you ought to be. Just form a band against self-analysis, against the inclination to consider what every inflection of the voice and every look of the eye means, and you will be surprised to discover how much of good there is in the world, and how little, comparatively, of that which is bad.

HOW SHOULD SHE TREAT HIM?

**O** NE of my girls has written this: "A young man I have known since I was a little child persists in calling me by my first name before entire strangers, and has a decidedly unpleasant manner that would suggest, to anybody who didn't know us, either that I was a girl of no refinement, or that I was engaged to be married to him, and that his manners were very bad. What shall I do?" This is what you shall do. You have known the young man all your life; the next time you see him tell him you have something to say to him, and set an hour when he shall pay you a visit. Of course, beforehand, tell your mother all about it, and don't do anything of which she would disapprove. When he comes just state the case to him plainly, quietly and with dignity. Tell him that it hurts you; tell him that you can't permit it, and, in addition, that if he continues to act as he does, unpleasant as it may be, you will have to entirely drop his acquaintance. If he is a gentleman, who has been a little thoughtless, your first words will be enough, and he will respect you all the more for what you have said. If he is neither gentle, nor a man, but simply a rude fellow, he will grow angry, and the loss of his acquaintance will mean nothing to you. Harsh? No, I don't think so. It is these horrible little familiarities of speech or action that make other men think that they can be equally familiar with you, and your own self-respect demands that you should act promptly and decisively at such a time. Will you take my advice? I can assure you it is good.

THE GIRL WHO EXAGGERATES

**A** GOOD many girls—girls who mean to be truthful—drift into a bad little habit of exaggeration that in time will become something more. A girl with a vivid imagination hears a story told, and seized with a desire to outdo her companion, tells a marvelous one which is absolutely without existence except in her own brain. It is a fiction that will hurt nobody, she thinks. That's where she is mistaken. Every time she does this sort of thing she hurts herself. She makes her conscience weaker, and almost before she is conscious of it, she will be telling things that will cause mischief. She will ruin herself morally and mentally, and people will speak of her as one who is not to be trusted, and who is very undesirable as a friend. She becomes the sort of woman about whom, in time, people will say, "I prefer her enmity to her friendship, because when she is my enemy she doesn't know about my private affairs and can't exaggerate them and tell them to everybody; whereas while she is my friend she may, without meaning to do it, tell in detail all of my life, and make me very uncomfortable." Fancy having made yourself so undesirable that your enmity is preferred to your friendship—it is possible. Now, stop in time. With the first inclination to give the history of two thousand rather than of two cats, put a memory ribbon in your frock, and whenever you feel the inclination to enlarge upon stories already told, that little ribbon will flutter a warning, and remind you to stop in time.

GIRLS WITH GOLDEN LOCKS

**T** HE dearest of girls, with a sweet old English name, Belinda, writes to me that she suffers so much because (now think of this, you girls who groan because your hair is black) her hair is red! Why, she ought never pass a looking-glass without giving thanks that a crown of glory in this form has been given to her. Did Belinda ever take the trouble to think out the famous women who have had red hair? Among the rulers of the earth have been both the Catherines, who made Russia great; Marie Theresa, who saved Austria and made it the empire that it is; Anne of Austria, who ruled France for so long; Elizabeth of England; Catherine Borgia and Marie Antoinette, whose blonde tresses are described as having a glint of gold in them. Among the great beauties, first and foremost is Cleopatra, whose burning bright hair made her a marvel to the Egyptian people. Then follows a long list of women of whom poets have written and painters made famous with their colors. Titian believed that Venus must have had red hair. The great painter Henner makes all his beautiful women with hair of the brightest red, and the woman born with hair this color is envied and imitated by women who do not possess it. Shall I tell you what a well-known literary man said to me about a young girl who brought him a story? Usually he was very unapproachable and positively declined to look at the efforts of amateurs; "but" said he, "I never turn away a girl who has red hair, for I never knew one yet who wasn't strong mentally. Some months ago when I needed a new office boy, out of fifty applications I selected the boy with the reddest hair, and I never had a brighter or better one in my life." So Belinda, be proud of your locks. Brush them until they look as if they were the sunshine itself, and see that the brains under them do good work.

EASILY LOST, BUT NEVER FOUND

**T** HERE was lost the other day one beautiful golden hour set about with sixty large diamonds, each diamond—minute—having about it sixty smaller ones—seconds. It will never be found again. This jewel disappeared between the hours of nine in the morning and nine at night, and no matter how great may be the reward offered, can never be recovered. How did you lose it? You stared idly out of the window for a few minutes. You didn't stop to give the thought, and you got the wrong shoe on the wrong foot, and lost some more minutes straightening them. You had a foolish argument with your little sister, and a few more went; and later in the day you tossed away a great many while you looked at a worthless novel. Then, just because you had nothing to do and wouldn't trouble yourself to find anything, you stared listlessly at the fire, and wondered how long the day was going to be. Then you wasted more time by annoying your mother and using up the minutes that, to her, were of such moment. Now the hour is gone. There is no use crying over it, but you can think this and you can make up your mind to this: the year is like a necklace, formed of perfect jewels. Each jewel a day, surrounded with those smaller ones—twenty-four of them—the hours, and one of these lost or thrown away, makes the necklace worthless. Conclude, therefore, to look after the smaller jewels, to make each one brilliant, and at the end of the year your chaplet will be worthy to decorate the century.

DID YOU EVER THINK, MY DEAR,

**T** HAT a kind word put out at interest brings back an enormous percentage of love and appreciation? That though a loving thought may not seem to be appreciated, it has yet made you better and braver because of it? That the little acts of kindness and thoughtfulness day by day, are really greater than one immense act of goodness shown once a year? That to be always polite to the people at home is not only more ladylike, but more refined than having "company manners"? That to learn to talk pleasantly about nothing in particular is a great art, and prevents your saying things you may regret? That to judge anybody by their personal appearance stamps you as not only ignorant, but vulgar? That to talk, and talk, and talk about yourself and your belongings is very tiresome to the people who listen? That to be witty (?) at the expense of somebody else is positive cruelty many times? That personalities are not always interesting, and very often offensive? That the ability to keep a friend is very much greater than that required to gain one? That if women would allow their friends to enjoy themselves in their own way there would be fewer stumbling blocks in life? That if the girls all over the world were to form societies of one, each being her own president and house committee and entertainment committee and secretary and treasurer, and make kind words the currency, considerate actions the social functions, and love the great aim, that the whole world would be sweeter and purer for it? Just form one society where you are, and see what a great success it will be.

WHAT YOU WANT TO KNOW

[Under this heading I will cheerfully answer each month, any question I can, sent me by my girl readers—RUTH ASHMORE.]

**A MINNEAPOLIS GIRL**—It is not in good taste to invite a man friend in after he has escorted you from an evening entertainment; instead, thank him for his courtesy and express a desire to see him again. There is no impropriety in accepting music from a man friend who is intimate with your family. In entering a public hall a lady precedes a gentleman in being ushered to a seat.

**JESSIE**—It will be wisest for you to finish going to school before you think about going on the stage, and I would suggest that, before the final step is taken, you consult with your nearest friends and see whether they think you are wise in your determination.

**SEEKER**—In sending a business note commence it "Miss B—" and then put on the next line "Dear Madam." In writing a social note commence "Dear Miss B—"; the addition of "My" is permissible only where people are very intimate. When a man presents another to a lady he should say "Miss J. will you permit me to present Mr. G—"; no repetition of the names is necessary after this.

**AS** to your literary circle, why don't you take up the books that are talked about and let each one try and bring in gleanings from the newspapers or the magazines, a little story, or a description of the author, his surroundings and his tastes? The public is much interested in Jerome K. Jerome, in Rudyard Kipling, and the young writers of to-day.

**LILLIAN L.**—Deep lines under the eyes of a girl nineteen years old would hint at her being in a rather bad state of health, and that would also account for her skin being rough. Now, instead of prescribing for yourself and wasting your money in medicine that may or may not suit you, go to a doctor and get him to advise just the tonic you should have.

**H. H.**—It is impossible to know what books to advise you to get for your library, unless I know what you have already read. Buy the books that will interest you and let your library form itself in this way. No good library was ever bought by the dozen. It needs to be the result of desire, and of kindly contributions on holidays and birthdays.

**DAISY M.**—When your escort offers his arm take it; it is not necessary to say anything. When a man friend drives you to church, thank him for it; and if you wish to accept an invitation to sup with him simply say "Thank you, I should like it very much."

**A DAILY READER**—Even if the wedding is given at the house of the bride's sister the invitation should go in the name of her mother, and read in this way: "Mrs. Smith requests the pleasure of your presence at the marriage of her daughter, Daisy, to Mr. Charles Robinson, on February 14th, 1891, at eight o'clock, 144 Olive avenue."

**ONE OF YOUR GIRLS**—At Bellevue Hospital and at the New York Hospital, New York city, are training schools for nurses. Usually there is a long list of applications, and the best that you can do is to write to the physician in charge and have your name, references, etc., put on the list, then in time you will be notified of your turn coming.

**PERPLEXED**—If you had to leave immediately after luncheon and your friend knew this, there was no impropriety in your keeping on your hat. Then if you did not require to use a finger-bowl there was nothing wrong in ignoring it, and the friend who corrected you for these faults, as she considered them, committed a much greater one than you did.

**MARGARET**—It would be impossible to tell a stranger at what occupation she would make her living; as she does not understand any trade she will probably have to take what she can get in preference to what she would choose. I cannot advise her to come to any of the large cities; the supply is greater than the demand, and she will simply be one more unhappy woman stranded in a strange land.

**M. M.**—The young man who, on calling for the first time, should ask you to kiss him, is the one who should be the first time you meet him, and who should never be admitted to your house again.

**ANGELINA**—The only way you can get over the habit of frowning is to determine not to. Try putting some soft cream on your forehead at night, smoothing it out before the application and then you will not be so apt to frown in your sleep.

**CARRIE**—Bathe your bust in cold water, and after that apply almond or sweet oil, rubbing it in spherically for about ten minutes. If this is persisted in for some months it will certainly develop the bust.

**L. B. H.**—As you cannot travel, the best way for you to become acquainted with noted paintings and works of art will be for you to make an application to a library, or some large book store, to furnish you with books on the subjects.

**INQUIRER**—I do advise using cocoa butter on the eyebrows, but I do not advise putting anything on the eyelashes.

**FAY**—If the friend for whom you care so much is worth your love, let her see by your interest how fond of her you are; and then if she does not care for your friendship you will have to be satisfied with those who do.

**KITTY**—A large *moucher* in heraldic colors would make a very suitable present for a sweetheart.

**ALICE T.**—It would be very improper for you to accept the young man without first letting your mother know of his proposal. Old-rose and blue form a very trying combination, only possible for those who have beautiful skin and clear eyes.

**INQUIRER**—Brushing the hair is the very best way in the world to keep it free from dandruff and in good condition. I cannot advise washing it in borax water unless it should be so greasy that you wish to dry it. The best sort of a brush is one with long hairs close together, that really go through the hair. I have not found a wire brush satisfactory.

**ARMYNE**—White lilac is a delicate perfume that may be commended for use on the handkerchief, or wherever one wishes to apply a perfume that is not very strong.

**A SUBSCRIBER**—An invitation to an evening reception calls for a written regret, but whether you accept or decline, a formal call should be made afterwards.

**H. H. S.**—It would be wisest to submit your switch to a hair-dresser as it will then be dyed evenly, which an amateur is not very apt to succeed in doing.

**FAITH**—When you brush your hair put a little bit of vaseline on it near the roots, brush regularly and with this slight application and the natural oil it will soon grow glossy. Try bathing your eyes in very hot water. This will tend to strengthen your eyes and keep the lids from growing red.

**INQUIRER**—"At-home" cards should be sent out two weeks before the day named. In families where there are grown sons and daughters, invitations should be sent to the father and to the mother, and to the sons and daughters separately. Bottles on toilet stands are no longer draped in ribbons.

**IDA L.**—Go to your mother and say to her exactly what you have said to me. Such information as you desire can only come from a mother to a daughter.

**A. C. C.**—A wife assumes her husband's crest, and she does not bring him hers.

**AUNT M.**—It is always proper to be polite and considerate of those in our employ, but at the first sign of familiarity simply ignore them.

**MABEL P.**—Tell your younger sister exactly how you feel about her conduct. Remind her that as you have no mother you are responsible for her, and suggest to her how dishonorable it is to make you suffer for her misdeeds.

**A READER**—There is no necessity of answering a note of thanks that comes from a wedding present sent. A business letter is signed "Yours truly," or "Yours respectfully," according to whom it is written.

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

OFTEN think, dear Daughters, that I would like to tell you of every book that has helped me, of all the lessons learned in various ways, but it would take more than a page in the JOURNAL if I should attempt it, and so I can only occasionally comment on some experience which enters into my daily life.

LESSONS TAUGHT BY DAINTY CHINA

I THOUGHT of you a short time ago when I visited a factory, one of the largest in this country, where the most costly china is made. I had thought such dainty china was imported, but a friend took me to the factory in New Jersey, and I really felt while there that I was seeing sermons instead of hearing them, and the china seemed to talk to me, and I listened and have had an increased interest in china ever since. Beautiful china means to me now suffering I shall never forget seeing it, after it had been so beautifully tinted, carried off to be burned. It was the only way. The painting would have been nothing without the burning; it would all have washed off. The colors had to be set, and that meant fire. I thought the china did not understand it, and was saying, perhaps bitterly, "What is the use of being tinted if you have to go into an oven?" It will know some day when it graces a palace, and every one exclaims, How beautiful! The flame did not touch it, that would have marred it. The flame was all around the oven, but not in it, though it was very hot, and the china not allowed to stay any longer than was necessary. That was not the end of it; it was only the means to an end.

GOLD BECOMES BRIGHT ONLY BY FIRE

DEAR Daughters, I know from many a letter without a signature, that you are passing through a process—a discipline that is very painful. Fire hurts, but fire made everything beautiful in that factory. Did you ever see these two lines—

"The flame shall not hurt thee—Only design, Thy dress to consume, and thy gold to refine."

It took me a good many years to understand a word a dear friend once wrote me. He knew I was suffering from a disappointment, and he wrote me a letter, and it commenced thus: "Discipline! Discipline! Discipline." How often I said those three words over. I know the meaning of them better to-day. I feel quite sure we are not making enough of the discipline of human life.

We try to get away from it. I think that china would have run from the oven if it could have done so; but it was through the heat it was to become perfect. I am glad it held still and let the fire do its work. But we get restless; we want to get away; we want to leave the gloomy country and live in the city, or we want to get out of the crowded city and have the quiet of the country.

THROUGH THE PROCESS OF THE WORLD

A WOMAN who was in a hotter fire than either you or I probably will be put in, wrote in the dreadful Bastille of Paris the following lines:

"While place we seek or place we shun, The soul finds happiness in none; But with a God to guide our way 'Tis equal joy to go or stay."

How far can we measure towards such a spirit of contentment as that? We want to be saints, but saints are made, and we shrink from the process. I think we have talked so much of being happy, we forget that blessedness is more than happiness. We need to shut ourselves up for awhile to the Beatitudes—"Blessed"—and then we shall find happiness. Vaughan says that "Blessed are the poor in spirit" means "happy are the unhappy, honorable are the dishonored, great the little and rich the poor." Well, we must learn to count as He does. Get God's estimate on things, and half our trouble will be over. Do not think I am unsympathetic.

A WORD TO LONELY GIRLS

MY heart has been so touched as you have written me from the backwoods and told me of your loneliness, uncongenial surroundings and drudgery, but, after reading your letters, I have seen you like the china in the hot furnace. And I could not read your letters without feeling so sorry for you, and yet so proud as you said: "But after feeling cross and snappish, I am ashamed of myself and try to straighten up, throw off the blues, with the consciousness that I am doing what I think is right, and, by doing it the best way I can, I am doing my duty." And when you added (which made my eyes fill with tears,

"Maybe I am The King's Daughter," I said, "of course you are, and a brave one, too." Wear your cross with the thought and let it ever mean that to you—God loves me. Jesus was lonely; He had uncongenial surroundings.

In one of the galleries of the old world is a painting of a woman weeping; her head is bowed with sorrow, and just above her head are three angels, and you feel like saying, O, do look up; she would have seen the angels then. So I say to you and all the Daughters who have written to me this past month about the painful discipline in their lives: Look up! Not only are there angels overhead, but a loving Father—a kind, sympathizing Saviour. And so keep looking up and not down, and thus you will become perfect through suffering.

CHRIST AND ANGELS IN REAL LIFE

SOME friends of mine who were at Oberammergau last summer, told me they were disappointed in not getting the rooms they had sent for, and were quite put about for a time. At last someone said, "We have secured rooms for you; one of the peasants will take you in." My friends told me they were so impressed with the calmness and sweetness of the man who received them into his house; he seemed to think only of their comfort with such a quiet air about him! When one inquired his name after he had passed out, she found she was in the home of the man who represented Christ in the wonderful "Passion Play." And the thought I had was—why not in real life try to represent Him—study Him, keep Him before us as that peasant did, that one might really represent the Christ. One who saw the play said that the players did not seem to be acting. They never seemed to think of the vast audience before them, they wanted to be like those that they represented. One young girl who was in waiting at the little transient home, was asked, "Are you to take part in the 'Passion Play?'" she quickly replied: "I am an angel." Some might be inclined to smile; but one thinking deeply would be apt to say, What part have I in the great "Passion Play" of human life? Whom do I represent? Have I any one before me for a pattern? You know one of old said, "I have set the Lord always before me." Do we act like Christ in our homes? Do we, when about our work, think as the young peasant girl did—I am an angel? Maybe if we did, we would appear more like them. I remember a little girl running to her mother, saying of her little playmate, "O, mamma, she says she dreams of the angels—I never do!" "Perhaps," replied her mother, "if you would act more like them through the day, you might dream of them at night." Suppose we choose our part and practice it till we shall be somewhat like the One we want to represent!

IN AN EUROPEAN PALACE

I REMEMBER when a young girl I wanted to go "across the water" to see the old castles. I have seen a good many since that day, and they usually have a sad story connected with them. But I visited one this past summer that had an unusual interest for me. It was the summer palace of the grandfather of the present Emperor of Germany. I shall never forget the views from the windows of the palace, and there was nothing gloomy either in the interior or exterior. It was beautifully bright; and it was passed to think that there "our Fritz" passed his childhood and boyhood. But I must confess, because I like a love story, that the object of tenderest interest to me was the corn-flower beautifully embroidered on a splendid screen. I had only heard the story of the old Emperor's early love a few days before. It seems that he fell in love with a beautiful Princess in his early youth, but as she was not of royal blood he could not marry her. She always wore one flower—the blue corn-flower that is so common. She died a few years after the Emperor married. And all through the long life of the Emperor he never cared for but one flower, the flower worn by the young Princess, his only love; and so in the palace you see the corn-flower everywhere.

In the room the Emperor liked best, his library, you see all the pictures of the royal family. All is very beautiful, very grand, but the one he loved was never there. "All heights are lonely," some one says. Perhaps we would never envy those who are called great if we only knew what their greatness has cost them. I had many thoughts as I passed from room to room. All had gone—the old Emperor, his Queen, the beautiful Princess. And then I thought of our King and the palace we are going to. And as I left the beautiful spot I felt more deeply the meaning of the last two lines of our poem—

"Not perfect quite seemed any earthly thing, Because she was the daughter of The King."

WHAT IS A KING'S DAUGHTER?

I AM glad that some one has asked the question: "Should 'Daughters' forsake home duties for those outside?" I am in danger of taking for granted that you know that in our Order we are constantly enjoining on the "Daughters," as they come into our Sisterhood—home comes after the heart; and here I can answer another question: What are the leading essentials of a "Daughter"?

First: the recognition that character is of the most importance; not what I do, but what I am. We must assert our rights; we are children of God, and must call ourselves such. Then we must do our duty, and that means—Home first. Home duties! My eyes rested the other day on Thomas à Kempis's "Imitation of Christ," and it took me back to my early girlhood days. We lived in a great roomy house that had a garret, not an attic, but a real old-fashioned garret, with a huge chimney and a little window at one end, and near that window I used to sit and read the "Imitation of Christ." I spread a piece of carpet and had a little stand and chair, and there I used to go at certain hours for meditation: specially Saturdays I would spend half the morning up in that garret, and my aim was entire devotion. As I look back now I think I should have been really imitating Christ much more if I had been in the kitchen helping mother. It was selfish sanctification!

I have nothing to say against reading the "Imitation of Christ," but it is far better to imitate Him. You can put on the cross for loving service at home. A young girl wrote me the other day saying she feared she could not do much as a "King's Daughter," as her mother was so poorly. Her mother feeble! Then what other duty could she have as a "Daughter" but to care for her mother? We have too much of leaving the home for outside duties. The claims of the church! The claims of society! We need sometimes to substitute for these the claims of the mother; the claims of the brother or sister.

THE KING'S DAUGHTER IN THE HOME

THE glimmer of the silver cross is never so bright to my eyes as when it rests upon the heart of a young mother whose whole life is bound up in the nursery. O, let me beseech you dear Daughters of our King, make everything of the home. If my mother had left us children a million of dollars it might have ruined us; but she left us a legacy of a memory of such utter devotion to husband and children that over the lapse of so many years we can hear her gentle voice, (that I never heard raised in an angry tone), and it is no wonder that seven of us almost worship her. Ah, we are so apt to give our sweetest flowers, our sweetest smiles, to strangers. No violets will ever be so sweet to me, as the violets my eldest boy used to bring me, when he thought I was sad. I know a millionaire in our city of New York, who never failed to bring the wife home a few flowers every day, always violets when they could be had, and though they had marvelous flowers brought in from the hot-houses, she told me they were never anything to be compared with the little bunch her husband stopped at the florist's to buy for her.

INCREASING CHANCES FOR WOMEN

I REJOICE in all the avenues of usefulness that are opening to women. I am glad of all the higher education that our girls are going to have. (I have always envied a little the few women I have known that have prepared their boys for college.) But in all the changes that are sure to come to women, I hope all the change it will make in the family will be the change from glory to glory. It must be so, nothing, nothing can ever be to us, when the sunset of a life comes, like the beautiful memories of a happy home.

A WORD TO THE DISCOURAGED

AND, as I write, the moan is in my ears from so many unhappy homes, and as you read this you will see I have not forgotten your letters. I see some of you with your bright dreams all fled; the life you imagined, you have never had; your wrongs (known only to God), you suffer day after day; your home, a home only in name. What have I to say to such? Do your best and leave the rest to God; let me give you a word of comfort—"He executeth judgment and righteousness for all that are oppressed."

Mark! it does not say, He has, but it is in the works, note the last three letters, "He executeth," things are not finished yet. God is on the side of the weak, and the oppressed. Many a one beside you has said it

"He is least seen When all the powers of ill are most abroad! It is not so; but so it seems And we lose courage then, And doubts will come If God has kept his promises to men."

O, you dear disheartened, discouraged women, put on the little cross, join our great Sisterhood and feel the throb of sympathy and love from the hearts of thousands of women who feel with you in the warfare of right over wrong. Let your cross mean to you self-denial; likeness to the Man who was truly man and had the heart of a woman: The Man Christ Jesus. Your home, that you say is a prison, may become a palace. The dreadful dungeon of the Bastille became such to Madame Guyon. She said the very stones became emeralds and rubies, and she sang:

"A little bird I am shut from the fields of air, And all day long I sing to Him who placed me here; Ah! pleased a prisoner to be, Because, my Lord, it pleaseth Thee."

You have no idea of the possibilities wrapped up in the symbol you wear with "In His Name" on it. You do not know yet the meaning of the hymn—

"While blessed with a sense of His love, A palace a try would appear, And prisons seem'd to please prove, If Jesus would dwell with me there."

SUNLIGHT FOR DARK PLACES

This last week I spoke to a very large audience gathered by invitation of some young Daughters of The King, whose hearts had been touched by the destitute circumstances of the poor colored people, aged and sick in the city of Brooklyn. One old but that was called "The Home," was overrun with rats, and in every way the case of the occupants was most pitiable; and yet not one of the ministers that had seen them but said "You would have to go far to see such happiness as could be seen in their dear dark faces." What lighted them up? The love of Jesus. Whatever may be your circumstances at home, as you put on the cross, let it mean to you, if your home is a happy one, that a brighter radiance is to stream over the household, and greater sympathy for those who are denied what you enjoy. But if "the woes of life o'ertake thee, Hope deceive and fears annoy, Never shall the cross forsake thee (the unchangeable, undying love it stands for); Lo! it glows with peace and joy."

