

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

PHILADELPHIA, JULY, 1891

TEN CENTS A COPY

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For July, 1891. Vol. VIII, No. 8

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THE YEAR'S SWEETHEART

All things beautiful love her:
 The butterflies light and fleet,
 The branches that bend above her,
 The mosses that kiss her feet;
 The ripening grain in the meadow,
 The birds, singing sweet and near,
 The opened flowers in the shadow,
 The brook, with its ripple clear;
 The bee in his clover sleeping,
 The locusts, that drone and whir,
 The rain from the hills, down sweeping,
 And the clouds—are in love with her!
 For she, oh, the shy new-comer,
 So dear to the world, so dear!
 Is heart of the heart of summer,
 And sweetheart of all the year.

MADLINE S. BRIDGES.

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

Vol. VIII, No. 8

PHILADELPHIA, JULY, 1891

Yearly Subscription, One Dollar
Single Copies, Ten Cents



ISABEL'S FATHER
By Belle Greene

There was never any hurry of haying time with Isabel's father; indeed, so poor and small was the place he "carried on"—for he did not own it—that there was really not much to be done at any season of the year, and had it not been for his earnings among his more prosperous neighbors, the little family would have fared ill enough. As it was, they suffered much privation, and knew well what hunger and want meant.

"Isabel," said her father, abruptly, as they rested under the tree, "do ye know that this 'ere is your birthday? Ye are eight year old to-day."

"Oh, am I?" she cried, moving up close beside him. "Why, I am most a woman, ain't I?"

"Ye are too much of a woman," he answered, soberly. "Ye have more care than a little gal like ye orter have."

"Oh no, father, I am very strong, you know, and I mean to do more!" with a willful nod of her bright head. "Yes," she continued, "you must let me wash the clothes now; it is not nice for men to wash clothes!"

"Pooh, pooh! child, what's the odds? Besides, there ain't many ter wash in this family," he added.

"All the easier for me, then," she answered, laughing.

"See here, now, Isabel," said her father, "when I wash clo'es, I jest take 'em down ter the brook and souce 'em well; whack 'em a few times on the stones, if they ain't tew old and tender; then I lay 'em on the grass and let 'em git the dew or the frost over night, and the mornin' sun; in a few hours more, then they be dry and ready ter put on yer back! Not a hefty job, is it? But let a woman undertake to dew a washin', and there's the water ter lug, fires ter build and tend, and tubs to empty. Then there's the outlay of fire, wood and soap, and achin' backs and bones ter wind up with. That's the washin', not to mention the ironin'. Fact is, Isabel, half the work that's done in this world is on necessary, entirely on necessary."

Isabel was silent. When her father philosophized, as he often did, she always felt quite overpowered. So now she sat for some time without speaking, thoughtfully chewing a wisp of grass.

Presently, she looked up into his face and asked a question quite irrelevant to clothes-washing.

"Father," she said, "shall we always live here in the Holler as we do now?"

"That depends upon circumstances," he answered, uneasily. "If anything should happen to yer aunt Priscilla—she has a life leave o' the place, ye know, and when she dies, it goes to his folks—yer uncle John's folks."

"If things hadn't alwers went against me, as it were," he faltered, "I should 'a had a home o' my own in my old age, Isabel."

"And so you will now, father," answered the child, slipping her hand into his. "I shall take care of you; you will live with me."

He looked at her and sighed heavily.

"Yes, Isabel, we will live together—some-where," he said.

That night when bedtime came, and Isabel's father would have taken her in his arms as was his custom, to carry her up the steep stairs to the chamber where they both slept, she drew herself away with childish dignity.

"I am eight years old," she said. "I think I am most too large and heavy."

"Gosh!" said her father, laughing. "If ye was twice as big as ye be I could carry ye easy," and he swung her to his shoulder as if she had been a sack of corn.

She pouted a little, as in duty bound, but laughed, finally, satisfied to have asserted her dignity.

"Eight is pretty old, though, she said, as they lingered at the foot of the stairs, "and I am so tall, father! I no longer have to stand in a chair to look in the glass! And aunt Pris-

cilla says she is thankful"—with a mischievous glance at the old lady—"because my feet left dirty marks in the chairs, sometimes; and she used to say what a dreadful thing it would be, if a fine lady all dressed in silk and satin should happen to come in and sit down in a dirty chair. So many fine ladies visit us, you know!" with sarcasm. "But, oh!"—clasping her hands on her father's shoulder and looking up eagerly into his face—"Oh, how I should like to see such a lady! I have seen pictures of them in a book. There is one I always choose to be me; she has on a pink satin dress, all trimmed with lace and flowers, and she looks, oh, so grand and proud!" a thrill of awe in her voice.

"Say, father, do you suppose I shall ever see a real, live lady dressed like that?"

"Oh, la, yes! Mebby ye'll wear sech a dress yerself, some day," he answered.

"Now, Hiram!" remonstrated aunt Priscilla, feebly, "don't you go to puttin' notions into that child's head!"

"Hut, tut! Stranger things have happened," he persisted, stoutly, and started up the stairs, the child clinging to his neck.

The chamber they occupied was one long, unfinished room running the whole length of the little house, with only a curtain separating the two apartments from each other, so that after going to bed conversation was very easily carried on between them.

Isabel seemed to be in a very talkative mood that night; she began as soon as she was fairly in bed—

"Father," she said, "I think I like bedtime best of all."

"Do ye?" he laughed. "Ye tease hard enough ter set up longer, sometimes."

"Oh yes, when there's talking that I want to hear; or, if I am reading a story. But I mean I like it up here. Aunt Priscilla's sage and catnip and things smell so nice; I always take a good, long sniff before I go to sleep."

"Yerbs is hulsome," remarked her father, assentingly.

Isabel went on—"And then there's the old loom; it's my playhouse in the daytime, but at night it seems more than a loom to me. It seems a—a protection. I always feel somehow as if it were taking care of me. When I happen to wake up in the dark night and can barely see it standing there so tall and strong, it unakes me feel safe; ain't it funny, father?"

"I should say it was, child," he said.

"What could an old loom dew ter protect a

"Why yes; I don't see what's ter hender. But now, Isabel, there's a sound I like better'n the frogs pipin', and that's the roar o' Thunder Brook fall. Hark!"

They both listened.

"I think it is grand, but sad," said Isabel. "Mebby; but I like it," he answered, dreamily. "And when I lay here o' nights listenin' tew it, everything wrong and hard in my life seems ter dwindle down ter nothin', as ye might say, and Heaven seems nigh—Heaven and yer mother."

"Yes, father," said the child, softly.

They were silent for a long time. Then Isabel's little feet came pattering over the bare floor, and kneeling at her father's bedside, she put her face down to his—

"I want to kiss you again," she said. "You are not lonesome, are you, father?"

"Lonesome? No, no! said he. "How can we be lonesome with all these ere friends o' our'n, the frogs and yerbs for company, and the old loom ter look arter us?"

He laughed uproariously, and she laughed too, at the whimsical idea; then kissing him once more, she ran back to her own bed and was soon fast asleep.

But her father lay awake a long time, as he had done so many nights before, anxiously thinking what he could do for his child.

"O God!" he prayed, "help me to give her larnin', and the bringin' up she orter have! Give her a chance—only give her a chance—no matter what becomes o' me!"

He sat up in bed leaning on his elbow. The moon had risen, flooding the little room with light, and one great star, like a friendly eye, beamed in upon him.

"It may be Lucy Jane lookin' and watchin' over me and the child—who knows?" he thought; and so cheered and comforted he too, at last, slept.

That night poor old aunt Priscilla died. Unattended, unwatched save by the tender-faced moon looking in at her window, her spirit flitted silently out into the mysterious beyond, where, we are told, all things shall become new. She must have gone willingly, for her toil-worn hands were folded peacefully across her breast, and in her aged face was a look of perfect rest.

In consequence of her death, the little home was broken up, and the property passed into the hands of strangers.

While Isabel's father was anxiously endeavoring to make some plan for the future,



The old man stood looking after his child till she was out of sight.

little gal? I'll take care on ye, all ye need."

"Oh yes, of course! But I like to make believe the old loom does too."

She did not speak again for some time, and her father began to think she had fallen asleep; but it was not so.

"Do hear the frogs!" she exclaimed, suddenly. "They sing louder than common, to-night, I believe. How I do love to hear them! I wonder if they sing any other little girls to sleep besides me?"

Fate suddenly gave her fortunes a more favorable turn, and the father's ambitious dreams in regard to his child, assumed the aspect of possible realities.

A distant relative of the family, a Mrs. Randolph, rich and childless, journeying through the Holler on her way to some mountain resort, met Isabel; became interested in her, and proposed adopting her as her own; promising to give her a mother's love, and every advantage that wealth could supply.

The father consented at once, and gladly. If he shed tears they were grateful, as well as sorrowful.

Isabel, at first, utterly refused to be separated from her father, but influenced by his entreaties and by the promise that he would visit her often, and some time—when she had a home of her own—live with her altogether, she finally acquiesced.

They parted at the quaint, little tavern, where the stage came twice a week to take up its passengers; parted, comforting each other, and smiling bravely through their tears.

When they had said a last "good-bye," the old man stood looking after his child till she was out of sight, then pursued his solitary way along the dusty turnpike road.

"How could he let her go? Why was there not some other way—O, God!—that they might only be together?"

But soon he rallied, and lifting his gray head bravely, he rated himself roundly for what he considered his weakness and selfishness.

"Gosh!" he exclaimed aloud in disgust. "What be I about? Haint I been prayin' night and day for years that this very thing might come ter pass—a chance for Isabel? No matter what becomes o' me, only give my little gal a chance! This has been my constant, earnest prayer, haint it? Wall, here is the chance—O Lord, forgive these tears! Forgive me, Lucy Jane!"

Ten years have passed away, and the father's hopes, so far as his daughter was concerned, have been more than realized. And Isabel, married, the happy mistress of a happy home, hastens to summon her father to share it with her. Fondly believing that, though she cannot compensate him for the hardship and loneliness of the past, she can yet so fill his last days with comfort and happiness, that perhaps he may forget.

And he is eager to go; he exalts in turning his back upon the Holler, and all the long years of his ill-fortune and poverty.

It was Isabel's pleasure, now that her father was with her, to surround him with every possible care; to anticipate his slightest wish. But he had so few wants, and they were so simple.

He had never owned a watch, and Isabel thought it might please him to have one. Accordingly, she took him to a jeweler's, where, after great deliberation, he selected the largest silver case—a "regular turnip" he called it—preferring it to all the others.

Hereafter it was a joy to see him refer to it; compare it with Isabel's watch and with her husband's, and confidently affirm that it was the only correct time about the house.

It was droll, when there was company at dinner, to see him haul out the ponderous thing and politely beg to compare time with his neighbor at table. Generally, to his intense satisfaction, if there were a difference, his watch was given the preference.

As we have said, he was a thoughtful student of nature, and was full of quaint, original ideas, resulting from his own observations.

Although very erect otherwise, he generally carried his head somewhat inclined forward, his eyes fixed on the ground.

One morning as he was walking leisurely about the place, he stumbled over the gardener's son—a pert young fellow—who said rather saucily, as he picked himself up—

"See here, old man! Why don't you hold up your head, and look where you're going?" "My boy," he answered, with a twinkle in his eye, "Do you see yonder field of wheat? Wall, then, you observe that some o' the heads is droopin', but if you examine 'em you'll find that they have a good, solid kernel inside, while them that are tossin' so high in the air is empty and worthless!"

But as time went on, Isabel was pained to see that her father grew restless and discontented. He haunted the gardener's house, and begged to do little jobs of work; allowing the pompous fellow to order him about and patronize him to his heart's content.

"I feel better to be doin' a little sunthin'," he explained apologetically to Isabel when she found him pruning the gooseberry bushes.

She smiled, glad to have him amused, but when a little later he begged leave to saw the wood for the kitchen, she began to feel uneasy. She surprised him at times also in fits of melancholy abstraction, from which he would rouse himself with an effort at cheerfulness that was pitiful to see.

One morning she came across him sitting thus, lost in thought, his eyes fixed on the distant horizon with an expression of wistful longing.

She sat down beside him, and put her arms round his neck.

"Father, what is it?" she said. "Tell your little girl. I know you are not happy."

"I'm all right, I'm all right!" he said. "You needn't worry none about me, Isabel, I'm all right," he reiterated, getting up and shaking down his trousers legs excitedly. Then he suddenly stooped over her, and smoothed her hair, his hands trembling, his old eyes misty with tears.

"I'll tell ye, Isabel," he said, earnestly. "As far's ye're concerned I'm satisfied, and more tew. Why shouldn't I be? Ter see ye here so—a queen as it were—my little gal a queen, wearin' silks and satings with the best, and good—good as yaller gold. And such a husband as ye've got! Gosh! I don't know Phillip's equil nowhere. Don't tell me—I know! A son-in-law ter be proud on!"

He took off his hat, and lifting his gray head, spread out his hands and looked round as if addressing an imaginary audience.

"See how he's treated me, how he took me unconditional to his home and home! That first night I came here I sprung it on him unawares, as ye might say, blundered right in 'mongst the grand folks that had come to his party, his'n and your'n. There I was in my

old farm clo'es, awkward, and rough as a Hoosier—don't I know it? Why, I must a been a curiosity tew 'em all! But what does he dew? He steps right for'ard and takes me by the hand and calls me *father*! He did, by gosh! Here he choked and drew the back of his hand across his eyes.

"I shouldn't a blamed him a mite," he continued, "if he'd smuggled me round inter the back door kinder sly, and got me slicked up a little before interducin' me to them grand folks. But no; he took my hand in his'n, and says he: 'Gentlemen and ladies, this is *our father*,' says he. Isabel—lookin' impressively into her face—ye've got a good husband, one of a thousand. I can leave ye with him and rest perfectly easy."

"Leave me, father!" she repeated. "Where are you going?"

"Did I speak o' leavin'?" he stammered, in confusion. "Well, now, sence ye ask me—I've been thinkin' some, lately, that I should—that I might, as it were. Fact is, Isabel, I have lived up in the Holler so long that I can't seem ter settle down comfortable nowhere else; and I've been wonderin' lately whether no I hadn't better kinder keep a-home up there, say, with brother Gideon, and so visit back'ards and for'ards, ye know. As long's there's plenty o' money ter throw away, what's ter tender?" With a little uneasy laugh, and slapping his pocketful of silver till it jingled.

"But, Isabel," he continued with an anxious look into her face, "I can't bear ter disappoint ye—that's what frets me. Ye know I alwers think o' ye fust and last, and all times, don't ye, deary?"

Isabel looked distressed.

"O father!" she said, reproachfully, "I have been hoping and waiting all these years to give you a home, to have you live with me."

"I know it, Isabel, I know it; and I have longed ter be with ye. The thought o' comin' at last has cheered me this many a year, but—it's curis, ain't it?—but now I'm here; now that I see ye as ye be, and ye don't need me—ye don't need nothin', as it were—I seem ter need—wall, I need the old life and the old ways. For instance, I dew think a smart tramp over the hills this mornin' would do me good and make me feel more like a man. Yes, Isabel, I'll own up; as I set here I was longin' for a tramp, and I says, says I—

"Old man, what's ter hinder? Gosh! thinks I, what be legs good for anyway? I dew believe I shall lose the use o' mine if I laze round here much longer." And he grasped his cane, and sniffed the air as if he scented the hills afar off.

Isabel smiled sadly. "I know something how it is," she said; "I cannot blame you. I used to feel just so at times, but I have gotten over it now."

"Ye were young, Isabel," he said, gently. "Ye were like this saplin'," pointing to a young tree recently set but, "and ye could bear transplantin'; but ye wouldn't think o' pullin' up yender old oak by the roots, and settin' it out in yer hot-house? No, ye wouldn't, deary, of course not. Wall," he added, smiling grimly over his own quaint conceit, "I'm like that old tree; I've growed up on the north side o' the house, as ye might say, and the storms and winds of seventy-five years have beat agin me; but I'm used tew 'em; they agree with me. I've growed up now, and I don't 'spose it's any use tryin' ter transplant me."

Isabel kissed him, and sighed, but she smiled, too.

"Dear father," she said, "I want you to be happy. Go and come as you will; only, if I could feel assured that you would spend freely for your own comfort, the money that you are so fond of jingling in your pockets, I should feel easier."

The cloud lifted from his face at once. "An old dog, ain't quick at learnin' new tricks, ye know," he said; "but I promise ye faithful that I'll spend as much money on myself, and other ways, as what I can, consistent."

"Lem me see," reflectively, "I'll ride alwers when my legs ain't actewally sufferin' for exercise, and I won't stint myself in tobacker, no time; that I promise strong"—laughing;—"and then I'll hire my clo'es washed and ironed and mended all up in good shape, every week. Do ye remember how ye used ter hate tew have me wash my clo'es myself, and iron 'em on my own back?"

Isabel did remember, and smiled at the thought of those pitiful, but yet happy times.

"Then," he continued, "if I pay brother Gideon well for my board, I don't see why I shouldn't live high enough ter suit ye; and board and clo'es is all the best on us gets in this world, anyway, ye know. That'll be for myself; but what I lack on most is havin' somethin' for other folks. I tell ye, Isabel, I'll fling the money round well amongst the neighbors. There shan't never be no more sufferin' in the Holler, if I can help it!" his face fairly beaming with generous satisfaction.

"See here!" he went on, laughing, "What a s'pose now folks'll think ter see me swellin' round with my pockets full o' money, and carryin' a watch and a gold-headed cane? Why they'll think my little gal has made a nabob on me, that's what they'll think!"

He paused in sudden thoughtfulness, and laid his hand on Isabel's head.

"Isabel, child," he said, reverently, "what 'spose Lucy Jane, yer mother thinks? Would ter God she had lived to share our prosperity!"

Isabel lifted her face to kiss him.

"She wants nothing now, father," she said, softly.

As the old man sat in the car, on the way to his beloved hills once more, he thought of all the happiness that had come to him and to his child, and of all the happiness he hoped to confer upon the Holler folks, till he fairly forgot where he was, and standing up in his seat he laughed and chuckled in his satisfaction, slapping his pockets till the silver rang again.

THE CARE OF BIRDS IN THE HOME

BY MRS. HENRY WARD BECHER



ANYONE who keeps several birds in the house is likely to receive an amount of sympathy for the heavy burden their care is supposed to entail. This is a mistaken idea. Love lightens labor; but leaving that out of the question, the labor is really very little. At the beginning one should learn from those who have them for sale, the proper treatment and food for each variety, and if that is once thoroughly understood anything like trouble or labor disappears completely. If you are methodical in your treatment of your birds, after caring for them for one or two mornings, you will find that all there is to do is accomplished easily and quickly.

Some years since we had a large cage, the entire height and width of a window in the sewing-room, and between two and three feet deep. In this cage we had fifty birds of different kinds. After one week's experience in caring for them we allowed one-half hour every morning to clean the cage, feed and bathe the birds and make them happy. Taking out the gravel-pan and putting a dozen bath tubs in its place; the pans, perches and feeding-cups are now taken out, cleaned, and the cups filled with the proper variety of food for each different kind of bird. This cleaning was all done by the time they had finished bathing. Then, removing the bath tubs and wiping the bottom of the cage dry, the gravel, perches and feeding-cups were returned to their proper places and the work was done. That was all the care the birds needed till the next morning, unless, once or twice a week, they were given a bit of lettuce or egg, or a little raw beef.

A large cage with room to exercise, is very desirable for all birds, but especially for large ones. The gravel-pan at the bottom of the cage should have plenty of gravel, or river sand, not altogether to keep the cage clean and absorb moisture, but also to help the birds digest the food, and to keep their feet clean. It is well to hang a small red pepper in the cage, but a little red Hungarian or bird-pepper should also be sprinkled in the feeding-cups. Lettuce leaves—young and tender—and plantain seed are good for all birds, if not given in excess. Something green two or three times a week, a hard-boiled egg mixed with a little mashed potato (of course without salt, pepper or butter) once a week, and, occasionally, a small bit of raw beef, chopped very fine, are all good additions to the regular diet.

We, in the North, are apt to have the false impression that as the heat of the native climate of many birds often rises above one hundred degrees, the room where our birds are must therefore be kept very warm. The mocking-bird, nonpareil, cardinal, and all singing birds when free always seek the shade of the fig or orange tree, or the live oak, when the sun shines the warmest. When caged, if their friends would raise a canopy over them, or a shelter of green boughs, or remove them indoors when the sun is most brilliant, the birds would tell their gratitude by far sweeter song. They should be kept out of the draught or current of air, as they often die from such exposure.

Many suppose that mocking-birds are the most difficult to rear and keep in a healthy condition, and assume that the care and anxiety of endeavoring to rear them must overbalance the short-lived pleasure that can be found in their possession. We cannot agree with this theory; it requires but little time or instruction to understand mocking-birds, and no bird is more easily cared for. As with all birds, if you wish the mocking-birds to be tame and at ease when any one is near, you must take them from the nest before the mother has taught them to care for themselves and to fly. For five or six weeks they are a good deal of care, as all birds are when only a few days old. They must be fed every hour for the first six weeks, and for the first week or ten days will call for their food through the night in tones that admit of no delay. The moment they begin to call for food you will find their heads held up and mouths wide open, begging. Little bits of their food, not bigger than a small pea, should be put into their mouths, in all not more than a small teaspoonful at a meal, and a few drops of water given from a spoon or dropped from the tip of the finger.

The food for the little mocking-birds for the first three months should be always the same. Boil two old potatoes tender (no new potatoes should be used, if possible to obtain the old); boil two eggs hard; mash the potatoes and yolks of the eggs, free from any lump; see that both are thoroughly blended; roll into a ball and set in a cool place. Sometimes the whites are mashed with the yolks, but we do not think it a safe experiment. If this ball of potato and egg is set in a cool place it will keep twenty-four hours, and is the only thing that the young birds must be fed with till three months old. After that, a little sweet apple, scraped fine, may be given. When old enough to hop about briskly, a small bath-tub half full of tepid water may be put in the cage, and in a few days the little bird will learn to bathe every morning.

In about six months the birds, if males, will begin to sing, and can then have their food in a feeding-cup and help themselves; but it is not wise to have too much in the cup. They are great feeders, and when young might be injured by overfeeding. If one gets mocking-birds five or six months old, no extra care is needed, but they will be difficult to tame. At this age you may add one-third grated carrot to the egg and potatoes, and a little scraped sweet apple now and then. A spoonful of ant's-eggs given once or twice a week, will improve their singing. These can be ob-

tained at bird stores. Keep a cuttle-fish bone hung in the cage for every kind of bird.

Mocking-birds are not as cleanly in their cages as many other birds, but when free, few keep themselves in better condition. On this account, to keep them in good health their cages should be always scrupulously clean, the perches, cups, feeding-troughs and the gravel-pan being cleaned every morning. If you have an old, unused cage, transfer the birds into it, while cleaning the other. This expedites the progress exceedingly. If large enough to give them plenty of room leave one cage free to be well washed and aired till the next morning. Mocking-bird food, prepared expressly for them, can be obtained at every bird store, and also from many grocers. If used as a regular diet, one-third grated carrot should be mixed with it, as the prepared food, as it comes from the bottle, is too rich for safety. Occasionally a paste of corn-meal, moistened with milk, and the yolk of a hard-boiled egg mixed with it, is excellent for the bird when mixed with the prepared food; but the meal paste should be made new twice a day, as it will sour easily, specially in summer. All kinds of berries, sweet apple, now and then; a bit of orange or fig, if fed sparingly, will be found of benefit. Birds are fond of all kinds of fruits or berries, particularly poke-berries, which, in their season, are needful to keep the birds in good health.

Meal worms are good for most large birds, but should be given only two or three at a time; twice a week is often enough. If tame enough to be let out into the room, the birds will eagerly help themselves to flies or spiders, if any are about. When wild, their instinct teaches them when they have had enough, but in a cage they cannot be allowed to help themselves unrestrainedly to insects, or have much meat. A roll of brimstone should be suspended in the cages all the time, to keep them free from insects. Buy some reliable insect powder, and once or twice a week fill the little rubber bellows, that usually comes with the powder, and blow some of it over the birds and all through the cages. It will not hurt the birds, but will keep them free from vermin.

The same care that should be given to the mocking-bird, except in the matter of food, is needed for all birds. Great regularity in feeding and caring for them is absolutely necessary. Their baths, fresh food and water, should be given, as far as possible, at regular hours. Every week or two put a rusty nail in their drinking-cups, and specially when they are moulting.

When in a cage the canary seems to lose all natural instinct in selecting food, and will eat almost anything; but if in a large cage with many other birds will more readily select canary-seed, millet, rape, and hemp. Hemp is not good as a regular diet, and yet almost all birds like it; so it is wise not to fill the feeding-cup generously with it.

The cardinal or red bird is a great eater, and specially fond of rough rice; but will taste of all kinds within his reach. If taken young, he can be easily trained to live peacefully with all other birds; but the mocking-bird is too impulsive, aggressive and lacking in his wild, joyous moods to live with smaller birds. The tropic-bird is a large, gorgeous bird, but his long, cruel beak and despotic disposition make it necessary to keep him in a cage by himself. His food is mostly seeds, canary, millet, etc., with the usual allowance of fresh green food, and, like most of the caged birds, he will have a taste of the mocking-bird's prepared food if he can get it.

The bullfinch is easily tamed, and becomes very affectionate to his keepers, but cruel and quarrelsome to any bird he can master. So he, too, must dwell alone. The goldfinch, chaffinch, skylark, Java sparrow, weaverfinch, canary, nonpareil, love-bird, cockatoo and many others can live in a pleasant, friendly way, in one large cage, with very little quarrelling. They are much more easily cared for when together. Each enjoys taking a bite from all the feeding-cups, and receives no harm from it.

Regular habits, shelter from the midday sun, perfect cleanliness, with no exposure to draughts or currents of air, are the most important rules to secure healthy, happy and long-lived birds.

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A BRIDE IN THE DIAMOND FIELDS

Told By Her Through W. P. Pond



experiences from her point of view are best told in her own words:

We were married at Cape Town, and for our bridal tour drove a team of eight horses, the six hundred miles to the Fields through a lovely country, camping every night in a way that was just too original and quaint for anything. I will never forget my first sight of Kimberly. A dense cloud of dust was my first glimpse, and a nauseous, bitter taste in my mouth my first sensation. As we progressed at full gallop, the cloud lifted and split, and the first house I saw was a Chinaman's, the omnipresent John. It was made of a wooden frame, the walls being formed of pieces of tin neatly nailed on to the woodwork, some of them covered with colored paper, on which I saw the familiar legends of "Chicago Fressed Beef," "Sugar Corn," "Tomatoes," etc. John had picked up the empty cans, flattened them out and built his house. He did not "washee-washee," but he carted away the refuse from the edge of the mine, and sorted it for diamonds under his own vine and fig tree. Houses followed thick and fast, nearly all of galvanized iron, hence the local title of "The City of Iron Dustbins," and at last we turned into a long street, Main street, and stopped at an hotel that looked like a barn. Everywhere were white men, copper-colored men, black men, clothed and half-clothed. I blush now to think of some of the toilets that I remember yet, the first glance at.

"Here's our house, Madge," said my husband, as he left the team and walked to the edge of the town on the west, so that the east wind being a rarity, we escaped a great proportion of the dust. It was a neat, iron structure, and, as I opened the door, I saw a large goat in the parlor making himself very comfortable.

"Is that our summer boarder you spoke of, Frank?" I asked, laughing.

"No, Harry is at the mine. Never leave your front door open unless you close the garden gate, for a dog is a possible visitor, a goat a certainty."

"That's terrible! Help me turn him out," and between us we cleared the house and then looked through the rooms. My house! And oh! how cute that dear fellow had fixed everything. The furniture was plain, but useful; a piano was in the parlor, and a bookcase full of books; my bedroom was lovely, and there was a kitchen with a real American stove, and at the back a stable for eight horses.

"Now sit down and rest!" said Frank, "and I'll go to the mine and get Harry and send in some dinner from the hotel."

This was his brother, who I already knew, and who was to live with us. As soon as my husband was clear of the garden, I jumped up. "Rest!" "Keep still!" Well, no; not in the first house I ever owned. Besides, I really must try that stove. I found coffee, butter, flour, cold meat, and suddenly I thought I would make those boys some real nice old-fashioned biscuits. Tucking up my sleeves I got a bowl, some flour; everything was to hand but baking-powder. Where was it? Ah, there it was by the side of the faucet of the water barrel. "Borwick's English Baking Powder." Just as I finished the biscuits, in came my boys and two natives carrying the dinner.

"What have you been doing?" said my lord and master, throwing down a small bag on a side table and emptying a handful of dirty pebbles on the green cloth.

"Making down-east biscuits. I found the flour and everything. Won't they be a treat for you? What are you going to do with those stones?"

Harry laughed and taking my hand, put them all into it, saying "What will you give me for them?"

"Give you? Nothing!" and I nearly threw them out of the window, when he stopped me just in time, saying:

"Little goose, those are diamonds."

I gave a half grasp, and gripped them tight. "Diamonds!" I remember now the revelation it was to me to see a whole handful of real diamonds handed around like hickory nuts. How those fellows laughed at me!

"I've been running the kitchen lately," said Harry. "How did you find things, Madge? All ship-shape, eh?"

"Yes! I found everything easily but the baking-powder," I replied.

"Baking-powder? There wasn't any."

"Why, see here," I said, fetching in the can.

"Great Scott! That's my tooth-powder," said Frank, and after looking blankly at each other for a minute, we screamed with laughter, for we had eaten the biscuits and they were good.

"Come with me, Madge, and I'll show you the market and how to buy things," said Harry the next morning; and we went down to the great square.

It was about an hour after daybreak, for at the Fields it was too hot to stir around much after seven o'clock, until evening, and all business was transacted early, except at the mine, where the desire for gain overpowered the sensation of heat. Round the square were gathered the white-covered wagons of the Dutch Boer farmers, who brought in the produce, and down the centre long tables were placed. On these were incongruous heaps of vegetables, fruit, meat, ostrich

feathers, game, ivory, karosses (fur cloaks of leopard skin, gold and silver lynx, etc.), and these the market-master sold in bulk.

I soon found that the buyers of the heaps sorted the contents, and then sold them again. It was so funny, every one was laughing and talking; nearly all were men doing their own marketing, but so polite and considerate to the few ladies who were present—for there were only twenty-six ladies in the ten thousand people then at Kimberly. I bought a lot of things myself, but when I saw the prices I nearly fainted. Fancy giving \$6.00 for 12 pounds of potatoes; cabbage \$2.50 each, small onions 50 cents each, butter \$1.00 to \$1.50 per pound, eggs \$1.00 per dozen, while they refused to cut me a leg of lamb, and sold me the whole animal for \$2.00.

"That's nothing," said Frank, "these are regular prices. Wait until the heavy rain sets in and fills the 'kloops' or watercourses that intersect the veldt, and until the floods go down, and the fords are passable, prices will go up to four times the present amount."

And so I afterwards found it, and before I left the Fields I had to give \$1.50 for a half-pint bottle of English soda-water to wash my face in, during a long drought. Water frequently was sold at \$2.00 per pail, or, as the market terms were, 50 cents the half arm, meaning that a hand was placed flat in the bottom of the pail, and water poured in to the height of the half arm. For weeks many of the men never washed their faces, and looked like inhabitants of a lower region. We managed to get through at a terrific cost, as it now appears, but in those days money and diamonds lay around broadcast, to such an extent that a servant finding a sovereign in a hut would look up his master at the mine, or canteen, and saying: "Here boss," get a quarter for finding it, or if it were a diamond, fifty cents. Money was of little value in a way of speaking, and I grew tired of the very name of diamonds, and regarded them only as a piece of dirty, yellow glass, which they looked like. One day after a week's hard rain, Frank came in and said, "Come up to the nodule banks; you will see something of interest."

The nodules were large pieces of hard, gray-blue, tuffaceous limestone, the soil in which diamonds are found, and so plentiful were the stones that the miners would not trouble to break up a hard nodule, but tossed it out of the way; and at that time a bank of them ran on either side of the road from the mine to the outskirts of the town. Dried and baked under the burning sun, a heavy rain crumbled them to pieces, and turned them into a thick, black slush that flowed over the road.

"Dick Whittington dreamed of London streets paved with gold, but here are Kimberly streets paved with diamonds," said my husband.

This was true in one sense, for there, in the slime, on their hands and knees, was every camp loafer and tramp, every Boer child within walking distance, sieving the mud through coarse wire-netting, looking for diamonds, and finding enough to pay them well for their work. It was a curious sight, and I felt half-inclined to join them, it seemed so foolish to stand by and see diamonds picked up from beneath the feet, without trying to get one's share.

I had one very curious experience. I was in a store one day when a loafer from Klipdrift came in with a chocolate-colored pebble, rough and nearly round in shape, seemingly with transparent matter under the film, as it had glittering points about it. I wanted to buy it, but he wanted \$5.00 for it, so I refused. Later in the day he met me and offered it for \$1.00, but I was annoyed and would not have had it at any price, and finally he tried to trade it for a bottle of beer.

Well, a week after it was sold, and eventually sent to England, for \$3000. It was one of the first diamonds found in a matrix or envelope at the Kimberly mines, where all the stones had previously been found "naked." The Indian and Brazilian mines had nearly all the stones enveloped with a matrix. I was so vexed I did not know how to abuse myself sufficiently.

Servants? Ah, that was a tender point! Native women were the only ones we could get, and it was a choice between two evils, an ignorant one who was liable to strip all her clothes off at any minute to do the work in her own unsophisticated way, or the more civilized contingent, who would demand permission to promenade daily from 2 P. M. to 4 P. M., hours when no white woman could stand the glare of the sun. Then they would rig themselves up in all the finery they owned, or any they could lay hands on belonging to their mistress, and march up and down Main street, ridiculous, as only an African woman in European clothes can look. They were honest and fairly clean, but such a worry. We would go to bed about nine P. M., and those dusky damsels would set on the stoop with their beaux until nearly daylight, singing and drumming, and no power on earth would stop it.

One girl I had was a treasure. When my baby was born Frank had never thought about a cradle, and the second day, Mira came in, and fixed me a beautiful hammock-cradle up, made of antelope skin, ornamented with native beadwork. The girl must have worked on it for a month so as to have it ready.

Dress was another trial and tribulation. I went to another lady resident sometime after my arrival, and asked her where I could find a dressmaker.

"I suppose you cannot imagine a stateso uncivilized as not to have a dressmaker in the community. Well that is the case here. Pull an old dress to pieces and cut your new one out from the patterns left."

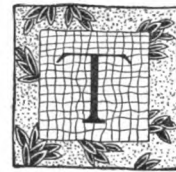
I did so, and sat down to my sewing with a heavy sigh. My native help offered to do some of the sewing, and I let her start, and went to the market. When I returned I found she had sewn one panel of my skirt with her own primitive needle and thread, which simply consisted of skewering holes in the two pieces and threading them with native thread made of the intestines of an antelope. She meant well, but it was too ridiculous, and thereafter I made my own dresses, or got friends coming from Europe to bring them.

During the five years I lived there, great changes took place; a race track and botanical gardens were laid out, improved houses built, and money made otherwise than by diamonds. But when I first knew it—ere the iron horse ran its track to Hopetown—with all its drawbacks, with hundreds of well-bred, well-educated men, and a score of refined women, throwing in their lot with probably the hardest, roughest, rudest element on earth, all heart-sick for home comforts and the pleasures of civilization, nowhere on earth was there more fun and more laughter than at the Diamond Fields in the early days of the Kimberly Mine.



*VII.—THE WIFE OF "UNCLE REMUS"

By ANNIE LOGAN CARTER



HE wife of the world-famous Southern writer, Joel Chandler Harris, is the only daughter of Captain Pierre La Rose, of Upton, Canada.

She was born October 11th, 1854, near Albany, N. Y., while her parents, who are French Canadians, were sojourning there for a season. Her father was at that time captain of a steamboat, and had most of his fortune invested in boats. Consequently, most of his time was spent in traveling. His family, which included only three children, usually accompanied him on his voyages.

His daughter, Essie, the subject of this sketch, was sent, at the age of eleven, to the



MRS. JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

convent of the Presentation of Mary, at St. Hyacinthe, near Montreal. She remained under the tuition of the Sisters for six years, when she was graduated, and returned to her parents to become a belle among the maidens of her village home.

The following winter, Mrs. La Rose and her daughter stopped for some time at a hotel in the city of Savannah, Ga., while Captain La Rose went to Florida on a business trip.

At that time, Joel Chandler Harris was associate-editor of the "Savannah Morning News." He lived in the hotel at which Mrs. La Rose and Miss Essie were temporary guests.

Mr. Harris was an unmitigated blonde, with red hair and blue eyes, exceedingly appreciative of pretty faces. Miss La Rose was a handsome brunette, with beautiful teeth and eyes to make her smiles entrancing—the shrugs of her plump shoulders and coquettish vivacity of manner being more eloquent than both languages her tongue could speak. The young editor had come to the table d'hôte, had seen two starry eyes and the dark, curly tresses of a lovely girl at her sweetest of teens.

The poetic faculty in his humorous brain awoke. He sought an acquaintance with the lovely stranger—but many were the letters, and sweet and tender the poems in her praise from his brilliant pen, before the gentle heart was won.

They were married April 21st, 1873, and lived in Savannah until the summer of 1876, when an epidemic of yellow fever drove them to Atlanta, Ga.

* In this series of pen-portraits of "Unknown Wives of Well-Known Men," commenced in the last January JOURNAL, the following, each accompanied with portrait, have been printed:

- MRS. THOMAS A. EDISON January
- MRS. P. T. BARNUM February
- MRS. W. E. GLADSTONE March
- MRS. T. DE WITT TALMAGE April
- MRS. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW May
- LADY MACDONALD June

* Any of these back numbers can be had at 10 cents each, by writing to the JOURNAL.

During his stay in Atlanta, Mr. Harris began to write the "Uncle Remus" sketches, and accepted an editorial place on the "Atlanta Constitution." Since that time he has published several volumes of short stories, and three Negro folk-lore books.

Mr. and Mrs. Harris live at West End, a residence village adjoining the city of Atlanta, Ga.

Their house is roomy and picturesque, with many windows and wide verandas. A magnificent vine of Maréchal Niel roses covers the arched lattices of the western veranda. Pigeons abound in the evergreen trees and some pet mocking-birds live in the rose vines. The grounds include four acres.

The hospitality of this suburban home is charming, and illustrates sincerely the Southern invitation, "Bring your knitting and stay all day!"

Mr. Harris says: "There is no literary foolishness at my house. We like people better than we do books, and find more in them." Still, the house is full of books and magazines, and has the atmosphere of a home where books are read and appreciated.

Mrs. Harris has the gift of "good humor," and the art of making it contagious, which is one reason of the deftness with which her large household is managed. She is the "business manager" of the firm, as her literary lord confesses, and has been successful in that capacity. She keeps house thoroughly, and makes her home so attractive to her family that her boys find their chief pleasures at home. The house is always full of company, specially children, but any number of guests never disturb the serenity of the mistress. She is always agreeable and full of that unobtrusive sympathy so winning in a modest little woman with a musical voice.

Mrs. Harris has been the mother of nine children, six of whom are living. Her eldest, a youth of sixteen, is at school in Canada in order to learn the French language with ease and accuracy. He inherits his father's genius. There are three other boys and two very sweet little girls at home.

Mrs. Harris laughingly declares that her accomplishments have dwindled down to two—the making of fine butter and getting the little ones off to bed by eight o'clock.

She then spends the evening with her husband. He writes his stories at night. While he writes she sews or reads, or does some dainty fancy-work. She is by no means like Tennyson's heroine, who "knows but matters of the house, while he—he knows a thousand things."

Not long ago she took up a volume of French fairy tales and folk-lore, which she rendered into English while her grateful husband wrote them down. These translations include the "Evening Tales" of Frederic Orlot, and they may be published some time in the future.

Mrs. Harris is the ideal wife for her distinguished husband. She makes scrap-books for him of his best newspaper articles, the reviews of his books and sketches of himself from various sources. She also takes care of the many appreciative letters he receives from the most famous writers all over the world. His admirers are now wherever his books have been circulated.

Mrs. Harris has many pictures made specially for her husband by the artists who illustrated his stories.

A set of dessert-plates decorated with scenes from the "Uncle Remus" folk-lore has been presented to Mrs. Harris. Space will not permit even a list of the many interesting pictures, books and bric-à-brac adorning her lovely home.

Mrs. Harris does not affect any nonsense about "the claims of long descent," but a glance at the quaint heirlooms among her jewels and laces would delight the romantic vein in the soul of the most matter-of-fact woman in the land. She dresses with the native taste of a French woman, but does not worship fine feathers. Just now she is in black for a lovely little boy—her miniature self—who died only a few months ago.

The venerable mother of Mr. Harris is also an inmate of his pleasant home. She is a most companionable and interesting old lady, a sincere admirer of her daughter-in-law as well as of her son, but full of pathos and sadness for the lost grandson, who was her earthly idol.

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THE WOMAN IN THE CITY

HOW TO BE HAPPY IN THE CITY

BY HELEN JAY

ONE of the first factors in the happiness of the woman who must remain in the city during the summer, is to treat her household gods as if she were to leave them for awhile. Let her put away that part of her plenishing which accumulates moth and rust, and calls for tedious dustings. Then let her change about the pictures and furniture, remembering that the women who filled the insane asylums of New England, came from the families whose rocking chairs wore grooves in the same breadths of the same carpets for generations.

Gently swaying drapery often proves to your senses that air is stirring when you believe it not. The substitution of light hangings in place of heavy portières and curtains is to be commended on this score, if on no other. Taking one of the many hints Nature gives, let these draperies be leaf-green, the coolest, most restful of colors.

Linen covers coat the brilliant hues of the chairs and sofas. Scarfs, bows, bags and the hand-painted varieties have been placed out of sight. The rooms look larger, cooler, and altogether more habitable.

For your living-room choose some room which you have used the least during the winter. Take up the carpet; have it cleaned, and put away in tar paper. If matting is too expensive—although rolls of forty yards can now be bought for ten, seven and six dollars, and will last for years—have the floor painted. The material and work for an ordinary room will cost about four dollars. In either case, your work will be greatly lightened.

After dressing for three hundred mornings, with the same wall-paper staring you in the face and the same chairs saluting your waking gaze, common sense suggests an exodus. If you are living in close quarters, borrow a room from another member of the household, giving yours in exchange, and you will go back to your own bed in autumn declaring it to be the best in the world.

Now that your surroundings are changed, why not consider the question of your associations?

Seeing new faces and forming new friendships are said to be the great delights of a vacation. The average woman lives at such high pressure that at the close of a winter full of philanthropic schemes, committee meetings, clubs, classes, church work and social duties, she has hard work sometimes not to hate her kind. She sighs, not for a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still, but for the touch of a stranger's hand and voices she has never heard. To be happy in the city she must, in justice to herself, stop for a time at least, her philanthropic, social and scolastic work. Let her take a second hint from Nature, and find healing, as the brutes do, in withdrawing from the herd and in quiet resting in familiar places. Unconsciously the winter's campaign, with its claims and interests, have come a trifle between the husband and wife. She has not been half as companionable as she wishes she had been. There is the very change she needs. Let her give up committee members and "causes," and devote more time and thought to the good man of the house. Saturday afternoon—that boon to most business men—can be made the occasion of many little outings into pleasant by-paths. A dinner in the Italian restaurant—a description of which she has hardly had time to listen to—will be like a glimpse into another world. A democratic ride on some pleasant car line or stage route, will show her a city transformed; and her interest will be excited and her imagination stirred by the groups of strangers met on every hand. It is a fact that men have more accurate ideas of comfort than women. They know how to enjoy themselves in a semi-Bohemian fashion unattainable to their sisters. Their lives have not been darkened by the dreadful D's—dress, diseases and domesticities. The change from the wife's complex ideas and many plans to the few broad rules which govern her husband, will both rest her and brighten her up wonderfully.

In the trunk of the ordinary tourist are a few stiff silks or velvets. Cotton gowns and light woollens obtain. One charm of the country, we say, consists in the fact that you can wear what you please. The truth is, however, that independence is nowhere so openly declared in these matters as in a large city, provided always that good taste be not violated. Style—that despotic ruler—now decrees that cool, cotton gowns, simply made, are suitable for all occasions. If the woman who stays at home dresses as simply as she does in the country, she need not fear sun, dust or heat.

If she likes to read, no country town or hotel can yield her the treasures the city libraries hold. The shops are not as hot and crowded as they were in the winter, and her own home is in better sanitary condition than most summer resorts. Her own bath-room, the Turkish bath, and the drug-store near at hand, are blessings not to be despised; while, who can measure the comfort of the thought that there is a doctor on the next block?

THE FIRST THING IN THE MORNING

BY HELEN MEREDITH



LEANLINESS, not only next to godliness, is part of coolness, and the woman who understands how to bathe and dress herself is the one who is going to be comfortable all day. If you can have a plunge bath, take it, letting the water be tepid and giving yourself a cold shower afterwards; for just a little while this may make you warmer, but after you have carefully powdered yourself, and are dressed, you will be surprised to find how delightfully cool and pleasant your entire body is. Don't be afraid of the powder-puff, using with it a fine infant-powder, such as is sold in packages and is not expensive. Then, arrange your hair, not in too much haste, for haste makes heat; and arrange smoothly, so that annoying little curls and flying tendrils may not come about your face and neck.

Do not, on any account, wear clothes in which there is much starch. Indeed, if you follow my plan, you will instruct your laundress to omit starch altogether from your summer frocks and underwear. A gingham, or cotton gown of any kind, is much cooler, much more comfortable to assume, and much prettier to look at when it is entirely unacquainted with the stiff compound.

A full glass of cold water immediately after your bath, may be pleasant, but I should not advise you to drink much water during the day as it induces perspiration and seems to keep you continually thirsty. Eat a light breakfast. Greasy food, or a great quantity of it, taken in the morning, will most certainly heat your stomach for the entire day. The experience of a woman who had to spend the summer in the city and who said she was always cool was, that a cup of coffee in the morning, with a bit of bread and butter; a luncheon at which she had cold beef and a baked potato, with a glass of lemonade, and a dinner after sunset—where a little soup, a bit of meat and one hot vegetable, a cool, green salad, a cold dessert and a small cup of black coffee constituted her bill of fare—is worth knowing about.

