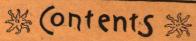
DIES'HOM

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH, 1890.

TEN CENTS A COPY



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5	Home and Haunts of Scott. Mairrated by W. L. Taylor and F. S. Guild.
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MARCH.

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

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

Miss M. H. VALENTINE. 3rd Cover.

Fancy Work For Odd Moments. EMMA M. HOOPER. 4th Cover.

WORDS OF POTTED WISDOM

Make life a ministry of love, and it will always be worth living.

A noble part of every true life is to learn to undo what has been wrongly or thoughtlessly

Manage all your actions and thoughts in such a manner as if you were just going out of the world.

Love of truth shows itself in discovering and appreciating what is good, wherever it may

To rejoice in the happiness of others is to make it our own; to produce it is to make it more than our own.

Never fear to bring the sublimest motive to the smallest duty, and the most infinite comfort to the smallest trouble.

A head properly constituted can accommodate itself to whatever pillows the vicissitudes of fortunes may place under it.

An act by which we make one friend and one enemy is a losing game, because revenge is a much stronger principle than gratitude.

Every period of life has its peculiar pre-judices; who ever saw old age that did not applaud the past and condemn the present

She who can heroically endure adversity will bear prosperity with equal greatness of soul; for the mind that cannot be dejected by the former is not likely to be transported with the latter.

Blasphemy consists in displaying one of the worsted mottoes "God Bless Our Home" when fretting, scolding, fault-finding and abuse of wife and children are common as flies in Summer.

Knowledge can not be acquired without labor and application. It is troublesome, and like deep digging for pure waters; but when you come to the spring it rises up to meet you, and you quaff it eagerly.

Do not seek easy ways; for easy ways lead to rust. Do not seek to get rid of responsibilities, but be anxious to assume them. See to it that as you draw near to the later years of life you draw near fully equipped.

The unfaithful man is an enemy to his neighbor and an enemy to society, but a far worse enemy to himself. He may rob them of money, of time, of happiness, of their rights; but he robs himself of character, which is more valuable than all the rest.

A person's manner is quite a different thing from a person's manners. The former indicates very plainly the style and character of the individual, while the latter are the result of training and association. It has been well said that a lady may possess very excellent manners and have a very unfortunate manner, and the reverse.

A PRACTICAL VIEW OF MARRIAGE.

By MARION HARLAND.

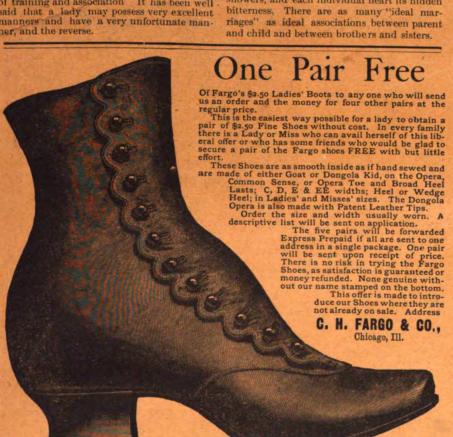
"After to-morrow," exclaimed an ardent youth on the eve of marriage, "I shall have no past, and expect no future. I shall live in one blissful, eternal Now!"

That man was doomed to disappointment with the inevitableness of the downward plunge of the rocket-stick. If people wills take life's happiness upon the staying power of pyrotechnics, they have only themselves to blame when the blaze goes out in sulphurous smoke. Marriage is not transformation. John will be eas cross when he is hungry, as glum when distracted with business anxieties, as uncomfortable when his collar chafes his neck—in a word, as human and as fallible a John, wedded, as single. He is a good son and brother, yet betrothed Mary has heard him speak impatiently to his mother and tartly to his sister. He will, upon what he reckons as sufficient occasions, be both curt and petulant with his wife when once the "new-chy" has worn off. Were this not true he would be an angel, and angels do not wear tweed business-suits and Derby hats, or have dyspepsia and smoke more than is wholesome for nerves and pocket. Bills are never presented to cherubs at most ingeniously inconvenient times, and seraphim have not natural but thin-skinned conceit that will not brook wifely criticism.

True, the lover never lost his temper or spoke ungently to the affianced maiden, but he was on his promotion in those days. What would you have? It is one thing to

he was on his promotion in those days. What would you have? It is one thing to risk one's prospects and quite another to take safe liberties with one's assured possession. An angel might not be quite content with Mary's occasional lapses into untidiness and fretfulness; with her tears and exactions, her streaky cakes and eurdled mayonnaise. Husbands are men, and wives remain women through the exorcism of the ceremony and the enchantment of the honeymoon. There is no need that these truisms should form the burden of the cynic's song, or the fact they embody be the motif of the lampooner's com-

Mother-home-heaven-are a triad of the sweetest words in the English language. Yet the last is the only one that has never de-ceived, and will never disappoint the trusting heart. The gentlest, least selfish of mothers has her moods and whims, which are, with difficulty, tolerated by dutiful children. Every home has its clouds and thunder-showers, and each individual heart its hidden



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Samples, self-measuring rules, and a tape measure
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Mothers and Children

Everywhere bless the Cuticura Remedies

THEN SIX MONTHS OLD, the left hand of our little grandchild began to swell, and had every appearance of a large boil. We poulticed it, but all to no purpose. About five months after, it became a running sore. Soon other sores formed. He then had two of them on each hand, and as his blood became more and more impure it took less time for them to break out. A sore came on the chin, beneath the under lip, which was very offensive. His head was one solid scab, discharging a great deal. This was his condition at twenty-two

months old, when I undertook the care of him, his mother having died when he was a little more than a year old, of consump. tion (scrofula, of course). He could walk a little, but could not get up if he fell down, and could not move when in bed, having no use of his hands. I immediately com-menced with the CUTICURA REMEDIES, using all freely. One sore after another

healed, a bony matter forming in each one of these five deep ones just before healing, which would finally grow loose, and were taken out; then they would heal rapidly. One of these ugly bone formations I preserved. After taking a dozen and a half bottles he was completely cured, and is now, at the age of six years, a strong and healthy child.

MAY 9, 1885.

MRS. E. S. DRIGGS,
612 E. Clay St., Bloomington, Ill.

SEPT. 13, 1888. - No return of disease to date.

I have been afflicted for a great many years with bad blood, which has caused me to have sores on my body. My hands were in a solid sore for over a year. I had tried almost everything I could hear of, but had given up all hopes of ever being cured, when I saw the advertisement of the CUTICURA I used one box of CUTICURA, one bottle of RESOLVENT, and one cake of SOAP, and am do all my own work.

MRS. FANNIE STEWART, Staunton, Ind. now able to do all my own work.

I have used the CUTICURA REMEDIES successfully for my baby, who was afflicted with eczema, and had such intense itching that he got no rest day or night; but after I had used two boxes, the skin began to peel off and get clear and soft. The itching is gone, and my baby is cured, and is now a healthy, rosy-cheeked boy.

MARY KELLERMANN, Beloit, Kan.

Your CUTICURA REMEDIES did wonderful things for me. They cured my skin disease, which has been of five years' standing, after hundreds of dollars had been spent in trying to cure it. Nothing did me any good until I commenced the use of the CUTICURA REMEDIES. Our house will never be without them.

MRS. ROSA KELLY, Rockwell City, Calhoun Co., Ia.

Cuticura Remedies.

CUTICURA, the great skin cure, instantly allays the most agonizing itching and inflammation, clears the skin and scale of every trace of disease, heals ulcers and sores, removes crusts and scales, and restores the hair. Cuticura Soap, the greatest of skin beautifiers, is indispensable in treating skin diseases and baby humors. It produces the whitest, clearest skin and softest hands, free from pimple, spot, or blemish. Cuticura Resolvent, the new blood purifier, cleanses the blood of all impurities and poisonous elements, and thus removes the CAUSE. Hence the CUTICURA REMEDIES are the only

infallible curatives for every form of skin, scalp, and blood diseases, from pimples to scrofula.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are sold by druggists and chemists throughout the world. Price: CUTICURA, 50 cents per box; CUTICURA SOAP, 25 cents; CUTICURA RESOLVENT, \$1.00 per bottle. Prepared by

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Vol. VII, No. 4.

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH, 1890.

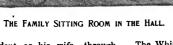
Yearly Subscription One Dollar. Single Copies to Cents.



O present a picture of the daily life of the White House family, a background under which the operations of the establishment are conducted which are not generally understood, is somewhat essential. In the first place the government, or the people rather, through Congress, provides a furnished house tor the chief magistrate and his family. That this is the case everyone of course knows in a general way, but just how well defined are the distinctions between public and private provision in the establishment is not so generally known. The government then, to use an easy and familiar term by which to identify "the party of the first part." theoretically undertakes to furnish the President's home during his term of office as the home of any gentleman of means and taste would be furnished, and within the appropriation made by Congress for this purpose. The determination of what that furnishing shall be rests

After having thus furnished the house, the government provides servants to keep it in order. The house is cleaned and linen laundried without expense to the occupant. In order that there shall be due diligence exercised in the care of the furnishings, the government puts a representative, miscalled a steward, into the house, who gives bond in the sum of \$20,000 for the faithful preservation of the property committed to his care, and who is paid a salary of \$1800. He is appointed by the President; and is, of course, under his orders. In some cases he really is the steward of the house, but the duties of that position do not pertain to his office.

The government does not provide personal servants for the President or his family. It places a stable at his disposal for housing his private horses and carriages, but it does not furnish forage for the animals. For these things he must draw upon his private purse. When a state dinner or official reception is given at the White House, the conservatory attached and the



with the President or his wife, through the Engineer officer in charge of public buildings and grounds.

Table ware of all kinds, pictures, (mostly full length portraits of deceased Presidents and a few of their wives) bric-a-brac, musical instruments, and table and bed linen are included in the furnishing. The appropriation for furnishing is not sufficient to carry out the theory upon which the government is supposed to act. It falls short of enough to provide many little things that give an air of refinement and culture to a home, which can hardly be set forth in detail, but the absence of which is so noticeable in a house of the size and pretensions of the Executive Mansion.

icle was prepared with the consent and as-of Mrs. Harrison, the White House views ecially photographed for this publication. are reserved under copyright.

dinner or official rece ption is given at the White House, the conservatory attached and the propagating gardens are drawn upon for plants and flowers with which to decorate the rooms, and in some instances cut flowers are purchased to aid in completing the work, flowers are purchased to aid in completing the work, flowers are purchased to aid in completing the work, flowers are purchased to aid in completing the work, flowers are purchased to aid in completing the work, flowers are purchased to aid in completing the work, flowers are purchased to aid in completing the work, flowers are purchased to aid in completing the work, flowers are purchased to aid in completing the work, flowers as a part of the furnishing of the table in agentleman's house ments for the reception and comfort of the guests are provided out of the public funds. But the cost of the dinner, or whatever the refreshment, is charged against the President's private account, and it is no small sum as the caterer is usually given carte blanche to prepare the best that can be had.

The White House is the original "furnished house" which has grown to be such a large factor in the social life of Washington.

It is into an establishment thus ordered that the President and his family enter to become the cynosure of all eyes and the center of the official as well as the social world for four years. Owing to the arrangement of the White House, as well as to the dual purpose it is compelled to serve, the lives of its occupants at best are semi-public, and privacy to any considerable, nay even comfortable degree, is well nigh impossible. The main entrance, which by the way is at the rear of the house as originally planned, is used for business and family purposes alike. And the demands upon it are not generally appreciated. Even in the dullest season of the year an average of 500 persons call at the Executive Mansion every day to look through it. And during the busy months this num-

ber runs well up into the thousands. It can thus readily be seen that the idea of a home as exemplified in the ordinary private residence is but a barren ideality to the family of the first citizen of the Republic. One fact in this connection is striking. There is no such thing in the White House as a private reception or sitting room. The family is compelled to utilize a portion of the hall upstairs for the purposes of a sitting room, but even that is not entirely free from interruption, and Mrs. Harrison, as have other ladies of the White House, has been compelled to take friends into her bedroom to secure desired privacy in their association.

The family of the White House, under the present administration, consists of President Harrison and his wife, and Rev. Sp. S. R. McKee, the President's dealy stangilter and her two children, Benjamin Harrison McKee and Mary Lodge McKee, spend a considerable portion of the time with them, the babies being one of the President's chief joys and comforts. Mr. McKee in a prominent merchant of Indianapolis, and while his family are located in Washington makes occasionally permit Mr. Russell Harrison, the President's son, is a frequent visitor and is occasionally his wife, the demands of his not part of the demands of his president's actions of the White House in the way of sleeping apartments are not drawn upon to serve their home, the ledena Mrs. Harrison are fond of having friends with them, so it seldom happens that the neagre accommodations of the White House in the way of sleeping apartments are not drawn upon to serve the needs of one or more visitors.

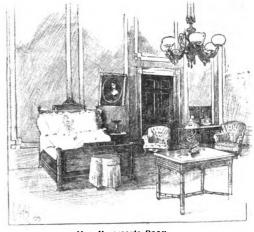
The routine of the day begins early at the Executive Mansion. Breakfast is served promptly at half past3 o'clock, in the family then separate for the day: the President proceeding directly to his room, on the once of the house on the second floor, separated from the center of the house on the second floor, separated from the ladies retire to the house, which is not a room lateral in the colors of his long and busy life

tion of the hall, and into it the chambers open. The only direct light entering the apartment comes from a large fan-shaped window at the west end over the conservatory. The furnishing is neither elegant nor elaborate, but Mrs. Harrison has made a confortable, attractive room of it. As she spends more of her time here than anywhere else, a brief description of the apartment may interest the reader. The most striking articles in the room are five large (one really massive) paintings of Yellowstone and Rocky mountain scenery by Bierstadt. These have been hanging in their present places since President Arthur's administration, when they were placed there by the artist with the expectation that Congress would buy them, but as yet no change of ownership has occurred. In the corners facing the stairway are two cabinets,



MRS. CAROLINE SCOTT HARRISON.

on which are displayed a few pieces of bricabrac. A table bearing a collection of potted palms, an upright piano, a lounge and a writing desk, with a few chairs, complete the inventory. Without woman's taste and skill of arrangement it would be a rather dreamyden; as it is, the visitor finds it a temptation to delay his departure. The tones of both walls and carpet are dark, but flowers, usually present in profusion, lighten the apartment. Mrs. Harrison finds here her mail, which is



MRS. HARRISON'S ROOM hich President Garfield Lay After Being Shot.]

attended to with promptness and regularity. So far as the work of answering letters can be

Digitized

delegated, it is given over to Miss Sanger, the stenographer. But a large portion of her mail Mrs. Harrison answers herself. Many of the letters can be answered by means of a form that has been composed for the purpose. They are soliciting letters, asking aid for all sorts of objects. Few of them ask money for personal use or advantage. Some funny things and some mournful ones are developed in the correspondence.

The consideration of her mail over, Mrs. Harrison receives the superintendent of Public Buildings and Grounds, at present Col. Oswald M. Ernst of the Engineer Corps, who is charged with the duty of disbursing the appropriation made for the maintenance of the Executive Mansion. With him Mrs. Harrison discusses the needs of the house and her desires, which must be made to conform to the

Harrison are plain livers, preferring the dishes of an old Kentucky "aunty" to the more elaborate menu arranged by a French chef. On the occasions of state dinners provision for the guests is made in accordance with the demands of custom and the dignity of the President's house.

President's house.

In the evenings out of the "season," the White House is a very quiet place. President Harrison rarely has an opportunity of spending any time with his family, except at meals, and after dinner he is usually to be found at his desk again—a piece of furniture, by the way, with a history. It is made of the timbers of the good ship "Resolute," sent to rescue Sir John Franklin's Arctic Exploring Expedition, and was presented to the President of the United States by Queen Victoria, as a small silver tablet inlaid in the side states in terse and unpoetic

words.

If Mrs. Harrison is free from any social duty, she utilizes the evening hours by reading. Being fond of a good theatrical or operatic perfermance, she occasionally graces one of ally graces one of the theatres with her presence, a ccompanied by two or three friends. The President has little taste for this class of amusement, especially opera, so is seldom seen at these places. He is fond of meeting friends in a quiet way, and when Mrs. Harrison is entertaining callers in the evening, he comes down from his room whenever business permits him to do so, and mingles with them in a delightfully informal way. ally graces one of the theatres with her

way.
And thus a day at the White House passes away. To-day is or can be just like another, the demands

passes away. To-day so or can be just like another, the demands and opportunities are so varied; and it is possible to sketch only the general outlines of a picture, leaving to the reader the delightful task of supplying the details by the aid of her imagination.

Sunday at the White House is spent as it would be in the private residence of any christian gentleman. No work whatever is done on that day, not even the mail is opened. After breakfast and morning prayers, the family attend services generally at the Church of the Covenant, a prominent Presbyterian organization. After dinner the President usually takes a walk, seldom, if ever, driving on this day. On Sunday afternoons his strolls are lengthy ones, four or five miles being frequently traversed. Mrs. Harrison spends the afternoon in the living room, reading or writing, and in the evening with the President or her relatives. It is an exceeding quiet day at the White House.

The life of the lady of the White House is not much more eventful than that of many ladies in the land. Some features of it become at times slightly wearisome from their monotony and the extent of the demands made upon her.

Mrs. Harrison dresses quietly, but elegant and wfth becoming taste. The predominating colors in her costumes are dark, and the style of her garments is unostentations to a degree. Her dressmaking is done outside the Executive Mansion, many of her costumes being the production of a New York production of a New York production of the healt of the stairs seen in the picture of the healt.

the styne of the designation of a New York a degree. Her dressnaking is done outside the Executive Mansion, many of her costumes being the production of a New York designer.

Mrs. Harrison's room is the one at the head of the stairs seen in the picture of the hall. The windows front south, looking out upon the Potomac in all its beauty. This is the room which is known in White House annals as the "Prince of Wales' room," based upon the tradition that the Prince, while a guest in the House, slept in the room. But tradition is false in this case as in many another, for the Prince occupied an entirely different apartment while there. The location of this is not divulged by the attachés because of the confusion that would arise. The bed shown in the picture is the one upon which President Garfield lay after being shot, but that has just been taken out and replaced by a bed-stead with a brass frame, a more modern and comfortable piece of furniture.

Just across the hall is Mrs. McKee's room, fronting north and overlooking Lafayette square (though why it is called so when Clark Mills' equestrain statue of Jackson is the most noticeable thing in it, let some older chronicler tell). This is a large chamber, bright and cheery, light blue being the principal tone of furnishing and furniture. This was also occupied by Nellie Grant. A small room adjoining this was occupied by both Presidents Arthur and Cleycland as a sleeping apartment, and President and Mrs. Harrison may decide to occupie the sum of the principal tone of furnishing and furniture. This was also occupied by Nellie Grant. A small room adjoining this was occupied by both Presidents Arthur and Cleycland as a sleeping apartment, and President and Mrs. Harrison may decide to occupie the sum of the principal tone of furnishing and furniture. This was also occupied by Nellie Grant. A small room adjoining this was occupied by the defairs of the children. From his birth, little Benjamin has been the special object of his grandparents' love and care. His first word w

to the draughts in the house caused by the connection of the living rooms with that portion devoted to business.

It is in the White House could and should be made more comfortable for the inmates by some necessary changes. Talk of a new President's house is sometimes heard in the discussion of the question. But this would be the poorest and worst disposition of it that could be made. The traditions and associations of nearly a century cluster about the White House as the home of the President, and it should remain such. Beautiful for its situation it could not improve in this respect by a new location. Naturally, Mrs. Harrison is deeply interested in the matter, and her views are worthy of consideration. She approves most heartily the suggestion of Secretary Blaine. That is to tear away the present conservatory on the west end, and erecting in its place, a wing or extension in which the executive offices shall be placed. Then, on the east side of the house, fronting the treasury department, build a conservatory opening out of the east room, and over that make a picture gallery, the whole being so arranged as to be thrown open together on occasions of large gatherings, such as public receptions. With these improvements, or others that shall serve the desired purpose, the White House will be in all respects the ideal home of the family of the President of this great nation, and far more than now worthy of the dignity and importance of his position.

A MAN'S IDEAS OF HOME COMFORT.



HE first and crowning comfort of a home is a good mother and sister for a bachelor and a good wife for a married man. In the female element in home life is embodied the very best attraction that it has to offer. The purest and best love of a man's life is concentrated there, and there he finds the truest and deepest return of his affection. All the accessories and details which go to make a home comfortable are subservient to and dependent upon the woman's directing hand; many of them, indeed, are her own creation. When a man's comfort or well-being is in question no task is too hard, no sacrifice too great for the the mother, sister or wife to make, and these are most often made entirely without the knowledge of him whom they most nearly concern, and for whose sake they are gladly offered.

The gentle deeds of women for love's sake, the affectment of self which they practice

concern, and for whose sake they are gladly offered.