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EDITED BY MAUDE HAYWOOD

WHAT THIS DEPARTMENT WILL BE



THE aim of this new Department in the JOURNAL is to enter into the art work and life of its readers, and to render as much practical help as possible. A very large number among you are interested in art in one or more of its many various branches. To some of you, it is your profession or means of livelihood; to some a study which you have taken up to help you in your trade or calling; to others again, it may be pursued more as an amusement, although at the same time seriously, for I think you are all more or less, and most of you very much, in earnest whatever you do. Recognizing this, and knowing that many of you work and work bravely too, in the face of great difficulties, and with very few opportunities of gaining profitable instruction or advice, my intention is to give you as far as I can, through these columns, just the very aid, sympathy and encouragement that you need.

NOW, although I shall try to help you all by the written lessons and hints in the articles that will appear each month on this page, I would like also, if you will allow me, to assist you separately, and that I can only do by knowing of your individual difficulties. With this end in view, therefore, I most cordially invite as many of you as wish to, to write to me, telling me of your work and asking whatever questions you may want answered. A space will be devoted to answers to correspondents, and it is also intended that the subjects treated of in this Department, shall be those which your letters will show to be of most interest and benefit to you; and at the same time I wish you all to know and to understand how much pleasure it gives me personally to have the opportunity, through the JOURNAL, of coming in contact with so many of my fellow-workers, and of rendering them real service, as I feel sure I can.

SO many struggle on just missing success, or get discouraged altogether for want of the timely hint or advice which would set them right and spur them on to fresh efforts. The real, earnest, undaunted, persevering worker has always my heartiest sympathy; in the end all who are true and whole-hearted in their aims, are bound to accomplish what they undertake, and it is so delightful to be able to hold out to such a helping hand. Art work undertaken in any other spirit is an anomaly I never could understand.

A GENUINE devotion for art shows itself in the labor and energy bestowed on even the smallest and comparatively unimportant details, where nothing can be done too well and too thoroughly. I have a particular admiration for careful, dainty work, and a great appreciation of that indescribable something, which is usually called "feeling," and which is the expression and the sign of an artist's nature. It has been said that the leaning of art in America is towards a very practical development in the industries of the country, and that in the future the art of the New World will be mainly decorative and industrial. However that may be, it is certain that the greatest interest at the present time seems to be evinced in decorative work, designing and illustration, and that all study is to some practical end.

THE title "Art for Art Workers," was chosen for the Department to indicate its object and its scope. As time goes on it is hoped that it will embrace all the subjects most useful to those pursuing art seriously. Instructions will be given in drawing, designing; painting in oil, water and mineral colors; modeling in clay; painting on silk, satin and other fabrics; French tapestry painting with dyes; pen-and-ink work, and so on.

WE are beginning in this number with the first of a series of lessons in china-painting, because it is such a widely popular pursuit. I propose to cover the ground in them as completely as possible, as far as I can anticipating the difficulties of beginners, and in succeeding chapters to give the best and simplest methods of painting in the Lacroix colors, of laying on tints, of doing the raised paste work, and of decorating the china with the matt gold, together with hints as to the manner of firing.

ALL letters should be addressed to me, care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, 433 and 435 Arch street, Philadelphia. One word to correspondents—Will you please be very clear, concise and definite when you write. It will enable me to help you very much better and more easily. If several questions are asked it would be well to number them, and do not ask me to answer by mail; all replies must be made through the JOURNAL. This will benefit others beside yourself, will make a more detailed answer possible than if given in any other way, and vastly assist your friend and editor.

MAUDE HAYWOOD.

LESSONS IN CHINA PAINTING

FIRST PAPER



CHINA painting is an art which seems to hold out special inducements to the beginner, because, in its simpler forms, really good decorative effects can be obtained with very little labor and instruction by any one possessing a certain amount of artistic taste, and a fair share of patience and carefulness in their work; and for those who have the skill and perseverance to follow it up into its higher branches, there is no limit to the possibilities it opens out for the exercise of talent and originality, and for the production of real works of art.

The outfit necessary is neither elaborate nor costly. A simple palette is always both best and easiest to work with, and very few colors, used with experience and judgment, will produce an infinite variety of effect. Every one after awhile learns which are the most useful, and which are indispensable among the many colors on the dealer's catalogue, and each one is apt to have his or her own particular notions on the subject; but in practice, the following have been proved to be sufficient for all the requirements of ordinary flower-painting, and are therefore recommended as the best selection for any one wishing to start work for the first time. Use the Lacroix colors, which come in tubes, and get brown-green, number 6; dark-green, number 7; grass-green, number 5; deep blue-green, moss green, yellow-ochre, silver-yellow, yellow for mixing, ivory-yellow; brown, numbers 4 or 17; deep red-brown; carnation, number 1; rose-pink, violet of iron, deep violet of gold, light violet of gold and ivory-black. Should a rich, pure crimson be needed, ruby-purple may be added to the above list; but it is rather an expensive color and is seldom absolutely necessary. The other materials required are Cooley's tinting oil, oil of lavender, turpentine, a tile for use as a palette, a palette knife, brushes, and one or two small cups or glass jars. For the brushes, it is well to have about four square shaders, two of size number 7, and one each of sizes numbers 4 and 8, a couple of fine tracers, and two flat brushes for laying on tints, one measuring about an inch, the other, half an inch, across. They are made of camel's hair, and with proper usage should wear a long time.

Perhaps a few hints on the best method of caring for your materials, in order not only to preserve them as well as possible, but also to be enabled to work with the greatest degree of readiness and comfort, might prove acceptable. There are some—but let none who may wish to profit by these instructions be of the number—who in attempting china painting, manage to reduce their brushes, palette, jars, everything, in fact, that they handle, to such a deplorable state of mess and stickiness that the wonder is that they can hope to attain anything at all in the way of good, pure coloring in their work, while their futile efforts to make a partial "clean up" before they commence painting each day, seems to improve matters very little. The point I would wish to impress most strongly on all is to put your materials in order every time after leaving off work, and never to allow them the opportunity of degenerating into that chronic condition where nothing is fit to use or even to be touched.

A very few minutes regularly devoted to this tidying-up process saves, in the long run, endless time, trouble and annoyance. Brushes should be well rinsed in turpentine, dried into shape, dipped either into Cooley's tinting oil or into fat oil, and put away where dust cannot reach them. It is important that all materials, as well as the pieces of china in process of painting, should be kept covered, because any specks of dust that may get into the colors are apt to get fired in and very much mar the beauty and perfection of the work. Whatever color is left over that is still fit to use, may be allowed to remain on the palette, as it is easily moistened again; but it is best to gather it together with the palette-knife and, with turpentine and a rag, to clear as much space on the tile as possible, without wasting any color, that when next you come to work there may be somewhere to mix the fresh tints you will need. Moist paint is much more readily cleaned off than paint that has been allowed to dry; in the latter case, alcohol will be found much more effectual than turpentine. For the turpentine it is advisable to keep two cups; allow it to settle after use until all the dirt sinks to the bottom, and then, before using it again, pour off the turpentine gently into the clean cup, and wipe out the sediment remaining. The oils, and the jars containing them, should be kept clean also, although it is not necessary to wash them out every time; but do not ever allow the outside of any cups or jars to remain dirty or sticky. Such trifling points seem almost too unimportant and also too obvious to require mentioning, but their observance marks the neat, orderly worker who thereby courts success. Any one experi-

enced in teaching can tell at the outset, by a pupil's methods, what is her probable chance of progress—and it is the old story of the tortoise and the hare over and over again—those having the gift of calm and steady perseverance, always come out far ahead of others possessing possibly greater natural talent where this quality is not also to be found.

In selecting china for decoration look it over well, to be sure that it is free from crack or flaw; no reliable dealer would ever, knowingly, sell a faulty piece of ware, but in the press of business an oversight might occur. For ordinary work, choose the best French china; for delicate, fancy pieces, the Belleek ware is charming, but it is more expensive and more liable to break in the kiln, although, where care is exercised in the firing, accidents very rarely occur. When the china is to be entirely covered by a tint, the ivory-white ware may be used; it is a good deal cheaper than the French china, and comes in most lovely shapes, copied from the best models.

Before sketching on your design, wipe the china over with a rag dipped either in Cooley's tinting oil, or in turpentine; otherwise the pencil will not mark. For those who can do so, it is best to draw the flowers, or whatever the subject of your decoration may be, on the china itself; but if you have not sufficient skill for this, tracing may be resorted to. To obtain the clearest and the most delicate impression, pencil the design on the wrong side, and then, laying the tracing on the china, go over the outline carefully with a bone tracer. In making drawings of flowers and leaves for the decoration of china, it is a good general rule that the design should be kept rather open, a better effect is gained, with less work. Considerable thought and care should be given to the choice of subject and its arrangement, and it must be remembered that the true principle of decoration, as it has been very aptly said, is "to occupy a space, not to fill it." Study of Japanese drawings of flowers for ornamental purposes, will show that they possess this characteristic very markedly.

Take pains in the first place to consider the suitability of the flowers, plants, ferns, or whatever it may be that you wish to paint, in relation to the particular piece of china you are about to decorate, whether their size, shape and color are readily adaptable, whether, in fact, they look as if they were the very best, if not the only subject possible for their position. There are some articles of ware, which, by their very shape and appearance, suggest to one's mind the best method of their decoration. Strive to cultivate the faculty, which some possess naturally more than others, of seeing instinctively the fitness of lines and of form in designing. Never be satisfied until you feel that you have obtained just the best effect you possibly can.

Those who make a practice of always doing their "very best," will soon reap the benefit of their thoroughness. It is impossible to be too thorough. One piece carefully thought out, and executed with painstaking, will teach the worker more than half a dozen, hastily accomplished in a hap-hazard, slipshod manner. Those who in the end achieve most, always go slowly and thoughtfully, specially in the beginning and where their experience is all to be gained. This is a principle which every one who aims at real success, must have firmly implanted in their minds.

A FEW DECORATIVE NOTES



At the present time, Dresden china effects are much sought after in small decorative articles. Very dainty photograph frames are those of bolting-cloth made up over white or cream-colored satin, with little sprays or scattered blossoms painted upon them in oils, used very thinly. The cardboard frames can be purchased for a trifling sum, the artist herself covering them with the necessary materials. They are prettily finished by backing them with silk of an extremely pale tint, either matching or contrasting with the color used in the blossoms.

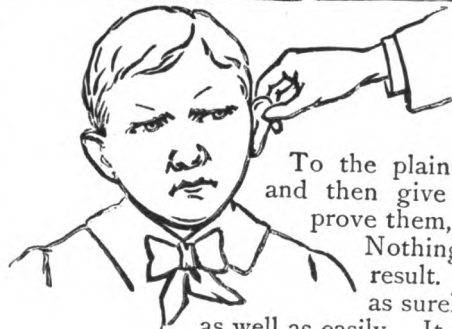
China silk scarf-ends can be rapidly and effectively decorated by outlining upon them a bold design of flowers, either naturalistic or semi-conventional, and tinting it in flatly with dyes. The subject may be traced on, and the lines then gone over with a reddish-brown color, very clearly and evenly. Pale, delicate shades are preferably chosen for the silk, the dyes being transparent.

Very few materials are needed by those who wish to attempt modeling in clay in a simple and decorative fashion: a small quantity of clay from a pottery or an art store, and for tools the fingers, and specially the thumb that nature gave you, are all you need, and, perhaps, the addition of a small rounded piece of wood, for use only where you find your fingers too large for the work. Copy fruit and good-sized single flowers, direct from the objects themselves, upon a background of clay about half-an-inch thick and of any shape—round, square or oblong—that you may fancy. Either the grayish, the yellow, or the red clay may be used, and when fired they make what is commonly known as terra-cotta.

Two trials, that sometimes beset water-color painters who use moist colors in the japanned boxes, are the hardening of their colors, and the greasiness that periodically attacks their palette. The remedies are simple: For the first, having previously moistened the colors with water, put a drop or two of glycerine into each pan, and leave them for a day or more to soak, if then too wet, allowing the box to remain open for a while will soon cause them to harden sufficiently; when very much dried up, it will be necessary to crush the colors with a glass muller before adding the water and glycerine. For the second trouble, cut a small raw potato open and rub it over the surface.

For those living within reach of a pottery, it is a good plan to procure some vessels before they are fired, and, while they are still damp, to model your own decoration upon them. They can be kept moist and in working order for an indefinite period by covering them with wet cloths. It is best to splash the model itself, and, while entirely excluding the air, not to allow the cloths to actually touch any delicate portion of the work.

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A GOLDEN GOSSIP

(Continued from page 6 of this number)

Miss Raye, you know Dr. Harriman?" Rill answered from a remote height, with a carefully-measured inclination of her little head—"Certainly I know who Dr. Harriman is: but we are not acquainted—yet."

"I thank you for that last little word, Miss Raye: I hope it means that you will not refuse me the privilege any longer?" and the doctor, who had already risen from his chair made Rill the most charming bow, deferent, not emphasized, and bent full upon her, with a certain admiring respect, the eyes which all the young womanhood of Wewachet voted "splendid," and which the Irish maid at the Norrises was known to have declared were "Jist the coaxinest two she iver seen wid a man."

Miss Raye bowed, and smiled a little in return; then made some inconsequential remark such as hyphenizes conversation when it might otherwise fall apart too significantly into fragments. If she had been the most practised woman of the world, she could not have done it better than from her quick, girlish instinct. Dr. Harriman was freshly piqued to peculiar interest.

Every time they met, it was just so. Whatever Rill Raye might be with other people, with Dr. Harriman she was provoking, elusive, cool; she was pointedly out of the lists; she left him to Connie and Sue and the rest of them, who were ready to tear him into little bits—of social appropriation—and each run off with a piece, like chickens with a big, tough, tempting morsel.

Miss Haven perceived what she thought the girl's judicious dignity, based upon a real indifference; and so she was not afraid when the two met sometimes in her library. She liked them both; if they came to understand and like each other better, it would not trouble her sense of responsibility. Since her talk with Miss Bonable, it had more than once occurred to her that a safe, right marriage for Cyrilla would be the only solving of the problem of their troubled, mutually mistaking lives. And she knew that Miss Bonable's only prejudice against the doctor lay in her idea of the present status of his acquaintance with her niece. This once properly established above board—possibly even transferred to Miss Amelia's own auspices at the cottage, as she had with such naive inconsistency demanded why not—there need be no hindrance to whatever might truly and happily come of it. Miss Haven's thoughts did not meddle further; she was no deliberate match-maker. Whether or not the circumstance that neither Putnam King nor Cyrilla had mentioned to her the little occurrence of their walk in the rain together, though they also had now met on a footing of regular acquaintance under her own countenance, worked in some recondit fashion with her to cause this leaning toward the chance of liking between Dr. Harriman and Rill as the course that the providence for Rill might take, she certainly would have leaned away from any suggestion arising in this other quarter. It was too soon for Putnam King to think of such matters. He had to take a man's place in the world before he could ask a wife to his side. Not that money, or the lack of it, would be a difficulty; half the property of a bachelor uncle had come to him, depriving him of the spur of need. This was a loss to his life, Aunt Elizabeth felt, which must be replaced by some other energy before he could fairly or wisely accept the things of life that are better after some earning and striving. He was simply aside from any calculation of hers in this sort; and undoubtedly also her desire for the very best for him in every sort would have led her instinctively to shrink in his behalf from decision that might be premature, while opportunities and comparison were yet imperfect. She would not choose a silk gown for herself from the very first piece; there might be a better. Dr. Harriman could do his own choosing. It is difficult for mothers and aunts to understand that their own boys can. Meanwhile, affairs were not very much complicated. The two young men had thus far rarely happened to meet at Miss Haven's.

Miss Norris arranged to take lessons in china painting in town during school vacation. She was still, at eighteen, a pupil in one of the fine seminaries for girls at the West Bay. Dr. Harriman had a regular day for some city business connected with his profession; he always went into town on Saturdays. Cornelia Norris found Tuesday and Saturday to be the only days she could appoint with her teacher for her china work. So one of the later Saturday afternoon trains brought these two among other constant passengers, to Wewachet, almost invariably. It was almost invariable, I mean, that they found themselves on the same train; though the trips were figured thickly along the time-table toward the end of the day, occurring every hour until after six, when there was a gap until 8.30.

Connie's lesson was over at four; but of course there were often errands; and very frequently a train slipped off without her, when she had to buy a ticket at the last minute, or sat near a big window into the entrance hall, engrossed with a new paper-covered volume bought at the news-stand. Once in a while something had been forgotten, or a parcel did not arrive; and she turned her back on train and station, to go up-town again before the next scheduled departure. Through all these vicissitudes and uncertainties—one must use prepositions advisedly—it rarely happened that our two friends made the Saturday return separately. And since, in a common car, one must have a seat mate, what more natural than that they should easily drift together?

I do not think Dr. Harriman can be blamed, exactly; it was really almost inevitable for him. The nicety with which movements, observations, instinctive perceptions and calculations can be made, involving the right coincidences at risk of the utterly wrong ones from any least failure, is something to wonder at applaudingly, and to recognize as the working of occult power, at once surer and more delicate than harsh mathematics, and so, perhaps, more particularly adapted to feminine engineering. Connie Norris scarcely ever came out at a loss; the wish of Dr. Harriman, if he had one, like the heart of the husband in the Proverbs of Solomon, might safely trust in her; if he now and then played to the same purpose by some slight hint or watchfulness, some lingering or hastening on his own part; if it was a pleasant bit of excitement to him to find the pretty figure and the bright, gladdening face at a sure point for being found; to check his steps for the expected greeting, and then have hers take up, as of course, their light accompaniment alongside, as with the stream of outgoing passengers they went through the great gates to the train-house and the track platform together; or to discover her already seated with a vacant place beside her, when he came half expectantly and fully expected, along the car aisle just three minutes, perhaps, after he had stopped at the news counter, and she had scudded innocently on, observant, apparently, of nothing but the hands of the big clock over the gateway; to be shown, as they journeyed, her last lovely plague, or exquisite quaint jug, just brought safe from the firing; if all this was put frankly and cheerily in his way, why not accept it frankly and cheerily also, *en bon camaraderie*? None the less, perhaps, he perceived her, as he had at first, to be a "simpleton"; but a simpleton can be very honestly bewitching; the openness and the honesty took away something of the triviality, and abated the contempt. He found it a pastime to be with her; it was also a study of character, as far as the character went.

At the same time that all this was going on, there was an interest of precisely opposite sort developing in Dr. Harriman's mind toward Cyrilla Raye; an interest piqued by reserve and difficulty and the complexities of a higher individuality. Cyrilla puzzled him; and a man will go further out of his way to solve a problem than he will to read a plainly advertised fact. I will not vouch for it that Cyrilla did not perceive, with a new demureness shielding her discovery, that she had stumbled, through whim, upon a more effective role than all her gay abandon had furnished her with before; or that a certain triumph did not turn her first honest, withdrawing pride into something of a fresh and fascinating experiment.

Almost to her own bewilderment, Rill Raye was slipping into a new position in Wewachet, and began to feel it in the air about her. "People will talk," she had said once to Miss Haven's friendly monitions of prudence, "and after they've once begun, you can't change the keynote you've given them. They expect something startling from me; if I were as tame as an old house cat for ten years, it wouldn't make any difference, there wouldn't be anything worth mentioning in that; they'd either invent something, or go back to the last piece of wildness in my infancy. I shall have to finish up as I've set out, or disappoint the world."

Miss Haven, with good reason, thought otherwise.

(To be continued)



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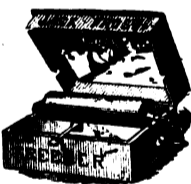
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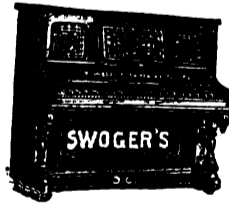


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**T**HE boy or girl who loves fun could have no better or merrier book given them than Palmer Cox's "Another Brownie Book." This is the second book of the adventures of these fun-loving "brownies," and it is fully as good as the first. Good, healthy fun is in every page of the book, and no boy can keep a straight face in reading the mishaps and experiences of Mr. Cox's little imps of mischief. He puts them through every possible experience, and at each turn he makes them funnier than before. All the favorite characters of the first book—the duke, the policeman, the Indian, the Chinaman—are in this second book, and a parent can scarcely do better than to put this fountain of healthy fun in the hands of her boy or girl. [The Century Company: \$1.50].

**B**ACK into Normandy, into the far off feudal days, Marguerite Bouvet takes us to visit "Sweet William." This is the story of a little boy imprisoned in the great tower of Mount Saint Michael, from babyhood; this was done by his own father, Duke William, who thought the child was his nephew. After nine years of captivity he is rescued and restored to his rightful position by his little twin cousin, Lady Constance, who is also under a mistake as to her birth. These children are lovely little creatures, and William is as sweet as his name. They do not do very much in the story. They are just sweet and natural, and love each other dearly, as every one must who reads about them. The illustrations are fairly good. The book is an ideal one for children, pure loving and tender, and can be most highly recommended. [A. C. McClurg & Company: \$1.50].

**H**OLLAND is always an attractive country to the author and artist, and most interestingly have we traveled through its scenic lands with such writers as George H. Boughton, F. Hopkinson Smith and Augustus J. C. Hare. All have written well, and for the most part truthfully; but no writer has ever portrayed the "land of the sea-washed dykes" so feelingly, so faithfully, as Edmondo de Amicis, in his book on "Holland and Its People." And this opinion is strengthened when on our desk is placed the new and superb "Vandyke edition" of the work. Although it is over ten years ago since Amicis wrote his book, one reads it with as much pleasure now as when it first came fresh from the press. Amicis understood Holland and the Dutch. He made a study of the country and its people, and whether he describes life in the great cities or among the peasant life, he shows a touch of sympathetic familiarity, and a knowledge whereof he writes. And this is why we heartily recommend this work as the best picture of Holland and Dutch life ever written. With its superb illustrations, there is positively nothing wanting in this edition of a splendid book. [G. P. Putnam's Sons: \$2.25].

**"F**LOWER de Hundred," is the curious name of a Virginia plantation. Mrs. Burton Harrison's novel, with this title, relates the fortunes and misfortunes of its owners—the Throckmorton family—before and during the War of the Rebellion. The identity of old Colonel Throckmorton's grandson and grandnephew furnishes the mystery of the plot, and there is a love affair in which Dick and Miles are rivals. The self-sacrifice of the latter, and his ultimate reward round out an interesting story. The pictures of the Virginia life of the day are genuinely valuable. The high-bred courtesy and open-handed hospitality, which are traditions of 'Ole Virginia,' are cleverly described. The gentle-folk are ladies and gentlemen, and the slaves betray the characteristics of their race in prosperity and adversity. The novel is a good one, and its war-pictures are both interesting and instructive. [Cassells: \$1.00].

**W**HETHER we be "Yankees," or from the "West," or from the "balmy South," there is a charm about New England life that attracts us all. There is about its valleys, its homes, its quiet atmosphere, its quaint houses something so distinctively American, that, whether we will or not, the very mention of them strikes a sympathetic chord. And one feels this, I think, very strongly in reading Mr. Hamilton Wright Mabie's beautiful book "Our New England." While the photographer has selected exquisite bits of nature for his camera, country roads which make us wish it were summer, bits of home-life that touches the heart, Mr. Mabie, on the other hand, has added the charm of his graceful writing to the text. His description of boy life on the old homestead is both a delightful and true picture, and no matter to what page of this luxurious book we turn, there is a feeling of pleasant home-life that makes author and reader one in spirit and in heart. [Roberts Brothers: \$4.00].

**T**HERE is in England a weekly paper called "The Boy's Own Paper," which at the end of each year is bound into a volume and called "The Boy's Own Annual." This "annual" for 1890 lies beside me on my desk. It is certainly a treasury of fun, wisdom and adventure for any boy, be he English or American, and, to the credit of the management, it must be said that every story and article on the 832 pages of the book is pure and wholesome. Colored plates and over 500 engravings add picturesqueness to the book, which, if they are not equal to our American illustrations, are nevertheless good, and illustrate the text well. [F. H. Revell: \$3.20].

**B**RAVE, loving, little Timothy! His devotion to baby Gabrielle led him to fly with her from a miserable city slum to the country, that he might find a mother for the motherless child. This was "Timothy's Quest." How he chanced upon Miss Vilda Cummins, and Samantha, her faithful servant and friend, and how, by his love and unselfishness, he won his way into their hearts, is sweetly and simply told by Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin in this charming little book. The story is for "anybody, young or old, who cares to read it." No one can grow too old to enjoy it, and all the little ones will fall in love with such a bit of sunshine as baby Gay. Rags is a wonderful dog, Jabe an extraordinary man in his lazy way, and altogether it would be hard to overpraise so pure and lovely a book. [Houghton, Mifflin & Company: \$1.00].