Remember you will not be cool all the day long unless you govern that little fiend called ill-temper. You can make the thermometer go up to 198° in the shade if you are fretful and irritable. There is no better preventive against heat than good-temper, when you combine good bathing, proper food, and evenness of disposition with it.

TO KEEP THE HOUSE COOL

BY ADA CHESTER BOND



MUCH of the interior heat is supplied our houses by the kitchen range, which Bridget keeps red hot even in the "dog-days." Prevent this by the use of one of those wonderfully perfected gas-stoves on which any woman of average intelligence can fry, roast, broil and bake to entire satisfaction. It is more economical than a coal fire, makes no dust and conveys no heat to any part of the house outside the kitchen. The one drawback is the want of a hot-water supply for the bath-room, but this, with care and system, may be overcome to a degree, for a kettle always full of water can be kept on the gas-stove all day. For wash-day and ironing-day a clever manager in a small family can make the gas-stove a success.

Having got rid of the inside heat, all rooms not in use should be shut up tight. I mean this literally. Not only should the shutters and windows be closed, but the blinds must be lowered to exclude every ray of light, and the doors locked to prevent the running in and out of the children, who thus admit waves of heated air. We all know that light and hot air impart heat to whatever they touch, therefore this effort to keep out these agents; but it would be neither wise nor practicable to hermetically seal all the rooms of a house. One room, at least, can be so treated—the parlor, and also the dining-room between meals; the room selected should be closed early in the morning while the air has some freshness, and before the sun strikes the windows; then it should not be opened until late in the afternoon.

Every house should have an accessible trap-door in its roof, and when this is left open, a current of heated air must rise through it and make a general draught over all the house. If you have not this, you will find it worth the expense to cut a "transom window" in the hall above the last flight of stairs, choosing a north wall, if possible, and as high up as may be.

Awnings should be light in color, and should be at all windows and doors except those to the north. They are great helps in keeping out glare and reflected lights, but as they sometimes keep out breeze as well, they should be chosen of a kind which is readily raised and lowered.

After sundown, a plentiful watering of your street and pavement, and of all the garden you possess, will cool the air wonderfully for your night's sleep.

THOSE THREE MEALS A DAY

BY JULIET CORSON



PHILOSOPHIZE as we will, we must eat in summer as well as in winter. The question is: "What can we eat with the least expense of time and labor—the least exertion?" To the housewife, whose means or surroundings compel her to stay in the city during the summer, this question comes home with special force.

Housekeepers in the city can solve the problem much more easily than those whose lines are cast in the pleasant places of the country house or the home-farm, where the store-room replaces the market. Unless fresh fruits, salads and vegetables, new-laid eggs, cream, spring chickens, and newly-caught fish are part of the daily production of the establishment, summer catering will be a difficult matter to the average housewife.

Canned goods are an invaluable resource in emergencies, but they fail to replace fresh food in flavor or nutrition. Still, the housekeeper who cannot count upon an unfailing supply of the latter, should never allow her shelf of canned meats and vegetables to be empty. There are certain ways of serving canned goods which make up for their lack of flavor, and restore to them the nourishment lost in preserving them. It is not the purpose of this article to give the details of cookery, only to suggest methods of service which shall lighten the labor during the extreme heat of summer; but one point is so important in the use of canned goods that it well deserves mention. It is this: the vegetables which are put up in salted water, such as the various kinds of green peas, string and lima beans, asparagus, etc., should be drained and rinsed before they are heated, a fresh sauce being made for them, or salt, pepper and butter added to them.

The various oily fishes, like salmon and sardines, should be removed from the can directly it is opened, because the atmosphere, acting upon the oil in contact with the tin, forms an absolutely poisonous combination. This fact explains the sudden attacks of illness which sometimes follow the eating of canned salmon. Every housewife should make a note of this, because canned salmon can be so variously used as a white soup after being reduced to a pulp; heated with white sauce or drawn butter as a fish dish; served cold in small pieces, with lettuce and mayonnaise, or combined with fresh tomatoes, cucumbers or celery, and Spanish onions sliced, with the addition of a plain salad dressing; fried in croquettes as a side dish, and even made, Norwegian fashion, into a pudding. Sardines can be used as relishes with a little lemon-juice; made into a salad with lettuce, celery, sliced tomatoes or Spanish onion, and a plain French salad dressing; breaded or dipped in batter and fried, as an entrée; made into sandwiches, or served on slices of bread, buttered and browned in the oven; served cold, with sliced cucumbers and hot boiled potatoes, as a fish course; or, as a noonday luncheon, served cold with lemon and hot baked potatoes. Another small canned fish called brook trout, in tomato sauce, may be used in similar fashion, when they are put up to permit them to be removed from the cans unbroken.

When canned foods are broken in serving, or when part of a can remains, or any portions of cold cooked meat, fish, poultry or vegetables, they can be used in a white or cream soup. Have a vegetable salad every day for dinner, and radishes, water-cress, cucumbers, escarole, lettuce, or some such green vegetable for luncheon or supper, with cheese, bread and butter, and some hot drink. In city markets, cold boiled ham, tongue, salmon, etc., can be bought by the pound; elsewhere, the same foods can be cooked on baking days when a hot fire is built. Do not forget that fruit is food, and most indispensable to health, especially the various acid berries, grapes and apples. If there is any fear of illness, stew or bake the fruit. Make short-cakes, bannocks, griddle-cakes and fritters with fresh fruit; eat as a salad with salt and pepper or sugar, and bread and butter. Grate cheese upon slices of bread, and just color them in the oven on baking days; keep them dry to use cold. They are almost as hearty as meat.

Drink cool water and eat cracked ice, but do not drink copiously of iced water; any acid fruit-juice, vinegar, cream-of-tartar, or a little citric acid and sugar in water, will relieve intense thirst. Cool the blood, when it is heated, by letting water run upon the wrists and head rather than by drinking iced water.

In short, the secret of avoiding exhaustion by accomplishing the necessary household tasks in hot weather, is to use such foods as can be cooked with little heat; to utilize the fire built for making coffee, to cook a bannock or omelet, or to boil some hominy or potatoes, to use cold, or fry quickly for another meal; to make a hot fire only once or twice a week, and then to bake pies, cakes, bread, etc.; to roast or boil a joint of meat, a ham or tongue, or some poultry, which can be used cold during the rest of the time when only the hot drink is prepared. Above all, do the hardest of the daily work in the coolest hours, and take care to bathe and rest often enough to avoid extreme prostration from heat and fatigue.

THE CHILDREN DURING THE DAY

BY ANNIE R. RAMSEY



WE can do very little to make the children cool and comfortable in the hot city, but that little seems to lie in giving them as good a substitute as possible for the country.

Near all our large towns there are parks and pleasure grounds, and to these the children should go very often; but not in the usual picnic style, which sets the hour of departure in the midst of the heat.

Instead of this, rise very early, give the little ones a breakfast of summer fare—no greasy meats or made dishes—and be ready by seven o'clock to take the cars to the park. Here the children romp and play, following the shade until eleven, which hour finds them in the neighborhood of a dairy where good, fresh milk can be had. This, with their home-made sandwiches gives them a plentiful luncheon, and they can then go back to play in the shade for four or five hours more, returning home in the cool of the evening; or, if the glare and heat are great at noon, they can find comparative shelter in an open car on their way home, and the lunch can be eaten in the house. Afterwards the children are to be sent to the darkened chambers for the siesta. In either case, the late afternoon brings a royal bath and fresh, dainty clothing.

One enterprising mother carries out one or the other of these programmes every fair day of the summer, varying the park picnics by excursions on the river and to the sea; but I think that for her and for them this must, in the end, become fatiguing and even hurtful.

We often forget how warm-blooded little children are, and load them with clothing to prevent sudden chilliness. Instead of this provide wraps for a change, but start the children out lightly clad. Make them as comfortable as possible, too; lift up that mass of shining hair which is heating Mary's back past endurance, and pin it to the crown of her head. Throw into the bath a bag of bran; its effects are cooling and it prevents and cures prickly-heat. If the day has brought sunburn to the delicate skin, dress it with lime-water and linseed oil beaten to a smooth paste and spread on linen.

Never allow children to fret about the heat. Keep their minds from their discomfort by employment. There are numberless ideas for this to be adopted and adapted from the kindergarten. Then send them to bed very early that they may use every cool moment in refreshing sleep.

AFTER THE SUN HAS SET

BY ALICE VINTON



EVERYONE feels tired and languid after a very hot day. The heat is so enervating and exhausting, rest and coolness seem the only things to be desired. People who have to stay in town have been pent up in hot rooms all day, and their one desire is to escape from them. There are only two places of refuge in the ordinary city home—the door-step and the roof. The latter is not utilized as often as it should be, and there are dangers in the use of the former that ought to be guarded against.

With the thermometer at 90° the thought of a chill is almost pleasant, yet it is quite as dangerous as if the temperature were lower and the mercury nearer zero. To sit on a stone step with no protection but very thin clothing, is to invite an attack of rheumatism, which will be as painful and disabling as if the season were midwinter. A rug, or, at the least, a shawl should be put down first; beside making the seat more comfortable, it does away with the danger of taking cold.

If the roof is flat, it can be made a very pleasant lounging place for a summer evening at little expense. It is lifted far above the dust of the street, and the roar of the city comes to it softened by distance. Hammocks can be bought very cheaply, and a few pillows convert them into luxurious resting places. A steamer-chair, or one or two easy-chairs, can be added, and, with a rug, or a few strips of carpet, the furnishing is complete. There may be a little table to hold the pitcher of iced lemonade, and the tobacco jar of the master of the house, if he is permitted to smoke. When there is a breath of air stirring, it visits this lofty perch and no one who has not tried it knows what a delightful sense of freedom and space are to be found there.

To fully enjoy the summer evening and get the benefit of the comparative coolness, to recruit the strength for the heat of the next day, the woman who cannot get away should be properly dressed. It is a great mistake to buy thin material and then have it made over a thick lining with so many frills, puffings and plaitings that the dress is a heavy one when finished. A muslin tea-gown, made without lining, adds scarcely a feather's weight to the burden that the wearer must carry, and so lessens the demand upon the energies. When the dew begins to fall a light wrap can be thrown over the shoulders, if necessary.



CHAPTER III



LENTLY, neither speaking a word, Hugh helped his companion up the wet, slippery rocks. Across the drenched meadows they walked still in utter silence.

Suddenly, Josie gave a loud shriek. There, as they mounted the hill, they came in sight of the Packer farmhouse, enveloped in a red, destructive cloak of flame. "The house is burning," screamed the girl. "Oh! where is aunt Ann?"

The house had been struck by lightning during the storm, and perhaps Mrs. Packer had been unable to escape. Hugh sprang forward, impelled by a horrible fear, but Josie, as she approached the burning house, paused, fascinated by the sight. The lightning had struck the chimney, igniting the roof, the flames spreading rapidly backward had left the front yet untouched; but, by a curious eccentricity, the lightning flash leaving the roof and darting down the eastern corner of the house, had torn the beams and supports apart by the shock, so that a portion of the eastern wall had fallen, although the flames had not yet reached that side. The interior was plainly visible to Josie's startled eyes, as, forgetting her aunt for a moment, she looked with a quick sigh into her own little room, the one spot in the farmhouse for which she really cared. Each familiar article stood out distinctly in that quick, regretful glance. The old-fashioned bed with the white, dainty quilt, the work of her mother's fingers; the washstand which her father had fashioned; the clock, which she had wound each night held high in her father's arms, and whose musical tick, tick, had since then ever seemed to repeat his name; the low chair by the window; the trailing branches of bitter-sweet which she had that morning fastened to the wall; the orange-red berries gleaming luridly at her through the flames which crept stealthily nearer. It seemed hours that she stood watching the relentless blaze; it was but an instant.

"Josie, come," said Hugh Wilton, gravely, leading her to a large elm tree a short distance from the house, beneath which, in the long wet grass, lay Mrs. Packer.

"Thank God you have come!" gasped the woman, as they bent over her in terror. "No! you can't do nothin' for me. I ain't a goin' to live but a little—little spell." She struggled to raise herself, but fell back exhausted, replying brokenly to their anxious questioning. "It ain't no use to do nothin'." It ain't the burns—they ain't so bad—though they would have seemed dreadful painful if it wasn't for this awful goneness an' sinkin' which is worse—I've swallowed flame—I guess—it's all inside—the pain—an' the sickness."

Josephine had torn her cotton skirt into bandages and was binding them, wet and cool, on the scarred face and blistered hands. They seemed to relieve the woman a little, and as the clergyman lifted her in his strong arms to an easier position, she said, "I want to tell you how it was. I was sittin' by the window a-thinkin' what a good child Josephine had mostly been, an' how I had done wrong toward her in many a thing besides cheatin' her out of her property, an' thinkin' how you was out in that dreadful storm, when a fearful crash come, the old house shook, and I heard the clap-boards an' shingles come rattlin' off. A crooked streak of lightnin' run down the window frame, an' whirled zigzag round my head. I felt an awful goneness, an' sinkin', an' didn't know nothin' more for a spell.

"When I come to, I couldn't seem to think of nothin' but Ezry's will, an' how I had promised to get it for Josephine. I got onto my feet—I felt awful dizzy an' sick somehow—but I opened the stairway door, an' was goin' up when I smelt burnin' wood, an' I knew the house was on fire. I stood still as a stone for just one minute, then I hurried on, knowin' I must get Ezry's will. I hadn't looked at it since I hid it in the floor years an' years ago. I always had a creepy, quailish feelin' come over me when I went near the garret, for I felt as if Ezry's ghost was a-whisperin' an' a-sayin', 'Josie! Josie! Why don't you give Josie my will?' I didn't go up there more'n I could help. Now I just had to go on—the house was full of smoke, an' lookin' up the ladder leadin' to the garret, I saw the great red an' yellow flames a-whirlin' an' dancin' aroun' just like the leaves whirled in the wind a spell before. I gave one scream, for I thought I couldn't go up; but it seemed as if Ezry stood at the top of the ladder, an' said to me, with a stern look in his eyes, 'Come on, Ann, get the will. It's the least you can do now. Do justice while you can.' I went into Josephine's room an' poured all the water in the pitcher over me. Then I took a piece of wet flannel an' held it over my mouth, an' then I climbed up the ladder. It was like goin' into a red-hot furnace, but I lifted up the board an' grabbed the will. The blaze hadn't touched it, an' I wrapped the wet flannel round it, an' put it inside my dress. I had to fight my way out; the ladder was just beginnin' to burn, but I swung myself down. When I got part way it broke, an' I fell. I haven't got no memory of how long I

laid there or how I come here—but I have got Ezry's will safe!" and she held up a folded, blackened paper, triumphantly. "An' Ezry won't look at me no more with that reproachful look in his eyes."

She had told the story in broken sentences, with many pauses for strength to continue. They had tried to check her, but she could not die until all was told. Hugh Wilton glanced sorrowfully toward the long, folded paper which the woman still clasped tightly. He would not tell her how unnecessary her sacrifice had been, that she had given her life for a bit of paper, without which it would still be possible to establish Josie in all her rights. Yet, why should he call the sacrifice vain? By the lavish gift of her life she had redeemed much of the past sin. He knew by the grayish shadow on her face that death was very near, and he knelt by the woman, entreating her to turn to Christ for pardon, interceding with his God for the belittled, mistaken soul that had suddenly thrown off the fetters of self and become heroic.

She gave no sign of having heard his earnest words, lying there with closed eyes and parted lips through which the breath came painfully. But while they watched, a strange, triumphant smile illumined the harsh features, and she murmured: "Nobody can—say—I hev'n't done—my duty—by—my—brother's—child." And throwing out her hands as if to reach something they could not see, she fell back against Josie's shoulder, dead.

It was a strange, lonely vigil they held that night by the side of the dead woman. Josie dare not go alone for help, and she begged Hugh not to leave her until daylight came; so all night they watched beside her. The rain had long since ceased, but the earth was drenched from the heavy showers in the early stages of the storm, the wind had died away, but the trees still swayed lightly back and forth sending little showers of rain-drops upon the girl's uncovered golden head and the silent form of the woman. For hours the burning house lit up the picture till the greedy flames could find food no longer, and the blaze died out, leaving here and there a blue flame to creep like a glittering serpent over the black, smouldering ruins. A high hill shut off the blaze from Pudge's Corners, so no one came to their help. The silence between them was scarcely broken. Once, indeed, the clergyman, kneeling between the girl and the dead woman, one hand upon the silent breast, the other clasping the girl's warm, living fingers, burst out into an earnest prayer beseeching pardon for the passing soul, and grace for those who must still endure and live. He would have given much for the right to take the silent girl in his arms, and bid her weep all the horror and fear away. He knew that it was horror which she must feel for the tragedy of her aunt's death, rather than sorrow at her loss.

A great pity stirred his heart as he thought of the young and beautiful girl left absolutely alone, himself her only friend, and he, alas! could never be that! What a shock this night must have been to her! How he longed to draw the proud, weary head to his shoulder and bid her rest. But those words rose ever like spectres between them: "I am married! I am married! Don't touch me! It's deadly sin!" So he only wrapped his overcoat about the shivering figure and resumed his steady pacing to and fro.

"A week to-day since your aunt Ann died!" said Mrs. Stephens to Josephine Allen.

"Yes," assented the girl, listlessly. "Well, I can't say you seem to show any great sorrow for her loss," continued the woman, bluntly. She was a kindly woman, though somewhat brusque, as all Pudge's Corners' people were. Hugh Wilton had brought Josie here in defiance of a better place. "I don't know as one can blame you," continued Mrs. Stephens. "One can't have much affection for a stone wall, and that's what Ann Packer was. She cheated you, too. Every one knew that all these years."

"But no one prevented it," interrupted Josie, bitterly.

"No," returned Mrs. Stephens, easily. "There wasn't no one in particular who had a call to interfere that I know on. Pudge's Corners' folks all liked Ezra Allen, but was a little afraid of his sister. Nobody really knew that he left a will, and you never took much notice of Pudge's Corners' folks, so we had no call to take notice of you."

Josie's face flushed, but she made no reply.

"I must say, though," continued the woman, "that whatever Ann Packer did, she more'n made up for it fighting her way through them flames, up that crazy ladder after your pa's will. It was just as Mr. Wilton said, 'A splendid thing to do.' What a beautiful sermon he did preach!"

"Ann Packer wasn't a bad woman," continued Mrs. Stephens. "And she had a pretty hard time with Sam Packer. He used to drink and use up all the money she earn't. I never would have lived with such a man!" she exclaimed, energetically. "I'd have got a divorce."

Josie started violently. Where had she seen that word? What did the woman mean? "A divorce, Mrs. Stephens?" she said, questioningly. "What is a divorce?"

"Why, a divorce's a divorce," explained her companion, lucidly. "It's a lawful separation from your husband."

"How can you separate, Mrs. Stephens?" asked Josie, mystified. "I thought if you married a man it was forever."

"Laws, no!" and Mrs. Stephens laughed heartily. "You don't have to live with a man because you've married him, not if he's unkind to you. You can go to court and get rid of the sinner."

Mrs. Stephens had never seen the girl so interested. She inquired eagerly of the methods of obtaining divorce, and of the causes for which it was obtainable. And Mrs. Stephens enlightened her to the full extent of her own knowledge of the subject.

"Suppose," said Josie, "a man stole or murdered, and was sent to prison, would the lawyers give his wife a divorce?" Her face and throat were suffused with a deep blush, and she waited breathlessly for the answer.

"I guess she could get one," said the woman. "He couldn't give her support, you see. She might better throw him off and get a man who could."

"There comes Mr. Wilton," said Mrs. Stephens, with a glance out of the window. "You had better get on your bonnet, Josephine. He said this morning that he wanted you to walk out to your farm, and talk things over with him."

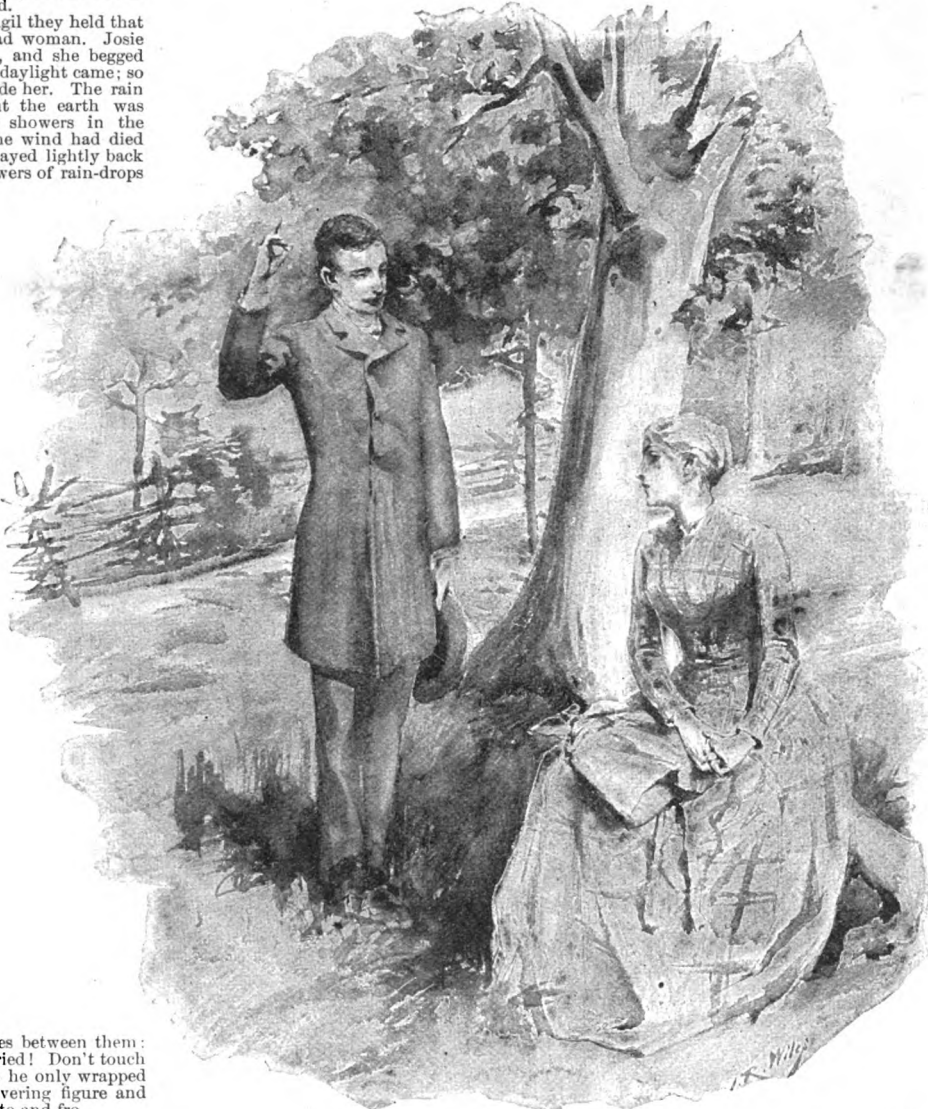
Hugh Wilton spoke only of Josie's business affairs and the settlement of the estate which was to be made at once, until they reached the Allen farm. Josie led him past the blackened ruins, through a field of ripened, golden corn, to where a tiny brook rippled over shining pebbles. She sank down on the spreading roots of a maple and motioned him to a seat beside her.

"This is a pretty spot, Josie," he said, breaking the silence betwixt them. "Why have you never brought me here before?"

A look of strong aversion crossed the girl's face, and she shrugged slightly. "I hate it!" she answered bitterly. "I used to meet him here."

She did not look at her companion as she began her story. But clasping her hands about her knees and fixing her eyes on the round pebbles over which the water rippled, she said, quietly: "Three years ago last July aunt Ann told Hiram Barnes, who was getting in her hay, to find some one in Pudge's Corners to help him for a few days. So the next morning he brought with him a slim, dark-haired young man, a stranger in Pudge's Corners, who wanted a job. Hiram said, Aunt Ann set him to cutting the grass in this meadow, while Hiram went out to the east lot. He exchanged a few saucy words with me at the well, where I was drawing water, as he passed. I thought I had never seen any one so handsome and so smart. I was but a child, barely sixteen, and ignorant. I had never seen anyone but the unpolished young men from Pudge's Corners," the girl said, apologetically. "I know now that his was but a coarse beauty—but he seemed quite grand to me then." And she blushed deeply.

"I understand, Josie," said Hugh, gently trying to put the girl at her ease.



Hugh Wilton raised his right hand toward heaven: "Josie" he said, "you have made me think!"

The girl was deathly white now, and her dark eyes blazed with excitement. "Do you mean," she asked in a low, thrilling tone, almost a whisper, "do you mean that she could marry again?"

"Of course. That's what more'n half get divorced for. They see some one they like better, and trump up excuses and ways to get rid of the first one. Why! my cousin Susan Judson, out in Indiana, got a divorce from her husband because they had incompatible tempers. But they do say that divorce is cheap there."

Josie sank back in her chair with her brain in a strange whirl. So a divorce was possible, at times, on a "trumped-up" excuse; it must be easy then for a real cause like her own. She drew in her breath quick and hard. Might she yet be free? Free from the horrible dread that had hung like a nightmare over her for the last three years? Free to love, free to be wooed and won?

"I took his dinner to him in the field that day, and we had a long talk by the brook," she continued. "He told me his name was John Rivers, and he asked me about myself, and praised and petted me. Oh! I know I was a fool, a silly, weak, vain fool!" she cried fiercely, "to care for his bold compliments and attentive ways; but it was all new to me—so new! No one had ever spoken to me so kindly since father died."

"It was but natural, Josie," the young man answered. "Do not talk of it. Spare the pain to yourself and to me. I can imagine it all," setting his lips in a straight line of pain. "Tell me only what is necessary."

"He worked for aunt Ann four days," resumed the girl hurriedly, "and I was with him often. He made me promise to slip down here and meet him whenever I could get away. And I did. He told me of the city where he said he was going. Then he asked me to marry him and go away with him."

Aunt Ann had been unusually harsh that day, and it seemed as if I could not stay at the farm any longer. It was like an offer of paradise to go away from Pudge's Corners with one who would be kind to me. I knew that I did not really love him, but I thought that would come. I remember what my father had so often told me how he had asked my mother to marry him the day after he first saw her. How she thought only that he was good and strong, and would take her away from the tavern, and she put up her arms and he lifted her into the wagon in her old dress and shabby hat, and they drove away into a new life together. I knew how happy she had been, and I thought I should live a bright, peaceful life like hers.

"Then I thought of Enid. I brought my book and read the sweet story over again, while John Rivers tossed the hay. I read how in three days Geraint had wooed and won Enid. I compared mother and myself with Enid—

"First found and loved in a state of broken fortune."

I looked at my own coarse dress, and thought of mother's, and then of Enid's faded silk—

"And all her foolish fears about the dress—"

And there seemed to be no reason why I should not be as happy as they had been before me.

"We had a minister in Pudge's Corners, a sordid creature, 'who would do anything for money,' John Rivers said. I used to go to church then, but I never liked this man. He had such creeping, cat-like ways, and sly, cunning eyes. 'He would marry us and never tell,' said John, rattling the gold pieces in his pocket. He seemed to have a great deal of money, so we arranged it here by the brook. I was to go to Pudge's Corners—Aunt Ann would think I was on the cliff—and go to the parsonage which opened directly into the church. I should go into the church by this door with the minister and his sister—who would do anything he told her to do—and meet John Rivers and the young man who came up from the city with him, whom he would bring for another witness. They would take advantage of the growing darkness to enter at the usual door without being seen.

"We carried out just that plan, and Mr. Crandall married us. It didn't seem at all holy to me somehow, that hurried ceremony in the church, where the shadows were so dark and heavy I could scarcely see my companion's face. I hurried home as soon as it was over, promising to meet my son—that man—on the church steps at midnight. He was to have a horse and buggy there, and we were going to drive swiftly away, leaving the old life far behind and entering a new and happy one, as my father and mother had done before me."

"Poor little girl!" He was sorry the words had escaped him when he saw the quick tears spring to her eyes, and the slender hands clench themselves. She had been singularly calm until now.

"I made a little package of my books and the few other things I could call my own," she continued, controlling herself, "and carried it down the long, dark road to Pudge's Corners, slipping out of the house when Aunt Ann was asleep. I reached the church long before midnight; but all night long I watched and waited fruitlessly, for John Rivers never came. Almost wild with fear I reached home just after daylight, and when Aunt Ann rose, I joined her as usual. Hiram Barnes was late in coming that morning, but when he did come I knew that he had a story to tell. His deliberate recital was torture to me. But at last I knew that the man I had married the night before had been arrested an hour later for complicity in a bold bank robbery in the city of L—; had been the one to overpower the guard, and, in the struggle, had crippled him for life. His genuine name was John Rivers, as he gave it to me, but he had passed for years under the alias of Phil Dennis. He had been tried and sentenced, but escaped with one of his accomplices and was in hiding here. Even in the obscure little town of Pudge's Corners, justice had found them out. They were taken that very morning to the State prison, where John Rivers was to remain fifteen years, the other for eight.

"I could never have loved the man, for I felt no thrill of pity for him, only an overwhelming horror and disgrace at being his wife. I went to Mr. Crandall, and told him all I felt, and beseeched him to help me; but he met me scornfully. He impressed me with a sense of disgrace, and the necessity of keeping my marriage secret. I can understand now how he worked upon my feelings for fear of exposure of his own shameful act in solemnizing a marriage between a girl of sixteen and a man nearly twice as old, of whom he knew nothing. He reproached me for having yielded so lightly to a stranger; he called me susceptible, vain. He even dared to intimate" she continued with blazing eyes, "that there had been—shame connected with the hasty marriage, and assured me that God would send me to hell!"

Hugh took the trembling hands in his, and drew her toward him with a protecting movement, but she wrenched herself away, and said, hurriedly: "Don't speak to me, Hugh; don't pity me. Let me talk to you while I can."

"After a moment's silence, she continued: "When Mr. Crandall said that, I was desperate. I don't know what I said to him. I know I cursed him, and his religion. I told him his sin was greater than my own, and, that if any one deserved hell, it was he. I vowed that I would never again enter a church, but would hate ministers and religion as long as I lived. Each month intensified the feeling. I could never go near the church without that night and all the after-bitterness coming back to me. I could never hear of a minister with aught but scorn. Mr. Simpson, who succeeded Mr. Crandall at Pudge's Corners, was shocked at Aunt Ann's stories of my infidelity, and used to talk with me about my sinfulness. I hated him. All these years I have kept my hideous secret to myself,

oppressed ever with a dread of his coming—out—some time—to claim me."

"God forbid!" ejaculated Hugh, fervently. "I grew more wicked and rebellious every day till you came and taught me to love you," and Josie's voice broke. I have brooded over my marriage all these years, and particularly over the clergyman's part, till I have grown morbid perhaps, for it seems to me as in, beyond pardon, to lightly solemnize bonds which God himself cannot break; for, loose them as men may, there will ever remain the fact of the past union. O God!" she cried, passionately, "Do clergymen never think, when they join two lives together so thoughtlessly, of the hell they perhaps create for one or both?"

Hugh Wilton raised his right hand toward heaven: "Josie," he said, "you have made me think. I have been careless in the past, satisfying myself only of surface morality; but, as God is my witness, I will never again solemnize a marriage till I see hearts as God himself sees them!"

It was nearly dark when they drew near Mrs. Stephens' door, for there had been much to say to each other that afternoon by the brook. The young man had questioned Josephine closely of her marriage, of John Rivers, and of Mr. Crandall. He would be certain that the marriage was in reality one. As he bade her good-night, he said, "I am going away to-morrow, Josie; I shall go to Sing-Sing and see John Rivers, and to Bellefleur and find Mr. Crandall, and learn how this marriage affects you and me. If it be genuine, then we can but part."

"Must we then part?" she asked in a low voice. "I have learned that there are such things as separations; dissolution of marriage, and then one is free to be happy."

Hugh Wilton shuddered. The sanctity of the marriage relation was one of the strongest beliefs he had ever known. With his Roman Catholic brethren, he held it a sacrament. A divorce was a horrible perjury and sin. Such a suggestion from Josie's young lips was sacrilege.

"Whosoever shall put away his wife and marry another, committeth adultery against her."

"And if a woman shall put away her husband, and be married to another, she committeth adultery," he said solemnly.

Ten days later, Hugh Wilton alighted at Deacon Coddington's, from the Pudge's Corners stage which had brought him from Sterling, the nearest railroad station. It was already evening, and he must wait for the morrow before going to Josie.

He had seen Mr. Crandall, and verified Josie's story from his lips; he had made inquiries concerning the bold, dashing Phil Dennis, who had so long defied the law, had learned all of his history known to the prison officials and detectives, but had found no trace of a former marriage which would make the one with Josephine Allen void. He had done more than this; he had gone to Sing-Sing and obtained an interview with John Rivers.

The dark-browed, keen-eyed young fellow was at first disposed to resent the visit and questions of a stranger, but when Hugh spoke of Josie Allen his face softened, and he listened eagerly to the minister's brief story of their mutual love, and of his hope that the marriage with John Rivers would, in some way, prove to have been none. His companion gave a suppressed chuckle—

"You're way off your base, sir," he said. My marriage with Josephine Allen was as genuine as anybody's, though we didn't have much wedding finery. If I had done up everything else as square as I did that, I'd never have been here."

"Tell me how it was," said the clergyman, sternly. "Why did you marry her?"

"Pure benevolence upon my part," answered John Rivers, quizzically. "She had a regular Gehenna—I use the new version out respect to you, sir—of a time with that old aunt of hers—or was it her mother? And I meant to be kind to her, and give her a cent or two to spend once in awhile. She was good-looking, and smart as a steel trap, and I could make her useful. If she hadn't been so pretty, though, I'd never have married her. Ye gods! What eyes she had! So she's in love with you? Married to a convict, and in love with a minister! That's what I call irony of fate!" And he looked at Hugh through half-closed eyes, and laughed mockingly.

The young minister rose. He would not let this man gloat over his pain. "Have you no remorse for the ruin you have made of that young girl's life?" he asked sternly. "You have doomed one of the noblest women who ever breathed to life-long wretchedness."

John Rivers dropped his mocking air, and said: "See here, sir, I was only talking to hear myself go. I don't see why you need to feel so awfully cut up about this. It will be easy enough for Josephine to get a divorce; most any court would free her from a State's prison convict."

"I do not believe—" began Hugh Wilton, but his companion interrupted: "Why, man, you've got the clearest case possible! The Allen girl was only sixteen; I married her without the knowledge of her guardians; I was under arrest at the time; was caught—hadn't made those inquiries in Sterling, we'd have been safe—but the police got on to us, and for fifteen years, man! Any court would grant her a divorce."

"This is all true what you say," responded Hugh, "but it can make no difference to us. I cannot marry a divorced woman; the Bible forbids it."

John Rivers' lower jaw fell, and his face betokened the most utter amazement. "The deuce, man! Do you mean you will give the girl up for that?" he cried.

"I can do nothing else," answered Hugh, brokenly.

"Why, man! I thought you loved her?"

"I do love her, as I shall never love another woman," replied the minister, solemnly.

"Well, I'm sorry for the little girl," said the prisoner. "I have often been sorry for her, and I'd be glad to have her with one white as you. See here, parson, I'll sign a paper giving up all claim in her, if that will make it easier."

Hugh Wilton replied steadily, "We can never marry. It would be sin."

John Rivers broke into a mocking laugh. "Does the girl share these high, moral views?" he asked.

Hugh Wilton hesitated. "Ah!" cried his companion. "I see she does not. I know Josephine of old. If she loves, or fancies she loves, all other considerations may go to the dogs. Why, man, you will not give her up unless she wishes?"

He turned scornfully to the young clergyman, who stood pale and grave, his lips contracted with pain.

"Well, I cannot make you out!" he cried. "You would not have talked as you have, you would not have sought me, if you did not care for her; yet you talk of throwing her aside because she was once engaged to me. That was all. She never was my wife. We parted at the church door. Will you let a mere empty ceremony, performed by that sneaking, money-loving preacher, stand between you? If a beautiful woman stood holding out her arms to me, do you think I'd hesitate? And, if I loved her? Man, you don't know what love is. Why, even I, a thief, a convict, would scorn to love in such a watery fashion! Don't tell me that you love Josephine Allen, if you would give her up thus lightly! Why, sir, I know what love is, and what it does to a man!" His voice shook with some passionate memory, and the dark eyes blazed as he said, "She was married to a grave, quiet man, but she loved me, and I, heavens! how I loved her; so young, and beautiful! You would have left her to fade and droop and die under her husband's coldness, curse him! But I took her with me for a beautiful life together. You, who can give up your love so easily, could never dream of the rapture we crowded into that one week before he found us. You could never know the hate and despair which swayed me when I found the dagger in her heart, and the blood on her beautiful breast. You could not imagine how I followed him day and night till I found him at last, and the awful envy that took possession of me when I found my vengeance snatched away, for he was already dead from fever—not by my hand—curse it!" He broke off with a bitter laugh. "I never meant to tell any one," he said, "but your apathy drives me wild. That was love! That was passion! Yours is but milk and water. Bah!"

Hugh Wilton had listened horrified; now he turned his white, stern face to the other man, and his voice rang out steadily: "Do you dare to measure the strong, pure love I bear for Josephine Allen by your guilty passion, which has stained your soul and the woman's with the sin of adultery, and another's with murder? I cannot make you understand, but I love her too well to soil her. She is already bound. Marriage with her would be but adultery in my eyes. I love her so well that I can give her up, since I find it best for her. Yes, even though she bid me come, I love her well enough to save her from herself!"

"So well that he would save her from herself!" The words came back to Hugh Wilton, and rung questioningly in his ears on the journey back to Pudge's Corners, and as he paced the night away. Did he love her so well? Was his love strong and pure enough for that? His doubts and fears seemed to assume tangible, though invisible, presences, and filled the little study with their clamor. The lamp flickered unsteadily, and the books looked down stolidly from their shelves, but they all seemed to him to utter the one cry, "Will you save her from herself?" For well he knew that did he but reach out his arms to Josephine Allen, she would come to him in spite of all the world, such was her faith in him.

Would he do it, and be happy?
(Continued in next JOURNAL)

THE HABIT OF BORROWING

It is the easiest thing in the world to begin by borrowing a newspaper, then a pattern, then a recipe, then a book; some day a gown is borrowed to look at; another day one is borrowed to try on to see if it would be becoming; then a little note goes asking that a fan be lent; and the fan once borrowed it becomes the easiest thing in the world to get either a bodice, a bonnet, or an embroidered petticoat. Now, when you began, if anybody had told you that you were a moral thief, you would have been most indignant; and yet that is just what you are. It would be much more honest to borrow your neighbor's money and never to return it, than to keep up a constant borrowing of your neighbor's belongings, getting out of them the wear that is not yours and the pleasure that is by rights your neighbor's.

What the mistress does, the maid does. In the kitchen they do not hesitate to borrow a patent coffee-pot, and never return it; a pudding dish, a little flavoring extract, some baking-powder, or some oil. If they were asked if they returned all this, they would answer: "Certainly not, why we would be just as glad to lend to them." And the result is that your servants, imitating your example, become systematic plunderers of your neighbors. My friend, do not get into the habit of borrowing. It is one of the most vicious you can possibly acquire. It makes you lose all respect for the rights of other people, and it can certainly give you none for yourself. The persistent borrower is a more or less well-spoken thief. The borrower does not hide her light under a bushel, for in time her friends and acquaintances grow to know of her weakness and avoid her. So stop at the book, and do not permit yourself to drift into, what it is charity to call, a very bad habit.

WHERE SUNSHINE BATHES IN GOLD

BY MARY J. HOLMES



Did you ever see the spot where the sun bathes himself in gold? I was asked by one who gathered all the sunbeams which fell across her path, and found some joy in everything.

No; and if there is such a place I do not believe it is very near here," I answered, looking dejectedly out upon the gray sky and the bank of fog settling down upon the lake and hiding from view the mountains of Savoy which lay beyond it.

"Yes, it is," she replied. "It is in a deep, narrow canyon, we should call it in Colorado, and it lies among the terraced hills where the grapes are growing so thickly. A waterfall comes tumbling down from the height above, and I found it accidentally that day I was out so late. You must see it near sunset; I'll take you there when the storm is over. It is finer after a rain."

We were at a hotel in Switzerland, on the shores of Lake Geneva, where Byron was rained when he wrote his famous poem, "The Prisoner of Chillon," without having seen the prison, it is said, which accounts for the impossible things he made Bonnard see, as he paced his weary round and measured the length of his chain day after day, until even the spider became an acceptable companion. And here we were bound by the great financial crash which swept over the country when the firm of Jay Cooke & Co. went down and left so many tourists stranded in Europe until help could come from home. We were in Interlaken when the blow fell, and leaving Lauterbrunnen, and the Grindelwald, and the Yungfrau, we went back to where we had left our luggage; and as the great hotel was beyond the means of people with only a few francs in their purse, we stopped at the smaller house, where, if not luxuriously placed, we were comfortable at least. And there we waited while the days went by and a rainstorm came on which lasted nearly a week, and reminded us of Byron, whose room, with the sign over the door telling that he once occupied it, we visited often as our sole diversion.

How it did rain, and how the wind blew and screamed at us through the windows and under the doors, while we huddled round the fire and piled on the wood, until it seemed that, unless the weather abated, there would hardly be enough left in Switzerland to make so much as a lead pencil! And what should we have done without that Colorado girl, who laughed and sang as merrily at the last, as at the first of our dreary stay in Ouchy. Accustomed to the wild canyons of her western home, she had fearlessly explored every nook in the vicinity of the hotel, and found, as she said, a wonderful spot where the sun took a golden bath before going to bed.

And at the close of a beautiful day, after the rain was over, she took me there—by what path I cannot tell, except that it was up hill and down, and more down than up, until we stood at the bottom of a narrow ravine, between two of the steep terraced hills which skirt the shores of Lake Geneva. Through this ravine a waterfall had found its way, and, fed by the recent rains, was leaping impetuously from rock to rock, pausing for a moment on each, while it threw up wreaths of spray, and then, as it reached the last shelf, plunged into a shallow basin below. Here it was churned into froth, like the water which drops from the wheel of a mill, and then went on its way through a tangled undergrowth towards the lake, distant a mile or more. Behind us the ground sloped back to the west, where the sun was near his setting; and as he sank lower and lower, there came suddenly upon the waterfall a deep coloring of crimson and gold, with the reflection of many suns whirling and dancing for an instant upon the upper shelf of rock, then darting down to the next and the next, until the entire fall was like a kaleidoscope with all the suns which had ever risen or set, performing a wild fantasia, and throwing out all the hues of the rainbow.

I do not know why it was, and cannot explain it, but I watched it breathlessly until, with the setting of the real sun, the last reflected one fell into the pool and did not appear again.

"He has had his bath and gone to China. He will not be back till to-morrow, and we had better go home," the girl from Colorado said; and with a feeling that I had been repaid for the long and tiresome walk, I made my way back to the hotel and dreamed that night, as I have often dreamed since, of that wild ravine in Switzerland and the golden sun-bath of which I can never think again without a throb of pain; for associated with it now is a little grave under the shadow of Pike's Peak, where last autumn they buried the young girl from Colorado, whose sun has set thus early here, but risen again in the glorious dawn of a day which knows no ending.

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CHAPTER VII
BREAKS AND JOINS

MISS BONABLE'S white front gate swung upon its hinges, and Mrs. Rextell came up the grass walk. Miss Bonable saw her from an upper window. If the lady had come in her carriage, I doubt if she would have been let in. In her morning dress, with a shawl and parasol, she had just walked over, not like a caller, but like a neighbor. Clementhy Pond was in the kitchen, scalding pickles; Miss Bonable came down the front stairs and unlatched the blinds, behind which the door stood open. The day was one of summer warmth.

"Thank you," said Mrs. Rextell, holding out her hand. "May I come in?"
"If you please," Miss Bonable answered, mildly, with civil response of hand-greeting, but no effusion. "But Cyrilla is out."

"I came to see you," replied her visitor. "It is early, and I should apologize. But I wanted to be sure to find you."

Miss Bonable led the way into the parlor, and put forward a comfortable cushioned chair, seating herself on one of the prim old-fashioned six of her original furnishing. She waited her guest's word; her pleasure, or the errand of her visit, not offering any initial remark, and leaving the undeniable weather to its own demonstration. Mrs. Rextell had come for something, probably, beyond the seeing her in her morning gown, which was of homely brown calico, while the other lady wore a fabrication of soft silk and wool, as plain and modest as need be, yet with no suggestion of any coarse or common use.

Mrs. Rextell met the composure of Miss Bonable's silence with equal composure of pleasant, ready speech. "I found this little wild rose in the lane," she said, holding out a pink blossom with a lovely carmine depth at the heart, against which golden stamens rested. "See how bright it is, and so curiously shaded. One does not look for roses and autumn leaves together. But they are exquisite in contrast," and she laid the rose's cheek against the glossy bronze of a bit of bramble.

"Colors are all brighter in the fall," said Miss Bonable. "Even when things are blooming out of season. Wild roses are queer; they come most any time, in some places."

"The golden-rod was dazzling all along," said Mrs. Rextell. "But after I found this, I thought I would go home with only my one little wild rose." Miss Bonable, I want to get you to come and see me. I would like you to bring Miss Raye; but I want you at any rate. That is what I came to say this morning. Will you take tea with me on Thursday?"

"I thank you, Mrs. Rextell; I don't believe I can," answered Miss Bonable, bluntly.

"Mrs. Sholto and Miss Haven will be there—only those," persisted Mrs. Rextell, sweetly. She would not ask Miss Bonable and Rill quite by themselves; that, again, is only a compliment where intimacy is established. You can take anybody in, on special basis; that is as indiscriminate as a hash party. But one or two—to meet one or two—chosen, as these were; this was what expressed precisely Mrs. Rextell's intent.

"I know you don't like large companies; one never really sees people so; they are only what must be once in a while, as we have thunderstorms, to restore equilibrium."

Miss Bonable colored up with sudden consciousness. But her eyes were clear and steady enough. "Did Elizabeth Haven tell you that?" she demanded, looking full in her interlocutor's face.

"My dear Miss Bonable—what?"
"I am sure she did. What I said about the hash parties."

Mrs. Rextell laughed; that sweet ring of a laugh that was peculiarly hers. "You were quite right. It was the best thing anybody has said for ever so long. But that isn't why I want you now."

"Elizabeth Haven is a tattler."
"I believe she is; and I believe we both like her the better for it. Won't you come?"

"I'm a very plain person, Mrs. Rextell. And I'm hard."