The gentle deeds of women for love's sake, the effacement of self which they practice daily in silence, and the home heroism they carefully conceal, and which can only be noted in its results, these are things so common asto pass almost unnoticed, yet they make home comfort, and their absence would be quickly and severely felt. From the women in his home the man constructs his ideals; there may be an alteration desirable in some particular, the softening of a line here or there, but they furnish the fabric of a dream which is woven with their best characteristics, and which is the man's idea of perfection.

some particularly be an alteration desirable in some particularly be an alteration desirable in some particularly be an alteration desirable in some particularly so the property of a line here of the proposed of the prop

magazines, letters, manuscripts, everything that can possibly find a place there, but if a woman wishes to secure to a man one of his most cherished home comforts, she will let that desk alone.

A room arranged upon the shove plan possesses charms that others besides its owner can enjoy, and Charles Dudley Warner touches this point with his accusto. ed acuteness:

"Man is usually not credited with much taste or ability to take care of himself in the matter of comfortable living, but it is frequently noticed that when woman has made a dainty paradise of every other portion of the house, the room she most enjoys, that from which it is difficult to keep out the family, is the one that the man is permitted to call his own, in which he retains some of the comforts and can indulge some of the habits of his bachelor days."

There is sound truth in this, and though it refers to a married man the application is equally valuable for a bachelor. There are certain thoughts, habits, and recreations which the change from the single to the wedded state does not affect, and these are the ones his sanctum affords a man the opportunity to practice. His reading, writing, and friendly intercourse with his male intimates are most satisfactory to him here.

A friend of the writer has for years made the jocular complaint that when he was single he had one whole room to himself, but since his marriage, though he has had a house of his own, he could claim sole ownership in only one bureau drawer and half a closet. He has since proven the seriousness at the bottom of his joke by building an addition at the top of his house, where he has every convenience and reigns supreme—subject only to the baby.

Many and various are the ways in which a woman can contribute to the comfort of a

he has since process. He has every convenience and reigns supreme—subject only to the baby.

Many and various are the ways in which a woman can contribute to the comfort of a man's own room. Not by purely ornamental fancy-work, for his tastes favor simplicity, but by the substantial things which make every corner a cosy one; great fat cushions which render the hardest chair easy, stools, a pillow for his couch, penwipers and handy trifles which are really useful on his desk, innumerable are the articles which can be supplied as the occasion offers, but which should all have the recommendation of usefulness.

The homely arts, housewifery and the capable management of domestic affairs are of prime importance in creating the home feeling. A neat, clean, well-ordered household is a delight to the eye, and the man's eye is quick to observe slovenliness.

Women do not need to be told how to secure this effect, for to most of them the sense of order is instinctive.

Good housekeeping as regards the table should also be well remembered. Well cooked, nicely served food is a blessing which a man knows how to appreciate, and a strong attraction to bind him to his home. The element of unexpectedness adds greatly to his relish of a meal be it ever so simple; special dishes which are favorites with him, served when they are not anticipated, seem to taste doubly delicious. If women knew how frequently men mention to their friends with pride certain delicacies which are nowhere so good as at home, their particular fancies would be gratified more often.

Man's debt to the women in his home is too heavy to be grudgingly repaid, and all the tenderness, the loving-kindness, the small attentions that a woman values no less highly from a husband than a lover, these but partially requite the consecration of her life to himself, and are but a poor return for the inestimable treasure of a pure woman's love.

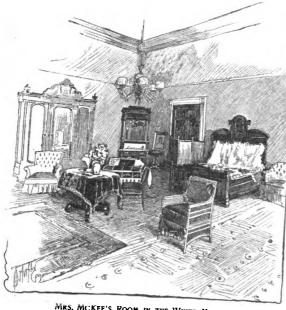
Are the months to purify the blood, for at no other season is the body so susceptible to benefit from medicine. The peculiar purifying and reviving qualities of Hood's Sarsaparilla are just what are needed to expel disease and fortify the system against the debilitating effects of mild weather. Every year increases the popularity of Hood's Sarsaparilla, for it is just what people need at this season. It is the ideal spring medicine.

"Last Spring I seemed to be running down in health, was weak and tired all the time. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla and it did me a great deal of good. My little daughter, ten years old, has suffered from scrofula and catarrh, a great deal. Hood's Sarsaparilla did her more good than anything else we have given her." Mrs. Louisa Corp. Canastota, N. Y.

"Every spring for years I have made it a practice to take from three to five bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla, because I know it purifies the blood and thoroughly cleaness the system of all impurities. That languid feeling, sometimes called 'spring fevor,' will never visit the system that has been properly cared for by this never-failing remedy." W. H. LAWRENCE, Editor Agricultural Epitomist, Indianapolis, Ind.

"For years at irregular intervals in all seasons, I suffered the intolerable burning and itching of blood polsoning by ivy. It would break out on my legs, in my throat and eyes. Last spring I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, as a blood purifier, with no thought of it as a special remedy for ivy poisoning, but it has effected a permanent and thorough cure." CALVIN T. SHUTE, Wentworth, N. H.

100 Doses One Dollar



MRS. MCKEE'S ROOM IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

amount of the funds on hand. Many and long are these conferences, and oftentimes they result in a shitting about and repairing of the furniture and fixtures that would astonish some persons who imagine that would astonish some persons who imagine that the life of the lady of the White House is without care and a continual state of bliss. Mrs. Harrison earnestly advocates a more liberal appropriation for the Executive Marsion the first year of each administration, so that the occupant may be enabled to impress her individuality upon the establishment and not be compelled to exist in the same conditions as her predecessor, if she have differing tastes and desires.

dividuality upon the establishment and not be compelled to exist in the same conditions as her predecessor, if she have differing tastes and desires.

All her life she has personally supervised the work of her household, and in the Executive Mansion Mrs. Harrison can see no reason for adopting a different plan. So after having dismissed Col. Ernst, she devotes herself to the domestic branch of the establishment in conference with the housekeeper. The menu for the day is arranged during this conference, and in consultation with the steward Mrs. Harrison maintains an intelligent supervision over the kitchen, but the stories current in some circles, representing her as devoting much of her time to actual participation in the work of the department, are exaggerations. Although a good cook, she does not find it necessary or desirable to usurp the functions of that individual in the White House. And so as to the marketing. Having arranged in a general way for the provision of the day, it is left to the proper person to see that it is procured. Lunch is served at 1.30, but frequently the President is detained by callers, office-seekers, or cabinet meetings, and he does not sit down sometimes until an hour later. It is rarely the case that some one is not invited to join in this meal, in a wholly informal manner—a cabinet officer with whom the President may thus continue conference, or some friend who is asked to extend his stay over the hour for lunch.

In the afternoon, for an hour or thereabouts, Mrs. Harrison receives friends, who come by appointment, and who usually have some relative or visitor to present. These callers are received in the Red Room, the western-most of the three smaller parlors on the main floor. These rooms are directly in front of the main entrance, the windows fronting south, and overlooking the beautiful view. beginning with the lawn and fountains of the house, past the President's parade and the great white shaft of the Washington monument, and stretching away upon the broad bosom of the Pot

that they cartainly be used and during the short time in the afternoon and during the short time in the afternoon Mrs. Harrison usually takes a drive, often with the President, and when not accompanying him she takes Mrs. McKee and the babies, or some friend who may be in the house. The variations from this programme will include lessons in china painting, in which art Mrs. Harrison displays rare talent and skill, under a teacher with whom she studied in Indianapolis, and for whom she has secured a class among the ladies of Washington.

Dinner is served at 6.30 o'clock, and as was the case at lunch almost always the family is joined by some friend. President and Mrs.



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The editor of The Sunlight Times was not a profane man, and yet he finished the perusal of this letter by an ejaculation which his good wife had never heard, and which might have annoyed her if she had." His private secretary looked up to say, "Did you speak, sir?" "No," growled the editor. The secretary continued writing.

A few moments later the day-editor came in for consultation and found his chief looking very black indeed. He hesitatingly reported some crookedness which he desired made straight.

His chief frowned still more, and remarked that a very wicked gentleman commonly supposed to wear horns and hoofs, must have taken possession of the office. The day-cditor who was still under the influence of a dear little pair of baby arms, about his neck said, "Ah well, even the sunlight is sometimes darkened."

"What do you think of this?" said the chief, "Here is a man and a very good one too, a personal friend of mine, asking mease a favor, to take a young girl into the office. "His chief frowned more than ever. "Why not?" asked the day editor.

His chief frowned more than ever. "Why not?" he said in a loud voice. "Because women are nuisances in any place of business, and I have said again and again that I would never have one here. Aren't things upside down enough now?"

"Some women have the happy faculty of bringing order out of confusion." said the day-editor, who was thinking of his own wife, and also of a dear, patient sister, who now filled an editorial position in a distant city.

"They are all a

"My friends have thought so, but friendly opinions have no market value."
"You see Miss Manton, it is no place for a lady. You would be very uncomfortable, and might be annoyed by the free and easy manners of our men."
"I am not contemplating a life of ease," said Diana with a smile, "but I am determined to study journalism from the ground up."

up."

The editor looked at her sharply; resolution and perseverance were expressed in every

The editor looked at her sharply; resolution and perseverance were expressed in every movement.

"I like her pluck," he said softly to himself. Just then a sharp whistle sounded through the tube near the editor's car.

"Excuse me one moment, Miss-Manton." said he as he uttered the interrozative "Well?" through the telephone.

"What shall we do about the Hunt Ball?"

"Where's Trainor?"

"Sick in bed."

"Couldn't do it, all out."

"Try Lighter, the new special."

"He's gone to Middleboro to do the Merchant's Club."

"Not a soul to be had; three or four down with spring colds,"

"Can't you raise some one?"

"Not a soul to be had; three or four down with spring colds."

The editor hesitated. Then an inspiration seized him; and he turned to the young girl with a positive blush on his face.

"Miss Manton, do you suppose you could write up a fashionable ball?"

"I could try, sir."

"If you will; it might help you in getting work at once on some paper where women are employed."

Diana smiled, and the editor added quickly, "It is rather a difficult task; these people have turned away reporters in times past."

"Tact is sometimes more powerful than strength," I have heard my mother say, therefore I am not afraid to try. You will not consider it evidence of my inefficiency if I fail, where experienced men have done so, I trust, will you?"

"Certainly not." will you?"
"Certainly not."

y dressed herself in a neat visiting costume, and proceeded to visit the house. A few pencilled words of apology for intruding at such a time, written upon her visiting card, gained her admittance, and in less than half an hour she had quite won the heart of Mrs. Hunt, and had received an urgent invitation not only to be present, but to come early in order to do full justice to the decorations and the 'ables. "Say as little as possible about us, my dear," said Mrs. Hunt. "Indeed, you may leave out all personal mention of our family, if you can, but say your kindest things for the tradesmen, the florists and cateers. Their patronage depends upon these things, and I love to make hard-working people happy. Mr. Hunt agrees with me perfectly in this matter, and I never quite realized how much pleasure we could give by permitting reports of our private entertainments until I visited an old nurse of mine, who is now a cripple, and found her surrounded by a little coterie to whom she was reading an account of a little affair we gave for our son. "You see, Madame,' said my poor old nurse, 'you that has all the pleasures of being in the good times, doesn't know how we that are outside enjoys reading of them.""

"I have learned something already," said Diana. "There is quite another side to society notes."

"You would appreciate it more, my dear, if you could see how much juvalids are enter

"I have learned something already," said Diana. "There is quite another side to society notes."

"You would appreciate it more, my dear, if you could see how much invalids are entertained by them. Course gossip should never be confounded with the honest record of events as they occur."

Little by little, Mrs. Hunt in her motherly way drew out the story of Diana's first appearance in a newspaper office, and when the young girl left the beautiful mansion she felt that the first fashionable woman she had met was a noble wife and a good mother.

Diana's beautiful givers of fashionable balls were not like Mrs. Hunt, and she congratulated herself on her good fortune.

Diana's beautiful gown. which had been made expressly for an entertainment in her own home, came from its case unharmed; and very charming did she look in it as she stood before the glass in the boarding-house parlor. "I declare for it, Miss Di," said the landlady, "you do become that dress most beautiful. I wish your pa and ma could see you."

Poor Diana sighed, for the careless remark recalled the words of her father when she stood before him arrayed in it for the first time.

"Ah Di, my darling," he said, "it is a pretty received."

for the first time.

"Ah Di, my darling," he said, "it is a pretty costume and matches your own loving self."

It would never do to think of papa 10-night; so Diana resolutely choked down the sighs and drew on her long gloves.

gloves.

No one save the hostess knew how busy Diana was that evening, no one save the trusted servant at the door, who gave her closely written slips for *The Sunlight* to a messenger boy at the door with orders to come back quickly for more copy.

come back quickly for more copy.

It was no light task to fly from an admiring group and hide herself in the private dressing room of the hostess, while she jotted down full particulars fresh from the mint.

"Who is your charming guest?" asked the Governor of Mrs. Hunt while the ball was at its height.

"The only daughter of Judge Manton of St. Louis," was the reply, "and a brave, sweet girl, I assure you."

This information spread rapidly, and the number of Diana's admirers increased. She knew their full value and did not permit (Concluded on page 28.)

(Concluded on page 28.)

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did so, he saw in the door of the sanctum a pleading face which plainly said "I heard your words and thank you."

In a moment more, the owner of the girlish face stood before the chief. She was blushing painfully. "Pardon me," she said, "I was told to walk in here."

"Good morning," said the editor in a gruff tone. He did not mean to be rude, but he certainly was ungracious.

"I am the young woman Judge Ward wrote you about; he thought I might possibly be of service to you."

"Take a seat Miss: I haven't a woman on my paper, and I frankly tell you that I do not wish to have."

"Very well, sir." said Diana rising. "I am sorry I interrupted you."

"Wait one moment Miss. I would like to oblige Judge Ward, and assist yon, but you see how it is; our men would consider it an innovation; but I might send you with this letter of Judge Ward's and a few personal words to the editor of The Twilight, they employ a good many women there, and they might take you on."

"I am not asking charity, sir. I am seeking employment where I hope to earn every dollar I receive," said Diana quietly, turning assiftogo.

"Yes, ves, exactly," said the editor, who becan to think he had not been sufficiently polite to a well-bred young woman; "I quite understand the case. Have you ever written for the papers?"

"Very often during the time I was in school."

"raphic manner?"

"Yes sir, 1-came prepared sistens," "Very well; you will take a carriage and charge it to our expense account, and you will also be kind enough to have a full report in the hands of the night editor not later than two o'clock in the morning. Good morning."

a also be kind enough to have a full report in the hands of the night editor not later than two o'clock in the morning. Good morning."

"Good morning, sir," said Diana as she left the office.
Her heart was fluttering painfully; and yet she felt greatly encouraged. She remembered the remarks of her father concerning the garbled reports of men who had been sent to write up some of her parents' social entertainments, and she resolved to avoid their mistakes. If she succeeded in pleasing that very stern man who disliked women so much, more work would follow: if she failed: "I must not fail," she said; "it would break my heart to write such a word as failure to the dear mother, and I have promised to tell her all the experiences which befall me."

In all the great city, Diana knew only one person, a woman who had been a cook in her father's house and was now known as a successful boarding-house keeper. This woman had sent a kind message to her former mistress when the papers announced the death of her once kind friend and master. Judge Manton, and when Diana decided to look for employment in the literary metropolis of America, she went directly to this woman's house. It was a terrible ordeal for the young girl, and as she sat upon her large trunks in a room so small that dressing seemed almost impossible, she dared not trust herself to think of her own beautiful white and gold room at home.

Diana's first act, was to take the landlady into her confidence, and thus learn all about the family she was to describe, and the location of their residence. This done, Diana

the family she was to describe, and the loca tion of their residence. This done, Diana

ture of Lady Scott; a box engraved with a verse from Tam O'Shanter, and Burm's tumbler with some of his verses scratched upon it. There is also a lock of Prince Charlie's hair, side by side with a lock of the hair of the Duke of Wellington and of Lord Nelson; a skull cap once worn by Cardinal Mezzofanti, and no end of spoons, medals, knives, boxes and autograph letters. The collection of books is most valuable, and the view from this apartment commands an extensive prospect up and down the Tweed,

The armory runs to the furthest end of the house and with openings right and left into the dining and drawing rooms. The walls of this apartment are thickly covered with highland targets, battle-axes, broad-swords, daggers, muskets, bugle horns and other instruments of war, stag horns again occupying conspicuous positions in the decorative arrangement. Conspicuous is a mother-of-pearl cross, said to have belonged to Mary, Queen of Scots. There is a portrait of Tom Purdie, Sir Walter's devoted servant who lies in



OMEWHERE in this world there may be a prettier spot than Abbotsford, but if there be, my wandering footsteps have never led me to it. It was a perfect day when I visited it. It may have been because the sun the leaves were getting their first streaks of yellow that it impressed me, but I shall not soon forget my day's pilgrimage in the land of the great enchanter of the North.

Edinburgh is one of the prettiest cities in the three kingdoms. Its every nook recalls a bit of history. Its gardens, Princess Street, its monuments, its castles, Holyrood palace, the home of John Knox, the Cowgate,—these and

night," and beckoning to his master, informed him of the catastrophe which had taken place.

The tour of Abbotsford, Melrose and Dryburgh Abbey can be made without difficulty in one day, leaving Edinburgh in the morning and returning in the evening. The traveler is whisked along in a fast train, past thriving Scotch hamlets, until Abbotsford ferry is reached. The house of the great writer is situated close to the public road from Melrose to Selkirk, is surrounded by plantations, and overlooks a beautiful haugh or grassy bank of the Tweed. The plantations, as well as the house itself, are the creation of Scott who transformed the place from a moorland farm into its present picturesque condition.

What most of all led Scott to select a somewhat unpromising spot for his contemplated mansion was that it made him the owne of the whole ground of the famous Border Battle of Melrose from Skirmish-Field to Turn-Again, and Thomas the Rhymer's Glen. The building of the house was begun in 1811, and was gradually extended year after year until it attained dimensions considerably beyond what had been at first contemplated. On the mansion and estate at least £50,000 were expended.

The property is now owned by the family of the late Mr. Hope Scott, who made additions to its for his own residence.

Hope Scott, who made additions to it for his own residence

It is a pretty spot.
The great charm of
Abbotsford House is

ABBOTSFORD: THE HOME OF SCOTT.

and domestic arrangements, as these suggested themselves to the superintending mind. And so there are gables, spirelets, pinnacles, balconies and turrets in administration of the superintending the super cles, balco and turrets in mirable con confu-

sion.
The walls The walls of the house, as well as those of the garden, are set with curious old sculptured sculptured stones gathered from an-cient buildings

ENTRANCE GATE TO ABBOTSFORD.

from a niche in Melrose Abbey. Opposite the fireplace is a kind of side-table constructed from the boards of the pulpit of the old church of Dunfernline, in which Ralph Erskine, one one of the founders of the Secession Church, had preached. The floor is laid with black and white marble.

Of all the places of interest in this house that is still a palace, even in these days of extravagance, there is nothing that so attracts the visit-

Meirose Abbey and whose tomb-stone bears a loving inscription written by the master hand. The sword of the great Marquis of Montrose, a long Spanish gun owned by Rob Roy and a highland broad-sword used by Sir Walter, war clubs from New Zeal-and, pistols of many patterns, swords, daggers, dirks and knives from many lands, mementos from the battle-field of Waterloo, collected by Scott from that never-to-be-forgotten engagement; these and five hundred other objects that recall the war times and the border troubles, make up as interesting a collection as can be found anywhere in Scotland. I dare not attempt even a guess at their valuation. There is on the mantelpiece a Louis the Sixteenth clock that was once the property of Marie Antoinette. It is worth its weight in gold. Near it is a model of the skull of Robert the Bruce, and another ghostly reminder of the great battle at Waterloo is a model of the skull of Robert the Bruce, and another ghostly reminder of the great battle at Waterloo is a model of the skull of Shaw, a famous life-guardsman, whom history says killed six men in that memorable engagement.

In a small closet off the study are the clothes worn by Sir Walter immediately before his death. These consist of a blue coat with large brass buttons, plaid trousers, a broad brimmed hat, his walking stick and a pair of stout shoes that were certainly very recently blackened.

It is to-day an ideal home, and I do not wonder that the Scotts find it pleasant to live there. There is plenty of society, and that portion of the old homestead that is used by the family as the residence is as cheerful a place as I know of. There are not so many visitors as one would suppose, and in winter the house is closed.