### THREE GOOD BOOKS FOR GIRLS

WHICH CAN EACH BE READ WITH PLEASURE AND PROFIT BY EVERY GIRL

**H**ERE comes "Another Flock of Girls," and a charming flock it is. May Bartlett, who was dreadfully prejudiced against her stepmother before making her acquaintance, but whom she found to be a real mother of the very sweetest kind. Little lame Theo, whose friends were not "in society" but were none the less welcome for that when they made their New Year's call by way of the trap-door in the roof when driven from their own home by fire. "Ju-Ju, and her Christmas Party"; "Sally Green, and her Clam Bake," and "Little Jenny's Lark," which turned out better than might have been expected. These stories are all fresh, wholesome and thoroughly suitable for young girls' reading. Miss Nora Perry seems to know just what is wanted in this line, and nothing better need be said than that the present volume is as good as her previous ones. [Little, Brown & Company: \$1.75].

**S**ARAH TYTLES'S "Papers for Thoughtful Girls" are precisely what the title denotes. They are plain, sensible essays on a variety of subjects, such as Beauty, Intellect, Ambition, Friendship, Love, Godliness, etc. They are all sound, helpful, and deeply religious. To each of the essays is appended a short story illustrating the point which it is desired to bring out. These tales are mostly interesting, and relieve the severity of the essays themselves. The book cannot fail to be of service to any girl who will read it honestly and thoughtfully, and it will repay those who do. [Estes & Lauriat: \$1.25].

**I**N "Her Great Ambition," the heroine has an ambition for art. In spite of her family's opposition, Sophy Verrick came to New York and settled down to the hardest kind of work, under a teacher who expected too much of her small talent. The story of her struggle makes the chief interest of Anne Richardson Earle's very clever novel. About this centre revolve a delightful lot of people, whose sayings and doings furnish unceasing entertainment. The story is worth reading if only to discover how pleasantly it ends. In character-drawing Clifford Lanman is easily first, and it is doubtful if the modern youth has had a more faithful chronicler. Little Roger, who could never "get punished up even," is a charming child. The other personages have each their individuality well defined. The book is an excellent one, both pleasant and profitable. [Roberts Brothers: \$1.00].

### WHY MANY POEMS ARE DECLINED

**T**HE reasons why so many of the unsolicited poems are declined by the magazines of to-day may, perhaps, best be given by means of some hints to would-be contributors as to what they should *not* do.

All of these hints are based upon actual experience with poems submitted to magazines. Don't send long, gloomy poems of from one to four hundred lines. From four to forty lines is the most available length, and one bright, cheerful poem does more good than fifty "broken-hearted" ones. It also stands a better chance of acceptance.

Don't send poems that have already been published. To some this caution may seem unnecessary; yet hundreds of persons send poems already printed elsewhere.

Don't send the same poem to more than one magazine at a time.

Don't send translations. The average magazine avoids them.

Don't send poems that you may be sure are unsuitable. You can find this out by studying the poetry the magazine prints. Notice what it *don't* print, and send the other kind. So much poetry is received that the field of selection is wide, and only the best stands a chance of success.

Too much stress cannot be laid upon the last "don't" above. Excellent poems have to be declined because they are unsuited to the wants of the magazine to which they are sent. They treat subjects which are outside the periodical's province. They repeat things which have already been said. They are faulty in grammar, metre or rhyme. They have defects peculiar to themselves and impossible to describe in detail; but those mentioned are most frequently met with, and are the commonest cause of declination.

### LITERARY QUERIES

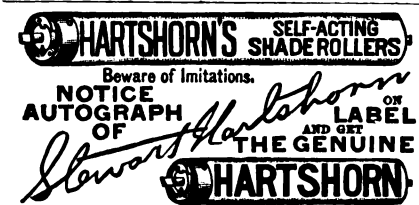
Under this heading, the EDITOR will endeavor to answer any possible question concerning authorship and literary matters.

**L. E. M.**—Poems once printed are not of value to any of the prominent magazines of the day, since they use only original poetry. You might send the story of which you speak to some other boy's paper—"The Arrow," of New York, for example, to which it would be better suited than "St. Nicholas."

**JESSIE C.**—(1) It would be a very wise plan to give a list of the authorities, as you suggest. (2) I do not think I would send a carbon copy. Why not go a little farther and have the manuscript type-written, keeping the original for yourself? (3) Abbreviations are never in good taste or form, in note, letter or manuscript; they may not exactly prejudice an editor against a manuscript, but it does not heighten his estimate of a writer. Prepare your "copy" as it should be printed. Help an editor. Make things as easy as you can for him. He appreciates little acts of consideration. (4) Yes, your letter is "clear copy," except the abbreviations.

**I. D.**—Your experience is an exceptional one. The wisest plan, to my mind, is to leave the periodical severely alone. To pursue its owners, and compel them to adhere to their first decision—which doubtless you can do—would entail a great deal of time and trouble which you know best if you can afford.

**YOUNG AUTHOR**—What is copyright, and how is it obtained? It is a right given upon certain conditions to the author or publisher of a book, periodical, photograph, piece of music, etc., by the Government. It corresponds to a patent on an invention. A book or paper may be copyrighted by sending two copies of the printed title-page, with a fee of fifty cents, to the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C., and also two complete copies of the copyrighted book or periodical after it is printed.



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# Knitting and Crocheting

EDITED BY MARY F. KNAPP

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

### Terms in Crochet

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

### Antique Lace

(Illustrated in September number)

Ch 63. 1st row—1 d c in 4th st from hook, 1 d c in each of next 2 stitches, ch 3, skip 3, 1 d c in each of next 2 stitches, \* ch 5, skip 5, 1 s c in next ch 5, skip 5, 1 s c in next, ch 5, skip 5, 1 s c in next, ch 5, skip 5, 1 d c in each of next 2 stitches; repeat from star.

2nd row—Ch 5, 1 d c in each of 2 d c, 1 d c in each of next 2 stitches, ch 5, \* 1 s c in middle st. of ch 5, ch 5, 1 s c in middle st of next ch 5, ch 5, 1 d c in 4th and 5th stitch of ch 5, 1 d c in next 2 d c, \* 1 d c in each of next 2 stitches, ch 5; repeat what is written between the stars; ch 3, 1 d c in each of 4 d c.

3rd row—Ch 3, 1 d c in each of 3 d c, ch 3, 1 d c in each of 4 d c, 1 d c in each of next 2 stitches, ch 5, 1 s c in middle st of ch 5, ch 5, 1 d c in 4th and 5th stitch of ch 5, 1 d c in each of 6 d c, 1 d c in each of next 2 stitches, ch 5, 1 s c in middle st of ch 5, ch 5, 1 d c in 4th and 5th stitch of ch 5, 1 d c in each of 4 d c, 12 d c under loop of ch 5, catch with s c in last st of foundation ch.

4th row—Ch 1, 1 d c in each of the 18 d c, 1 d c in each of next 2 stitches, ch 5, 1 d c in 4th and 5th stitch of ch 5, 1 d c in each of 10 d c, 1 d c in each of next 2 stitches, ch 5, 1 d c in 4th and 5th stitch of ch 5, 1 d c in each of 6 d c, ch 3, 1 d c in each of 4 d c.

5th row—Ch 3, 1 d c in each of 3 d c, ch 3, 6 d c, ch 5, 1 s c in middle st of ch 5, skip 2 d c, 10 d c, ch 5, 1 s c in middle st of ch 5, ch 5, skip 2 d c, 6 d c, \* ch 2, skip 2, 1 d c; repeat from star five times.

6th row—Ch 1, \* 5 d c under ch 2, 1 s c in d c; repeat from star five times. 1 d c in each of next 3 d c, ch 5, 1 s c in middle st of ch 5, ch 5, 1 s c in middle st of ch 5, ch 5, skip 2 d c, 4 d c, finish like 4th row.

7th row—Ch 3, 1 d c in each of 3 d c, ch 3, 2 d c in 2 d c, \* ch 5, 1 s c in middle st of ch 5; repeat from star twice; ch 5, skip 2, 2 d c, \* ch 5, 1 s c in middle of ch 5; repeat from star twice, ch 5, skip 2, 1 d c in each of 2 d c.

Repeat from second row. In repeating the third row, catch in the last d c of second small scallop.

### Cover for Cologne Bottle

**MATERIAL:** yellow purse silk, or knitting silk; about five yards of satin ribbon, quarter of an inch wide. Chain eight, and join.

1st row—Thirty-two double crochet in the ring.

2nd row—ch 2, put 2 double crochet in first d c, ch 1, 2 d c in same st, \* ch 2, skip 3 d c, 2 d c in next st, ch 1, 2 d c in same st. Repeat from star until you have eight shells, ch 2 and join.

3rd row—ch 2, \* make a shell in middle of shell in last row, ch 2; repeat through the round. Work thirty-one more rows like the 3rd; then work a row of holes by putting 1 d c between the shells, ch 2, 1 d c in middle of shell.

Next row—ch 2, \* 2 d c, ch 1 and 2 d c (shell) in one hole, 1 d c in next hole, repeat from star until you have eight shells, join.

Next row—ch 2, 3 d c, ch 1 and 3 d c (shell) in middle of each shell. Work three more rows like the last. Finish with 6 d c in each shell; 1 s c between the shells. Run ribbon up and down length of bottle between the shells, as shown in illustration.

This cover is suitable for what is known as the 4711 perfumery, or the German Farina Cologne.

### A Useful Knitting Bag

THE handy little bag will be acceptable to knitters, as needles of any length can be accommodated in it. Materials: One skein of black and one skein of yellow Germantown wool, a fine bone tricoot needle, two brass rings about an inch in diameter, two and one-half yards of yellow satin ribbon to match the wool. Begin with the black wool and make a chain of fifty-four stitches. \* Work three rows of tricoot (or afghan) stitch, then five rows with yellow. Repeat from star



until you have six yellow stripes, and seven black stripes; after completing the last black stripe, work once across the stripe in single crochet. You now have fifty-one rows of tricoot, which forms the front, back and bottom of the bag. Take the yellow-colored wool and crochet a row of single crochet along one side of the tricoot piece. Fold the tricoot piece double, and join the last single crochet to the first single crochet. Chain-1, work another row of single crochet, skipping every other stitch, and putting the needle through the back part of the stitches. Now work a row of single crochet over one of the brass rings, taking up the back part of each stitch of last row. Work the other end of bag the same way. To finish top of the bag: with yellow wool work 1 d c in the first stitch of black tricoot, \* chain 1, skip 3, 1 d c in the next stitch. Repeat from star to the end of the row of tricoot, and along the opposite side of tricoot; join.

Next row: take the black wool and work 1 d c under ch 1 of preceding row, \* ch 1, 1 d c under next ch 1; repeat from star.

Next row: With yellow, work 3 d c under each ch 1. As a finish, work 1 single crochet in top of each d c, with black knitting silk. Cut the ribbon into two pieces, run a piece in the first row of double crochet, and a piece in the second row of double crochet, and tie in a bow at opposite ends of the bag. It is pretty to join the ends of ribbon in each row, suspend by half a yard, and put a bow on the opposite sides. Ornament the bag with a few cross stitches worked with the black silk on the yellow stripes, as seen in illustration. Yellow and white wool make a pretty bag.

### Crocheted Cover for Umbrella

**ONE** ball and a half of knitting silk, any color preferred. A small brass ring, size to slip over the end of umbrella. Crochet 36 double crochet stitches under the ring.

Next row—1 d c in each d c.

Repeat the last row until the cover is the desired length. Then crochet a row of holes. Finish with a scallop. Run a ribbon through the holes and tie in a bow.

In working this st put thread over the hook before putting hook through the work.

### Wide Crochet Lace

**MAKE** a chain of 60 stitches. 1st row—Shell of 3 d c, 2 ch, 3 d c in 4th stitch of chain, 1 spider-web stitch. [The spider-web stitches are made as follows: draw out the stitch on the hook about one-fourth of an inch, catch the thread and pull through, then put the hook between the long stitch and the thread just pulled through, catch the thread and draw through again, making two stitches on the hook. Draw the stitches on the hook down close, and draw the thread through both]. Make another spider-web stitch, fasten in the 9th stitch from the shell, 2 spider-web stitches, shell in next 9th stitch, ch 6, 1 d c in the next 9th stitch, ch 2, 1 d c in the same stitch, ch 6, shell in next 9th stitch, 2 spider-web stitches, fasten in the next 9th stitch, 2 spider-web stitches, shell in the next 9th stitch, ch 3, turn.

2nd row—Shell in shell, 1 spider-web stitch, fasten in the knot between the 1st two spider-web stitches of the last row, 2 spider-web stitches, fasten between the last two spider-web stitches, 1 spider-web stitch, shell in shell, ch 4, 8 d c under ch 2 of last row, ch 4, shell in shell, 1 spider-web stitch, fasten between the 1st two stitches, 2 spider-web stitches, fasten between the last 2 stitches, 1 spider-web stitch, shell in shell, 1 d c in ch 3 of last row.

3rd row—Shell in shell, 2 spider-web stitches, fasten in the centre knot, 2 spider-web stitches, shell in shell, ch 2, 1 d c with 1 ch between in each of the 3 d c of the last row, ch 2, shell in shell, 2 spider-web stitches, fasten in the centre knot, 2 spider-web stitches, shell in shell, ch 3, turn.

4th row—Shell in shell, 1 spider-web stitch, fasten in the knot between the 1st two spider-web stitches of last row, 2 spider-web stitches, fasten between the last two spider-web stitches of last row, 1 spider-web, shell in shell, 3 d c and 1 s c in each ch 1 of fan, shell in shell, 1 spider-web, fasten between the last 2 stitches, 2 spider-webs, fasten between the last 2 stitches, 1 spider-web, shell in shell, 1 d c in ch 3 of the last row: ch 3, turn.

5th row—Shell in shell, 1 spider-web stitch, another spider-web st fastened in the centre knot, 2 spider-web stitches, shell in shell, ch 6, 1 d c between third and fourth scallop of fan, ch 2, 1 d c in same place, ch 6, shell in shell, finish like 3rd row.

6th row—same as 2nd row.

7th row—same as 3rd row, only ending with ch 4 before the turn.

8th row—same as 4th row.

9th row—same as 5th row, then 12 d c in the ch 4 at end of row for the scallop. Fasten in ch 3 between the 5th and 6th rows, with 1 s c, turn.

10th row—Work 1 d c and ch 1, between every d c of the scallop. You will have 11 holes. Remainder of the row is the same as 2nd row, turn.

11th row—same as the 3rd row, until you get to the scallop. Then 3 d c and 1 s c under each ch 1 of the last row, s c in ch 3 between the 3rd and 4th rows, turn.

12th row—2 spider-web stitches, 1 s c between the second and third groups of d c, 2 spider-web stitches, 1 s c between the fourth and fifth groups, 2 spider-web stitches 1 s c between the sixth and seventh groups, 2 spider-web stitches, 1 s c between the eighth and ninth groups, 2 spider-web stitches, 1 s c between the last group and shell. Remainder same as 4th row, turn.

13th row—same as 5th row, until you get to the scallop, then 1 spider-web, fasten in the knot between the first and second spider-web stitches of last row. Two spider-webs, fasten in the knot between the 3rd and 4th spider-webs, and so on round the scallop. The last time, make only one spider-web, 1 d c between the second and third rows, turn.

14th row—ch 3, 3 d c with 1 ch between, into the knot between the first and second spider-web stitches of last row, ch 3, 3 d c with 1 ch between, into the next knot of the spider-web stitches. Repeat all round the scallop. (9 groups) ch 3, shell in shell. Remainder of the row same as the second, turn.

15th row—same as the third row until you get to the scallop, 7 d c under each ch 3 of the last row, all round the scallop, 1 s c under ch 3 between the first and second rows, ch 3, 1 s c in the first stitch of the foundation chain, turn.

16th row—\* ch 4, 1 s c in the 4th of 7 d c of the last row, \* ch 4, s c in the same stitch. Repeat from second star twice more, ch 4, 1 s c between seventh and eighth d c, repeat from first star nine times, then chain 3, and work the remainder of the row same as the fourth.

16th row—same as the fifth. Repeat from the second row.

### Knitted Moss for Mats

Three shades of green, single zephyr, No. 10 needles. Cast up 40 stitches, knit 10 or 12 rows of each shade from dark to light, and to dark again. Knit the required length, and bind off. Wet it in warm water, dry it, then iron it, cut through the middle, and unravel all but the three edge stitches. Four or six pieces of this moss knitting sewed round a crocheted centre, make a pretty lamp mat.



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

MARY—Knit your afghan of two colors of German-town wool, one pound of each, using coarse steel needles. Cast on 43 stitches, knit across plain. 1st row: slip 1, wool over, knit 19, slip 1 and narrow, pass the slipped st over the narrowed one, knit 19, wool over, knit 1.

2nd row: knit plain. Repeat these two rows until you have thirty-five puris (or ridges), then join on the other color. Knit 7 of the blocks (alternate in color), in a strip, and have nine strips. If your colors are red and drab, commence five strips with red, and four with drab. The seventh block in the strips must be narrowed off to a point, to match the commencement of strips. Crochet round each strip in single crochet, then crochet the strips together. Finish one end of the afghan with a scallop, and tie a fringe of the wool in the other end.

MERCEDES—You will find knitted directions for a sofa pillow, also directions for crocheted hair-receiver—made of macramé cord and stiffened—in book No. 1, Reliable Patterns. Price 25 cents; for sale by THE JOURNAL.

A. H. B.—Directions for crocheted "Wave Tam O'Shanter," are given in book No. 1, Reliable Patterns. You can make the cap any size you wish.

Can any of the JOURNAL Sisters give directions for knitting lace called "rail fence"?

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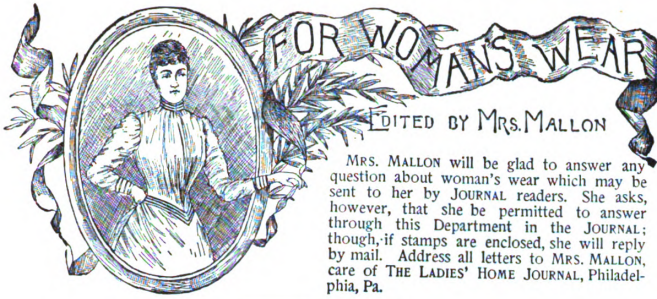
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MRS. MALLON will be glad to answer any question about woman's wear which may be sent to her by JOURNAL readers. She asks, however, that she be permitted to answer through this Department in the JOURNAL; though, if stamps are enclosed, she will reply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

**A**LTHOUGH the March winds do blow, although they are cold and searching and seem to reach to the innermost part of one, still, by the time the month is half gone, fur coats are too heavy, short coats are not cared for, and the long cloak which has such a prestige in London, is the one most anxiously looked for. The advantage of one of these cloaks



is not only in its gracefulness, but in the obvious fact that it conceals the walking gown which an entire winter's wear has made a bit shabby. For these cloaks the heavy serges are chosen in preference to the smooth cloths, and they may or may not be lined, as the wearer prefers. Very handsome ones show linings of plush or velvet, a bright hue usually being chosen, but much oftener the plain serge with a simple silk lining is given the preference.

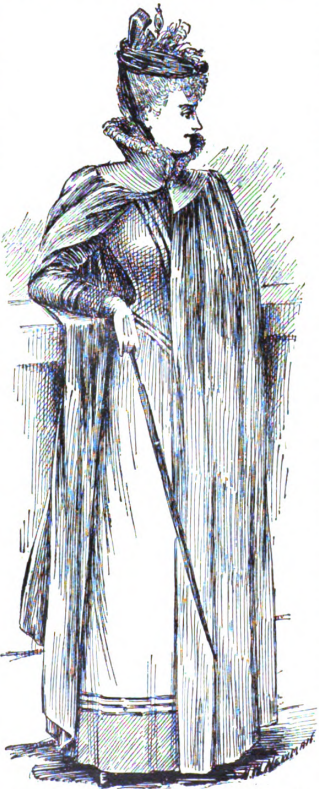
The shape always tends toward the peasant or Connamara cloak, but the extreme fullness that made it awkward is no longer visible, and while the cloak is full enough both for use and grace, there are not thick lumps of material on the shoulders that are at once unnecessary and unbecoming. Dull red, gray, Puritan-blue, which is a cold steel shade, brown and black are the colors oftener seen, the preference being given to the dull red tone.

**A RED SERGE CLOAK**

(Illustration No. 1). There is shown in this picture the long cloak at its best. It is made of red serge, lined throughout with silk of the same color. The yoke is of the serge as is also the high, round collar, which is stiffly wired and stands well away from the throat, permitting a facing of black feathers to show; this fluffy framing is very becoming, and may be worn far into the spring as it has neither the heavy look nor the warmth of fur. The small clasp which fastens the cloak at the neck is made to imitate Byzantine jewelry, and looks very artistic against its dull, red background. The bonnet is a small, black velvet one, trimmed with red roses and having black velvet ribbons tied under the chin. The gown worn under this cloak is simple, being of black broadcloth with a little gold braid upon it to take away what might otherwise be a sombre look.

The spring-time brides are having white cloaks made after this fashion, cloaks that are worn over the bridal dress, removed in the doorway of the church and given over to the care of one of the attendants. Later on the cloak will be worn with an all-white cloth gown for driving, or for very fashionable afternoon affairs when an all-white costume is counted most desirable.

A very smart cloak is one of silver-gray, (*tourterelle* it is called) having a deep heliotrope velvet collar, and a feather lining for it of gray. With this is worn a gray chip hat, trimmed with velvet violets and heliotrope velvet. Of course, this is rather an elaborate-looking cloak, and, like the white one, is commended for the people who drive rather than for those who walk.



THE NEW RED SERGE CLOAK (Illus. No. 1)

**THE DRESSING OF TO-DAY**

There has never been a time when women dressed so in harmony, and she who elects that a certain color is most becoming to her at once not only dresses well but economically, when she continually remembers that color and caters to it. By having all one's little belongings—the slippers, the fans, the handkerchiefs—adapted to any of one's frocks, it is easy to arrange a perfect toilette without having to get fresh adjuncts. Women who have passed girlhood, who still look young and propose to keep themselves so, but who choose always to wear black in the evening, find that by having a stock of black belongings at the beginning of the season and never losing an opportunity to take advantage of an original idea in black, they are always gowned in good style. A handsome black fan, well-shaped black slippers, pretty black stockings and black gloves that fit perfectly never tire anybody, and though modistes rebel and do their best to make colors take the place of black, they fail with the women who are wise.

**CLOTH EVENING GOWNS**

The liking for faced cloth for evening gowns has made it possible for the woman who is weary of silk and brocade, of tulle and chiffon, to have an absolute novelty. The black cloth evening gown is usually brightened with jet and decorated with feathers; its grace is undeniable, for it falls into the figure exactly as a soft crepe or cashmere would. With much of a train it is decorated with Prince of Wales' feathers, the bunches being set at one side and apparently held in place with broad black ribbons. If these are not put on the train, then they take their place on one side of the gown, and are so carefully disposed that they do not add an inch or two to the breadth, a something usually to be dreaded when a skirt decoration stands out from the material. The V, or square opening at the throat is finished with a wide collar, either a Medici or a round Marie Stuart, and this, though it may be outlined with jet, must be lined with feathers. The bodice portion, though it does fasten, is literally draped, as the proud possessor of a cloth evening gown knows to her sorrow, for she stood for two hours having it done. In all-white the cloth gowns are also very effective, and it is said will be worn by the Easter brides; however, cloth doesn't seem quite suitable for a bridal attire, a fancy for satin that is as old as the ark, existing in the mind of everybody.

**A PICTURESQUE COAT**

Miss Ellen Terry, who has been appearing as the unfortunate Lucy Ashton in "The Bells of St. Anne's" has not only made the three-cornered hat fashionable, but is the reason for the existence of the three-quarter coat. In many instances this coat is an exact copy of the one worn by the others. In others it is slightly changed, so that while it is picturesque it is not out of the ordinary. The one shown (illustration No. 2) is the typical one liked for general wear. It has simplicity to commend it, and in all its coats of its kind, is undoubtedly useful. Personal experience has taught me the value of coat basques; made either of velvet or cloth in colors that harmonize with certain skirts, they not only relieve and give rest to a bodice, but, when its day has gone by, they can take its place. This coat is of dark-green cloth and has long tails, longer in the back than in front, where they are sewed on in regular hip-steam fashion. The closing down the front is done by small black buttons; the high-puffed sleeves and the narrow revers being of black velvet; the collar, which is very high, is of the cloth.