"You are hard to invite, certainly." She was still smiling; her look was both amused and warm; she was longing to draw to herself this plain, hard person, in whom she found such element of worth.

"I'm hard, and I'm rough; I'm not like you; it's too late for me to be that now," Miss Bonable said. "I might have been—if things had begun at the beginning. There's a sweet spot in me; but I've had to shut myself up over it." All her face had softened, quickly; the truth of the moment got spoken, as it always did with her; and at this moment it was the truth she hid for the most part even from herself. Her eyes had lost their sharp-

ness; they were limpid and intent; her lips took that gentle curve which showed their shape of youth; the white arch of the teeth broke from between them.

Mrs. Rextell rose from her seat, and came over to her. "Some things are so rich, so precious, that they need putting in safe, hard cases," she said. "The milk in the nut would be wasted, but for the burr. But, when the time comes, the burr opens, my dear friend; and we gather the ripe sweetness." She put out both her hands, now; the little wild rose in one of them fell to the floor. "You will come and take tea with me?" she repeated.

"It is you that will, I think. Yes; I suppose I must, this time." But the two hands were taken; and a thrill came through them from the sweet woman heart whence they were stretched out, that found and touched the other behind its life-shell.

Mrs. Rextell was gone; Miss Bonable stood alone; she said to herself, "I suppose I've been a fool; I am, generally, one way or another. I couldn't seem to help it, though; it was as if she must know everything."

She picked up the wild rose, and carried it away with her upstairs. She went to her bureau drawers; she looked up some fine old laces; she unwrapped from silver paper a little white shawl, with mystic threads stitched into it upon one end; she laid these things together upon the black silk dress folded long, by itself, below. She shut the drawers, and went down stairs, with a smile half pleasure, half amused self-vigilance. She took hold vigorously with Clementhy Pond upon the pickle-work; she did up a lot of barberries and sweet apples; she scalded her spiced-currant; the two women accomplished a vast piece of housewifely business that day. They stood for hours on the cold brick buttery floor, wiping shelves and jars, filling and ranging. It was a goodly show.

But on the Wednesday, Miss Bonable was in her bed, full of pain and fever. It was the beginning of a long illness. The black silk, and the white camel's-hair, and the old lace, lay quietly together for weeks and weeks.

Things hardly ever join on, after an interruption, to be as they were before the break. You go away from home leaving matters in a certain relative position upon which you calculate for continuance with some postponed purpose. You come back to find everything chanced into fresh combination; some things out of question that were in important bearing before; some old hindrance non-existent, maybe, but new difficulty and obstacle in the way; your world upheaved and tossed about; its face changed by a circumstantial earthquake. In yourself, even, there are altered conditions, you need a pause before you can see where to begin again; perhaps whether you may begin at all.

When Putnam King returned to Wewachet, making one of his stops there which had always been brief, but the chain of whose frequency during the past summer had joined them with a practical continuousness, he came into some such altered surroundings, and with a very considerable difference of opportunity. His time was really limited, now; the repetitions of his comings were uncertain. He was expected at Huxtable for a solid family visit, before he should settle down to the grind of the law office. By-and-by this would hold him close; a great case was coming on this winter, involving the looking up of documents and records, and obtaining of evidence at a distance, which Mr. Arbibon had signified he should depute to him. These things were in the young man's mind; they would prevent, he knew, such easy, natural following to conclusion of his interest and association here as had seemed possible a little while ago, and would force the alternative of long delay and abeyance or very direct and obvious action.

When he found added to all this the complete shifting of centres in the little neighbor-

hood, it was as if he had been blind-folded and turned round three times in the old game, and bidden suddenly to go forward again, with "touch whom you may!"
He could scarcely touch anybody. Aunt Elizabeth was off half her time at the cottage on the North Road; Cyrilla was shut up there with Miss Bonable. Miss Bonable had become, in her sick-room, the focus of attention and regard. Instead of little teas in Miss Haven's library, there were only momentary encounters of ones or twos in Brook Lane and in the cottage parlor, or more established visiting in the off-room upstairs, where Miss Haven or Mrs. Rospey sat with Cyrilla in the hours when she simply had to be within hearing and call, while Miss Amelia rested. Mrs. Rextell and Mrs. Sholto and Mrs. Vance called frequently; Brook Lane was dented in the middle with high-bred hoof-tracks, and scored marginally with light wheel-marks, like crimped gingerbread. Fruits and flowers were heaped in parlor and pantry; great purple-black grapes; golden pears of name and pedigree, each laid separately, like a jewel of amber, on soft white paper or fleecy cotton; roses and heliotropes and azaleas filling vase and bowl; the fragrance of them all came forth and met you at the door. All this converged here suddenly, and showered down around Miss Amelia Bonable, and into her hard, restrained life. She could not take to herself the half in food or perfume or beauty; but the loveliness and odor and nourishing of it crept into her heart that had been so lonely. It was a sweeter face that looked up from the pillows; it was a gentler tone and gesture that answered inquiry or offering.

Dr. Harriman sent quail and pigeons; she did not half like that, but she only told Rill not to let him do it again; she was getting not to need such things, and there were plenty of

needed nor plausible now; Miss Bonable was getting well; but it was the slow tediousness of creeping back from positive illness to the taking up of the habits of life again; and Rill was almost more shut in than before. This, it was to be suspected, was partly voluntary; for some reason she did not care to emerge much from her seclusion; but she was really wanted in a hundred ways, and at any possible minute. Miss Bonable had her little invalid occupations, her knitting, her rug-work; and Rill waited upon her with all her furnishings and changes, with handling and help. She read aloud to her; she arranged her tray when her food was brought up; she made her toilets for her; these things took all her time.

If ever a young fellow fell in love, like Prince Ahmed, through hearsay and from a picture, Putnam King was getting bewitched in that fashion with his Aldegonda, now. Aunt Elizabeth was as simple and clear as a sunbeam; she revealed that which she shone upon in reflected lights; Putnam King had only to spring his little kodak upon her with question or remark, and get a clear impression of a quiet interior, with Rill Raye as central figure, in her grace of steadfast self-denial, her royal womanliness of ministry. He was not barred out—he was admitted intimately, to privilege and understanding; to a growing absorption in one sweet, admiring study. He was learning her now, "in her natural relations"; as he had said a man must learn the woman he would care for.

And Rill Raye was unconscious. She was abiding in that foregone conclusion that she had no dear, real, beautiful, natural surroundings to be known in; that hers—and her use of them—were all against her; that she could never be known in herself, for what she was really worth, by those she would care should know her.

Putnam King had gone away—had stayed away—was never coming any more as he had come. He had heard that silly, vain story which told as if it must have set forth from herself, or from near her,—that of the two she could have her choice. He had not done as the other did—"explained"—that he could not seek or marry her! He had not put her to that blush, that indignity. But he had quietly dropped himself out; there would be nothing more of Putnam King in her story. There never had been anything! She had not been a fool, though he might be afraid of her as one.

There was nothing now for her to do but to take care of aunt Amelia, and let her own dull life run on. She thought it would be dull; that it would not even be tempestuous with its little bursts of passion, as it had been.



"I wonder," she thought, "if I must'nt. I wonder if I may."

poor sick folks in Wewachet, if he wanted to do kindness. So Rill saw him when he came again, and thanked him, telling him that aunt Amelia said he was so very good, but begged him not to trouble himself for her any more, as she was getting now to crave the homely, substantial things that were really best for her. Dr. Harriman took whatever there was of rebuff in this with complacence; Rill had at least been obliged to see him, to bring the message. But, if he gained that, it was all he gained, and the satisfaction did not last him long. She gave him the brief word and excused herself; and he did not see her again, though he called several times.

Putnam King made his little offerings, also; but he came and went with but very unsatisfactory glimpses of even his aunt Elizabeth; and at the cottage he made no attempt, of course, in the present state of things, to go further than the door. The whole house was upstairs; the women-friends went there; nobody came down, and he could not ask it. Then the weeks at Huxtable intervened, and although he managed to run out to Wewachet the very day he came up from the Cape, he only found a yet more settled withdrawal and isolation barring him off. The little attentions at the door, of inquiry or gift, were neither

Partly, she did not care; and partly, she meant to be more good; she would learn patience; that was what would have to take the place of pleasure for her, all her years.

Underneath all, a little spring of hidden life—of possible joy that should, some time, well up from deeper than all this—made itself conscious in her. She did not quite forget that moment in the lovely, lonely wood; the word that had come to her there: "I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine. Fear not; I have redeemed thee."

Some one was doing something with her, doubtless; if she could wait and bear the blind trickling of her hindered life-seeking might come forth from the dark rock-craney and the wilderness tangle, into some fairer, open reach, and find its growth and form; the little quiver of light that struggled in her might pierce its way across her present darkness, and carry itself—urged by the great pulsing glory out of which it had been born—to the beauty whither it was sent. Cyrilla was very thoughtful in these days; it seemed, perhaps, to Miss Bonable as if she were only quenched and dulled; as if she found things very weariful. It was harder now to understand the girl than it had ever been; she had not thought such mood at this was in her.

Upon Cyrilla's side there was a difference; she was, in one way, nearer understanding her aunt than she had ever been; though she also wondered at this new phase in which she saw her. She perceived now through other eyes; she found out what Miss Bonable could be to those whom she trusted, respected, was warmed to with sense of kindness. "Why could she not be like that to me? Why could she not believe in me?" Cyrilla asked, sadly. A very little turn, either way, with these two, now, would reveal to sweeter issues or shut up to more mistrust than ever. They had been too much alone together; now, possibly, they were a little in danger of some withdrawal through a larger, friendly intercourse beyond themselves, and a too far-off and objective perception of each other. "If this is real, she has not been real with me," was the thought of each.

At least, however, they had been lifted into a fresher, safer atmosphere. They were not getting the reflected judgments of a lower social stratum. The "they-says" or "they-will-says" of the Sharkes and Portbeages were not whispering to their hearing or their apprehension. If they could have lived on so a little longer—if that had not happened which did happen. But again—if? When it came, who shall say that it, also, was not sent of loving purpose for the two hearts and lives? Nothing less, it may be, would have so shown the whole truth between them; so stirred and impelled that which needed to break through the old barriers, change the old currents, and send a swift, strong force along the further lines of their waiting lives.

"Was my father a bad man?" Rill asked this startling question of Miss Haven one day, suddenly. They were sitting together by the fire downstairs, while Miss Bonable took her forenoon nap above.

"My dear! why should you think I could know? And why do you ask?" answered Miss Haven, with astonished accent.

"Because I think aunt Amelia has told you a great many things that she never would tell me; and because—although I would not ask you to tell me more than you feel right—I think I have a right to know something; and because," she went on very staidly and collectedly, "aunt Amelia has said so many times to me in the old worrying days, 'what's bred in the bone will come out in the flesh.' It was horrid to hear her say that, Miss Haven; it made me tremble all over with fear and anger, both; it put me down; it dared me to say another word. I never did dare; it was always the end. She doesn't say so now, she seems different. But she looks at me as if everything I try to do at all nice were a surprise; as if she couldn't account for it; as if she wondered how that, by any accident, were bred in me."

Rill's voice, for all its controlled quietness, just broke a little. A troubled laugh, that was more pathetic than a sob, made way with the last words. Then she sat silent. It was a silence that demanded answer.

"No, Rill; your father never was a bad man. He was not, I suppose, in some essential things, a wise one. And because he was not wise in those special things, he was not just. It was not money, Rill," for Rill's eyes widened, and her lips parted with a mute inquiry. "It was something that came nearer. Your aunt Amelia cared for him, Cyrilla; and he ought to have belonged to her."

"And so" said Rill, slowly, after the pause in which she took this strange thing in, "she never has believed in me." She thought she had the whole explanation now.

Miss Haven's hands lay on her lap with her work in them. She was looking over into Rill's face, with a hesitation in her own which the girl did not perceive. Presently she took up her knitting-needles again, and set two or three stitches. "I think we had better leave the matter there," she said.

Cyrilla's spirits rose almost lightly with a bound of relief. She had dreaded, she knew not what; this was so commonplace, so simple; so easy of excuse, perhaps. It was very queer to think of aunt Amelia so. "Was she ever pretty?" she asked. She almost asked if she had been ever young.

"I think she is pretty now; behind the hiding," said Miss Haven, quietly.

Cyrilla laughed. "And loving too," she said, "behind the hardening?" The question came to her with instant hope. She put it gladly.

"Yes, you are right, Cyrilla. Sometimes a heart that can love most can harden most."

"And be most—suspecting?" This was asked reluctantly, but as if it need be asked. "Do you suppose she was that—maybe—with my father?"

It had not escaped Miss Haven that such fact might have been. Her "I do not know," was negative admission.

"It is her way," said Cyrilla. "How she thinks of everything, I can't guess; but if you were up to the worst mischief, she would be beforehand. Her hands are held out in the dark ready for things to run against, even when they're not there. It makes you feel as if she must invent out of—consciousness. But I know she is a good woman. Chiselwood gave her a word once that fitted; I've quoted it to her since, and made her very angry, when she has been pre-accusing me. It was very impertinent; because it was so—pertinent!"

"Chiselwood—impertinent!"

"O no; he was complimentary, I suppose; it was my application that was pert. How many parts and turns there are to that word, Miss Haven! Chiselwood was putting in the new pantry window. She was afraid of its giving a chance to burglars; and she had a top bolt, and a bottom bolt, and a wooden shutter, and an inside blind. 'They could slip that with a knife,' she said; or 'they could cut that right out with a centre-bit and saw; they could feel where it was through the crack,' she kept suggesting. At last Chiselwood laid down his screw-driver and looked up at her: 'I think you'd make a pretty good burglar, nunn,' he said. And then she hushed up, and walked off."

Miss Haven could but laugh.

"I'm afraid it's treacherous, my telling even you," said Rill. "I really do want to be true and kind; but why was I, just I, with just my faults, put precisely where I am, and in contact with—just such others? The world is made so queer, Miss Haven; and we are born so queerly!"

"I suppose we are born where we belong," said Miss Haven simply.

Rill heard her with a start. "Have you thought that?" she cried.

"Thought what, my dear?"

"That we have been before? That we come into the places we have deserved? That it is all our own 'natural selection'?" said Rill, with rapid impulse. The utterance was out of some keen, repressed thinking.

Miss Haven laid her hand over on both of Rill's, that were tightly clasped across her knee. "I have thought that; and read it. It explains a great deal. It is the old Buddhist doctrine of Karma. But it needs a gospel to reach further. It is true, at any rate, from stage to stage of this life; we come into what our choices and acts lead us to. If it should be true from life to life, if it has already brought us to our birth and place in this world, what then? It is only more of it; a longer illustration. The fact and law remain; and the necessity that we accept our *self* as our piece of human work and responsibility. We have each our own bit of evil to destroy, our own bit of the kingdom to build. We can be brave with that thought, can't we, Rill? We can be thankful; for we can read and vindicate not only our own lives, but lives that were before. We can prove the latent nobility of fatherhood and motherhood. It is the 'honoring' of the fifth commandment. Christianity takes us up where Buddhism drops us. My child!"—Miss Haven said, with eager tenderness, warning with her instant word that she felt was also a word for the time to come—"my dear child! Christ took upon himself our whole fallen humanity so; to redeem and restore it, even to itself; and to show that its real fatherhood was in God!" Her face glowed, and tears stood in her eyes.

Rill's were large and tender too; a soft color came, and her lips took a gentler, quieter curve. But she said, still, with a question, "Ah, dear Miss Haven, it is those 'acts and choices' they are terrible; they come every minute, and we make so many mistakes; and then—we are in places where we were not meant to be!"

"Yes, the choice is now—every minute; 'now is the acceptable time; now is the day of salvation.' It changes and shapes for us continually. But there is more than that; there is a choice beyond our own natural selection; something is chosen in us and for us, with help and hindrance. We are prevented. God is on our side. It is his own side."

"He puts us—he lets us be put, or put ourselves—in very hard places!" Rill spoke slowly, half reluctantly, but still as if she must. She would not say so any more, but she could not yet understand why she and aunt Amelia should have been set to hinder each other; why, at least, they could not have made to find each other out sooner and better. That which had been given her of late made it the stranger, somehow, that such had not been given before, or always.

"I will tell you something beautiful" said Miss Haven, "that fits just there. It only came to me the other day—in time for you. I have a new treasure—an 'emphasized New Testament,' in which the readings give the old Greek idioms and order of importance in the wordings. And I found this. 'I,—this 'I' was in a heavy capital,—'as many soever as I may be tenderly loving, am convicting, and putting under discipline: be zealous, therefore, and repent.' We cannot conquer ourselves until we are convicted of ourselves; we cannot 'grow warm,' be zealous, and 'turn back,' until this tenderly-loving discipline compels—urges *with us!*'"

Rill's head took a lower bend; the soft eyes veiled themselves; she could not say another word.

She carried that about with her for days. "I—as many as I may be tenderly loving, am convicting, and putting under discipline." Her whole life looked comforted to her; it was as if she saw it lying in God's hand. A hope kept breathing up into her spirit. Not a hope, so defined, for the future; it was a hope for the past; that it had not been all wrong—all punishment. She had been convicted, that she might conquer. She had been let run on into fault—into darkness—that she might desire to turn and come back into the truth, the light. A noble ardor was born in her; she knew what that old word meant—"be zealous." She said in her heart, "I will choose and act, not for myself, but for the right. Myself will be taken care of."

Upon this mood there came an unlooked-for happening; a gladness that surprised, and searched her also; a two-edged word of God. Putnam King was not a helpless person; he only yielded to circumstances until he could fashion other circumstances to counteract them.

One day, a little while before the early dinner at the cottage—which was prompt at this time to the noonstreak on the kitchen floor, when Clemently was making up some special savoriness for the meal, after which would come Miss Bonable's twenty-minute nap, and then her game of backgammon with Mrs. Rospey who had promised her the afternoon—a carriage rolled smoothly to the little front gate. A pair of noble horses, whose spirit and training showed in beautiful equilibrium with every movement, brought it swiftly to its stopping-place, and drew up there as cleanly and promptly as they had sped along. Putnam King was on the forward seat, and held the reins. Cyrilla came down toward the open door, over the straight little staircase that nearly reached the threshold.

"Has my aunt come round here yet, Miss Raye?" asked the young man, across the shoulder of Miss Pond, who had emerged below and appeared at the entrance; but who,

finding her service superfluous, and not wont to hold herself in any needless waiting, walked unperturbed away.

"No," Cyrilla answered, "Miss Haven has not been here to-day."

"I thought she would be here; I will drive over to the Corner for her; she will be ready. Miss Cyrilla, will you put on your wraps meanwhile? She wishes you to go round Grayfells with her. It is a lovely day. Don't mind dinner; we must take the heart of the sunshine; we are to have a carriage lunch."

Rill hesitated; she was taken unprepared; she could not quite understand. Miss Haven had said nothing of this plan. But to-day was such a beautiful surprise of autumn weather; it could not have been counted on. We may say that it had been counted on, and very eagerly watched for by Mr. Putnam King. Such days do come, though they give no notice, even away on into November; they are the golden-ripe days of the year. Now that it had arrived, he had ordered his line of action in such a way as to preclude defeat.

Rill was lost for a moment looking at the well-equipped carriage and the driver who so gracefully held the reins. "I wonder," she thought, "if I mustn't. I wonder if I may."

"Thank you. I do not know," Rill said, after but a few moments' perceptible hesitation. "I will see. When Miss Haven comes—I could be ready in a moment, if I were to go. It would be very pleasant," she added, as fearing she had taken such a kindness with too scant recognition.

"It will be very pleasant," said Putnam King, with a bright smile, and the light lift of the reins which gave the signal to his horses. He turned them neatly between wall and wall, over the turf sides, coming close to the gate way as he brought them round, and leaning with a backward glance toward her before he let them take their pace. "We shall be here again directly," were his last words; and the carriage passed beyond the ash tree, over the soft bed of leaves, old-gold and bronze, that lay heaped and strewn far out around its foot.

"I wonder," Rill repeated slowly, "if I mustn't. I wonder—if I may."

"It is only one—pleasant—afternoon," she still deliberated, going up the stairs. "It is with Miss Haven—why should I refuse her? I must learn not to want more than I can get; but what comes to me, why shouldn't I take? I will leave it to aunt Amelia," she concluded rapidly. "If she makes the slightest objection, if she wants me for the least thing, that shall settle it. I do want to be shown; I don't want to do all the choosing by myself."

It was not a blind fate she was invoking; in her heart there was a prayer. Without looking for the thing that made her fearful, without such allowing as would force directly a struggle that would shame her, she began to find her choices perilous, to realize in a dim way how she needed to be given a "right judgment in all things," and to be "kept continually" in a "holy comfort." She wanted that mothering in the spirit, of which the child, in its first mothering, learns the beautiful sign.

"Aunt Amelia," she said, entering the pleasant south chamber where Miss Bonable, in her big, white easy-chair, sat by the garden window. "Mr. Putnam King has just been here, with a carriage and a message from Miss Haven. They want me to be ready for a drive with them, round Grayfells. It will take all the afternoon. Could you spare me, or had I better not go?"

The odor of Clemently's chicken stew was stealing up to Miss Amelia's nostrils; her knitting-work was all arranged in the wide red basket at her side; the backgammon table was out and open; all the momentary surroundings were subtly propitious. But it was not altogether these; she was pleased with Cyrilla's straightforward manner; she was grateful to her; she had some half-fledged hope of her; her real love for the girl pleaded for indulgence. "I shan't want you," she replied. "Martha Rospey is coming, and will stay to tea. Clemently's got corn-muffins and sweet apples and cream. I'm going to knit on my quilt; I shan't play all the time." Aunt Amelia had a rigorous conscience, even over her own invalid amusements. She was honest, also, clear through. "Martha Rospey is going to bring her board, and show me Polish backgammon," she added; "though I don't much expect I shall like it."

Cyrilla took her leading with a light heart. It was as if somebody, beyond, though by word of aunt Amelia, had said to her lovingly, "You may, my child."

She was ready at the door when the carriage was driven back. Nobody could have guessed from Miss Haven's manner that she had been routed by her nephew from a peaceful nap, to be told that she wanted to go round Grayfells with Miss Raye and himself, and that Miss Raye was waiting for them at the cottage. "You are not to mind dinner," he said, as he had said to Cyrilla. "I've got a whole basketful of deliciousness put up at your Woman's Exchange."

"But look at all this," Miss Haven had said, sitting up against her sofa pillow. "I was going to be so busy, presently." "All this" was a confusion of ribbon-and-lace boxes and piece-baskets, with an array of half a dozen charming little bisque-faced dolls leaning in semicircle around the deep cushion of an armchair. "I was to finish some of these to-day; the fair begins next Monday. How can I leave them?"

"How can you leave Miss Raye and me? These girls don't want matronizing," said Putnam King.

"You naughty, double-dealing boy!" aunt Elizabeth had exclaimed. And then she had got up and sent him off while she put on her other gown and her bonnet.

"I am so glad you are going with us," she said with veracious inconsistency to Rill Raye when she found her at the doorstep. Her guile was like her gossip; the one became truth, as the other became benediction, in its utterance.

(Continued in next JOURNAL).

LITTLE THINGS WORTH NOTING

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

ABOUT BATHING THE FEET

WHILE a nightly bath is excellent, the feet should not be soaked oftener than once a week—unless indeed, they are sore from walking or standing. In that case, dissolve a bit of washing soda the size of your thumb's end in a basin of water, as hot as can be borne. Soak the feet in this ten minutes, rinse in clear hot water, wipe dry and rub and knead with the bare hand for five minutes. For perspiration—especially offensive perspiration—never let hot water touch your feet. Bathe nightly in cold water, with a little chloride of lime in it. For tender or burning feet nothing is better than a strong sea-salt bath, either hot or cold.

BUTTERMILK AS A COSMETIC

THERE is nothing that equals fresh buttermilk for removing tan, freckles, sunburn or moth spots. It has the great advantage that it does not injure the skin, but renders it soft, like a little child's. Take a soft cloth or sponge and bathe the face, neck and arms thoroughly with buttermilk before retiring for the night; then wipe off the drops lightly. In the morning wash it thoroughly and wipe dry with a crash towel. Two or three such baths will take off all the tan and freckles. It will keep the hands soft and smooth. The acid of the buttermilk answers a far better purpose than any powder or paste that is in a drug store. It is a simple remedy, but effectual.

NINE RULES FOR BATHERS

A VOID bathing within two hours after a meal.

Avoid bathing when exhausted by fatigue or from any other cause.

Avoid bathing when the body is cooling after perspiration.

Avoid bathing altogether in the open air if after having been a short time in the water it causes a sense of chilliness and numbness of the hands and feet.

Bathe when the body is warm, provided no time is lost in getting into the water.

Avoid chilling the body by sitting or standing undressed on the banks or in boats after having been in the water.

Avoid remaining too long in the water; leave the water immediately if there is the slightest feeling of chilliness.

The vigorous and strong may bathe early in the morning on an empty stomach. The young and those who are weak, had better bathe two or three hours after a meal—the best time for such is from two to three hours after breakfast.

Those who are subject to attacks of giddiness or faintness, and those who suffer from palpitation and other sense of discomfort at the heart, should not bathe.

HOW TO AIR A BED

IT is not everybody who can make a bed well. Beds should be stripped of all belongings, and left to air thoroughly. Don't, however, leave a window open directly upon the bed and linen with a fog or rain prevailing outside. It is not uncommon to see sheets and bedding hanging out of a window with, perhaps, rain not actually falling, but with ninety per cent of humidity in the atmosphere, and the person sleeping in that bed at night wonders the next day where he got his cold. A room may be aired in moist weather, but the bedding and bed must not absorb any dampness.

WHEN YOUR SHOES ARE WET

GIRLS and ladies, and for that matter their husbands and brothers, are all liable to get their feet very wet, at the sea or on the mountains. Then they come home, throw off their boots, forget them, and when next they are wanted, they are hard and dry, or moldy, and only fit to be thrown away. Even if they are remembered, very few know what to do with them. Stand them up, put them in shape, and then fill them with oats, such as they feed to horses. This will, in a few hours, draw all the moisture out of the leather, keeping the boot in shape meanwhile, and leaving it soft and pliable. The oats can be used again and again. This is a relic of the days when no railroads existed, and traveling was done under difficulties, and in weather the present generation has no conception of.

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THE MOTHER IN THE COUNTRY

WHEN YOU TRAVEL WITH A FAMILY

By ANNIE R. RAMSEY



FIND that the only way to be comfortable and successful in the management of a party of tourists is to insist upon two things: first, supreme authority as the head of the traveling body, and, second, sufficient time for preparation and planning.

The first step in preparation should consist in seeing that all trunks, valises, keys and shawl-straps are in proper condition, and if they are not, have them repaired and put into order. Then pack slowly, taking several days to get together everything you are likely to need, and allowing time for memory to suggest forgotten objects, before the groaning trunk disappears on the expressman's shoulder. This plan will greatly lessen the amount of hand luggage, as there will be less necessity for crowding the "roley-poleys" at the last moment with this or that forgotten treasure. What hand luggage you have should be divided into numerous small packages, rather than made into one big bundle, so that even a child can carry his proportion of the burden, and no one is unduly laden.

Umbrellas should be tied together or fastened by rubber bands at top, middle and handle and, when firmly united, should be carried in a shawl-strap like an ordinary bundle, thus avoiding the temptation to pound the ends against the ground. The shawls should not only be carried in a strap, but should be covered with linen, or something which serves to protect them against dust.

You really need little hand luggage in this country, for our system of baggage express is so good that one rarely fails to receive the trunks very shortly after arriving at the end of the trip; but, perfect as the system generally is, it sometimes comes late, and it is only prudent to carry with you, always, a night-dress, toilette articles and slippers for each traveler. I also make it a rule to put into the children's pockets a card with my name and address plainly written; and to the older boys and girls, I give a sum of money sufficient to buy a ticket to our destination should we be separated or lost on the way.

If the journey has not been too hastily decided upon, it is well to prepare a special costume for it, one which shall avoid finery on the one hand and shabbiness on the other. The dress for mother and children should generally be light-weight all-wool material, blue or gray flannel being excellent, made with as light trimming as possible. In summer, the mother's dress might be a dark foulard with designs in color; these costumes, with clean ruchings, and a thorough brushing, make an outfit suitable for any hotel table. The duster should be of a shape to admit of its being easily slipped on or off at a moment's notice. The best material for it is gloriosa, a silk-and-wool fabric which sheds the dust; but richer garments are of silk, or silk-and-linen.

For long journeys it is almost a necessity to get rid of your hats, replacing them by something soft, light and not crushable. For yourself a cloth cap made with a visor is appropriate, while for boys and girls, alike, a knit Tam O'Shanter is invaluable. In warm weather great comfort comes from taking off the boots and substituting low slippers, or half-shoes.

Do not burden yourself with books. Reading in the train is bad for the eyes, and it is far better to provide games for the children, and light work, which needs no special watching, for yourself. If you must read, you will find some very decent literature sold by the boys on the train. Pencils and paper should always be at hand, not only for the children's tedious idleness, but for your own use. In a long journey I always start with a lunch basket stocked with bread and butter, cold meat, hard-boiled eggs and fruit sufficient to last for breakfast and supper for two days at least, helping out these meals with coffee or milk from the dining-room car, and with diners taken there. This will prove a great economy. Whatever else you forget to put into the luncheon basket, do not forget a cup or glass for the use of your own little troop; the habit of drinking from a common glass on the train, is not only unpleasant but dangerous, especially for children.

PUT THESE IN YOUR TRUNK

By MARIANNE TAYLOR



OR the summer flitting it is wise to have one stout trunk or box, devoted to miscellaneous objects likely to be needed by the family during their stay at the seashore or mountain boarding-house.

I always put in the bottom a tin foot-tub, for baby's bath of course, and for general use, as often it is the only convenience of the kind to be found in a country house. In this I pack a hammock, one of those made of fine Mexican grass, which folds into smallest possible space, or stretches luxuriously wide, for baby's open-air nap and the young lady's idle hour. The tub holds, besides, a piece of India-rubber cloth, one and a-half yards square, for use under the tub.

In addition to the tub I always carry one of those light-weight paper basins, so useful in case of illness. Do not forget the spirit lamp; let it be big or little, simple or complex, but be sure it goes in. The rubber bag for hot water, and a small kettle to heat water in, must not be far from the lamp.

One rather ponderous convenience takes up much space, but I find I must have it. This is a "tea basket"—an ordinary wicker basket, in whose lid I have sewed tape straps for holding six saucers, and whose lower part is filled with a tea-pot, sugar-bowl, creamer, cups, spoons, and half-a-dozen wooden plates.

Whether you think well of my "tea basket" or not, I am certain you will not go without your own spoons—tea, table and dessert, one of each—with which to administer medicine should occasion arise in the night when servants are abed and closets closed. For this same emergency, carry a pound of candles in your trunk, and a small brass candlestick.

Certain medicines must never be left out if you are homeopathically inclined. Mustard plasters, quinine pills, Pond's Extract, Jamaica ginger, ammonia, arnica, baking soda and court-plaster are among the things likely to be needed; and you should also squeeze in a medicine dropper and an injection syringe.

Somewhere find room for a tiny pillow for the nap in the hammock—it need not be larger than eighteen by twelve inches; also an old blanket to spread on the ground for baby to play and roll on. A pincushion is an essential rarely provided in hotels. Take your own, and let it be a hanging one.

TO KEEP THE BABY HEALTHY

By ELIZABETH ROBINSON SCOVILL



BABY'S second summer is always the most trying. It is cutting its teeth, and the irritation combined with the heat makes life no easy matter for the poor little thing. It must be carefully watched, and its ailments rationally treated if it is to be carried successfully through this dangerous season.

A baby in the country, with all the advantages of fresh air and good milk, is under the best conditions possible to resist the effects of the heat. Yet the country, like everything else, has its counter-balancing disadvantages, and often one of these is the distance from a doctor. Before leaving town the mother should ask her family physician for a few powders of pepsin and bismuth, or any simple remedy he may wish to prescribe for indigestion, with full directions for its use. She should take with her a bottle of lime-water and another of pancreatin, or one of the other preparations for peptonizing milk, so that she may be prepared for emergencies.

The purity of milk, even in the best surroundings, is always open to question, because it absorbs germs so readily. That used for food for a baby should be sterilized to make it perfectly safe. This can be done in the morning and evening by putting the milk, fresh from the cow, in bottles of a size to hold enough for one meal each. Place these in a saucepan filled with cold water and set it on the stove where it will heat gradually. After the water boils for a short time, cork the bottles and let them remain in it for half an hour. Remove from the stove, and when the water is cool take out the bottles. If no ice is to be had, stand them in a stone jar containing water, and wrap the jar in wet flannel, or put it in a brook in a shady place. When a bottle is opened and all the milk is not used, throw away the remainder.

If, in spite of care in feeding, the bowels become disordered, boil rice until very soft, strain the liquid from it and add the same quantity of sterilized milk. Sometimes one tablespoonful of lime-water to six of milk will correct the difficulty.

Keep the baby in the open air as much as possible, but do not have it out in the evening when the dew is falling. If a hammock is slung in the shade it will sleep better there during the day, covered with a mosquito net, than it will in a hot room.

Dress it loosely, with a gauze flannel shirt next the skin, and no tight bands.

HOW TO DRESS THE CHILDREN

By ISABEL A. MALLON



OUR baby and mine wants to think of summer time as the beautiful period of the year when the flowers and the grass spring up in answer to the invitation of the sun, when the skies are blue and the sun is so golden; when the birds are singing because the waves are dancing so brightly; when everything in nature is happy and baby is, too. No small person can be happy who is uncomfortable in her clothes; and no small person can see any pleasure in life if it has to sit up primly on the chair and "look nice."

How to dress the little girl? Put on her a gingham frock, smocked if you like, made with a full skirt, not long enough to let her stumble over it, and yet not short enough to look like a frill to her bodice. Put on her a thin, cool pair of drawers and one petticoat, a little bodice that both of these are buttoned to, a pair of black stockings, and a pair of shoes that are soft, sufficiently large, without heels, and comfortable. I say "without heels," and yet I mean that where the heel usually is there should be sufficient thickening of the sole to be of as much use as the ordinary heel is to you or me. Put on her a big hat that will keep the sun from her eyes, and, no matter if you do sacrifice beauty to comfort, braid her hair and get it out of the way. Then let her go out with shovel and bucket, and dig for diamonds and find wriggly worms and queer bits of wood and funny-colored stones, and never come across a single diamond except that Kohinoor among them—good health. You can give as many gingham gowns as you like, but don't make the poor little dot's life unhappy by scolding her for getting sand and dust on her clothes, and don't scorn, for one single minute, all the marvelous weeds that she may designate as flowers and bring to you as the result of her morning's work. Of course, if you are staying where it is cooler, a flannel petticoat will be required, and under any circumstances it is just as well to have them along with you, for you don't know when they will be needed.

If there is anything nice in this world, it is a boy about five years old who thinks he knows all about the country, having been there for two weeks, and who is willing to instruct you in the ways and manners of birds, pigs, dogs and horses. He is still in skirts, but there is no reason in the world why his skirts should not be comfortable ones, and why they should not be limited to one. Dress him like a little man whose life this summer is going to be blissful. A wise mother has bought a quantity of blue flannel, light in weight and not expensive, and of this there has been made tiny little pairs of knickerbockers, kilt skirts, and shirt waists. Some are a little finer than others, having cuffs with white feather-stitching and sailor collars with anchors on them, but these will be reserved for special occasions. But my little gentleman can have his knickerbockers put on, his kilt and his blouse, and nothing underneath them but a calico shirt; he wears with them dark-blue stockings. These flannels wash as well as if they were cotton, for the first washing given them is very careful, and they do not shrink. The hat to be worn is a big-blue sailor one that could stand being left out all night, and the summer dew would not hurt it.

"Oh!" says somebody who adores picturesque children, "are there to be no pretty clothes?" My dear soul, these clothes are pretty. They are suitable and they are comfortable, and when Jack and Margy come in from playing, and Margy's gown is decorated with studies in black and white, the result of a great desire to see how the roots of the trees look, and Jack's kilt is rather off color in its appearance because he has been out in a boat with the man who goes after the crabs, and he has brought you home some seaweed and a choice collection of clam shells, there won't a sigh arise; but you can greet your little lovers with a laugh, trot them off to be freshened up and put in new clothes that, except for their cleanliness, are exactly like the ones just taken off. If, when going to church, they wish to look a little finer, Jack can be gorgeous in white piqué knee breeches, kilt and little cutaway jacket, showing a white shirt and flaring white collar. Then he may have black stockings, patent-leather shoes and a white straw sailor with a broad blue ribbon about it. As for Margy, she can have a pale-blue zephyr made just like her everyday gowns, very daintily smocked; while on her head should be a shirred hat of the material like her dress. She can wear her best black stockings, and patent-leather shoes with buckles on them, and you will have two of the most picturesque-looking people who ever sincerely said "amen" in the wrong place, and told you afterwards, very confidentially, that somebody laughed in church and it wasn't polite. Dress your little people so they will have a good time; and when they grow up they will ever remember the summer days.

FOR THE MOTHER HERSELF

By CATHERINE WILT



THE mother is often the last person in the family to profit by the summer's opportunity of change and rest.

If she goes away she takes so many comforts and fancied necessities for the children, that there is no room for what she herself needs, and she has probably spent so many weeks of toil that she is "too tired to enjoy the change." Now, what is the remedy?

Begin by placing upon your daughters' shoulders some part of the burden of the house. Do not drag wearily to every entertainment where she needs a chaperon, but allow her sometimes to follow her own dictates and give up a pleasure that mother may rest.

For the little ones, provide dresses so plain that they require the minimum of labor to make and to laundry; remembering, too, that thin woollens are cooler than starched muslins, and of these the little ones require few changes.

Another chance to rest comes through enforcing an inflexible rule that you will lie down part of each day. Your best time for this is when baby is sleeping, for then your mind can rest too, and your presence in the room is soothing to him.

You should spend many hours each day in the open air. Run and play with your little ones as they wander over the fields and shore, teaching them some of the secrets which Nature keeps for her human children, and strengthen their love for you by your power to enter into their enjoyments.

Some occupation for the hands is almost a necessity, and many wise women send their sewing-machines to their summer homes in order to "take time by the forelock" in the matter of white sewing. I am afraid to recommend this, lest some tired mother should spend the glorious days of summer in slaving over finery for the children for next winter.

Summer should give you time to pick up some of the fallen threads of your reading, your music, or your drawing. Your children will outgrow you fast enough in this rapid age, but the distance between you will be less if each summer day finds you busy over a serious book, a Beethoven sonata, or a sketch of some charming view.

JUST BEFORE YOU GO HOME

By RUTH ASHMORE



ALL summer you have been in the country, and the day is come when you have to say good-bye and go back home. Of course you want to go home—of course you do—but you ought to sit down for a few minutes and think over what has happened all during the long summer days, and what you should do just before you go home.

If, during the summer, you have collected a lot of books and papers, think over who there is there in the country who would like to have them, to whom they would give the most pleasure and do the most good. Make them up in a bundle and send them with your good wishes. It's a little piece of generosity, but it is a very nice one.

If, during the summer, you have been irritated and fault-finding, and wondered why the people in the house couldn't get what is so easily found in the city, go to whoever you have been staying with and express a hope that you have not been a troublesome visitor. Say a few pleasant words of commendation and forget the inconveniences. It is true you paid your board; but, my friend, there are things in this world you cannot pay for: kindness and consideration are two.

If, during the summer, you have made a friend who lives in the country, make up your mind not to forget her when you go back to town. Remember the pleasant drives she has given you. Think of the fresh milk and eggs she sent your sick baby; but, putting aside these material kindnesses, think of the loving friendship she has shown you, and don't forget her. Remember the delights given by a box of sweets sent from the city. Remember the interest in a magazine, or a book, and the joy which greets a new piece of music. And if you cannot have your new-found friend to visit you in your own home, just remember that you can think of her in a number of ways, and convince her that the summer friend may, after all, be one of love and consideration.

If, during the summer days, you have had time to think over the mistakes you made last winter, do better when you come back. You have been out in God's own country to gain health and strength, and you must come back better in mind and in body—more loving, more willing, more generous and more forgiving, and then, indeed, will you have made your summer of worth to you, will you have gained what is best for you. These are the little things to think out just before you go home, and then when you return to the country you will be a thrice-welcome guest.

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.
With Press-Rooms at 401-415 Appletree Street.

Edited by

EDWARD W. BOK

In association with

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Advisory and Contributing Editors.

With editorial representatives at London and Paris.

Subscription Rates

One dollar per year, payable in advance. Single copies ten cents.

Advertising Rates

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.

BRANCH OFFICES:

New York: Potter Building, 38 Park Row
Boston: 7 Temple Place, Cor. Tremont St.
Chicago: Chickering Hall Building
San Francisco: Chronicle Building

Philadelphia, July, 1891

AT HOME WITH THE EDITOR

LIKE all the rest of my sex—or about ninety-nine per cent of the "lords of creation" (!) at least—I like a bright, cheerful woman—a woman who never makes a man wonder if there are any good and true women in the world, but who rather makes him curious at other men who argue the point at all. Such a woman unconsciously does more to make a man better by her influence than all the theories and sermons which have been preached since the dawn of creation. A spirit of sunshine in woman is wonderfully contagious to a man, and when such a woman possesses a love for healthy, wholesome fun, the combination is a regular tonic for the development of what is best in the most drooping natures.

A WOMAN of this exhilarating nature sent me an invitation not many evenings ago to come to her house on a recent afternoon "to meet a group of specially delightful friends." Now, no man in the world would suspect anything behind such an attractively-worded phrase as that, and I accepted with alacrity. But the result plainly showed to me that a man is only a poor match for a woman when she makes up her mind to have some fun at his expense. Full of the most joyous expectations, the fly of this occasion walked into the parlor of that spider in the most innocent manner, to be confronted by the smiling hostess, a room filled with over eighty girls, and not a man in sight! Retreat was positively impossible, and in a moment that "group of specially delightful friends" were having about all the merriment imaginable at the expense of one lone man. After the first shock, I determined that the enjoyment was a little one-sided, and so I simply concluded to join in.

NOW, a bevy of eighty girls is calculated to keep one man pretty busy, and make it very interesting to him, especially when every one of that eighty has been in training for the occasion. I mentally concluded, however, that a man who could summon enough courage each month to write to 750,000 women, ought to be able to sustain his reputation in the presence of a roomful of girls. My considerate hostess had evidently taken extreme pains to gather together the very brightest and keenest girls she could possibly find, and to make this more certain, I learned afterwards, she had even drawn upon neighboring cities in order to accomplish her end, and, at the same time, evidently to make me feel more at home, and lighten my mental task. For three hours I was given about all I could do. Many a man might have envied me. After a while, I rather envied myself; for I must confess I had a perfectly delicious time. I had properly acclimated myself to the surroundings. It was positively a treat. What I talked about during the hours, now to one, then to a girl, and then to a group, is not worth mentioning.

IT is astonishing, however, what eighty living girls can teach a man. In a modern play, the line occurs that one living woman is worth more to the student than all the women ever portrayed in verse, prose or fiction since the beginning of literature. According to that calculation my opportunity for learning was simply gigantic. So far as the mental powers left me permitted, I tried hard to embrace my golden chance. I really believe I should have done better, however, if the number had been a little smaller, and the masculine line of representation had not been drawn so terribly exclusive. One man to eighty girls, every one of my readers must admit, is giving the advantage a little too strongly to the favored sex. A man doesn't get such opportunity to show what is in him with such terrible odds against him. My, how those girls enjoyed it, though! Whenever I meet any of them now the smile which greets me is something positively radiant. They had their triumph, no doubt of that. But I had mine as well; for those three hours among that bevy of bright girls increased my respect for the entire girlhood of America more than anything else could possibly have done. Where I was once content with lifting my hat in respect to them, I am now entirely ready to bow obeisance.

SINCE the future of a nation is shaped by no other element so important as the development of its budding womanhood, it is only natural that American girl-life has formed the topic of much of my editorial writing in the JOURNAL. Nor do I believe that I have written from abstraction, previous to the experience sketched above. It has been my good fortune to possess the personal friendships of some of the best and noblest girls, I think, which it has ever been a man's pleasure to know. I have sought to know the working-girl as well as her more-favored sister; and were I asked to-day to select the girl of noblest character, of highest motive, of sweetest mind, the one who possesses the most womanly attributes, I would scarcely know whether to look first in the home or in the great working world. Experience has taught me that the gentlest girls are not alone to be found in homes of ease and comfort. The softest hands are not always an index to the gentlest dispositions. Many a lovely girl, as sweet and refined in her nature as she who is tenderly nurtured under sunny domestic skies, is to-day fighting for herself, or for some one closely akin to her, the battle of domestic possibilities by needle, pen or brain.

BUT what my previous acquaintance with the American girl had neglected to teach me, that experience with those eighty girls most fully supplied. All the rough edges in my knowledge were most beautifully softened and rounded off, for there is apt to be a very interesting play of character among such a concourse of girls, and natures are never so well shown as when they are tuned to merriment. Take a girl of rough nature and she will be rough in her fun, while the gentle girl will show her softness of disposition in her manner when in full play—and these girls were so full of it! Their whole natures were bent upon getting just as much out of the occasion as they could. And they got it, with every advantage on their side, for I had not a sympathetic soul to whom I could appeal. There were eighty minds with but a single thought—and I was that thought. That sounds complimentary, and it undoubtedly is; but I suffered terribly from over-appreciation that afternoon. Every one of those girls seemed determined to speak to me at the same time. And their questions! Well! Of course, being the editor of a woman's magazine I was expected to "know it all." But a roomful of domestic encyclopedias would not have answered the purpose.