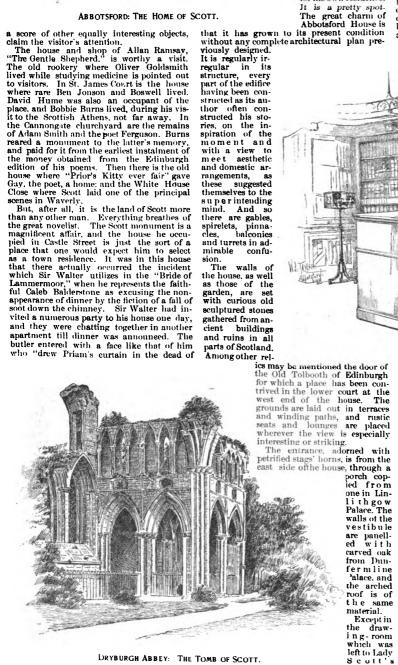
From Abbotsford to Melrose is a short drive, and from Melrose to Dryburgh Abbey, where Scott lies buried, is but six miles farther. It is a pretty spot and next to Melrose one of the finest ruins that I have seen. The foliage is luxurious and there is an air of quietness and peace about the whole place, the well Abbotsford House is that it has grown to its present condition without any complete architectural plan previously designed. It is regularly irregular in its structure, every part of the edifice having been constructed as its author often constructed his stories, on the inspiration of the moment and dwith a view to meet aesthetic and domestic arrangements, as THE PARTY OF ALL THE REAL PROPERTY. WI.TAY

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S DESK AND CHAIR.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S DESK AND CHAIR.

or's attention as Sir Walter's study. There is his writing table and chair. The former was made of pieces of wood belonging to the Spanish Armada. It is just as the great novelist left it. There is a portrait of Rob Roy on the wall that shows that bold Scotsman in a very gentle and pleasant mode. There are other interesting relics, and the tiny apartment, or turret room, opening from the study is the place where the great novelist used to see visitors who called upon him for a quiet chat. It will interest antiquarians to know that the carved paneling of the little chamber is said to have belonged to a bedstead used by Queen Mary at Jedburgh in 1596. There is also conspicuously placed a bust of the great writer. It is given the piace of honor. During Scott's lifetime a bust of the bard of Avon occupied the place, but on the day of the novelist's death his son substituted that of his father for the immortal Shakespeare.

The library ic the largest and most magnificent of all the rooms. I should say that it is 60 by 50 feet broad. The roof is claborately carved after old Gothic models. The walls are covered with book-cases, containing 25,000 volumes; many of them rare works of family history and romance. On the walls and in various nooks and corners of the room, there are many interesting relics. In the bow-window stands a glass table containing Napoleon's first blotting book; a drinking cup once owned by rollicking Prince Charlie; Rob Roy's purse; a nuraber of gold snuff-boxes; a minia-



DRYBURGH ABBEY: THE TOMB OF SCOTT.

∃, 1890



pass on.

"What have you done with Alice? You can't go back, you know."

"I know. She is at Miss Rickstack's. She can stay."

"The best place for her," said the doctor, briefly. "You have left me nothing to object to—except—your self. And now we must leave that where we leave everything we can't help. You are a brave woman, Jane."

She had given him nothing else to call her by but her little Christian name. He might have left that off, but that he did not sent acurious feeling through Jane's consciousness, It was as if he had taken her by the hand.

"If there are any particular directions"—she began, as she went by into the doorway of Rick's room, where she turned and paused. But the doctor came in also. He put something into a glass with water, and told her to drink it. Then he prepared another similar portion which he covered and set upon the mantel. "Take that at twelve o'clock," he said. "Give Rick a teaspoonful of this upon the table every hour when awake. Offer him milk also. It is in the little cooler. Water when he asks for it. I shall be in once or twice before morning. Keep him as quiet as possible. Sleep before everything."
With those brief sentences he went away.

He had treated Jane precisely as she chose to be treated. He

Keep him as quiet as possible.

Keep before everything."

With those brief sentences he went away.

He had treated Jane precisely as she chose to be treated. He had understood, and had taken her at her word. She felt received into confidence and trust. More: she had entered into rapport with a high, strong, sincere nature.

In the two adjoining rooms these two sat, anxious, intent upon their watch, yet singularly conscious of each other; wondering, each how the other had again come in the way, and now so closely.

In the morning, Mrs. Sunderland was easier, the doctor came and treated Rick's throat which was nearly in its normal condition. June was not tired; she knew how to take even watching with a certain repose of nerve. The nurse had had full rest, and resumed her post with Mrs. Sunderland; Dr. Griffith went off for a nap; Jane stayed with Rick, and told him little inexciting stories. The child was happy; his mother did not know that Jane was there.

Dr. Griffith managed to learn somehow the rest of Jane's name; the next time he had occasion to make use of it he addressed her cs Miss Gregory. She was not a housemaid, nor a nursemaid; she felt the delicate respect and courtesy; but she liked to remember that once saying of "Jane." For her part, she had found out no more concerning his; she had got used to thinking of him as Dr. Hansel, and she did not care; it was easy enough to call him "Doctor." Of course he was Mrs. Sunderland's near relative; her brother, doubtless; but what Mrs. Sunderland's near relative; her brother, doubtless; but what Mrs. Sunderland has near relative; her brother, doubtless; but what Mrs. Sunderland has no hurry to begin her acquaintance with him over again under a strange appellation; "Dr. Hansel" held all her associations thus far. She was considering far more another circumstance which indeed at this juncture did not matter much, but would trouble her honesty by and by. That she knew a little more of Mrs. Sunderland's brother than Mrs. Sunderland was aware of,—that she was keep

herself the fact of that first meeting,—
that recognition of herself in the doctor's little written story of it,—all this
must be held account with by and by.
She was very conscious that it had not
been a light, forgotten matter with her;
if it had been, it would not be presenting itself as a stern question of
candor now. But these things waited.

What Dr. Griffith thought did not
appear. On the second day, all
possible precautions taken, he had
Jane and Rick transferred to the white
room where he watched over their
well being by open-air colloquies on
the staircase, and by minute directions
for Jane's proceeding and observation
with the child and with herself. Always quiet, always simple and direct,
there was nothing in Jane's manner
pation with the duties in hand. Sometimes,
notwithstanding that first electric look that he
knew had shot between them, he very nearly
doubted if she postively remembered. But
he, no more than she, passed, by any word or
sign, the limits which the present time imposed.

For the by and by, a question waited with
the doctor also, which was fast taking shape

dounced it sine posters, it is a passed by any word or he, no more than she, passed, by any word or sign, the limits which the present time imposed.

For the by and by, a question waited with the doctor also, which was fast taking shape as a determination. He had time to arrange his tactics clearly in his own mind; that was where he had advantage of the girl. She would have to be taken by surprise whenever and however he might make allusion or inquiry.

It came the day before Mrs. Sunderland was to come down stairs again. There was no more time to lose. The doctor met Jane as she took her little constitutional among the apple-trees. Dr. Escue had just gone; his visits ended with this one; things were glad and bright in the little house now; they were going to be very busy. Final fumigating and cleansing,—one part at a time; then packing and moving.—for a change was prescribed and imperative. Whither Jane did not know, nor how far it would concern herself; she had a talent for not asking questions.

"Good morning, Moss Gregory."

"You have not got farther all this time than the handle to my name. I have never been properly presented. Yours hadn't onesuitably available—so I was obliged to inform myself. Dr. Griffith, at your command, Miss Gregory." And the doctor lifted his hat and bowed.

Jane laughed gently, frankly; atthe same time she, too, bent her head. "Thank you," she replied.

"Do you mind telling me," said Dr. Griffith, with somesthing of a quiet, professional

This was a bad corner from which Jane came straight out.

"If you please, Dr. Griffith, I would rather not tell you that. I cannot quite explain it now." It was said with the shyest deference, and yet with a sweet courage of directness, here are rever raised confidently to the courtesy in his. Dr. Griffith bowed again. He treated her as if she were a princess, this rare, high-mannered gentleman.

"I think you are a very spirit of truth," he said. "And truth has it all her own way. The eternal years are hers. I will wait." He smiled. And then he began to tell her what he and his sister had decided.

"We are all to go away," he said. "A little salt air tonic, an out of door life awhile in this beautiful weather is what you must all have." As if Jane were really one of them!

"There is a little place down among the rags and fringes of the Maine coast that we know...that my brother-in-law leased one summer and that we can have again. Leeport Island--only three houses on it. Cliffs, and sea, and beach, and woods, all in a strip of a mile's length by a half mile in width at the broadest. Shall you like it?"

Again that making her of importance; that counting her in, not merely by permission, but as a motive. She was to be thought of, also; cared for. Jane's eyes shone, with more than pleasure. "You are good," she said with her simple emphasis.

Dr. Griffith answered nothing to that; he very slightly raised his hat again and went away. There was nothing in the colloquy to neighboring eyes,—and the eyes were not wanting,—beyond the highly interesting and suggestive daily movements about the isolated and guarded house. What this, that and the other neant in the proceedings and precautions casually apparent, was a wonderfully sustaining object in life to Mrs. Turnbull just now, interrupted in the ordinary autumn assorption of wardrobe readjustment. The "blind side" of her dwelling was vantage ground for keenest observation.

In a few days, June came as far as the fence and opened parley. The washerwoman was hanging linen

method of steadily working to a point,—"how you happened at first to call me Dr. Hansell?" "Did you notice that?" asked Jane, a little disturbed. "I—the children called you so—Doctor Griffith." "Yes. Before you saw me, before I came, I mean. How—please—did you identity me?"

need not be at all afraid." said Jane. "But I thought I would not come until you knew."
"O. I'm not afraid; but then it's always well enough to be careful. It's been a pretty serious thing in the neighborhood, this sickness" (Continued on page 27.)

J(

"You here! Miss"—began Dr. Hansel.
"Yes. I am Jane," the girl answered low.
"I have come to stay with Rick. I knew somebody was needed."
"But—I don't know what to do with you!" The tone in which the doctor was obliged to speak was inadequate to express his half annoyed, entirely perplexed astonishment.
"There is nothing for you to do," Jane answered, "except to put up with me." In the dim light he saw that she smiled quietly. "I shall sit by Rick. The nurse can sleep, and you will have only Mrs. Sunderland." She moved forward to pass on.
"What have you done with Alice? You can't go back, you know."
"I know. She is at Miss Rickstack's. She can stay." PART V. "How easy things happen when they once begin!" said Miss Rickstack " and then again, they won't start for a lifetime."
"Just so," said Aunty. "When you're ready, they come; when you're unready, they tarry, and you all slumber and sleep. Who knows how much sooner—but I won't take liberties

with Scripcher. All I want is to see a straight way, and happenin's likewise, as if they was sent, and didn't jest tumble. Then I don't care which way,—least I try not to. But there's a great many weewaws. hither-an'-yons, and criss-cross, till you can't see what providence itself is up to. And in your own mind the worst; whether to do, or whether you've done; and whether you've done is awful!"

you've done; and whether you've done is awful!"

Miss Rickstack and aunty were great friends in these days; but these days were a little further on. There had been some hard weewaws first. One was the night when Margaret was at the worst, and the nurse was worn out, and only Doctor Hansel fit to watch either panent. "And he wouldn't be, only he's a man," said aunty, with touching confidence in the strength of the stronger sex. She and Jane still called the doctor by his fairy-tale name, aunty from habit, Jane from mistake, just touched with a doubt that there was a mistake somehow. When she could, without confusing him with Dr. Escue, she used only the medical title. "It's a weewaw," aunty said: 'only it won't swing clear e'era-way, more'n an inch."

Jane gave it a push. "We will leave Alice over at the Crocus, and I'll go up," she said. "We must do the best thing, and that is it." "She can't come back again!" cried aunty, in amazement.
"Of course not. But I must take the re-

"We must do the best thing, and that is it."

"She can't come back again!" cried aunty, in amazement.

"Of course not. But I must take the responsibility now. She is perfectly safe and happy. Mrs. Sunderland will approve when—she knows." There was a sob in the break between the words, but it was kept down with a brave face. Aunty could not so well hold back the emotion to which the contagion of Jane's gave release. She sat down on the lower step of the garden stair, whence she had held counsel with Jane at the top, and put her face between her hands upon her knees. "Don't speak to me!" she choked forth, with very poor disguise; "I'm—think—ing!" Jane stepped back into the white room; a moment after, when she came forth again, aunty was on her feet, pouring from a brokennosed pitcher some carbolized water upon the step where she had been sitting. "tain't my resk, either way, she was saying; nor shan't be. Don't come down till I'm clear off," she called up hurriedly. "I might forget, if you was within arm's reach, you—dear, blessed, contrary creechur!"

That night, when the bush and dusk had settled upon the sick rooms,—the night-lamps were placed, the nurse gone to bed for a three hours' rest, and Rick in his first sleep.—Doctor Griffith, passing along the little corridor to his sister's room, saw the swingdoor to the long L-passage gently slip ajar, and a white figure enter noiselessly from beyond. Jane Gregory met him, in soft, silent raiment, straight skirts and sacque-wrap of starchless cambric, fresh ones upon her arm to replace with, and a little linen bag in her hand. She stopped, just over the rubicon, when she saw him.

WOMAN.

BY ROSE HARTWICK THORPE.

A queen in her beautiful garments, She stands on the ramparts to-day To herald the dawn, and the cerements Of her pust are folded away.

She stands with the prophets and sages; She speaks, and her tongue is a flame Leaping forth from thes which for ages Have smouldered in silence and shame.

Her feet have come up from the valleys.
They are climbing the mountains of light.
At her call the world 'rouses and rallies,
Bearing arms in the battle of right.

She treads on the serpent that stung her, And grinds out its life 'neath her heel; She grapples with sorrows that wrung her, Converting her woe into weal.

Made strong through her slaughtered affection She comes, with her sons by her side, An angel of power and protection. Their beacon-light, leader and guide.

No longer a timorous being, To cringe, and to cry 'neath the rod. But quick to divine and far-seeing, She hastens the purpose of God.

EXPERIMENTS IN WAGE-EARNING.

WHEREIN THERE ARE HINTS FOR MANY WOMEN.

BY O. M. E. ROWE.



MOST perplexing question to many a woman to-day is how to get bread, clothes, and shelter.

The necessity of wage-earning falls most heavily on delicately reared women, who confront the dilemma after girlhood has passed. In early life when habits are forming, inapressions quickly received, and adaptations easily made, new lines of work may be readily assumed. But after years of case and luxury, the difficulty is greatly increased, and the strong wench of habits compelled by bread-winning, is like pulling at life's roots. Such women have had no training for a special work, and seem to possess no marked ability for any one occupation. If well-educated, teaching is possible, though the chances are against success, if she has reached middle life.

Many a woman whose only available know-

are against success, it succes Many a woman whose only available knowledge is housekeeping, turns to keeping a
boarding or lodging house. But it takes considerable ability and shrewd calculation to
make more than a living in this way, and
involves hard work and constant anxiety.
Some wish to become clerks, but retail employers generally prefer to put young and
pretty girls behind their counters. Too often,
the way seems hedged in, and yet the
"must' is imperative, and the woman cries
in despair, "What can I do?" The sudden
and complete changes of fortune, so frequent
in America, demand that a wise parental
foresight shall lessen the shock of disaster by
training daughters as well as sons for possible wage-earners.

and complete changes of fortune, so frequent in America, demand that a wise parental foresight shall lessen the shock of disaster by training daughters as well as sons for possible wage-earners.

Fortamately, the range of choice in avocations widens every year, and it seems to be generally accepted that a woman may do whatever she will. The world is willing to pay for almost anything that is done in a superior manner, while slipshod work is the first to go to the wall. Whether she recognizes the fact or not, almost every woman has ability, latent or known, in some direction. The first question she asks herself may well be, "What do I like to do?" Liking to do a thing is strong presumption in favor of doing it well. The next query should be, "Can I do it well?" If she finds she can do one thing superlatively well and likes to do it, she may be reasonably sure of succeeding. Then comes the vital, crucial question. "How shall I get it to do?" Often the most difficult part is finding an avenue for bringing that one thing excellently well done to the knowledge of those who need that very thing, and can pay for it. It requires considerable tact in watching for an opportunity, and resolute persistence to bridge the chasm that stretches between a plan and its consummation. But patient perseverance is akin to power.

It must always be remembered that a thorough understanding of the work proposed, an absolute mastery of all its details, and practical experience are essential to the best results. Any one, who has studied the careers of women successful in any department, is impressed with the attention paid to minutie, without losing the grasp on broad general principles. Probably Miss Wilkinson, when she assisted a member of her family to lay out estates, design gardens and parks, little thought of ever pursuing the business. But she supports herself now by personally susperintending the manual labor of laying out the playstead for children, with gardens, trees, swings, croquet lawns, tennis courts, ball grounds and a po

ied from one of Raphael's pictures containing fifty figures. Heracute scuse of color, knowiedge of proportion, facility at drawing, and ability to produce original and beautiful interiors, indicated her line of work. Let a to force the patient of picture of the content of the

grid or seamstress.

Two elderly gentlewomen, descendants of colonial heroes, live in a city where the feeling for pedigree runs high on very slender rills of blue-blood. Their income dwindled to nothing per annum, but death by starva-

tion seemed easier than parting with ancestral mahogany, china and silver. But inexonable hunger and pride that shrank from charity, forced a concession of dignity, and Miss Ruth announced, "There's only one thing we can do, that is mend china." She bravely went to the Amicott's manision and offered to mend a historic punch bowl that after 200 years of vicissitude had recently succumbed to a servant's duster. "But it's in a thousand pieces." objected the Squire. Miss Ruth protested herself undismayed, and a week later returned it skillfully made whole. This was the beginning of a long line of fine mending in china and giass. Somebody told her about the Frenchman in Boston who cleverly riveted china. Her enthusiasm in her work, and its surprising pecuniary reward, led her to visit him, and, after watching the operation, she bought the drills and gradually became expert in using them with marvelous patience and delicacy of touch.

A widow of executive ability, with three children to support, ignored the crowded avocations, and started on a novel plan for which she felt specially qualified. She obtained permission to post the following notice in the "Woman's Exchange": "A competent house-keeper of experience desires the charge of ladies' house-cleaning. She will take up carpets, cleanse and repair them, clean the rooms in the most thorough manner, do up lace curtains, hang draperies, and leave the house in perfect order. Apply at the desk." Only a few orders at first, but she did the work with scrupulous fidelity. She trained her boys, ten and twelve years old, to beat carpets properly, and when laid, she sponged them with ammonia to brighten the colors. She supervised everything herself, but her working corps consisted of a man and four women. Slowly, she gained the confidence of wealthy families, who sent her to open their country houses and regulate them, and again to attend to the closing of the city houses. Rarely was anything injured, because, having been brought up with nice things, she had a proper appreci

ciation of their care.

The great secret of life's well being is to make the internal life, with its individual capacities, experiences and possibilities, develop harmoniously with the outward environment and its limitations. Self distrust, the dreading to strike out in a new path, is the cause of many a woman's failure.

HOW TO MARRY WELL.

BY THE DUCHESS.



OME girls start in life with the idea that to snub the opposite sex is the surest way of bringing it to their feet. All such imaginings are vain! A man may be amused by the coquettish impertinences of a girl, he may even be attracted by it to a certain extent, but in the end he feels repulsion, and unless it be the exception that proves the rule, hastens away presently to lay his name and fortune at the disposal of some more modest girl.

To marry well is the note that strikes more clearly on the brain of the débutante's mother than on the ear of that interesting person herself. A girl starting in life feels all the world is before her where to choose. She gives, indeed, too little thought to the subject. She comes fresh from the schoolroom into the crowded drawing-room, thinking only how best to enjoy herself. The thought of marriage, if near, is yet so far, that it hardly interferes with her pleasure in the waltz, the theatre, or the eternal afternoon tea.

It is a pity that the educational standard fixed for young girls now-a-days is of so low an order. A smattering of French, a word or two of German, an idea of what music really means, as gained from a three years' acquaintance with scales and movements, and songs without words—this is all! There is, of course, a good deal of reading with scientific masters that serves only to puzzle the brains half given to the matter in hand, and then the girl is emancipated from the schoolroom, and let loose upon society to "be settled in life," says Mamma.

Some of these girls do marry well—surprisingly so! But they are amongst the few. As for the rest, they make their own lives and their husband's a burden to them. Without having time given them to mature their ideas, these latter are hurried into matrimony whilst still children, without having formed a conception of the terrible responsibility that attaches itself to every human sonl who agrees to join itself to another.

These latter do not make good matches in any one sense of the word. The struggling barrister, the

"But a smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combined,
Kindle never-dying fires:—
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks or lips or eyes."

We see, then, that there are things more de-rable to the masculine mind than the mere arms of the flesh. To be beautiful is a good

thing, for which we should thank Nature—to be attractive, morally, rather than physically, is, however, a thing for which we should thank Nature even more, if she be good enough to have endowed us with that lasting quality. Let a girl learn once for all that her little schoolgirl airs and graces can please only the unintellectual of her set, that to make a good match, in the most noble sense of the word, is to form herself to be the equal of the man she marries, and all will be right. I speak advisedly, because a girl who has the courage to so plan out her future is very unlikely to wed with any save the most desirable of the other sex.

wed with any save the most desirable of the other sex.