If one wishes to make this look a little more elaborate, a jabot of black chiffon, extending from the throat to the end of the closing, could be added, and a chiffon

frill put about each wrist. In dark blue with black sleeves, in heliotrope with very dark-blue sleeves, and in brown with black sleeves, such a coat would be in good taste. One must remember, however, in wearing it that lounging is death and destruction to it, for to preserve its shape and to keep it looking well at all, one must sit up straight. If it isn't necessary to absolutely suffer to have it beautiful, it is necessary to be upright. However, if the assumption of a coat will teach our American girls to hold themselves well, nothing but praise is given it.

**THE SAUCER BONNET**

That's the name they have given to the pretty little hat illustrated at the head of this page, and it certainly does look a little bit like a large saucer decorated and made into a chapeau. Undoubtedly it will be one of the favored bonnets for spring wear, because not only has it just grown popular, but it is so becoming that its appearance in straw must be looked for. The one pictured is of light-gray felt. Just under the brim peep out a band of small, deep-crimson rose-buds that rest far down on the hair. At the back are high loops of pale-gray ribbon, and standing above them is a deep, red rose with its foliage and buds. The ties come from the back, and are of gray velvet ribbon. Of course, such a bonnet was worn by a brunette, for a blonde would find it a combination rather difficult; but as there are many more colors possible for her she ought not to begrudge her dark-haired friend the pale gray and crimson that belongs to her.

With these bonnets the hair is usually worn high, and an opportunity is given to wear the Spanish-looking comb somebody is certain to have gotten either at Christmas or New Year's. The prettiest of these combs are those having tiny Rhine stones set in the gold, and with two rather thick prongs of tortoise shell to go through the hair. The crescent-shaped combs are very pretty, and so are those that, stolen from Egypt, represent the butterfly that Cleopatra used to fasten her draperies with. However, the butterfly is more decorative than useful, and a comb of this sort when the hair is worn high, really requires that it should do its duty. A small veil can be worn prettily with these bonnets, but the very large ones, that are so much in vogue both in London and Paris, will be decidedly out of place. Just remember, in putting the bonnet on, that it must be well forward, and then, if it is at all becoming to you—and you certainly should not wear it unless it is—it will have a dainty, coquettish air that will not only surprise but delight you.

**HOW IT HAPPENS**

Women often wonder how it happens that some of their friends always look well, no matter what costume may be worn. I will tell you how it happens. They are usually women who know, first of all, that their gowns are in good condition, and next, they are women who hold themselves, not stiffly, but gracefully, and in a way that never suggests anything as being too tight or too loose. They are women who do not make the mistake of having the gown fitted over one corset—a new one—and then trying to wear it over another, an old one; when this effort is made, hooks and eyes usually refuse to come together, buttons and button-holes do not show that union that they should, the bodice



THE NEW AND POPULAR COAT (Illus. No. 2)

pulls one way and wrinkles another, and the result is altogether unfortunate and ugly. Never make the mistake of supposing that you can wear a gown fitted over a long-waisted corset with one that is short, and vice versa. If you are an economical woman, you will remember just what stays you wore under a certain bodice was fitted and you will reserve that for the special costume. Then it and the bodice stretch together, grow old together but never lose their shapes. Then, too, the woman who always looks well, though she may have only one or two gowns, has usually discovered just what suits her style, and having once found this out doesn't need to trouble about it after. So you see it doesn't really "happen" that she looks well, it is the result of care and consideration. The two are virtues necessary for success in anything, from a gown to a lifework.

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FOR WOMAN'S WEAR EDITED BY MRS MALLON



THREE-CORNERED HAT

holding up a gown in the daytime, on the street, is an extremely awkward looking creature, and American women are too bright not to realize this fact, and to stand by a short, sensible, becoming walking-skirt.

A BLACK-AND-GOLD TOILETTE

(Illustration No. 4). This gown is made of black serge, and has a full plaited back that lies on the ground for a few inches, while the front is the plain sheath-like skirt in vogue. It has a border decoration of a band of blue cloth, and above this are three rows of gold braid applied as illustrated. The bodice has a pointed basque front, and a back like a Louis Quinze coat. It is closed with small black buttons, and a gold braid gilet is outlined on each side. The high collar is of the cloth, covered with braid, and the full puffed sleeves have cuffs to correspond. The large black hat has a soft crown of blue velvet, and loops of ribbon at the back, ties coming from that part and looping under the chin. A drawn-in veil, specially made for such hats, is worn.

This costume is cited as one that, while it is extremely stylish-looking, may yet be developed in a very inexpensive manner. Cashmere, alpaca, plain cloth or any fabric fancied



A STYLISH BLACK-AND-GOLD TOILETTE (Illus. No. 4)

may be used for it, and the decoration can be like that on the illustration. A decided vogue is given a foot border of cloth and braid, and on a dark gown its brightening effect is much liked. Scarlet with gold braid is noted on black, white with black braid, blue with gold braid and yellow with black braid. On gray, a very deep purple with silver braid above it is fancied, and on brown a liking is shown for hunter's-green, blue, or yellow with gold braid. The expensive suit is not of necessity the most becoming one, and two illustrations are specially given in this article of gowns that, while they are decidedly smart, can be easily made by the amateur dressmaker and be very effective.

to the figure, but are so well pressed to position that, although they may move slightly at the edge when one is walking, they do not get out of place about the upper part of the skirt. A decoration of black braid in floriated pattern may be on the foot in front, and also on the side-plaits if one wishes. The basque is pointed, arches over the hips and has a flat position in the back. A braid trimming comes from each side of the back, over the hips and to the point, defining it very sharply, and just in front is a small, rather flat, velvet rosette.

The closing is done with small black buttons, and on each side a braid garniture that begins at the shoulders, shapes itself in at the waist and comes down to a point, giving apparent breadth to the shoulders, while it makes the waist seem more slender, is upon it. A high curate collar of the cloth is the neck finish. The sleeves are full at the top, drawn in just above the elbow and fastened with a velvet rosette, while, below that, they assume a coat shape. The bonnet is a flat one of blue felt with a cluster of flowers at the back, and a tiny veil, with a beauty spot on it, is softly drawn over the face.

SOME SUGGESTIONS FOR GOWNS

In any wool material this gown would be in good taste, and if one did not care for the braid decoration it might be omitted, although it does, of course, give a certain air of style to the costume. In black alpaca, for a gown for general spring wear, this would be a very good model, while in face cloths, in serge, cashmere, or any of the suitings in vogue, it could be prettily developed. If a more elaborate effect is desired, then the braid trimming could be of two kinds, either black or gold, or black and silver; but this would add to the expense as well as to the care required in making. Do not be induced to sew on your braid by machine; let it be done by hand, and hem it down on each side so that there will not be the slightest danger of its curling up.

Women who are inclined to shirk the little niceties of sewing in making a gown, and only looking for a good effect for one or two wearings, would find out their folly if they would examine frocks made by the greatest tailors. In these, due and strict attention is given to the proper sewing of everything; the pocket is never forgotten, it is always placed in the most convenient spot that the style of the skirt will permit, and, to keep it from sagging down, the top of it is fastened by a little strap that extends up to the waistband. A stitch or two more insuring perfection is never begrudged by a good modiste, and the amateur should certainly be an imitator to that extent.

THE REIGN OF THE PICTURESQUE

In gowns, in cloaks, in coats, and especially in bonnets, is the picturesque to the fore. The style of Louis the Fourteenth jostles beside that worn by the Jacobites, the feather-burdened hat of Charles the II, is close beside the three-cornered one of Lucy Ashton, and the tiny flat chapeau that the shepherdesses of Watteau and Boucher wore, are next the pointed small bonnet like that which we call Marie Stuart. An afternoon tea means seeing the styles of all nations and all times. For the hostess may receive in a Japanese get-up, while her visitors are of other times and other nations. The world is rapidly becoming concentrated, and the lady from Japan may shake hands with the one from Paris, with her cousin from London in an American parlor, and it is not even considered odd.

Among the prettiest of the picture hats is one very much affected by Mrs. Langtry, and which, although it is only shown in felt now, will appear later in the season in the soft straws. It is the three-cornered hat that permits so many gallants on the stage to make superbly courteous bows, and which was worn by many a gallant who has made his last chivalrous speech and bowed his exit from the great stage—this world. These hats are excessively simple and are preferred in dark colors—black, hunter's-green, navy-blue, seal-brown, and very deep purple being those noted.

The advantage of the many styles is found in the fact that all womankind should be able to discern just what suits her, and then to adopt it. The slender woman can hide her angles in the dress fancied by Marie Antoinette and favored by Watteau; the less slender one can choose the close-fitting, three-quarter coat of the Jacobites, and the plain skirt with a bit of a train, while that fortunate woman who is neither fat nor thin, over-tall or over-small, may take all the pretty styles shown in the world of fashion. She can look over all the books of costumes, see what may be modified to suit the nineteenth century, and then she may adopt it. However, if she is wise, in her search for the picturesque she will remember that many picture gowns are absolutely unsuitable for street wear, and so she will be wary in selecting them for this purpose. The street toilette, to be in good taste, must be of to-day, and certainly there never were prettier or more sensible costumes than are worn for walking just now.

The picture hat is, however, possible at most times, and from the treader to the three-cornered chapeau, mademoiselle is at liberty to select that which best suits her.

ANOTHER SIMPLE GOWN

Plain blue suiting forms this dainty little frock (Illustration No. 5). The skirt is laid in one large box-plait in front that shapes itself like a tablier, a smaller plait is at each side and in the back the usual plaited fan effect is achieved. These plaits, it must be remembered, are not allowed to give fullness

THE THREE-CORNERED HAT

This hat as illustrated at the head of this page is a very dark-blue felt, bent in the received fashion, which, by the brim being wired, retains its shape. The decoration is a bunch of dark-blue feather pompons placed just in front. These are the only trimmings proper, and one should not be induced under any other circumstances to choose anything else, for then the correctness of the hat may be doubted. With this hat a special style of hair-dressing is advised; the front of the coiffure should show a fluffy bang, while in the back it is braided, looped and tied with a black ribbon in veritable Catogan fashion.

This shape, unlike many of the picture ones, is by no means difficult to wear, and it will be found becoming to almost any face. Again and again it must be borne in mind, however, overtrimming means the taking away of individuality and, that gone, it

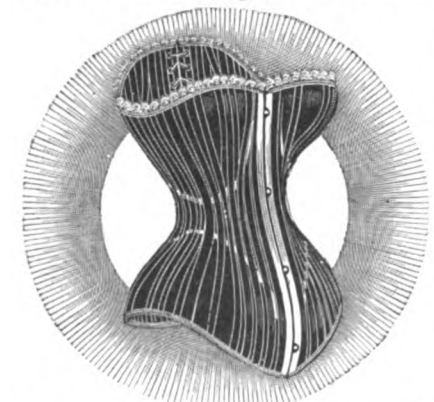


A SIMPLE STREET GOWN (Illus. No. 5)

becomes commonplace and without interest. A veil worn with this hat is decidedly out of place, and by-the-by, just remember that in putting on either hat or bonnet while there are many to which a veil seems well-suited, there is an equal number that were never intended to have veils worn with them, and on which a veil looks ridiculous. As the hair is worn at present, with a short rather than a long bang, it should not be difficult to keep it in order, even if the tiny bit of tulle, that is counted as so much protection, should have to be laid aside.

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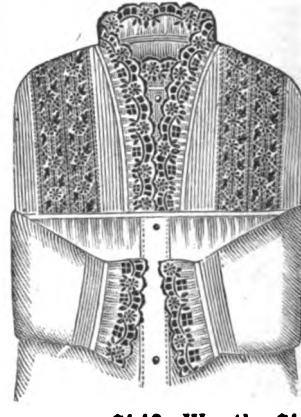
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FOR WOMAN'S WEAR  
EDITED BY MRS MALLON



EVERY woman likes to have pretty underwear, and it is counted as an evidence of lack of fine feeling for one's skirts, gowns, or any of the articles of lingerie not to be as fresh and prettily made as possible. To keep one's linen well, it is advised that a sachet fitting in the bureau drawers is made and filled with a clear, clean, wholesome perfume—orris, violet, or lavender being the most desirable; then, if you want to make your belongings still sweeter, get some bunches of dried lavender flowers and strew them here and there among the dainty things.



A PRETTY ROBE DE NUIT (Illus. No. 6)

There is no reason in the world why a night-dress or a petticoat may not be as pretty as is a costume or a bodice, for it may fit just as well, it may be made with as much care, and, after all, the most important part, handwork, may be done by yourself and cost you only time and trouble, while the pretty little ribbons, that go to make everything look so dainty, are really very inexpensive.

Very few women to-day use muslin for underwear; cambric costs but a penny or two more, is wider, cuts to better advantage and is more pleasant to wear. As for silk, this can be said in its favor: that it is extremely pleasant to the skin, is not very expensive if made up at home, and will wear, if properly laundered, for a long time. I say "laundered," for a cream-white, rose-pink, or pale-blue silk stands careful laundering as well as does lawn, cambric, or nainsook. Lawn, having a white ground with tiny polka dots, crescents, circles or stars in blue, scarlet or lavender, is also used for entire suits—that is, petticoat, night-dress and drawers.

THE TRIMMINGS LIKED

The great quantities of embroidery which used to be seen on underwear, are no longer in vogue, and a little lace deftly arranged, some ribbons easily removed, or, best of all, some fine decoration in the way of needlework, that is, feather or hemstitching, are very much liked. A good imitation of Valenciennes, Torchon, Maltese, Irish, or the coarse Russian lace, oftenest used, by-the-by, for cuffs and collars on silk night-dresses, are garnitures specially favored. Very few buttons are seen on night-gowns, the ribbon ties confining them; skirts have a narrow hem at the top through which a drawing-string is run, and as the fullness is all pushed to the back, there is nothing to interfere with the corset fitting over it. Drawers are short, broad and on a yoke with a drawing-string.

A PRETTY NIGHT-GOWN

(Illustration No. 6). This night-dress, which is made of cambric, can be developed in any of the materials described as suited for such garments. Its very simplicity is its beauty. It is laid, both in the back and front, in a series of tucks as illustrated, each one being hem-stitched by hand until the bust line is reached, when the material is allowed to flare and the necessary fullness is gained. The collar, which turns over, is not unlike a sailor one in shape, and is hem-stitched and tucked. The sleeves are slightly full and have tucked cuffs, sufficiently large to permit the hand to slip through. From under the collar come pale blue ribbon ties that are looped just in

front, and below them are two other sets of ties that confine the gown. Of course, these have to be removed when the night-dress visits the laundry, but as it is very easy to tack them to position when it returns, there is no reason why they should not be used and made to make the gown in which one sleeps and dreams a something beautiful.

In the spotted lawns, the ribbons would, of course, match the color of the figures, and where one had a number of such garments, the different kinds of ribbons used would make a very pretty effect.

ANOTHER DAINTY NIGHT-GOWN

(Illustration No. 7). Although in reality more simple to make than the gown just described, this one has a more elaborate air. It is of soft China silk, in a pale rose shade, and is made with absolute simplicity, the fullness at the neck being gathered in and then allowed to fall in the usual way. It is the decoration which makes the gown seem elaborate, and this decoration is nothing more than a collar of coarse, openwork embroidery, edged with a frill of point d'esprit lace. The cuffs correspond, the set being, in reality, just such a one as is sold for wearing outside one's bodices, but, as it can be gotten to fit well it is a simple way to make pretty a night-dress, and, when its turn comes to go to the laundry, the collar and cuffs may be removed, done up separately, with great care, and come back looking as good as new. A broad, pink ribbon comes from under the collar and is tied in long loops, while another one is below it.

Night-gowns with trains are not in vogue, those liked just barely touching the floor in the back, while the pretty bedroom slippers are seen from the front. It must be remembered that no decoration is as elegant, on any piece of underwear, as handwork, and the woman who can do this, is the one who can make her belongings much more exquisite than elaborate frills, lace or embroidery would ever do. If all the hems are hemstitched, if all the seams are carefully felled by hand, if the yoke, collar and cuffs are also hemstitched, then madame or mademoiselle has a night-dress which would cost a very pretty penny in the shops, but which can be made by her by doing a little work now, and a little then, until the time taken is absolutely not missed.

Speaking of bed-room slippers, the Turkish ones sold in the Oriental stores are most comfortable, as well as being extremely pretty. White, embroidered in silver or gold, scarlet in gold, black in gold or silver, blue in silver and brown in gold are among the contrasts. It is wisest to get them large for then they are easily assumed, and the much-to-be-dreaded cold is warded off. Expensive? About a dollar a pair. And really, unless they are white, a pair lasts for a very long time.

THE FASHIONABLE PETTICOAT

Is the one which fits well. It may be of silk, cambric, nainsook, or lawn, but it must be shapely in cut, must not tend to make the waist look larger, must draw the fullness well to the back and must not interfere with the walking of the wearer. Silk skirts are usually trimmed with pinked flounces of the same material, unless, indeed, one wishes to be very elegant, and has a black silk skirt trimmed with black lace. Point d'esprit frills about four inches deep and with a finish that does not necessitate a hem, are liked on all the wash skirts, and do up extremely well, standing the rough treatment, sometimes given to them, with great courage. Heavy embroidered flounces are no longer liked. On the printed lawn skirts, little frills of the same, three or four, one above the other, are fancied, the hem being a very flat and a very narrow one, so that a thick effect is not gained.

A TYPICAL PETTICOAT

(Illustration No. 8). White cambric is used for this petticoat which reaches just a little below the knee, and has for its finish a deep frill of point d'esprit lace. The front fits almost



A TYPICAL PETTICOAT (Illus. No. 8)

as closely as a sheath skirt, the fullness being drawn to the back by means of a casing that extends from each side across the back about midway of the skirt. It has an opening in the centre of the back formed by buttonholes, and from out of which come broad, pink ribbons that draw the fullness as it should be, and are then tied in a pretty way in the back. Instead of a waistband, a casing and drawing-strings are at the top, a narrower ribbon being used than that which is lower down on the skirt. This may be taken as the best type of skirt worn to-day, and it can be made in any material desired.

ABOUT THE CHEMISE

When chemises are worn, those with a round or pompadour neck outline and having no sleeves, are chosen. A very narrow frill of fine lace with a feather-stitching holding it in place, is the decoration liked.

However, a great many women no longer wear chemise, but instead choose the small silk vests that fit the figure so closely, keep one warm, and extend quite a distance below the waist. They may be gotten in all colors, though a distinct preference is shown for black. In wearing these it is best to have the black one laundered before it is worn, for then it will not be apt to stain the skin.

If one wishes one's bodice and skirt to fit properly, then care must be taken as to the arrangement of the underwear, and no thick gathers or bulky trimmings must cause wrinkles and misfits in the outer garments. A bodice always fits better if the corset is the last garment assumed, and for that matter so does a skirt, for the fullness about the waist is smoothed out by the stays. Good modistes usually request that the people they are fitting will, if possible, dress in this way. A corset that does not come together in the back, simply announces this fact to the world by imprinting its laces on the back of a bodice; and so for your own sake it is well to have the lacing come close together, and in putting in your strings lace under rather than over—the last is apt to announce itself. You know that the lack of thought about your lingerie makes itself known with unerring certainty.

ABOUT THE LAUNDRY

Every woman who has had beautiful underwear torn in the laundry by its being wrung too hard, or made as stiff as pasteboard with starch, knows exactly how sublime a thing it is to try and have her lingerie as pretty as possible and then see it treated as if it were a bit of iron. There is only one remedy for this; the laundress must understand that starch is an invention of the evil one's, and is only to be permitted for use in men's shirts. Give the order that you wish absolutely no starch put in your underwear, and, if it should happen to be silk, that the water must be squeezed, rather than wrung, out of it.

Silk is just as easy to wash as cambric, muslin, or any other material, but it does not require all the strength of the laundress to be given to it, nor does it need to be put in a wringing machine in company with heavy flannels, or stockings. It wants literally to have the water squeezed out of it and to be ironed while it is still a little damp, folded, and then put on a chair in front of the fire so it may dry thoroughly. We all know what it is to have lace tear because the laundress has been so generous with her starch, to have petticoats rattle until they seem an advertisement for some starch manufactory, and to have black stockings representing a magpie by flecks of starch on them. Make your laundress understand that if she uses too much starch she runs the chance, not only of losing you as a customer, but being hung as a witch, as was the woman who in Queen Elizabeth's time discovered the virtues (?) of the stiffening fluid.



A DAINTY NIGHT-DRESS (Illus. No. 7)

THE BRAID THAT IS KNOWN



THE WORLD AROUND.

Armada Zephyrs



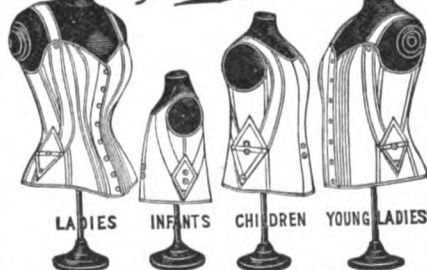
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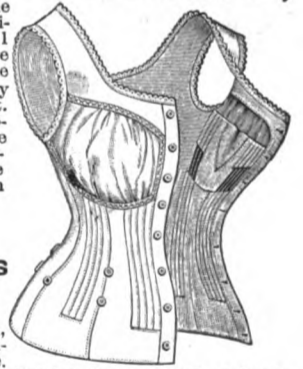
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**LET** us draw our chairs nearer together, my dear sisters, and have a cosy chat around our tea-table. These informal "afternoon teas" are so very delightful. One may feel so easy about the manner of serving the simple refreshment. A small table with a linen cover, either plain, or fringed, or embroidered, a few doilies, a tea-kettle over a spirit-lamp, a small tea-pot, a few pretty cups and saucers, a covered caddy, or something to take its place for holding the dry tea, a small sugar-bowl and cream pitcher, and a plate of sweet crackers, or, as the English say, "biscuit," having these you are ready for one friend or a dozen.

**THIS** form of hospitality gives a woman such a delightful chance to exercise her taste in small things, and to cultivate a charming grace. Such trifling additions to the table as a match-holder, and a place for the burnt matches, a tea-strainer, or a small saucer of sliced lemon for the woman who aims to be foreign in her fancies, give one, at small cost, an opportunity to show that indefinable thing called taste. Simplicity is the prime quality in a successful "afternoon tea," and when one has not all the dainty devices of the silversmith or the artistic potter, she may use what she has and be perfectly comfortable. Her own tact and cordiality will make the table beautiful. Tea is often ruined by long steeping, and boiling is an abuse. Boiling water poured on the tea leaves in a tea-pot already heated by being "rinsed out" with the hot water, should only be allowed to stand a very few moments, not more than two or three, before it becomes the drink which cheers.

**DEAR AUNT PATIENCE**—I think our corner has never been so enjoyable and comforting as at the present time. Each one of us has some annoyance (if it is not so serious as to be called "trouble") that seems sometimes more than we can bear, and it is really a great comfort to tell some one of it, even though it be to strangers in reality, but not strangers either, for we are all children of one Father, and thus a bond of sympathy seems to bind us together, which is, indeed, very pleasant to me.

Some one says, in speaking of education, that "if you are to do nothing but run a type-writer, or sell ribbons over the counter, your education will not be lost."

Now, I have been a stenographer, and can say from experience that there is no class of work that a woman is called to perform, where more is required of her, and where a larger, broader knowledge of everything is required. She must know how to spell correctly, punctuate correctly, have a good knowledge of geography (or else be continually seeking information as to where to send her letters, which will not be looked upon with favor in any office); in many instances she is required to keep at least a part of the books, must know how to re-compose her dictations, no matter how twisted and imperfect, that they may read smoothly, as her dictator intended they should read. This is only a beginning of what is required of one who "runs the type-writer." So no one must take it for granted that to run the type-writer is mere play, and invest what little money she may possess, in the hope of speedily occupying the positions which bring \$15.00 to \$30.00 per week. I have known girls to start out with that idea, with little or no education to start on, who have been obliged to give up after a hard trial at it, having wasted time and money.

Don't let this discourage any who are already at it; if they have the education to back it, and are willing to go forward, they will probably be able to earn a good living, but never without this good substantial education.