ONE girl who told me in the most earnest and confidential manner that she was preparing her summer wardrobe, asked me whether I thought a lace dress would be cooler for summer if made of Spanish, or of one of the light French laces; and if the bodice should be full-draped. I quietly told her that the first was purely a matter of taste, as both were cool and serviceable, and as for the bodice, that to have it full-draped, laced in the back, and having a pointed girdle of black ribbon about the waist terminating in long loops and ends at the back, would make a most pleasing effect. That settled her, but not her roguish companion who, with a merry twinkle in her eyes, asked me if I thought a capote or a turban would be more suitable to her. I told her I felt sure that in the present instance the one would be just as becoming as the other. Then another in the group very demurely ventured the information that "Mamma wishes me to ask you whether you think, to make good rice-pudding, a cup of milk is a good proportion for two tea-cupfuls of rice?" I told her I was not quite positive, but that a quart of milk seemed to me a better proportion, and when, after boiling, the rice was tender, her mother might add another pint of milk. And thus these girls kept on, until after awhile I really believe I told one girl to trim her hat with a pound of butter, and use a dozen velvet rosettes and four yards of ribbon in making bread-pudding for a family of four. But it was all so candid practice, and a perfect self-educating process, I had never given myself half credit enough for my knowledge of French cashmere gowns, pointed basques, pulled sleeves, hemstitched tucks, passementerie, toque hats, violet bonnets, flounces and furbelows, until I told these girls all about them. It had never occurred to me how "fetching" a gingham frock can look until I told one girl how to make one. She quite complimented me afterwards by saying that such a frock, made after my description, would form a new era in gingham. I could not quite convince myself, nor have I been able since, whether that girl was serious or sarcastic. In either mood she was certainly most charming!

AND yet, between all the fun and merriment, these girls often showed, by little words, their more serious sides, and in all their moods they were certainly a most exhilarating spectacle to the one man who was privileged to look upon them. I never saw so many fresh and pretty faces, and such a perfect bloom of girlish life before. I felt proud of a country which could bring together such a company of clever girls in one small portion of it. I was pleased, too, at this perfect contradiction to the accusation that our American girls like social froth better than common sense. Here was a company of some eighty girls; the one as bright and clever as the other, and I was willing to take them as types of our entire American girlhood. Not a few of those girls with whom I could get a chance to hold a moment's serious conversation convinced me that many a man knew less of the topics of the day which they handled. It verified the belief I have always held and advanced: that for good common sense, when the occasion requires it, commend me to the modern American girl. To spend three hours with such a bevy of girls has the effect of forever withholding the pen from saying anything but what is creditable to the girl of to-day. I only regretted that some of those writers who find nothing good in the modern young woman could not have shared with me in the pleasures of that afternoon. I have never seen a prettier sight than when those eighty girls were seated on both sides of one immense table; a picture which will remain impressed upon my memory. No more effective picture could ever have been painted by artist—had he omitted the man at the head of the table.

THE joke of my hostess was a perfect success for herself, for her guests and for myself; but to me it leaves a more lasting memory than as a mere merriment. It has served to give me a new and clearer idea of girlhood, the thoughts which enter into the lives of girls; and what began as a joke has ended in a most beneficial lesson. Those girls were unconscious educators to the man in their midst; they breathed forth their natures upon a mind which will enjoy no greater pleasure hereafter than to act as their servant and champion. It has always been a matter of regret to me that the blessing of a sister's love and influence was denied me, and that regret is keener now than ever before, as I write fresh from those parlors of girlish glee and influence.

A GIRL in the home, to my mind, can wield a wonderful influence. I cannot conceive of a more beautiful sight than the affection of a sister for her brother. A sister's love is one of the sweetest flowers planted by God in the heart of a girl. It is born of filial sympathy and confidence, and ripens into a spiritual love different from any other affection. Powerful as is the influence of a mother, there have been innumerable cases where the presence of a sister's sweet and tender love, or the memory of a sister's holy affection, has been the saving grace of a brother's life. The sister's life in the home often formulates the brother's estimate of her sex. A sister can have a softening influence upon a brother where everything else fails. She raises his opinion of woman by her actions towards him. A young man can be made pretty well what his sister chooses to make him. As he sees her in the home, so he judges the sisters of other brothers. She is often his standard whereby others are measured. Let a sister's interests be close to those of her brother, and both he and she alike will be benefitted. She can train him in those little acts of courtesy due to her sex as can no one else. Filial affection is a softer rod by which to rule than any other feeling.

IT is a common error among parents to keep their daughters aloof from the sons, fearing that the former, by contact with the interests of the latter, will form masculine habits. There is no greater mistake. A sister's part in her brother's amusements, in those things which interest him, need not deprive her of one womanly instinct or feeling. The right kind of a girl who goes out into the world to carve her own way is not made masculine because, in her business life, she comes into contact with men. And what is true of the girl in the business world, is true to a greater extent of the girl in the home. A sister's influence upon a brother is softening and refining: she can mold his character better than any other single factor in life. Brothers and sisters are, by far, kept apart from each other too much in many of our homes. Were their interests, their sympathies more united it would be better for the home circle and every influence therein.

A BROTHER who is taught by his sister to be gentle and considerate of her feelings, to be always courteous to her, is not apt to forget his duty towards some one else's sister when he shall take such to his heart and home. A loving and considerate brother is very apt to make a good husband. This influence every sister has in her power. She should have the same regard for the neatness of her dress at the breakfast table before her brother as she has at dinner before the brother of some other girl. She should be as kind and careful in her conversation to him as she is to the friend which he may bring home with him. Young men very often judge a girl by her sisterly qualities. "I knew she would make a loving wife from the way she treated her brother when, to all appearances, I was apparently unobservant," said a friend of mine recently when I asked what guided him in his choice of a wife. "Tell me what kind of a sister she is, and I will tell you what kind of a wife she will be," is a common saying among men. Many a man has measured a girl's character by that standard, and many a man is doing it to-day and will do so in the future. And thus in the sister we see reflected the wife, the woman and the mother!

THE GIRL OF MUSICAL TASTES



NO other offers ever made by THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL have met with such quick response as those of a free musical training for every girl in America, published in the April number. At the time of the conception of these offers, the one point most borne in mind was to place them within the reach of the humblest girl. For years we had heard the cry of the girl of musical tastes stifled by the lack of means wherewith to acquire her desires for a vocal or instrumental training, and we determined to make it possible for her to secure

A MUSICAL TRAINING WITHOUT COST

OVER five hundred girls are now working for these offers. Every report coming to us tells of easy success. Girls who started only two months ago are already within a few of the small number of subscriptions necessary for success. "It has come to me almost without an effort," writes one girl, "and I can scarcely believe that the easy work of the last two weeks means twenty weeks of free vocal training for me." The great advantage in these JOURNAL offers is that there is no competitive element in them. Every girl stands the same chance. It is not a question of who secures the largest number of subscriptions—the girl in the smallest village has the same good chance as the girl in the thickly-populated city. Each can get precisely what she chooses to work for.

THE MUSICAL HOME WE SELECTED

THE large conservatory selected by the JOURNAL to which to send our girls, is probably the best and most liberally equipped in the country. It is the New England Conservatory of Music, in Boston. Girls from every State in the Union are within its walls. The most skilled teachers preside over it, while, in a domestic sense, it possesses all the advantages of a carefully regulated and refined home. Foreign musicians of prominence have recognized the standing of the conservatory by personal visits and indorsement. During her last visit to this country, Adelina Patti honored the conservatory by spending a morning in its different departments, and now recommends the institution over her own name.

WHY THE OFFERS ARE GENEROUS

THE JOURNAL is anxious that the largest possible number of girls shall take advantage of these offers for a free musical and vocal training, not because of any pecuniary profit to itself, for there is none. The simplest calculation will show, to any one who studies the offers, that we are not guided by any money consideration. On the other hand, each successful girl whom we send to the conservatory means an actual financial outlay to the JOURNAL beyond the income. We have merely changed our methods of advertising. Instead of spending all our advertising appropriation in the newspapers and periodicals, we devote a portion of it to this idea, the girls receiving the benefit while we are satisfied to have the subscriptions which they secure on our books, feeling confident that we can permanently hold the subscribers in which lies our eventual profit. Of course, in view of these facts, the offers cannot be continued indefinitely, as any one can easily see. We shall soon withdraw them, and they will not be repeated. It is important, therefore, that girls enroll themselves on our books as desirous of trying for the offers. Any girl can learn all particulars by simply writing to the JOURNAL, and details will be forwarded to her. And this is probably the last editorial mention we shall make of the offers.

WILL YOU FAVOR THE EDITOR?

MANY letters have recently been received by the Editor asking whether it is now too late to answer the questions published some time ago under the title of "Will You Favor the Editor?" It is not, by any means. It will give the Editor as much pleasure to have his readers write to him in response to them now as at any time. He cordially invites the freest possible letters from those who have not written to him as yet, and for the benefit of these he repeats the questions here:

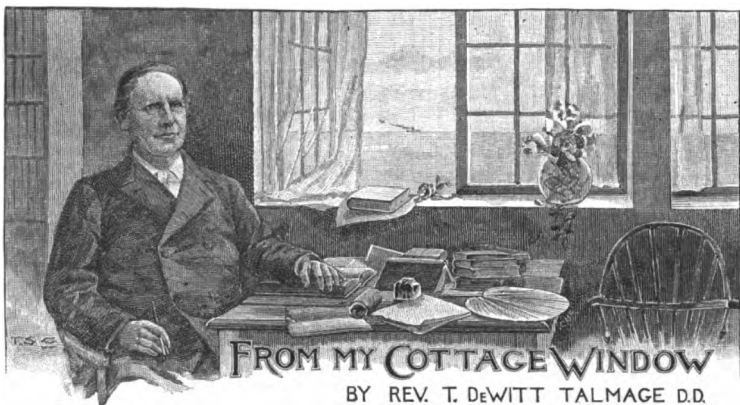
1. What particular feature in the JOURNAL pleases you most?
2. What number of recent date gave you most pleasure and satisfaction?
3. Do you prefer more or less fiction?
4. Is there any present department or feature you would prefer omitted?
5. Is there any special field or subject you would like to see covered in the JOURNAL, not now included in its pages?

Any idea or suggestion will be thankfully received, and, whenever possible, adopted. Every letter is considered strictly confidential, and you can, therefore, be perfectly frank in writing and criticising just as you feel. Your honest opinion is asked for.

Address, direct, to
THE EDITOR, THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL,
Philadelphia, Pa.

LADY MACDONALD'S TRAVEL ARTICLES

THE first of the two charming travel articles by Lady Macdonald, the wife of the Premier of Canada, descriptive of "An Unconventional Journey" taken by her last summer in her private car, will appear in the next number of the JOURNAL. Lady Macdonald's style is as fresh and unconventional as was her journey, and with the beautiful illustrations accompanying the articles, they will prove most delightful summer reading.



FROM MY COTTAGE WINDOW
BY REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE D.D.



WE never find Christ at a country-seat, save in the eighteenth chapter of John. The Saviour was not apt to be acquainted with people who owned country-seats. The merchants of Jerusalem had suburban residences. Christ had somehow become acquainted with one of these men, and been invited by him to come out to the country home. After the heat and excitement of the day in the city, it was pleasant to go out and sit and walk under the trees and among the flowers.

★
THE CHRISTIAN IN A GARDEN

JESUS is in the garden one night, and sees the gleam of torches and lanterns. Judas and an armed band are coming to take Him captive. In this rough way ended the season of reflection and recreation. We find here, as elsewhere, that Jesus loved the country. We find Him among the mountains and sitting by the sea. He pressed a lily in His sermon. He caught a bird for a text. He walked in the garden the night of His capture. So it is a good sign when a Christian finds company, and suggestiveness, and refreshment in the beautiful things of God's world. There may be means of grace in a hyacinth or japonica. A man can preach better of love and faith and Heaven when there are camellias on the pulpit. It is no evidence of weak sentimentality when a Christian loves natural beauty. Jesus resorted to a garden. No doubt Christ selected the garden of this country-seat as a place for private devotion. She who has no spot for secret prayer is an unfortunate Christian. She is a fool who tells the world everything. There are prayers that belong only to God's ear. Better have some place consecrated to private prayer. Choose a pleasant place if possible—not the garret, not the cellar, but a room warm, lighted, cheerful. There is no use in penance. When you invite Jesus to meet you, open for Him the most cheerful and pleasant place you can find. Jesus resorted to a garden.

★
HEDGES ABOUT OUR GARDENS

NOTICE also that it was while in this beautiful suburb of the city, sitting, in the summer night, among the trees, that Christ was taken by his enemies. We are never more subject to attack from our spiritual enemies than when in the garden of ease. There is less danger for us when out in the conflict of life than when we sit down to rest. It is while unarmed and in quiet that pride breaks in, and indolence and worldliness "with lanterns and torches." We need ever to be on our guard. "Watch, therefore, and what I say unto one, I say unto all. Watch!" We cannot have so high a hedge about our garden that Judas cannot break through. We want this hour for communion with God. We say, "Stand back, O world, with all thy cares!" And yet they break in. They beguile us this quiet. They would like to carry us off. I see the gleam of their lanterns and torches. May God defend us from fears within and foes without! We are further on in our Christian life. We are better or worse than last night. If in one hour a man may lose or win Heaven, what might we not gain in a week? Every moment is charged with eternal destinies.

★
A TYPICAL CHRISTIAN HOUSE

IN a recent JOURNAL I spoke of a Christian home, and one of my male readers writes and asks: "What do you mean by a Christian home?" I will tell you what I mean, my brother. I mean a home in which the Bible is the chief book; a home in which the family kneel in prayers; a home in which father and mother are practical Christians; a home in which on Sabbath, from sunrise to sunset, there is profitable converse and cheerful song and suggestions of a better world. Whether the wall be frescoed or not, or only a ceiling of unplanned rafters; whether marble lions are couchant at the front entrance or a plain latch is lifted by a tow-string, that home is the ante-chamber of Heaven. A man never gets over having lived in such an early home. It holds him in an eternal grip. Though his parents may have been gone forty years, the tears of penitence and gladness that were wept at the family altar still glitter in his memory. Nay, do you not now feel warm and hot on your hands the tears which that mother shed thirty years ago, when, one cold winter night, she came and wrapped you up in the bed and prayed for your welfare here and for your everlasting welfare before the throne? Oh ye who are to set up your own home, see that it be a Christian home! Let Jesus make the wine at that wedding.

★
THE HUSBAND IN A CHRISTIAN HOME

WHAT a grand thing it is to have God stand guard at a door, and the Lord Jesus the family physician; and the wings of angels the canopy over the pillow; and the Lord of Glory a perpetual guest. You say it is important that the wife and the mother be a Christian. I say to you, it is just as important that the husband and father be a Christian. Yet how many clever men there are who say, "My wife does all the religion of my house. I am a worldly man; but I have confidence in her, and I think she will bring the whole family up all right." It will not do, my brother who may read these words. The fact that you are not a Christian has more influence on your family than the fact that your wife is a Christian. Your children will say, "Father is a very good man; he is not a Christian, and if he can risk the future, I can risk the future." Oh, father and husband, join your wife on the road to Heaven, and at night gather your family at the altar! Do you say, "I can't pray; I am a man of few words, and I don't think I could put a half dozen sentences together in such a prayer?" You can pray; you can. If your child were down with scarlet-fever, and the next hour were to decide its recovery or its death, you would pray in sobs, and groans, and paroxysms of earnestness. Yes, you can pray. When the eternal life of your household may depend upon your application, let your knees limber and go down; but if you still insist that you cannot compose a prayer, then buy or borrow a prayer-book of the Episcopal church and gather your family, and put your prayer-book on a chair, and kneel down before it, and in the solemn and hushed presence of God, gather up all your sorrow and temptations, and sins, and cry out, "Good Lord, deliver us."

★
ALONE IN OUR PRIVATE CLOSETS

THERE is one great secret of advancement in secret prayer. It is very easy to come onto a public assemblage, and stimulated by the hearty singing and by the cheerful faces of scores and hundreds of God's people, to bow our heads and lift up our hearts in prayer; but to have some secret place where, day by day, either at morning or at noon, or at night, we kneel down before God, no one in the whole world listening, and to do that thing day after day, and month after month, and year after year, and for scores of years—that is not so easy a thing to do. It wants some perseverance, some high appreciation of duty, some grand Christian determination, some Almighty help. No one can pray in public his whole prayer. Take the best man in the world, and let him rise up before God in public assemblage, and tell all his temptations and sorrows and annoyances and grievances, and he would clear the room in ten minutes. And yet there is a place where a man ought to be able to tell everything to his God, to review all his past life, to count up all the wonderful deliverances, and take all the annoyances and the grievances of the present moment before God; but if he has no closet of secret prayer, where shall he do that? There is no such thing as stalwart Christian character except that which grows in private and which starts from secret communication with God—an out-and-out unlimited utterance such as a man can not give in a public religious assemblage.

★
THE IMPROVED WOMEN OF TO-DAY

IT may be ungallant to suppose that there is, or has been, any room for improvement in woman, but it is undoubtedly true that in the last ten years there has been a marked bettering of the physical condition of American women: Whether it is a result of gymnastics or the traveling of many of our girls in foreign lands, where they have had an opportunity of admiring the superior physical qualities of English and German women, or the general discussion of the subject, I do not know. Perhaps the fact that so many of those females who prided themselves on their bewitching languors and fashionable invalidism have been passed by when our young men came to make selection of lifetime partners, may have helped to cure the folly. It has been found that doll-babies are of but little worth in the struggle of life, and capacity on the part of a woman to sweep out a drawing-room without fainting, and to make a loaf of bread not sour nor soggy, is of more importance than the satin in a cheek, which the fingers of diphtheria may unravel, or the color of the hair which one strong grip of fever may pull out. There is cause for congratulation in the fact that woman's physical condition is rising, but there is room yet for higher stages of progress. A race of weak women will make a race of puny men. I am not ambitious for Amazons, but for out-and-out Christian women, who enjoy what rights they have and support great souls in strong bodies.

BRAWN AND HEALTH VERSUS PRIDE

I HAVE a great deal of admiration for those who can be independent of the oppressive conventionalities of society. May not all of us practically adopt the Christian theory that any work is honorable that is useful? The slaves of an ignominious pride, how many kill themselves earning a living! We have tens of thousands of women in our cities, sitting in cold rooms, stabbing their life out with their needle, coughing their lungs into tubercles, and suffering the horrors of the social inquisition, for whom there wait plenty of healthy, happy homes in the country, if they would only consent to serve. How foolish that explanation which tries to teach us how a sewing-machine is any more respectable than a churn, or a yardstick is better than a pitchfork. We want a new Declaration of Independence, signed by all the laboring classes. During very hard times two Italian artists called at my country cottage from which I write and shall write to you for the next two or three issues of the JOURNAL, asking if I did not want some sketching done, and they unrolled some elegant pictures, showing their fine capacity. I told them I had no desire for sketches, but we had a cistern to clean, and would pay them well for doing it. Off went their coats, and in a few hours the work was done, and their wages awarded. How much more honorable for them to do what they could get to do, rather than to wait for more adapted employment. Why did not the striking mill girls of Northampton, a few years ago, spend their summers embroidering slippers or hemming handkerchiefs, and thus keep at work unobserved and more popular? Because they were not fools. They said: "Let us go up and see Mount Adams, and the Profile, and Mount Washington. We shall have to work only five hours a day, and all the time we will be gathering health and inspiration." Young men, those are the girls to seek when you want a wife, rather than the wheezing victims of ruinous work chosen because it is more popular.

★
SUCCESS IN SPIRITUAL ARCHERY

IF you want to succeed in spiritual archery you must have courage. If the hunter stands with trembling hand or shoulder that finches with fear, instead of his taking the catamount, the catamount takes him. How many good people there are who, by their awkward Christian work, drive souls away from Christ instead of bringing them to Him! All their fingers are thumbs—religious blunders who upset more than they right. Their gun has a crooked barrel, and kicks as it goes off. They are like a clumsy comrade who goes along with skillful hunters; at the very moment he ought to be most quiet, he is cracking an alder, or falling over a log and frightening away the game. The archers of olden time studied their art. How clumsy we are about religious work! How little skill and care we exercise! How often our arrows miss the mark! Oh, that there were lay colleges established in all the towns and cities of our lands, where men might learn the art of doing good, studying spiritual archery, and known as "mighty hunters before the Lord!" A five-dollar treatise that will stand all the laws of homiletics may fail to do that which a penny tract of Christian entreaty may accomplish. Oh, for more Christians in ambuscade, not lying in idleness, but waiting for a quick spring, waiting until just the right time comes. Do not rub a man's disposition the wrong way. Do not take the imperative mood when the subjunctive mood will do just as well. Do not talk in perverted style to a phlegmatic, nor try to tickle a torrent temperament with an icicle; you can take any man for Christ if you know how to get at him.

Truman Osborne, one of the evangelists who went through this country some years ago, had a wonderful art in the right direction. He came to my father's house one day, and while we were all seated in the room, he said: "Mr. Talmage, are all your children Christians?" Father said: "Yes, all but De Witt." Then Truman Osborne looked down into the fireplace, and began to tell a story of a storm that came on the mountains, and all the sheep were in the fold; but there was one lamb outside that perished in the storm. Had he looked me in the eye I should have been angered when he told that story; but he looked into the fireplace, and it was so pathetically and beautifully done that I never found any peace until I was sure I was inside the fold, where the other sheep were.

To be with Talmage

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SIDE TALKS WITH GIRLS

WHAT YOU WANT TO KNOW

LETTERS TO BETH

NO. XIII—AMERICAN FREEDOM, OR FOREIGN RESTRAINT



Y study rang with laughter when your cousin and I read your last letter. Fancy an American gentleman walking up to an elderly man like your uncle and saying: "Sir, here is my card; the young women with you are very beautiful and I should like to meet them." I think I can see your Scotch relative's flashing eyes and feel the chill of his manner.

It does not surprise me to learn that you are annoyed by meeting a class of girls abroad quite unlike any you have ever seen at home—this is the experience of most travelers. Fortunes quickly acquired cannot bring with them the refinement and culture, the repose and gentleness which is the usual inheritance of our educated men and women all over the world.

You say that you cannot understand why the freedom allowed American girls and the restraints imposed upon foreign ones cannot be equalized.

New customs are not always wise ones, but time always regulates the wheels of progress, and it is extremely encouraging to the mothers of the present time to look backward while still pressing forward. None of us care to return to the so-called "good old days"; but we may retain with profit some of the old-time courtesies and ever admire the respectful consideration shown to the aged. We are quite willing to bid farewell to the "tithing man," and "the stocks," where a fond husband was imprisoned for kissing his wife on the "Lords' day."

I am very glad to learn that you met the young French girl who interested me so much, and also that my message "cheered her heart." She seemed strangely sad at times, did she? Poor child! it is no wonder. She is a victim of foreign restraint and social customs.

"May I tell you her story?" I think so. At parting she said to me: "Ah, madame, tell all your American girls to be glad they were not born over here; and tell them to be very careful about marriage, to think of it well, since they may choose, while we are sold, bargained for and exchanged."

Madame—my Teresa's mother—was a strange type. I met them at the baths and saw them constantly for two weeks. The daughter was beautiful, graceful, piquant and accomplished; the mother coarse, scheming and hypocritical. Teresa seldom left our hotel without this mother, who always seemed to be more like a hired chaperone than a loving parent. As a special favor, Teresa was permitted to accompany me on some of my sketching trips, and we used to wander away, both happy in our freedom, under the blue skies of Switzerland. The girl seemed like another being at such times, and little by little she told me her story or spoke gravely of life and her own future.

"My father was an American artist, and he is dead. Soon after I was born he begged them to take me to America, where I could grow up among his people, but my mother hates his people, for she is herself a French woman, as you see, and I have not seen the dear land I love. I am poor, I have no dot, and mamma says I must marry old Monsieur Gregot, and thank him, too, for taking a penniless girl. Ah me! he is so old and so foolish, and I hate him; but mamma says love must come, it is better to marry, and together we will spend the old man's money."

We, on our side of the water, can relate some stories quite as sad, where foolish girls have "married in haste to repent at leisure."

Every good woman must deplore the laxity and freedom permitted to very young girls in America. Quite recently, on returning from an evening entertainment, I counted over twenty girls less than sixteen years of age, who were walking up and down a public street in groups of two and three, making mock speeches and answering questions from young men absolutely unknown to them. In some of our towns and cities this custom of promenading has become a nuisance and a serious annoyance to ladies returning from lectures or concerts. On one occasion, two ladies overheard some ribald conversation indulged in by a group of young men and young women on a street corner; and, on approaching the group, one of the ladies was pained to find the loudest speaker to be one of her own servants, a girl she had trusted as quiet, modest and strictly honorable in all respects.

You tell me that the rules given you on various topics have been very valuable to yourself and friends, and you request more upon the relations between young men and young women. It is difficult to make rules for all localities when social customs are so unlike, but the following will, I think, answer in any land.

Treat all young men as you would like to have other girls treat your own brothers. Do not reserve all your smiles and brilliancy for the opposite sex, to the exclusion of your own.

Do not lead him to think that you admire him when you do not.

Never permit a young man to speak sneeringly of the unfortunate or aged.

Avoid any young man who does not respect and cherish his mother.

If circumstances compel you to entertain a young man alone, be very sure to convince him that your ideals of womanhood and manhood are equally high.

In short, my dear Beth,

Be truest woman, kind yet shy. Holding your birthright clear and high: In youth or age, the crown is yours to choose. The Jewels Truth and Honor, neither dim or lose.

Faithfully yours, KATE TANNATT WOODS.

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.

WHAT little things ought I to wear this summer," seems to be the most important question just now. First of all, they want to be simple, for, my dear girl, you have got that wonderful something that the wearer of brocades and velvets and diamonds does not often possess—the beauty of youth. You want to have pretty things—that's all right; but they need not be costly ones.

A YOUNG GIRL'S SUMMER BELONGINGS

WE will take it for granted, first, that you have some pretty cotton gowns, and a flannel one for days when the cottons are impossible. Now, if you are the deft needlewoman I take you to be, you can make no end of pretty belongings to go with these. As it grows late in the season, straw hats can be bought very cheaply, and you can have four or five, trimming one with a ribbon bow, another with a cluster of flowers, and another with the plumes from last summer's chapeau. If ever you come across a becoming shape, wear that always—I mean for the one season—letting your various hats differ in color and decoration rather than in shape.

I'll tell you what's very pretty and gives to most girls a picturesque look: that is—the Marie Antoinette fichu. The easiest way to make it is to buy a large square of mousseline de soie. Roll the edge, and overhand on it a gathered roll of the mousseline, torn so that the selvage forms the finish. Wear this exactly as the unfortunate queen of France wore her kerchief when she was nothing but the widow Capet. With a full skirt and a round bodice this style of fichu is particularly becoming, and it need only cost you a very little money.

Then learn to take good care of your shoes. For the tramping round, a pair of soft leather ones with a rough finish, laced rather than buttoned, are most comfortable; but for the evening any of the soft kids or patent-leathers are in good taste.

The taking care simply means the making them keep their shape; and to do this, stuff them well, when you take them off, with soft tissue-paper, which can be kept for that purpose. You want easy-fitting gloves, and I should advise the rather heavy ones, because if they do make your hands perspire, they also whiten them.

High, stiff collars and scarfs are not wanted in the country, and a bright-colored kerchief to wear about the neck of your flannel suit, and two or three pretty fichus of the kind described, ought to be sufficient neck dressing. To have all your belongings fresh and becoming, and not to have so many that they will be troublesome to carry about, is the secret of good dressing in the summer-time.

THE GIRL IN THE COUNTRY

I WISH you could understand that while you may know no end of things about the city, the girl in the country could teach you a great deal. However, there is, I am sorry to say, too often an inclination on your part to be a little bit condescending to the girl who hasn't read the latest book, who doesn't know about the newest fashions, and who doesn't realize to what extent electricity is used in the city. That girl shows you a great deal of kindness, and you should give her kindness in return. Because you know how to make a twelve-cent gingham, so that it has a particularly stylish air, is the very reason why you should show her how, and not stand aloof and criticize the gown that she has made after the fashion of a year ago. If you have got any books with you, share them with her; if she wants to know anything about museums, or libraries, or music in the city, tell her of it, and tell her in a nice way. Don't make her feel that you are condescending to her, because, after all, that is an impossibility, and you are only showing that you are a little bit of a snob when you attempt this. Have a good time together and make what you know, and what she knows, an interchange. Let her tell you of the many things that she knows, and you will be surprised to find how quiet, country living develops broad, original thinking. You will discover that what she has read she knows thoroughly; and you will begin to be a little bit ashamed that you read a book, throw it aside, and remember so little of the contents.

For my own part, I like the country girl. She is a healthy and wise companion, and just because we are all just girls together I am going to say one little word of warning about how to behave. You are the stranger, you can talk about new things; you are the object of interest in the neighborhood, and have a certain sort of fascination for the young men. Now, my country girl has a sweetheart; don't be so mean, for it is mean, as to try and draw him away from her. It's only a summer's day with you; it may make a life-long disappointment for her. My dear girls, I want every one of you in the city and the country to respect the right of the girl whom you meet, not to be mean, not to do underhand things, not to indulge in silly, idiotic flirtations, but to be open and honorable, and to realize the goodness and truth not only of the country girl, but of her sweetheart.

THOSE LITTLE SUMMER LARKS

THEY are excessively pleasant, and if you are only a little careful they may be as bright as the proverbial dollar. But you have got to be a little careful. The lark is a very charming bird; it gets up early in the morning and, with the sunshine, sings away as happily as possible. It gives delight to all the world about it, and never troubles anybody. You see this is done in the sunshine, and that's when I would advise you to have your larks. There are no end of pleasant drives, pleasant walks, picnics are possible, and as much pleasure can be had in the daytime as later in the evening when it is dark; and you know, my dear, in the dark one is very apt to stumble, and sometimes a stumble turns into a fall. You needn't, on your lark, do anything that you will be sorry for. You needn't let Tom, Dick or Harry be familiar with you because they think it is a rough-and-tumble affair; and, if you take my advice, you won't go in for rough-and-tumble affairs. You will just remember that you are a girl; that you are not a piece of iron, and that you want consideration shown you; and, my larkly girl, you can have all the good times in the world, and yet you will get it if you demand it. You needn't ask it in a rude way. You needn't make anybody feel badly, but you can let it be known that you don't like rough-and-tumble things though you do like fun and laughter. And there is just one word more about these larks. Tom or Dick may kiss you with perfect innocence; but be sure when Harry is looking for his bride he won't be well pleased to think that the bloom has been brushed off the peach. Have all the larks you can this summer—get as much joy as possible out of life—but let the larks be the kind that you can tell about when you go home, and over which the whole family can laugh because they were so glad you enjoyed yourself.

A SUMMER YOUNG MAN

HE is an awfully nice boy. He may wear a very gorgeous blazer, and he may talk athletics in the afternoon and sentiment at night, but he is off for a vacation. Won't you just remember that? It's a vacation with him. At the office or the shop they have let him off for two weeks and he is having a good time. You are a pretty girl, and a bright girl, and he likes to laugh and talk with you, take you out rowing, teach you to play tennis, and at night sit on the veranda and tell you how a man really can love. All of this is delightful. But will you please be good enough to remember that love worth having does not come in a week or a month, and that in his watch-case there may be the face of a girl whom he loves with all his heart, and whom he thinks about every night before he closes his eyes. You are just part of his vacation; and won't you be wise enough to make him a part of yours? If, when his vacation is over, he should come to your home, what was merely a summer acquaintance may ripen into a friendship. Well, that's another thing. But just for the sunny time don't allow yourself to think too much about what the summer young man says or does.

TO PUT INTO A SUMMER TRUNK

If you wear a fluffy bang, you want your alcohol lamp.

If you wear laced shoes, you want a dozen pairs of shoe-strings.

If you varnish or polish your shoes, you want a new bottle of whatever blacking you may fancy.

If you are inclined to sunburn, you want a pot of strawberry cream or some cold cream.

If you are fond of reading, you want your favorite books.

If you ever use pins, you want a block of black ones and a paper of white ones.

If you are a good girl and mend your clothes, you want some spools of thread, your needles, your thimble and some buttons.

If you use any special kind of soap, you want six cakes of it.

If you make yourself sweet with infant-powder and a puff, you want a sealed package of powder.

If you use bonnet pins to fasten on your hat, you want a dozen of them.

If you are inclined to be ill-tempered and petulant, you want an unlimited amount of patience.

If you are inclined to be careless and inconsiderate, you want a very large package of energy and friendliness.

And if you are lacking in politeness, then you want to remember that if a gentleman is God Almighty's man, then surely she who claims to be a Christian, must, before everything else, be gentle in her manners.

A TINY SERMON

MY dear girl, make up your mind that in the summer time you are not going to say one word that you cannot repeat to your mother; that you are not going to do one thing that, when you are talking to your sweetheart, you cannot tell him about. You are going to have golden days; then, won't you remember you must not only be pure in thought and deed, but you want to keep your name and fame clear and sweet?

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

MARIE M.—Any professional cleaner can freshen your undressed kid gloves. Like you, I have attempted to clean them myself; also, like you, I was unsuccessful. The only length gloves may be cleaned for ten cents, and fifteen or twenty is the price for extremely long ones.

GRACE, AND OTHERS—As gray hairs are usually becoming, and as dye, too many times, is injurious, I cannot recommend your doing anything to darken your locks. Instead of brushing and taking good care of them, keep them looking as they are—they will proclaim at once your youth and your wisdom.

F. G. W.—A young lady's visiting-card should certainly have "Miss" engraved upon it. It is not proper for a young lady to lunch in a private dining-room at a hotel alone with her betrothed. It is at once most convenient and customary for a lady to follow the usher up the aisle in church, or at a place of amusement, for then she is seated first. A hostess should not meet her guest in a lower hall; a servant should show them the way upstairs to the usual place in a hostess to suggest to her visitor the hour for retiring.

D. D.—I do not think it in good taste for a young girl to attend a place of amusement with a man friend in the evening, and to start at half-past eleven for a drive of eight miles to reach home.

A CONSTANT READER—As you have no library and desk, and, as your parlor is very long, I would suggest fitting up the lower end of it with your book-cases, your library desk, and the chairs that are most suitable.

ELLA—When a message of remembrance is given you simply say, "Thank you," to the bearer. The young man who is continually talking to you about love, and who never mentions marriage, is the young man to be avoided.

ANXIOUS—It is not necessary to bow to a man with whom your only acquaintance is that you have been waited upon by him in his store. The very fact that he has noticed that you did not speak to him on the street, proves that he is a very little knowledge of the world, and would also suggest that he is decidedly reserved with him, when transacting your business, is wisest.

C. M.—A perfume that is pleasant among one's belongings, and which lasts for a long time, is orris. It is clean and wholesome, and I can always advise its use.

LOUISE, AND OTHERS—The summer freckles usually wear away with the weather comes; but if they do not, I would suggest your dabbling them with a preparation made of two parts of lemon-juice to one of rum. Dabble this on the freckles at night and wash it off the next morning with hot water. For what are known as cold freckles, that is, those that have lasted for years, I cannot advise any treatment.

G. D.—I scarcely think you write well enough to do copying, and nowadays most of the copying is done on the typewriter; few large houses would send copy out of the city.

B.—If no one answers your ring when you are calling, it is quite proper to slip your card well under the door.

JULIETTE—When you are asked to please your friends with some article, I would advise your selecting something that is bright and lively rather than a heavy piece that has nothing to recommend it but its durability.

A CONSTANT READER—Finesilver sand can be had at the drug stores and at most of the grocers.

BELLE—It would be wisest for you to wear braces if you are becoming round-shouldered, and try and remember at all times to help the braces by determining to sit up straight.

A SUBSCRIBER—A young man who has been polite to you and who you are certain is one of whom your mother would approve, may be invited to call upon you if he expresses a desire to do so.

E. A. C.—The man who has neglected to acknowledge the little remembrance you sent him at Christmas, and who has systematically avoided you after having been very attentive to you, should be treated as he deserves—with contempt. When you meet him bow very slightly to him, and do not, if possible, allow yourself to be near him; if women would respect themselves a little more, men would be more polite.

AGNES—Have the ends of your hair trimmed about every two weeks. When I mean I mean, of course, to just have the split ends removed so that the hair may be healthy.

TEXAS—In signing your name to a letter written in the first person, you write "Mary Jones"; then, if there is an answer to the person whom you have written to, do not know how to address you, write, in the lower right-hand corner of the sheet, "Mrs. John Jones, 155 Paradise Row, Eden." The name never should be signed with the prefix of "Mrs." before it. It may be put in brackets if desired, but the mode I have described is the best. Letters of formality or business can often be written in the third person.

STELLA—To keep your temper try and remember not only that it is undignified and wicked to allow your angry passions to arise, but that it will make you ugly in the face and cause wrinkles to come, as well as to distort the shape of your mouth.

AN ATTENTIVE READER—The art of talking pleasantly about nothing is, my friend, one that must be cultivated, and for which no rules can be given. Why not put the bird in different windows if they will not sing when they see each other?

PRICILLA, AND OTHERS—I have said a number of times that I do not approve of girls giving their pictures to their young men friends. The girl who determines that the copy of her face shall not belong to Tom, Dick or Harry is the one who is the one who simply doesn't care is foolish beyond expression.

CHARLOTTE M.—It is not proper for a girl sixteen years of age to go to entertainments accompanied by a young girl of the same age; and it is decidedly improper for a young girl to permit him to kiss her.

ALBERTA—Men certainly have neither respect or regard for girls who are familiar with them. There is no impropriety in putting a little perfume on your face, but it is very apt to have some effect upon the skin, and for that reason I cannot recommend it.

MATTIE W.—Large straw hats will be worn at the seaside and in the mountains this summer.

LILLIE B.—When the young man offers to take you home and you wish to accept his escort, simply say, "Thank you, I should be very glad of your kindness." When you reach home thank him for his courtesy, and express a desire to see him again. After an introduction it is the lady's place to bow to a gentleman, for she is the one who decides whether an acquaintance is to be continued or not.

GLENN—Almond meal is certainly very soothing to the skin. It may be used either with hot or tepid water, as you please. For myself, I think giving the face a tremely exfoliating, and tends to make the skin white and the flesh firm.

ROSE BLOSSOM—The curious inclination that you have to heavy colds, would suggest that you needed the attention of a physician.

MISS INNOCENCE—If your escort does not offer his arm you do not speak about it, but if he does it is proper to take it. Of course, your mother may not be entirely capable of judging whether he is the sort of man that she would like to have visit you or not. If you think he is, invite him to your home and at his first visit introduce him to your mother. Under the circumstances you describe, your mother, at the time being away, the servant out, and you forced to answer the call there, would be no impropriety in your entertaining the caller, who has met you, by yourself. However, if he is a well-bred man he will make his visit short.



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

HEART TO HEART TALKS



UST where to imagine you this warm month of July I do not know. But I hope in some way or other you are having a vacation. I remember a time in my life when I said to myself, "Well, I can have a vacation without going away from home; I can take little vacations." So I would read a book and call that a little vacation. I well remember a warm day when I wanted to go in the country and couldn't. I bought a bunch of lilacs and buried my face in them, and, oh, how much I lived in a moment through that subtle power of association. The perfume brought back an old country house with the lilac bushes growing near the door, and it really seemed to me I had been in the country, and I called that a vacation. And I had a *sensation*, and that is what many lack who have the most things.

A WORD ABOUT VACATIONS

HOW much you can get out of a little, if the inside machinery is all right. To this day I remember a tree that I kept company with all one hot summer, in the lower part of the city of New York. It was all alone in a back yard, and I felt so sorry for it and rejoiced so with it when it rained. That was a lovely summer with me, for I have a recollection of a still small voice coming to me one evening when I sat on the stoop leading to the yard—there is no use saying garden or veranda; there was neither—but this sweet word came to me: "I will not leave you comfortable; I will come to you." And that was more to me than any place could have been—more than seaside or mountains.

How well I remember a summer in my life when I had a restless spirit, and I thought it would do me good to go to the ocean; but the ocean seemed to say, "It is not in me, what you seek"; and then I said "No, it is the mountains I need," and I went to the mountains. I arrived at night, and in the morning when I awoke I saw the grand mountain I had loved so well, and it said, "It is not in me." And, dear "Daughters," I came to see that the rest I wanted only One could give me—the One who had said "Come to me." His spirit, His love in my heart was what I wanted. Some of you perhaps feel inclined to envy those who can go where they like, to the sea, or across the sea, and have a good time, and you think perhaps they are perfectly happy. You may be mistaken. A line I learned in the long ago has been much to me—

"Man's happiness comes never from without. Thy spirit only makes life beautiful."

TO GET RICH BY GIVING

BUT now a word to you who are having what we call a vacation; to you who will read your JOURNAL where it has been sent to you at the seaside or among the mountains, and perhaps on a foreign shore. What will your vacation do for you? Make you stronger physically, you hope. Well, I hope so too, for that will mean more work, better work. But we should bring home more than ourselves. I have known people to have all the advantages of travel, and no one seemed to be any wiser or happier for their going. And then another question is, How much of joy did you leave behind you? How many will say "I am glad I met her; she did me good." Oh, to get richer in ourselves by giving more and more to others as the months go by. This is living, and those who miss this, miss the secret of their existence.

"The days are, that thou should'st with solemn joy Give thanks for each of them on bended knee."

SOME RECENT LETTERS

THERE was one letter not long ago that made me smile; it was a very sweet letter from one who said "she was so glad that I had come from England and had the Department in the JOURNAL," and added that her mother was a lovely English woman. Now I must dispel that illusion. I am not English, though I visit England frequently, for I have some English children there; but I was born in the city of New York, and am what might be called a regular New Yorker; but a large piece of my heart is in a lovely vicarage over the sea, and all the English readers of the JOURNAL may be sure of a warm welcome in my heart.

I have received, much to my surprise, a number of letters asking me if women can join our Order without forming a circle? Most certainly you can; you join the Order individually any way.

WHAT SOME DAUGHTERS DO

I KNEW of one circle which felt drawn to old ladies who had no means that would admit of taking a drive once in a while. All these ladies had carriages, and so they planned to take out old ladies to drive. Do you say, what a little work? Well, maybe so, but it gave great pleasure, and it's no little thing to give pleasure. I know there are greater things than these, and I want you to do the great things, but do not leave the little things undone. The other day I was at the "Home for Incurables," not far from where I live, and they were in such a state of joy because "The King's Daughters" had come up from New York and given a real concert. I suppose it was what we call "a musical ten." Some of these circles are composed of our loveliest society girls, and I have heard them say they had never had such joy—never, what they called "such a good time" as when singing and playing on the different instruments for the poor. Perhaps some that are in the slums to-day would never have been there if those so much more favored had taken care and been unselfish enough to provide good entertainments for the working girls, instead of letting them go to the low theatres, and get amusement that led them down instead of up. I hope we shall have a generation to come of rich girls and women who will never know the meaning of *ennui*. The unselfish life knows no such word. The old lines become more and more to me as I grow older—

"I live for those who love me, for those whose hearts are true; For the Heaven that smiles above me, and awaits my spirit too; For all human ties that bind me for the task by God assigned me, For the bright hopes left behind me, and the good that I can do."

One thing we must come to, no matter whether rich or poor, whether we live in the country or in the city; we must come to unselfishness, or we can never come to happiness.

ONE IN HOPE AND CHARITY

I HAVE just been reading such a good thing I think I must give it to you; it is very easy not to like the one that does not see as we do. The little story I read was about two Scotchmen who occupied the same cottage, each being bound to keep his own side of the house well thatched. They were sadly divided, religiously, and after repeated battles of words they ceased to be on speaking terms. One day these men were on the roof, each thatching his own side, and they met at the top and were forced to look into each other's faces. One of the men took off his cap, and scratching his head said to the other, "Johnnie, you and me, I think, have been very foolish to dispute as we have done concerning Christ's will about our kirks, until we have clean forgot His will about ourselves, and so we have fought so bitterly for what we call the truth, that it has ended in spite. Whatever is wrong it's perfectly certain that it never can be right to be uncivil, unneighborly, unkind, in fact hate one another. Na, na, that's the devil's work, not God's. Noo it strikes me that maybe it's wi' the kirk as wi' this house; you're working on ae side and me on the ither, but if we only do our work well we will meet at the top at last. Gie's your han', auld neighbor." So they shook hands and were the best of friends ever after.

O, the danger of having a wrong spirit when we do not see alike. You who wear the cross with "In His Name" on it, never forget that you cannot, in the slightest degree, hate another "In His Name." I am glad we have lived to see a spirit of toleration such as the church has not seen since the first century; but we shall see greater things than these. During a painful controversy that some of us will never forget, a lady came to me and told me this story of herself: Her husband had not the same faith that she had, but in his conduct he was always better than she was; he always had more patience and forbearance; still it troubled her that he did not see what she saw and what her church taught, but she finally felt she must follow his example in action any way. At last he came to die, and just before he passed away he looked up into her face with such a radiant smile and said, "I see Him now as you do." And then, with the tears streaming down her cheeks, she said to me "O, be charitable! They will come to see sometime." Let us as His Daughters be very careful in regard to the manner of spirit we are of. There can never be any excuse for our breaking the new commandment "Love one another."

If the little girl who wrote to me from "Rocky Spring" will send me the name of her State, I will answer her letter, which has just now come to my notice.

WORK FOR WEAKER HANDS

HERE is a letter saying, "We have all put on the cross in our family, and the children will look in the JOURNAL and see what word you have for them." I love little children; I can never forget that "He took them up in His arms, and put His hands on them and blessed them." I heard the other day of a little boy who joined the church, and a short time after, the minister asked the mother if she saw any signs of a change of heart in him; and the mother replied: "O, yes, he is certainly changed; he never offered to wipe the dishes for me till after he joined the church." That boy was a hero, for he knew he would be made fun of if any one should see him doing what they would call a girl's work. But you are very safe, dear children, in any work that helps mother. I am often asked what boys can do "In His Name." It does not seem to me that boys have to go far to find other boys less favored than themselves, and it would be a benefit in more ways than one, for you to find a boy that would be glad of your clothes and shoes when you can no longer wear them. I like to see one boy help another boy, and continue doing so.

"I CAN STOP CRYING"

I AM more and more impressed with the wonderful good that is being done among little children by their joining our Order, and doing what they can do for The King. I heard the other day of a little child of only four summers asking her mother if she could not wear the cross and be one of The King's "Daughters." Her mother told her she must wait until she was older; but the little child kept urging, and at last the mother said: "What could you do for The King? You know we all do something for him." The little darling looked up into her mother's face and said: "I can stop crying." The tears filled the mother's eyes as she answered, "Well, my dear, you shall wear the cross." I have often thought of the little boy of seven years that I met at a hotel one summer; he wanted to be "The King's Son." His mother and big brother and sister wore the cross, and he wanted to serve too. His mother told him she thought he did not understand, and it would be better to wait till he was older; but he was so persistent that she finally took him alone and told him all that it meant. Afterward she came to me and said, "I think Willie can wear the cross." So he had it put on. He was very proud of his cross, and seemed to take in one thought that he was to be noble like the Master. He was taken very seriously ill shortly after, and as soon as he took to his bed he said, "Mamma, get my cross." So the little silver cross was transferred from his jacket to his night dress. One day when in great distress he screamed with the pain; his mother said, "Oh, Willie, don't scream; you know The King's sons don't cry" (she forgot The King wept). He ceased groaning, and from that time, though in great agony, not a sound escaped the little fellow's lips. I could tell of so many instances where the transformation in little children has been most remarkable; instead of thinking of themselves, thinking for others. And when we consider what a difference this will make in the future lives of these children, and of others they are to influence, we can hardly overestimate the importance of what the wearing of the little cross may do.