But what is a good match? Does it mean a man with money only, or position only, or intellect only, or only a capacity for being good humored under each and every circumstance? The common acceptation of the term means a man in such a moneyed position that he can place his wife considerably above that of her friends, so far as money goes. And that is a very good thing too, so far as it goes. But to be rich is not everything! The merely sordid, the entirely uneducated can rise to this height, but surely to make a good match one's husband should be the possessor of something more than money. He should be cultured, refined, intelligent, and therefore the girl who wishes to mate with him, should take care to be cultured and refined herself. Half the bad matches in the world are caused either by the educated woman marrying the man thoroughly beneath her in all moral qualities, or the man who has spent his life cultivating his mind, falling a slave to the petty fascination of a pretty woman who has only beauty to give him—nothing more!

What girls should never forget is to be neat! Not primly so, but daintily so. The girl well got up, with irreproachable gloves, and shoes that fit, though her gown be only cotton, yet fit be well turned out, may compete with the richest, while the slovenly dresser, who scoms or forgets to give attention to details, is passed over by the discontented eye, though her gown may be a masterpiece of Worth.

A girl should learn to put her gown on properly. No creature living takes more heed of externals than your orthodox man. He may not know the price, color, or material of your clothes, but he will know to a nicety whether you are well or badly gowned.

One special point I would impress upon the girl who desires, (as all girls do) to range themselves well, to make a good marriage—is to be gentle. The craze for vivacity, for the free and easy style that border so closely on the manners of the demi monde that distinguished the society of

be blamed. Youth will see amusement in even trifles, but there was one amongst us who did not laugh. The old man's chagrin seemed to touch her. She went quickly forward, and as he groped nervously for his parcels she lifted them one by one, and laid them in his arms. She was not a strictly pretty girl, but there was dignity and sweetness both in her face and in her action. I noticed that a young man, one of our party, watched that intently. He was rich, titled, one of the matches of the London season. Supreme admiration showed itself in his face. He demanded an introduction. I gave it. In six months they were man and wife. She made a good match and so did he in every sense of

the word. There is one last remark, however, and a vital one, that I must make. No match, however distinguished either by money or position, can be called a good one unless "love," tion, can be called a good one unless "love," who "is a great Master," be the very core of who it.

good match, and so did he, in every sense of



THE CHAMPION
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DOGI

1

BY Maud. Howe. three hundred pounds every time she puts them on."
Jacob Silverton had more than a dash of Hebrew blood, and though he ignored his eminently worthy relations on the mother's side, the dominant commercial instinct of the race constantly betrayed itself in his speech.
"I suppose you know perfectly well what an impression you made this afternoon in the Park? Everybody was asking who you were at my club this evening."
"How badly off for a subject of conversation everybody must be at your club," said Miss Langdon.
She hated Mr. Silverton, and cast an appealing glance toward the Colonel who was talking with a plain little woman of the wall flower species. The Colonel always managed, bis wife used to say, to devote himselt to all "the forlornities."
"No," said Silverton, gravely, "I always hear more news at the Junior Poodle than I can anywhere else in town." three hundred pounds every time she puts CHAPTER XI. A^S the carriage drew

up before Lady Fiddle-Fad-dle's door, a blaze of light streamed out streamed out upon the newly arriving guests. They entered the long hall with its two rows of marble columns gar-landed with landed with flowers, and passed between the opposing lines of gorgeously dressed flunkies. At the end of the hall a V-shaped balcony was reached by a double stairway. The balcon y was rowded with brilliantly-dressed women

cony was crowded with brillian thy-dressed women and as Phillida blooked up at the shining galaxy of dresses and fair faces, with the magnificent part of this famous mansion. It seemed to her that everybody else accepted the beautiful part of this famous mansion. It seemed to her that everybody else accepted the beautiful part of this famous mansion. It seemed to left that everybody else accepted the beautiful part of this famous mansion. It seemed to fit that the head of the stairway stood Lady Fiddle-Faddle and her daughter, to whom Phillida was presented. After a word of greeting, Phillida and the Colonel moved on and joined the group of people who were watching the arriving guests coming up the stairs. Behind them opened the great picture gallery with its famous portraits of the dead and gone Lords and Laddes of the great house. The beautiful Lady Clarisas by Sir Joshua Reynolds, rosy-lipped, pouting, delicious. Lady Georgianna, aristocratic, slender, spiritual, with taper ingers, and diaphanous frapery, by Gainsborough. Lord Edwarf Fidher Faddle, handsome, pale, melancholy, with soft, brown eyes, an elegant figure, a wolf hound at his feet, and lace ruffles at his wrists, square, stolid, fat, in black velvet, with a gold chain about his neck, with his Lady beside him, in an impossible peaked head-dress of white and gold, simple and harsh of feature, modesty in her expression and dress. These last portraits by Holbein, the unflattering, truthful painter of Henry the Eighth and his by the grandeur of all she saw, the apotheo

last portraits by Holbein, the unflattering, truthful painter of Henry the Eighth and his court.

At first Phillida was so deeply impressed by the grandeur of all she saw, the apotheosis of wealth, the results of generations of riches, so different from the crude lavishness of the riches of her native land, that she quite forgot herself. But after a time she grew accustomed to the novelty of her surroundings and began to realize that she herself was attracting more attention than ever before in her life.

Whichever way she looked, she found curious or admiring eyes fixed upon her. A new face, and a face of such rare beauty, never fails to make a sensation in a London ballroom. On all sides she heard or rather divined the whispered question,—"Who is she" Embarrassed and flattered by all this attention, she was thrown into a delicious confusion of triumph and timidity which made her even more charming in the eyes of that veteran beau, Mr. Jacob Silverton, just presented to her by the Colonel.

"The house, isn't it, Miss Langdon? This is the first time it has been opened in ten years of the first time it has been opened in ten years, opened to all the world, I mean."

"It is very beautiun!," said Phillida, painfuly conscious of the bold, hard eyes of her new acquaintance, which passed deliberately over her face, her bare throat and arms, her lithe figure, down were making an inventory of every beauty or beinish she possessed.

"Tell me about some of these people. Mr. Silverton. I am a perfect stranger here. Who is that lady in gray brocade?" said Phillida, hoping to diver that insolent gaze from her girlish beauty, all unused to such inspection.

"That is Lady Carnavron. She is the richest woman in Scotland. She got her money from her fally be gemmed, her best brown wig was or

from her first husband, who made rum in Jamaica."

Lady Carnavron was fearfully and wonderfully be-gemmed, her best brown wig was ornamented by two diamond coronets.

'I have been trying to count her necklaces for the last five minutes. How many do you make, three or four?" asked Phillida.

'I give it up." said Silverton. "The finest jewels here to-night are the Duchess of Maltby's rubies. They are historic. The interest on the money they are worth amounts to twelve hundred pounds per annum, and as she does not wear them above four times a year, we may assume that it costs the Duke

Here young Fiddle-Faddle joined the Colonel, and asked to be presented to Miss Langdon.
"Is she a cousin or niece?" he asked.
"She is my wife's cousin."

them as a fellow of my sort sees it soon gets to be an old story."

"Yes, I suppose it does."
There was a moment's pause in this brilliant conversation, during which two Dowagers passed by linked arm in arm. They were so fat that this method of locomotion had its inconveniences.

"Oh, did you hear that the Duke was having an affair with."

Here Dowager No. 1

put her head very close to the ear of Dowager who answers.

No. 2—who answers—
"Dear me, how hard that must be for the Duchess,"—the Dowagers passed out of ear-

"Dear me, how hard that flust be for the Duchess,"—the Dowagers passed out of earshot.
"Now I wonder what those two old cats were talking about, wouldn't you like to know, Miss Langdon? If it will give you any pleasure I will go after them and find out."
"Oh, go by all means. Lord Fiddle-Faddle," answered Phillida, cordially.
"And let Silverton have my place? No, thank you, did I not hear him telling you that the fellows at the club were all trying to find out who you were? Jack Lawton, that fellow who is just speaking to my mother, was the only one who knew anything about you. Have you met him and Lady Lawton?"
"No, we saw them driving this afternoon. How handsome she is!"
"She is very nice, too. I don't know a pleasanter country house than Lawton Hall. I often used to meet the Ackers there."

"Will you give me this dance, Miss Langdon?" Lawton said, and carried her off triumphant to the ball-room. There were only a few couples dancing, the floor was excellent, the melancholy, passionate notes of an Hungarian waltz echoed the expectant beating of the young girl's heart. There was a moment's pause, one or two hesitating steps in which each tested the other's time, then finding that they were in perfect accord, they glided into the swift waltz, now when the music wailed a plaintive minor, their motion grew slow and languid, the melody changed into a fiery joy, and Phillida felt her partner's arm encircling her waist a little closer, the time of the stepwas doubled, she flew so lightly that she seemed in very fact to be treading on air. She could have danced on so forever, everything was forgotten in the ecstasy of that first real waltz. She had never in truth waltzed before, for a waltz is not a waltz unless there is added to the poetry of the motion, the pathos of the music, that inner spirit of the dance, a sentiment which is more subtle than friendship between the partners.
"You must not let me tire you." Sir John's voice recalled her from the dreamland on the borders of which they had been hovering.
"Thank you," he said, "thank you for a delightful waltz." Lawton, who was familiar with the house, showed his partner the famous tapestried dining-room, with the pictures by Titian and Murillo, and after they had made the tour of the rooms found a place for her in the library which was for the moment deserted,"
"May we sit here a few moments until you are ready to go back to the ball-room, and sive

oback to the ballrom and give
the dare yeld
the face yel

ways the sume to me, but it does seem rather

to me, but it does seem rather more coppery than usual in contrast to golden vehice. You have been staying there too, I hear."

"Yes," said Miss Langdon, "I used to see you very often. You grew to be an accomplished gondolier before you left."

"You saw me in Venice? Impossible?"

"True, nevertheles. Do you remember the Palszzo Belladonna? You often passed it. That was where we pived. What became of your friend you used to be with so much? He was tall, with dark hair and eyes."

"He is in London, like everybody

periment."
"Why dangerous? I might possibly meet

"Why dangerous: I might possibly the owner,"
"Dangerous, because it is evidently the work of the fifteenth or sixteenth century, and those old Venetians did very curious things. The goldsmiths were adepts in the art of poisoning, and very learned in the science of love philters.

Miss Langdon looked critically at her round white wrist.

white wrist.
'Observe the kindly expression of this ruby (Continued on page 25.)

where we lived. What became of your friend you used to be with so much? He was tall, with dark hair and eyes."

"He is in London, like everybody else, he's my cousin, as well as my best friend. That reminds me, he had a letter of introduction to your father from Mrs. Ackers. You never met him?"

"No. What is his name?"

"Armydis." He is like a brother to me."

"Armydis," she repeated the name. "What a knightly "Would you mind telling me," he continued, "Would you mind telling me," he continued, "Whould you mind telling me," he repeated the name. "What a knightly "This one?" said Phillids, touching the pair of entwined serpents on her left arm. "I wish I could tell you. There is something of a mystery about it. I found it in the Piazza at Vonice, and foolishly clasped it on my arm. It has a concealed lock, and it is impossible to get to off without breaking it."

"That is what I hoped for. We advertised it is wish I hoped for. We advertised it rightful owner."

"Meanwhile you wear it,—a dangerous experiment."

"Why dangerous? I might possibly meet the owner."

"My mother tells me that she has a great fortune. Is that true?"

"Her father is certainly a very rich man," said the Colonel.
"She is bored to death by old Silverton. Now is the time, Colonel."
Phillida received her new acquaintance graciously, though she was not attracted by the young man's vapid face, which had not, however, the effrontery of the older worldling's. Fiddle-Faddle's admiration of the fair sex was always at war with the extreme embarrassment with which young laddes always inspired him. He bowed very profusely, and hysterically expressed his pleasure at meeting Miss Langdon.
"First ball, Miss Langdon? I hope you enjoy it."
"Oh, very much indeed of course griavously."

"First ball, Miss Languon: I nope you car-joy it."
"Oh, very much indeed, of course, grievously replied Phillida."
"Oh most people enjoy a first ball, you know, but when it gets to seeing so many of

"They are great friends of my cousins."
"They used to be. I believe Lawton still goes to the Ackers, but there was a horrid row between Mrs. Ackers and Lady Lawton: at the Bazzar, which my mother got up for the benefit of the wives and children of Tippoo Tib."
Phillida was watching the blonde Athelstane who seemed to be looking for somebody.
"I am sure it was not my cousin's fault," she said.

"I am sure to the she said.
"I don't know. It was rather a nasty scene.
The two women don't speak now, and I believe Pattic took a solemn eath never to mention Lady Lawton's name as long as she lived."

lieve Pattie took a solemn ostn never to men-tion Lady Lawton's name as long as she lived."
Phillida saw the look of recognition in Sir John's searching eyes as they fell upon her. He made his way directly to the Colonel, and a moment after he was being presented to her, with the usual formal words of introduction, which seemed to them both so unnecessary.

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Philadelphia, February, 1890.

THE EDITORIAL DESK.

The editorial management holds itself responsible for the views expressed on this page ONLY; in the case of all other material, simply for the wisdom of insertion.

WITH but ten steps from the threshold of a new century in the world's history, it is easy to discern the advanced position which woman will have achieved at the dawn of the Twentieth Century.

THE FIRST CENTURY OF WOMAN.

dawn of the Twentieth Century.

THE FIRST CENTURY OF WOMAN.

What wonders the Nineteenth Century has accomplished for woman is difficult for even the most careful student to compass. The century found her almost in barbarism. She was bound by shackles at every turn. Birthrights were accorded her as privileges. Safety depended upon physical strength. Recognition of the laws of Nature which protect every woman was shown only to the highest in power. She was the slave of man. Her existence was a privilege to be appreciated. But with the spread of civilization and education there came a change. Doors which for years were locked, swung open to her. What were once regarded as woman's privileges became her rights. Her social elevation revolutionized the tone of society. Her absence became felt where once it was desired. The curt bow of disdain changed for the humble acknowledgment of superiority. In all circles, her refining influence became predominant. Into the busy world of merchandise she entered,—underpaid at first, but gradually her worth became more apparent, until now the business standard which measures men likewise measures women. The freedom withheld from her for years has come to her. To-day a woman of respectability is as safe traveling alone in any part of this country as she is in her own home. Let her, by her own conduct, command respect, and in the smillest hamlet of our land will it be accorded her. It is the first century of woman, then, in which we are privileged to live,—a century redolent with woman's advancement, and a harbinger of her greater progress.

WOMAN'S EQUALITY WITH MAN.

WOMAN'S EQUALITY WITH MAN.

Look into any of the professions of to-day into which women have entered, and the answer is quickly found whether women's services are underestimated or underpaid. Take in literature, and what male writers receive higher prices than do Mrs. Burnett, Mrs. Ward, Mrs. Deland, or Mrs. Rohlfs? The editorial chair is as remunerative to Marion Harland, Mary Mapes Dodge or Margaret Sangster as to the foremost editors of the opposite sex. The sculptor's ohisel in the hands of Harriet Hosmer is as effective as in the hands of Harriet Hosmer is as effective as in the hands of Harriet Hosmer is as effective as in the hands of America to-day are women. As managers, Mrs. Louisa Knapp with The Ladies' Home Journal, and Mrs. Frank Leslie with her several publications have given the world convincing evidence of woman's wisdom in management. As moulders of public opinion, the ablest and most effective editorials in the newspapers of to-day frequently come from woman's pen. In many of the mercantile pursuits woman's hand is found at the helm, steering, with inborn intuition that is hers and hers alone, her craft over shallow rocks where man's less steady and patient guidance would often fail.

WOMAN'S MISSION OF THE FUTURE

WOMAN'S MISSION OF THE FUTURE.

With the opportunity thus accorded her, comes woman's greatest test. She has created the home, and it is her monument. She has refined man, and her influence, through him, has permeated every industry, art and profession. Woman's power is now felt in almost every great movement or reform where home, morals and education are affected. In thousands of instances her opinion is the power behind the throne. Men in public life are turning more and more to the women of their firesides for counsel. And it is in her position by the hearthstone where lies woman's greatest mission. As she has established the home and fireside, so let her maintain them, their

brightness, their purity and their resulting influences. The realm of domestic statesmanship is hers. She has laid the foundations of home morals, and just in proportion as she strengthens them will be her individual power. It is not expected, nor is it desirable that women assume the duties which God intended for men, and just so far as woman enter man's domain does she inflict injury upon herself and her established position. God conceived two sexes of the human race that there might be an equality of labor and duties. He constituted man for his particular mission, and has pointed the way to woman by placing her in the home and at the side of her children. There are no two greater factors in human life to-day than woman and home, and in their close association lies their strength. Separate the two, and they become like the two divided parts of a pair of scissors. Civilization offers no picture at once so suggestive of moral strength, of wider influence than a true woman in a home of her own creation. The laws which govern our nation made by the mind and hand of man, find their fountainhead in the training of the woman in the home. Woman's most powerful hall of legislation is the fireside. As is the influence which she there imparts, so are the results obtained. Man in the outer world is her emissary, carrying out the ideas she early implants in his mind. Contact with the world may develop and strengthen man's mind, but the seed is necessary to the development of the plant. Thus does woman become the quiet factor in the destiny of the nation which her kindred ornament before its bars of justice or in its halls of legislation. No woman need ever feel that her mission is an insignificant one which makes her the educator of the men entrusted by God in her keeping. And in this wise would we interpret woman's greatest mission of the future: her loyalty to the fireside which by her own hands she has created and built, and the brightness of which will be proportionally full of influence and life as she is there to ki

WOMAN AGAINST WOMAN.

WOMAN AGAINST WOMAN.

It is in woman's daily intercourse with woman that she has still something to learn, which, if unheeded, will undo much that the progress of civilization has done for the sex. It cannot be denied, even by the most fondest of her own sex, that the most cruel and unkind things often done to woman, that the most thoughtless and bitter words said of her are by other women. In a civilized way some of them seem to have declared war against themselves, for every time she strikes a blow at another woman it is done with a moral boomerang that comes back and hits the offender. A man does not, with a cold eye and critical bearing, stare at the made-over dress, lose his appetite at the luncheon arranged in a hurry, or ask personal questions that make the tears come to somebody's eyes and cause a sharp pain in somebody's eyes and cause a sharp pain in somebody's eyes and cause a sharp pain in somebody's leart. Women fight cach other altogether too much with the needle of envy, hatred, malice and uncharitableness dipped in the poison of scandal. It is a mean, a contemptible fight, unworthy of women who can, when occasion requires, become martyrs and go to the stake without a tear or a sob. It is unworthy of women who can sit by the bed-side of the sick, who through the long weary hours of the night can minister to the wants of suffering humanity, who can take on themselves moral burdens from which a man would shrink, who can be long suffering and yet can permit these mean little sins to creep into their lives and eat away the perfection of their characters like moths do a garment. With the advancement of her sex, let each resolve that the thoughtless word shall stop on her lips—drive the envious look from her eyes and when there is a feeling at her heart, strongly suggestive of hatred, let her try and think how badly she would feel if she thought some other woman had just such feelings toward her. Don't let it be the idde hand, or the hand raised partly to strike, but let it be the helping hand,—the han

MAKING BOTH ENDS MEET.

It is by no means the easiest thing to make both ends meet in a home. But you and I have both got to do it, and we might just as well ornament the work with a smile and a hearty desire as with a frown and an unwilling manner. You are as sure as 1 an that the good husband would make things better for you if he could; and it is a bit hard to see "just the easy chair you want" and "just the pretty black dress that would be so becoming," and that "adorable white cloak for the baby," and to keep from getting it when you have the money in your purse. But keep on thinking that that money is not yours; it is intended for the landlord; for the pantry; to make the lamp burn more brightly, but it is not for the luxuries of life. It is true they may not seem luxuries to your sister who does not have to struggle with the ribbon that binds the Book of life to make the ends meet, but then they are to you. Now, my friend, as certainly as you try with a cheerful heart to do the best you can and keep the grim lion, debt, from your door, the ribbon on your book will grow more and more elastic until some day, because of your care, it will tie in a beautiful bow-knot and without an effort on your part. The little economies that need not be meannesses; the willingness to sacrifice your own desires to the welfare of the household will tend to make you a beautiful before God, who realize how hard it is to go through the fire of little worries and come out with a heart, which like pure gold, only is brightened by the intense heat.

THE SECRET OF A LONG LIFE.

You sometimes see a woman whose old age is as exquisite as was the perfect bloom of her youth. She seems condensed sweetness and grace. You wonder how this has come about; you wonder how it is her life has been a long and happy one. Here are some of the rea-

sons:
She knew how to forget disagreeable things.
She understood the art of enjoyment.
She kept her nerves well in hand, and inflicted them on no one.
She believed in the goodness of her own daughters and in that of her neighbors.
She cultivated a good digestion.
She mastered the art of saying pleasant words.

ords. She did not expect too much from her

She made whatever work come to her con-

She retained her illusions, and did not believe that all the world was wicked and unkind.

unkind.
She relieved the miserable, and sympathized with the sorrowful.
She retained an even disposition, and made the best of everything.
She did whatever came to her cheerful and well

well.