This is but a reiteration of what has been said before in respect to the necessity of thoroughness. It is astonishing how many people desire to do great things who have not learned to do the small things which are the foundation. I long to tell some of my sisters who talk of writing for the papers, that they really must be able to spell correctly and to have a little idea of the proper places for capital letters and for punctuation marks. The difficulty begins with the early training of children, and those of us who are deficient and are wise enough to know our deficiency, may save our children like misfortune by teaching them to be accurate and thorough.

**HERE** comes a troop of Chautauquans all eager to recommend the course:—J. B. H., 2029 Brandywine street, Philadelphia, wants to tell E. L. H. about her circle and the "query" which they find so beneficial. F. H. T. thinks that the Society to Encourage Studies at Home, 9 Park street, Boston, is a great help, where the Chautauqua course seems too long and difficult; but "Primrose," who has graduated after a four years' course, says: "One hardly misses the forty minutes a day if it is kept up regularly." She wishes there might be organized in our company a Busy-workers' Society, for keeping up with the current topics of the day and for exchanging thoughts suggested by daily reading. I wish there might.

We are quite honored by having a young gentleman in Minneapolis ask us to help him as we helped E. L. H., and no doubt he will find what he wants in what these friends say. It is always advantageous to work to a plan. Every good housekeeper knows that, and we are just learning that, outside of school walls,

it is well to have a plan of study or reading, and it seems to me that now there is an opportunity for mental improvement for every one who wishes it.

Almost every one of those who have sent a response to E. L. H. has expressed a desire to "help," and that is one of the pleasant features, I think, of these various plans; they seem to inspire an unselfish and generous feeling. It is impossible to hear from all our friends, but we must give time for one more Chautauquan.

**DEAR AUNT PATIENCE**—I want to advise E. L. H. to take the C. L. S. C. course. She will certainly enjoy it. By writing to Miss K. Kimball, Plainfield, N. J., she will get all the information she needs. I can't tell what a comfort and help it has been to me. I don't think E. L. H.'s time can be more occupied than mine is; and then the more work—real hard work—one has to do, the more need of good pure reading and study. Rising at 5.30, going five miles to my place of business, leaving there at 7 o'clock and getting home a little after seven, tired and weary and with mending and sewing to do after tea, you can see the day is a long, busy one. Saturday I'm kept until ten o'clock; so you see I'm a busy-body and the only time I have to read is on the street-cars, night and morning; yet I finished the course in four years and have since earned a few seats.

I find that it is only the busy working ones that have time for such pleasure; and reading in the cars reminds me of "our JOURNAL." Of course, I have to read it that way, and would suggest that it would be more convenient to handle it smaller and with more pages; it is almost impossible to read it in a crowded car, especially this time of year when folks wear so many wraps. I'm not finding fault, but could read it with more comfort if it was nearer the size of the "Chautauquan," and there may be other situations as I am.

I enjoy "Jotting" her quiet time for reading and resting and her freedom from interruption. I don't think I could be lonely on a "plantation," with a few that I loved and plenty to read and sew.

Well, I'm sure that I've written enough for the first time, and hope that E. L. H. will become a C. L. S. C., though she may not be able to join a Circle, she can enjoy it as a "lone member," for I did.

Ah! here is a problem, indeed! We have so much to print and so little space and we must not use any more small type than is strictly necessary. What shall we do? We must learn, for one thing, to be concise.

**Pardon me for writing to you, but you seem so kind that I can't but think you will help me.**

Do you know of any organization that sends out reading matter? If there is, please, tell me how I can have some sent to me?

We live in western Nebraska, and this entire country lost all their crops by a terrible drought, nothing even raised, so a dreadful winter confronts us. Under these circumstances, of course, I could not read the "Chautauquan" or any of the "JOURNALS" or any of the papers we formerly took, and you hardly realize the loneliness of it all now, as well as the hardness. The December number of LADIES' HOME JOURNAL was so full of love and good-will; that I thought even if you did not know of such a society, you might know some person who would send me a "JOURNAL" after reading them, or who might have old books or magazines on hand that she would gladly send me but I know how it would brighten one "poverty-stricken home!"

I do not know that I am right in making this personal appeal, but if I have translated your Christmas message too literally, forgive my troubling you.

(Mrs.) WM. A. W.

It pains me to see valuable reading matter thrown away. In my home, all the periodicals, newspapers and magazines, of which we have many, are gathered up and a weekly distribution is made of them. A roll of papers can be sent across the continent for a very small sum. In every home a list of isolated and lonely families could be kept to whom occasional packages of reading matter could be sent, a great deal of good could be done with very small outlay of trouble and money.

**DEAR SISTERS**—Have you ever thought that one of the great disturbers of home peace is fretting? What can be more annoying than to have some member of the household continually fretting about little things? There is always something to find fault with if we look for it, especially in housework and the care of children. It takes a good deal of stamula to avoid getting in a habit of being fretful, and there is nothing much worse for children than to be found fault with in that way; they soon develop the same disposition and thus it spreads through the whole household.

A good many of us would be astonished to be told we are habitually fretters; yet, when the nerves are overstrained from too much work or too close confinement, and the children are cross and quarrelsome, fretting is a luxury most of us are prone to indulge in. This habit, like other bad habits, grows stronger the more we indulge in it, until nothing is ever quite right and we are kept busy all the time fault-finding. How much extra load this makes for us to carry, those persons will know who have tried it. Mrs. Stowe says: "To be truly heroic in the insipid details of everyday life is a rare virtue." And I think her words are very true as there are few of us but succumb sometimes under the small annoyances of every day, and so help disturb the peace of our homes. The late Helen H. Jackson must have felt strongly on this subject when she wrote: "Men call fretting a minor fault—a fable, and not a vice. But there is no vice, except it be drunkenness, which can so utterly destroy the peace and happiness of a home."

It takes a cannot be said to encourage cultivating a cheerful disposition, for it can be cultivated; and what a comfort a cheerful sunny temper is in a household! How it lightens our cares and cheers our despondency! Do we not all know some persons whose very presence seems to brighten the room as soon as they enter, and we feel our own load grow lighter listening to their cheerful words? Of course, a disposition so nearly perfect can only be attained through great faith in God and much forgetfulness of self. We may not all attain to perfection, but we may all try for it.

"The music that can deepest reach—  
And cure all ills is cordial speech."  
C. S. D.

If all the fretfulness could be taken from our homes what a wonderful change it would make! Fretful children, fretful mothers and fretful fathers—alas! how many of them there are! And it is one of those misery-

producing, endless chains. Fretfulness in the father and in the mother, of course brings fretfulness in the children, and then fretful children make fretful fathers and mothers. The old question of "which comes first, the egg or the hen?" is repeated here with this difference, that it is evident that the parents must first subdue the fretfulness in themselves before they expect it to be accomplished in the children. If we realized how serene and healthful a temper the little child is endowed with at birth, who comes from parents serene and peaceful in spirit, there would be more care to avoid all disturbance of temper in the home. You say it is hard. Of course it is hard; but it is harder than to endure the misery which follows when the habit of fretfulness has once been allowed domination?

**DEAR AUNT PATIENCE**—I hope you will not think my letter out of place; if not, please answer through the JOURNAL. Moths have got into my carpet. I have not seen one, but they have cut it badly. What will keep them out? I would also like to know something of their habits. Do they live from one season to another, or do they only last one? S. P. S.

Moths do not live over—as destructive animals—from one season to another. The egg is laid by a miller, it is hatched, and the little larva finds its food lying just about it, and helps itself freely. Having grown to a proper size, it encases itself and remains quiet until the time for its emerging has come, and then it becomes a miller, to lay eggs again; or it is a beetle, as in the case of the "buffalo moth," which proceeds much in the same way. If you can secure your garments against the devastations of the egg-laying parent, or, if you can make the garment so unwholesome for the little worm when it is hatched as to prevent its life, your garment, or your carpet, is safe. I believe the surest way to protect against moths is to keep the things which are liable to injury from them, constantly clean and shaken. Care in sweeping the carpets around the edges, and frequent shaking of clothing, will be as safe a means as any. Where this is impossible, the garment should be put away when it is not in actual use (after careful brushing and beating), so securely that the miller or beetle will not find its way to it to deposit its eggs. For the destruction of eggs already laid, or larva already hatched, there is nothing so efficacious, I believe, as benzine; but it is a dangerous remedy. The sad experience of one of our number should be a warning. She destroyed a beautifully decorated and furnished room by a too careless use of benzine. I have always been aware that all fire must be removed from proximity to benzine, but in this case it is reported that friction caused the fire which was so destructive.

**DEAR AUNT PATIENCE**—If you were not Aunt Patience, but an unmarried woman, between forty and fifty, would you like to be called "aunt" by your "sisters, cousins and aunts," and everybody else whenever they have occasion to speak to you, or of you, in public street, store, church, everywhere, and always among strangers, children, servants, no matter who, it is always Aunt Carline? Would you like to be introduced at a social as Aunt Carline Smith?

To me it seems disrespectful, and I have had many pleasant occasions marred by being so designated. Any one of those offenders would be deeply indited should I call them aunt, even in private. To me it seems very ill-bred. Perhaps I am too sensitive. I wish an opinion given "Just Among Ourselves." I wish to know who is right, I, or my five hundred friends.

CARLINE SMITH.

The name "Aunt" has been associated in our household with so many beloved ones who have been angels of mercy in times of sickness, who have shared our labors and our joys that I cannot think of it as an unpleasant epithet. "Aunt Anne," "Aunt Mary," "Aunt Fannie," "Auntie Brokaw," "Auntie Bell," these with others are names so dear that I am unable to believe that in either case, though in some it was the common title of an unmarried woman, it could be considered as a taunt. I should cherish the name.

**DEAR AUNT PATIENCE**—Pardon me if this is presumptive in an African woman, who has a real desire to benefit her race. A goodly number of my sisters read and treasure your helpful words and put to practical use all improved household methods. Each is concerned about her personal appearance. What color shall I wear? Is a question according to her own complexion. A refined, colored woman of my acquaintance wears a serviceable and becoming dress, of material just the color of her skin, relieved with bright-colored trimmings. She does not idly wish her complexion lighter than nature intended, because she knows a clear, dark-brown skin, of velvety softness, is always admissible. She saves time and trouble by keeping one-third of her hair cut in the form of a bang; with the aid of a curler (to give the kinks a looser appearance) this is beautifully arranged. With outward adornment, my sisters, let us not forget inward grace, but aim to equal our fairer sisters in moral and social qualifications, as two distinct bodies of water rushing toward the same sea strive to bless the land through which we pass. QUADROON.

We gladly welcome this sister into our company. Her advice is equally good for us all. It is the inward grace which makes the most permanent outward beauty.

**DEAR AUNT PATIENCE**—I have been married nine years, and trying all that time to keep house, but can truthfully say I do not enjoy house-keeping. Mother always said work first and then read, but, my dear sisters, since I live in a house of my own, I just reverse it. I think a woman should read more and work less. I find reading keeps the spirits up. I read the JOURNAL, and I can learn more from one number of it than I can in my kitchen in a month. I enjoy writing for papers, but my husband objects. What am I to do with him? He is a good, kind husband, but he objects so strongly to that, that sometimes I think I will not try any more. MERTICA.

I am very much afraid your husband is right and that it would be better for you to spend more time in doing a housewife's duties faithfully and thoroughly. And I would also suggest that a little more study would be advantageous.

**DEAR AUNT PATIENCE**—Won't you let me sit down beside you and rest, while I have a little chat? Mr. Bak's advice to ladies about shopping made me think of an aunt of mine. She don't like it if I refuse to go shopping with her, and she wonders why the clerk don't seem to see her. But you wouldn't if you could stand, and hesitate, examine, and dawdle, and ponder, until the faces of the clerk's and mine are flushed with shame and indignation, and I wish I could take her by the hand and lead her out of that store to some bright spot where things are so dazzling and heavenly that she could not decide what she wants in a flash. There, Aunt Patience, I feel rested. Good-bye. M.

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When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.  
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.  
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Sound teeth, straight limbs and painless teething are ensured children who use  
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This remedy is made of the nutrient elements necessary to bone growth. Its use prevents or cures rickets, scald head, spasms, convulsions, St. Vitus' dance, scrofula, brain troubles, and all diseases incidental to the teething period. It is absolutely harmless. For sale by leading druggists. Send two-cent stamp for pamphlet "Teething Made Easy." THE REYNOLDS MFG. CO., CINCINNATI, O.

LADIES by the MILLION

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

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

THE BEST HOME GAME.  
ADAPTED FOR EITHER CHILDREN OR ADULTS

**\$350.00 IN 3 WEEKS** made by one lady you an independent business of YOUR OWN at which you can do the same. No capital required. Address WESTERN NOVELTY CO., Chillicothe, Ohio. Look Box 1366.

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**BARRY'S TRICOPHEROUS FOR THE Hair & Skin.**

An elegant dressing exquisitely perfumed, removes all impurities from the scalp, prevents baldness and gray hair, and causes the hair to grow Thick, Soft and Beautiful. Infallible for curing eruptions, diseases of the skin, glands and muscles, and quickly healing cuts, burns, bruises, sprains, &c. All Druggists or by Mail, 50 Cts. BARCLAY & CO., 44 Stone St. New York.







# THE PRACTICAL HOUSEKEEPER

EDITED AND CONDUCTED BY MRS. LOUISA KNAPP.



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

## MERELY HOUSEHOLD MACHINES

By Mrs. M. E. SANDFORD



EITHER sewing-machines or washing-machines, nor yet coffee-mills or egg-beaters, but women. Women whose lives run in such deep grooves and continuous lines that any effort to get them out threatens destruction to everything concerned.

Women whose washing must be done on Monday; ironing, Tuesday; baking, Wednesday, if the skies fall. Whose floors are spotless and whose tinware is a marvel; whose weekly mending is never a day behind; who would not let one of their children go with a button off their shoe for a thousand dollars, or take time to tell them a story for two thousand. Who follow their husbands about with a mop lest they leave a track on the entry floor; whose home their children's playmates always shun, and whose own children find the barn far pleasanter than the house, yet who would be greatly aggrieved if they were not called model mothers. Mothers! Bah! Machines is far nearer the mark.

The writer was personally acquainted with one of these human machines. Her household matters went like clock-work. Everybody rose at exactly such a time, and retired on the stroke of the clock; her meals were exactly on time; her kitchen was always in order; her butter was perfect and always commanded two cents more per pound than that of her neighbors. She called herself a Christian, but if the weather, which sometimes audaciously interfered with her plans, turned warm during Saturday night, and the cream reached the proper point for churning before Monday morning, churned it must be, lest she might lose the two cents extra per pound. She never went to church Sunday evenings, because she must get the clothes picked up and soaking, and the breakfast as nearly ready as possible for Monday morning; and yet that woman would talk about "keeping the Sabbath holy!"

Her only daughter, a young married lady, lived about six miles distant, and one bright morning when the churn dasher was dancing merrily up and down, and she was making mental calculations on having ten pounds of butter for which she would get twenty cents more than any other woman in the town, a messenger came saying that her daughter had been taken suddenly and seriously ill, and she must come at once if she wished to see her alive. She was greatly shocked and questioned the messenger closely, and decided that she would finish the churning before she started, for she knew if she left it to stand it would be spoiled. She arrived at her daughter's home just after she ceased to breathe; but then, she saved her butter! That woman is living to-day, and it is doubtful if she realizes that she did anything wrong—she is too much of a machine.

Another case, though not so bad, is that of a bright, pleasant young matron who has a family of five children under twelve years of age to care for, and yet imagines that her house ought to compare in order and neatness with those of her friends who have no children, and therefore nearly kills herself with overwork and worry; but she is often spoken of as that wonderful housekeeper and manager. A little three-year old in the family has a paralyzed arm, and the family physician has said that gentle rubbing and manipulations of the helpless member would tend to restore it. A friend coming in one day, asked if she was treating it as directed. "I don't have time; you know I am driven to death." And yet she finds time to keep her house in almost perfect order. Strange that dust and fly specks and stained silverware could appeal to her more strongly than that helpless little arm. If that boy grows to manhood carrying that useless hand at his side and learns that his mother might have given him two to fight life's battles with if she had not been so devoted to her housekeeping, what sort of reverence, think you, will he have for "Mother's way"?

Order is Heaven's first law, and is a most excellent law for earth, and a household run without it is a cheerless spot; but don't try to run any home by cast-iron rules, or try to make a merry, noisy, bounding boy or girl into an automaton; don't put the playthings off in some closet to come out once or twice a month, in order to keep the house tidy. Insist on each taking care of his own things, but do let them have a good time. Which child will have the happier recollection of his childhood—the boy whose busy mother has put aside her work and arranged a simple birthday supper for him with half a dozen playmates, or the one whose birthday occurring the following week, asked if he could invite his little friends to tea, received a sharp, "No indeed, to-morrow is my regular ironing day and I am not going to put it off to get supper for a lot of noisy boys?" Which mother, think you, will have the better influence over her boy at

fifteen? If a child's birthday comes on Monday, the neighborhood will be able to stand the shock if your washing goes over to the next day, and you devote yourself to making that day one that the child will never forget. Nonsense, do you say? Very well, say it; only, when the boys and girls get as far ahead of you as the East is from the West, and consider you an old fogy; when they grow to think it is not worth while to share their plans, thoughts and ideas with mother; when you see developed in them, perhaps, faults which are wrecking their lives, blemishes that your influence could once have smoothed away, then say "Nonsense," too, and be satisfied if you can.

If you can have help enough to keep your household machinery in perfect running order without making a machine of yourself, do so by all means; white floors are lovely, shining tinware is very fine, spotless windows and highly-polished silver are a delight; the mending basket, emptied every week is much to be desired, but there are things of more importance, and if it all depends on one pair of hands, one back and one set of nerves, for heaven's sake, for your own sake, for your children's sake, Don't.



CONTRIBUTED BY READERS OF THE JOURNAL



O a busy housewife it is the brief hint, given in few words, which is most helpful. And this fact has been borne in mind by the Editor in presenting the little "helps" given below. While to some they may, perhaps, prove familiar, to others, and especially to the young

housewife, they will possess freshness and a helpful interest:

### SOME TABLE-LINEN HINTS

Do not use a table-cloth a whole week, or a napkin after its freshness is gone.

Soiled table-linen will spoil the daintiest dishes. If I did not know that scores of housekeepers, with plenty of money for all household expenses, are absolutely stingy in regard to the use of table-cloths, I would not dare to write these lines. Think of a wife not denying her family any delicacy of the season and sending many superfluous articles each week to the laundry, yet compelling her family to sit around a soiled table-cloth five or six days of the week, and providing only one or two napkins for seven days. It seems incredible, but I know it to be true.

Even in small families the cloth should be changed two or three times in a week, and the napkins once every day or two at least.

Table-linen should be ironed until perfectly dry, and folded lengthwise, with the edges even.

### ABOUT STARCHING CLOTHES

I had a "new girl" a short time since, and chancing in the laundry saw her preparing to hang out her clothes without starching. Now, I had always been accustomed to starching dresses, underwear, skirts, etc., in boiled starch, when they were taken from the bluing water. So I asked her when she starched the clothes: "Not until they are dry, ma'am; that is the way I have been taught." I only said "Very well," and waited the result. When the clothes were well dried she took her bowl of starch out into the yard, took down the garments to be starched; one by one starched them and replaced them on the line. I have found that this method requires but little more time or labor, that considerably less starch is used, and the starch never sticks to the irons. In short, my clothes have never looked so well as at the present time, though I have had just as painstaking a laundress.

INEZ REDDING.

### WHEN YOU CLEAN THE STOVE

THE kitchen stove can be cleaned with newspapers; but when cleaning the stove do it thoroughly. I have been in kitchens where the top of the stove received a daily polish, but the sides were covered with grease and dust, and the opening of the oven doors revealed a sight far from pleasant.

Let the oven be often thoroughly cleaned with a brush kept for the purpose, then nicely washed, and your bread and cakes will have a purer flavor.

Never leave dust, or grease, or remains of former bakings upon your oven doors. A newspaper will remove nearly all of these; a wet cloth will complete the cleaning.

In cleaning the cook-stove do not forget to keep the pipe clean within and without,—an important point to bear in mind.



There are two ways to do it—one natural, the other unnatural. NATURE says:—boil the garments, and all dirt with the oily exudations of the body, can then be easily removed by a single effort with a pure soap like Ivory. ARTIFICE says:—save labor and fuel by a highly-chemicalled washing compound used in cold water.

The clothes always tell the story. They last from 4 to 9 times as long when Nature has her way with Ivory Soap.

### A WORD OF WARNING.

There are many white soaps, each represented to be "just as good as the 'Ivory';" they ARE NOT, but like all counterfeits, lack the peculiar and remarkable qualities of the genuine. Ask for "Ivory" Soap and insist upon getting it.

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### TO KEEP FURNITURE LOOKING CLEAN

By D. T. K.



ANY housekeepers are often at a great loss in knowing how to keep varnished furniture, and the kind generally known as "oil-finished" looking fresh and new, without going to the expense of having it re-varnished or gone over by a finisher. There are several

preparations to be found in stores, recommended for that purpose; but as all of them, that I have seen, have spirits of turpentine as an ingredient, they fail in their purpose. If any of your numerous lady readers will copy and use the receipt and directions I give below, she will always have her furniture looking new and bright. After thoroughly dusting the article and cleaning off whatever specks may be on it, she should mix and apply the following:—Take one teaspoonful of pure cider-vinegar, and add it to one gill of pure raw linseed oil. Shake thoroughly until mixed. Apply with a soft woolen rag, rubbing gently. It is only necessary to dampen the rag with the mixture and not to thoroughly wet it. It soon dries and leaves the article with a bright new face. This preparation has the advantage of not gumming—as oil alone will do—but giving a fresh look to every article of furniture it is applied to. Grained or stained work can be freshened up in the same manner. White spots, so disfiguring to furniture, can also be removed with the same preparation. Many housekeepers use coal-oil or turpentine to rub their furniture with, but either one will soon destroy the gloss.

In this connection I will say a few words about staining floors to those of your readers who live outside of the city and large towns, and who have frequently to do such things themselves. If it is desired to oil or stain a floor, it will look much better with one coat of stain if you first go all over it with ordinary coal-oil. After that has dried in, which in summer time will generally take, on an ordinary pine floor, about half a day, you can then apply the stain. In countries where the soil is a yellow or red clay, the following makes the most desirable floor stain. To a quart of boiled linseed oil add about one and a-half ounce of raw sienna. According as you want the depth of a color you can add more sienna. If a darker stain is desired, to the same quantity of oil one ounce of burnt umber can be used. If a piece of yellow bees'-wax, the size of a small nutmeg, is added and the oil boiled before adding the coloring matter, the floor will have a glossy look.

I. L. Cragin & Co., of Phila., the mfrs. of Dobbins' Electric Soap, say they would rather close up their immense works than to put one grain of adulteration in their Dobbins' Electric Soap. Would that all were as honest.

### GOOD NEWS TO LADIES.

Entire New Departure. Handsome Present to Every Customer.

Greatest offer. Now's your time to get orders for our celebrated Teas, Coffees and Baking Powder, and secure a beautiful Gold Band or Moss Rose China Tea Set, Dinner Set, Gold Band Moss Rose Toilet Set, Watch, Brass Lamp, Castor, or Webster's Dictionary. 3 1/2 lbs. Fine Tea by Mail on receipt of \$2.00 and this "ad."

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO., P. O. Box 289. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, New York.

### ABOUT MILK.

Dipping milk out of cans peddled about the street, subject to dust and rain and drip from the reins and hands of the driver, is unhealthy and dirty.

Ask your dealer in every place to use the WHITE-MAN MILK JARS.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE, FREE,

and give it to them. You will never have it the old way again. Samples, 25 cts.

A. V. WHITEMAN,

144 Chambers Street, N. Y. Patented, April 17, '88.

For the Sick a nourishing health restoring Food.

**JOHNSTON'S**

**FLUID**

**BEEF**

Sold by Druggists generally.

For the Well a delicious stock for Soup.

### HOW to use the CHAFING-DISH.

We shall be glad to mail, on request, a little volume containing twenty-eight suggestions of dainty dishes, which can be cooked in the Chafing-Dish.

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO., Meriden, Conn. NEW YORK. CHICAGO. SAN FRANCISCO.

10 Pkts. Flower Seeds, 10c. 5 Pkts. Vegetable Seeds, 10c. Cat. free. J. J. BELL, Windsor, N. Y.



THE PRACTICAL HOUSEKEEPER EDITED AND CONDUCTED BY MRS. LOUISA KNAPP



MRS. KNAPP cordially invites the JOURNAL sisters to send her any new receipt or idea for kitchen or table. All such accepted will be paid for at liberal rates.