MY PRINCESS'S "INNER CIRCLE"

I CALLED her "My Princess," before she put on the silver cross; the name had a deeper meaning afterwards. I said to her after she joined us: "Shall you form a circle to help you in any work you may have to do for The King?" She answered: "Oh, yes, I have my circle, my 'ten,' all ready." And when I asked her about them, she said: "My circle will be an inner circle, and I shall need them all." Then I found out the names of her circle; and, as some of you, dear "Daughters," may have the need of a similar circle, you shall have their names: Courage, Patience, Forbearance, Long-suffering, Gentleness, Goodness, Joy, Faith, Hope, Love. You see there are just ten of them—the inner circle!

I love to think of my Princess, with her circle helping her to do and bear. For though she is young and beautiful, yet, like all others, she is learning what we all have to learn—that our cross means *enduring* as well as doing. And I love to think how glad her circle is to help her: Courage is so glad when she is called on; and Patience comes so quickly when my Princess says, "Oh, for patience!" You may think, with all this circle to help her she must be doing some great work. Oh no; not what we are apt to think of as a great work. And yet she is engaged in the great work that we are all doing, or should be doing—the perfection of character. We need the same inner circle that my friend has called to her assistance. The home we are in, the school we attend, the business we may be engaged in, all furnish us with the need of this inner circle.

WHAT THE BADGE MEANS

I WANT to say a few words to you, dear "Daughters," about the badge you wear. The Maltese cross, with "1886" on one side, and "I. H. N." on the other, is the seal of the incorporated society known as "The Order of The King's Daughters." But there is a deep spiritual significance in our badge, and I want to impress on your minds to wear it distinctly as a badge. Wear it secretly "In His Name"; wear it to remind you of how much the One is to you whose name is on it; wear it so that it may say to others you belong to an Order of Service, and you stand ready to serve as you have opportunity.

"COLUMBIAS"



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Margaret Bottome

DESIGNS IN CHAMOIS NEEDLEWORK

Edited by Mary F. Knapp

USES OF COLORED CHAMOIS LEATHER

By ELINOR MALCOLM



COLORED chamois leather claims one of the first places among materials to be decorated by lovers of the artistic and beautiful, and can now be obtained plain, as well as figured, and in exquisite shades. The plain as a foundation for either painting or embroidery, is more suitable, as designs are shown to better advantage on plain backgrounds.

Choose a soft, yet firm skin, as if too elastic it stretches, the work is not so easily done, or as satisfactory to the worker when finished.

For small flowers or delicate tracery, use a very fine crewel or sewing needle, and one thread of flo-floss, making the flowers in solid Kensington stitch. For larger designs, two threads of flo-floss should be used, filling the points of leaves, and edges of flower petals, with a very irregular long-and-short stitch, shading it perhaps a little, when the effect will be found almost equal to solid work, but only requiring about two-thirds the time.

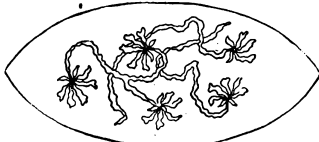
For still larger and very bold designs for cushion, foot-stools or chairs, use one thread of beautiful Roman floss, and the long-and-short stitch, as effect is more desirable than fineness of execution. Should the shades chosen be dull, an outline of Japanese gold thread will brighten them. Silk cord, simply outlining a conventional design, or for giving an extra finish when the long-and-short stitch has been used, will be found very effective.

Among the many articles to be made from chamois leather are boxes for gloves, handkerchiefs, neckties, collars, cuffs, jewels, and photographs; also photograph frames, calendars, and watch-stands. Smaller boxes of fancy shapes make pretty and useful ornaments for bureau or dressing-table. All these, if elegance of finish is desired, should be mounted by those who make a specialty of such articles.

But at home one can make many things and save the expense of mounting, which will be found a large part of the cost. Book and magazine covers, mouchoir and glove cases, cases for letters and postal cards, panels and bands for baskets, wall pockets and brush cases, also many others, which will doubtless suggest themselves, particularly at the seasons when brains and fingers are taxed to the utmost to make pretty, dainty things which will convey kind thoughts of the giver, and yet be useful.

A beautiful self-closing case for handkerchiefs, or for trifles of any sort, may be made thus:

Cut three pieces of stiff card-board all of exact size, and shaped like the pattern given



herewith. Each should be thirteen inches long and from five and a-half to six inches in the widest part, tapering to a rather pointed oval at either end. The material for the outside may be chamois, embroidered with the design given. It may be easily transferred by laying a piece of the paper used for such work on the material, then the design on that, and tracing with a fine, but blunt, instrument. Make the flowers in irregular long-and-short stitch, outlining them with fine Japanese gold thread. French knots, or a round dot in satin stitch, will make a pretty center. The stems are of the darkest shade of silk used, which may be any color desired, yet it must be chosen with regard to the color of the chamois.

Cut the material about half an inch larger all around than the card-board, and only embroider two pieces, as the third is for the under part. After they are finished press them with a moderately warm iron. Take sheet-wadding and cut three pieces same size as the card-board, to which they must be fastened with a little glue. Lay these on the material and paste the edges firmly down, stretching the chamois tightly. Cut six more pieces of wadding a little smaller than the first, and glue one on the inside of each piece of card-board, sprinkle sachet powder on each, and cover with the remaining pieces. Line each separately with satin, surah or India silk to match the color of the embroidery, sewing it in with slight fullness. Sew one embroidered piece on either side of the plain piece, fastening securely at the points. Finish the edges with silk cord and loops of the same, or bows of ribbon at each end. If the card-board has been carefully cut, there will be no difficulty in joining. It should close tightly when finished and will retain the perfume longer than an open case.

A CHAMOIS EYE-GLASS CASE

AMONG the many designs for eye-glass cases is a pretty one cut in the shape of a horse-geranium leaf. Take two of these leaves and tie them together with a small bow of Tom-Thumb ribbon at the stem end. Vein the outside of one leaf in ink, and on the other draw a tiny pair of spectacles, surrounded by an appropriate motto.

A CHAMOIS TABLE COVER

By MARY A. WILLIAMSON



SELECT a smooth chamois, not too large, of medium tint; too dark would absorb the coloring, too light would soil easily. Hold it up in a strong light so as to be sure there are no holes or thin places; if very uneven trim off slightly.

Press lightly on the smooth side with a rather cool iron, as this will make the surface easier to paint upon. Do not use oils, as they will make the skin hard, and catch the dust; water-colors will answer. A little good Chinese white added for the lighter tints will prevent the color from sinking into the skin.

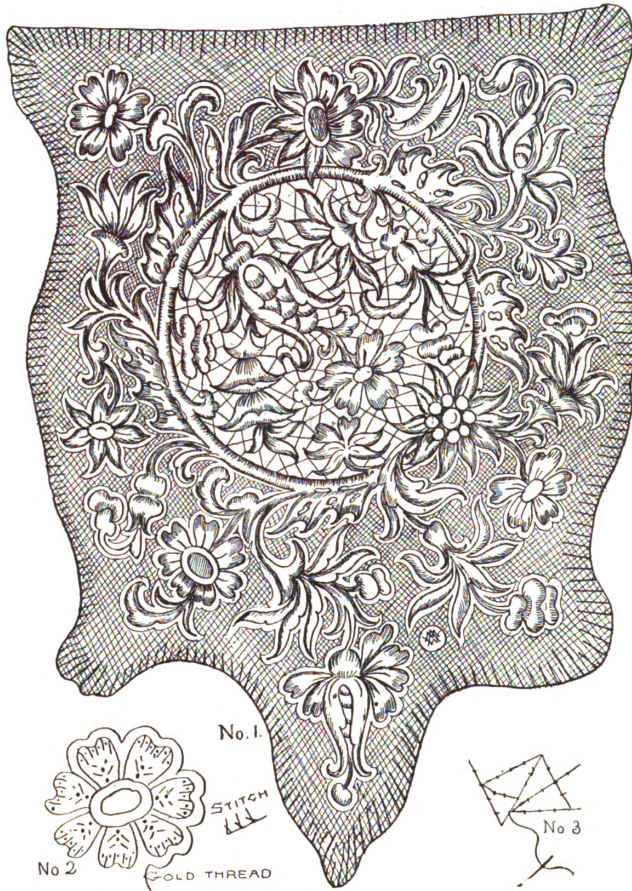
Draw the design upon the chamois with a fine brush and some dark color; make the circle first with a compass, so that it is perfect. In the centre of the circle draw the web-like lines with a lighter color; these are couched down, laying a thread and working back upon it, until the first crossing is reached, then laying that, and working it down as

This will leave an edge or rim of the natural color of the chamois around the ornaments, which should be about one-quarter of an inch wide. If the color blots the chamois, do not mind, a mottled effect being very pretty and to be desired. Dry very thoroughly, and press again on the right side lightly.

This can be finished with an edge of colored golds if desired, using the yellow upon the edge of the background where the gold thread was to be sewed. But this is not as satisfactory as embroidery.

Select silks which will suit the colorings—flosses or flosselles. Use two threads threaded together in the needle; doubling does not work well. Three shades of each color, gold thread (medium), and metal beads of all shades, will be needed to finish the work handsomely. Many beads may be used, or only a few. Two kinds of stitches may be used, although, if desired, more can be added. Outlining or stem-stitch for stems and stalks; the same stitch taken heavier, so that the stitch slips almost back to the beginning of the first, and a button-hole—not the button-hole of dressmakers or tailors, but the stitch used in making edges—with a second smaller stitch taken into the first to hold it fast, far enough apart to take a bead between. Some of the beads may be sewn on when the stitches are taken, and others again may be added afterwards. The fins should be ornamented the most, bunches or groups of three or four beads alone, being used in some parts.

After every part is finished, the centre web and gold thread, press again lightly on the



A DESIGN FOR A TABLE COVER

shown in illustration No. 3. A twisted silk of some shade of yellow, or a yellowish-brown would be best. This same silk is also used to couch the gold thread that is used upon the edge of the background, outside the circle, which line is drawn with the same lighter color; however, this is not done until the floral ornaments are all embroidered.

The design being drawn, look and see if the surface is well covered, if not, add to your leaves, or the fins around the circle, making them larger, more like butterflies wings. The coloring may be made in a number of ways, in all shades of brown or yellow. Or all the flowers may be in reds with blue turnings, the hearts in yellows, and the leaves and stalks in greens and browns. The effect is richer where all colors are used. Begin with the central ornament, and paint it red, rather flat, a little lighter at the ends of the leaves and darker at the base, and for the veins. The stems are shaded in browns and greens, with a touch of red. Around the red ornament working out from it, make the others of blue, purple, yellow, and greenish-white, and red again, the hearts to match. It will require some thought to combine the colors so that two of a kind will not be too near each other. The circle looks best in yellows and oranges, the fins in all tints shaded like a butterfly's wing, or like a peacock's feather.

After all the ornaments are finished, mix, with a small cup of water, any of the darker shades of the water-colors you prefer, so as to make some dull tint of red, blue or brown, which try first on a scrap of chamois to have a good idea of your tint, and, with a large brush, fill in the background outside the circle,

wrong side, and clip the edges, not too fine or deep.

For larger articles, the chamois can be joined under the design so as not to show. This design, when drawn quite boldly, would fill a good-sized skin, and may be hung on a blank space on the wall beneath an engraving, or from a mantel, held in place by some heavy ornament.

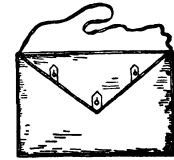
A NOVEL SPOON CASE

A CASE to hold these little treasures that I have lately seen, is so pretty, dainty, and, withal, so unique, that I cannot forbear a description. For a case holding a half dozen spoons, cut a piece of chamois skin twelve by nine inches. Pink the edges and across the narrow way put two strips of chamois, pinked on each edge, an inch apart. At regular intervals, make little divisions, caught in place by bright silk twist to hold the spoons to position.

With gold, paint the names of the cities in fancy lettering above and below the straps. Decorate the outside with discs, half moons, spider-webs and irregular lines. Fold the case together and midway on each side punch a hole through both thicknesses of chamois, through which run a tiny gold cord with golden tassels attached. Fold together and tie. Chamois skin is an excellent material in which to preserve the natural lustre and brightness of the silver, and makes a lovely soft case in which to exhibit to admiring friends the little gold-lined beauties.

A CONVENIENT GIFT

WHEN a dear friend is contemplating a trip abroad, a useful gift for her is a chamois envelope for carrying the letter of credit so necessary on a foreign journey. The envelope, when finished, is six inches long by four inches wide. An exact fit for that important document the banker will provide. For a pattern, take an envelope, and enlarge to the specified size. Line with pink or blue silk and bind with narrow white ribbon, stitched on the machine. The envelope for the sake of security should close with buttons and button-holes. Before the button-holes are cut, three pieces of white ribbon, an inch and a-half long, the ends pointed, are stitched upon the flap, and when worked through both ribbon and chamois, they will be strong and durable. A long loop of narrow white ribbon is fastened to the upper corners, by which the envelope is suspended around the neck of the wearer, under the clothing. For the sake of convenience, make the loop long enough to slip over the head. It can be adjusted to suit the wearer; being soft and pliable, it can be worn under the corset if desired. Not only is this a useful gift for the traveler going beyond the sea, but it is as acceptable as well to those who travel in their "ain country."



A. C.

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HOW TO HANDLE A BOAT

By Edward Hanlan

THE GREAT OARSMAN TELLS BOYS HOW TO TRAIN AND HOW TO ROW A BOAT



CAN give no better advice to boys and amateur oarsmen, as to how they should row or train for a sculling race, than to tell my early experiences and the regimen and rules of exercise I followed to get myself into condition. In 1872 I began life as an amateur oarsman. Like all beginners, I put myself into the hands of a trainer. I had the idea that training meant tearing yourself to pieces with exhausting work and literal starvation, and this seemed to be my trainer's idea, and for a long time I was foolish enough to follow his methods. After he had got my system into much worse trim than it was before I began to train, I rebelled, and since that time I have followed my own ideas regarding training, with the result that instead of breaking down at the end of five or six years, absolutely unable to row a decent speed, I am physically as capable as I was in my early life.

THE BEST METHOD OF TRAINING

AFTER I had begun my own training, my ideas regarding this important part of rowing matters underwent a complete change. Instead of starving myself and doing hard work I built up my constitution by light work and eating what my system craved in the way of more substantial food. When I am in training I eat what I desire, excepting, of course, condiments and other indigestibles. The first thing to do in training is to get the blood in condition. Any physician will give you medicine that will cleanse the blood by regulating the stomach and liver. When these organs are in good condition, the rest is easy. It is difficult to prescribe proper training to suit everybody. All beginners are not constituted alike. Food for one youth would be gall for another. No two men are alike in their habits or desires. The first thing to do when a young man decides to prepare for the sliding-seat is to study his own constitution well. He ought to understand the cravings of his stomach first and last of all. If his stomach fails him, that settles him. There are hundreds of athletes who put themselves in excellent condition on two meals a day. I would not advise any beginner to try this plan unless he feels certain he can stand it. There must be moderation in food, as there must be moderation in exercise. But the youth who starts out with the idea that he must starve himself to get into condition, will come to disaster. Nourishing food, no matter how much, if well digested, is what every beginner wants if he would put himself in good physical shape. It makes but little difference when the food is taken, providing it be taken at the usual time. A good breakfast for a lad in training can be had of oatmeal porridge, cracked wheat, brown bread and butter, a steak or chop and a little fruit. Drink cold water, if necessary, but it is better to drink nothing at all while eating. For dinner, which should never be eaten after 6.30 P. M., a piece of beef or mutton, as large as your hand, with potatoes and other vegetables and brown bread. Don't eat too much, and never touch dessert, except it be fruit. Always drink one or two tumblers of water on going to bed and upon rising in the morning. Never forget to take a nap of an hour or two in the middle of the day. Many cannot do this, but it is of a lasting benefit to a man in training. Get at least nine hours' rest at night. Avoid warm drinks as you would a plague. Tea or coffee are especially injurious to many, just as cold water and pure cream are helpful to all. Salt, pepper, spice, ginger, cinnamon, nutmeg, cloves and mustard are all hurtful, and if used at all, should be used with great moderation. How true is Rousseau's saying: "The stronger the body, the more it obeys; the weaker the body, the more it commands." To be trained too much or too fine, as the saying goes, is worse a hundred times than no training at all.

Professional trainers invariably give the beginner too much to do. They will make him do the most absurd things, which in the end pull the lad down so fine as to make him as weak as a kitten. It will take a trainer a full year to understand a man's constitution; and, in the meantime, he will probably butcher a great risk to put yourself in charge of a man whose method of training may not suit your constitution at all. If the young man who starts out to train and row uses whisky and tobacco, he must break himself of both habits. These habits are positively injurious to a good sculler.

HOW I TRAIN MYSELF

I WILL give you a short account of how I train myself. I arise at six or half-past six, walk one mile, running perhaps two hundred yards at a stiff speed, sufficiently to get my wind. Then I return and take a light shower-bath, after which my man rubs me down with flesh gloves, rubbing in all directions. Afterwards he goes over me with his hands and then fans me dry with a towel. I then rest for twenty minutes before sitting down to breakfast. I eat for this meal some fruit and a small steak, and drink a glass of milk and cream. After sitting around for an hour, I go for a two or three miles' walk. Then I go to my boat-house and am rubbed down. After this I take a spin over the course, rowing from twenty-six to thirty-two strokes a minute. This is simply an exercise row. The rubbing process is gone over again when I return. For dinner, I have roast beef or mutton, sometimes a fowl, with vegetables. I rest until half-past two, take a walk, and then go for another exercise row. Once or twice a week I take a "speeder" over the course. One thing amateurs should bear in mind: never leave your race on the river, that is, never row six races a week before the day of the race comes. It stands to reason that no man can row as hard as he is able, each day, and be in better condition the day of the race than when he began training. More races have been lost by "leaving the race on the river" than I can name.

SOME IDEAS ABOUT RACING

A WORD about amateurs, their regulations and laws controlling the Association. I think it would be a good idea to have two or three different classes of singles, doubles, and fours. For instance, a man weighing one hundred and thirty-five pounds, in my opinion, has not a chance when rowing against a man who weighs one hundred and sixty or one hundred and seventy pounds, or, in fact, one hundred and fifty pounds. A one hundred-and-fifty-pound man is large enough and strong enough to row any one; but a small man has neither the power nor the endurance to be able to win a prize in any sort of a senior or a junior contest. He may be able to win one big race in ten years, but that is about all. And, therefore, I think it would be a good idea for the benefit of amateur rowing to class men according to their weights, and to have two seniors (heavy-weight senior and light-weight senior) in sculls, and the same in doubles, and also in fours; juniors likewise. Then the National Associations would find that rowing would be very much improved by this change.

Then again I notice that there is considerable controversy going around the press of this country in reference to the distance an amateur should row. In my own opinion, I think a mile is plenty far enough for any amateur; and I would never think of having a turning race except there are only one or two contestants. I speak from my experience in the Duluth Regatta, held a year or so ago. The races were a mile and turn for the fours, and the other races, and in every contest there were three or four fouls, caused mostly by one boat colliding with another, so much so that several of the races were rowed over and delayed the regatta two or three days, and finally they had to resort to rowing the races straightway, which proved very satisfactory. Amateurs are not like professionals; they have not the experience, and the consequence is that they do not steer as straight a course as professionals do.

THE BEST STYLE OF ROWING

AS to style of rowing: In 1876 I entered my first great race and won it. When I arrived at Philadelphia there were assembled all the great oarsmen in the world. I became a laughing-stock for them because of my style of rowing and my rigging. The prevailing rigging for sculls then was the eight-inch sliding-seat; oars, ten feet three inches long, with blades five-and-a-half inches wide, and foot-board having an angle of twenty degrees. I went there with twenty-six-inch sliding-seat, nine-and-a-half foot oars, with six-and-a-half-inch blades, and an angular foot-brace at a forty-degree angle. I was, indeed, the laughing-stock of all the oarsmen. When the race came off I won by several lengths. Since then, this rigging has advanced the speed of racing a minute a mile. I then went to England, and they laughed there; but I beat them out of sight. All England then used my rigging. I met Trickett in England and won \$500,000 for my friends on this race. Then I defeated Laycock in the same way. I then went to Australia and was defeated by Beach through a collision with a steamer. The Australian climate undermined my constitution, and I was defeated several times there, but I could never get the Australians to meet me in neutral waters.

A REMEDY FOR UNEVEN CHANCES

I THINK there ought to be a mechanic's amateur race for workmen, who have got to work at out-door exercise. I do not think that where a fellow is confined to the office from ten o'clock in the morning until four in the afternoon, that he has the chances or the constitution that a man possesses who is out in the open air from seven o'clock in the morning until six at night, inhaling the fresh air wherever he is; and for this reason I think there should be a mechanic's amateur race and a gentleman's amateur race in all the different associations of amateur oarsmen in this country. Young fellows in banks and clerks in a store have not got the chance to compete with men who do that physical work of which I have just spoken. I find also in the four-oared crews of this country, they are not seated, as a rule, rightly. In four crews out of every six you will see a tremendous, heavy, strong, able-bodied man, perhaps weighing one hundred and ninety or two hundred pounds, at the stroke of the boat; and the next man to him will weigh about one hundred and sixty or one hundred and sixty-five. Number two will weigh about one hundred and forty, and the poor little fellow at the end about one hundred and twenty-five pounds. This way of seating the men in the boat is not correct. The men should be as nearly equal in weight as possible, and the heaviest man, if any, should be placed in the centre of the boat. Yet I believe in having the best man at the stroke, if it is possible to get him. Wherever there are four men, and no great difference in the rowing, the two heaviest men should be in the centre of the boat, and the lightweights at each end.

A PERFECT SHELL FOR A RACE

CONCERNING the selection of a racing shell, my idea of a perfect craft is, thirty-one feet long, ten and one-half inches wide, five and three-quarter inches depth of centre, three inches in the bow and two inches aft. A boat must be built to suit the weight of the person who has to row in it. Too much weight in a craft means more displacement than is required, and superfluous displacement means additional resistance and more difficulty in propelling the racer. The beginner must first master the art of rowing his shell on its proper water lines. To do this he must acquire a regular movement. When he comes forward with his body, which is, of course, facing aft in the boat, he will notice that at the beginning the stern of the craft dips down until the water works up on the canoe about a foot. Now, if the stern goes down, the bow, of necessity, must come up. It must be plain, therefore, that the boat is not traveling on the lines it is built to run on. By bringing the body into a certain position so as to reach well forward for the stroke, the weight is lifted from the foot-brace, and, as a natural sequence, from the stern. Practice this for a few weeks and soon you will learn to imitate the pendulum of a clock in your movement, and you will find that your boat goes through the water easier and more gracefully. America is away behind Australia in the matter of race boats. There they have a perfect system of bracing a craft so as to give it wonderful strength. A boat that is not constructed strongly will twist lengthwise before half its time is up. The concave gunwale of Australia strengthens the boat more than anything we put in it. The Australian shell is also braced by triangular braces. They believe that a heavy skin and a light frame is better than a heavy frame and a light skin. That is where they are right. A boat of heavy frame and light skin will not keep its proper lines in the water as well as one with a light frame and heavy skin. In America the boat-builders ought to try to understand that a rib running from one end to the other is much superior to the perpendicular rib which is in vogue. A triangular piece of whalebone from gunwale to keelson, would be better than a near rib running on the skin to the gunwale and keelson.

A POINT ABOUT YOUR BOAT

THE beginner should also remember another important thing. Always insist on the builder furnishing a long slide for the seat. If the seat touches the after end of the slide, the speed of the craft is sure to be checked or retarded. In the old days with the short slides many oarsmen won heart disease. You never hear of heart trouble with the long slide. In making the stroke, be careful not to fall onto the seat too heavily. This is calculated to sink the craft in the water more than is necessary. A great many professional oarsmen pound the seat in that way, and suffer in consequence. I think it absolutely essential to the success of a beginner to be measured for his boat the same as one has to be measured by his tailor. He should be high seated so as to afford ample room to put his feet in play. The rig of a boat is everything. There cannot be speed where comfort is not. You cannot expect a six-footer to row as low down as a man five-feet-six-inches high. The tall fellow wants more room than the short one, though American boat-builders don't think so. Half of the success of the Australian oarsmen is due to the high rig of their boats.

HOW AMATEURS SHOULD ROW

A MATEURS should row so that in taking the forward movement the arm-pits should be directly over the knees; bring yourself forward to get in that position without throwing the shoulders forward; a slight pull on the feet will bring the body forward in the correct position. Then all muscles have full play. Racing nowadays is mostly with the lower part of the body, which is taking the strain from the trunk. This is giving greater speed with less muscular exercise. Amateurs should be careful not to over-train. What will train one man will not do for another, and an amateur must regulate diet and exercise to meet his own personal requirements.

THE "MISSING COLOR" PROBLEM

WELL, boys, this last problem seems to have been a hard one. There were a great many boys thinking over it, and it has taken us rather longer than we expected to examine the replies; but—would you believe it?—Not one was entirely correct! However, there was one boy who had only one error, and another who had only two, so THE JOURNAL has sent to each of them a dollar bill. Their names are:

John A. Starr, and
Albert G. McCoy.

The answers with only three errors were so numerous that it was found impossible to include them in the prize-winners. The following is

THE CORRECT SOLUTION

One day when the Brown boys were gambling on the green, the wind, which had been rather boisterous all the morning, blew (blue) a boy's white hat into the river. The boys dropped the bouquets of purple violets they had been gathering, and treading (red) softly on the bank to avoid sinking into the black mud, they tried to reach the hat. It floated out of their reach, however, and they watched its course with grave (gray) faces. The owner of the hat grew crimson with anxiety, and suddenly yelled, "Oh, my white hat is gone for good!" One of the others, the eldest of the party, replied: "It is all very well to yell 'Oh' (yellow), but that won't bring back your hat. I will wade out and get it." He did so, and the play was resumed.

THE BOYS' EDITOR.

AN INEXPENSIVE CAMERA AND OUTFIT

It is not difficult to become an expert photographer. Any one of average intelligence may easily acquire all the skill necessary to make good technical photographs; and after that it is largely a matter of taste and judgment. Let the beginner buy his outfit of a reliable firm, and not attempt too much at first. Now, there are many reliable firms and many good cameras and outfits, but it is not every boy who can afford to make the necessary outlay. There is an outfit which has been largely used, and which has proved universally satisfactory. It includes, not only everything necessary for taking a picture, but all the materials for developing.



The camera is of hard-wood, handsomely polished, for plate size 3½ x 4½ inches, with leatherette bellows; handsomely finished, quick-acting, brass-mounted lens; a hinged ground-glass, double plate-holder and an improved tripod carrying-case.

The chemical outfit for developing and printing, contains: Ruby Lamp, one-half dozen Dry Plates, two Japanned Iron Trays, two Bottles Developer, one Box Hyposulphite Soda, twelve Sheets Silvered Albumen Paper, Printing Frame, one Bottle Toning Solution, one Dozen Beveled-edge Card Mounts.

Our Premium Department has been using this very outfit in great numbers, and there has never been an unsatisfactory report. It is sent to any boy who will secure in his neighborhood, 30 Three Month's Subscribers to THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, at 25 cents each; or, 12 Subscribers and \$2.25 extra. It must go by express, and the receiver pays the charges. Who is there not willing to secure years of instructive amusement for an afternoon's work? Those who wish to purchase can do so. The price is \$5.00. Sent by express, charges to be paid by the receiver.

FOR THE BOYS WHO FISH

How many of the boys who, throughout the summer, spend their Saturdays seated with pole and line on the banks of near by brooks and ponds, realize that by a very little exertion after school hours, or on some Saturday afternoon, they can secure an outfit for trout and bass fishing of which any boy might be justly proud.

The Rod is of genuine Calcutta Bamboo, 12½ feet long, in three joints, with double Brass Ferrules. The balance of the outfit consists of 1 Brass Balance Reel, with screw handle and raised pillars. Braided lisle-thread Line, 25 yards long; ½ dozen long-shank Carlisle Hooks, for Trout, and ½ dozen Bass Hooks on double-twisted gut; one varnished Quill-top Float, and an assortment of Artificial Trout Flies.

Any boy who will send to THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL 8 Three Month's Subscribers at 25 cents each, or, who will remit \$1.10, will receive one of these outfits. Postage, 30 cents extra, whether purchased or secured as a Premium.



EDITED BY MAUDE HAYWOOD

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

LESSONS IN CHINA PAINTING

FIFTH PAPER



THE process of applying the matt or Roman gold to china, is, in reality, so simple that the origin of the many complaints of failure and trouble that one frequently encounters among amateurs must always remain a mystery.

Nevertheless, it is certain that in this particular branch of the work there is a remarkable ingenuity manifested in creating difficulties. It seems as if nothing could be easier than to follow the directions which accompany the prepared gold, and in following them success should be the inevitable consequence. But therein lies the whole point. The cry is always "I followed the instructions implicitly, but failed to obtain satisfactory results." Usually the gold or the firing is blamed. As a matter of fact, the fault very rarely lies with either, but entirely with the manipulation in laying it on.

The best plan is to use the gold which comes ready prepared on the glass slabs. All that is necessary before applying it is to add a little pure spirits of turpentine, grinding it with the palette-knife to a smooth, creamy consistency. For economy's sake, neither palette, brushes nor knife need ever be cleaned. They, as well as the little jar of turpentine, should be kept quite separate from all other materials, and entirely free from dust. To maintain the brushes in working order, they may be rinsed in the turpentine and dipped in a little fat oil at the end of the day's painting. The deposit of gold, which will collect in the turpentine jar, may be removed and ground up again with the gold for use, so that not one grain need be wasted. Before laying on the gold, wipe over the surface to be decorated with alcohol or turpentine, to remove all greasiness. This is a very important point to remember, and neglect of cleanliness in this respect causes the gold to peel off in the kiln, and is the explanation of many failures. During use the gold will require, constantly, regrading with fresh turpentine, as the latter evaporates. It is of the right consistency when it flows readily without spreading in the least on the palette. In laying it on a just medium must be observed. The surface ought to be well covered, but if the gold is laid on thickly or unevenly, it will inevitably blister or crack in the firing. It should be well worked over to make it adhere to the china, and to gain the requisite smoothness. If properly applied, practical experience shows that it is quite possible to gain a perfectly rich, even effect with only one baking; and, in any case, the utmost needed for the second should be retouching in places, which requires very little more gold. To go all over it again is a needless extravagance. The first gilding should always be burnished before the thin or bare places are mended; otherwise, any roughness beneath will sometimes cause the gold to fire off so much that the result is worse than after the first baking. Great care ought to be exercised in burnishing. All the strokes should be made to go in the same direction, with a light, firm touch. For much of the work, a glass burnisher is the best. They come in three sizes, of which the medium one should usually be chosen. Kid or rubber gloves are worn during the process, as the fine particles of glass will otherwise enter the skin and sometimes cause great irritation.

For outline work or fine tracery that is meant to appear brilliant, an agate burnisher is employed. Good effects can be produced by making some of the gold bright, and leaving parts dull. Gold must not be laid over color which has not yet been baked, nor put on so close to it that the edges touch. Where the design is to be outlined with gold, the painting must have been previously fired. In this case, the rest of the gilding may be done, however, in the first instance, in order to give the opportunity of retouching it where necessary.

Clouded effects of gold are very popular among certain amateurs, owing to the mistaken delusion that the rich appearance imparted by this means atones for all other defects of technique or design. Employed with good taste, on really artistic work, this method of gilding does, in fact, produce very beautiful results; but the lavish and indiscriminate use of gold, which is sometimes seen, is greatly to be condemned. For clouding or stippling, the proper brushes must be used, called stipplers or dabbers. These should, after use, be washed clean in turpentine, dipped into alcohol, and dried with a piece of rag. The gold is mixed a little thicker than when laid on in the ordinary way, and applied by a dabbing motion, holding the brush at right angles with the china and keeping it well replenished.

OUT-DOOR PERSPECTIVE



It has been well said that perspective is to painting what the rudder is to a ship; and that those who attempt the practice of an art, without having previously studied the scientific part of it, may be compared to mariners who put to sea without rudder or compass, and, therefore, cannot be certain of arriving at the wished-for port.

Perspective may be divided into three parts: The first concerns the diminution of size, according to distance; the second, the diminution of colors in such objects; the third, the diminution of precision and distinctness in their treatment. The first is the province entirely of linear perspective, with its hard and fast rules and propositions; it insures correct drawing of the outlines and accurate proportion in the dimensions; it is a study of itself, but does not come within the scope of this article, which is intended rather to treat of the just representation of distance in the painting by means of color, tone, and degree of finish. The first and most necessary idea which should be grasped by the mind of an artist, who aspires to the reproduction of out-of-door scenes, is that of atmosphere, and its effect upon the appearance of objects to the eye.

The presence of the air as a veil, with an ever-varying degree of transparency or density, between the spectator and the scene, must be definitely and practically realized, as affecting both color and the amount of detail or sharpness of outline apparent. The atmosphere is a transparent body surrounding the earth, thicker near the horizon, and clearer as it rises higher. A proof of this may be observed in the sky, which is a deeper blue overhead, growing lighter as it seems to approach the earth, because the azure of the sky caused by the illumination of the air against the darkness of the expanse above is there seen through a denser medium, which is, however, also whiter, being more capable of refracting light, because thicker. Another evidence of the greater clearness of the air, the farther it is from the earth, is the distinctness with which we can see the tops of high mountains in comparison to the blurred detail at their bases. Therefore, the amount of sharpness and degree of color desirable in portraying the different parts of a scene depends on their height as well as their distance. For the thickness of the air between the eye and an object naturally affects its color, causing it to lose its brilliancy and depth, making the lights darker, and the darks lighter, until the whole assumes a uniform sameness, gradually emerging into the local tint given by the atmosphere.

It will be evident how greatly climate and its varying conditions must affect a landscape. The color of the atmosphere is blue, which, of course, lends its hue to the distance in a scene; the sun's rays are yellowish and, towards sunset, reddish, also influencing the color; and dense vapor or fog gives a universal grayness or yellowish-brownness to a view. In the evening the reddish rays of the sun, mingling with the blue of the atmosphere, produce those lovely purple shadows in distant mountain and cloud effects. Therefore, as a matter of fact, the absolute color of any given object is more or less lost at a very short distance from the eye, so many and so varied, are the influences bearing upon it. Consequently, to gain anything like a successful result in landscape painting, the artist must disabuse his mind of all foregone conclusions, and try to see Nature as she is, not as he supposes her to be. A meadow is green, grass green, as we walk over it; so are the trees upon it; but behold its varying effects from beyond. It grows blue in the distance, the nearer trees are light, and quite yellow where the sun strikes them; the distant woodland is a dark, uniform green, merging into blue, growing purple as sunset approaches, melting gradually into a gray dullness, or finally almost black against the last gleams of light on the horizon.

Apart from distinctness of color, nothing aids more in producing a just sense of perspective than a due discrimination in the degree of finish and detail, as objects recede from the eye, or as they gain clearness by rising into the purer atmosphere above. The smallest parts should disappear first and outlines lose their sharpness. More should never be put into a picture than the eye can see; and sharp edges blur wonderfully quickly as they recede, leaving the haze of atmosphere between.

A constant study of the infinitely varied aspects of a scene, at morning, noon or twilight, by summer or winter, in sunshine, mist or rain, pencil or brush in hand, or merely receiving the mental impression of the picture, studying out cause and effect—such means form the sole road to success in painting from nature.

HELP IN YOUR OWN WORK

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

H. M.—Our Premium Department carries a stock of the Studio's China Paints, which has given general satisfaction. One of its features is the saving in gas consumption (said to be over forty per cent). China in this kiln is fired by hot air—not baked—and an absence of accretion is the result. There are numerous sizes, which may be secured as a premium or purchased for cash. A full description can be secured by correspondence. Address, Premium Department, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

R. B.—A properly constituted woman's exchange should of course have a regularly organized board of directors; but such establishments are started and conducted by individuals.

E. H. S.—The Lesson in China Painting, given this month, is devoted to directions for laying on gold. If you follow these carefully, I do not think you can fail to be successful. You do not state what your special difficulty is. Many put it on too thickly, and do not work it sufficiently with the brush.

A. S.—(1) Spots of gold or of paint may be removed, after the china has been fired, by means of a strong acid, but I hesitate to recommend it, because it is so dangerous to handle. (2) Such well-known firms as Marcus Ward & Sons, Raphael Tuck & Sons, and Frang & Co., are all open to buy designs for calendars and Christmas cards. (3) Yes. Colored designs are usually prepared exactly the same as the black and white ones, and the publishers, including stamps for return, in case they should not prove available.

C. M. P.—(1) Many of the art schools have preparatory classes, to enter which no previous knowledge of drawing is required. (2) Perhaps my Hints on Drawing in the April number, and the Supplement to "Ladies' Home Journal" which appeared in May, will prove helpful to you. (3) If you wish to learn designing, choose an art school whose special object it is to give the kind of training you will need.

A. S.—(1) It entirely depends upon the general tone of the picture, and the surrounding rays of light would probably be painted with the opaque yellows, graduated from pale lemon-yellow to cadmium, deepened with rose madder. (2) Flower studies are interesting in scene painting, but finished pictures in portraiture, landscape or still-life usually require several paintings. To varnish a picture, use pale copal or mastic varnish. It is not necessary, although many prefer to do it. (3) Copying from good studies is excellent practice.

C. W.—To paint pink morning-glories in oils, use for the warm gray shadows cobalt, scarlet-vermilion and white, adding a touch of ivory-black, if necessary, for the darkest places. The local color is scarlet-vermilion and white, with a rose madder tint, where the tint is more purplish. For the yellowish-green tone in the center of the flower, use pale lemon-yellow and ivory-black mixed.

ROBESON—I will bear your request in mind, although I am afraid that unless more of my readers manifest an interest in scene painting, I could not at present spare the space for articles upon it. I do not at the moment recall any hand-book that would answer your requirements.

A. M. L.—Your best plan is to put yourself in communication with some well-known and reliable picture dealer, who will probably be able to tell you what your picture is worth, and possibly might undertake to dispose of it for you.

Mrs. J. C. A.—I think you will agree with me, that it is impossible that I should give in these columns my personal opinion as to the merits of any particular make of American colors. To reply adequately to your questions about painting, would occupy a considerable space. Water-colors and crayons require mounting more simply than oil paintings. A dark wood-scene in oils would probably bear a rich, heavy frame. White and white, very popular for delicate pictures, and natural woods in many cases form effective settings, being at the same time comparatively inexpensive.

V. C.—In the hand-book issued by Hancock, you will find some hints on painting in the Royal Worcester style. A practical little book for beginners, treating of the use of Lacroix colors, is that written by Mme. Delamardelle.

A. M.—(1) Anyone can learn the technical rules of designing, but everyone cannot make a good designer. (2) Frankly, it would be possible, if you have no natural bent for the work, for the year's teaching to be lost. Before spending your money, you should be sure that you have at least some natural talent.

L. A. S.—(1) Many different kinds of material are used, and other, various qualities of woolen and linen tapestry canvas. The design can be drawn on manilla paper, pricked, and transferred by means of pouncing. Make the pounce-bag of powdered burnt sienna, and press it upon the canvas, using a light, well mixed together. Afterwards outline the drawing with crayon, Conté, No. 2, and beat out the powder before painting. (2) It is optional whether you varnish your picture. If you prefer to do so, use copal varnish, pale copal or mastic. (3) It is much better, and a saving in the end, to buy your oil canvas ready prepared.

M. T.—Winsor and Newton publish a series of hand-books on Art, which are thoroughly reliable. They cost thirty-five cents each, and can be procured from almost any dealer in artist's materials.

MARY—It is not advisable for any but a professional picture-cleaner to attempt to remove varnish from a painting. You would be very liable to take off some of the color as well.

AMATEUR—Use for the centre of a wild-rose, lemon-yellow and pale cadmium; for the shading, raw sienna. For a pretty green add raw sienna and white, to Prussian-blue and chrome, with a very little black, if necessary. Lemon-yellow and black, or cobalt, yellow ochre and white, make good light-greens.

O. S.—(1) The object of varnishing a picture is to preserve it, rather than to brighten its colors. (2) You can readily discover for yourself which of the oil colors are transparent. Take such colors as the siennas, the madders, terra-verts or aureolins; and with a brush drag a little over the surface of a clean piece of canvas. Then paint in similar fashion white, lemon-yellow, the cadmiums or yellow ochre, and observe the difference. In the former case the texture of the canvas can be clearly seen through them, whereas the latter hide it. However, these will form a guide by which you can test the rest. (3) For flesh painting, the palette may be set with raw umber, raw sienna, yellow ochre, pale lemon-yellow, Venetian-red, Indian-red, rose madder, scarlet-vermilion, cobalt, ivory-black and white.

S. D. B.—An article will shortly be published in the "Ladies' Home Journal" under the heading of "Women as Illustrators," which will answer your question more fully than I could do here.

A. S.—You can have a variety of flowers on the photograph frames, but keep them all in harmony and very delicate in color. The frames could be made to order by anyone whose business it is to make picture mounts; they are cut in just the same fashion.

N. M. W.—You cannot do better than follow your own suggestion. In coloring the drawings keep the washes as clear, simple and transparent as possible, without working over them too much. Whatman's hand-made paper is better for water-color painting than Bristol board. For the camera, write to the nearest photographer to some well-known dealer, who will give you the useful information.

E. B.—(1) Bristle brushes should be used for animal painting. (2) In oil-painting a rough or smooth effect is preferable according to the subject. For animal painting the rougher style is recommended.

B. R.—(1) There is no reason why you should not put gold on your first work. (2) The best flower for you to start upon, if you are working by yourself, is the single wild-rose, following the detailed directions given for its treatment in "Lessons in China Painting."

W. R. C.—In painting upon bolting-cloth you may use oil-paints, or water-colors, or water-colors. If you prefer the oils add fresh spirits of turpentine to the colors, and lay them on very thinly to prevent them spreading.

W. S. P.—I cannot undertake to recommend teachers for any special branch of art.

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READING AND READERS

BY HESTER M. POOLE



All those tastes which are easily acquired in youth, and which serve to soften the asperity of age, there is nothing better than a love of good literature.

mind loses sight of time and space and comes into relation with the sources of universal wisdom.

But there is reading and reading. To read for amusement is one thing, for instruction quite another. The first helps to form a superficial character; the latter, alone, suits only a prig.

From that oft-quoted dictum of Emerson, "Never read any book that is not a year old," the impatient student dissents. Who, twelve months after their publication, would dare confess that she had never looked within the covers of "Robert Elsmere" or "Looking Backward"?

Quite recently there came in my way a bright young woman who had lately taken a prominent place in society. She was piquant, lively, charming. Rider Haggard and Stevenson she knew as well as Dickens and Thackeray, Ouida and the Duchess.

Soon the conversation turned upon important events which have lately taken place. It then became apparent that concerning all these subjects this charming woman was as ignorant as would be a native of the South Sea Islands.

In casting about for the reason of such dense ignorance concerning contemporary affairs, it is apparent that a good deal of responsibility rests upon the parents. A little care on the part of "father" would change all this.

But is reading for instruction merely? By no means. Human nature refuses to be cheated of its glamour, its poetry and its ideals. It ought not, it cannot.

The quality of the novel, then, is all important. Happily, besides tons of trash—or worse than trash—daily issuing from the press, there are stories of an excellent quality to be had for a nominal price.

Too often that life is like a sealed book to the parent.

To read aimlessly is to read without aspiration. In this rich and fruitful period all races are moving together as one. Though here and there a country lags behind, not one, not even the Dark Continent, has failed to begin the upward march.

To abstain from reading a book to which one is not attracted merely because it does not seem amusing, is to be in the condition of the youth who observed that he had refused to read "The Doll's House" of Ibsen because of an overdose of children in "Little Lord Fauntleroy"!

For a useful course of reading a student ought to be familiar with the great facts of history. Among the multitude of these books read Green's "Making of England," Justin MacCarthy's "History of the Nineteenth Century," for our mother country.

To get the general trend of civilization read Draper's "Intellectual Development of Europe." It is a work which marshals all nations under one comprehensive review, embracing in it religion, art, science and social life.

In the department of travel, literature is growing annually in riches. In Japan and China, in Africa and the islands of the Pacific, within the tropics and the Arctic zone, up the Amazon and across the Steppes, adventurous men have braved difficulties and dangers to tell the world stories which rival those narrated by the "Arabian Nights."

But it is respecting human nature, after all, that we are most interested. Why is this man a naturalist, and that one a philosopher? What causes have produced here a successful litterateur, and there a great general or a religious zealot?

From the nature of the case a perfect portrait can never be drawn, but the approximations thereto are interesting and instructive. From Dr. Johnson, Franklin, Macaulay, Byron, Coleridge and Luther down to Carlyle and Emerson, Kingsley and Martineau, Louisa Alcott and Lydia Child, Dr. Arnold and President Lincoln, each has some story to tell which ought to make the thoughtful reader wiser and better fitted to cope with life's difficulties.

In the line of special tastes the reader has an almost exhaustless field, taking into consideration foreign as well as domestic publications, and those monographs in reviews and encyclopedias which are written by experts.

LITERARY QUERIES

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

SALIX—"Grace Greenwood" is the nom de plume of Mrs. Sara Jane Clarke-Lippincott. The JOURNAL will forward your letter to her.

WEARY—Mrs. Southworth has written no book entitled, "Reminiscence of Lady Byron." You have doubtless in mind an article with that title printed by her in the Washington "Star," some three or four months ago.

MRS. B. A. B.—We know Mary J. Holmes, the novelist, but do not know the other Mrs. Holmes of which you speak. They are not the same, that is certain.

A SUBSCRIBER—See answer to "L. G. H." in the June number.

M. E. O.—The "Trial of Beryl" will be found in Mrs. Augusta Evans Wilson's last book "At the Mercy of Tiberius," of which "Beryl" is the heroine.