She never forgot that kind words and a smile cost nothing, but are priceless treasures to the discouraged.

She did unto others as she would be done by, and now that old age has come to her and there is a halo of white hair about her head, she is loved and considered.

This is the secret of a long life and a happy

JEALOUSIES OF LITERARY WOMEN.

JEALOUSIES OF LITERARY WOMEN.

Why should so many literary women be jealous of each other's success? Surely, the field is large enough for all, and an audience is always ready for any one who has anything worth the telling. Yet, continually do we hear literary women expressing the most spiteful—and, as a rule, untruthful—opinions of their sisters of the pen. Each accuses the other of falsely appropriating ideas, or of using a title or a plot which "years ago I thought of working out." No allowance is made for two minds running in the same channel, as is often the case in the literary world, and has been demonstrated again and again. It is never accident,—always design. Mrs. T— is slighted if you compare her work with that of Miss B—. The literary woman of established success criticizes the methods by which a younger sister is climbing the ladder of literary fame. One woman is "writing too much for her own good," another is writing too much for her own good," another is writing too much for her work, but because she has won, by pretty manners or by pretty looks, the favor of a certain editor. Mrs. A—'s last article is carried by her name: had an unknown author written it, rejection would have been certain. Another literary woman has achieved success simply by a clever manipulation of the press. And so it goes, insimuation follows inuendo. It seems at times as if nothing is too unkind for literary women to say of each other and their work. Would it not be better for all if each were to apply herself to her own special work, and, where possible, reach out a helping hand to a struggling sister? Both can be done in this ago of literary activity, even by those who choose to disregard principle and count commercial interests. There is plenty of room for all,—so much room, in fact, that no literary woman to-day need be afraid of another crowding upon her leels. So long as the work is done well; she need have no fear of holding her own, and with that conviction can ad should, reach out the helping hand. An author who tr

THE HUSBAND AT.THE FIRESIDE.

sisters strengthens her own position, and to her success comes almost unfailingly.

THE HUSBAND AT. THE FIRESIDE.

A troubled reader asks us: "How shall I keep my husband at home?" It only requires a little tact, my dear reader. In the first place, never let him be conscious that you are making any effort. A man is such a curiously built animal that once he feels you want to keep him at home he has a desire to go out. Be as glad as you can that he is there, and let him see it, but do not let him imagine that you are trying to restrain his inclination by even a small piece of sewing silk. Let him feel that he is a free citizen, and that no woman rules him. Then begin to talk. He will probably, if he is like most men, and one may be certain that he is, say that women do talk about such silly things, and wonder how anybody ever announced that they were ever really endowed with brains. Agree with him fully and unreservedly. Do not be drawn into a battle on the subject. Having announced your lack of brain, any statement in the future will be forgiven you, and it is wonderful how the biggest, bravest and most intelligent of men will listen to the story of your woe at the dressmaker's, admire your new bonnet, and agree with you that it was in extremely bad taste for a woman you know to laugh so loud and talk so much at the afternoon concert or meeting. Gradually you will find he will pat you on the head, and you will somehow take a lower seat and lean up against him and both of you will talk over people and books and the things most interesting to you. You will get closer and closer to him, and when you tell him about somebody's sorrow, about your girl friend who is mourning for the one who has deserted her and her little baby, he will stoop over and kiss you and say, "Thank God, you are not the woman, and how can a man be such a brute." And then you will change the subject, and in a few minutes you will have him smilling, and after a while you and he together will fix a bit of supper, and as you sit opposite each oth

MARCH WINDS.

By FELIX L. OSWALD, M. D.



T is a very suggestive fact that the worst sorts of colds are less frequent in midwinter than in March and April. At the end of winter—generally about the time when the steady frosts of tour Northern States yield to the first protracted thaws and sunny afternoons enable promenaders to dispense with overcoats—at that very time of the year "colds" are most apt to become epidemic, and whole schools are seized with coughing and snuffling fits that continue for weeks and often till late in May. Ordinary catarrhs become more maliguant, and are often complicated with lung-troubles that decline to observe the proverbial nine-day period of a "cold in the head." Phenomena of that sort are too frequent to have escaped attention altogether, but as usual, their cause is ascribed to the influence of out-door rather than indoor life. The fitful March winds have to bear the blame: in other words, the lung marssmus of indoor workers is attributed to the northerly breezes, which, about the time of the March equinox, awaken the slumbering wood-nympls with the first greeting of returning Spring.

It must be admitted, however, that the indirect influence of those breezes is not wholly limited to such pleasant revivals. In midwinter wall-penetrating frosts purify, in spite of all obstacles, the foul atmosphere of millions of unventilated bedrooms, by destroying or lethargizing the floating germs of pulmonary disorders, which few intelligent physicians would now-a-days hesitate to include in the classes of contagious diseases. About the middle of March those germs get their first fair chance of development. The weather has moderated, but parlor-fires are still kept up; bedrooms remain as unventilated as in December, and the autocrat of the class-room snorts the same indignation at the presumption of the little girl, who, overcome with heat and nausea makes an attempt to raise a window-sash. In short, all sorts of winterfollies continue to be practiced after the antidote of frost has ceased to exert its counteracting influence. The to

FREE EDUCATIONS FOR GIRLS.

FREE EDUCATIONS FOR GIRLS.

There has never been a time when a thorough education is so essential a part of a girl's life as to-day. More is expected of the young woman of the present than ever before. And with the spread of knowledge evident on every side, even more will be expected of her in the future. The budding womanhood of America is more and more becoming the foundation of our social life. With this progress of events, the young girl of to-day, she who now is between the years of 15 or 18, will be called upon most of all to cope. In these progressive times, a girl of 20 years is no longer regarded as a mere girl; but a woman. And with this position come its requirements. Here the college steps in. Whatever may be thought of the value of a college education for a young man in business life, there can be no two opinions of the manifold advantages which a college training holds out to a girl. It means to her the shaping of her entire future life. While it cultivates her mind, it likewise broadens her views of people and the world at large. It brings her in constant contact with elevating influences and associations destined to guide her in after yesrs. She becomes surrounded on every hand with higher educative tendencies. By daily contact with her associates, she finds her own self reflected in them. By observing others, she can supply her own deficiencies, polish where finishing is necessary, and learn from their actions what is most becoming in a true woman. It transforms the girl into a woman. But while thousands of young women are thus being trained in our colleges to-day, there are other thousands within whose means such an education is out of the reach. It is precisely in the interests of these girls that the management of The LADES' Home, JOURNAL has for some time past been shaping a practical plan of free college educations. This we now believe to have formulated, and in substantiation of this belief we would call the attention of each one of our readers, and especially our young women, to the amou



To the innumerable readers of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL I send greeting. To the innumerable readers of THE LADIES HOME JOURNAL I send greeting. There are many things to be said and said right away. With the utmost freedom I shall say them. Please to gather under the light of my evening lamp, and let us look over all the matters pertaining to your prosperity and happiness.

T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

LVERY woman wants to be happy, and I would have her so. Had I my way, I would give you all, my thousands of readers, each and every one of you, everything your heart desires. I would have you possess all possible worldly prosperity. I would have for each one a garden, a river running through it, geraniums and shrubs on the sides, and the grass and flowers as beautiful as though the rainbow had fallen. I would have you a house, a splendid mansion, and the bed should be covered with upholstery dipped in the setting sun. I would have every hall in your house set with statuettes and statues, and then I would have the four quarters of the globe peur in all their luxuries on your table, and you should have forks of silver and knives of gold, inlaid with diamonds and amethysts. Then you should each one of you have the finest horses, and your pick of the equipages of the world. Then I would have you live a hundred and fifty years, and you should not have a pain or ache until your last breath. "Not each one of us?" you say. Yes, each one of you. "Not to your enemies?" Yes; the only difference I would make with them would be that I would put a little extra embroidery on their slippers. But you say, "Why does not God give us all these things?" Ah! I bethink myself. He is wiser. It would make fools and sluggards of us if we had our way. No man puts his best picture in the portico or vestibule of his house. God meant this world, or we would want no heaven.

But I cannot carry out my personal wishes with you, and so I must content myself with telling you how you may be happy, and in what I shall write I may perhaps address my-readers, though my words will not be harmful to the oldest.

THE HAPPIEST TIME IN LIFE.

THE HAPPIEST TIME IN LIFE.

And let me here correct the popular impression that people are happier in child-mood and youth than they ever will be again. If we live aright, the older we are the happier. The happiest woman I ever knew was a Christian octogenarian; her hair white as white could be: the sunlight of heaven late in the afternoon gilding the peaks of snow. Let me say to all my young readers that the most miserable time you are ever to have is just now. As you advance in life, as you come out into the world and have your head and heart all full of good, honest, practical Christian work, then you will know what it is to begin to be happy. There are those who would have us believe that life is chasing thistle-down and grasping bubbles. We have net found it so. To many of us it has been discovering diamonds larger than the Kohinoor, and I think that our joy will continue to increase until nothing short of the everlasting jubilee of heaven will be able to express it. It is reasonable to expect it will be so. The longer the fruit hangs on the tree, the riper and more mellow it ought to grow. You plant one grain of corn, and it will send up a stalk with two ears, each having nine hundred and fifty grains, so that one grain planted will produce nineteen hundred grains. And ought not the implantation of a grain of Christian principle in a youthful soul develop into a large crop of gladness on earth, and to a harvest of eternal joy in heaven?

HUSKS OF A FASHIONABLE LIFE.

HUSKS OF A FASHIONABLE LIFE.

Husks of a fashionable Life.

It is a belief with many young women that happiness is often built upon mere social position. Let me tell you, my young reader, that the position which mere society gives you is one of the sources of least satisfaction. I will tell you the story of a young woman who had this belief, and carried it out in her life. Her father's house was plain, most of the people who came there were plain; but, by a change in fortune such as sometimes comes, a hand had been offered that led her into a brilliant sphere. All the neighbors congratulated her upon her grand prospects; but what an exchange! On her side it was a heart full of generous impulse and affection. On his side it was a soul dry and withered as the stubble of the field. On her side it was a father's house, where God was honored and the Sabbath light flooded the rooms with the very mirth of heaven. On his side it was a gorgeous residence, and the coming of mighty men to be entertained there; but within it were revelry and godlessness. Hardly had the orange blossoms of the marriage feast lost their fragrance than the night of discontent began to cast here and there its shadow. The ring on her finger was only one link of an iron chain that was to bind her eternally captive. Cruelties and unkindness changed all those splendid trappings into a hollow mockery. The platters of solid silver, the caskets

of pure gold, the head-dress of gleaming diamonds, were there; but no God, no peace, no kind words, no Christian sympathy. The festive music that broke on the captive's ear turned out to be a dirge, and the wreaths in the plush were reptile coils, and the upholstery that swayed in the wind was the wing of a destroying angel, and the bead-drops on the pitcher were the sweat of everlasting despair. O, how many rivalries and unhappinesses among those who seek in social life their chief happiness! It matters not how fine you have things, there are other people who have it finer. Taking out your watch to tell the hour of day, some one will correct your time-piece by pulling out a watch more richly chased and jewelled. Ride in a carriage that cost you eight hundred dollars, and before you get around the park you will meet with one that cost two thousand dollars. Have on your wall a picture by Cropsey, and before night you will hear of some one who has a picture fresh from the studio of Church or Bierstadt. All that this world can do for you in ribbons, in silver, in gold, in Axminster plush, in Gobelin tapestry, in wide halls, in lordly acquaintanceship, will not give you the ten-thousandth part of a grain of solid satisfaction. Mere social position will never give happiness to a woman's soul. I have walked through the halls of those who despise the common people: I have sat at their banquets; I have had their friendship; yea. I have heard from their own lips the story of their disquietude; and I tell you, young women, that they who build their souls' immortal happiness on mere social position are building on the sand.

VALUE OF PERSONAL CHARMS IN WOMEN.

VALUE OF PERSONAL CHARMS IN WOMEN.

VALUE OF PERSONAL CHARMS IN WOMEN.

YOUNG women are also often led to depend for happiness upon personal charms. Do not be beguiled into such a belief. Beauty is such a subtle thing, it does not seem to depend upon facial proportions, or upon the sparkle of the eye, or upon the flush of the cheek. You sometimes find it among irregular features. It is the soul shining through the face that makes one beautiful. But alas for those who depend upon mere personal charms. They will come to disappointment and to a great fret. There are so many different opinions about what are personal charms; and then sickness, and trouble, and age do make such ravages. The poorest god that a woman ever worships is her own face. The saddest sight in all the world is a woman who has built everything on good looks, when the charms begin to vanish. Oh, how they try to cover the wrinkles and hide the ravages of time! When Time, with iron-shod feet, steps on a face, the hoof-marks remain and you cannot hide them. I think the most repulsive fool in all the world is an old fool!

I never could understand why a woman should be ashamed about getting old. It is a

think the most repulsive fool in all the world is an old fool!

I never could understand why a woman should be ashamed about getting old. It is a sign, it is prima facie evidence, that you have behaved tolerably well, or you would not have lived to this time. The grandest thing, I think, is eternity, and that is made up of countless years. When the Book of Books would set forth the attractiveness of Jesus Christ, it says: "His hair was as white as snow." But when the color goes from the cheek, and the luster from the eye, and the spring from the step, and the gracefulness from the gait, alsa! for those who have built their time and eternity upon good looks. But all the passage of years cannot take out of one's face benignity, and kindness, and compassion, and faith. Culture your heart and you culture your face.

MAN'S FLATTERY OF WOMAN

MAN'S FLATTERY OF WOMAN

I would also advise young women not to depend for happiness upon the flatteries of men. It is a poor compliment to your sex that so many men feel obliged in your presence to offer unmeaning compliments. Men capable of elegant and elaborate conversation elsewhere sometimes feel called upon at the door of the drawing-room to drop their common sense and to dole out sickening flatteries. They say things about your dress, and about your appearance that you know, and they know, are false. They say you are an angel. You know you are not. They tell you that "you are looking singularly beautiful this evening," when you know very well that the remark is only a commonplace one. Some men think that a conversation with a woman is interesting only as it is dotted and spiced with flatteries and meaningless compliments. Determined to tell the truth in office, and store, and shop, they consider it honorable to lie to a woman. The same thing that they told you on this side of the drawing-room, there minutes ago they said to some one on the other side of the drawing-room. Oh, let no one trample on your self-respect. The meanest thing on which a woman can build her happiness is the flatteries of men.

THE DISCIPLE OF FASHION.

A NOTHER delusive source of happiness often prescribed by the world is the discipleship of fashion. Fashion sometimes makes a reasonable demand of us, and the a we ought to yield to it. The daisies of the field have their fashion of color and leaf, the honeysuckles have their fashion of ear-drop: and the snow-flakes flung out of the winter heavens have their fashion of exquisiteness. After the summer shower, the sky weds the earth with ring of rainbow. And I do not think we have a right to despise all the elegancies and fashions of this world, especially if they make reasonable demands of us; but the worship of fashions is death to the body, and to the soul.

Oh, the danger of this discipleship of fashion. All the splendors and the extravagances of this world dyed into your robe and flung overyour shoulder, cannot wrap peace around your heart for a single moment. The gayest wardrobe will utter no voice of condolence in the day of trouble and sorrow. That woman is grandly dressed, and only she, who, is wrapped in the robe of a Saviour's righteofisness. The home may be very humble, the hat may be very plain, the frock may be very coarse; but the halo of heaven settles in the room when she wears it, and the faintest touch of the resurrection angel will change that garment into raiment exceeding white so that no Fuller on earth could whiten it. I come to you, young woman, to-day, to say that this world cannot make you happy. I know it is a bright world, with glorious sunshine, and golden rivers, and fire-worked sunset, and bird orchestra, and the darkest cave has its crystals, and the wrathiest wave its foam-wreath, and the coldest midnight its faming aurora; but God will put out all their lights with the breath of his own nostrils, and the glories of this world will perish in the final conflagration. You will never be happy until you get your sins forgiven and allow Christ; besus to take full possession of your soul. He will be your defender in every trial. He will be your defender in eve

This world its fancied pearl may crave,
Tis not the pearl for me;
Twill dim its lustre in the grave,
'Twill perish in the sea.
But there's a pearl of price untold,
Which never can be bought with gold;
Oh, that's the pearl for me!"

I N a final word, let me give, to young and old, a panacea for all doubts and worries and troubles. The greatest folly that ever grew on this planet is the tendency to borrow trouble, but there are times when approaching sorrow is so evident that we need be to making special preparations for its coming.

LIVES AT EVENTIDE

One of your children has lately become a favorite. The cry of that child strikes deeper into the heart than the cry of \$2\$ lof the others. You think more about it. You give it more attention, not because it is any more of a treasure than the others, but because it is becoming frail. There is something in the cheek, in the eye, and in the walk that makes you quite sure that the leaves of the flower are going to be scattered. The utmost nursing and medical attendance are ineffectual. The pulse becomes feeble, the complexion lighter, the step weaker, and the laugh fainter. No more romping for that one through hall and parlor. The nursery is darkened by an approaching calamity. The heart feels with mournful anticipation that the sun is going down. Night speeds on. It is toward evening.

ened by an approaching calamity. Ine neare feels with nournful anticipation that the sun is going down. Night speeds on. It is toward evening.

You have long rejoiced in the care of a mother. You have done everything to make her last days happy. You have run with quick feet to wait upon her every want. Her presence has been a perpetual blessing in the household. But the fruit-gatherers are looking wistfully at the tree. Her soul is ripe for heaven. The gates are ready to flash open for her entrance. But your soul sinks at the thought of separation. You cannot bear to think that soon you will be called to take the last look at that face, which from the first hour has looked upon you with affection unchangeable. But you see that life is ebbing, and the grave will soon hide her from your sight. You sit quiet. You feel heavy-hearted. The light is fading from the sky, the air is chill. It is toward evening.

You had a comfortable estate and felt independent. In five minutes on the fair balance sheet you could see just how you stood with the world. But there came complications; something that you imagined impossible, happened. The best friend you had proved traitor to your interest. A sudden crash of national misfortune prostrated your credit. You may to-day be going on in business, but you feel anxious about where you are standing, and fear that the next turn of the commercial wheel will bring you prostrate. You foresee what you consider certain defalcation. You think of the anguish of telling your friends that you are not worth a dollar. You know not how you will even bring your childen home from school. You wonder low you will stand the selling of your library, or the moving into a plainer house. You tremble at the theught of financial bankruptcy. You know from what standpoint the great world regards its men. You are in fear, in doubt, almost in darkness. The misfortunes of life have accumulated. You wonder what makes the sky so dark. It is toward evening.

WHEN TROUBLE KNOCKS AT YOUR DOOR.

WHEN TROUBLE KNOCKS AT YOUR DOOR.

TROUBLE is an apothecary that mixes a great many draughts, bitter, and sour and mauseous, and you must drink some one of them. Trouble puts up a great many packs, and you must carry some one of them. Trouble puts up a great many packs, and you must carry some one of them. There is no sandal so thick and well adjusted but some thorn will strike through it. There is no sound so sweet but the undertaker's screw-driver grates through it. In this swift shuttle of the heart some of the threads must break. The journey from Jerusalem to Emmaus will soon be ended. Our Bible, our common-sense, our observation reiterates in tones that we cannot mistake, and ought not to disregard; it is toward evening.

Oh, then for Jesus to abide with us! He sweetens the cup. He extracts the thorn. He wipes the tear. He hushes the tempest. He soothes the soul that flies to Him for shelter. Let the night swoop and the curoclydon toss the sea. Let the thunders roarsoon all will be well. Christ in the ship to soothe his friends. Christ on the sea to stop its tumult. Christ in the heavens to lead the way. Blessed all such. His arms will enclose them. His grace comfort them. His glory enchant them. If earthly estate take wings, He will be an incorruptible treasure. If friends die, He will be their resurrection. Standing with us in the morning of your joy, and in the noonday of our prosperity, He will not forsake us when the lustre has faded, and it is toward evening.

The with Talmage



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dress all letters to RUTH ASHMORE, care of THE I

THE great fault of the girl of to-day is discontent. She calls it by the more magnificent sounding name of ambition, but in reality she is absolutely restless and dissatisfied with whatever may be her position in life. She believes that every other woman has had better opportunities than she. She imagines that the pleasant little poems which she writes show the genius of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, but that nobody appreciates her. She thinks the dainty little sketches that please her friends so much ought to receive the recognition given to those by Rosa Bonheur, and it is her private opinion that if she went in for modelling she would rival Harriet Hosmer. She doesn't quite go to the extent of saying that there is a conspiracy against her, but in her heart she is dissatisfied and doesn't exactly know who to blame. She wants to go out into the world and work.