TWELVE LENTEN LUNCHESES TO BE CONTRIBUTED IN TWO PRACTICAL AND SIMPLE PAPERS

BY ELLEN CONWAY

FIRST PAPER



THE menus for simple luncheons given below are an attempt to solve the problem, which always confronts the housekeeper, how to compass variety without additional expense.

Lenten and Friday use, but as an agreeable change from the meat and potato, cake and "sauce" which is the midday portion of so many families.

Sardines. Egg Sandwiches. Lemon Pudding. Fruit. Hard Sauce.

SARDINES—Open the box carefully with a key, remove the lid and set the box on a plate, providing a silver fork to serve with.

EGG SANDWICHES—Chop hard-boiled eggs fine with a cucumber pickle, large or small, according to the number of eggs.

LEMON PUDDING—Pour a quart of boiling milk over a pint and a half of bread crumbs. Put the mixture into a buttered pudding dish, stir in a teaspoonful of salt, cover closely with a plate, and let it stand half an hour.

LEMON SAUCE—Six tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, two tablespoonfuls of butter and one tablespoonful of lemon-juice, beaten until smooth.

Macaroni. Salmon Salad. Toasted Crackers. Baked Apples. Gold Cake.

SALMON SALAD—Free the contents of a can of salmon from skin and bone, and arrange them on a bed of lettuce leaves.

MACARONI—Break macaroni or spaghetti into inch lengths. Boil it fast in salted boiling water for fifteen minutes.

BAKED CRACKERS—Split Boston crackers and toast them until brown over a hot fire, or better, toast them lightly, and brown them in a hot oven.

BAKED APPLES—Wash large, sour apples and cut out the blossom end. Arrange them standing up in a baking dish.

GOLD CAKE—Rub a generous half cup of butter to a cream, add a teaspoonful of powdered sugar, the beaten yolks of four eggs, and half a cup of milk, in the order given.

WHITE ICING—Stir into the unbeaten white of an egg, confectioner's sugar sufficient to make a paste stiff enough to mold with your fingers.

Plain Omelette. Tomato Toast. Prune Jelly. Pound-Cake.

PLAIN OMELETTE—Break six eggs into a bowl, beat them very light and add six tablespoonfuls of hot water.

TOMATO TOAST—Stew a quart of tomatoes cut into small pieces, until you can mash them smooth with a spoon, and season them with butter, pepper and salt, and pour them over slices of buttered toast.

PRUNE JELLY—Soak a pound of prunes in a quart of water three hours. Drain them and strain the water in which you soaked them.

POUND-CAKE—Beat a pound of butter to a cream, stir in a pound of sifted powdered sugar, and the rind and juice of a lemon.

Pickled Fish. Egg Salad. Strawberry Shortcake. Toast.

PICKLED FISH—Pick any kind of cold boiled fish to pieces, and cover it with vinegar, to which you have added salt and pepper.

EGG SALAD—Arrange a bed of celery or lettuce leaves on a platter. Boil six fresh eggs seven minutes.

STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE—Sift together two cupfuls of flour, half a teaspoonful of baking-powder, and half a teaspoonful of salt.

MAYONNAISE OF COD—Pick cold boiled cod into large flakes; cover it with a mayonnaise dressing, garnishing it with cold boiled eggs cut in slices.

DEEP APPLE PIE—Fill a deep baking dish with tart apples, sliced and sprinkled liberally with sugar and nutmeg, and little bits of butter.

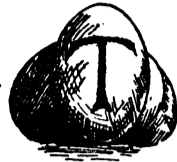
RICE CROQUETTES—Boil half a cup of milk and stir into it a cup of cold, boiled rice, a tablespoonful of butter, and half a teaspoonful of salt.

DEEP APPLE PIE—Fill a deep baking dish with tart apples, sliced and sprinkled liberally with sugar and nutmeg, and little bits of butter.

THE second paper, including the seven remaining luncheSES, will appear in the next number of the Journal.

A NEST OF EASTER EGGS A REALLY BEAUTIFUL AND DELICIOUS DISH

BY REBECCA CAMERON



THE materials required are calf's-foot jelly, preserved lemon-peel blanc-mange, and egg-shells. My grandma always made it a day or two in advance, because it is troublesome and takes time.

Make the blanc-mange as follows: Put a pint of cold water in one ounce of Cooper's gelatine, and let stand two hours.

Divide the mixture into three parts; color one part pink with raspberry jelly, or poke-berry syrup, or with a few grains of cochineal dissolved in alcohol.

Take as many eggs as you wish to have in your nest. A number divisible by three, allowing one for each person, and a few over for "Mr. Manners."

To preserve the lemon-peel squeeze the juice from a dozen lemons, quarter the rinds, trim all the white out of them, and slice them into strips as large as a straw.

Under any conditions of serving, however, a hen's nest is a most beautiful dish for dessert, and appropriate to Easter symbolism.

HOUSEKEEPERS BATTLE

to exterminate the moth, but a worthless article called "silver polish" will do equal damage by scratching and wearing silverware, and in both cases the ruin is often unknown till complete.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878

W. BAKER & CO.'S Breakfast Cocoa



from which the excess of oil has been removed, is absolutely pure and it is soluble.

No Chemicals are used in its preparation. It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup.

Sold by Grocers everywhere. W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

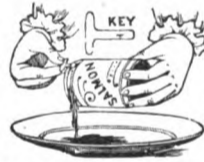
I have sold exclusively for the last thirty years BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS Acknowledged to be the BEST. Dec. 2, 1890. DAVID NICHOLSON, St. Louis.

Have you

seen the new steel cooking utensils that are delighting every good housekeeper? Ask your dealer for "NEVER-BREAK" Spiders, Stew Pans, Griddles, and Kettles.

THE BRONSON SUPPLY CO., Cleveland, O.

DO YOU EAT CANNED SALMON?



Ask your Grocer for it, with KEY ATTACHMENT. A child can open a can with the key. No more cut fingers with ragged Tin or Can openers.

Advertisement for PERFECTION FLOUR BIN AND SIEVE. EVERY HOUSEKEEPER NEEDS THE PERFECTION. A HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY. No Home Complete Without It. Simple To Use. Never Wears Out.

Advertisement for BABY CARRIAGES! I make a specialty of manufacturing Baby Carriages to sell direct to private parties. You can, therefore, do better with me than with a dealer.

Advertisement for BUY THE WRINGER THAT SAVES THE MOST LABOR OUR PURCHASE GEAR. The most labor saving wringer. Does not GREASE the CLOTHES. Also "DAISY" and "VOLUNTEER" WRINGERS.

YOU WANT THE BEST, THE MOST CONVENIENT AND ECONOMICAL, INSIST ON HAVING THE GEM AND SEE THAT IT IS LABELED IN RED!

Advertisement for THE GEM TEA CO. TO CONSUMERS OF TEA, COFFEE, SPICES and Extracts. THE LONDON TEA CO., 811 Washington Street, BOSTON. TAKE AN AGENCY for the Best Utensils in the universe. DAGGETT'S SELF-BASTING PAN.

ARMOUR'S EXTRACT OF BEEF

The best and most economical "stock" for Soups, Sauces, Beef Tea, Etc.

ARMOUR & CO., Chicago, Sole Mfrs.

TO CONSUMERS OF TEA, COFFEE, SPICES and Extracts. THE LONDON TEA CO., 811 Washington Street, BOSTON.

TAKE AN AGENCY for the Best Utensils in the universe. DAGGETT'S SELF-BASTING PAN. Needed in every family. SAVES 20 Per Cent. in Roasting, and Saves the Best Bread in the world. Address for terms W. A. DAGGETT & CO., Vineland, N. J. or Western Office, 184 E. Indiana St., Chicago.





ABOUT PUNISHING CHILDREN



THE question of correction is one of the most difficult with which a mother has to deal.

SHE must begin with herself and learn self-control, if she has not already acquired it.

EVERY one who has had to struggle with a naturally quick temper, knows how overwhelming is the first rush of passion.

A SULKY child is even harder to manage than a passionate one. It seems as if a veritable demon took possession of the poor little soul.

A MOTHER should be careful to make only reasonable demands upon her child's obedience, but, when once made, to enforce them implicitly.

CHILDREN are quick to feel injustice. Often the poor little things do not mean to do wrong, and are surprised at being punished for some unintentional offense.

THERE seems to be only one way for children as for their elders to learn obedience—"by the things which they suffer."

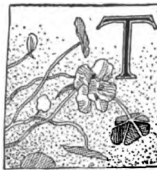
With older children corporal punishment should be reserved for aggravated cases of cruelty or falsehood.

A CHILD should never be struck in anger. A box on the ear may rupture the membrane that forms the drum, and cause permanent deafness.

ELIZABETH ROBINSON SCOVIL.

TWO GAMES FOR CHILDREN

By L. V. P.



TWO pretty games for little children are the wool-ball and feather game. For the first, let the children sit around a table, upon which is the wool-ball, made of soft picked wool of various colors.

Blow high, blow low, Blow soft, blow slow; We'll win our cockades And away we'll go.

But the best game after all, is the old-fashioned one of blowing bubbles. To make them bright-colored, add a teaspoonful or two of glycerine to the soapsuds.

Suspension, expansion, reflection are all illustrated by the shining bubble; the globe hanging from a central point, gradually growing larger and larger as the air is forced into it through the pipe stem.

DONT'S FOR YOUNG MOTHERS.

By FANNIE L. FANCHER

DON'T do everything for the baby, that everybody recommends.

Don't dose it with soothing syrup.

Don't give peppermint teas for its nerves.

Don't give tapioca, cornstarch or potatoes, since, without thorough mastication, starchy viands are difficult to digest.

Don't give meats of any kind. The Divine injunction is: Milk for babes.

Don't fail to form, early in its little life, a habit of regularity in nursing—from one to two hours is sufficiently often during the first few months.

Don't offer nature's fount every time the baby cries. A too full stomach is doubtless the cause of its pain.

Don't use the baby foods advertised unless recommended by those who have proved their merits, and even then they might not agree with your child.

Don't bind too tightly; Nature will keep the baby from falling apart.

Don't dose with castor oil; but for constipation gently rub the abdomen. If delicate and emaciated, anointing with olive oil, after the usual bath, will prove beneficial.

Don't forget to give a drink of cold water at frequent intervals, if teething; it is very grateful to the fevered gums.

Don't allow a child to tear or destroy anything for amusement. I have seen mothers give old papers and books to their babies, thereby teaching a wholesale destruction of such things.

Don't attempt to bring up your child without seeking Divine assistance.



HOW TO CARE FOR A HOT-WATER BAG

Can you tell me how to take care of a rubber water bottle when not in use? Mine always sticks together and is very hard to pull apart.

After using, hang it up by the bottom, and drain until perfectly dry; then partially fill it with air and screw on the top.

HOW CAN SHE CURE THIS HABIT?

I wonder if some of the JOURNAL Sisters cannot help another troubled mother, as well as they did "John's Wife." I have a little girl, aged one year and seven months, who began when a tiny baby to suck her thumb.

HEALING A BABY'S WEAK EYES

My third baby had very sore eyes. I tried many things, but they were sore so long I was afraid she would become one of those miserable things of milk, either cow's or breast milk, and put one drop of laudanum in it and wiped baby's eyes with it.

HOW CAN CROUP BE PREVENTED AND CURED?

Will some of the mothers having children subject to croup, give some remedies, and what will prevent an attack?

FREEDOM FOR THE LITTLE ONES

When my baby was three weeks old I left off the band altogether. At night he wore a flannel night-dress and diaper; during the day, the diaper, long-sleeved flannel shirt and little slip.

ABOUT TRAINING OF CHILDREN

I have repeatedly been asked: "What makes your boys so good?" My answer is, "Their training."

KNITTED PORTIERES

We have made several curtain portieres, and curtains to hang before book-cases, of the scrap silk, but instead of sending them to be woven, we have knit them on large needles—wooden ones as large as can be got—about half a yard long in common garter stitch.

THE BABY'S CLOTHES.

In answer to "Mary's" six night slips, three day petticoats, three night petticoats of flannel, three white skirts made with narrow bands to button on, and six of the flannel petticoat, six knitted bands, and six cambric or muslin flannel wrappers and four dozen diapers would be the necessary number of clothes for a baby.

REPLY TO G. W. E.

My eldest boy has been nearly cured of the habit by taking him up at ten every night (he goes to bed at seven) and during the night, if I chance to be awake, I also give him three drops of glycerine.



To any Mother sending us her name and address on a postal card, we will send you sample tins of Nestle's Milk Food, sufficient for four meals.

Advertisement for 'FERRIS' CELEBRATED GOOD SENSE Corset Waists FAST BLACK. Includes an illustration of a woman in a corset.

The following extract is from a letter to the "Home Journal" in the December La Home Journal.

"I had tried many of the commonly used remedies for croup but without success. On being referred to my physician, he recommended Lazell's Lycodine, which powder has proved most beneficial to my baby; and since commencing its daily use I have had no trouble in keeping his skin in a perfectly healthy condition.

Advertisement for 'MISPAH' VALVE PLES. Includes an illustration of a valve.

INFANT'S HEALTH WAIST. New style baby's waist. Short clothes 25 cent. 50c direction of material required.

BABY WARDROBE PATTERNS. Complete outfit, 25 improved infants' clothes. Also 26 of short clothes with full directions for making, amount material, by mail, sealed, 56 cents.

WARD ROBE PATTERNS. Of every garment re-improved styles; per-20 cent. outfit, 25 cent. 50c; shorts, 25 cent. 50c; by professional nurse, and portfolio of baby free, with each. New England Pattern Co.

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EVERY MOTHER Should Have It in The House. Dropped on Sugar, Children's Food, to take Johnson's ANOTHER LANTERN for a... Boston, Mass. Sold everywhere. Price 50c by mail, 60c. Express paid, \$2. L.S. JOHNSON & CO., Lowell, Mass.





EDITED AND CONDUCTED BY EBEN E. REXFORD.



HOW FOR THE MONTH

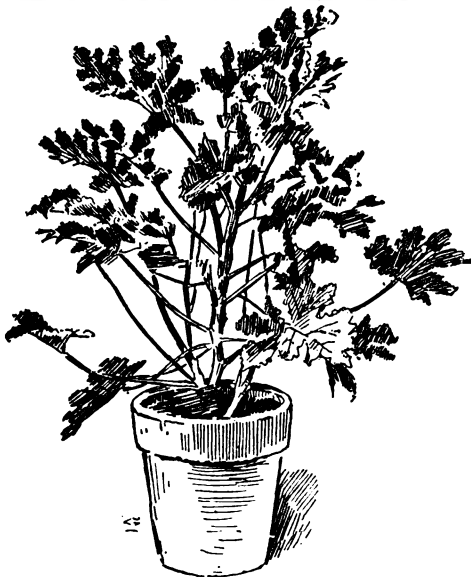
THE best time for starting cuttings of plants, for out-door use by now, is the present. In every collection there will be old plants which can be cut up in such a manner as to make many cuttings or slips, and not one in a hundred of these need be lost, if proper attention is given them. One average-size geranium will often furnish enough young plants to fill quite a bed in the garden, and March cuttings will become quite as large plants by planting-out time as those generally bought of florists. If you do not care to cut up the entire plant, go over it and select superfluous branches which can be removed without injury to the plant, and make cuttings of them. In many instances, the removal of part of the branches will be of benefit to the plant, as most plants do better when pruned or cut back occasionally. Geraniums, heliotropes, lantanas, and abutilons are found in almost every collection of window-plants, and these are our best bedders.

I HAVE a great deal of giving cuttings proper attention. By this I mean not only care, but the method of starting them. I have often given my way of doing this, but as inquiries are constantly coming in from new subscribers as to the best manner of starting plants from slips, I will give it again. I take a shallow vessel—it does not matter what it is, if it is tight enough to prevent water from draining off as fast as applied—and put into it about two inches of clear sand. The sharper it is the better. Water well to settle it. When a hard and compact, insert your cuttings in it, pressing it firmly about the base of them. If the end comes in contact with the bottom of the dish, no harm is done. In fact, deep planting is preferable to shallow planting, so far as cuttings are concerned. Put the dish in a warm place, and see that it is kept warm, for a steady, even heat, greatly assists the development of roots. See, also, that the sand is never allowed to get dry. This is a most important item. If the soil in which your cuttings are, once gets really dry, you might as well throw them out and begin over. It may be necessary to apply water twice a day, as moisture evaporates rapidly from sand, because of its porosity. If you use a box, or pot, a pane of glass can be placed over it, and much of the moisture retained, thus making it unnecessary to water so frequently. Most plants will form roots in a week, and begin to make new leaves. In geraniums, coleuses and heliotropes often seem to keep on growing all the time. Do not attempt to remove the cuttings until they have made an inch or two of growth, or five or six new leaves.

FUCHSIAS ought to be coming into bloom by the latter part of this month. If large plants are desired, do not allow them to blossom freely now, but pinch off most of the buds, and feed the plants well with liquid manure. Shift to larger pots, if the old pots become filled with roots. Shower all over once a day. I know of no plant which receives more benefit from the liberal application of water to its foliage. It seems to drink in moisture through the pores of its leaves. Give the sunshine of the early part of the day, and take care that the soil in the pot never becomes dry. But be sure that every pot containing a Fuchsia is drained well. If the soil becomes sour or soggy from the retention of too much water, the plants often drop their buds, and sometimes their leaves. The same thing happens if not enough water is given. While the Fuchsia is one of the most easily grown plants we have, if proper attention is given, it insists on having that attention given, and will disappoint you if neglected. It won't stand the treatment under which a geranium flourishes, but it is as easily grown if one "goes at it in the right way."

ARE you going to plant shrubbery this spring? Then study up the characteristics of the various shrubs before making a selection. Consider the place you have for them, and the effects you desire to secure from them, and select accordingly. You don't want a rampant grower for a tiny corner, or a low grower for a wide opening; but unless you have some knowledge of the habits of the shrubs named in your catalogue you will be likely to make a wrong selection. Always select a plant which seems adapted to the place you have for it. This is one of the secrets of success in forming pleasant yards. You must work intelligently if you would have satisfactory results.

THE last sentence in the above paragraph will apply to the making of a flower-garden. One great reason why so many gardens are unsatisfactory is—the maker has no definite idea of what to do. She wants a garden, but how to secure a pleasing one is something she hasn't studied on. She selects a lot of flower-seed, plants it in a promiscuous fashion, and the result is a garden



THE ROSE-LEAVED GERANIUM PLANT

more noticeable for "bizarre" effects than tasteful combinations. In order to make a pretty garden, study up about the plants you propose to use. Select them because of their being adapted to the location and exposure. In brief—bring to bear on the flower-garden the same amount of thought you give to the making of a new dress or the arrangement of your rooms, and the result will be pretty likely to afford you both satisfaction and much pleasure.

FRAGRANT-LEAVED GERANIUMS

EVERY collection of plants ought to include some of the fragrant-leaved Geraniums. They are not only beautiful among flowering plants, on account of their foliage, which furnishes a fine background for the display of flowers, but are extremely useful for cutting from, for use in small bouquets. And, if properly trained, they make excellent large plants for the decoration of a window, because of their symmetrical shape, and the delicate beauty of their foliage. A two or three-year-old Rose Geranium ought to stand at least four feet high, and reach across quite a wide window, and one such plant is worth a score of ordinary plants.

The Rose variety has leaves of delicious fragrance, and is perhaps the best known sort. It can be grown as a small tree, or in shrubby form, as suits the taste of the owner. If preferred in the shape of a tree, care must be taken to keep it from branching until the main stalk has reached a height of two feet. Then pinch off the top, and allow half-a-dozen branches to start at the top of the stalk, breaking off all that start below. When these branches have made a growth of six inches, nip off the ends of them, and other branches will start along them, and in this way you soon secure the foundation for a close, compact head to your little tree. If you prefer the shrub form, nip off the top of the plant six inches from the surface of the soil, and allow branches to be sent up from the base of the plant. The Rose variety is exceedingly tractable, and a well-grown specimen is a beautiful object.

The Dr. Livingston variety has leaves something like the Rose variety in shape, but they are much more finely cut; indeed, they have a fern-like delicacy which makes them extremely valuable as decorative plants when well-grown, and their leaves add just the airy, graceful finish which a small bouquet needs to make it charming without being heavy or clumsy in effect. It has a fashion of slender branching which adds to its pleasing effect. Indeed, its branches often take on a drooping habit, and fall below the pot on all sides, while the main stalk has an upright character quite at variance with the droop of the branches.

The variegated Rose Geranium is a small-growing plant, having foliage of a pale green, edged and blotched with white. Like all variegated plants, it is not of as robust growth as could be desired, but when well-grown it is a most charming plant for the decoration of a window, and one or two of its leaves are very effective in a small bouquet.

*Fernifolia* is perhaps the most beautiful of all the fragrant-leaved Geraniums. Its foliage is quite as delicate and filmy as that of the fern, and a few of its leaves give a moss-rose effect to a cluster of flowers, when used with them. In order to make it a good plant for the window, it must be cut back severely during the first year of its life, thus securing compactness by inducing as many branches as possible to start from the main stalk.

The Apple Geranium has leaves unlike the other fragrant kinds. They are shaped nearly like those of the tozale, or flowering section. They have a delightfully spicy odor. This variety is a low grower.

The Nutmeg Geranium resembles the Apple very much in all respects save that of fragrance. Good for the window garden where a small, low plant is wanted.

The Lemon and Musk varieties are much like the Rose in habit of growth, and shape of leaf, but have coarser foliage, and their odors have in them the peculiar qualities indicated by their respective names.

All these Geraniums, with the exception of the Apple, are easily grown from cuttings. The Apple does not strike readily, and is generally raised from seed.

If you want to cut freely from any of these during the summer, put out a plant of each in the open ground, and you will be surprised at the strong growth it will make. A small plant will soon develop into one of good size, and furnish all the foliage you care to use in bouquets for home use or your friends.

FIVE OLD BUT POPULAR PLANTS

PINKS are not grown as much as they ought to be. Why? I can't say, for every one who likes flowers has a fondness for them. Perhaps it is because most persons consider them difficult to grow well, but they are not at all difficult to grow, if a little attention in the matter of protection in winter is given. The Picotees are almost equal to the Carnations of the greenhouse in size, beauty and fragrance, and are much freer bloomers. Clove or Spice Pinks are not only beautiful and sweet, but are very useful for edging beds and borders.



A BUNCH OF FREE-GROWING CARNATION PINKS

SWEET WILLIAMS

The old Sweet Williams have a new lease of popularity of late. They deserve it. I am always glad when a meritorious flower, which has been cramed into a corner by up-start rivals, regains its claim on the affection of the flower-lover. The Sweet William used to be in every garden, but in the rage for "something new" which has prevailed, it was neglected. After trying the new kinds which came before us with a great flourish of trumpets, we have seen that most of them, really had no merit in them, and we have repented our desertion of old friends, and seek to atone for our neglect by being friendlier to them than ever. This plant is excellent for front rows and for edgings. It comes in rich colors, and is both single and double.

PENSTEMON

This is a very beautiful flower. It grows to a height of three feet. Its flowers are trumpet-shaped, pendant and arranged in spikes. They are mostly pink, beautifully spotted with white or dark red. Not hardy enough to stand our winters without good covering.

PERENNIAL PHLOX

This plant is to the herbaceous garden what the geranium is to the window-garden—hardy, free-flowering and of the easiest cultivation. It comes into bloom in July and August, and continues until the latter part of September. It grows to a height of three feet, and a foot of the upper portion of the stalk will be completely covered with flowers of about the size of a silver half-dollar. The colors range through all shades of red, crimson, pink, mauve and purple to the purest milk-white. Some varieties are striped with contrasting colors, while other varieties are marked in the centre, or on the base of each petal. No flower gives a more brilliant effect. Those who have never grown it will be surprised at the results to be obtained from planting it in masses or in rows, with the colors arranged in such a manner as to bring out the beauty of each by striking contrast. A most beautiful bed is made by planting rose-colored varieties in the centre with white ones on the outside. The plants form strong roots, which can be divided, from time to time, until one has as many plants as she cares for.

AQUILEGIA

This is what our grandmothers used to call Columbine, or Honeysuckle. It grows about two feet high, and produces its peculiarly-shaped flowers on slender, branching stalks, lifted above very pretty, dark green foliage. Colors, yellow, orange, red, blue and white, with varieties having two or more colors combined. Single and double. Excellent for front rows in a border of herbaceous plants.