FLORA—Write to "The Writer's Literary Bureau," Boston, and ascertain. Never ask a question the information of which you can obtain yourself. Editors are very busy people.

S. L. M.—There is but one way to get your work published. Send manuscript and illustrations to the publishing house to which you think it is best suited. They will then make a proposition to you if they want the book, and you will learn far more than I can tell you.

M. L. L.—Write to some book store in Chicago which makes a specialty of old works.

MRS. M. S. S.—The illustration you enclose is done by what is called the "half-tone" process. This makes a surface so shallow that to obtain good results it can only be printed on the smoothest surface paper, or what is called "coated paper."

LENOX—Drop a line to the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C., and he will give you in detail what I should be compelled to give in bare outline in this column.

M. A.—(1) Where illustrations accompany a manuscript, it is always best to indicate where they belong in the story or article. Always remember one rule: Help an editor all you can. (2) Always inclose stamps, even where you know an acceptance is certain.

K. M. H.—Write to Thomas Nelson & Sons, 23 East Seventeenth street, New York city, and they will tell you all about the "Oxford Bible."

A. M. B.—Your questions have been answered a score of times before for others in this column. Why not buy such a book as "The Trade of Authorship," or "Periodicals Which Pay Contributors," which will tell you exactly what you want to know.

A. L. E.—The most reliable firm which handles manuscripts for authors is "The Writers' Literary Bureau," of Boston. They adapt manuscripts to the most available channel for a small fee. Write to them.

A CONSTANT READER—The journal which you mention is published in New York city.

E. K. R.—See answer to "A. M. B."

Mrs. A. M. K.—(1) I do not know where there is an authoritative sketch of the author of "Rutledge." (2) The address of Mr. Loring, the publisher, is Boston. (3) I never give opinions of handwriting.

M. E.—It is best always to ask the permission of an author before using his work for any purpose whatever. It is the safest plan. If the author is dead, write to the publisher.

A READER—(1) Merely send a manuscript directed to "The Editor." (2) Leave all questions of compensation to the editor. (3) Give you "the rules of a young authoress?" My dear, just stop and think what a foolish question that is.

HOPK—Longfellow is not the author of the work you mention. It belongs to Dr. J. G. Holland.

J. S.—Most certainly, you should do something "more." Hand the matter over to some male friend, and let him go and see the editor, or see him yourself, if you prefer. From your statement of the case, the paper owes you for the article, and you have a perfect right to insist upon collection.

H. T.—I cannot ascertain the publisher of the story "The Fox and the Owl." Perhaps some reader, seeing this answer, will supply what I lack. If so, I will print it.

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HERE is a reasonable and praiseworthy desire among women nowadays to be independent, and I am glad that so many young girls are inquiring what they may do to support themselves. Yet there are in this case, as in good movements generally, some very serious dangers. There were many people who rejoiced, without any misgivings, when the various vocations hitherto only open to men were opened to women; and it was thought that purity and goodness would be very much increased when women were expected to "earn their own living," and were willing to do so rather than look to men for maintenance. Now, alas! it is proved that the crowding of women into men's employments has lowered the price of labor so that men get less wages, and women are found who will work for so little that it is a wonder how they can live.

WOMEN who perpetually jostle each other and push their way in a crowd of men; who boast themselves of their exploits in over-reaching their masculine comrades; who gossip and flirt with their fellow-clerks and their employers, are often met, and we are sadly puzzled by their pretended independence. My dear girls, whatever you do—and I beg you to learn to do something well—let not the doing of it take from you the gentleness, the purity, the dignity which are your birthright. If the gift that is in you must be exercised in the press and hurry of a business life, be sure that no false feelings of independence make you flippant and vulgar. What a contrast there is between haughtiness and dignity, between a friendly courtesy and a vulgar familiarity.

PERHAPS there is no place in the world where, in a short time, so great a variety of human characters can be studied as on the bridge between New York and Brooklyn. One page would not begin to contain the descriptions which might be given of the men and the women who cross that bridge. "Care-encumbered men, the young hearts hot and restless, the old subdued and slow," such as Longfellow saw in his vision from Cambridge Bridge, are multiplied and diversified, till it seems on a single night as if every type of human being had been seen. Among this host women rush and crowd, laugh and chatter, and seem to feel as free and comfortable in the din and bustle, breathing the air foul with liquor and tobacco, and hearing, without a quiver, language which, in my earliest days, would not have been uttered by the vilest wretch in the presence of a lady; and I go home sadly thinking of the homes in which are sisters and daughters, wives and mothers, who, in gaining their independence, have lost their unsullied purity and their grace of gentleness. It is not good for man to be alone; neither is it good for woman. But to make their mutual companionship profitable for either, he must give of his strength, his enterprise, his fearlessness; and she of her gentle power, her purity, her patient endurance. We cannot be independent; let us seek rather to be necessary, and add to our strength by drawing on the grateful love of our brothers and sisters.

ALLOW me a few lines on the subject of hired help. The very words make some of us tired, but I have good news. I know of a class of girls who would be glad to "work out," if they could find places. They are strong and respectable, speak good English, and have been trained in habits of neatness, order, punctuality, obedience and respect. Many of them are without home or relatives, and so would not be likely to leave a good place. They have a better education than many of our district school-teachers, and can operate a sewing-machine, and do marvelous fancy-work. Most of them know little or nothing about housework, but are anxious to learn, and plans have recently been adopted to have them taught. I talked with twenty-seven at one time. One, voting the crowd, asked: "If we learn to work ever so well, will anybody hire us?"

You will say, "There must be some drawback, or is the millennium coming?" Yes, there is one disadvantage, the same under which I, myself, have labored many years; yet I am the happy mistress of a cottage home, working and teaching others to work. I have had friends in the same situation, who were far more victorious. They could not do absolutely everything. What woman can? But in the daily routine of home-work, they were worth more piece than two ordinary hired girls. I see, I shall have to let out my secret. These mysterious aspirants for domestic service are to be found among the students and graduates of our various institutions for the blind. C. B. A.

family. You speak of laboring under the same disadvantage. Do you mean that you are blind and yet the mistress of a home? Tell us how you manage, will you? We, who depend so much on our eyes, can scarcely understand how you can be sure the washing is done well, and whether the windows are properly washed; and there are many other household necessities which it would seem would require eyesight.

THERE are two or three matters of which I wish to write. First, in regard to the woman who was poor, out of health, and thrown upon her own resources, and with no knowledge of any business. Her case—which is only one of thousands among both sexes—leads me to a subject in which I am very much interested, and about which I hope our legislators will soon arouse themselves. This is—the growing need of industrial schools. The State assumes that when it has given its youth a fair knowledge of mathematics, grammar, history and physiology, it has fully fitted them to find employment of any kind. Let the statistics of our penitentiaries and reformatories speak the result. Let them show how large a percentage of the inmates are very well educated. No, it is as imperative a duty that each State should see that every citizen should be taught some method of earning an honest livelihood, as it is that they should be taught to read and write.

The other subject on which I would like to hear the opinion of Aunt Patience, as well as the rest of "Ourselves," is this: I belong to a woman's club; the question has arisen, Would we compromise ourselves by inviting men of questionable character to our meetings? I can not see why we would do so any more than if we were to invite them to a temperance meeting or a prayer meeting. The club is not a social affair, but for mutual improvement. If we can help the men to a finer taste of reading, or they can help us by telling us so many practical things of which women are lamentably ignorant, it seems as though it would be a mutual benefit. What says the JOURNAL to this? HELEN CARROLL.

Not only is the need of industrial education growing, but the recognition of that need is also growing, and we are constantly gratified by hearing of increased opportunities given to our youth in that direction. I believe that every boy and girl should be taught to do with the hands some one thing so well that it may be a measurable dependence.

Social life is full of difficulties. I cannot answer your specific question. What constitutes an objectionable character? That we would have to understand first. Flagrantly immoral persons, of course, should not receive social indorsements; and since we do select those whose society we invite, the principle of selection should be based on moral grounds, at least as much as on grounds of culture or position or wealth. We may seek the immoral in order to redeem them, but we may not seek their company for our pleasure. You will find Christ's example and teachings your best guide.

I SAW an inquiry some time ago in the JOURNAL, and thought I would reply to it at that time, but I was so busy that I did not find time. My little scheme was to collect all the bright picture cards I could—and you don't know how they accumulate when you try to get them. I then take some sheets of a pad, double them and sew them through the centre. Sunday afternoons I give my little boy a bottle of muckilage, and he will sit quietly and paste these cards and pictures one on each side of the pages; on the back, after the pages are full, I paste a piece of red calico, and after trimming the edges a little, paste a card on the outside of each cover just the size of the back. You don't know how much these little scrap-books are appreciated in the children's wards in the hospitals where I send them. M. M. M.

Another very good way to use scrap pictures for the hospitals, is to paste them on pieces of pasteboard, about twelve by fifteen inches in size. These cards can be looked at and laid aside, and they have the advantage of being less cumbersome than a book. Giving children something to do for others, and to encourage their interest in the sick and unhappy, is a very good use for Sundays. The difficulty is, that it takes a great deal of the mother's time, or that of some other guardian. From some experience I know that to superintend the work of little children with the paste-pot and scissors, requires much patience and perseverance on the part of both children and the teacher. And too many mothers and aunts are too busy in other good work on Sunday, or come to that day too wearied to be very sprightly companions for their small relatives or friends, so that Sunday is a day of loneliness and neglect in many a nursery.

I HAVE a very large cat; he weighs sixteen pounds, and every one calls him a beauty, but they cannot make anything of him because his fur comes out so, and it looks so bad on their clothes. His coat is very thick, and he never goes out in the street; he is three years old and very playful. Please tell me what to do to keep him from shedding his coat? His name is Toby. Miss W.

Poor Toby must take off his winter clothes, even if it does trouble your friends. You might have him clipped, and keep him wrapped in a blanket! That is, you might try to do it, but I suspect that Toby would be very rebellious, and you might not succeed. You would better enjoy the beauty of your pet, and keep his superfluous clothing from disturbing your furniture and your friends as much as possible, till he gets his summer wardrobe ready, when, I presume, his fur will stop coming out.

I THINK with "Bettie" that the government of children must be "largely dependent on self-government. And having been brought up and governed by a kind, conscientious mother, we can speak from experience—and not theory—regarding home-government. But I do not agree with her about giving one more chance. When a child, I never obeyed any other person with the same degree of willingness as I obeyed mother; and the reason for it was that I never found mother deviate in the least from whatever she told me; she never threatened punishment without giving it, and never gave it without just cause; and when told anything by her, I knew it was just as she said; for she never told untruths by way of compelling obedience, never frightened me into obeying a command; whenever I wandered in forbidden ways, instead of making angry threats that even at the time she knew she would not execute, she, in a cool, pleasant voice, explained to me all the reasons for not doing as I had done, and then, in the same earnest way, told me if I disobeyed her what the punishment would be, and I understood that neither tears nor coaxing would change her decision; the latter she never allowed in any case, and now as a woman, I thank her for under God, it is to her I owe all I am to-day. That "one chance more" will breed a contempt of the command. The child will say: "Mother told me if I disobeyed she would punish me; but she did not; so do not think she will if I do it again." She has told me it was wicked to lie, but she just lied to me. If mother can't give me a fair trial, I will not obey her. I think if you will give my mother's plan a thorough trial, you will find it the "boost" for which you ask. A. R. G.

There is no one thing which impresses me more unpleasantly in traveling than the threats which I hear uttered by mothers to their children. In the cars the conductor is held up to the children as a man who is coming to do all manner of dreadful things; the captain of the steamboat is a bugbear to the poor, frightened things; and the horrors which the mother promises to perform if the child does not "stop crying," or "sit still," or "hush its noise," are something beyond description. "I will put you into the furnace fire," or, "I will throw you overboard," are not uncommon threats. Of course, a child who is not a fool soon learns that what the mother says is utterly untrue, and very quickly her words become as naught, and her threatenings are despised. It has been my fortune for many years to take frequent trips on one of our Hudson River steamboats. It leaves its port about half-past five o'clock in the morning, and reaches the city some five hours later. Mothers will rout their children up at an unreasonable hour, and try to force a little breakfast down their sleepy throats. Ill-tempered themselves from a shortened sleep and previous overwork, they vent their crossness on their children. By eight o'clock, the time when the boat reaches my dock, these poor children have been tortured till I wonder there is a spark of good-nature left in them. To stop their mouths from uttering very reasonable requests, candy, fruit and cake have been stuffed in until the stomach is utterly rebellious, and it has often been my wish that there were a series of cells into which the exasperating mothers could be put while a reasonable, kind and gentle nurse could be given the control and care of the worse than motherless children. My own children have such a dread of that boat on account of the scenes they have witnessed in the cabin, that, although the scenery is beautiful, and all the appointments of the boat are very comfortable, in going to the city they will always take the dusty train in preference.

WE live on a large farm four-and-a-half miles from town, and like it very much. We have five in the family; my brother and myself being the only children left at home. We keep a hired man all the year round, and in summer time our city acquaintances come to the work takes so much help. Mother and I do all the work, never hire any sewing except on our best dresses. We have no country neighbors we care anything about, but we depend entirely on our city acquaintances for society. I have never gone to school since I was nearly fourteen years old—am now nearly nineteen—but I have tried by sensible reading, and talking a great deal with my elders, to improve my time, and have learned some few accomplishments. I can do all kinds of housework and cooking, and try to do it well. Now, am I an "old-fogy sort of girl because I do not flirt and go with the boys every evening?" I'm afraid there are a few girls of my acquaintance who think so. Please do not consider my feelings and say, to be kind, I am all right, but tell me the plain, honest truth. And if I'm wrong, I shall try and change my course. ETTA D.

If you are living sincerely and cheerfully in and about your home, you need not fear unkind remarks. Girls in the country, as well as in town, often injure not only their good name, but take a certain indescribable charm out of their character, by their conduct on the street, especially in the evening. It is a mistake to think that all wrong-doing is confined to cities. Our country villages, alas! are scenes of many, many sad wrecks.

As you ask me to be frank, I will tell you that—if you "look down" upon your neighbors and care nothing about them, as you say you do, I fear you will not only be unkindly spoken of, but will deserve to be. You have no right to feel that you can let your neighbors alone. You must care about them, or be selfish, proud and unlovely. I beg you to begin at once to feel interested in your neighbors, and treat them with respect and kindness. Very likely you will find you can learn some virtues from them, and certainly, without respectfulness and kindness, you cannot impart any virtues to them.

CAN I come in and have a chat with the JOURNAL Sisters just among ourselves? I want to tell you about this beautiful Puget Sound and the Port of Seattle, one of the finest bays on the Sound. I can look across and see the Olympian Mountains covered with snow, while here in the valley we have not seen one flake of snow this winter. If the Sisters wish to see one of the grandest panoramic views in the world, let them take the steamer at Vancouver, British Columbia, and come across the straits and up the sound to Seattle. To the north and east there are in the Selkirk Mountains, under twenty years of age, using the rugged, snow-covered cascades; to the south, Mount Rainier looming up in one grand peak always white with snow; to the west, the Olympians, with Mount Olympus showing its rugged and snow-capped many glaciers. But, dear me! Aunt Patience, I cannot stay to tell you of the beautiful sunsets out rivaling the Italian skies, for the JOURNAL Sisters will not care to hear from. A GRAND MOTHER.

Thank you for giving us this glimpse from your window. A friend of mine, also a grandmother, has recently taken the long journey from her home to Puget Sound, and she writes in glowing language of the mountain views she is enjoying. This is a grand and beautiful world indeed, and we do not half enjoy it.

Aunt Patience

CHOLERA INFANTUM.

HOW THE PHYSICIAN SAVED A LIFE!

LIFE has no more anxious time for thousands of parents than summer, when cholera infantum is reaping its harvest of deaths among the babies.

One July, Florence, the six-months old child of Alex. D. Cobb, of Olean, N. Y., was very low with cholera infantum. Two of Mr. Cobb's children had died with this dread disease, and there was but little hope of Florence's recovery.

Dr. S. D. Mudge recommended, as a last resort, a then comparatively unknown food. Imagine the parents joy when their dear little girl, who was so weak she had to be given this food with a spoon, commenced to gain, and grew to be as healthy and rugged a child as can be found anywhere.



ETHEL COBB, Age 14 months.

The food that saved Florence Cobb's life was Lactated Food, and, as it claimed to prevent cholera infantum and keep babies well, when another baby came to gladden the home of Mr. Cobb, this food was used, and the picture of Ethel shows in a striking manner how the claims were verified. Mr. Cobb, in a letter dated October 6, 1890, wrote: "We have used Lactated Food for Ethel since her birth, and she has always been well and healthy, even through the summer months."

THE MOTHER'S RESPONSIBILITY.

IT is the mother who must care and act for the mite of humanity that has been entrusted to her. It is the mother who is directly responsible for the health and well-being of her child. And there cannot be a mother among the JOURNAL'S readers who does not appreciate her great responsibilities.

Watch your baby's actions carefully, especially at this season of the year so trying to little children. Is he cross, fretful and peevish? Is he troubled with constipation, colic, or diarrhoea? Is his sleep poor and easily broken? Then his food disagrees, and he is in serious danger of fatal disease.

"What can I do?" we hear you ask. Change at once to Lactated Food, a pure and scientific food that makes the sick baby well and keeps the healthy child hearty and strong, even in summer's dangerous weather.

The best physicians prescribe it; intelligent mothers recommend and use it; and babies living upon it prove its worth by their healthy and happy faces. The saving of doctor's bills and the worry and sadness that it keeps away are sufficient reasons for using Lactated Food; but it is also very economical, costing less than five cents a quart, when prepared from the larger sizes. The small size costs only twenty-five cents, and will be mailed on receipt of price by the manufacturers, WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington, VT. If your druggist hasn't it in stock, do not let the sun go down before you have ordered some. It may save the baby's life.

The mother's milk in summer is affected by the heat, and is often dangerous for the infant. It is much safer to wean the child and put it upon this reliable food that is always the same.

MOTHER wants it. Wright's Kitchen Safe, Refrigerator and Dumb Waiter combined or separate. Can be instantly lowered into cellar from any part of room floor. Easily operated. Put in any house in an hour at small cost. Mention this paper and address. COCHRAN SAFE CO., Cochran, Indiana.

All Good Things Come in Threes! The first three thousand readers—your must write at once therefore—from whom I receive 50 cents (silver) will get by return mail Books of the Bible Analyzed, which The Ladies' Home Journal recommends to its three millions of readers as worth double the price; a Fearless Spool-holder, a daily convenience; and a Recipe for Sugar-Coffee-Cake, which every member of your family will relish. H. T. FRUBAUFF, Easton, Pa.

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS IN GOLD will be given as premiums for the best original designs, made by children under twenty years of age, using the Geometograph and pencil and pin only in making the designs. The "Geometograph" with a book of 12 pages of designs, made by a girl as a sample to go by, will be sent by mail for 25 cents. If you want the particulars before sending, write with 2-cent stamp enclosed to W. B. GRIFFITHS, 426 Hammond Building, Detroit, Mich.

MOTHERS' BABY POWDER. FAVORITE (THE BEST MADE.) Sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents. Bernard Meyer, Selling Agent, 151 Chambers Street, N. Y.

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HINTS ON HOME DRESS-MAKING

BY EMMA M. HOOPER.

MISS HOOPER invites, and will cheerfully answer, any questions concerning home dressmaking which may be sent to her by the JOURNAL sisters. While she will answer by mail, if stamp is enclosed, she greatly prefers to be allowed to reply through the JOURNAL, in order that her answers may be generally helpful. Address all letters to MISS EMMA M. HOOPER, care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pa.

DRESSMAKERS' CORNER

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

A. M. S.—Straw sailor hats; cloth dresses with a round jacket, and kilt skirts, and a shirt-waist of nainsook or cambric, having a broad, rolling collar, and cuffs edged with embroidery.

ELEANOR M.—Have a gathered skirt with a three-inch hem, high coat sleeves, deep collar like a cape, and a round waist in three pieces, fastened in front with large tinted pearl buttons.

LACE HAT—The small toque may be of gold dotted black net, with a gilt butterfly in front, velvet ribbon loops in the back holding one larger butterfly, and ties of the ribbon knotted over the chest. Keep this for the lace and China silk toilettes, wearing light tan suede moccasins and gloves. The medium sized hat, have of tan straw and ribbon, with bluettes, which will answer for the tan, green and cotton gowns.

CORA ROMA—Silk petticoats of glacé taffeta or surah, cost \$18; but why not buy nine yards of glacé or changeable surah, now selling in some places at forty-five cents, and make one having five straight breadths, hem, fullness massed in the back, yoke, and two narrow bias gathered ruffles?

Mrs. J. T.—Gauze shirts for infants, of pure camel's wool, cost \$1.50 for the smallest size and are beautifully soft. English longcloth, for underwear, is a fine muslin without any dressing, and costs fourteen cents a yard.

BOY'S MOTHER—For the little chap of six months have a white straw turban, trimmed with lace ruffling, ribbon rosettes, etc. The boy of three years can wear a broad rolling sailor hat for play and a fancy blue and gilt one for nice. Have a blue cloth reefer jacket for this son, with brass buttons.

MISS C. W.—Very comfortable travelling caps are of cloth or silk, plain or in quiet plaids to match the tan and gray dresses. They have a stiff visor, and are both jaunty and stylish. Do not wear a veil with the above. Biarritz, or buttonless gloves, tan colored.

CHATTY—Trim a black-and-white check suit with gilt and black cord passementerie. Have a black hat trimmed with black ribbon and a slight mixture of gilt or metal ribbon. Wear tan glacé kid gloves. As you make your dresses and hats, these can be had with the sum of \$14.

ELSA V.—You can procure the papers containing the first letters on "Home Dressmaking" at the office of the JOURNAL.

HABIT—A cheap riding-habit is not a good investment, though I have seen very neat ones of black serge, at eighty-nine cents a yard, bound with mohair braid.

DRESSMAKER—If you know anything of shaping skirts you can cut the one having a gored seam, up the back and front, by simply going one of the usual shape so as to take away nearly all of the fullness at the top. I do not know of any pattern house issuing the pattern, as they do not cut patterns of novelties as much as of staple articles.

Mrs. KATE H.—You are unfortunate with your letters, but when they come in late for the next issue and have no address, how could I send a "personal reply"? Allow me to give you a gentle reminder, that "brevity is the soul of wit," especially when addressing a very busy woman.

CHARLOTTE X.—Trim your China silk with a black lace ruffle around the basque, wrists, as a berthia, and around the skirt front and sides. Head it with a narrow gilt galloon, and no one will know the "old silk gown."

BESSIE S.—Use the black brocade for a skirt, having a ruffle across the front and sides, and a bodice cut low necked, with a yoke and sleeves of yellow crepe, and finish the silk edges with gilt passementerie.

B.—I would not dye the dress if I could afford to pay a dyer \$2.50. For the skirt have a gathered back, plain front and sides. Requires three yards width around to set well.

Mrs. C. G. H.—Embossed velvet is passé. Trim with brown silk and gilt gimp at thirty-five cents, which is one and one-quarter inches wide. The alterations depend upon the shape your pieces are in.

J. M. S.—I can not give addresses in this column. The knee protectors are twenty-nine and forty-eight cents. Heel protectors are from fifteen cents. They are both valuable for mothers having to darn. Write me privately for them.

M. F. P.—Cream satin is never really out of style for a wedding dress. Fall's newer; also beigealine. If you are young, China silk is girlish and stylish, with chiffon ruffles for a trimming.

B. AND ORANGE—The coolest summer dress suitable for church, calling, etc., is a figured China silk, black having old-rose, heliotrope, blue or yellow designs, with a lace ruffle across front of skirt, on wrists and edge of round basque. Line with the linen foundations, at twenty-five cents, and add a little gilt gimp if desired.

"A READER"—Pinkish-gray, reddish-brown, navy-blue, brownish-tan, cream, yellow, old-rose, clear dark-green, and some shades of pink.

"ROSE BLOSSOM"—White of a clear or creamy tinge is always suitable for a girl of fifteen. Cashmere at sixty cents, blue or yellow, at one dollar, or albatross at sixty-five cents. Have a gathered skirt of four widths with a four-inch hem. Round waist, opened in the back in full or baby fashion, cut low in front and filled in with a full yoke of white or pale-blue China silk. Have high topped sleeves and silver gimp on wrist, low neck and as a belt ending in two rosettes in the back. If you do not favor a full yoke, have one in folds from the shoulders, with a flat space between. Wear gray, light and navy-blue, brown, clear green, cream, white and fawn shades. Your letter was too late for the issues mentioned.

L. C.—The black silk may be called Française, royale armure, or beigealine. Use jet or silk passementerie combined with gilt effects, and a little black lace if you desire it very dressy. Do not use the net with cashmere. If making over the latter use black brocade if sufficiently nice for the expense. Use colored ribbons—pink, blue, yellow, old-rose or heliotrope—with the white dresses written of.

N. N.—You can not wash a satine dress so as to retain the gloss, but a dyer may dye it to look like new. Wear gray, blue, yellow, cream, dark-blue, red-brown, old-rose, heliotrope and brownish-tan. You can buy suitable paper patterns in your city, as there are several paper pattern houses there. Checked summer silk is entirely out of style. Figured China silk is not too old. Trim with black lace and gilt effects in passementerie. Select a black ground. Wear gray or tan gloves.

MARIE—Open directly in the back, and gore the centre front and back. The plaits at the back are tacked to the lining. The pattern is for sale at the chief pattern houses, of which there are agents in your city. The skirt pattern costs thirty-five cents.

R. G.—If you will turn to the early files of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, you will find that the first articles on "Home Dressmaking" began at the first steps of sewing, cutting, busting, fitting, and, finally, finishing. We have not the space to go over this in every issue, but the papers may be had by applying to the office. We think that any one capable of handling a needle may work after our descriptions, especially if they have or will read the early numbers. The only way to get in a paper is to write an article and submit it to the editor.

AN AMATEUR—I am afraid that this answer is too late, but it is given as soon as our press of correspondents will allow. Of the fabrics mentioned the cream China silk would be the best. It can be had for seventy cents, twenty-seven inches wide. Silk, mull or crepe require a silk lining. Trim with silver or gilt galloon. Make with a full gathered skirt, round basque cut low in the neck and filled out with a yoke; high sleeves, full of lace at the wrists and on bodice edges. Trim low neck and wrists with the galloon. The throat may be V-shaped or round. Wear cream suede gloves, and carry yellow, pink or red shoes.

SALLE D.—Hem a ruffle on a wooden dress skirt with blind stitches, and a cotton one on the machine. Insert a full vest of chiffon in the silk dress, and strap it with gilt galloon to match that which you put on the neck and wrists.

FOR INVALID'S WEAR



ANY women are more or less confined to their room or to a sofa in the family gathering place, and while unable to "dress like other folks" they probably wish and should be attired neatly and becomingly. It is a dreadful misfortune to be even a semi-invalid, but it makes it less of a hardship for our family if one can look attractive. In fact I can not excuse untidiness at any time; that is, chronic untidiness. In the first place there are so many pretty covers now for sofas, foot-stools, chairs and pillows that kindly friends might keep the invalid provided for in this line. Have bright shades of soft colors for all of the surroundings. Avoid blazing contrasts, large patterns and glaring colors, all of which pall upon one doomed to see them day by day.

WHAT TO BUY

THE feet should be warmly covered with crocheted or fine cloth or kid slippers, of a rather large size, tying the latter on with straps of ribbon to prevent any falling off if the wearer has to be lifted around. One skirt, besides the flannel, is sufficient, and, if able to afford it, have that of soft surah silk, which is so cool and light to wear. Next to this select one of wool taffeta, or mohair, but not a stiff white one unless in a white wrapper. In place of a shawl for the shoulders, have what is called a "nightingale," a shaped garment as easily removed as a shawl, yet does not fall off when most wanted. They are of opera flannel generally, with feather-stitched hems, and the pattern is issued by the chief pattern houses. A corset is out of the question, but a neat fitting underwaist is not. Avoid a display of jewelry and have all of the surroundings and the invalid most daintily clean. The tea-gown, wrapper and matinee styles give a choice for all. The latter consists of a skirt and a half-fitting jacket to match, or a black skirt can be worn with surah, China silk, cashmere or lawn jacket. The striped wash-silk ones are as cool as lawn, and far more becoming than the clear white of cotton goods. If the latter must be worn select some of the pretty figured fabrics that have a bit of color in them.

HOW TO DRESS INVALIDS

THE skirt should be full, and made without canvas facings, as soft and light skirts are better for lying down. The jackets can be trimmed with feather-stitched hems or lace, with a few little bows of ribbon to enliven the general effect. Women do not lose their inborn desire to look well even when ill. Never leave any garment with a lot of strings to tie or to be fastened with pins. The task of dressing is much lightened if each garment is easily adjusted and with as few buttons as possible. Princess wrappers, half-fitting, can be of percale, cashmere, striped flannel, flannelette, etc., with some trimming of silk, embroidery or velvet ribbon on the collar, cuffs and as a half belt. All the gowns should touch the floor so as to cover the feet when lying down. Avoid white dresses, as they are sad reminders on a pale-faced invalid still dear to her friends. Dainty tea-gowns of plain or figured China or wash-silk, cashmere or challie, have a close-fitting back and a loose front of contrasting goods, with a ruche of the material, or lace down the front, around the neck and wrists. Old-rose, golden and reddish-brown, dark-red, medium blue and heliotrope are generally becoming colors, as a color must be supplied to the wearer who usually has pale cheeks. Lace ruffles, falling over the hands, go far towards concealing the ravages of illness.

SOME REVISED FASHIONS

IF we wait sufficiently long all fashions of thirty to fifty years ago will probably be with us. The full, gathered skirt, finished with a tiny ruffle, is similar to those worn by our grandmothers, only they put eight or ten widths in theirs while we are satisfied with four of yard-wide goods. Bertha-shaped trimmings, festooned-lace flounces, brocade and satin accessories are all fancies of an ancient date, which we have taken possession of and modified them to suit the fashions and occasions of the present day. Even the narrow gimp of a half-inch width, now so much worn, is a relic of nearly forty years ago. This edging, or silk gimp, is wonderfully convenient for finishing all edges of basques, and for a stout figure it trims stylishly without adding to the breadth, as wide passementeries do. It is an excellent idea to put this gimp up the darts, ending in the three small loops called a trefoil, which gives a longer and more tapering appearance to a stout figure, provided the gimp has a pointed front and rather long ends with the darts near together and very close in at the waist-line.

DRESS AIDS FOR MOTHERS



THE BOY'S FIRST KILTS

KILTS may be of white, blue or brown cheviot, cloth or flannel, fashioned into a side-plaited skirt and round, three-piece jacket, having coat sleeves and fastening with one button. The skirt is sewn to an underwaist, and a blouse is worn of white nainsook, cambric, serge, cashmere or China silk, with broad cuffs and collar turned over on the cloth jacket. Kilt skirts and sailor blouses of flannel, are the most comfortable of play dresses. Fancy sailor caps, of blue cloth or white serge, are worn; also, white straw sailor's. Cloth coats of checked or striped goods, have a plaited skirt, full sleeves and round waist, with a deep, rolling collar. Reefer or pilot jackets of blue, trimmed with gilt buttons, are of great favor with small chaps. Keep them in black hose with all dresses.

PRETTY FROCKS FOR GIRLS

WASH-SILK frocks, at seventy cents, are made with a gathered skirt, edged with a bias frill and a low waist, having a turn-over frill around the neck. A sash of plain silk, matching the colored stripe, is tied in the back. The guimpe and full sleeves are of nainsook. Gray crepon dresses are finished with a yoke and sleeves of Nile-green China silk. A quantity of silver and gilt gimp is used for edging the low necks of girls' round-waists, which must always button in the back. Dresses of plain or figured China silk in light colors, have a frill of scalloped chiffon on the neck. Black-ground China silks have yokes and sleeves of silk matching the colored flower and galloon on the low neck and wrists. Small-figured challies are made up in the same manner. Light-colored cashmere frocks have guimpes of crepe, surah or China silk, as brown or green with tan; turquoise and Nile with gray; yellow with brown; and pink with gray, navy or tan. Dainty white nainsook frocks have insertion above the hem and for the belt, with a low, round waist having a turn-over frill of embroidery, and a guimpe and sleeves entirely of small-figured embroidery. Velvet ribbons are used for bretelles, shoulder-knots and belts having long ends in the back. Skirts are very full, and medium in length. Light plaids are made up bias, and have a guimpe of black surah with a trimming of gilt galloon.

GIRLS' GINGHAM FROCKS

EDGINGS are used on gingham as revers and turned-down frills around the low round neck, or as tapering bretelles to the shoulders. Belts of insertion are seen, also sashes all around the waist, and plaited vests or square guimpes set in the waist-front of white nainsook. Many half-low round waists are laid in narrow box-plaits over guimpes of tucked nainsook. Revers of the pretty plaid or striped goods are turned over the low neck, cut in square tabs and button-holed with colored cotton. High-necked gingham have tucks down the centre, back and front, with embroidery outlining a yoke, or cotton passementerie in rows shaping one that is pointed in front and straight in the back, with a tiny pearl button on the end of each row. The materials and styles are so pretty now that there can be no excuse for the mother neglecting to dress her girls in a healthful and attractive manner. Figured and striped percales are fashioned into the ever-comfortable shirt-waist frocks, having the generally worn gathered skirt. Some of the daintiest white frocks have wristbands, belts and yokes of the embroidered beading, through the holes of which colored "baby" ribbons are run and clustered in rosettes.

MISSSES' COTTON DRESSES

FOR a girl of fourteen years make the full gathered skirt to her shoe tops, and with a four-inch hem, and if of nice white nainsook add a row of insertion above the hem and draw narrow ribbons through it, trimming the yoke, sleeves and belt to correspond. Striped shirt waists are worn with plain or plaided skirts. Gingham may be cut on the bias, throughout the dress, or only the sleeves be thus treated. Round waists are full from the shoulders, shirred all round the neck, or gathered on three large cords run from one arm-size to the other. Shirt and full-coat sleeves will be worn. Collars, cuffs, belts, revers, V's, bretelles and yokes of embroidery are worn. Hemstitched lawn is neatly trimmed with beading, edging and ribbons. Corded dimity ranks among the favorite white dress goods for girls of all ages. For a girl of fourteen one of these easily-laundried frocks has a full skirt, three-and-a-half yards wide, with a five-inch hem. The bodice is sufficiently long to tuck under the belt, and the sleeves are shirt-shaped, with cuffs and collar of embroidery. No. 12 ribbon is added as a belt, with rosette in the back, and bretelles having bows on the shoulders.

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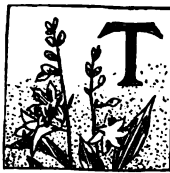
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PRETTY CAPES FOR SUMMER WEAR

By Isabel A. Mallon



THE long Valois cape, picturesque and becoming, has proven itself to be almost a necessary wrap. There are days when a tight-fitting jacket is oppressing. There are frocks over which a tight-fitting coat cannot be drawn without meaning destruction to the bodice, and there are figures too angular to permit of any absolutely close-fitting garment. These are reasons for the popularity of the cape. When it first appeared it reached a little below the shoulders, left the arms unprotected, and gave an air of being too small for the one who wore it. Now, however, it comes well below the waist, protects the arms and is extremely graceful. Cloth, silk and lace, as well as brocaded grenadine, are used for capes, and the decorations are almost as many in number as the sands of the sea, or the stars of the heaven. There are ribbon decorations, lace and feather ones; nail heads and stars of gold, jet, steel and copper; there are outline trimmings of tinsel cords and fine beads, and there are ribbon ends, bright linings, indeed almost everything that is decorative, may be noted upon the summer cape.

A FAVORITE MÔDE

ALIGHT cape, much in favor, is made without lining and with the edge smoothly cut, so that the bulk of a hem is avoided. These capes usually have decorated yokes and are oftenest noted in silver, dove, blue-gray, wood, olive, old-rose, steel-blue,



A PICTURESQUE DESIGN (Illus. No. 1)

sapphire-blue, and very light golden-brown cloths. Of course, the yoke and collar require a lining, and that is usually of soft silk matching the cloth in the cape. The ease with which a cape may be assumed and the amount of protection it will give, make it take the place of the various fancy shawls that for many years have been in vogue at the seaside and mountain resorts when it grew cool in the evening. A Spanish woman may know how to arrange her mantilla gracefully, but the American girl generally looks bundled up in her white shawl, so that in a picturesque cape there is a decided change for the better.

THE PRETTIEST OF CAPES

ACAPE similar to the one described, that is, having no lining, is shown here. (Illustration No. 1). It is of mode cloth, reaches quite below the waist, is raised on each shoulder and is gathered into a yoke of the mode cloth, shaped out to form a high, round collar. The yoke is thickly studded with jet nail heads, while the edge of the collar and the fronts, as well as of the yoke itself, are outlined with a narrow jet beading. The bottom of the cape is plainly cut and without a hem. The hat worn with this is a picturesque one of black net, finished with a beading of jet, and having on the inside, resting on the hair, a wreath of pale-pink roses; on the outside is a high cluster of black ribbon loops.

In gray with steel stars, in black with jet, in wood-color with gold, in black with gold, in gray with black, in blue with steel, in dark-blue with black, such a cape would be in very good taste. A black one would, of course, be most useful for an all-the-time cape. By-the-by, the girl who fancies an all-white cloth toilette could have a cape like this with white mother-of-pearl stars in place of the nail heads, and the effect would be very picturesque. For the one who likes the contrast of black and white, a white cloth cape studded with jet stars, and having a high collar lined with black feathers, is commended. Such a cape would, however, have to be kept for special occasions, as, if it were worn often it would grow tiresome to look upon. Then, too, it would require special care because of its daintiness.

WHEN YOU GO A-TRAVELING

THEN a cape that is at once comfortable and pretty is of much use. It needs to be full, it wants to be simple, and yet—this is always required—it must be becoming. Dark blue, brown, olive, black, lincoln-green and a very deep red are fancied for cloaks that are to be worn on journeys by land or sea. The long ulster for traveling by land was rather warm, and yet something is required to put on at the end of one's journey so that one may not look, as a little woman once expressed it, "altogether smudgy." This picturesque cape (Illustration No. 2) is the ideal traveling one. It is made of dark-blue cloth, lined throughout with a light quality of very dark-red silk. It is full, raised and plaited on the shoulders and has a monk's hood lined with the red, which may or may not be worn as is fancied. With this is a high collar that rounds quite low in the front, and long loops and ends of blue ribbon are knotted just below it and seem to fasten the cape, although in reality a strong pair of hooks and eyes first do that service. The hat is a blue straw, with a bit of red silk drawn just in front a bunch of blue flowers, while at the back are high loops of blue ribbon from under which come the narrow blue strings that are knotted under the chin. A cape made after this style, and intended not for traveling but for evening wear at the seaside, is of scarlet cloth lined with scarlet silk, and will make its wearer look like that most delightful character of fiction, Little Red Riding-hood.



A LACE CAPE (Illus. No. 3)

LACE IN CAPES

THE long lace wrap seems to have disappeared and given way to the deep, full cape made of the same airy fabric. A lace cape is certainly becoming, and as there are a number of women who do not care to go without a wrap, and yet who do not care for the burden of a cloth one, the lace cape will undoubtedly find many wearers. The Chantilly flouncing seems to be the only lace used, for as the cape has to be very full, it will not permit a heavy quality of lace to be used. It is not lined, being simply gathered into the high collar. Do not be induced to put too much trimming on a lace cape, remembering that its jetted collar and the beauty of the lace itself make it sufficiently decorative. Ribbon ties, long enough to allow of very long loops and ends, are fancied, and should be of soft gros-grain ribbon; satin not having the vogue given it now that belonged to it some years ago.

A TYPICAL LACE CAPE

ONE of the prettiest of lace capes is this style (Illustration No. 3). The high, round collar is thickly covered on the outside with sparkling jets and lined with plain black silk. The lace, which shows a pretty floriated pattern, is gathered in under the collar and is very full, so that it does not draw in the least, or look scant about the hips. Ribbon loops

hold the collar together in front. The bonnet is a plateau shape of black lace, with a yellow rose and its buds and foliage just in the centre; while from the back are high loops of black ribbon that end in ties carelessly knotted under the chin. The veil is a very thin one of black illusion, with small dots of chenille upon it.

WHERE IT CAN BE WORN

WHILE the black lace cape looks its best over a black lace or black gown, it may yet be worn with a dress of any material provided that the bonnet is black lace and that the parasol is in harmony with it. It is perfectly well adapted for the day time, for driving; and, where an evening dress is to be worn, and a slight protection is desired for the shoulders even in a room, it will be in good taste to assume a lace cape; however, it is not advised for wear in the evening air, as the damp will make it grow very stringy looking. With the same sad result in view, care must be taken in putting it away. It must not be hung up; instead, it should recline in a box that is fully its length, and between back and front there should be laid enough soft paper to keep the one from the other. It does occupy a few minutes—but unless this amount of time is devoted to it, your lace cape will, in a short time, be a sad and sorry thing to look upon.



AN IDEAL TRAVELING CAPE (Illus. No. 2)

THE SHOULDER CAPE

ALTHOUGH the shoulder cape is not noticed among either cloth or velvet ones, it is seen in lace, and makes, with a pretty foulard silk, a very desirable finish. It should be of Chantilly lace about half a yard deep, and gathered in very full to a band of ribbon, over which is plaited a high collar of lace like that which forms the cape. To give the effect of high shoulders, a narrow frill of lace is gathered and sewed on just above where the shoulder of the garment is, and this is allowed to flare out in a pretty fashion as if wings were growing. The tiny lace cape, which is specially commended to women who are very narrow across the shoulders, may be worn with any rather dressy gown, and the bonnet or hat, though it should be in harmony with the frock, does not need to have black lace upon it. Fashion, in predicting ahead, announces that the autumn coats and capes will reach quite to the knees, and people who are getting very expensive ones of cloth or silk, will be wise not only to have them as long as possible, but to see that there is a good hem turned underneath which may be let out.

SOME OF THE DECORATIONS

ALTHOUGH many of the capes have jet or steel stars sparkling all over them, an equal number have the decoration limited to the yoke. There it is frequently a spider web wrought in gold thread, or a heavy gold passementerie thickly set with imitation gems. High collars, lined with feathers, are not commended for a cape that is to be given much wear, for they grow very stringy looking, and certainly appear as if their glory had departed. Feather trimmings are not in good taste for outlining a cape. Indeed, the only decoration of that kind which seems to be liked, consists of rows of velvet ribbon or braid, and these can only be worn by slender women, for they certainly tend, apparently, to increase the size. Lace decorations are not fancied on capes, for when lace is used it should form the cape itself. Ribbons must be broad and handsome; usually they match the material in color. If one does not care for the very high shoulders, long ends and loops of ribbon may be arranged across the shoulders in epaulette fashion and will give a decorative effect without making the shoulders themselves look narrower. For traveling, where a cloth cape is not desired, people who like to be odd have capes of heavy linen or blue denim. The only decoration on these capes is white braid, and it must be confessed that they attract more by their oddity than their beauty.

Glacé silk in red and black, blue and black, lavender and black, and green and black are liked for full high-shouldered capes that have no decoration whatever. These, in many instances, will take the place of the dust cloak of last season. Where a dark or neutral colored gown is worn with a cape that is positive in color, good taste is shown in having the bonnet to match the cape; the parasol and gloves may also be in harmony, and a pretty and becoming costume is thus arranged. For wear with checked chevot costumes, a plain blue cloth cape, very long, and with its edges smoothly cut and not trimmed in any way, is in good taste. Little women of thirteen or fourteen, indeed, from ten to fifteen, are having capes of white piqué made for them, and, really, as they are made to fit well and the yoke is usually of Russian or some other coarse white embroidery, the effect is very pretty and a dainty wrap is made at what is really a very reasonable price.

A cloth cape may be hung up if it is put on the ordinary coat hanger, for this will hold the shoulder part in shape and then all is right. Wear your cape with a joyful air, and do not permit yourself to gain from it the sad and sorry appearance that always suggests itself when Hamlet's cape is mentioned. Instead, remember that you are wearing a cape such as was in vogue at the court where the women were said to be the wittiest and most lovely; the men the handsomest and most gallant. Smaller trifles than capes have driven people to the study of history, so it will not be surprising if one discovers that she who wears a cape with a particularly satisfied air, has learned all about the Valois, and how many times a witty answer saved a man from death, or brought to the feet of a lovely lady the cavalier to whom she had given her heart. Clothes and history are closely united, and the study of the one involves that of the other. If we continue to steal designs from the past, the general woman will be better up in history than she ever was before, and that wouldn't be such a bad thing, would it?

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SUGGESTIONS FOR THE SUMMER TIME

By Isabel A. Mallon

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 inclosed, she will reply by mail. Address all letters to MRS. MALLON, care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pa.



A question, or which may fully describe the question you had merely thought. The general woman will find in this column of suggestions, to be continued from season to season, something that will be like a Russian salad, which is supposed to consist of everything edible. To-day, it may be a paragraph about the shape of a hat, which may appeal most to you; to-morrow, it may be a word about a pleasant perfume; and the day after it may be an economical hint, or a word as to what is pretty in furniture, jewelry or bric-a-brac. So you see I hope in these suggestions that you will find the thought and the word which is most pleasing to you.

THE received card-case, or purse, is no longer made heavy with silver corners and monograms; the great display of metal being counted in extremely bad form. Instead, thought is given to the fineness of the leather, to the security of the clasp, and to the care with which the pockets to hold one's ducats are made. A small monogram in silver, or in silver gilt, may be in one corner, but it must be so small as not to attract the least attention. A very conspicuous card-case, which is after all decidedly pretty, and which could be carried by a young girl, is of bright scarlet leather with small silver fleur de lis set at regular intervals upon it. Every card-case should have its tiny gold or silver pencil in it, so that when a card is left, if one wishes to write a message of inquiry, of condolence, or of congratulation, the weapon—which is mightier than the sword, in this instance at least—is at hand to be wielded.

BLACK stockings will continue in vogue the season through; and the announcement made that their use will be restricted to the street, is absolutely untrue. They may really be worn with slippers and shoes of every color except white; but, of course, with gray, tan, scarlet, as well as with white slippers, the stocking to match looks better, and suggests greater care as to the perfection of detail in the costume. Fancy stockings—that is, those having printed figures upon them—are not refined, and cannot be advised. If you haven't given the stitch in time, and a long stocking railroad a little below the knee, the best way to mend it is to buy a piece of the narrow, flimsy black ribbon used sometimes for covering whalebones; lay this under the ripped stitches, baste it smoothly, and hem it down on both sides, first where the stocking has ripped to the ribbon, and then underneath hem the ribbon edge to the stocking. This will be found a much more satisfactory way of mending than is the long and intricate darn, which must, sometimes, extend over nearly half a yard of stocking.