Now, my dear girls, if she will only stay at home, she will find work and womanly work waiting for her pretty white hands. There is too much of a desire to do unnecessary work. There is too much of a desire on the part of the present girl to be the woman of business and nothing else. Do you think I mean by this to underrate the woman who, having no home and no one to care for her, goes out into the world to make one for herself by her quick fingers or her nimble brain? Certainly not. To her I say, "God bless her, and God help her." But don't you chicks who are in a soft, downy nest be too anxious to tumble out of it to see what is going on in the world around you and fight your own battles. The dangers are many, but they are seldom the ones looked for. When God created woman he gave her the very loving heart, and be sure he meant that she should exercise it and give of her plenty to those around her. She should busy herself for those of her own household, and the girl who is satisfied to make home a pleasant restful place, to wait for the future calmly and quietly does not need to be any the less well-read

HOW GIRLS MAY SUCCEED

How Girls May succeed.

Some of you are out in the world earning your own living; you have had to do it to help somebody at home as well as to take care of yourself. You are up on a high stool looking at thresome figures in black and white; you are ringing out the changes of a letter or a law deed on a typewriter; you are standing behind a counter catering to the whims and wasts of thousands of people, or you are working away reading proof and wondering why people don't write plainly. But no matter what you are doing, you will never succeed in this world and you will be of no worth to the people who employ you unless you do the very best you can. Do it for your own sake. Don't slight any work, no matter how poor it may seem to you—the work becomes great and noble determination into it. Of course, you get tired, but every time you feel the tired feeling coming over you, stop, just for a minute, give the eyes or the hand a rest and remember that the work done in the right spirit is the only work fit to offer to God Himself, and that's the way and that's the spirit in which you ought to work.

By doing the best you can, by being just as patient as you can, your work is certain to receive recognition, and that may mean more money and less work to you, because after a while the toil that seems so hard at first is going from mere force of habit to become easier, and you yourself, by doing good work, are already smoothing out the pathway of the future. Make the drudgery divine, but don't call it drudgery. Do whatsoever your hands find to with a glad heart and willing spirit, and don't think that you are the only woman in the world who has to work hard to earn her daily bread, but be thankful that God has given you the ability with which to do it. Write out this little verse and put it in your pocketbook, and once in a while look at it: "Hope on, hope ever, though to-day be dark The sweet sun-burst will smile on thee to-morrow; Though thou art lonely there's an eye will mark Thy loneliness and sweeten all thy sorrow.

morrow;
Though thou art lonely there's an eye will mark
Thy loneliness and sweeten all thy sorrow.
Though thou must toil 'mong cold and sordid

With none to echo back thy thought, or love thee;
Hope on, sweet heart, thou dost not work in vain

For God is over all, and Heaven above thee."

To every girl whose eyes these words may reach, I would say: Avoid sarcasm. There is nothing in this wide world that makes a girl more unbeloved by her own sex, and more unpopular with her friends than a sarcastic tongue. Avoid sarcasm, girls, as you would a rattlesnake. Both are very much alike, in that each leaves its poisonous mark.

THE WRAPPER HABIT.

THE WRAPPER HABIT.

It is the easiest thing in the world for a girl to get into the habit of slipping on a wrapper in the morning, attending to whatever household duties she may have to perform, and not really dressing herself until she wants to go out, or the middle of the day has been reached. There is a use for the wrapper, of course; but it's use isn't for you to regard it as a something you can "pitch on" and be untidy in. Don't "pitch on" anything you wear. Clothes have an effect on your morals as well as your personal appearance, and the girl who is willing to eat her breakfast in a loose, untidy wrapper will soon think it no disgrace to leave her hair up in papers an hour or so longer, or, horror, of horrors, go without washing her face until later in the day. You do not believe you will ever come to it. Well, it's the first step that counts, and just as soon as you conclude that how you look before father doesn't make any difference, just so soon are you in a fair way to fall into very untidy habits. Remember that the simplest of dresses neatly made, and whole, only takes a minute more to assume, and then you are ready to see, or be seen by anybody, and you are not so much dressed that you cannot dust the little dainty belongings in the parlor, or dry the silver and glass as it is so carefully washed on the breakfast table. Keep the wrapper for your bedroom, for the time when you are a little bit tired and alone, but do not under any circumstances permit yourself to get into the habit of wearing it through the early morning hours when you want to look as sweet and be as bright as that sweetest of blossoms—the morning glory.

WHAT A LADY DOES NOT DO.

WHAT A LADY DOES NOT DO.

THERE are several things always absent in a true lady, which girls will do well to notice and remember. A lady, for example, will never ignore little kindnesses.

kindnesses.

Conclude in a crowd that she has a right to push her way through.

Consume the time of people who can ill

Consume the time of people who can ill spare it.

Wear on the street a dress only fitted to the house or carriage.

Talk loudly in public places.

Wear a torn glove, when a needle and thread and a few stitches would make it all right.

Fail in answering letters or returning visits, unless she is ill or in trouble.

Fret about the heat or the cold, the sun, or the rain, the air, or the lack of it.

Make an engagement and then not be on time. Complain of her family, or discuss personal affairs with strangers.

Always believe the worst rather than the best side of a story.

A lady does not do any other than make the best of everything—the world, the weather and herself. She believes in the golden rule and endeavors as far as possible to live up to it; and that's what you and I ought to promise every morning that we will try and do during the day.

A GIRL'S QUESTION ANSWERED.

A GIRL'S QUESTION ANSWERED.

A GIRL's QUESTION ANSWERED.

ITTLE Miss Beatrice is going to be married Easter week. And she is a little bit puzzled about one or two things. First of all, though she knows it isn't in good taste to count on receiving wedding presents, still she is perfectly sure she is going to get some, and she wants to know how she must acknowledge them. Well, if they come a sufficient time before the wedding day, when she has a little time that is her own, she must write a note of acknowledgment in which she will express her thanks and her appreciation of the loving kindness that prompted the thought. To the stranger who is yet her husband's friends? Certainly. And while she may not make that as full of warmth as the note written to her school friend, still it must not be lacking in kindly feeling. And about friends? Must she know everybody who calls on her? Just at first an acquaintance is necessary, but if she is the wise Madam Beatrice that her letter would seem to indicate, she will be slow in making friends and then she will be certain to keep them. Intimate friendships made in a month are very apt to die in quite as short a period. Give your confidence to no one but your husband. You will then have a number of pleasant friends and desirable acquaintances, and when the day of great joy, or great sorrow comes to you, confide only, Mistress Beatrice, in Benedict, the married man.

THE PIQUANT STORY.

DON'T listen to it, girls. It may be very amusing; it may cause you to laugh, but when you remember it afterwards a blush will certainly come, not only over your face, but in your heart. Listening to stories the wording of which and the meaning of which are not nice, is the first step toward making a woman coarse and vulgar, and certainly none of you girls want to be that. Cultivate in every way the graces of a gentlewoman, and refinement of feeling is certainly one of the chief ornaments of womanhood. If ever you are tempted to listen to a piquant story think for a minute if you would like to write it down and submit it to your mother. I don't believe it would stand this test, and, unless it would, don't listen to it. DON'T listen to it, girls. It may be very

THINGS BEST LEFT UNDONE.

Do not write on ruled paper, or on that deco-ted with printed sunflower or blossoms of ny kind.

Do not introduce your girl friend to the antleman visitor. Instead, say "Miss Brown, ill you allow me to present Mr. Jones?"

Do not talk especially to one person when on have three or four visitors. Instead make

will you allow me to present Mr. Jones?"

Do not talk especially to one person when you have three or four visitors. Instead make the conversation general.

Do not attempt to take care of a man's overcost—he has a vote and ought to be able to look after his own clothes.

Do not ask people who they are in mourning for. If you don't know, wait until you find out, and in the meantime, don't ask after the members of their family.

Do not giggle when a smile would answer, and don't talk in a jesting way about things that are holy to other people.

Do not laugh at anybody's form of worship—respect a toad praying to a mushrocm.

Do not say the rules of etiquette are nonsense—they are made up for your comfort and mine, and arranged so that the feelings of every human being are considered.

Do not get into the habit of laughing at elderly people. It is not only unladylike, but it is vulgar.

Do not think it clever to find out, by pumping, the private affairs of your friend. There is no reason why you should lay bare her heart for an inquisitive daw to peck at.

Do not get into debt, but if you have been guilty, deny yourself everything possible that you may be free once more.

Do not believe that all these don'ts are not spoken to you in the kindest manner as from girl to girl, but one has to suffer and make mistakes oneselt to find out into just what pitfalls one is apt to tumble.

LETTERS TO BETH.

No. IV.

"HOW MUCH TIME SHOULD A YOUNG GIRL DEVOTE
TO DRESS?"

My Dear Beff:
Your last letter interested and amused me, and I quite agree with you that our cultivated American women are the best-dressed women in the world.

My experience does not lead me to make an exception in favor of French women, although I am quite willing to allow them superior skill in making much out of little.

A French woman will construct a dainty gown out of an old one at slight expense, while many of our American women either sell or give away their dresses when slightly defaced. In the matter of time given to the toilet the French women are our superiors. They are quick without fussiness, and artistic without effort.

Every woman should put a little conscientions.

without effort.

Every woman should put a little conscientious effort into her dress. She should consult her style, complexion, and purse. It is a positive duty to look neat and ladylike, it is a also easy. One of the daintiest, prettiest society women of my acquaintance devotes one week every spring and fall to the gospel of dress. With the assistance of competent dressmakers and seamstresses, she makes it her business to put her wardrobe in perfect order. After this work is accomplished, she takes no more thought of dress save to make her daily toilet.

Another charming woman, the wife of a wealthy and eminent professor, resolved many years since to confine herself to four gowns each season. She has a handsome dress

Another charming woman, the wife of a wealthy and eminent professor, resolved many years since to confine herself to four gowns each season. She has a handsome dress for the street, one for evening wear, a rich dinner dress, and a pretty tea gown or home dress. These dresses she arranges with different laces, or flowers for different occasions. She is always well dressed and does not disturb herself about fashionable "fads."

This wise and accomplished woman tells me that "life is too short and time too precious to fritter it away in needless decoration of one's body."

On the other hand, I know a young girl who earns her own living and sadly needs time to cultivate and improve herself, yet, who stands daily more than one hour before the glass, making a simple morning toilet. Strange to say, this girl, who taxes all her friends by her slowness in toilet matters, never makes as fine an appearance as your old schoolmate. Madge Earle, who coils her hair in simple, tidy fashion, and declares "she could be quite ready for Europe on twenty-four hours' notice."

Madge. you remember, wears commonsense shoes, easy fitting gowns and jaunty hats which require little care.

I once met an old lady in the rural districts who said the only thing she had against the city girls who came up to her house for the summer was their everlasting "titieuting" and "prinking" before the glass.

You may not find these expressive words in your dictionary, but the inner meaning is obvious, the practice senseless, and at times positively sinful. A sick mother who was dependent upon her daughter for little attentions, once remarked that her medicine was not always given on time, as Edith was continually doing her hair in some new style. A young friend of mine recently complained that her French books had not been opened once since she graduated, she could not find time for it to her great regret as she "enjoyed it while in school."

A little inquiry revealed the fact [that it required one good hour to dress for breakfast, another for dinner,

When Bahy was sick, we save her Costoris When she was a Child, she cried for Castoris When she became Miss, she clung to Cast When she had Children, she gave them Castoria impossible? There is a very serious question involved in this matter of dress, my dear Beth, and I wish you would discuss the subject

impossible? There is a very serious question involved in this matter of dress, my dear Beth, and I wish you would discuss the subject with your friends on both sides of the water.

I have been making some careful studies of late in these matters, and I find that the sin of extravagance can no longer be charged to our best women in society. It has become a notorious fact that hard-working girls in shoe manufactories, mills, and shops of all sorts, are most reckless and extravagant in matters pertaining to dress. This love of dress leads them to squander money which should besaved or devoted to the use of aged or needy parents. In one city, I found hundreds of girls who were earning from \$4 to \$29 weekly, and yet very few of them ever saved a dollar. No rich man's wife possessed finer garments than these girls. Anything to cover them while at work, everything to wear when work is over, seems to be their rule.

When a panic comes or a "shut down" occurs, these girls are obliged to borrow or beg. One of the best workwomen I know, gave me her own history in a few words.

"I thought," said she, "that 'fine feathers made fine birds, and for five years I wasted my money trying to dress like a fine lady. Then a 'shut down' came, and for weeks tea and bread was all that passed my lips. I was fortunate to get that. When work came on again I had learned my lesson; and now, I dress neatly, and leave the fine silks and satins for those who have money to spare. In ten years I have earned a little home, have it all paid for, and am now saving for a rainy day. If you want to know what I think is the ruin of half the working girls, I can speak it in one word—Dress."

Here is testimony from the ranks, dear Beth; the kind of testimony the world needs.

When you and Madge Earle trip down the avenue with your broad-soled, flat-heeled boots, with every muscle free to act in your young bodies, and your cheeks rosy with the hue of perfect health you are two living reproofs to the be-decked and overloaded young women who totter past you

2. Never neglect the important for the unimportant.

3. Take plenty of time for bathing and fresh air even if frizzes and bangs are neglected.

4. Make yourself as beautiful as you can within, and the spirit will betray itself in the body's adornment.

5. Never deem it wise or ladylike to attract attention by your dress.

6. Remember the moral as well as the aesthetic side of your wardrobe.

7. Do not think it necessary to appear as a "guy" in order to wear sensible garments.

8. Reflect seriously on the absurdity of wearing thin flannels, or none, for delicate women, and heavy weight flannels with padded top coats for strong women.

9. Remember that a neat calico paid for and neatly made is better than a velvet poorly fitted and an outstanding bill.

10. The gospel of dress, like all other gospels, has an underlying principle, search for it and measure your time by its rules.

Yours faithfully.

KATE TANNATT WOODS.



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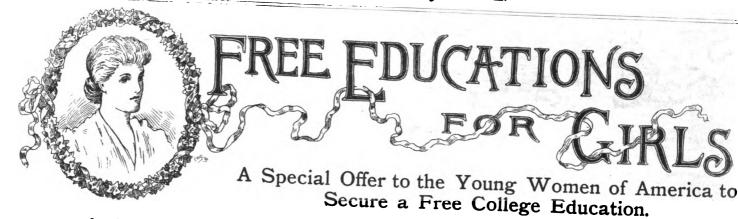
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KEEPING STORE.

By NELLIE K. KELLOGG

Upon the broad veranda
They hold a tiny fair,
Two happy little maidens
The counter is a chair,

O'erlaid with glassy acorns
And berries blue and red,
And bits of fading blossoms.
I walk with noiseless tread

Adown the garden pathway, When rings an eager cry, "We're playing store! Come, see us. O, won't you please to buy?"

I turn, amazed, and view them
"Right tempting wares are the
I'd like to purchase many,
But—do excuse me, please—

I left my purse behind me."
One child with zeal which wins,
Declares, "That doesn't matter.
We sell our things for pins."

"You do? I'm very sorry, But—truth is hard to tell; I beg you pardons humbly— I'm minus pins as well."

Their faces fall, then brighten,—
'I tell you what we'll do,
We'll sell you some for nothing.'
They seize some berries blue,

And hand me, leaf-enfolded.
With bows and smiles they say,
"We hope you'll call and see us
Again, some other day."

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By Mary Catherine Crowley.

THE BAG OF LUCK.

ly by the top to a string hung across an open door-way. Each player is blind-folded in turn given a long stick, and placed at a little distance from the bag, which he tries to hit with the stick. Three trials are permitted. If he has not then succeeded, he gives up his place to another. The game is not finished till one of the players makes a hole in the bag. The others have a right to all the candy they can get in the scramble for it that follows. Sometimes the bag is filled with little trinkets which the guests are allowed to keep, and sometimes, as a joke, a bag of flour is substituted for the bag of candy.

A game resembling this consists in suspending a large ring, or other object, by a long string; then, blind-folded in turn, each player endeavors to cut the string with a large pair of scissors. FILL a paper bag with candy and tie it firm

THE BOUQUET GAME.

NE of the players is asked to name her NE of the players is asked to name her favorite flower; this she does, mentioning three or four—as the lily, the rose, the violet, etc. She is then invited to leave the room. When she has done so, the other players designate by the names of the chosen flowers, several friends or playmates (absent or present) of the one who has withdrawn. She is now called back and asked what will you do with the lily?

To which she replies in any manner she pleases.

To which she repnes in any manner pleases.

Perhapsshe says, "I will wear it next my heart." "The Rose" "I will cast it saide." etc. When she has disposed of each of the flowers according to her fancy, she is fold whom they represent: then, it may be, she finds she has cast away her dearest friend; has given the place of honor to one whom she regards with indifference, and so on. If she gives droll or incongruous answers, the game is rendered more lively and amusing.

THE COTTON IN THE AIR.

THE COTTON IN THE AIR.

The players form a ring and join hands; a small bit of jeweller's cotton or a light feather is then thrown into the air, and they try, by blowing it upward, to keep it from falling. If they blow too hard, the cotton is driven away: if too gently, it falls and the game is finished. The interest consists in directing it, if possible, to one or other of the players who pays a forfeit if it falls before her. All this must be done without letting go of hands. The game may also be played sitting round a table.

THE CURTAIN PANTOMINE.

THE CURTAIN PARTOMME.

THIS game can only be played in the evening. It consists in stationing one of the players in a recess of a window and drawing down the curtain (shade) in front of him. At a certain distance from the curtain, a light is placed upon a table. Each of the company then passes in turn between the light and the curtain making all manner of ridiculous gestures and grimaces, so as to render himself unrecognizable. Sometimes those who take part in this pantomine dress in grotesque garments, and change their appearance as much as possible. The person behind the curtain must guess who passes before it.

SAVED FROM THE POOR-HOUSE.

By LAVINIA S. GOODWIN.

NE morning at breakfast Mr. and Mrs. Folsom talked pitifully about a neighbor, who was called Uncle Tom in the village. Sick and poor he could no longer support himself and his aged wife, and the people had decided that the poor-house was the only place for them.

Little Gertie Folsom was taking her breakfast with her father and mother, and listened to every word.

All the children liked Uncle Tom, for he always had something pleasant to say to them. Ever since Gertie learned to walk, she had a habit of trotting into the street to meet him, and put up a small hand for his large, bony one to clasp.

Often the old man reached his cabin with a cluster of little villagers holding fast to him like grapes to their stem. He was Uncle to the whole.

like grapes to their stem. He was Uncie to the whole.

As she thought over the situation of kind Uncle Tom, Gertie's heart was very sad. She felt sure there must be a way to save him the disgrace of being a pauper. Then she remembered how a lady lately called on her mamma with a subscription paper for a charity of some sort. She resolved to get up a subscription for the benefit of poor Uncle Tom.

Gertie, though only nine, could write quite well. She was fond of writing letters to mamma, as if mamma were away from home. Saying nothing to any person, she drew up, all by herself, a paper that read thus:

girl eagerly watching the pen, "may be you'd give a quarter." She seemed disappointed.

But when her mother placed before the figure, this character. —making her subscription Five Dollars, Gertie was surprised and delighted. Uncle Tom go to the poor-house? Why, no; he would soon be rich.

While the child was thinking whom to go to next, her Uncle Wesley came down the street, and was about to pass the house. She started to appeal to him, but at the thought of offering her subscription paper outside of her own family, her heart began to fail her.

"Latura, "she whispered to her six-year old sister in a hurry," can't you run and ask Uncle foorsome money for Uncle Tom?"

"Cert'n," was the pleased answer. "I'll help you get lots."

An eager little voice cried, "Uncle Wessy, Uncle Wessy!" and a pair of little arms clasped his knees so that he could not go on. "Give me some money."

He, thinking it only a childish freak, drew out a jack-knife and offered her.

"No," said the child—"give some cents."

"What for, little highwayman? "he asked."

"Poor Uncle Tom. Don't you see Gertie's skiption paper? We's signed all our moneys."

Still thinking it merely a joke, her Uncle gave Laura a dime, saying.

"You may give me back the change."

"No, Uncle," said Laura, "I must keep it all, and buy something good for poor man."

Uncle Wesley went up to the gate, beyond which Gertie was waiting shyly. Without giving him time for inquiries, she passed him the paper.

"Well, well," returned her Uncle, "this is a good beginning. I must do my part."

giving him time for inquiries, she passed him the paper.

"Well, well," returned her Uncle, "this is a good beginning. I must do my part."

Laying the paper on the top of a gate post, he produced a pencil and wrote something.

"Which of you is treasurer?" he inquired, holding a twenty-dollar bill.

Gertie opened a tiny portemonnaie:

"Thank you, dear Uncle Wessy."

"Don't lose it," cautioned Uncle Wesley.

"My money does'nt grow on bushes, my dears, and I intended this for another use."

The next to be invited was the children's papa. THE LUMB

To The Charitable:—Mr. Thomas Alden is too sick to work, and has not got money to buy things with. I can't bear to bear them say he will be obliged to go to the poor-house. If everybody who knows he is a excellent man, will sign and give some money, he will be ever so thankful, and so will Getrude Polsom, (3 cents.)
"Mamma," said Gertrude very seriously, "I've brought you this to sign."
"I am busy, dear, and can't attend to you."
"But, mamma, you don't know what it is. There isn't time to wait. Please sign. I have signed three cents—all I had, and Laura has signed her two cents, and here is Bertie—he must sign three."
"Poh!" returned her brother with a swell, "I should sign five if anything. What is it?"
"It is to save Uncle Tom from the poorhouse."
"Good—give me the paper."