# FLORAL HELPS AND HINTS

## "HOLIDAY CACTUS"

F. E. S.—I do not know what the "Holiday Cactus" is.

## PHLOX FOR BORDER

S. B.—Nothing is better among hardy plants than the herbaceous Phloxes. Iris is fine. The Hibiscus cannot be depended on. I would not advise you to patronize the firm named, as I am constantly in receipt of complaints about its manner of doing business. Something wrong, evidently.

## PINEAPPLE

Mrs. E. C. W. sends leaf of plant locally known as "Pineapple." It is a Salvia. Start young plants in fall for wintering over. It blossoms, but is grown more for its leaves than for its flowers.

## RHODODENDRONS.—FARFREGIUMS

C. SHULL.—The first-named plant is hardy at the North if protected by shading. The latter flourishes in same soil as a Geranium.

## TUBEROSE

L. S. D.—This plant requires a light, rich, sandy soil. After once blooming, a bulb is worthless except for increasing stock. They cannot be planted out safely before June.

## SPOTTED CALLA

JACINTA.—This plant requires a rich, mucky soil, water enough to keep the soil wet, but drainage should be given. Dry off in fall and keep in warm, dry place over winter. A six-inch pot is large enough for ordinary-size bulb.

## OXALIS.—BERMUDA LILY.—FLOWER-FREAK

W. A. A. asks when Oxalis should be re-potted for winter blooming.—If it has been allowed to rest during summer, re-pot in fall. The Lily-bulb was doubtless diseased. Get fresh bulbs in the fall for house-blooming. This correspondent writes that a friend had a Hermocallis with eighteen petals, and had the appearance of three lilies "telescoped." Quite a floral freak.

## STARTING PETUNIAS

Mrs. G. R. complains of failure to start Petunias. If she will lay down a branch of the old plant and cover with earth it will soon root. Balsams are doubled by careful culture and fertilization.

## WINTERING COLEUS.—FUCHSIAS.—PALM

The Coleus ripens off in fall, like most annuals. Young plants should be started in September for winter use. Give the Fuchsia leaf-mold and sand to grow in; plenty of water; shower all over daily and keep in half-shady place. Drain the pots well, and you can hardly give too much water when they are growing. The Palms are slow growers.

## IVY

Mrs. A.—The Ivy can be rooted in water or sand.

## BEGONIA

Mrs. J. H. sends leaf of this plant and complains of failure. From appearance should say that some insect must be at work on it. Can only venture a "guess." Be more explicit.

## SEEDLING CHRYSANTHEMUMS

Miss A. M. S.—Chrysanthemums generally bloom first season from seed. Daisies are free bloomers and hardy.

## OLEANDER

M. T. H.—Your plant is troubled with scale. Apply the kerosene emulsion.

## "CHATTA BELLE"

Mrs. L. B. wishes to say a good word for the person offering seeds free under the name of "Chatta Belle." I am glad one person is satisfied with her way of doing business. But judging by the many complaints which have been made against her to me, she must have "forgotten herself" in sending seeds, as this correspondent says she did. Investigation has convinced me that she is a fraud. "Justice also takes up her pen in defense of "Chatta," and says among other things: "If G. N. B. did not receive seed, it was an oversight and not an attempt to buy custom by false promises; and it would have been more creditable to have given C. B. one more chance, I think. "Justice to whom justice is due," is my motto always." How does this correspondent know it was an oversight? Is she speaking for "Chatta Belle" at the latter's suggestion? Only two have written me of having received seed, and scores of complaints have come in from duped correspondents. I must believe the evidence of these letters. It is direct and conclusive.

## SEEDLING CANNAS.—DAHLIAS

Mrs. C. F. B.—Take up the roots of Cannas grown from seed and winter like Dahlia tubers. It is better to let but two or three stalks grow from each clump of Dahlia roots. Cannot give name of vine of which you send specimen.

## SPOTTED CALLA

Mrs. L. A. B.—The Spotted Calla is grown for its foliage, the flower being inferior. It seeds as do all Callas. Whether it will come true from seed or not, I do not know.

## JESSAMINE AND POMEGRANATE

Mrs. L. R. B. wants to know how to grow the above plants and how to winter them.—Give light, rich, sandy soil, plenty of water in summer which is their blooming season, and put in cellar, or pit, in winter. Not hardy at North.

## "DADDY LONG-LEGS."—HIBISCUS.—WINTERING ABUTILONS.—LIQUID MANURE.

Mrs. C. S. S.—The "Daddy Long-legs" is harmless to plants. Doubtless he was in search of insects. Hibiscus is not hardy. You can winter the Abutilon in cellar or living-room; too tender for out-doors. It is not necessary to have old manure for making a liquid fertilizer.

## CAMELIAS.—CALLAS.—HOZAS

H. S.—Camellias are started from cuttings of half-ripened wood. They are difficult to manage, and I would not advise an amateur to try them. Give Calla a rich, mucky soil, well-drained, plenty of warm water daily, and frequent showerings all over. Hozas are "slow" plants, and I know of no way of coaxing them to bloom until they get ready.

## GRAPE MYRTLE FROM CUTTINGS.—YUCCA FAILING TO BLOOM

F. S.—You can root half-ripened branches of Grape Myrtle in sand, which should be kept warm and wet. I cannot tell you what to do to your Yucca to make it bloom.

## ORNITHOZALUM.—LILY-OF-THE-VALLEY FOR WINTER FLOWERING.

MARGUERITE.—You can get the bulb named of any of the dealers in plants advertising in THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. Buy it in September, and pot and treat same as hyacinth for winter-flowering. The Lily-of-the-Valley is not satisfactory for house culture.

## COUNTESS LOUISE ERADY BEGONIA

Mrs. L. R. G.—You can get the Begonia named of McGregor Bros., Springfield, Ohio. Give it a soil of loam and leaf-mold. Keep in half-shady place. Have never grown the pineapple.

## RHODODENDRONS.—GHENT AZALEAS.—KALMIAS

J. H.—These plants are suitable for cemetery use, if so protected in winter as to keep them wholly shaded from the sun. Send to Parsons & Co., Flushing, New York for catalogue.

## HELIOTROPE FROM SEED

Mrs. A. L. J.—Your plants should bloom first season.

## TRIMMING HARDY SHRUBS

Mrs. F. F. C.—Roses can be pruned in the spring before they begin growth, or in the fall after they have completed their growth. They may require some at both times, as some branches may be injured in winter after having given a fall-pruning. Most shrubs can be pruned in the same manner, but some, like the lilac, which form their buds in fall, must not be cut back until after their season of bloom is over, or a great many flowers will be destroyed. Study the habits of your shrubs in this respect before you prune them.

## PROPAGATING CARNATIONS

Mrs. J. B. W.—Spring and summer are the proper seasons in which to propagate Carnations required for winter blooming. I prefer layering to any other method, because it is safer and surer. Choose a healthy branch which is connected with the base of the plant, and bend it down so that a portion comes in contact with the soil in the pot, taking care to not break it from the parent plant. Give the branch at the place where the bend is, a little twist which will slightly fracture it. Then peg this part down, and cover with soil. By-and-by, in most cases, a callus will form, and, in time, roots will start. After you are sure of its being rooted, the cutting can be severed from the old plant. Cuttings inserted in sand often fail to grow.

## ENGLISH WALL-FLOWERS

A. A.—I presume your English Wall-flowers will grow as well in American soil as in English. The seasons have many differences, however, which may affect the plant somewhat.

## AMPELOPSIS

E. B.—This plant is not a bulb. It can be bought of almost any florist for twenty-five cents.

## CASTOR-OIL BEANS AND MOLES

Mrs. S. writes that if L. A. B. and others, who have asked how to keep moles from the garden, will plant the Castor Oil Bean, or Ricinus, here and there in clumps, according to the size of the garden, they will have no further trouble with the pest. She says she tried the plan ten years ago, and has had no trouble with the enemy since.

## AMARYLLIS FAILING TO BLOOM

M. T.—Writes that she has an Amaryllis which budded, but the bud withered shortly after making its way out of the bulb. This often happens. I attribute the failure, in most cases, to lack of water and warmth. Stir the soil as soon as the buds show, give liquid manure, and put the plant in a warm, sunny place. I do not think the light-colored varieties any more delicate than the dark kinds. I am unable to answer the query regarding smilax, as I have never attempted growing it from seed. If the seed was fully ripe, I think it will germinate in time.

## CALLA

Mrs. V. T.—If your Calla had luxuriant foliage before its injury, and has small and sickly foliage since then, it would indicate that the root had been damaged as well as the top. Give a rich soil, but not too much water at first, and let it take its time to recover in. The yellow Calla is a summer grower. Let it rest in winter.

## VERBENAS AND DWARF ORANGE

V. T.—Verbenas will grow in almost any soil. They should be pegged down until the ground is covered with their branches. Keep the flowers cut off. If no seed is allowed to form they will bloom profusely until frost comes. The Dwarf Orange requires an ordinary soil, moderate supply of water, frequent showerings to keep off the red spider, and occasional washings to remove scale, which is pretty sure to attack all plants of this class.

## RUBRA BEGONIA

M. T.—This correspondent writes that she has a Begonia Rubra which used to grow well, but which of late seems to be unhealthy. I have found that nearly all Begonias require re-potting at least once a year, in order to keep them growing well. Giving liquid manure does not seem to meet their requirements. They want fresh soil. I think if this correspondent will re-pot the plant, giving it a larger pot if she finds that the old roots fill the soil, she will be able to overcome the difficulty of which she complains.

## PLUMBAGO

Mrs. M. C. B.—Asks what treatment this plant requires. Give it the same soil you grow geraniums in. It will send out branches on which spikes of flowers will be produced. As soon as a spike has unfolded all its buds, and the flowers have begun to drop off, cut the branch back well. You will see, if you study your plant, that it always bears its flowers on new growth, therefore in order to keep it blooming, it is necessary to keep it growing and forming new branches. This can be done by cutting it back from time to time, and giving liquid manure.

## ROSE BUGS

Mrs. A. D. S.—I depend on hellebore and slug shot to keep away bugs and slugs from Roses. Apply in the morning when the bushes are wet with dew, taking pains to throw the powder well up among the foliage.

## FLOWER FOR NAME

Mrs. M. F. B.—Flower sent, *Nicotina affinis*, a member of the Tobacco family, but quite deserving your friendship and admiration for all that. (Grown from seed.) Geraniums can be wintered in cellar in pots, or by hanging them up by their roots. The Chrysanthemum is a fall blooming flower, though some varieties are later than others, and prolong the blooming season into the edge of winter.

## BLACK FLIES IN SOIL

Mrs. L. E. E.—You are wrong in thinking there would be no flies in the soil of pot-plants if all the manure were buried in the bottom of the pot. It is true that the larvae from which the fly comes is contained in the soil, and particularly in the manure, but you will see, by observation, that there is little white grub first, and then when the fly is hatched, it has experimented so much trouble from worms and grubs contained in manure that I have about given up its use except in liquid form.

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THIS OFFER is only made to induce you to give us a trial. It would be fully for us to expect further orders if we failed to please you.

\$1.00 COLLECTION OF HARDY EVER-BLOOMING ROSES, \$1.00

Arch Duchess Marie Immaculata.—(New.) The color is an interesting one, yellow, pink and crimson. Hologerone.—(New.) Pink tinged with lilac. Comtesse de Barbançon.—(New.) A beautiful flesh color. Comtesse Riza de Paris.—(New.) Copper rose, tinged with soft velvet. Reine Nathalie de Servie.—(New.) The best pink Rose ever sent out. Etoile de Lyon.—(New.) Deep yellow. It is as large and sweet as Marechal Niel. Homer.—(New.) A soft, clear salmon rose. Innoceat Pirella.—(New.) Large pure white buds of lovely form and fragrance. Isabella Sprunt.—(New.) It will produce more bright yellow buds than any of the 7000 Roses. Mignonette.—(New.) Often has 200 Roses at the time open. Opus pink, and turns pure white. Papa Gontier.—(New.) Dark crimson crimson. Queen's Scarlet.—(New.) Intense fiery crimson. Sarah Pratt.—(New.) Blooms in large clusters. Rosy white changing to pure white. Madame Hoste.—(New.) This has proved itself to be a hardy white Rose of the handsomest kind. Triumph de Luxembourg.—(New.) Rosy carmine on a buff ground. Please examine the above list of 15 choice Hardy Ever-blooming Roses, and see if you can duplicate them anywhere for an amount so small as \$1. We will also send our Iron Clad Collections of 12 Hardy Roses all different colors, for \$1. try a set. 20 Chrysanthemums all different kinds for \$1. 16 Geraniums double and single flowered and scented for \$1. 12 Choice Begonias, different kinds, \$1. 50c. Our handsome illustrated 80-page Catalogue, describing above Roses and all Plants, mailed for 6c. stamps. Don't order your Roses, Plants or Seeds before seeing our prices. We can save you money. We have all the new Begonias, Chrysanthemums, Geraniums, Hoste, etc.

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## IPOMEA PANDURATA, HARDY DAY-BLOOMING MOON FLOWER.

Grows from bulbs. Lives out all winter. Increases in size and beauty each year. Blooms night and day. The flowers are six inches across, and very fragrant.

## RED RIDING-HOOD PANSY.

Most beautiful of this popular flower. Large size, deep red color. Hazel eye, edged with shining gold.

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A beautiful shrubby plant two feet high. A mass of bright golden flowers from June to December.

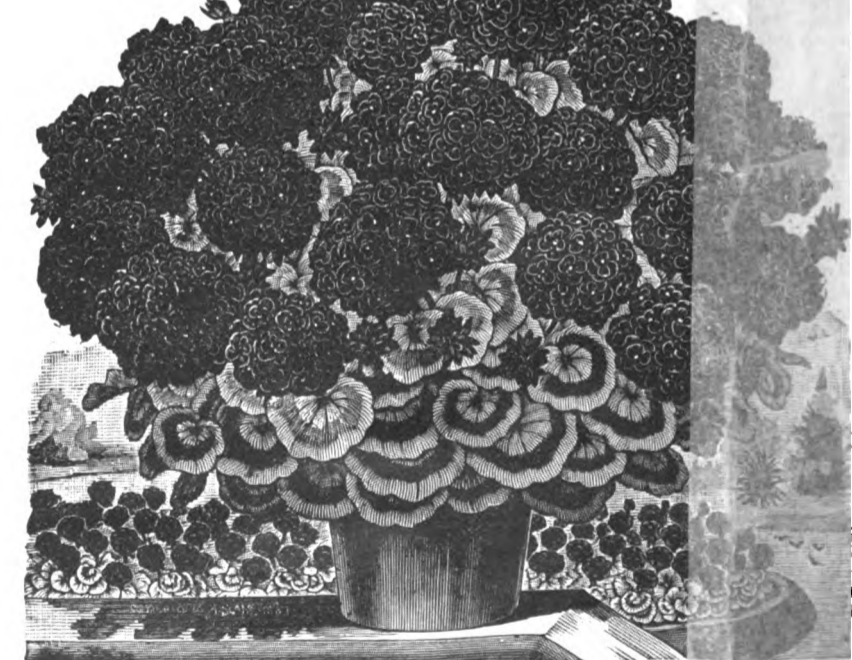
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All the above sent, post-paid, for \$3.00. Order now, and MENTION THIS PAPER. **ROBT. SCOTT & SON, Philadelphia, Pa.**

**MARGUERITE CARNATION,** THE BEST of the NEW things in seeds; sown now blooms in June—four months!! Packet, 10 cents. **CHRYSANTHEMUMS**—Plants of PRIZE vars., your choice, \$1 per doz. Catalogue FREE. BARGAINS in Seeds and Plants. Try our **IVY GERANIUMS** for BEDDING.

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100 Varieties, Also Small Fruits, Trees, etc. Best rooted stock. Genuine, cheap, 2 sample vines mailed for 14c. Descriptive price list free. **LEWIS ROESCH, Fredonia, N. Y.**

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**PANSY SEEDS** With each order for above we will send Free one package of **IMPERIAL PRIZE PANSY SEEDS**, special selection, that will grow flowers of perfect form and large size. **FREE!**

If you have a garden, write for **BURPEE'S FARM ANNUAL FOR 1891**. 168 pages, colored plates; tells all about the best garden and flower seeds, Rare Novelties that cannot be had elsewhere, and how to get valuable premiums. Sent Free. Write at once and name this paper.

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We offer also some exquisite Novelties and Oddities in New Japanese Forms of this charming flower. They form a most unique group, and will be found invaluable on account of the rich decorative effects produced. The foliage is particularly attractive, very dark glossy green, shining as if varnished, studded with large single beautiful flowers, 4 inches across, in the wildest profusion; they flower from early summer until autumn, and are succeeded by large bright-colored crimson seed pods, so showy that it is difficult to say whether the plants are more effective in flower or fruit. **RUGOSA RUBRA**, deep rose, borne in large clusters. **RUGOSA ALBA**, the famous white variety. **Md. GEORGES BRUNT**, very rare; long, slender, white pointed buds, very fragrant. Price, \$1.00 each, the 3 sorts for \$2.50; \$9.00 per doz. **PERSIAN YELLOW**, the finest bright yellow, hardy rose, foliage faintly scented like the sweet brier. Price, 75 cents each, 3 for \$2.00; \$6.00 per dozen. **Md. PLANTER**, a perfect snowball when in bloom. Price, 50 cents each, 6 for \$2.50; \$4.00 per dozen. by freight or express at above prices.

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**ACHILLEA ALBA.** Its 3,000 to 5,000 pure snow white perfect blossoms—from a single plant—should accord it a place in every garden. Like the wild Primrose, it is hardy as oak, and blossoms from May until snow flies. Each 20c. 4 for 50c. 8 for \$1.00.

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Is no doubt the acme of perfection. Nothing that we can say can give to the reader an adequate idea of their beauty and splendor. Their ever-blooming quality, plant size, velvety texture, marvelous combination of colors running through almost every imaginable shade, is found in no other strain in America. My Catalogue contains colored plate of same, painted from nature. Nothing like it. Package Postpaid, 25 Cents.





# ALL ABOUT FLOWERS

## SHRUBS FOR SMALL GARDENS

### SOME DESIRABLE PLANTS FOR GARDENS OF MODERATE SIZE

SEVERAL correspondents have asked me to give a list of desirable shrubs for planting in small yards. I think they will be able to find something to suit their wants in the list given below. All are good and are recommended only after a personal trial by the Editor.

#### WEIGELIA

This shrub is a strong grower, good specimens reaching a height of six or eight feet, and often being as many feet across. It forms a rounded, symmetrical mass, without requiring much attention in the way of pruning, and when covered with flowers in late spring and early summer, it is a most beautiful sight. There are three very desirable varieties—*alba*, pure white, *rosea*, rose-color and *aurca*, golden-leaved. The latter is most effective when planted where it will show against a background of evergreen.

#### PYRUS JAPONICA, OR JAPAN QUINCE

This is a low-growing shrub, with thorny branches, and bright, glossy foliage. Its flowers are a vivid crimson, shaped like apple-blossoms, and show with charming effect among the beautiful foliage. This is one of the most desirable shrubs we have. It cut back occasionally, it becomes a thick, compact bush about three feet high, and is extremely useful as a hedge plant for small gardens. It is an early bloomer and a very hardy plant.

#### THE OLD BUT POPULAR SYRINGA

This is an old shrub, but none the worse for that. On the contrary, all the better, because its popularity shows that it has stood the test of time. It is a tall grower, often attaining a height of ten feet, and becoming quite a tree, when trained to one stalk. I prefer it as a shrub, however, with at least half-a-dozen stalks from the roots. Its flowers are pure white, and very sweet. On account of its large size, it should be planted in a prominent place at one side of the house, or where it will not interfere with the outlook from the residence. If you have only a small lot, say fifteen or twenty feet square, one such large shrub will be enough to plant in it.

#### THE FAVORITE LILAC

This lovely old favorite needs no recommendation to those who have seen it so covered with bloom in May and June that its branches bend beneath their fragrant burden. I have often thought that were I to be restricted to the choice of one shrub, I would choose the Lilac. It is as hardy as anything can be. It can be made to grow in tree form, or as a large shrub, branching thickly from the base of the plant. Indeed, it is a most tractable thing as regards training, and you can shape it to suit your taste. The only trouble with it is its tendency to sucker, and spread all over the place. But a little use of the hoe or scythe during the summer season will keep it within bounds. If trained in tree form it should have ample room to develop its branches in, and is most effective when planted at the side of small lots. It can be grown as a hedge, to take the place of a fence, by planting it about two feet apart, and keeping the tops of the old plants cut off until a thick mass of stalks have been sent up from the roots. Frequent pruning will be necessary for two or three years to make the hedge symmetrical, but as soon as the plants get large enough to bloom well, little care will be required to keep it in good shape. When covered with bloom, nothing can be lovelier, and no flower has a more delightful fragrance. I would feel "lost" without a bowl of Lilacs on my table all through lilac-time. The white variety is not as desirable as the purple, because of its habit of bearing its flowers down among the foliage. It is a rather shy bloomer, but it is very lovely. The Persian variety is more graceful in its habit of growth than the common variety, and should always be trained as a shrub. Its branches are long and slender, and arch gracefully from the centre of the plant. Its flowers are borne in very long, branching panicles, are somewhat darker in color than the old kind, but lack their delightful fragrance.

#### HYDRANGEA PANICULATA GRANDIFLORA

This is a plant of comparatively recent introduction, but it has already become very popular, and it fully deserves all the popularity it has gained. It is as hardy as the Lilac. It becomes a bushy, compact specimen when well cared for, and in fall is covered with immense panicles of flowers, ivory-white in color, at first, but changing to pink later on. The flowers are very persistent, often remaining on the plant until the coming of snow. Its peculiarity of late blooming makes it specially valuable, because no other shrub is so late in flowering. It is not a tall grower; instead of growing up it spreads out. No one makes a mistake in including this in her selection of shrubs for any place where a shrub is needed.

#### FLOWERING ALMOND

This is an old plant, and one that is not seen as frequently as formerly, but it is still one of the best of early bloomers, if given proper protection in fall. Being comparatively tender, it must be laid down and covered at the north, or it will be badly injured in winter. It is of spreading habit. Its flowers are pink and white, double, and so thickly set along the slender branches that they have a wreath-like effect. Excellent for planting near a path, or under a window.

#### DAPHNE CNEORUM

This is a delightful little shrub, growing about eighteen inches high, and forming a compact mass of branches from two to three feet across. It is evergreen. Its flowers are pink, borne in clusters at the tips of the branches, and have a spicy, pleasant odor. It blooms at intervals during the season. Very useful for front locations on account of its low habit.

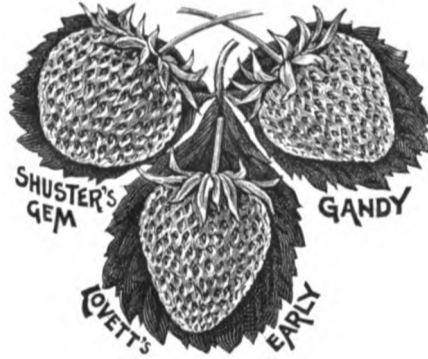
#### THE PROFUSIVE DEUTZIA

This is a shrub quite similar in habit of growth to the Flowering Almond. Its flowers are small, but produce in wonderful profusion; indeed, they almost cover the plant in May and June. They are of the purest white. There are single and double varieties, the most desirable probably being *D. gracilis*.

#### EXOCHORDA GRANDIFLORA

This is a new shrub from Japan, and promises to be of great popularity. It is quite a tall grower, branching freely, and of a graceful habit of growth. Its flowers are single, about the size of a silver dollar, and freely produced on the long, slender branches. Owing to its recent introduction it is not much known as yet, but as soon as it is, it will be as great a favorite as *Hydrangea paniculata grandiflora*.

### THREE GRAND BERRIES.



All are fully illustrated and described in Lovett's Guide to Horticulture. Also all good old and choice new varieties of Small and Orchard Fruit, Nut and Ornamental Trees and Plants, etc. It is a book of over 80 pages, finely printed and copiously illustrated. It states the defects and merits, gives prices and tells how to purchase, plant, prune and cultivate. Mailed free; with colored plates 10c.