DO you wear your hair in a Catogan braid? And, if you do, are you careful always to tie it with a black ribbon? Well, that's what you ought to use, and no other, and no matter how fanciful may be your gown, no matter how attractive may be the pink and blue ribbons, you must still adhere to the black one, which was worn by the nobleman after whom that special arrangement of the hair is named. And, by-the-by, don't have your hair ribbon too wide; and learn to tie it in a smart way, so that the loops and ends stand out and have always a fresh look.

A PRETTY way to make a silk petticoat is to have the foundation of glacé silk that shows red and black; a very long skirt is not needed, and it should fit the figure closely. Then arrange to go on it, a flounce that is half a yard deep, making it of alternate rows of red ribbon and black lace insertion, and finishing it with a frill of black lace. Sew it on the foundation, and then conceal the sewing by a box plaiting of red ribbon, which is at once decorative and useful. In blue and black, lavender and black, brown and black, pink and black, yellow and black, or any of the colors fancied for silk underwear, such a petticoat could be prettily developed.

WHOMEVER is going to wear a white mull gown this summer must remember that underneath it must be soft skirts, and she cannot allow herself to indulge in starched muslin ones. If she doesn't happen to have a silk skirt, then, to make her mull fall artistically, she will be wise if she gets a skirt of thin nun's-veiling, or else of mull of a cheaper quality than is the gown itself. The nun's-veiling one, made rather close-fitting, and having no finish but a deep hem, forms a marvelously good foundation for the thin, filmy mull; and as the veiling comes so very wide, it is an expensive petticoat.

THE soft, full, silk shirt that has a rubber run in a casing around the waist, and which falls over in blouse fashion, is finished with a rolling collar, and has full, high, sleeves gathered in the deep cuffs. These shirts are shown in white, blue, pink, lavender, brown, and black surah, in blue India silk that has a polka dot upon it, but most useful of all, in unbleached pongee. They are pretty and useful for wear in the country during the summer, and from the hands of a careful washerwoman the pongee will come out triumphant. To her, who is going to the country for rest, and who doesn't propose to have a lot of gowns, these pongee shirts are advised; for they may be worn with black or brown wool skirts, and are cool to wear and pleasant to look upon.

DRESSMAKERS no longer make thin sleeves without linings, so that the woman with slender arms can wear a muslin bodice as effectively as the one whose arms are plump and dimpled. The lining may be of silk, but is oftener of silk-finished satine. No fabric is too thin to do away with its lining, and the day of elaborately trimmed underwaists has disappeared. Really, the lining makes one cooler, for it does not necessitate the extra bodice.

THE young woman who has a liking for the shirt front and cutaway jacket must remember one thing, i. e., that her get-up is never inexpensive. Her linen must be as immaculate as a lily, and she will require, at least, six shirts to keep herself looking well; and of these six, four will have to be at the laundry while a fresh one is on her, and another fresh one is reposing at home waiting to be assumed to-morrow. The imitation of the manly costume is smart to look at, but by no means economical.

ICAN never recommend silk gloves; they are expensive, wear very badly, and really never look like anything but shopping or mourning gloves. Experience has taught that, even with the greatest care, the fingers will come peeping out, and once you begin to mend a silk glove its downfall is sure, and its appearance is decidedly shabby genteel. An undressed kid glove can be gotten for the same price that a good pair of silk gloves will cost, and the kid will outwear the silk; while, even if it does have to go to the cleaners, it will, if a proper light shade is chosen, always come back looking as good as new.

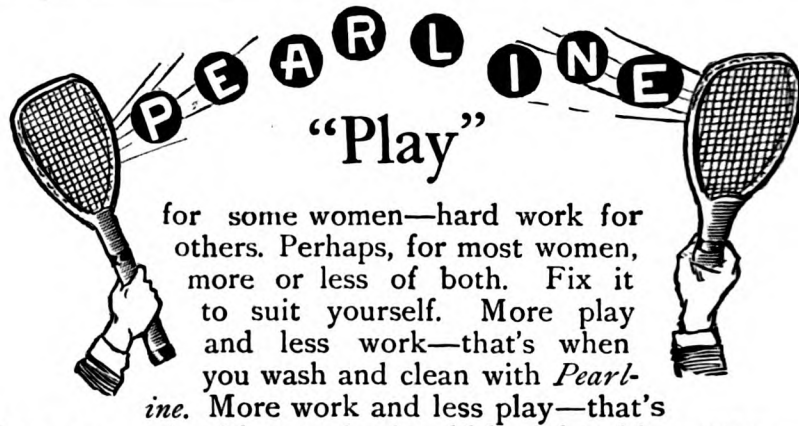
THE liking for alpaca has brought to the fore the white mohair with narrow lines of scarlet or blue upon it. This material is usually developed in a very simple way and decorated with velvet ribbon that matches the color of the line. Those having scarlet, navy, or golden-brown upon them and trimmed with velvet ribbons in harmony, make stylish and, what is much more important, becoming and useful frocks.

YOU are going to make your cotton gown. Now, before you do this, see if you cannot have its decoration in its design, and use as little trimming as possible. The quantity of embroidery that was at one time considered in good taste on these gowns, is no longer in vogue. Whatever decoration you may use, have upon the bodice. A guimpe of Irish lace, ribbon collars and cuffs, fanciful girdles, or waistcoats of silk or embroidery, of piqué or linen, are all in good taste; but an elaborate skirt trimming is undesirable. Your cotton gown wants to express the sweetness of simplicity, and it also ought to tell of its extreme comfort, a something which is never hinted at in an overtrimmed or too elaborately made one. Too much decoration, like too many words, is quite as often an evidence, not only of lack of sense, but of lack of brain.

THE unbleached linen gowns that are so pretty and so sensible, have upon them large, white pearl buttons, the sort that are warranted to button; and which, after they have done duty on your gown, may appear upon a small boy's piqué coat, on a small girl's cloth jacket, and later on, when they are relegated to the button bag, they will be drawn upon to figure on bands, or wherever a good, strong, reliable button is required.

WHITE undressed kid sack gloves will be worn all summer with white cloth, white muslin, or cotton gowns of any description. For more elaborate wear the delicate pearl glacé glove, the mousquetaire, with two or four buttons and a stitching of black on the back, is in vogue. Sometimes this stitching is rather thick, but quite as often it is a fine, flat one that does not attract attention, nor add to the breadth of the hand.

THE fashionable brooch—for the lace pin has disappeared from among us—is the round one of twisted gold, with an enameled heart just in the centre. The prettiest design shows the heart of blue enamel, with tiny little diamonds sprinkled over it. Hearts are everywhere; on thin gold chains about the neck, on buckles for slippers, in the corners of card-cases, and frequently on the outside of leather boxes intended to hold wedding gifts for a bride.



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THE MORNING-JACKET AND THE TEA-GOWN

By Isabel A. Mallon

EVER since fig-leaves were developed into gowns the word "wrapper" has been suggestive to the masculine mind of general untidiness, capped by curl papers. As we grew more and more civilized the necessity of a wrapper was recognized, but it took generation after generation of dressmakers to evolve from it what is now specially dainty and becoming, and that is the tea-gown. It might be called, if one wished to appear very learned, the apotheosis of the wrapper; or, if one wanted to be a little funny and deride the untidy lines of the aboriginal wrapper, it might be pronounced the survival of the fittest. Call it what we may, it is a most comfortable gown. It can be as pretty as possible in inexpensive materials; it belongs to all ages and is only undesirable when developed in cheap, tawdry finery. Lace and ribbon form its favored decoration; drapings of silk add to its beauty, and soft, fluffy feathers outline collars and gilets and make it look like a veritable symphony in fluffiness.

MATERIALS FOR TEA-GOWNS

CASHMERE, cloth, crepe cloth, challie, India and surah silks, and any soft, pretty wool material is properly used for a tea-gown. The printed challies and the printed cloths are specially liked for them, as, while they are dainty, they do not soil so easily. For a gown that is to have general wear, any of the gray or wood shades may be commended, and as either scarlet, rose-pink, golden-brown, or lavender combine well with these, a contrast in trimmings may always be effectively arranged. The printed stuffs show pale-blue, green, rose, olive, lavender, dark-blue, seal-brown, and black, with floriated designs in contrasting colors upon them. Indigo-blue shows the always fashionable tiny white polka-dot on it, and this, by-the-by, makes a gown that is not only becoming, but is certain to be extremely useful. Over the high collar of such a gown may be worn a turned-over one of thin lawn, and deep lawn cuffs may go over the cuffs of the full sleeves, making in this way a lighting bit. White gowns are thickly covered with the colors known as Egyptian, deep reds, dark greens, browns, yellows, and purples, in hieroglyphic patterns, that are at once cheerful to look at and do not soil easily.

AN EGYPTIAN TEA-GOWN

THIS gown (Illustration No. 1) is made of challie, with one of the Egyptian designs thickly covering its white ground. It is fitted to the figure in princess fashion, and has a slight train. Just in front is inserted a long gilet of white challie, gathered in full at the neck and confined to the waist by a ribbon girdle which crosses it and hangs in long loop and ends on one side. The fronts are outlined as far as the waist by a tiny frill of white lace, and a similar frill is the finish about the neck above the high collar. The sleeves are very full, and high on the shoulders, are of white



A LACE TRIMMED MATINEE (Illus. No. 3)

challie, and drawn into deep-pointed cuffs of the figured material, that have for a hand finish frills of point-d'esprit lace.

One does not have to look twice at this gown to be certain of its prettiness, and it is only necessary to think once to realize exactly how inexpensive it is. "But," says somebody, "the white will soil so easily." Well, not necessarily. You can wear it through the pleasant summer time, and when the cooler days come, you can remove the white and insert either scarlet or blue, as is most becoming, and your tea-gown is ready then to do service during the autumn and winter. In a striped

silk, in a plain material, or in a dark plaid a good result could be obtained; but as the Egyptian colorings and designs are so much in vogue one might as well choose for material that which has the charm of novelty as well as the virtue of usefulness, being in the fashion not costing any more.

A SIMPLE TEA-GOWN

AT illustration No. 2 is pictured a gown that is as simple as possible, and which may be developed alike in the most expensive, or the least costly fabrics. Pale gray cashmere is used for the one shown. Like all the tea-gowns commended for their fitted air, it has a princess back with a slight train, and is shaped in at the sides in front. A soft, full gilet of pink silk is shirred just above the bust, and again at the throat where it forms an inside collar. The outer collar is a high round one, of the gray material, wired to position and covered with gray silk open-work that extends down each side of the fronts forming a good contrast to the pink in between. The full sleeves are of the cashmere, shaped into the arm below the elbow, and have for a cuff finish a frill of the open-work and a knot of pink ribbon. In wood cashmere such a tea-gown might have a front of pale blue or Nile green; in dark blue with a white spot upon it, the front might be of plain blue, and if a dark shade of gray were chosen, and a quiet effect specially liked, the front could be of soft black silk.

A MATINEE THAT IS NOT EXPENSIVE

THE matinee is the name given the pretty morning-jacket which may be worn with an ordinary skirt to breakfast, or which it would be proper to assume in seeing intimate friends. Like the tea-gown it has no existence in public places, being intended solely for wear at home. It does not reach the dignity of dress that is gained by the tea-gown, for the one can be worn all afternoon, while the matinee is only of use in the morning hours, or in the seclusion of one's own room. Invalids find them of great service, as, when the time comes to be propped up in bed, it is so easy to put one on over a night-dress and to look as every invalid wishes to—as pretty as a picture. All the soft stuffs used for tea-gowns are in vogue for matinees, and people who, like myself, have to think out how things must be done economically, will be surprised to discover how skirts of dainty hues that have outworn their usefulness, may be taken apart, freshened up, and, by a little care as to decorations, made into a becoming matinee. You don't think this is so? Then I can only assure you that my very best one, of which I am very proud, is made out of the best widths of a white cloth skirt, washed and ironed, and has a garnet velvet yoke, high collar and deep garnet velvet cuffs that were made of the velvet left over from a velvet wrap after it had furnished material for new sleeves in a frock, for a toque and patchwork pieces enough to delight anybody who enjoyed putting the bright bits together.

LACE AND CASHMERE MATINEE

LACE, more than anything else, tends to make either a matinee or a tea-gown look elaborate, and for that reason, its use on a very simple material, gives an air of richness that is marvelous. The matinee shown in illustration No. 3, is of pale green cashmere. The back fits the figure, while the front is loose, the fullness being held in at the waist-line by a green ribbon girdle. A deep, full frill of point d'esprit lace outlines all the edges and adds to the length; a jabot of similar lace fastened at the neck, gives an elaborate look to the front and suggests the cravat of the gallant of many years ago. Around the neck is a ribbon stock, and on each shoulder, as if to hint at



A GOWN OF RICH TONES (Illus. No. 1)

the possibility of wings growing, are bows and ends of the ribbon. The sleeves are only slightly full and are finished with frills of lace and ribbon knots. Nothing about this matinee is expensive. The fabric is not costly and almost any of us, by rummaging through the boxes where we keep our treasures, will find lace enough to decorate the matinee.

That everything should be fresh is much more important than that it should be new and expensive, and that the little jacket should suggest your own special taste is most desirable. In silk—a very light-weight may be chosen and no lining used—a matinee like the one illustrated will be found pleasant for summer wear; and for the little bride who is making the daintiest of trousseaus, a white surah matinee, trimmed with white lace and white ribbon, is suggested. It will not be very expensive, as the deft needle-woman can make it at home. Women ought to understand that they can better afford to look illly dressed away from home than among those who really care for them and to whom they ought to be continual joys, not only to speak to and be with, but to look upon.

SUGGESTIONS FOR INVALIDS

AN invalid able to sit up, and who desire to look her best, will be wise in choosing for summer wear a plainly-made tea-gown of light-weight silk; this comes in pale blue, rose, olive, lavender and white. A style of making that is commended is the one which has the back slightly fitted and the front laid in plaits from the shoulders to the waist; plaits that are only pressed, not stitched, to position. A ribbon girdle may be used to confine them slightly at the waist. The rose and pale blue I can commend from personal experience; when they are soiled, if care is given in the laundry they will look as good as new, and only after three or four visits to the land of soaps and suds will they look faded and even then it seems as if they had only grown a shade or two lighter. Really if it had not been an old friend you would think that the particular faint shade had been chosen. Matinees may, for wear in bed, be of silk, flannel, veiling or any of the light wool materials. At the back they should be as simple as possible, and they must be easy to assume; while the sleeves must be pretty and fanciful, they must also be loose so that they can slip over the sleeves of the night-dress easily. A flannel matinee may have its edges scalloped or pointed by hand in button-hole stitch so that the thickness of a hem is avoided; or, if one did not care to go to this trouble, the edges could be prettily pinked. Have you ever thought how much better an invalid feels, a real true invalid, when she is told how nice she looks and how pretty her belongings are? It is a marvelous medicine this expression of praise. It is something that you and I not only ought to give, but if one of us happens to be the care-taker, ought to make the sufferer worthy of by the loving care given her appearance. Else we are not care-takers, the name is mis-



THE SIMPLEST TEA-GOWN (Illus. No. 2)

applied, and we are only among the people who, even for dear love's sake, take as little of care as possible. And isn't this like eye-service?



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EDITED BY MRS. LOUISA KNAPP

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THE HOUSEKEEPER'S MONDAY

By BETSY BEESWAX

You may talk, you may flatter the day if you will, But the dread of the washing will hang o'er it still.



HERE is a right and wrong way to do washing as everything else, and brains will tell at the wash-tub as forcibly as anywhere. Certainly there are pleasanter memories of the Monday spent in an old gray farmhouse, when the kitchen and dining-room as well, and every drop of water used drawn up from the well; and in the smarter village home, where the pump was under cover, but where the busy workers were elders' daughters or deacons' wives, than will ever gather round the well-equipped laundry of the city mansion with all its modern conveniences, the domain of the alien and foreigner.

Personal cleanliness is one of the first steps in the solution of the washing problem. Well-washed neck and wrist, as well as face and hands, will diminish to some extent the dark bands that are hardest to cleanse on shirts and underclothing; proper rinsing and a liberal use of the wash cloth, afterwards hung up in the sunshine, will relieve the towels of much of the heavy work they are often called upon to perform, so that one linen and one turkish towel will be an ample supply for each individual weekly. It was the boast of a dear grandmother that she could wear a collar a week and then put it in the hamper for choice, not necessity, and her towels were consigned to the wash-tub for the same reason, since, in addition to the precautions already spoken of, each one was carefully folded in the original creases after using; the habit of a long life-time.

In the dining-room, a red and white tablecloth, though not fashionable, will look cheery for breakfast and tea, and do the work of two white ones in the week, besides requiring but little care in the laundering, and the white one required for dinner will keep fresh from Sunday till Saturday. Additionally, let each one carefully fold his napkin, and place it in the ring, instead of leaving it a crumpled mass on the table. It is trifles like these that lessen the housekeeper's burdens.

The next step in the problem is the proper care of the soiled clothing in the interval between their disuse and their final destination—the washing-tub. Thrown carelessly in a heap on the closet floor, they gather additional dirt and dust, and increase the work of washing them doubly. In some special corner, removed from the bedrooms and clean clothes, there should be a convenient clothes-hamper, or bag; better still, three—marked respectively "Fine Clothes," "Coarse Clothes" and "Flannels," and to these the members of the family should be taught to carry their clothes as soon as possible, when left off for good.

In this way not only is the somewhat disagreeable task of sorting the clothes avoided, but the contents of each one are kept tidily together till their turn in the boiler comes, instead of adding to the disorder of the kitchen, laying round in disfiguring heaps.

But these steps are only the preliminaries; the clearing of the decks for action of all but the paraphernalia of war; these should be, if possible, a boiler, a wash-board, a wringer, three tubs, abundant clothes-line and numerous pins in an apron made specially for them, and some one of the numerous "washing compounds" which are abundant in the market.

It is well understood that good, middle-aged housekeepers of fifty or sixty, will object to the use of anything but soap for washing, declaring that anything used in its stead eats up the clothes as fast as it sets free the dirt; but the time has gone by when everything was higher-priced than woman's health and strength, and her physical welfare is now deemed of more importance than the few yards of muslin required to replace what is lost by the new method of washing. Furthermore, it is not fair to attribute to these labor-saving preparations all the signs of wear and tear that appear in the cottons and linens, for they are no longer manufactured to last a life-time; and ignorance, by disclaiming or neglecting careful instructions, will work havoc with the substitute for soap, as with many other things in the kitchen. Too much pepper will spoil the most carefully prepared soup; but no one blames the pepper-pot, though the cook receives condemnation in proportion to the fineness of the dish whose contents have so unwarily been swallowed.

So let the intelligent, capable workers on the farm, and the mothers of young children, who are the ones whose lives are most crowded with necessary labor, lay prejudice aside, and avail themselves of what, judiciously used, will lighten their labors immeasurably; and let the young housewife who keeps a servant, go for a little while into the kitchen and supply the brain, while Nora furnishes the brawn, instead of fretting upstairs over the slovenly regions below, and the illy-washed clothes, of which there seems no end.

Get the best of these washing compounds the grocer can offer, and use as follows: Put into the boiler two pailfuls of cold water, and stir in it, until dissolved, two well rounded tablespoonfuls of the preparation, not using the Yankee guessing measure; into this, put, first, the table linen, and let the water come to a boil, giving the clothes an occasional stir; then drain them, and turn into a tub of clean water. If any spots or stains remain, a few rubbings on the board will cause them to disappear; but add nothing whatever to the water in the tub; rinse through two waters, adding to the last the customary bluing; starch the tablecloths ever so slightly, the napkins preferably not at all, and hang out. After the table linen, wash the fine pieces in the same manner, but avoid crowding the boiler, since the same water can be used twice for the less soiled clothing, and remember that improper rinsing is undoubtedly the stumbling block of the uneducated laundress. Lastly, wash the coarse pieces, and if these are very much soiled, add a teaspoonful more of the compound to the water.

Wash the flannels in luke warm water to which the correct proportion of the labor-saver has been added; rinse in water the same temperature, and dry as nearly as possible at the same degree Fahrenheit. This, some one has discovered, is the true philosophy of cleansing woolens, to keep them at an even temperature throughout the whole process.

Experience has proved that the directions given here will accomplish the washing with far less expenditure of time and strength than are required by the old method, for by this new process the table linen will cleanse itself and be ready for the rinsing tub while the housewife eats her breakfast; the fine pieces will do the same while the table is being cleaned and the dishes washed, or the baby is being fed and put to sleep; then an hour or two of undivided attention given to the clothes will finish their washing in a perfectly satisfactory manner and leave the afternoon clear for the minor duties of the day, and a little resting time in which to enjoy a page of the JOURNAL, and gain a fresh thought to lighten the tea-table talk.

Not only the family washing can be thus accomplished, but white counterpanes and patchwork come out beautifully clear and fresh, and lace curtains are made to look almost like new, so that if the battle is not wholly won yet, enough of success has been granted to encourage the worker to go forward till a new century ushers in the millennium.

RELIABLE DOMESTIC HINTS

GATHERED FROM THE EXPERIENCES OF MANY

PIECES of licorice laid around where ants run is recommended.

MERINGUES should be put on puddings after they are slightly cool, as if the pudding be hot, the egg will liquify.

A LITTLE memorandum book, or slate, in the kitchen is a great convenience for busy housekeepers in which to write a list of things needed for the kitchen and table.

OLD newspapers torn in small pieces and wet in water softened by the addition of a little ammonia, are excellent to wash lamp-chimneys.

STEAMED dumplings, with stewed chicken or veal, are an acquisition. Cook both these meats until nearly done, then make the dumplings like baking-powder biscuits; pour all but a little of the water from the meats into another vessel for gravy, and put the dumplings in the pot on the meat so they will not touch the water, and cook until all the water is boiled away.

TO remove scratches and bruises from furniture, rub them gently with a fresh walnut, butternut or hickorynut kernel, and they will disappear as if by magic.

TO remove the unsightly marks caused by drippings from the faucets in marble basins, or in the water-closet bowl, nothing equals pulverized chalk, moistened with a few drops of ammonia. Apply with an old tooth-brush and they quickly disappear.

IN cooking vegetables, always remember that boiling water evaporates rapidly on the approach of a storm or when it is raining.

THE following is a choice soap receipt tried and tested for many years by a family of noted housekeepers:

Take two pounds of pure beef tallow, one pound of sal-soda, one-half pound of salt, one ounce of gum-camphor, one-half pint of glycerine, one ounce of borax; boil slowly for one hour, stirring it frequently with a wooden spatula. Set it off the fire until cold, then boil it over, adding one-half of a pound of best refined white loaf-sugar, and one-half pound of coarse oat-meal. Perfume with oil of rose, sassafras or bergamot, as suits the maker.

HOUSEHOLD-CLEANING HINTS.

BLACK marble may be cleaned by washing it thoroughly with cold water and soap, and dry with flannel. When perfectly dry rub for an hour with white wax and flannel cloth.

Take iron stains from marble with lemon-juice or a mixture of spirits of wine and oxalic acid. Leave it on for a short time only, and rub dry with a soft cloth.

Clean white marble with half a pound of pearl-ash, half a pound of soft-soap and one pound of whitening. Boil until a thick paste, and before it is perfectly cold spread over the marble, letting it remain on at least twenty-four hours; wash it off with warm water softened with ammonia.

Remove oil-stains with common clay mixed with benzine. Another cleaning remedy is one part of finely powdered chalk, one of pumice-stone and two of common soda; sift through a fine sieve, mix with water, rub well over the marble and then wash off with warm soap-suds.

Ink-spots are taken out as follows: Half an ounce of butter of antimony and one ounce of oxalic acid; dissolve them in one pint of rain water, and add sufficient flour to make a paste; lay it on the stain with a brush, allow it to remain for a few days, and then wash off, repeating the process if necessary.

Brass stair-roads, and other brasses, are cleaned with fine wood ashes, warm water and a flannel cloth; kerosene and rotten-stone; salt and vinegar; Putz pomade; rotten-stone,

soft-soap and oil of turpentine mixed with a little water. If the article has been lacquered it must not be touched with any acid, but washed in warm soap-suds, wiped dry and placed before the fire to dry thoroughly.

Silver-plate of all description is best cleaned with whiting and water, rubbing it on like a paste with a flannel cloth, or using a brush if carved; then rub off with a clean cloth and polish with a piece of chamois skin.

Clean the nickel-plate of stoves with soda and ammonia, using a woolen cloth and polishing it with a clean one.

Remove crust from steel knives by covering them for two days with sweet-oil; then rub with a lump of fresh lime until the rust disappears.

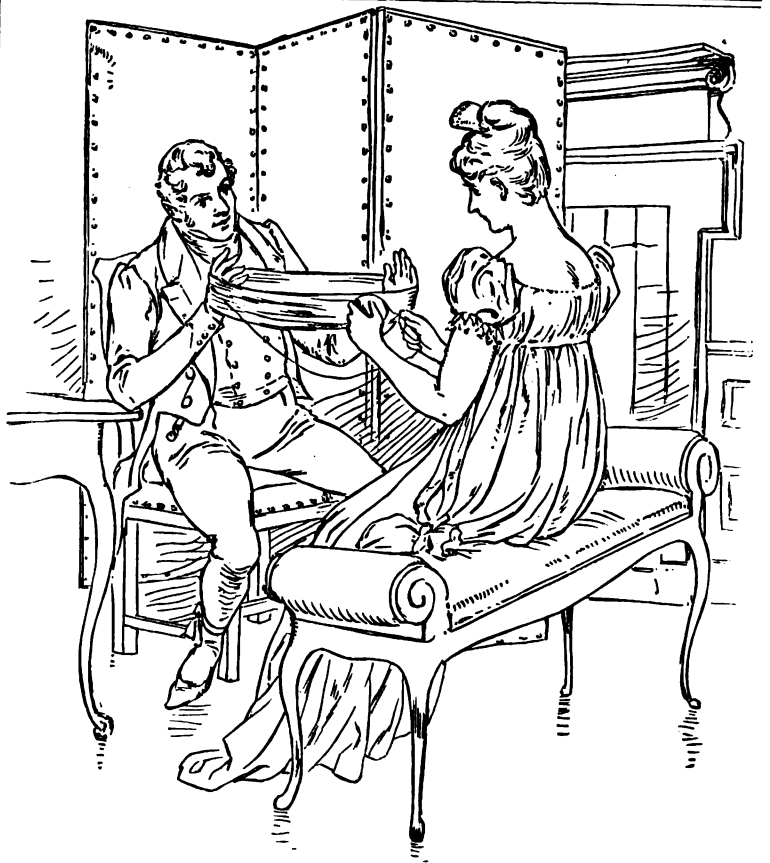
Sometimes very dirty brass articles may be cleaned with a strong solution of oxalic acid; then rub off and polish with a chamois. This acid is a poison.

Grained wood is cleaned with cold tea. Grease is removed from oak by washing it in warm beer.

Wash paint with a flannel cloth dipped in warm water and ammonia, or warm water and powdered pumice-stone, and wipe dry with flannel.

Remove paint from old boards with one pound of soft-soap, half-a-pound pumice-stone, same of pearl-ash; mix a thick paste with hot water and apply with a brush; in ten minutes wash off with boiling water.

A simple polish for stained floors is shredded beeswax in enough turpentine to dissolve it. Another one highly recommended, is equal parts of sweet-oil, vinegar and turpentine.



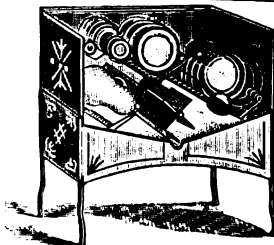
INTERRUPTED.

"Ah, Genevieve, have you divined, That as this silken skein you wind, You wind around my heart as well, The thread of love's entangling spell? Those smooth, soft hands, so dainty white—" "I wash them morning, noon and night, As you do yours, young man, I hope, In lather made of 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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DISHES FROM MY OWN TABLE

By Mrs. D. A. Lincoln

SUPERINTENDENT OF THE BOSTON COOKING SCHOOL



THE Editor's request for some "choice receipts" suggested the query, "What is a choice receipt?" I thought that there might be a great difference of opinion on the question. These which I have selected from among the best that I have on

my own table, are not new, rare, or costly in respect to materials used, but they are rarely perfectly prepared, except by those who have had special instruction. When they are prepared with care and painstaking in every little detail, they will be found to be frugal as to material and time, valuable because they are reliable, and any one can have them, and excellent in quality, if we take palatableness and wholesomeness for our standard of excellence.

Judged in this way, I trust they will be found to possess all the requisites of "choice receipts," and give to the readers of the JOURNAL as much satisfaction as they have to my former pupils and to my own family.

WHITE SOUP

Fowl, weighing three or four pounds; three quarts cold water; one tablespoonful salt; six peppercorns; one tablespoonful chopped onion, and two tablespoonfuls chopped celery.

Singe the fowl and wash the outside thoroughly. Cut off the legs and wings; cut through the thin flesh below the end of the breast-bone down to the back-bone on each side, then separate the back from the breast at the joint, and remove all the internal organs. Do not forget the kidneys lying in the hollow of the side bone, and the lungs in the ribs. This is the quickest way to dress a fowl when it is not to be served whole. Separate the neck and ribs from the breast. Wash each piece quickly in warm water, using a little soda or charcoal, if there be any sour or tainted odor. Put all but the breast on to boil in cold water. Let it come to a boil quickly (because we wish to use the meat as well as the water), and remove the scum. Then add the breast, also the salt and vegetables. Let it cook gently but continuously, until the meat is tender; the time depends upon the age of the fowl. Skim out the chicken, remove the meat from the bones and lay it aside to be used for croquettes, salads or other made dishes. Put the bones, skin, and any inferior portions of the meat into the liquor again, and simmer until the bones are clean, the gelatinous parts are dissolved and the water is reduced one-half. Strain through a fine strainer and set away where it can cool quickly. It should form a jelly when cold, and, if the fat is not removed, it will keep for several days. This is the stock for the basis of a great many delicious soups. One of the most palatable and most quickly made is the following:

One quart white stock; one pint of cream or milk; one heaping tablespoonful corn-starch, or two tablespoonfuls flour; one saltspoonful white pepper; one-quarter saltspoonful cayenne; one scant teaspoonful salt, and one tablespoonful butter.

Remove every globule of fat from the stock and put it on to boil with the milk or cream, in a granite pan. Mix the salt and pepper with the flour or starch. Melt the butter in a smooth saucepan; when bubbling, add the flour mixture and stir thoroughly until well mixed and foamy. Dip out a little of the boiling stock and stir it into the butter; stir rapidly as it thickens quickly, then add more stock and stir until it is smooth and free from lumps. Keep on adding stock until it is thin enough to pour easily, then turn the whole into the remainder of the stock and mix it thoroughly. If it be too thick, add a little more stock or milk, and if too thin, reduce it by longer boiling, or add one egg.

The egg should be well beaten in a large bowl, and a cupful of the hot soup poured into it and well mixed. Then strain it into the hot soup, and strain the remainder of the hot soup into it. If the beaten egg be stirred directly into the hot soup over the fire it will curdle. Add more seasoning if needed, and if celery was not used in making the stock, you may add a little celery salt now, if you like the flavor.

This soup should be thick and smooth like thin cream, without a suspicion of fat, and so delicately seasoned that the chicken flavor is not disguised. Served with "crisped crackers," it may well be called the "Queen of Soups."

DRAWN-BUTTER FOR BAKED FISH

One pint hot water; one half cup butter; two tablespoonfuls flour; one half teaspoonful salt; one half saltspoonful white pepper; two tablespoonfuls lemon-juice; a few grains cayenne, and two tablespoonfuls chopped olives.

Put half the butter in a smooth saucepan. Be careful not to let it become brown; when melted, add the dry flour and mix well. Add the hot water, a little at a time, and stir rapidly as it thickens.

When perfectly smooth add the remainder of the butter in small pieces, and stir until it is all absorbed. Add the salt and pepper, or, better still, mix them with the flour before cooking it with the butter, for sometimes it is impossible to mix the pepper smoothly into the hot sauce.

When carefully made this sauce should be free from lumps; but if not smooth, strain it before serving, and then add the olives and lemon-juice. Chopped pickles may be used in place of olives.

A little acid of some kind is an improvement to all fish sauces.

CRISPED CRACKERS

Split the common butter crackers and spread thinly with butter. Put them, buttered side up, into a pan and color quickly in a hot oven. They should be just a delicate golden-brown, and will scorch easily, so look at them often.

HALIBUT BAKED WITH MILK

Select for this dish a thick slice from just below where the fish was split in dressing it. Any part may be used, but this cut gives the best shaped slices.

Clean the fish, dip the dark skin into a pan of boiling water and scrape it until white. Rub well with salt and pepper. Put it into a clean baking-pan, a little larger than the fish, and pour milk over it till half-an-inch deep. Bake a four-pound fish about an hour. Cook slowly at first, basting often with the milk, and add more milk if it all cooks away before the fish has browned. When the flesh will separate easily from the bone the fish is done.

Remove the bones and skin and arrange the fish carefully on the platter in the original form. Pour a drawn butter-sauce around it, or over it, if you prefer. Garnish it with parsley and slices of hard-boiled eggs. The milk keeps the fish moist, is a wholesome substitute for pork, and gives the fish a rich brown color, which always adds much to the attractiveness of a baked fish.

Cod, haddock, cusk, and bass are delicious when baked in this way, and some prefer this method for salmon, bluefish and mackerel. The milk is not to be used after cooking any oily fish in it, but with the dry, white fish; if there be any left in the pan after the last basting, it may be poured over the fish.

SPINACH

Pick over, trim off the decayed leaves and roots, then wash thoroughly, lifting the spinach from one pan of water into another that the sand may be left in the water, and changing water until it is clear. Put the spinach in a large kettle without water. Place it on the stove where it will heat slowly until the juice is drawn out, then let it boil until tender. Drain and chop fine. For half a peck of spinach add one large tablespoonful of butter, half a teaspoonful of salt, a dash of pepper, and sufficient cream to moisten it. If you have no cream make a little thickening the same as for drawn-butter. Heat the spinach again, then mold it in small cups and turn out on a platter; rub the yolk of a hard-boiled egg over the whole and serve at once.

Spinach is nearly all water, and less of the potash salts—its most valuable constituent—is lost when cooked in its own juices than when cooked in a large quantity of water.

BRAISED BEEF

Four to six pounds of beef from the vein, or the lower part of the round, or the face of the rump. Wipe, trim and rub it well with salt and flour, and sprinkle lightly with pepper. Slice two small onions and fry them until light brown, in salt pork fat or some of the fat of the meat. Skim them out into a braising-pan, or a large granite pudding-pan having a tight cover. Brown the meat all over in the fat, adding more fat if needed. Put the meat into the pan with several skewers under it to keep it from sticking, and put the onions around, not under, the meat. Tie a tablespoonful of mixed whole herbs—thyme, summer savory and marjoram—in a small piece of cheese-cloth, and put in the pan. Add boiling water to nearly cover the meat, put on the cover and a brick or weight over it to keep it down. Cook it in a moderate oven over four hours, basting every twenty minutes. Turn the meat over after two hours, and add more water as it evaporates, so as to have one pint left for gravy. When tender take up the meat, remove the fat and herbs from the gravy; add more salt and pepper, and, if desired, flavor with lemon-juice. Wet two tablespoonfuls of flour in a little cold water, put the gravy over the fire and stir in the flour. Cook ten minutes, then pour the gravy over the meat. If you wish to serve part of the meat cold, serve the gravy in a separate dish.

Garnish the dish with potato balls, or potato croquettes, or boiled onions, and serve horse-radish with it. This is a very nutritious, palatable and convenient way of cooking the cheaper parts of beef, or a cushion of veal, tongues, liver and tough game. The meat is equally good, cold or hot; there is no waste, if care be taken not to let it become hard and dry by being exposed to the air. This method of cooking commends itself specially to those who are tired of roasted, boiled or fried meat.

RYE SHORT-CAKE TOAST

One cup white flour; one cup rye flour, or rye meal; one half teaspoonful soda; one teaspoonful cream-of-tartar; one half teaspoonful salt; one tablespoonful sugar; one cup milk (about), and one tablespoonful melted butter.

Mix the flour, meal and sugar. Sift the soda, salt, and cream-of-tartar through a very fine strainer into the flour, and mix thoroughly. Make it into a stiff dough with the milk, using enough to enable you to roll the dough. Add the butter. Turn out on the board and roll out quarter of an inch thick. Cut into rounds and bake in a quick oven. When done tear them open, pour thickened cream over them and serve at once.

THICKENED CREAM

Heat one cup of cream and one of milk together. Melt one tablespoonful of butter, and when bubbling add one tablespoonful of corn-starch. When well mixed add the hot milk gradually, stirring as it thickens. Add salt and then pour it over the short-cakes.

POTATOES AU GRATIN

One quart cold boiled potatoes; three tablespoonfuls butter; one pint milk; two tablespoonfuls flour; one half teaspoonful salt; one saltspoonful pepper; dash of cayenne; two tablespoonfuls grated cheese; one half cup fine cracker crumbs, and one teaspoonful chopped parsley.

Cut the potatoes in half-inch dice. Heat the milk. Melt the butter in a smooth saucepan, take out one tablespoonful of it and moisten the cracker crumbs. To the butter left in the pan add the flour mixed with the salt and pepper. When well blended, add the milk, a little at a time, stirring thoroughly. When smooth, add the cheese.

Put half the potatoes in a baking-dish, suitable for serving, then a layer of sauce, then the remainder of the potatoes and sauce, and cover with the buttered crumbs. Bake in a quick oven about ten minutes, or until brown.

BERRY CHARLOTTE

Stew one quart of berries, either strawberries, blueberries or black raspberries, in one pint of water. Squeeze through cheese-cloth, letting all but the seeds go through, then sweeten to taste, and heat again. Fill a bowl or oval mold with soft stale bread, crumbled finely. Pour the boiling fruit over the bread, moistening each layer of crumbs, and using as many as the liquor will admit. Press each layer down that all the crumbs may be equally moistened. Set it in a cold place—on the ice, if possible—and when ready to serve turn out on a pretty dish and serve with cream. Anything more simple, easily made and delicious, for a hot summer day can hardly be found.

It is particularly suitable for those to whom the small seeds in these fruits are objectionable.

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CHILDREN IN SUMMER



VERY mother knows that summer is a trying time for children who have not finished cutting their teeth. If they are fed upon artificial food, any change in the diet, or want of care in its preparation, is sure to disorder the digestion, and perhaps cause serious illness. Intelligent mothers are alive to the dangers which surround their children and are on their guard against them.

IT is not always remembered that older children also require care at this season. The chilly winds of spring and autumn, and the frosts of winter rouse a mother's anxiety and make her watchful; but summer seems to her a time when vigilance may be relaxed without doing any harm. There are some points in relation to dress, bathing, food and sleep which should be carefully attended to, and then an ordinarily healthy child may be permitted to go its own way.

TO talk of guarding against cold in summer seems absurd, and yet it is as necessary as in winter. Where the climate is changeable, a hot day is often followed by a cool evening, or a sudden rain storm chills the air, or a cold wind springs up, grateful after the heat, but dangerous to those who are thinly clad unless they are protected from it by proper covering. Cotton is a good conductor of heat and allows it to escape rapidly from the surface of the body. As soon as the surrounding air becomes cooler than the skin it steals the heat which the body requires for its own needs. A fresh supply of heat must be produced, and thus the system is overtaxed to supply the demands of the robber. Flannel is a bad conductor, and guards the tender body more faithfully, retaining the heat.

CHILDREN should wear light merino undershirts in summer, as thin as can be procured, but always with an admixture of wool. They can have cotton dresses and as few under-garments as possible, not to over-heat them, but flannel next the skin is indispensable. Long stockings should be worn, and these may be of cotton. The shoes must be light, with broad toes and low heels, perfectly fitting, not to cramp the foot. An extra jacket should be provided to wear in damp weather and in returning from expeditions in the evening when the dew is falling. Young children should wear night-dresses of thin flannel; older ones may have undershirts like those worn in the day, or light jackets of Shaker flannel.

VIGOROUS children should have a cold or tepid sponge bath every morning. Delicate ones require more care in this matter, as too frequent bathing exhausts them. Salt should be added to the water and the bath given every other day, alternated with rubbing the whole body with a towel, followed by friction with the hand.

When children live near the water they should not be allowed to bathe more than once a day, and then not immediately after eating. Wading is such a dear delight it cannot be prohibited, but it is dangerous if the water is cold.

IN hot weather meat should be given only once a day, and in smaller quantity than in winter. The cereals should be used abundantly; oatmeal, rice, hominy and farina are usually liked. Even when there is a distaste for them it can be overcome with patience. In this case a very little should be offered at once with sugar and milk, or with syrup poured over it. Plenty of fresh, ripe fruit should be eaten. If there is any suspicion that the drinking water is not perfectly pure, it should be boiled and filtered.

MILK is such an important food for children that every effort should be made to induce them to take it, even if they are not very fond of it. The addition of a little salt, sugar, or flavoring will disguise the milky taste that is disliked. If there are symptoms that the diet is too laxative, it should be regulated. The milk can be scalded before using; oatmeal omitted, and rice used, instead; and fruit with small seeds, like strawberries and raspberries, withheld, as the seeds are irritating.

CHILDREN should have plenty of sleep in summer, as at all times. When they are young enough to submit to the enforced quiet, a nap during the heat of the day refreshes them wonderfully. The cool twilight may then be utilized for play instead of going to bed with the sun.

ELIZABETH ROBINSON SCOVILL

A BABY'S FIRST WARDROBE

THE old-fashioned abominable method of bandaging babies ought to be a subject of consideration for the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children."

"There is a tradition" says Mrs. Stanton "that all babies are subject to colic the first three months of their existence; at that time the bandage is removed and the colic ceases."

Another writer, a celebrated physician, says that "in all his experience he has never known but one case of rupture in an unbandaged child, while they are frequent in the tightly bandaged, owing to the strain all coming on one portion when the bandage had slipped away, while the rest of the body was bound as tight as a drum," and adds that "a slight compress for a few days is all that a child needs." Put yourself in 'its' place. Imagine yourself suffering with an attack of colic, dressed in this way.

In preparing, then, for the "little stranger," a strip of soft flannel about six inches wide, with edges unfinished, the length left to be fitted by the nurse, is all that is required in the way of bands.

Next in order comes the "cute" little knit shirt, with long sleeves. These may be bought for from thirty-five cents up, those part cotton being my preference, as they do not shrink in washing. Two or three of these should be provided. What an improvement on the little short-sleeved linen affairs that used to be considered the proper thing. A lady was showing me some only the other day. Eight of these "icicles" she had prepared for her first-born sixteen years ago. They were hand-hemmed, and trimmed with real lace, but the sight of them almost gave one a chill. The Gertrude patterns, recommended by the Jenness Miller system, dispense with the shirt altogether, and substitute a cotton-flannel long-sleeved skirt; but to my mind this material is almost as bad as linen, it is so cold and "clammy" when damp.

There is a light-weight flannel, at about thirty-five cents per yard, that I consider "just the thing" for the second garment. This should be a skirt cut with the waist on, low neck, and sleeveless, a sort of princess in two pieces, back and front, and may be embroidered in scallops about the bottom, with the neck and sleeves bound with narrow silk ribbon; or they may also be finished with a smaller scallop in embroidery. I prefer them open on the shoulder and buttoned with small, flat pearl buttons. Thirty inches is a good length for this garment, and it may be made large enough in the waist for a two-year-old child, and the extra fullness laid in tucks and feather-stitched down to the skirt in front and back, these to be taken out as the child grows. There should be a ribbon, about an inch wide, stitched at the waist-line upon which should be sown six thin buttons, upon which to button the next flannel skirt, which is to be finished with a narrow band one inch wide; the outside of this band may be of cheap white ribbon also. Three skirts with waists and two without will be found to be ample. Fancy embroidered skirts are not used except on dress occasions.

Eight plain slips, which may be bought ready-made of Lonsdale cambric, for seventy-five cents each, and are very well and tastefully made, at that price, with yokes and a cluster of tucks at the bottom, will save a great deal of strength and energy to the one who cannot spare it to put into ruffles and tucks, the abomination of the laundress, and cause of discomfort to the wearer, especially if starched. Starch is *passé* for babies.

These complete the necessities, with the exception of diapers. The inside ones may be made of old cotton sheeting, about ten inches square, and one corner should be folded back over the outer one, when in use. Eighteen inches by thirty-six is a good size for the others. Dresses, bonnets, blankets, socks, etc., may be added *ad libitum*. The finest dresses are made short, with a hemstitched hem. I think thirty inches long enough, and if made large in the waist, the only alteration to short-clothes is a new set of sleeves.

This is the cost of a common-sense wardrobe, embracing all the necessities:

- Three shirts at 35 cents \$1 05
 - Five yards flannel, at 35 cents 1 75
 - Embroidery silk 50
 - Buttons 10
 - Three yards embroidered flannel, at \$1.00 3 00
 - Three pieces cotton diaper, at 75 cents 2 25
 - Eight slips, at 75 cents 6 00
- \$14 65

The ease with which the child is dressed is one of the strongest recommendations in favor of the above method. The clothing can all be put together and slipped on at one time; only one pin for the whole outfit. Now blessings alight on him who first invented safety-pins. I hear that he made his fortune, and he deserved to, as well as the thanks of all the little squirming humanity saved from the torture of the fifteen pins formerly used in making them miserable.

HE WAS NOT SLEEPY! NO INDEED!

Little Sue was to have a grand treat in the shape of an after-dark "outing." But mamma thought her small Bennie too young to share it.

When the little fellow's lips quivered pitifully, she promised him as his "good time" the privilege of "sitting up" with his auntie. Bennie was much impressed with his new dignity.

As the long evening wore on he bravely held his little, sleepy eyes wide open, until at last tired baby-nature found relief in a series of gapes.

"I guess Bennie is getting sleepy," auntie said.

"O, no I isn't, auntie," the little hero said manfully, "only my mouf needs stretching."