"It is to save Uncle Tom Irom the poorhouse."

"Good—give me the paper."

It took him nearly two misutes to write nis name. He cashed his subscription of a half dime en the spot.

By this time their mother had become interested. She read the paper, smiled a little, and the children thought they saw a tear in her eye. She had always wished her young daughters to grow up kind and helpful to those in need. so she could but encourage Gertie in her undertaking. She wrote her name—Mrs. Margaret Folsom. She paused, then made a figure five on the line below Bertie's.

"I expected, mamma, dear, "said the little

"You say you have given all your pennies?"
"Yes, papa," replied the three.
"But if I give all money, who will buy your food and clothes?"

Copeland Bg

"But if I give all money, who will buy your food and clothes?"

"You can get some more," said Bertie.
"Give enough to make sure Uncle Tom enedn't go to the poor-house," begged Gertie.
"So I wiil," said her father earnestly, as long as I can keep him out, he shall be—never fear."

The earnest young worker now ventured out among their neighbors, nor did she pause in her charity work till the little subscription paper was covered with names and quite a large amount had been raised for Uncle Tom. More than one man, upon finding it was her own idea, and seeing how modestly she persevered, told Gertie to come again when this money was all spent.

All the village wondered they had not thought of taking hold of poor old Uncle Tom's case. No one felt the poorer for what he had given. They settled it that some of them should visit the old couple daily, and attend to making them comfortable.

How happy was Gertie when she carried the roll of greenbacks, much too large for her portemonnaie, and presented it to the sick man, with some oranges, and other nice whings to eat. How surprised and glad he was! He said his neighbors' kindness was better than redicine, and he felt as if he should get well now, right away.

Mrs. Alden cried, and said she had been praying, though not with great faith, that

God would send help. And thus did little Gertie save Uncle Tom from the poor-house.

HOW A BOY'S LIBRARY WAS MADE.

By Jean Halipax.

IT is not an imposing City Library, not a learned College Library, nor a busy Public School Library. But a genuine boy's library; and how much comfort the owners take in those shelves that are slowly but surely filling as the months go by!

It is a sunny, corner room on the first floor of one of the boys' homes. When it first began it was in the room just over the family sitting-room; but if you had vainly attempted to read, write, talk, or even sew, with the Library Club in enthusiastic session directly overhead, you would not need to ask the reason for the removal to other quarters.

The room had a polished floor and rugs; the present apartment is gay with a bright rag-carpet, and underneath a generous stratum of straw. If you ask why the straw, etc., it is a self-evideat truth that you are not the mother of several active boys, each of whom has a special boy companion in his plays and romps.

Not that the Library Club do not try to be

has a special boy companion in his plays and romps.

Not that the Library Club do not try to be very quiet; they think they are (opinions differ) and they try their best to be a model society, we know very well. But I am obliged to confess that their efforts are not always crowned with success.

The Club members are boys from 10 to 16 years old, all near neighbors and fast friends. Several years ago one of the mothers, seeing what an interest clubs have seemed to hold for boys, and knowing that young America has a special enjoyment in what is peculiarly his own, suggested to her growing boys that they should start a library of their own, adding to it as their spending-money increased. Of course, this involved a club, from a boy's stand point.

When the neighboring mothers found out

ding to it as their spending-money increased. Of course, this involved a club, from a boy's stand point.

When the neighboring mothers found out how every penny that could possibly be saved or carned went toward the growing library, and that the club were no longer willing to spend one cent foolishly, they were fully as anxious for their boys to join the new society as the would-be-clubites were themselves.

As the club have not yet a patent on it, for the benefit of those who would like to try a similar plan, I will explain the "Library," both in regard to the making and the filling of the shelves.

Jack and Kenneth, two of the members, by roeming together were thereby able to provide a place for the Library, and in their leisure hours made the shelves, the cost of which was less than four dollars.

The boys used simply smooth pine shelf boards, from 3 to 6 feet long, according to the spaces between the windows and doors. The shelves I am describing have a walnut staining. Others might prefer cherry or mahogany. I strongly suspect that the reason for the club's unanimous vote for walnut staining was because it is so easily put on. It comes ready mixed in cans. No varnish, however, should be allowed where the books touch the shelves.

The top piece is 10 inches wide, the side

ready mixed in cans. No varnish, however, should be allowed where the books touch the shelves.

The top piece is 10 inches wide, the side pieces and the five shelves, 8 inches. The shelves are screwed to the side pieces, in which shallow grooves, wide enough to receive them, were cut about 10 inches apart. The top piece projects 2 inches at the ends and front, but not at the back. Coarse cloth was tacked to the back of the frame work, as the mopboard did not allow the shelves to rest against the walls of the room, and helped to keep the dust from finding a permanent loaging place. And so, with the addition of the grey flannel curtains, with their garnet bands, a bit of feminine daintiness, of course, due to interested elder sisters,—the Library stood forth in all of its glory, the centre of the universe, just then, for the admiring elubites.

The boys already possessed between them all quite a number of the usual favorite juvenile books, and these were put first on the shelves. Then, all the sisters and the cousins and the annis; the paternal and fraternal relatives for two generations are aiders and abettors of the plan; and every Christmas and birthday records an addition to the growing library in the shape of another book. One of the mothers has made out a list of the books calculated to interest and help the boys, and from that number, as the anniversaries pass, the gifts are chosen. Otherwise, the growth of the library would be much slower, for school-boys have less time for earning money than they sometimes wish they had.

Many of the books were obtained at from 30 to 60 cents each, as the catalogues of different firms were closely watched from year to year.



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HOW TO READ ROBERT BROWNING.

ROBERT BROWNING'S death gave pause to the bitter—if bloodless—warfare which his admirers and his critics were waging against each other. But it is now two months since friend and foe stood by the newmade grave in Westminster Abbey, and in



ROBERT BROWNING.

this busy world to world to have been dead two months is to have been for gotten two months nearly. The war has begun again and with inagain and with in-creasing, time

ROBERT BROWNING.

time to come it will be impossible for either side to give the other a fair hearing, and you are not much happier in occupying middle ground, for then you are an outcast from both camps,—a Laodicean to each. You may profess yourself an earnest admirer of Browning in so far as you understand him, and yet confess to the limitations in your capacity for understanding much that he has written. But this will not do. His admirers insist that every word, every trick of expression is of priceless value—each worthy of profound study. His censors adopt the attitude of Charles Dickens toward Browning's early work: "I have read the thing forwards and can make no sense of it. I have tried it backwards and that is no better!" and thus they dismiss the subject. Personally I am convinced that the middle ground is the one on which all will meet eventually.

Personally I am convinced that the middle ground is the one on which all will meet eventually.

Poet, philosopher and teacher, Browning wrote far above the heads of the people, and work that is "not understanded of the people" will never be popular, but as we grow spiritually, we shall know and understand better the message which this great man brought. Nothing is truer than that the eye brings to the mind only what the mind can conceive. Herschel sweeping the heavens with his telescope finds in sky and star a meaning, a method which is hidden from us ignorant gazers; the botanist reads in the humblest flower a secret which it withholds from you and me. May not this truth apply to Browning's "obscurity"? Much that is incomprehensible is the result of our own limitations. Nay, more! It is often the outcome of a certain mental indolence which refuses to seek a meaning, because seeking is hard work and when we read we want relaxation—something musical and simple.

Yet Browning repays the work you spend on him as few others do. To know him at all you must begin to study aright—not reading at first the very poems about which critics are disputting and by which the wise are confounded. Do not begin with "Paracelsus" mor "Sordella" nor anything of this metaphysical order. Choose instead some of the "Dramas," the "Dramatic Lyrics," or shorter poems from "Men and Women." If you can, read "Rabbi Ben-Ezra," "The Blot in the "Scutcheon," "The Flight of the Duchess," "Ivan Ivanovitch," "Andrea del Sarto" and a score of the most famous poems. If you can read these without quickening pulse and beating heart, and if you can still say "I do not understand Browning," be very sure the fault is not his!

ROMANCE REDUCED TO FIGURES.

ROMANCE REDUCED TO FIGURES.

THERE is an English literary man who at the end of each year penetrates into the published fiction and extracts therefrom very often some exceedingly interesting figures. The results of his researches into last year's fiction are entertaining: Of the beroines portrayed in novels, he finds 372 were described as blondes, while 190 were brunettes. Of the 562 heroines, 437 were beautiful, 274 were married to the men of their choice, while 30 were unfortunate enough to be bound in wedlock to the wrong man. The heroines of fiction, this literary statistician claims, are greatly improving in health, and do not die as early as in previous years, although consumption is still in the lead among fatal maladies to which they succumb. Early marriages, however, are on the increase. The personal charms of the heroines included 980 "expressive eyes" and 792 "shell-like ears." Of the eyes, 543 had a dreamy look, 390 flashed fire, while the remainder had no special attributes. Eyes of brown and blue are in the ascendant. There was found to be a large increase in the number of heroines who possessed dimples. 502 were blessed with sisters, and 342 had brothers. In 47 cases, mothers figured as heroines, with 112 children between them. Of these, 71 children were rescued from watery graves. Eighteen of the husbands of these married heroines were discovered to be bigamists, while seven husbands had notes found in their pockets that exposed "everything." And thus is the romance of a year reduced to figures.

MR. HOWELLS' LATEST NOVEL

M.R. Howell's latest novel "A Hazard of New Fortunes' is another one of those studies of modern life with which this author has so closely associated his name. To say that it is realism carried to the extreme, that it is a sensitive reproduction of the Russian influences that have been working in English literature for some years past is only to proclaim a self evident truth, but of all criticism one fact stands apartand this is the great growth. MR. Howell's latest novel "A Hazard of



and this is the great growth which Mr. Howells has made even on his own particular lines. We need not quarrel with him as to his choicebetween

WILLIAM D. HOWELLS.

WILLIAM D. HOWELLS.

if we do think portrait painting a finer art we must render homage to this clear, brilliant, yet picturesque photograph of New York, its circles within circles, its burning questions, its distinct society, its comopolitism, in a word, itself. Nor must the homage be for the work alone. Back of it all is the earnest effort to open our eyes—to make wrong, right. Mr. Howell is too artistic to etaler his moral but it is there, and you come upon it time and again, now in a situation drawn without a comment and some times in the tail of a conversation like this.

"I think," said Mrs. March, "that city girls brought up as she has been are often the most innocent of all * * * They are the loveliest of the human race. But perhaps the rest have to pay too much for them."

"For such an exquiste creature as Miss Vance," said March, "we could not pay too much."

much."

A bold laughing cry suddenly broke upon the air at the street crossing in front of them. A girl's voice called out "Run, Run, Jen! The copper is after you." A woman's figure rushed stumbling across the way and into the shadows of the houses, pursued by a burly policeman.

shadows of the houses, pursued by a burly policeman.

The Marches went along, fallen from the gay spirit of their talk into a silence which he broke with a sigh. "Can that poor wretch and the radiant girl we left yonder really belong to the same system of things? How incredible each makes the other seem!"

As for the story part—the book teems with life—and principal among its many figures is the March family, two of whom took "Their Wedding Journey" so many years ago I am rather sorry to meet them again almost middle aged and somewhat disillusioned—but such are the requirements of the Realistic School. It recognizes no land in which we find

Faces that never grow older

That never part with their gleam.

STORIES OF A FAMOUS TRIP.

A N interesting book by a well-known pen

18 Miss Olive Risley Seward's "Round
the World Stories." Miss Seward is the adopted daughter of William H. Seward, Lincoln's
Secretary of State, and these stories are bits of
personal reminiscences of the adventures
which befell them



panetic reeming at the control of sympathy between author and reader.

Miss Seward lives in Washington in the house once occupied by Mr. Seward. It is filled to overflowing with curios and beautiful rare brica-brac—the mementoes of the journey which common enough now, was a great feat fifteen years ago. Here Miss Seward dispenses a gracious hospitality, and each week a little circle of friends gather round her to spend an evening in a pleasant way. Now it is a musical treat which she offers; now a reading by some well-known author, or again an address by a man prominent in his own field. A petted member of her household is Plumie, a deaf and blind lapdog, who is cherished by her mistress whose love for animals is part of her nature.

Annie R. Ramsey.

WORDS FOR YOUNG AUTHORS.

BY EDWARD W. BOK.

BY EDWARD W. Box.

I BELIEVE it is one of the greatest misfortunes of literature to-day that not more substantial encouragement is given to young writers. I am not one of those who decry the payment of high prices to authors of repute. I believe in it. When an author acquires fame, she wins it in almost every case by hard, unceasing labor, and it is but right that financial recognition be made of it. It is part of an author's capital, part of her stock in trade. When a publisher or an editor buys a famous author's production he buys two things: her work, and her name in connection with that work, and it is but fair he should pay for both since he uses both,—as all editors and publishers do. At the same time, I believe there is not enough recognition in our literature to-day of the work of young authors. There is, I think, a growing tendency at many points along the literary line to look with more favor upon productions unaccompanied by a famous name, but there is plenty of room for improvement in this direction. I know of excellent work of the very highest merit that is constantly being done by young writers who have their reputations yet to make. But how are they to become known if recognition is not given them at the outset of their careers? The best literary work is, by no means, done by authors of the widest repute. Some of the very best literary talent of to-day lies dormant behind names whose fames are encircled only by the four walls of their homes. There are too many publishers angling for the big fish in the literary waters, when there should be a few more willing to assist in the propagation and cultivation of the small.

"MAKING" A YOUNG AUTHOR.

"MAKING" A YOUNG AUTHOR.

"MAKING" A YOUNG AUTHOR.

THERE is one point which militates against publishers or editors taking up young writers, and it was well expressed by a prominent publisher recently: "It is all very well to talk of encouraging and taking up a young writer. But the trouble is, that after you make her, she leaves you to go on with some competing house or periodical that happens to ofter her a few dollars more than you are paying. All the money you have spent in advertising her is thrown away, —worse than thrown away, for it acts as just so much invested capital for your rival. She forgets in a moment that you made her work marketable, forgets that it might require years yet before you can make out of her books what you have spent in making her name known. In fact, you have only your trouble and a neat little loss for your pains." Unfortunately, this publisher spoke from experience,—not a single experience, but several authors, whose names are to-day famous, undoubtedly owe their reputations to this man of books. Of course, they all had talents of their own, but the publisher put his capital behind those talents and made them known to the world.

MORAL OBLIGATIONS OF AUTHORS.

MORAL OBLIGATIONS OF AUTHORS.

A YOUNG author, if her opportunity has been given her by an editor or publisher, or through their capital or commercial machinery, should feel under moral obligation to give all her work, or at least the refusal of it, to that person or firm,—and at his or their own price. An honest editor or publisher conscientious enough, or willing enough—call it what you will—to make the name and fortune of a writer with his capital, may be safely relied upon not to take advantage of that writer when he has succeeded in attracting for her the public ear. Because some competing magazine offers her a trifle more for an article, poem or story, or a rival publishing house promises her a larger royalty on her next book, is no good reason why she should cut loose from the fountain-head from which sprang the first stream of water which made it possible for her to sail her bark on the literary waters. I do not say that such an editor or publisher has a right to expect that the author give him the first refusal of anything she may write.

HOW YOUNG WRITERS SPOIL THEIR CHANCES.

How young writers spoil their chances.

The trouble with some of our young authors is that when once started, they are over-anxious and over-ambitious to acquire more than is for their good. If their reputation is local, they wish to make it national; if national, they long for international fame. All this is pardonable in any young writer, provided honorable methods are pursued, and haste is not made too quickly. Literary success is like wealth: harder to keep than to make it. Because the critics pronounce some early work by you as indicative of reserved strength don't spoil everything and misconstrue their remark by writting your next piece the same day and rushing it into print. The critic has used his words in encouragement of you and whetting the public appetite. Let the public wait a little while for your next; it will do it no harm, and may do you good. Breathing spells between books are generally very beneficial. When once you get to be a rising author, don't get the idea that your further success is dependent upon the haste you make. Generally, the contrary is the case. Scores of young writers have spoiled their chances in precisely that way. Remember the crude but wise philosophy of Josh Billings: "If you want to get there quick, go slow." Never get the foolish notion that the public is just pining for something else from your pen. It is not. It has never yet sat up nights for any author's work, and never will. Once you get the ear of the reading public: then the greatest caution is necessary. And the best beginning is by not writing too much, and the wisest ending is by printing only the very best. And between these two, seal a moral obligation to the publisher or editor who gave you your first start.

SHALL WOMEN READ NOVELS?

SHALL WOMEN READ NOVELS?

We have thousands of novels every season sown broadcast over the land and we are asked "Shall women read novels?" She simply will read them. As well ask if, thirsting, she would not drink of the spring gushing from its source, or the stream rushing past. It may have tonic iron or even a sulphurous flavor, but she will drink or sip "you may depend on't."

If you ask, "to advantage?" that is not as clear and largely depends. Still one need not take dark views and marshal long arguments, "in starched procession of if and But." The old dangers are averted by the very conditions of the time. The higher education has created an appetite for wholesome mental food—the racial temperament is active and one thing follows last on the footsteps of another: if our girls are reading more, they are dancing, riding, dressing more; going more into music, athletics, nursing, charity, literary work; in short realities force themselves on the attention to such a degree that few women are in danger of neglecting their duties to waste long hours in fictitious joys and woes alone.

Many women are exiles through life. They do not even hear afar the music of existence, all for which a woman longs justinctively; they are shul out by poverty, by illness, by a monotonous round of prosaic duty none the less well performed.

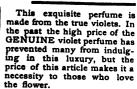
A repast without bread lacks the essential, but a repast all bread—! The condemnation of novel reading would shut out from such lives the tenderness, the grace, the inspiration of Dickens, Thackeray, MacDonald; of Black, Hardy and Wallace; of George Elliot, Miss Woolson, Mrs. Spofford, Mrs. Whitney; even the divertisement of Haggard, Jules Verne and the "Duchess"—seeing that a little syllabub does not hurt a sound digestion.

Then a word in the ear, oh, keen-eyed, alert, practical women of America! Do not "throw away" time in novel reading, but use it wisely in doing that same.

"When the brain gets dry as an empty nut, "When the brain gets dry as an empty nut, "When the brain gets dry as an emp

at it be a good on A. N. Everett.





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MUSIC GIVEN AWAY!

We have just issued two musical gems; one is a song entitled "The Ship That Carries Me Home." which is not only very beautiful. Depolars the General which is most only very beautiful. Depolars the other is "The Allisen Walta." Depolars the General author of "Dance of the Fairles Polka." as featured at the orchestras. The regular price of these pieces at occurs each, but to introduce them in every home, we will, on receipt of 40 cents, send either of the above will, on receipt of 40 cents, send either of the above will, on receipt of 40 cents, send either of the above mill, on receipt of 40 cents, send either of the above will, on receipt of 40 cents, send either of the above will, on receipt of 40 cents, send either of the above will, on receipt of 40 cents, send either of the above will send 40 cents for best, we will send 40 cents for best of the above the send for the above

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BY MRS. JOHN W. BISHOP.

cade bordered all around with

gold grelots finishes the bottom of the corselet and the

short sleeves.

A Greek dress is

in yellow crepaline the full skirt draped

at one side in Greek fashion and edged all around with a bullion fringe of the same shade; the bodice lies in Greek folds in front; the low round neck is bor-

round neck is bor-dered with the fringe as are also

the long full angel sleeves; above the elbow these are held to the arm by

a band of rich gold passementerie like

that which forms a

ceinture about the round waist.

WHAT WILL BE WORN

NEXT SPRING.

`HE bewilder-

ing variety in this department makes one feel that a greater number of gowns than usual must be provided in order to do justice to the

of

things.

good

PLAIDS IN SPRING SUITINGS.

THE furore for plaids continues, in fact

THE furore for plaids continues, in fact everything Scotch seems to be in high favor just now. There are large broken plaids and large plain cross-bars, small plaids, small cross-bars and checks, narrow and wide stripes, all in the new light tintings. The prettiest of the plaids are in two tones of the same color though some very pretty ones have three or four colors that harmonize, such as reseda, beige and dark red with white threads to enliven it, or old pink, suede, old blue and a thread of yellow. Some of the plaids are so large they cannot be covered with an ordinary hand; these will be used, no doubt, for panels,

show open work effects in the weave or Vene-tian lace effects on

the wool surface Some have a border of ecrn canvass crossed by bands of vel-

vet, bengaline or satin; these bands

are of self color

black or some

contrasting color. and are very effective; they are of irregular width or are graduated



FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

THERE is always a short season of gayety following Lent, before the devotees of Fashion turn their attention to the occupations of Spring, which is in fact a season of preparation.

tiens of Spring, which is in fact a season of preparation.