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To get all of the readers of this paper to see our catalogue, we will, for thirty days only, send it, together with a 25c. pkt. of the new *Lupinus Alba, The Bride*, FREE to all who will send us 10c. to simply pay cost of postage and putting up same. This charming novelty was secured by us in Europe, and large sums were offered for a few seeds by those who saw it in bloom last season. It grows in round, bushy form, every branch being tipped with its spike of snowy bloom, filling the air every where with delicious fragrance, rivaling the hyacinth. Sure to grow and constantly in bloom the entire season. Those sending silver will receive absolutely FREE a 25c. pkt. of *Woodbury's Famous Prize Panicles*, a strain brought to the highest perfection by a careful selection for 12 years. Many of the flowers, under good culture, actually measure 3 inches across; striped, spotted and mottled in all beautiful ways. Acknowledged the finest in the world. The above two novelties are exactly the same as we sell for 45c. Address OTIS M. RICHARDSON & CO., Canton, Maine.



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Avoid disappointment, save money and make a success of your garden for this season by sowing Dreer's Reliable Seeds. Dreer's Garden Calendar for 1891 now ready for postage, 6 cents. Abridged edition, free. HENRY A. DREER, 714 Chestnut St., Phila.

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700 VARIETIES.  
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5 Cacti—fine, 50c.  
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BOOK ON CACTI and RARE PLANTS, 100 pages, 150 engravings, 10 cents. Catalogue free.  
A. BLANC & CO. Phila. Largest and finest stock of Cacti in the world. Send for special low price-list of plants and bulbs.



**SOLANUM GRANDIFLORA.** This new pot and garden plant is truly one of the most magnificent perpetual bloomers ever seen. It bears, by the hundred, great clusters of lovely snow-white flowers, which keep perfect a month before fading, and appear at all times of the year. These great panicles of bloom are often a foot across, and are borne by the hundred both summer and winter. As a perpetual bloomer of fascinating beauty and loveliness, this plant surpasses everything, even the famous *Manettia* Vine. It is as easily grown as a Geranium, either in pots or the garden, and requires exactly the same treatment. It can be trained up as a climber or grown in bush form, and in either way its great clusters of glorious flowers will surprise and delight all who see it. Price of strong plants, ready to bloom at once, 30 cents each; 2 for 50 cents; 5 for \$1.00, by mail, post-paid.

**THE TRUE MANETTIA VINE.** A magnificent flowering vine which is loaded with brilliant flowers every day in the year. Its charming grace and beauty is unsurpassed. We have the true perpetual flowering variety. Price of fine plants, ALREADY BUDDED and BLOOMING, 30 cents each; 2 for 50 cents.

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**THE BUTTERFLY ORCHID.** All know the beauty and value of a good Orchid. Here you can get one of the best for only 30 cents. Tied to a stick, and suspended in a window, it makes a most unique and beautiful object, growing freely without soil. Cultural directions in Catalogue. It produces great panicles of gay butterfly-like flowers which keep perfect a long time. Strong plants of blooming size, 30 cents each; 4 for \$1.00.

**THE GREAT SPIDER LILY.** An elegant large bulb of the *Amaryllis* family which commences to bloom soon after it is potted, sending up great spikes of lovely, large pure white blossoms of exquisite fragrance and unsurpassed beauty. It is one of the oddest, sweetest, and loveliest flowers grown. Large bulbs which will soon bloom, 25 cents each, post-paid.

**A GREAT OFFER.** For only ONE DOLLAR we will send, by mail, post-paid, all five of the above magnificent new plants.

Also, the following extra choice collections, by mail, post-paid.  
12 Extra choice mixed Gladioli, flowering bulbs, 25c. 5 Grand Lilies, 5 sorts named, including Auratum, 50c.  
6 New Double Pearl Tuberoses, 25c. 5 Cacti, different sorts, named, 50c.  
5 Rare *Chrysanthemums*, 5 sorts named, 50c. 20 Bulbs and 10 pkts. Flower Seeds, all different, 50c.  
5 Ornamental Flowering Shrubs, named, 50c. 4 Superb New Grapes, including Niagara, 50c.

**OUR BLUE CATALOGUE.** (A superb work of art in blue) of FLOWER and VEGETABLE SEEDS, BULBS, PLANTS and RARE FRUITS, is the finest ever issued. 128 pages, hundreds of elegant engravings, Stipple Lithograph Covers and 5 large colored plates. We offer the finest novelties in Flowers, Vegetables and Fruits, notably: Our great Japanese Wineberry, Flora Park Plum, Butterfly Orchid, Star Phloxes, Water Plants, New Roses, Dahlias, Gladioli, *Chrysanthemums*, etc. Also the greatest collection of rare Cacti and Flowering Shrubs. This elegant and expensive Catalogue will be sent for only 10 cents, or, if you order anything here offered and ask for a Catalogue it will be sent FREE. Address,  
**JOHN LEWIS CHILDS, Floral Park, Queens Co., N. Y.**

**Bulbs for Summer Flowers.** Magnificent plants for Summer bedding, equaling the Geranium in quantity of bloom and far exceeding them in variety of color and form and texture of the flowers. Prices—Single, all colors mixed, 20c. each, \$2 per doz. post paid. Single, in separate colors.—*Bronze Yellow, Crimson, Orange Scarlet, Pink, Rose, Scarlet, White, and Yellow*, 25c. each \$2.50 per doz. post paid. Double Flowering Varieties, mixed colors, 40c. each, \$4.00 per doz. post paid. Our 50c. Bulb Collection will be sent free by mail and contains 1 Hardy Day Blooming Moon Flower; 3 Beautiful Tigridias—1 Red, 1 White, 1 Yellow, will produce a mass of beautiful bloom all summer; 2 *Amaryllis* *Atamasco*, These "Fairy Lilies" are gems of rare beauty; 3 Beautiful Gladioli, 1 light, 1 yellow, 1 red; 2 Dwarf Double Pearl Tuberoses.—In all 11 Beautiful Flowering Bulbs for 50 cts. by mail post paid. \* \* For \$1.00 we will include with the above 2 Rare Blackberry Lilies. Flowers a rich, golden spotted crimson and followed by berries resembling a blackberry; 1 *Montbretia* *Crococauliflora*, flower spikes 10 inches long, resembling a miniature gladioli; 2 *Hyacinthus* *Candicans*, perfectly hardy pure white pendulous flowers; 3 *Milla* *Biflora*, fragrant white star-shaped flowers with yellow centers; 6 *Oxalis*, white and pink. In all 24 Beautiful Flowering Bulbs for 50 cts. by mail post paid. Seed Catalogue will be sent with all orders when requested. **JOHNSON & STOKES, 217 and 219 Market Street, Philadelphia, Pa.**

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A very handsome variety of superior quality, firm and crisp, of a dark green color, growing from 10 to 12 inches in length, and immensely productive.

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IS ALL HEAD AND SURE TO HEAD. Very uniform in size, firm and fine in texture, excellent in quality, and a good keeper. Alfred Rose, of Penn Yan, N. Y., grew a head which weighed 6 1/2 pounds.

I will send a Packet each of Tomato, Cucumber and Cabbage, with my Illustrated Catalogue, for only 25 cents in Silver or Stamps.

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This rapid growing Vine, with its beautiful heart-shaped leaves, glossy green peculiar foliage, and delicate white blossoms, emitting a delicious cinnamon fragrance, will grow from 10 to 20 feet in a single season, and for covering Arbors, Screens or Verandas is without a rival. I will send 5 BULBS FREE, and postpaid, to every person sending me 25 cents for the above Tree Tomato Collection, the bulbs will produce 5 Beautiful Vines exactly the same in every respect as I have been selling for One Dollar. Address plainly **FRANK FINCH, (Box B) CLYDE, N. Y.**

Every person sending SILVER for this collection will receive extra a large Packet of FINCH'S Perfection Lettuce, the finest variety ever grown.



Seeds that will Grow.

That's what we all want—Seeds that will grow—Seeds that are fresh, pure and true to name—and that's the kind I strive to give. Some of these I grow myself, others I imported from the finest flower specialists of Germany, England and France. Many seeds are cheaper than these, but none are better. Try them yourself and see. Here's a charming collection I am selling extensively:

- China and Japan Pinks, all colors, 10
  - Giant Mignonette, 10
  - Pansy, large flowering, 10
  - Nasturtium, finest colors, 5
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  - Asters, all kinds, a grand array, 10
- ALSO FOUR SLENDID NOVELTIES
- Blanche Ferry Sweet Pea, 10
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  - El Dorado Marigold, 10
- and one more striking novelty of my own selection given as Special Prize, to all 12 Packets—costing \$1.00 at retail—sent with **Only 30 Cts.** Be sure to get my Catalogue for **Only 30 Cts.** Be sure to get my book and will please you. Show your friends this and send their order with yours; for every extra order I will send you a rare novelty. I shall be delighted with your order; you will be delighted with the Seeds. **L. MYRICK, (Box D) Northboro, Mass.** 4 10c. for Catalogue and get 3 Pkts of Seeds Free.

**QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS**

TO ALL CORRESPONDENTS: Any question from our readers of help or interest to women, will be cheerfully answered in this Department. But please bear in mind: Write your questions plainly and briefly. Don't use unnecessary words: editors are busy persons. The right to answer or reject any question is reserved by the Editor. Answers cannot be promised for any special issue. They will be given as quickly after receipt as possible. All correspondence should be accompanied by full name and address, not for publication, but for reference.

Mrs. J. M. W.—If your black lace gown is in good condition it is worth having it steamed by a professional scourer: a method that, while it costs a little more, is very satisfactory as it makes the lace look almost as good as new.

Mrs. S. F. W.—In answering an advertisement it's easiest to write it in the third person, and then your name, properly written, is given and the recipient knows whether to address it to Mrs. or Miss Brown. If, however, it is written in the first person, it should be signed "Mary Brown," with (Miss) put in parenthesis before it; or, if you are married, write just below this, "Address Mrs. John Brown, 2 1/2 Fifth avenue, New York."

BRENDA—Under no circumstances should a gentleman take a lady's arm. When you have had supper with a friend it is not necessary to thank him for it, for it is fair to presume that you have given him as much pleasure as he has given you; when you bid him good night the usual thanks for a pleasant time will include the supper. When a recitation is given it is proper to bow at the end of it, and leave the stage.

GERTRUDE—When you are traveling alone and reach a hotel, go into the reception room, send for the clerk give him your name, tell him what kind of a room you want and how long you expect to stay there. He will register for you. When it is time for you to leave, send word down by one of the hall boys that you wish your bill sent up. By doing this it will not be necessary for you to go into the office at all. If you are only at the hotel for a few days it is not necessary to tip the servants unless they have done something special for you, then, of course, the size of the tip must be governed entirely by your purse and your generosity.

F. E. S.—In entering a car a lady precedes a gentleman and should take the seat that is most convenient or which suits her best. When people are visiting at a house it should be made quite clear by the hostess that whenever they wish to go to bed it is permitted, although it is also her province, if everybody is sitting up and it is very late, to suggest that beauty sleep might be desirable.

ELSIE—A call in behalf of a society is not a social one, and it is not necessary to return it. Bathing the hair with warm water with borax in it, will tend to make it less oily.

Mrs. H. G. C.—The only way to get a properly fitting corset, such as I described, is to buy a good one from a shop where they are in the habit of altering them. Very often the corset that fits perfectly over the hips is too large about the bust, and the exact opposite may be the fault; but in a good corset these faults can be remedied and at very slight expense.

JENNIE S.—A pretty black gown for a lady of forty-five years, who is slender, would have a plain skirt with just a few wrinkles across the front and a box-plaited back. A border of black astrakhan might be across the front and sides. Let the basque be pointed in front, arched over the hips and having a postillion back; trim the front of it with elaborate braiding in black. Have a high curate collar and a pretty braided cuff as a finish to the sleeves which should be high on the shoulder. A very pretty house gown is shown in the fashion department this month.

E. D. O.—Paper with a black border may be used as long as one is in mourning. That is, as long as one is wearing crape; after that, plain white paper is in good taste.

CALIFORNIA—The one woman in this land who has had a monument erected to her is Margaret of Orleans, and the monument is at New Orleans, at the junction of Camp and Prytanea streets.

L. D. S.—A soft flannel wrapper will be found the most comfortable for a sea voyage. Have it tight fitting at the back and loose in the front, and with a girde that will fasten easily. If you wish to go on deck when the weather is stormy, and a tight dress is uncomfortable, put on a heavy ulster over this and you will be comfortable and presentable.

M. C. S.—Regular exercise, careful attention to diet, and keeping as cheerful as possible, will do more toward making your eyes bright and your skin smooth and white than will any patent medicine that is warranted to cure all the ills of the flesh.

OLIVE R.—Even if you only have a little hair wear it in a soft knot at the back of your head. Crimp it so that it will look fuller and you will find that it is much more becoming than to have a lot of false hair put on so that it increases the size of your head, and is awkward.

REDA—Any of Jerome K. Jerome's books could be put in the hands of a boy or girl. They are bright and interesting, and there is nothing in them to which any objection could be found. While Rudyard Kipling is clever, his books are better adapted to men and women than to boys and girls.

ALICE R.—Although next Christmas seems a long ways off, why not commence early in the spring and arrange for the doll carnival? Sell your dolls at auction and use the proceeds, first to pay expenses and afterwards for the hospital to which you refer. For a great many years London "Truth" has given just such an exhibition as yours, and by writing to that paper you will be sent circulars showing exactly how it was managed there.

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**READERS** It would pay you to send for my priced list of books. Revised monthly. Treating on all subjects—Religion, History, Poetry, Travels, Sports, etc. List of all popular Magazines with subscription rates all sent free. **E. T. PARKER, BETHLEHEM, PA.**

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You can't get a **SILK DRESS FREE** without a **HOT FLATIRON** for Lady Agents. Every one needs it. Sample pkg. 15 cts. Rubber Stamp Co. P. 67 New Haven, Conn.

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**WE PROVE ALL OUR CLAIMS.**  
Do not buy imitations made to sell, with unfilled walls and inferior construction, they are the most costly in the end. Don't fail to send for Circular. We Pay Freight where we have no agent.  
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Everybody, now and then, feels "run down," "played out." They've the will, but no power to generate vitality. They're not sick enough to call a doctor, but just too sick to be well. That's where the right kind of a patent medicine comes in, and does for a dollar what the doctor wouldn't do for less than five or ten.

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FOR THE TEETH.  
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A PERFECT LIQUID DENTIFRICE.

SAMPLE VIAL OF RUBIFOAM MAILED FREE TO ANY ADDRESS.

## GET YOUR SEEDS FOR NOTHING

**Our Offer.**  
Send us FIFTY CENTS, for one year's subscription to "THE AMERICAN HOME," and Ten Cents additional (60 cts. in all), to cover cost of postage and packing on the seeds, and we will send you, postpaid, by return mail, your choice of either of the collections enumerated below.

The package of seeds is duly received, and we believe it the best premium we ever received for the money invested.  
**M. P. Rice, County Supt. Lewiston, Ill.**

**GALENA, ILLS., Dec. 6, 1890.**  
Eds. American Home: It gives me pleasure to say a good word for the seeds received from you last spring. They were both excellent in quality and liberal in quantity. I like the paper very much. **PROBES S. NORRIS.**

**ELGIN, ILLS., Nov. 20, 1890.**  
Home Pub. Co.: The seeds were very fine. The tomatoes grown from your seeds were as large and fine as any I ever saw. We thought the offer a splendid one, for the paper alone is worth the price of both. **Mrs. H. L. CRANSTON.**

- COLLECTION A.**—Consisting of 24 full-sized packets of flower seeds, as follows:
1. Gorgeous new Shirley Poppies.
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  7. Impatiens, new ex. fine, mxd.
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  11. New Oriole Calendula.
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  14. Brilliant Salvia Splendens (Scarlet Sage).
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  16. Phlox Drummondii Grandiflora.
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  18. The Giant Spider Plant.
  19. Aquilegia, choice double, mixed.
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- COLLECTION B.**—Embracing 30 generous packets of choicest vegetable seeds, making a complete kitchen garden for a small family, as follows:
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  6. Yellow Globe Danvers Onion.
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  9. New Red Fava Pepper.
  10. Early Oval Dark Red Radish.
  11. Hollow Crown Parsnip.
  12. Long White Salsify or Oyster Plant.
  13. Pike's Peak Squash.
  14. Red Top White Globe Turnip.
  15. Our Quality Pea.
  16. Winter Cherry or Yellow Husk Tomato.
  17. New Frollio Ger. Wax Bean.

These Seeds are the very best obtainable, and very many of the varieties are novelties introduced for the first time this season. If purchased in separate packets you could not get them for less than \$2.25, and as a collection, any seedsmen would consider them more than value for \$1; but we give either collection on terms named above.

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Regular Size Packets. Choicest Quality Seed. Many New Varieties. Satisfaction guaranteed. A whole collection given. Each kind in separate Package. Each collection put up in a neat box, with full cultural directions.

**6 Collections of Seeds and 6 Subscriptions for \$3.10**  
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**MODENE**

AND THE GROWTH FOREVER DESTROYED WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST INJURY OR DISCOLORATION OF THE MOST DELICATE SKIN.

Discovered by Accident.—In Compendium, an incomplete mixture was accidentally spilled on the back of the hand, and on washing afterward it was discovered that the hair was completely removed. We purchased the new discovery and named it MODENE. It is perfectly pure, free from all injurious substances, and so simple any one can use it. It acts mildly but surely, and you will be surprised and delighted with the results. Apply for a few minutes and the hair disappears as if by magic. It has no resemblance whatever to any other preparation ever used. **NOT FAIL.** If the growth is light, one application will remove it permanently; the heavy roots are destroyed, although all hair will be removed, at each application, and without slightest injury or unpleasant feeling when applied or ever afterward. **MODENE SUPERSEDES ELECTROLYSIS.**

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Sir Henry Thompson, the most noted physician of England, says that more than half of all diseases come from errors in diet. Garfield Tea overcomes results of bad eating; cures Sick Headache; restores the system; cures Constipation; cures a feeble Complexion; cures Constipation; Get a free sample from any druggist, or send to 319 W. 46 Street, NEW YORK.

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Has a Pad different from all others, is cup shape, with Self-adjusting Ball in center, adapts itself to all positions of the body, while the ball in the cup presses back the intestines just as a person does with the finger. It holds the Hernia in held securely day and night, and a radical cure certain. It is easy, durable and cheap. Sent by mail. Circulars free. **EGGLESTON TRUSS CO., Chicago, Ill.**

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Schiffmann's Asthma Cure never fails to give instant relief in the worst cases; insures comfortable sleep; effects cures where all others fail. A trial convinces the most skeptical. Price, 50 cts. and \$1.00, of Druggists or by mail. Sample FREE for stamp. **DR. R. SCHIFFMANN, St. Paul, Minn.**



# Spring Humors

**S**PRING Humors, whether itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusted, pimply, or blotchy, whether of the skin, scalp, or blood, whether simple, scrofulous, or hereditary, are now speedily, permanently, and economically cured by the **Cuticura Remedies** when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. The almost miraculous cures daily effected by them prove this. No statement is made regarding them not warranted by the strongest evidence. They are, in truth, the greatest skin cures, blood purifiers, and humor remedies of modern times. They are absolutely pure, and agreeable to the most sensitive, and may be used on the youngest infant and most delicate invalid with gratifying and unflinching success. **CUTICURA**, the great Skin Cure,



instantly allays the most intense itching, burning, and inflammation, permits rests and sleep, soothes and heals raw and irritated surfaces, clears the skin and scalp of crusts and scales, and restores the hair. **CUTICURA SOAP**, the only Medicated Toilet Soap, is indispensable in cleansing diseased surfaces and for purifying and beautifying the skin. **CUTICURA RESOLVENT**, the new Blood and Skin Purifier, and greatest of Humor Remedies, cleanses the blood of all impurities, and thus removes the cause. Entirely vegetable, safe, palatable and unflinching, it appeals to mothers and children as incomparably the purest and best of all blood medicines. Hence, the **Cuticura Remedies** cure every humor of the Spring, from the simplest facial blemishes to the worst cases of scrofula,

and daily effect more great cures of skin, scalp and blood humors than all other skin and blood remedies before the public. Are not these great remedies worthy of at least a single trial? Sale greater than the combined sales of all others.

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Bad humor covering the face with disfiguring painful blotches. Twelve of the best doctors fail to cure. Had given up all hopes of ever being any better. Cured in three weeks by **CUTICURA REMEDIES**.

H. STEVENS, East Jackson, Me.

Baby one year old. Bad with eczema. Hair all gone; scalp covered with eruptions. Doctors said it was scaldhead; that his hair would never grow. Cured by **CUTICURA**. Hair splendid, and not a pimple on him.

MRS. M. E. WOODSUM, Norway, Me.

Afflicted two years with cracked hands, especially the fingers. Tried several remedies without any benefit. Finally tried **CUTICURA REMEDIES**. They entirely cured me. Use the soap all the time.

C. L. GRISWOLD, Chester, Conn.

Kidneys in a bad, bad state. When I began using cure. Am on my feet ten or twelve hours each day, Broadway and Seventh Avenue Railroad. Thanks to your cure, am strong and well as ever. Have used all the **CUTICURAS**. I talk **CUTICURA** to everybody who has any ailment.

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Think your claim none too broad for **CUTICURA REMEDIES**. Used them for blood purifiers, skin diseases, eruptions, etc. Finest we ever saw. Altogether the best remedies we ever used or ever heard of.

D. B. ROBINS, Fredonia, Penn.

Doctors called it eczema or erysipelas. Cannot describe my sufferings. It would last about two weeks, then crust and crack. Bought **CUTICURA REMEDIES**; took seven bottles, and made a permanent cure. God bless you. Lived here fifty-two years; am seventy-three.

THOS. L. GRAY, Deavertown, Ohio.

Itchy, scaly skin. Scratched every night until the skin was raw. Body covered with scales like spots of mortar. An awful spectacle. Doctors useless. Cure hopeless. Cured by **CUTICURA** in five weeks.

GEO. COTEY, Merrill, Wis.

Dreadful scaly skin, psoriasis five years covering face, head, and entire body with white scabs. Skin red, itching, and bleeding. Hair all gone. Spent hundreds of dollars. Pronounced incurable. Cured by **CUTICURA REMEDIES**.

MRS. ROSA KELLY, Rockwell City, Iowa.

Used **CUTICURAS**. Find nothing equal to them. Removed acne or pimples. Cured my brother, malignant ringworm. Cured my friend, ulcer in his scalp. Physicians and all remedies proved useless. Doctors' bills several hundred dollars. **CUTICURAS** less than ten dollars.

WILL C. MAXWELL, Woodland, Cal.

Baby two months old. Doctor called it eczema. Head, arms, feet, hands, each one solid sore. Doctors and everything else did no good. Without faith tried **CUTICURAS**. In one week the sores were well. Now fat baby. Sound as a dollar.

MRS. BETTIE BIRKNER, Lockhart, Texas.

Years of skin trouble and glandular swellings. Doctors and all other remedies fail. **CUTICURA REMEDIES** a complete success and cure. The world never saw better medicines. Publish this if you so desire.

W. H. H. WHITING, Fransioli Hotel, Memphis, Tenn.

Was under medical treatment three years for cancerous sore on face; was annoying, disagreeable, disfiguring. It increased alarmingly. Was advised to have it cut out. Tried the **CUTICURAS** five months. Success perfect. Sore has disappeared.

THADDEUS STREET, Charleston, S. C.

We invite the most careful investigation of every statement made by us regarding the **CUTICURA REMEDIES**, and of every one of the foregoing brief extracts from unsolicited testimonials, and to this end earnestly desire those who have suffered long and hopelessly from torturing and disfiguring humors and diseases of the skin, scalp, and blood, and who have lost faith in doctors and medicine, to write to any one of our references, simply inclosing stamped envelope for reply. These testimonials in full, with many others, published in "ALL ABOUT THE BLOOD, SKIN, SCALP AND HAIR," which will be mailed free to any address—64 pages, 300 Diseases, 50 Illustrations, 100 Testimonials. A book of priceless value to every sufferer.

**CUTICURA REMEDIES** are sold everywhere throughout the civilized world. Price: **CUTICURA**, 50 cts.; **CUTICURA SOAP**, 25 cts.; **CUTICURA RESOLVENT** \$1.00. Prepared by **POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION**, BOSTON.

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Pimples, blotches, blackheads, simple humors and blemishes of infants and children are prevented and cured by that greatest of all Skin Purifiers and Beautifiers, the celebrated **Cuticura Soap**. Incomparably superior to all other skin and complexion soaps, while rivaling in delicacy and surpassing in purity the most expensive of toilet and nursery soaps. *The only medicated toilet soap and the only preventive of inflammation and clogging of the pores, the cause of most complexional disfigurements.* Sale greater than the combined sales of all other skin soaps. Price, 25 cents.