WHEN THE CHILD'S HAIR FALLS OUT

CAN you very kindly tell me what is a good and safe remedy to use as a preventative for a child's hair coming out? I have a healthy little six-year-old girl of seven, whose hair comes out all the time. Until the last year or two, her hair was washed very frequently, at her daily bath, but I finally discontinued it, fearing that in some way it was injuring the hair. Since then it has been done very rarely, but the falling out remains the same. It is to me an exceptional case, and I am at a loss what to do. H. C. Y.

Try rubbing the head thoroughly with compound camphor liniment. It is always safest to consult a physician, as the child may require constitutional treatment or proper applications, if the hair follicles are diseased.

PREVENTING SORE NIPPLES

I WOULD like to tell the JOURNAL NIPPLES my way of preventing sore nipples, which I think is more effectual than any other I have yet heard of. For six weeks before confinement the nipples should be rubbed daily with tincture of myrrh. Afterward they should be anointed with mutton tallow (softened and applied) after each nursing. I have had five children, and have always found that this simple method prevents all soreness.

A SIMPLE CURE FOR CHAFING

IN reading the December number I noticed an article on chafing. An excellent remedy is common buckwheat flour, being cleanly and healing. A MOTHER.

CARE OF A DELICATE BABY

SEVERAL questions asked in the "Mothers' Corner" made me think my "foot-prints in the path of motherhood" might help some forlorn and shipwrecked mother. After having nursed three children it was a great sorrow to find myself unable to provide the natural nourishment for the delicate and puny child. I determined that all that love and personal supervision could do for it, should be done. She was washed daily in luke-warm water, as I feared a plunge bath for one who had so little vitality; though with older ones it was my invariable custom from the third week. A soft puff dipped in lycopodium was the only powder used. The head was washed with warm soap, the body with white castile. A soft all-wool shirt came down below the waist and almost met the long wool stockings. A flannel band was used the first two months only. A buttoned waist, with flat buttons around the waist-line, to which was buttoned the flannel skirt, did away with other bands, all coming four inches below the feet—the flannel skirt being the same length—completed her costume. The mouth was washed night and morning with a soft rag and cool water. After the first two months, if the bowels did not move unassisted, a piece of soap, properly shaped and greased, was inserted, but soon they moved after regular nursing. A nursery was used after the third month and much washing saved, besides which she was "held out" after each nap and bottle. A rubber square was used only when going out doors.

As to the food, I used condensed milk, dissolved in water which had been filtered and boiled. I filtered and boiled it twice a day, and kept in a corked bottle for the first two months the bottle, containing half a teaspoon of milk and a few drops of lime-water, was given every hour, after that every two till over one year old. The bottles were kept *chemically* clean. They were rinsed in cool water as soon as emptied, then scalded with hot suds and then filled with fresh, cool water, in which I put a lump of soda. Let stand so until wanted. Never use shot to cleanse a nursing bottle; use small pebbles or tacks. Boil the black rubber nipples once daily. Have at least three bottles and nipples. This baby never had sore mouth, colic, nor any serious bowel trouble. Her teeth came easily and she sleeps longer and more regularly than any baby I ever knew. After passing her first mile stone, I fed her strained oatmeal and bread softened with gravy, alternating with the milk. To strain oatmeal, make it thin with good milk, and then heat all together again, or it will be too cold to be relished. She is a ruddy, healthy baby, and the many "Job's comforters" who assured me I could never raise her, say, "Well, love and perseverance conquer all things." A BALTIMORE MOTHER.

A HINT FOR SUMMER AMUSEMENT

MOTHERS who cannot afford to take their children to the seashore or country, during the summer, can have a great deal of fun and put in a good time for them to play with. Give them an old spoon, a little sieve, and some boxes, and they will have a good time and gain health and strength. Sand is clean; the only objection being that it gets in the shoes. A pan of beach sand and clean clam-shells, and a bottle in which to pour the sand, will amuse the little ones.

WASHING BABY'S FACE

PROBABLY some mothers who read the "Mothers' Corner" may have, like myself, some trouble with baby when it is time to wash his face. One day recently I happened to think of a mode of procedure which, when tried, worked admirably with my little boy. He knows all the while that he is being washed, and seldom enters any protest at that time, or, in fact, before any meal; but it was after dinner that the skirmish used to begin. A few days ago I told him, just after dinner, that he must have his face washed and he prepared for his afternoon nap, when he immediately began to cry and say, "I don't want to be washed!" I had the water soft and warm, and the water placed, and a soft little cloth in it, and I drew my little one on my lap and began washing his face gently and slowly, and at the same time told him that "I just expected that the hungry little flies would come and eat the dinner on his face and maybe bite him, too. If he didn't let mamma wash the dinner off his face, there would be one single, little speck left for the flies to eat." When I stopped rubbing he was anxious to know if there was a 'single speck left on the flies,' and wanted me to be very sure that it was all off. Since then, he asks me to wash the dinner off his face. So the flies can't get any.

I am careful to use soft cloth and soft, warm water; and, above all, careful not to let some little cold corner of the cloth come trailing after the main portion is past. A noted physician once said, when asked what operation was most dreaded by children in the hospitals, "The operation of washing the face and having some straggling, cold corner with the water dripping from it, surprise some unsuspecting spot." EYEBROCKS.

WHOLESDOME FOOD FOR INFANTS

HAVING seen letters from many mothers asking for information on this subject, allow me to give to them the following hints: Put a little oatmeal in a basin or bowl (not tin), pour over it enough water to mix with baby's milk for the twenty-four hours. Cover this to keep from impurities, and when needed for baby's bottle, pour off as much water from the meal as you need; do not boil the milk; this has the effect of constipating the bowels. This receipt agrees with infants. It prevents the food curdling on the stomach—as it will if water is used alone. If used to be changed this, in case of dysentery, then let the water stand over a little fire, and if constipated, use the water that has been put over a little barley. A delicate baby deprived of its mother's milk was brought up on this food till able to eat other things. She is now a beautiful girl of fourteen years old, skating her mile or two with grace and ease. Bottles should have great care taken with them. Two should be used or more, and the mouthpieces, etc., kept so sweet and clean. Perhaps few mothers know that if a little infant stirs restlessly in sleep, all that is needed is to gently pull the clothes and turn the little mite without waking. If deftly performed, unconscious comes without changing of position. I have had nurse give us these receipts and I trust they may help some mother. Other babies are chafed by too much clothing, or a dress not smooth under the tender little neck. NANCY.

Forewarned

Improper food is largely responsible for the increased infant mortality in hot weather. Nestlé's Milk Food is universally recognized by medical authorities as the summer diet. (Consult your family physician.) Do not continue giving your little one improper food until it is stricken with summer complaint; but begin at once the use of Nestlé's Milk Food, and when the heated term comes your child will be strong for the battle with the heat. To any mother sending her address, and mentioning this paper, we will send samples and description of Nestlé's Food.

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ALL ABOUT FLOWERS

This department is under the editorship of EBEN E. REXFORD, who will take pleasure in answering any question regarding flowers and floriculture which may be sent to him by the JOURNAL readers. MR. REXFORD asks that, as far as possible, correspondents will allow him to answer their questions through his JOURNAL department. Where specially desired, however, he will answer them by mail if stamp is enclosed. Address all letters direct to EBEN E. REXFORD, Shiocton, Wisconsin.

HINTS FOR THE MONTH



NEATNESS in the garden is important, if one would derive the greatest possible pleasure from it. If dead leaves, faded flowers and broken branches are left where they fall to litter the sward, they will give an untidy effect which will seriously mar the appearance of everything. Be as neat and tidy in the garden as in the house. Don't wait for flowers to drop their petals, but cut them off as soon as they show that they are past their prime. Do this at the proper time and you save yourself a good deal of labor and time. Remove all dead leaves as soon as discovered. Always aim to have your beds in "company trim." In other words, have them look so tidy that you will not be ashamed to show them to visitors at any time. And remember that no bed ever looks at its best unless all weeds are kept down. Weeds don't belong in flower-beds, and the presence of them is a standing testimony of neglect on the part of the owner of the garden.

KEEP the ground light, open, mellow. Some seem to think it unsafe to hoe among plants in dry seasons, fearing that the soil will dry out so rapidly as to injure the plants. Not so. A light, open soil absorbs all the moisture that comes, while a baked, hard condition of the surface of the soil prevents such absorption.

KEEP plants that require the support of a trellis tied up as fast as they grow, unless they are such as fasten themselves by tendrils, in which case tying will be unnecessary. Plants of a climbing habit, which are not provided with the tendrils, are often blown down and injured by strong winds, if not tied. In tying, use strips of cloth, as strings cut the soft wood, while strips do not.

IF plants are "plunged"—that is, if pots containing growing plants are sunk in the ground—great care must be taken to see that the soil inside the pot does not get too dry. Very often it becomes so before the owner of the plant is aware of it, because the soil about the pot looks moist, and it is taken for granted that the soil inside the pot must be in a similar condition. The pot is porous, to a certain extent, it is true, but still not sufficiently so to admit all the moisture required. Therefore water must be applied daily in dry weather. I do not advise plunging plants because of the neglect they are almost sure to receive on account of the impression that they require little or no water, when given this treatment during summer.

FUCHSIAS should be showered daily, and this showering should be thorough. Apply water at night, or after sundown, with a syringe, throwing it up well among the foliage.

PLANT-STANDS AND BRACKETS

IT is frequently a source of annoyance to the owner of plants, that she has nothing better to keep them on than an old table or bench. It is impossible to arrange them to her satisfaction on such stands, and she wonders if she will ever be able to procure something more convenient and ornamental. When she sees an iron or wire stand filled with plants, she is filled with a longing that is akin to envy, for on such stands plants can be arranged in such a manner as to take on additional beauty. The idea prevails that such stands are so expensive as to be out of reach of most persons.

Such is not the case, however. A good wire stand, large enough to hold two dozen plants, can be bought for a few dollars. The buyer of one will soon wonder how she ever got along without one. They are light, attractive in appearance, admit of a graceful arrangement of plants of different sizes, can be moved about the room easily without removing a plant, and having so little material in them they do not obstruct the admission of light as shelves across the window always do. Flat, square or round stands can be had, according to the fancy of the purchaser. The round ones stand on a central support of iron, and rotate so that plants can be swung around in such a manner as to give all an equal chance at the light, without having to disturb them. The advantage of this will be appreciated by those who have to put in two or three hours' work in shifting their plants so that those which have occupied a back seat can get more light. These round stands have two or three shelves, each shelf narrower than the one below, so that plants arranged on them give a pyramidal effect.

Trailing plants can be trained along the wire edging surrounding the lower shelf; and allowed to droop over it with fine effect. The flat stands have two or three shelves running across the window, and most of them have an arched top of wire over which climbing plants can be trained effectively. English Ivy looks well on such a trellis. So does the *Speciosa fuchsia*. The iron stands are heavier, and cost more than the wire ones, but are no better so far as convenience is concerned.

Brackets are extremely useful for window-garden use, and admit of a charming arrangement of plants of different habit of growth. Large brackets, having supports for from three to seven pots, can be had. These can be fastened to the window-frame. They have swinging arms which support the pots so that plants can be swung before or away from the glass. The convenience of this will be appreciated by women who feel afraid to leave their plants in front of the glass at night in very cold weather. With upright-growing plants on some of the arms, and drooping ones on the others, a charming effect is easily produced. By the use of these brackets one can accommodate quite a collection of plants without having the lower part of the window taken up by a stand. In this way space can be economized, and a window made more ornamental than by any other manner of arranging plants about it. These brackets are very strong, and will safely support eight and ten-inch pots on each arm if necessary. They come in several styles of finish, and are quite ornamental.

SOMETHING ABOUT SALVIAS

THE Salvia family constitutes a group of great interest to the lover of the beautiful. Some varieties of it ought to be in every garden, but its culture is not as general as it ought to be when its merits are fully known.

The most popular variety is *Salvia splendens*. This kind makes a vigorous growth, often attaining a height of five or six feet, and sending up a score or more of stout stalks from strong roots, all of these stalks branching freely, and each branch bearing spikes of flowers of different sizes, in August and September. From what I have said about the plant's manner of growth it will readily be understood that a vigorous specimen takes on a massive effect when well developed. Its flowers are of the most intense scarlet, and being borne in spikes they have a plume-like effect, which gives them a peculiar and striking appearance. The foliage is a rich, dark green, and abundant, and the contrast between foliage and flower is very effective and pleasing. The stalks are brittle and very easily broken, therefore it is well to set some stout stakes among the plants and tie the branches to them. For massing, we have no finer scarlet flower. A combination which is particularly effective is *S. splendens* for the centre of a large circular bed, with *Calliopsis* about it. The contrast of intense velvety scarlet and rich yellow and maroon is charming and brilliant in the extreme.

S. patens is a variety bearing flowers of a most exquisite blue. We have few flowers which equal it in depth and purity of color.

S. rosea is a pink variety, valuable because of the variation in color from other varieties, but not as good a bloomer as either of the other sorts named.

S. marmorata nana is peculiar in its color, its calyx and corolla being striped with white on a scarlet ground, or with scarlet on a white ground, just which it is difficult to decide, as the distribution of the two colors is so even as to make it impossible to say which predominates.

The Salvias are of easy culture. They can be grown from seed, and I would advise buying young plants. They are quite tender, therefore do not make the mistake of putting them out in the ground too early in the season. They bloom till the coming of frost.

The greenhouse and window-garden may be made gay by the use of these plants during the fall and winter months. Plants intended for house use should be struck from cuttings in June or July. Keep them pinched in well to make them bushy and compact. Shift from time to time, until you have them in eight or ten-inch pots. Give a rich soil, and water well. Be careful to syringe the plants daily, all over, to keep down red spider. The green-fly or aphid often attacks plants in the house, but a prompt application of sulphotobacco tea makes him depart unceremoniously to other quarters. If the red spider is allowed to work on the plants, its foliage will be pretty sure to drop.

For cutting in winter, few plants are better, the intense color of the long racemes of flowers making a few of them "go a long way." They should be used in combination with a few white or yellow flowers. They are peculiarly adapted for use in tall vases, if cut with long stems and plenty of their own foliage.

FLORAL HELPS AND HINTS

L. H. W.—Two-year seed will often grow well, but it cannot be depended on. It is always best to buy each season.

Miss A. S., Auburn Me.—Give the Tritolea a larger pot. Set on porch in summer, keeping the soil moderately moist. I do not think you could winter the Yucca out-of-doors in your climate. The Plectes and hardy Carnations are hardy if given a covering of leaves to the depth of a foot. You cannot hope to succeed with the Auratum Lily in a wet or heavy soil. If you cannot give it a well-drained location, you would do well to not attempt its culture.

CONSTANT READER—You can increase your stock of such plants as Japan Quince, Snowball, Weigella, Forsythia and Silver-bell, by layering.

Miss K. J. B.—See answer to correspondent "Constant Reader." This method of propagation applies to all plants of a shrubby nature.

Mrs. I. P.—I do not think there is much difference among the ordinary Sweet-Peas as regards fragrance. I would suggest the following as perhaps the best dozen Chrysanthemums for the amateur: *Callingtonia*, dark crimson; Harry W. Weller, bright yellow; *Yucca*, pink and white; G. F. Moseman, terra-cotta; Mme. Auduger, pink; Moonlight, pure white; Mrs. Carnegie, velvety red; *Tinibel d'Argent*, white; E. G. Hill, rich yellow; *Alma*, Marthe, white; E. Molyneux, red and gold; Mountain of Snow, large, pure white; The best variety of Tuberosa is the pearl.

Mrs. L. H.—I would advise the application of kerosene emulsion to your bushes early in the season, before you find the aphid at work. Act on the principle of an ounce of prevention being worth a pound of cure.

M. C.—The Oleander requires a soil of loam and sand. Make it rich with well decomposed cow manure. Water well when it is growing. When the old pot or tub becomes filled with roots, give a larger one. This plant can be wintered safely in the cellar, if not given much water. Cut back as soon as brought up, and you see signs of new growth. By keeping this plant cut back until as many branches as you want have started, you can make it grow to suit you. It does best in partial shade. If wintered in the cellar it will bloom most of the summer, and care should be taken to keep the soil moist all through. If it is allowed to get dry at its roots, the buds will drop.

Mrs. A. H. D.—Tuberosa bulbs are not as strong if grown at the North, as those from the South where the climate is better adapted to their culture. But if you have a warm and sunny spot for them, and give them a rich, light soil, I have no doubt you can grow bulbs which will bloom in two years. Geraniums and Fuchsias from seed seldom give satisfaction, because you seldom succeed in getting plants with fine flowers. They do not give such blossoms as the plants had from which the seeds were taken. If you want fine varieties you must buy plants started from cuttings.

Mrs. F. S.—The "Lady Washington Geranium" is a *Pelargonium*. It blooms but once a year, usually in April and May. After blooming it should be cut back and kept as nearly dormant as possible for the remainder of the season. Re-pot in late fall, and keep growing slowly through the winter. If kept growing all the year round, like the Geranium, it often fails to bloom.

A. C. H.—These plants require a deep pot in order to do well, as they like to send their roots down, rather than out. Give them a light, porous loam, drain the pots well, and water freely. Shower daily to keep the foliage clean. They do better out of sun than in it.

Mrs. F. E. C.—As you do not tell me anything about the kind of treatment your Calla has received, I can tell you nothing about what treatment it ought to receive in order to bring about desired results. I would advise you to cut back the Heliotrope, and re-pot. Keep it pretty well cut back through the summer. Do not turn it out of its pot. In fall give it another shift, and plant in fresh soil, and after you have done this allow it to make all the growth it wants to.

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WE SELL DIRECT TO FAMILIES. And make it easy for you to buy of us no matter where you live. Yes, my dear, your Marchal & Smith Piano is a beautiful instrument, the tone is so sweet and pure, the action so fairy-like, and the finish so elegant that nothing is left to wish for. Their Organs, too, are as sweet and beautiful as their Pianos. I wrote and told them just what I wanted, and they sent it to me, agreeing to take it back and pay the freight both ways if I did not like it, but I could not be better pleased if I had a thousand to choose from. They send their catalogues free to every one who wishes to buy. **MARCHAL & SMITH PIANO CO.,** 235 East 21st Street, New York.

SINCE BEAUTY IS BUT SKIN DEEP
 THEN THE SKIN DEEP
 BY THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF THE FAMOUS
POZZONI'S MEDICATED COMPLEXION POWDER.
 "WOMAN'S ONLY FAVORITE"
 Warranted free from all injurious.
 Everybody likes it! Every lady uses it!
 Fancy Stores and Druggists Sell it.
 WHO IS NOT PROUD OF A
'POZZONI Complexion'

THE GREATEST HIT of the last few years is a blacking for ladies' and children's shoes, called **BIXBY'S "ROYAL POLISH,"** put up in patent bottles, which prevent all overflowing and soiling of the hands, carpets or furniture and it keeps the leather in a soft and presentable condition until the shoes are fully worn out.



Speaking of the nationality of bootblacks, wearers remind that sometimes they are Polish, and sometimes Chinese, but they all do a Russian business when they use Bixby's **"THREE BEE" BLACKING.** When Bixby's boys are Hungary they serve Turkey. These articles sold by dealers everywhere.

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

MARFOLD CO., 331 Church Street, New York, Manufacturers.

BEST STEEL WIRE FENCING
 Woven Wire.
 GALVANIZED
 McMULLEN'S
 WIRE ROPE SELVAGE THE BEST.
 PRICES REDUCED. Sold by dealers. FREIGHT PAID.
 McMULLEN'S POULTRY NETTING. New thing. No sagging! No sagging! Extra Heavy Selvage.
 The McMullen Woven Wire Fence Co., Chicago, Ill.

ANDINA POLISH will impart to your furniture the warm tone and soft lustre you so much desire. It develops the greatest beauty of the wood; is a remarkable restorer of faded, dusty, worn surfaces and all articles of furniture, both new and old, assume a tone and beauty not before supposed possible. Pieces formerly attracting no attention become a source of continual delight and an air of quiet refinement is imparted to the whole home.

Price, 50¢ a bottle, express paid. Directions enclosed. Of dealers, or THE BALTIMORE SPECIALTY CO., 316 ST. PAUL STREET, BALTIMORE, MD. AGENTS ARE WANTED.

COMPLEXION
 A DELICATELY PERFUMED
Face Powder.
 SOLD EVERYWHERE.
 Samples by mail 10c.
 VAN DYK MFG. CO., N.Y.

ALMOND SOAP Unique ANTI-WRINKLE removes Freckles, Blemishes, Yellowness, etc. Unaffected by perspiration. Told in circular sent with Soap. The Toilet Requisites make beautiful the roughest skin. Send 4c for postage.
MRS. PINAULT, 53 Temple Pl., Boston, Mass.

DRESS CUTTING
 By the Tailor Method. WAIST, SLEEVE and SKIRT CUTTING. Simplest and most practical. Made by lady can become a practical dressmaker in half an hour. Free circular. Send for circular. B. M. KUNN, Inventor, Bloomington, Ill.

PERSONAL BEAUTY
 How to ACQUIRE and RETAIN IT. How to remove Pimples, Wrinkles, Freckles and Superfluous Hair; to Develop the Form; to Increase or Reduce Flesh; to Color and Restore the Hair, Brows and Lashes, and to Beautify the Complexion. A book of interest to every lady. Mailed (sealed) for 6 cents, to pay postage. It contains many hints, testimonials and valuable receipts (easily prepared at home), and shows how to obtain free samples of Cosmetics.
MADAME LAUTIER, 124 West 3rd St., New York City.

TENNIS DRILL. Entertainment for parlor or lawn. 15 cents. Catalogue free.
BAKER'S, 23 Winter Street, Boston.

SOUVENIR SPOONS Original, Beautiful Designs. Send for Price-List to
BAZO ART CO., 16 Home St., Cincinnati, O.

YOUR NAME On 12 Holes Name, 112c. Price, 10c. Send for Price-List to
GLOBAL CARD CO., Box 1, CENTERBROOK, CONN.

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.

MARY H.—Minnie is a nickname and not a Christian name in itself.

MAYE—There was no impropriety in your asking the gentlemen, who were your old friends, to call upon you when you had visitors, and especially wished them to have a pleasant time.

J. E. B.—If your escort offers you his arm it is proper for you to take it.

ANNA P.—If you ask a man friend to be your escort where a carriage is required, it is your place to send the carriage for him and then to have it come for you. However, I think it would be in better taste for you to go to the party with a maid from your own home; let her wait in the dressing-room and return home with you. Suppose you try a teaspoonful of sulphur and molasses three mornings in the week as a cure for pimples. At a public place, a simple bow of recognition is all that is necessary when you see a man friend. If he wishes to have a little chat with you he will approach you for that purpose.

GRACE L.—I cannot advise a marriage between people where there is five years difference and the man is the younger. Such marriages, it is true, have been happy; but they are rather the exception than the rule.

GERTRUDE I. C.—I am as unfortunate as you in having a scar from a burn on my hand, and experience has taught me that time is the only cure for it. If a man friend wishes to have you take some ice-cream and you desire to accept his invitation, it is only necessary to say "Thank you."

ENTRE NOUS—The only way to become a general favorite is to be amiable and agreeable, to consider the feelings of the people with whom you are thrown, and to be careful not to take for topics of discussion subjects that may hurt anybody. A desire to please, a continued cheerfulness, and a never-failing consideration are the graces specially required to make one a social favorite.

A SISTER OF THE JOURNAL—It is in very bad taste for you to claim that, because your mother was married at sixteen, she should permit you to be in society at sixteen. It is not possible that she has seen the folly of one's youth being shortened and that she wishes to keep her own daughters young and free from care as long as she can.

KATE L.—The usual stone for an engagement ring is the diamond, although the ruby, sapphire and emerald, set with diamonds, are also fancied.

M. B.—If you have been corresponding with a man friend for some time and he has usually answered your letters within three days, and two weeks have gone by since your last one has been sent, there would be no impropriety in writing and asking him if he has received your letter; if he does not answer this letter, you may conclude that he has taken a very rude way of putting an end to the correspondence.

E. W.—A preparation made of two parts lemon-juice to one of Jamaica rum, is said to be efficacious in removing freckles. I cannot recommend anything to be put on the eyelashes, as injury to the eyes is too apt to result. If you are careful to wash off the little powder you put upon your face it should not be injurious, if a good quality of powder is used.

ESTELLE—Occasionally one does grow after seventeen, and to make this possible I would suggest that you take regular exercise and look well after your health.

VIOLET—It is quite proper to say to a man visitor, as he is leaving, "I hope I shall have the pleasure of seeing you again." This is sufficient invitation and is perfectly polite.

L. R.—It is not in good taste to wear a long-trained skirt on the street.

FERNWOOD—If the young man has expressed his desire to break off the engagement, all the young woman has to do is to agree to it. Certainly she would not want to force a man to marry her when he evidently does not wish to.

VERA K.—In writing a note of thanks to a man friend, commence it "Dear Mr. Brown," and end it "Very cordially," or simply "Cordially," as you may desire.

ALMA—Make your tan albatross with a plain, rather close-fitting skirt, having a border of the striped silk around the lower edge. Have a long Louis Quinze coat with a waistcoat, cuffs and collar of the striped silk. I would not advise using the black velvet on the brown costume. The use of a simple cream at night, and proper care about bathing your skin, will tend to make the complexion smooth.

MARIE L.—A bridesmaid presents the bride with a bouquet of orange blossoms, lilies, roses or orchids, as he may fancy will best suit her costume, or her taste.

M. B.—An egg should be eaten with a small spoon direct from the shell—the shell itself standing in a small egg-cup in which it fits and which is used for that purpose alone. Pie should be eaten with a fork; it is not fit to eat if it is tough enough to require a knife to break it.

ETHEL—A good soap is not bad for the skin; though, of course, the soap itself should be well washed off after it has performed its duty. Light-blue should be very becoming to a brunette who has a rather pale complexion.

RUTH—The hair can be shampooed with hot water and soap, with borax, with ammonia and many other preparations; there is no liquid specially entitled to be called shampoo. Good powder and saive for the nails may be had at any drug store.

A READER—If a young man persists in flattering you, try and change the conversation. It is not especially complimentary to one's good sense when flattery is so open that you recognize it as being untrue. It is not proper to wear a tea-gown in the evening when you expect visitors.

INNOCENCE—When you have accepted the escort of a young man it is proper, in thanking him for his courtesy, to express a desire to see him again.

FRIENDS—It is in very bad taste for a gentleman to take a lady's arm, unless the lady is an invalid, or very old and helpless. It is not customary for a gentleman to offer his arm in the day time unless for some physical reason the lady requires assistance. When you meet a man friend in the street it is your place to bow first.

NELLIE—Unless the man has been properly introduced to you, it is wisest not to bow to him.

J. C. A.—When some one thanks you for a pleasure given, or a courtesy shown, it is proper for you to answer by saying, "I am very glad that you were pleased."

ORANGE BLOSSOM—Redness of the nose comes either from tight lacing, lack of exercise, or indigestion. Try and think to which one of these reasons the color of your nose is due, and then consult your physician.

R. B.—You are right in saying that your complexion will grow better if you are careful about your exercise and pay proper attention to what you eat and drink. A few drops of benzoin in the water in which you bathe your face, just enough to give it a milky look, will tend to give you a slight color.

MARIE—When you are introduced to a young lady it is only necessary to bow and smile pleasantly and then begin to talk about some ordinary topic. Because your friend has been rude to you is no excuse for you being rude to her; self respect demands that your manners should always be good.

MAY—There is an old superstition that if a yellow garter is worn on Easter day, the wearer will be a bride before the next Easter; however, to bring this good luck the garter must be given to you.

B. AND OTHERS—I can recommend nothing for such extreme perspiration as you describe; it usually comes from bodily weakness, and I would suggest consulting a physician about it.

JUNE A.—The butterfly is used as an Easter emblem because as it came from a dark chrysalis, so the Saviour of mankind came from the dark tomb.

L. M.—The guests at an elaborate luncheon usually leave within a half hour after they have left the table. A salad is served as a separate course, or if it be a green one, it may come on with the game. Dollops are the small fringed squares laid under finger bowls, sometimes under rolls, sweets or delicate fruit. Fine damask napery is always in good style.

SEVEN GIRLS—If you do not wish a young man to visit you, who has asked permission, the easiest way of letting him understand this is by telling him that you do not receive many visitors; if he does not understand this hint add persists in calling, send down word that you wish to be excused. With brown hair, blue eyes and ordinary complexion, almost any color can be worn. It is certainly in bad taste to dance with some one with whom you have not the slight acquaintance afforded by an ordinary introduction.

PUELLA—As you do not look well with your hair in a bang, I would suggest your brushing it back from your face softly rather than too smoothly, braiding it in the back, looping it and tying it with a black ribbon in Caogan fashion.

A NEW SUBSCRIBER—Almost any occupation that pays well necessitates the going out into the world, and, if you desire to wish to earn your own living, you will show greatest wisdom by being foolish feeling about desiring to work where you will not be seen.

M. L. W.—Peroxide of hydrogen is said to make the hair golden; but in almost every instance where it is used it has caused violent headaches, and in some instances, insanity has followed. Very positive people are apt to conclude that a woman is not far from insane, to begin with, who will dye her hair a color not in harmony with her complexion, her lashes or her brows.

A MELROSE GIRL—It is not in good taste for a young girl to be out walking with a man friend at ten o'clock at night. It may be true that it is as innocent as possible; but, by a young woman, even the appearance of evil is to be avoided.

I. B. A.—It is proper to take soup from the side of the spoon.

DOTTIE B.—If a friend sends you tickets for a place of amusement, you should most certainly write a note of thanks for the courtesy shown you. If you are walking with a man friend in the evening and he offers you his arm you should take it. Charles Thorne, the actor, is dead.

EMILY—In Philadelphia there are training schools for nurses at the Hospital of the University of Pennsylvania, the Hahnemann Hospital, and the Pennsylvania Hospital, Philadelphia, Woman's, and Orthopedic Hospitals. For the address, the name of the hospital, Philadelphia, Pa., will be sufficient.

MRS. M. A. F.—As you are slender and blonde, I would not advise your wearing the slate cashmere. Instead, combine some plain scarlet with it, and make it for the daughter. A pretty gown that would be in the entire season would be one of black Henrietta cloth, of the weight that is lightest. Make the skirt with a slightly wrinkled front and full back, and have a long coat-basque with high, puffed sleeves. Wear with this a black Neapolitan bonnet, with some pink roses and a fan of black lace for its decoration.

A. S. W.—THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL is not printed in German.

ROXY—A wedding ring is almost invariably used in the marriage ceremony. The engagement ring usually has a stone, a diamond or a colored one, set in it, while a wedding ring is a plain band of gold.

MAK K.—If you do not know the reason why the gentleman behaves oddly to you, and you are not conscious of having offended him in any way, and you think sufficiently well of him to wish to retain his friendship, write him a little note and ask him wherein you have done wrong. I do not, however, advise this unless you have been very intimate friends. If the circumstances are different, simply do not notice his behavior; put it down to caprice, and when he wishes to seek you again, adopt a dignified, though kindly, manner.

EDITH C.—Massage is as exactly taught as nursing, although to learn it does not require so long a time; still, it is necessary for one to be in good health, and possess that magnetic something by which you can give of your own vitality to others. Put a little vaseline on your scalp and brush well the next morning, and you will find the dandruff will come out.

M. J. M.—It is in very bad taste to help a man on with his overcoat at the opera or any public place. I have said a number of times that a man is supposed to care for and assume his own coat and hat. As to the age at which a girl may become engaged, I can give no opinion. If her father and mother approve of it, that is sufficient.

M. E. G.—Send your dove-colored cashmere to the cleaner's. Instead of the steel trimming put on a gray silk passementerie or gray velvet.

WESTERNER—On meeting a friend on the street, a bow is all that is necessary. The afternoon tea continues in vogue, and the most informal invitation is the sending of your visiting card with the day and the hour that tea will be served written in one corner. Tea, chocolate, lemonade, cakes and sandwiches—and these may be tied with narrow ribbon if you want something that is decorative—form a sufficient collation. Full information as to visiting cards was given in the "Side Talks for Girls" in the April number.

A SUBSCRIBER—Black lace is best renovated by the French steaming process, which an amateur cannot do; but if the lace is worth anything it is worth the price of this, and for that reason I advise it.

MISS A. H.—Ryder Haggard is the correct name of the author to whom you refer. He has lately been in this country with his wife. There are Women's Exchanges in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston and Chicago.

AMBER—In introducing a gentleman to a lady simply say, "Miss Brown, may I have the pleasure of introducing Mr. Jones to you?" By using a cream on your face at night, and wearing a large hat in the day-time, you should not suffer from sun-burn. It is not in good taste to call a man friend by his first name.

ATHENE—It is in very bad taste for a gentleman to walk between two ladies; he should choose the outer side of the pavement. A gentleman always raises his hat when a friend, who is with him, bows to a lady. A man removes the glove of his right hand that he may present it to his hostess when he is paying a formal afternoon call. In church he keeps his gloves on.

Have you replied to advertisement "All good things come in Threes," in this issue of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL? You had best write at once.
 Connecticut, Hartford.
WOODBRIDGE SEMINARY.—HOME and COLLEGE Preparatory for Girls. Miss Sarah J. Smith, Principal.

We'll write it down till everybody sees it
 Till everybody is sick of seeing it
 Till everybody knows it without seeing it—
 that Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures the worst cases of chronic catarrh in the head, catarrhal headache, and "cold in the head."

In perfect faith, its makers, the World's Dispensary Medical Association of Buffalo, N. Y., offers to pay \$500 to any one suffering from chronic catarrh in the head whom they cannot cure.

Now if the conditions were reversed—if they asked you to pay \$500 for a positive cure you might hesitate. Here are reputable men, with years of honorable dealing; thousands of dollars and a great name back of them and they say—
 "We can cure you because we've cured thousands like you—if we can't we'll pay you \$500 for the knowledge that there's one whom we can't cure."

They believe in themselves. Isn't it worth a trial? Isn't any trial preferable to catarrh?

45 sold in '88
2,288 sold in '89
6,268 sold in '90
20,000 will be sold in '91

THESE FIGURES TELL THE STORY OF THE EVER-GROWING, EVER-LASTING **STEEL AERMOTOR** Where one goes others follow, and "WE TAKE THE COUNTRY"




FOR \$60 and freight, we erect on a 40 FT. STEEL TOWER a Steel Wheel that equals any 12 foot Wooded one. GREAT REDUCTION TO FIRST PURCHASER.

This unprecedented success is due:
 1st. To the fact that before commencing the manufacture, exhaustive scientific investigation and experiments were made by a skilled mechanical engineer, in which over 8,000 dynamometric tests were made on 61 different forms of wheels, propelled by artificial and therefore uniform wind, by which were selected definitely many questions relating to the proper speed of a wheel, the best form, angle, curvature and amount of all surfaces, the resistance of air to rotation, obstructions, obstructions before the wheel, as in the vanesless mill, and numerous other more abstruse, though not less important questions. These investigations proved that the power of the best wind wheel could be doubled, and the AERMOTOR daily demonstrates it has been done.
 2d. To the liberal policy of the Aermotor Company, that guarantees its goods satisfactory or pays freight both ways, and \$d. To the enormous output of its factory which has made possible a reduction of price so that it furnishes the best article at less than the poorest is sold for.
 If you want a firm Fixed Tower made of Strong, Stiff Steel, and a Wheel that will cost you less than wood, and last 10 times as long—IF YOU WANT THE TOWER YOU DON'T HAVE TO CLIMB (The Tiling Tower) and THE WHEEL that RUNS when all others STAND STILL, or if you want a wheel that will churn, grind, cut feed, pump water, turn grindstones and saw wood, i.e. A GEARED AERMOTOR, send for the circular showing the WORK OF FOUR HORSES AT THE COST OF ONE (\$100) write for copiously illustrated printed matter, showing every conceivable phase of Windmill AERMOTOR CO., Rockwell & Fillmore Sts., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A., or Branch, 17 Main St., San Francisco, Cal., U. S. A.

DONALD KENNEDY
 of Roxbury, Mass., says.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST
WHAT HE SAYS.

MANNY LEMON JUICE EXTRACTOR
 made of clear glass, best, cheapest and tidiest means of getting all the Juice (no seeds, no skin) from a lemon or orange. If your dealer cannot supply you, we will forward sample, prepaid, for 25 cents in stamps.
MANNY LEMON JUICE EXTRACTOR CO.,
 No. 213 Columbia Street, Rockford, Illinois.



NEW Heaters for summer and for light householding.
 S. E. ROBINSON, Springfield, Mass.

HINTS FOR PARLOR ELOCUTION

By BERTHA WELBY

FOR several years past there has been a steadily increasing desire on the part of young ladies in society to be considered proficient in the art of "Parlor Elocution." Every one is not blessed with a voice for singing, and not every one is gifted with musical talent, and so many have to stand back and see their more favored sisters and friends receive admiration and attention which they could share if they would but must make the most of the talent which has been given them.

The girl who can successfully join to the beautiful or powerful thought of another, a natural grace of action and charm of expression, almost makes that thought her own, and can contribute as much as any one to an evening's entertainment.

There is not so much need of outside help or teaching to enable a student of elocution to give a successful exhibition of talent, as is required in the display of either instrumental or vocal accomplishments. Of course, also, a student can reach proficiency sooner; years are required for the perfection of the two latter, while a few months of careful work will enable a student of elocution to give a quite satisfactory performance.

There are many who desire to study and become successful in this art; to those who can afford the outlay, I advise a good teacher, one who is natural, graceful and easy in his or her methods, and who thoroughly understands the art. If that is not possible, then careful study and close attention to what the best writers have said on the subject of voice culture, gesture, etc., will prove of great use. If amongst the friends of the student there is one of good taste and refined discrimination, who can be turned into a just, if friendly, critic, rapid progress can be made.

While you have undoubtedly read and heard much on the art of elocution, these few hints as how to begin to be a student may be of use.

Study your poem or recitation thoroughly, not only the words, but the full meaning of what the author wishes to convey. Read and re-read sentence after sentence until the tones of the voice fall satisfactorily on the ear.

As no one is without magnetism, and it can be highly cultivated by study, place the scene of the story plainly in your mind; see it for yourself, and you can make your listeners do so, too. Repeat your gestures until the eye is satisfied as to their grace, strength and appropriateness.

Discrimination is needed in all things, and opposed to it is the elocutionary gymnast, whose meaningless and inartistic gestures provoke only smiles. Such a speaker generally uses up her vitality and voice long before a climax is reached; her best points are unnoticed and her recitation is a failure. As Shakespeare puts it—"Suit the action to the word, and the word to the action; be not too tame, but let your own discretion be your tutor."

In taking your position, choose one where all your hearers are in front of you; if possible, have the background dark, and the light shining on your face, so that facial expression may not be lost. As you stand, let one foot be a little advanced; rest firmly on one foot, balanced by the other in such a way, that, by an ankle movement only, you can easily bend forward or back.

Any gesture worth making at all should be made freely and fully, that is, from the shoulder. Never bend the elbow any longer than is necessary. Study well the points where a gesture is called for, and beware of making a gesture simply because it is a long time since one was made.

In pointing to a distant object, let the whole body be in harmony. For instance, in pointing to a tree on the right, let the gesture be given with the right hand, advancing the body slightly on the right foot. In this way there is no opposing movement of the body to destroy the harmony of the gesture, and so destroy its grace.

In a description purely pleasing, where graceful action is required, it should be made in an easy gliding way, not jerkily or suddenly. In this connection remember that both hands are seldom used at the same time; the use of them so, does not necessarily give emphasis, but is more expressive of size, warmth, expansion, as in the sentence like "The Heavens declare the glory of God," etc. Gestures should be practiced with both hands, so that either can be used with equal grace.

There is great importance attached to the way the hand is presented if the object pointed to is one which is pleasing, the hand is held supine; or, prone, if the object is not pleasing and the gesture meant to be repellent. The meaning of the hand supine is thus—addressing, welcoming, speaking from the heart; while the prone hand expresses doubt, repression, aversion or any emotion showing distrust or desire to ward off. General rules are, of course, laid down for the use of gesture; but the student need not feel cramped or restricted. There are too many rules exceptions, and the careful students can use their own judgment and good taste, remembering to "suit the action to the word."

To one who studies carefully and well, exhausting the subject as it were, many delicate little touches, lights and shades, both in reading and in gesture, will suggest themselves.

A few words as to facial expression, to which careful study should be given. In a thoroughly dramatic scene it may be such of the success of the speaker to preserve an unmoved and tranquil countenance; or, in a sketch purely partial and pretty, it would not do to look forbidding and austere.

The eye, too, should express the spirit of the piece recited, and it is a powerful aid in the interpretation of the words. The eye, well directed, will do more to hold an audience than many seem to realize.

Madame Rowley's Toilet Mask

(OR FACE GLOVE).

THE FOLLOWING ARE THE CLAIMS MADE FOR MADAME ROWLEY'S TOILET MASK, AND THE GROUNDS ON WHICH IT IS RECOMMENDED TO LADIES FOR BEAUTIFYING, BLEACHING, AND PRESERVING THE COMPLEXION:

- 1st. The Mask is Soft and Pliable and can be Easily Applied and Worn without Discomfort or Inconvenience.
2d. It is durable, and does not dissolve or come assunder, but holds its original shape.
3d. It has been Analyzed by Eminent Scientists and Chemical Experts, and pronounced Perfectly Pure and Harmless.
4th. With ordinary care the Mask will Last for Years, and Its valuable properties Never Become Impaired.
5th. The Mask is protected by letters patent, has been introduced ten years, and is the only Genuine article of the kind.
6th. It is Recommended by Eminent Physicians and Scientific Men as a substitute for injurious cosmetics.
7th. The Mask is as Unlike the fraudulent appliances used for conveying cosmetics, etc., to the face as day is to night, and it bears no analogy to them.
8th. The Mask may be worn with Perfect Privacy if desired. The Closest Scrutiny cannot detect that it has been used.
9th. It is a Natural Beautifier for Bleaching and Preserving the Skin, and Removing Complexional Imperfections.
10th. The Mask is sold at a moderate price, and one purchase ends the expense.
11th. Hundreds of dollars uselessly expended for cosmetics, lotions, and like preparations may be saved by those who possess it.
12th. Ladies in every section of the country are using the Mask with gratifying results.
13th. It is safe, simple, cleanly, and effective for beautifying purposes, and never injures the most delicate skin.
14th. While it is intended that the Mask should be Worn During Sleep, it may be applied, with equally good results, at Any Time, to suit the convenience of the wearer.
15th. The Mask has received the testimony of well-known society and professional ladies, who claim it to be the greatest discovery for beautifying purposes ever offered to womankind.



The Toilet Mask (or Face Glove) in position to the face. TO BE WORN THREE TIMES IN THE WEEK.

A FEW SPECIMEN EXTRACTS FROM TESTIMONIAL LETTERS:

"I am so rejoiced at having found at last an article that will indeed improve the complexion."
"Every lady who desires a faultless complexion should be provided with the Mask."
" My face is as soft and smooth as an infant's."
" I am perfectly delighted with it."
" As a medium for removing discolorations, softening and beautifying the skin I consider it unequalled."
" It is, indeed, a perfect success—an inestimable treasure."
" I find that it removes freckles, tan, sunburn and gives the complexion a soft, smooth surface."
" I have worn the Mask but two weeks and am amazed at the change it has made in my appearance."
" The Mask certainly acts upon the skin with a mild and beneficial result, making it smoother and clearer, and seeming to remove pimples, irritations, etc., with each application."
" For softening and beautifying the skin there is nothing to compare with it."
" Your invention cannot fail to supersede everything that is used for beautifying purposes."
" Those of my sex who desire to secure a pure complexion should have one."
" For bleaching the skin and removing imperfections I know of nothing so good."
" I have worn the Mask but three nights, and the blackheads have all disappeared."
" The Mask should be kept in every lady's toilet case."

COMPLEXION BLEMISHES

may be hidden imperfectly by cosmetics and powders, but can only be removed permanently by the Toilet Mask. By its use every kind of spots, impurities, roughness, etc., vanish from the skin, leaving it soft, clear, brilliant and beautiful. It is harmless, costs little and saves its user money. It prevents and REMOVES

WRINKLES,

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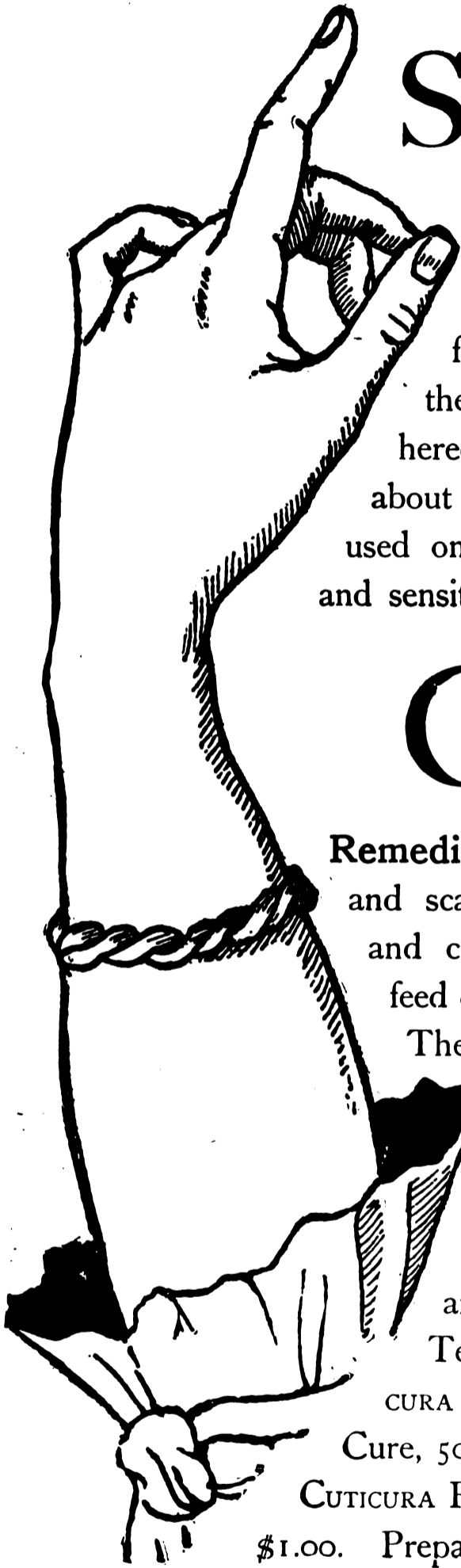
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