Modistes have prepared for this exigency some of the most charming toilettes imaginable. Soft filmy muslins and cloud-like tulles in the most delicate tintings, lustrous sheeny satins and stately brocades, rich embroideries and fringes, and flowers, such perfect reproductions of the natural as to defy detection, are the materials which in the hands of an artist form those wondrous productions that artist form those wondrous productions that are the delight of the feminine eye and snares for the masculine heart.

We give illustrations of two pretty models. TWO HANDSOME DINNER GOWNS.

THE first illustration to the right on this page is of a dinner gown in coquelicot satin embroidered in jet over a front of corn colored silk muslin with satin petticoat beneath, of the same shade; the muslin is let in folds on the bodice of embroidered satin and rosettes of it hold the drapery, bands of the embroidered satin fall over the front and are loosely looped.

of it hold the drapery, bands of the embroidered satin fall over the front and are loosely looped together; a rain fringe of gold and jet finishes the bottom of the front and the short sleeves.

A handsome dinner dress has a princess back en trains of black faille francais and heliotrope brocaded satin both black and white appearing in the design; this opens over a front panel of plain satin same shade with a graceful jabot of chantilly lace on each side; gigot sleeves of the brocade and a Medici collar lined with the same completed the stylish collined with the same, completed the stylish en

YOUNG LADIES' DANCING DRESSES.

Young ladies' dancing dresses are made mostly of tulle or silk muslin, over satin the same shade, just long enough to touch in the back which is very full and sometimes tucked in wide or narrow tucks or trimmed with satin folds almost to the waist; the fronts

with satin folds almost to the waist; the fronts are of satin with tulle draperies held by perpendicular ribbon bands with bows at the end or by bunches or garlands of flowers.

Some have a fringe-like border of flowers over quiltings of the tulle and satin, one of pale mauve muslin over satin, had a fringe of violets bordered by pansies.

A YOUNG LADY'S EVENING GOWN.

THE illustration below on this page represents a young lady's evening gown of magnolia white crepe de Chine with gold fringe at bottom, princess back of gold colored armure with revers at the side of magnolia white satin; the bodice of the gold colored armure has draperies of the crepe de Chine edged with the gold fringe; there is a belt of gold with miniature clasps with which the shoulder clasps correspond.

Yellow of various shades from the palest prim rose to the deepest Spanish or Manolashades, and white and gold retain their popular ity. A THE illustration below on this page repre-

band; these will be used, no doubt, for panels, yokes, and sleeves of gowns in combination with plain materials, as entire gowns of them are rather pronounced and trying unless especially becoming and of very stylish design and fit. popularity. A pretty yellow tulle gown with tucked back has Small checks come in two or three colors on a white ground and make exceedingly pretty
gowns either entirely of the same with
trimmings of velvet or combined with
plain fabrics. a front of gold spangled tulle, edged with a Shepherd's plaids still hold their own and are in new shades and pin stripes in two colors; or two or three shades of the same color will be fashionable. fringe of gold. STYLISH EVENING COSTUMES. In bordered suitings there is an end-less variety and some novelties appear. LOVELY A evening dress is of nile The new ones come forty-eight inches wide and the border occupies one half or more of the width with a parsatin same shade row border on the opposite selvedge for the back striped with bands of the waist and sleeve trimming. Most of them are in French camel's bair or a soft light wool fabric and the borders the satin in lines. The front is of green and gold brofrom top to bottom, or are of regular width except the bottom band which is much wider with a narrow fringe on the lower edge. Sometimes the very open canvass of écru or sometimes the very open canvass of ecru or black is woven separately from the wool, making a double fabric; the color of the wool beneath showing through the canvass produces a changeable or shot effect.

Some have stripes of silk lace-work alternating with narrow velvet stripes in various colors like about the stripes in various solors.

colors like chenille, and others have black elvet stripes with a Pompadour vine on each side.

Some have silken borders woven separately Some have silken borders woven separately and are loose from the wool surface except under the design, Egyptian, Persian or Greek, where it is woven together. Then there are lovely cashmeres with ribbon borders in two tones of the same color, above which are very deep embroidered Vandykes covering half the width, with small Vandykes on the opposite edge for bodice trimming. There are panels of alternating lace and satin stripes running up and down through the centre of the width with narrow borders

with narrow borders on each selvedge. There are bands with stripes crossing them up and down, bands with polka dots and bands with pointed designs in fine cords and tufts of feathers woven between Black and colored wool fabrics have tartan plaid woven borders. Cheviots come in checks or fine cross-bars with plain borders and a shawl fringe below. These also come in

beige or suede tints with small cross-bars of brown, or in grey with black or darker grey cross-bars. Rough surface goods bid fair to be popular and are well adapted to the straight plain skirts which will be worn again this season except for light weight soft fabrics.

INDIA SILKS, SURAHS, VEILINGS. ETC.

BLUE and green will be favorite combinations this combinations this Spring and soft silks come in the Black Watch, Forbes and Glengarry plaids to be combined with black wool or silk subject. fabrics.

A novel India Silk has white polka dots on a black surface, bunches of lilacs all

over it in natural tints and border of lilacs with foliage; another of the polka dot silks has sprays of lillies of the valley here and there over it and a fringe-like border of the

same lovely spring flower.

Most of the India Silks have large, far apart figures of delicate tracery, nothing solid or

figures of delicate tracery, nothing solid or heavy looking.
Skeleton leaves, vines and flowers are popular designs, skeleton azalias and pansies with their foliage in white on dark grounds or black on light grounds; bunches of colored grasses cat tails, etc. A novelty has violets on a pale pink ground with border of sun flowers in natural color.

The tints of autumn foliage and old tapestry colors still obtain in these new silks.

(Continued on opposite page.)

All silks of this order-known variously as Pongees, India, China, Japan Silksare to be exceedingly popular for Spring and Summer wear.

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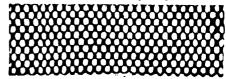
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LATEST FASHIONS.

BY MRS. JOHN W. BISHOP.

A NEW AMERICAN SURAH SILK.

THERE is a new surah silk of American manufacture with India silk finish, manufacture with India silk finish, which will no doubt be as popular as that soft light favorite fabric as it said to wear with even greater credit. These come in novel and beautiful designs and fashionable shades. Some have small squares or parallelogrames with heraldic designs in the centre, and these, like polka dots have sprays of flowers scattered over them in natural colors.

NEW WASH FABRICS

THE new fabrics for wash dresses are on the counters earlier than usual this season; there is always a demand for them first, as they are made early to be out of the way of more important costumes. Ginghams chambrays, batistes, sateens vie with each other for favor and come in all of the beautiful shades of color seen in the more expensive shades of color seen in the more expensive shades of color seen in the more expensive materials. In these also there are borders of almost every description, borders in imitation of those of the wool suitings, borders in imitation of Venetian and Russian laces, Vandyked borders, Grecian borders and plain bands graduated in width. Some of the batistes and chambrays, which by the way are finer and thinner than ever before, have an edge of écru with wide hemstitched hem above which are deep embroideted vandykes an edge of ecru with wide hemstitched hem above which are deep embroidered vandykes of ecru extending into the colored material which is usually covered with polka dots or tiny raised sprigs. Some have folds of a darker shade embroidered to the plain goods in white or dark or contrasting color. These like the wool suitings come forty-eight inches wide and have narrow borders to correspond, on the opposite edge. Four and a halt yards of the bordering is usually sold and ten yards of the bordering is usually sold and ten yards of the plain material to match, but of course the quantity required, will depend upon the style of making.

The taste and ingenuity of modistes will

have grand opportunity to display itself in the construction of these combination gowns. However, the simpler wash dresses are made the prettier according to our fancy, especially when they require to be laundried.

STYLES IN GINGHAMS AND CHAMBRAYS.

IN ginghams and chambrays the plaid and checks and barred effects are carried out in the style and coloring of the wool materials, as are also the wide and narrow stripes. In sateens, of course, the designs of the new India silks are reproduced. Some, however, have deep borders representing white lace for the fronts with plain sateen shade of the ground for the rest of the costume. The new idea is that of and overdress showing another beneath.

showing another beneath.

Large plaids and sometimes small ones, are made with plain waists, an old fashioned revived, and often one half of both waist and

revived, and often one half of both waist and skirt are of the plaid or stripe and the other of the plain goods.

In white suitings the border idea appears again and the lovliest effects are produced by the application of pale colors in India linen and French nainsook over the white in a great variety of designs outlined with delicate embeddings. There are pale pinks and blues broideries. There are pale pinks and blues and mauves in vandykes, mitres, batiments, and walls of Troy designs laid over the white and outlined by tiny vines or a simple bead-

THERE is no end of new and beautiful designs in white suitings and in embroideries for trimming white dresses, children's dresses, and underwear. No showy open work, which is voted vulgar, but deli-

DESIGNS IN WHITE SUITINGS.



cate and dainty patterns like old French hand work. This might be called the vandyke season as they appear in every thing, in all the new embroideries of whatever width as well as in passementeries laces and all kinds of trimming. The narrow vandyked bands will be used as ruffles on wash dresses and under-

COMING STYLES IN GOWNS.

THE question is not yet settled beyond a peradventure as to what the prevailing styles in gowns will be. There are rumors that a little more bouffancy will be given to the skirts of summer gowns, and some of the latest importations show the hip paniers of



darts, there will be one seam in front also running to the shoulder. Bodice seams will be

corded again on dit.
Ruffles will appear in various widths, sometimes arranged in groups up the front.
Mauve and Amethyst shades are exceedingly

fashionable, both in tulle and light textures. Black is always fashionable, and many gowns black is always issnionable, and many gowns have a colored front, which is edged with flowers or a ruche of the color, and the color is repeated as trimmings for the neck and sleeves—a fashion which has much to recommend it, since the dress is completely altered by the substitution of a different color.

THE NEWEST FASHION NOTES.

THE tailor-made costume continues to be

the piece de resistance of dress.

Homespun check gowns in broad kilts with loose-fronted jackets over leather vest, are con-

sidered smart by English women,
Vests, double breasted and open at the
throat showing a neck tie and centre scarf pin
are masculine looking but generally becoming.
Beautiful embroideries wrought on kid or velvet are used to decorate the fronts, collar,

and pocket flaps of the Louis XV vests, seen on some handsome recep-tion dresses.

The Cairo embroideries The Cairo embroideries in gold introduced to notice at the Paris exhibition, will not tarnish and are a feature of the season; they come in sets, collar, cuffs and revers, or simply vests and collars, or Figaro jackets. The new color-cards show a variety of shades with new French names.

with new French names but manufacturers of stuffs and trimmings in both millinery and gowning, continue to ring the changes on a few old favorites, such as reseda, old rose, old blue, helio-trope and beige, the new shades are simply varia-tions of these.

Conservative women dread a departure from the ordinary in color combinations, but French artists in bonnets and gowns employ very startling contrasts with fine effect.

Begonia, flamingo, and sumachare names given to some of the new shades of red. 'English rose and anemone are delicate pinks; dahlia and petunia are purple and mauve. Da Cenci is also a variation of heliotrope.

Muslin de chiffon is sometimes employed for evening dresses in two colors one over the other, green over pink, pink over yellow, giving a changeable effect that is novel and

pleasing.

Roses, the royal family of the flower garden, seem the favorite flower for the decoration of evening gowns; an exact imitation of the

woody stalks of a rose vine, covered with thorns is sometimes seen with roses leaves confining the tulle draperies. Garlands of tiny button roses often cover the hem just like the ribbou-tied garlands of Louis XV

The latest fad in veils is net with spots so far apart that only two or three appear over the face. The new nets have large round dots and when veils are worn at all they cover the entire face, but with round hats they are usually dispensed with.

Fine cut crystal beads that glitter like diamonds cover some of the new tulles and are beautiful in effect; sometimes they are mingled with spangles or Roman-pearl pendants there is a border of bead fringe on the

edge.
Solid broché India silks come in pale shades wish plain to match for house and eve-

ning gowns.

Black surahs with raised silk figures, cadulay or polka dots, in light colors are a novelty; also black grenadines with raised figures or polka dots in silks of bright or light

Black lace dresses made over figured India silks are another feature of the season.

Veilings in white grounds with large natural looking flowers are gorgeous to say the least. Plain veilings with satin ribbon borders will, no doubt, find more favor. These in dark blue with green borders are quite new.

China crenes in black white and all the

China crépes in black, white and all the pale colors are to be found, embroidered all over in a graceful design. White crépalines for young ladies Greek gowns, have narrow zigzag silk stripes.

Embroidered tulles and silk muslins with the complete come in payed designs. One of

flower borders come in novel designs. One of white silk muslin has a border of snow balls with their foliage; the bodice of this gown is of green velvet the shade of the leaves; the

muslin draperies of both bo-dice and skirt are confined by bunches of artifical snow balls. Another evening gown for the

Another evening gown for the same stately brunette is of white crinkle crépe with front of crepe de Chine and side panels of duchesse lace; bodice and sleeves are draped with the same lace; this is made over silk of the palest yellow giving a soft beautiful tint to the crépe

The bonnets shown for Spring wear, are almost covered with flowers, and are tied loosely vith short narrow strings, in a

with short narrow strings, in a knot directly under the chin.

Children's hats are low and rather large; worn off the face and simply trimmed with a cluster of ostrich tips or a large bow of ribbon, with many loops placed in front, and twisted ribbon crown, or with a long feather round the hat, or small bow. The brims take a variety of curves, but the one point is that the hats should be low and large.

Thanks are due for information to Madame Kate Reily, James McCreery & Co. and Miss Shea.

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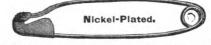
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HINTS ON HOME DRESSMAKING.

BY EMMA M. HOOPER

NEW BASQUES.

Many of the bodices worn at present appear as though sewn on the person, as no opening appears, but it requires only a bit of art to conceal the fastening, which is on the left shoulder and under the arm on that side. The linings are all fitted with darts, and hooked up the centre, while the outer material, is without darts and lapped over. The fullness usually taken up by the darts is laid in finy, overlapping plaits disappearing under a shaped belt, from the side seams or a folded ribbon passed around the edge of the bodice and tied on the side. Stout figures can wear these dartiess basques by pressifig the dart plaits very flat and catching them with an ornamental feather stitching, which keeps them snug to the figure.

LININGS, ETC.

LININGS, ETC.

LININGS, ETC.

In buying linings select French sateen, soft finished silesia or French cambric for the waist, as it must be soft and pliable, so as to fit well into the figure. Never use cotton in stitching the seams of a silk or woolen bodice, as it is poor economy to have broken stitches here and there before the gown is half wyrn. Both large and small hooks come bent near the end, and do not unfasten as readily as the old fashioned kind. Few basques are made with buttons showing, but they will soon be in again, early probably this spring. Silk casings for bones look pretty, but those of white cotton tape outwear three of silk. Herringbone the casings to the seams with colored silk for a pretty finish, and now-a-days the inside of a bodice is as neat as the outside. Hook short basques to the skirt with two hooks on either side, and corresponding eyes on the skirt belt. The "glove" on Bernhardt sleeve has been spoken of before, and must be made over a close fitting lining. The gigot sleeye is very full at the top over a lining like that used for the bodice, and buttons at the wrist with six tiny buttons, fitting perfectly tight when closed.

Skirts must be 2 yards and § wide, and most of them are 28 vards in width. You may use

closed.

Skirts must be 2 yards and \$\frac{1}{2}\$ wide, and most of them are 2\frac{3}{2}\$ yards in width. You may use one steel 12 inches long and put 12 inches below the belt, or run a drawing string in a casing at that point, and draw the skirt back. Another plan has been revived for keeping skirts back, that was used before the days of steels, viz., sewing tapes or elastics to the back seams 12 and 24 inches below the belt and this drawing back the fullness. A facing of good silesia on the inside of the skirt outwears one of silk, sateen or alpaca.

A newer back than the gathered one, is composed of two triple box plaits, each about three inches wide when laid, having an erect frill at the top, faced with the contrasting goods, if any is used, and hooked up over the pointed basque-back with safety or large bent hooks. The sides may hang flat, and the front be slightly draped mear the top, or the front is rounded up and draped lightly on one side like a Grecian apron. Skirts entirely of double box plaits, are becoming to a short person. Plaits are faced up with sleazy crinoline, and pressed well on the wrong side, but do not catch anywhere but in the belt.

More drapery will be seen with the advent of Spring and Summer gowns. Either the front will be more fully draped, with a princess back, or a draped polonaise back will be worn with a full plaited front and gathered, plaited or Grecian draped skirt. Flat or panel sides are in good taste, but if you wish them to remain flat, as they should, line them with crinoline. Always allow twice and a half as much goods as the space to be covered for a box plaited skirt. Do not trim a gown with rows of stitching on the edges, unless it be of plain and rather heavy goods like serge or cheviot, and intended for storm or "hack" wear.

REMAKING BODICES.

REMAKING BODICES.

REMAKING BODICES.

When a bodice is worn out around the arm scies or darts it can be freshened with a contrasting fabric like velvet, surah or figured woolen, applied as full fronts, sewing them in the underarm seam and gathering the material in the arm scie nearly to the top of the shoulder: then draw all of the fullness in easy folds to the short point, and fasten there under a long, slender buckle, which is sewed to one side of the folds and hooked over to the other when on. If a round waist is preferred in front, cut off the point, lap the loose fronts and use a wide belt from the side seams and buckle, or a loosely folded empire belt, shaped to a rounding point below the waist line by drawing the upper folds tighter than the under ones. For a hollow chested person cover the upper part of a basque with a drapery sewn in the right shoulder seam in graceful fullness, rounded over the bust, shaped to fit in soft drapery around the collar, and hooked up on the left shoulder seam, with a trimming on the bottom, of silk drops or fringe. If of contrasting goods, a girdle from the side seams, shaped to the edge of the basque front and cutfis of the same, transform an otherwise shabby bodice.

USEFUL HINTS ABOUT BASQUES.

USEFUL HINTS ABOUT BASQUES.

USEFUL HINTS ABOUT BASQUES.

Many basques have the centre back cut wide at the waist and shaped by tiny plaits to match the dartless fronts. Round fronts, draped fronts, full sleeves and princess backs, are combined. The postilion back consists of a rounding point as narrow tabs, slashed. Collars for short necks may have the corners faced and turned back like the "broken points" of some linen collars. Plaitings of silk, crépe, lace or fine muslin are worn as collars to house or dressy toilettes only.

If a basque is wearing on the lower edge, cut it off to form a blunt point, front and back, fold ribbon around the edge and tie it in long loops and ends in the back. Use ribbon four inches wide, fold it to be only an inch and a half in width, and buy from four or five yards, according to the wearer's height. Plain coat

sleeves can be made fashionable by adding a puff of velvet at the top, and three or five rows of velvet below, also three rows at the wrists. The round effect thus produced improves thin arms, but for those having larger arms, a coat'sleeve having a few gathers at the top is to be recommended. In the way of garniture for bodices of all kinds of design and material, velvet by the yard and ribbon style and silk cord passementerie stand pre-eminent, black being admissible on all colors, though young ladies brighten black dresses with a passementerie of black and gold, or all gold, or some gold embroidered lace, colored crépe, etc., for a V guimpe, sleeves puffs, etc.

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loudre and round skirt, but a general overlooking, and the adding of some ribbon bows,
can but improve. The "glove sleeves are excellent for this style of gown, over a lining of
black satin, the lace being pushed up above
the elbows in wrinkles like a mousquetaire
glove, with several rows of ribbon around the
wrists. The bodice should be bluntly pointed,
full from the shoulders and lapped in front,
with ribbon around the edge tied in a short
bow on the left side. The round, gathered
skirt should be five yards in width, hemmed,
and have three rows of ribbon around it.
The satin skirt beneath is shaped as usual,
two yards and five eighths wide, and over it
the net hangs gracefully full. On the left side
of the skirt, have a ladder of bows formed by
a lengthwise row of ribbon from belt to edge,
not caught to the skirt, between these places
with four short bows dotted here and there
along the ribbon. On the right side, have
three long pieces of ribbon of unequal lengths
finished off with short bows of ribbon.

If intended also for full dress occasions, it is
an economical plan to have a low, pointed
bodice of black satin draped around the top
with the net, and trimmed top and bottom
with gold passementerie. This can be worn
with the ribbon-trimmed skirt, and virtually
form two costumes. If you haven't an old
net gown to retrim, it is an excellent time to
buy one, as pretty striped nets are selling for
89 cents, 48 inches wide, and so great is the
demand that they are quite sure to be of a
higher price ere long. Net looks better over
satin on account of its glossy surface, and the
60 cent quality answers very well. Line the
basque with Frenc

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Our Spring catalogue of cloaks and wraps is now ready. It contains illustrations descriptions not prices of all that it saylish and desirable in Ladies' Misses' and this liture and contains and wraps vectul and make to order and ship Express prepaid Stytish Cloth Cape Ex Inadoome tacket 125; X Jacket \$3.38; loose fitting Peasant Cloak \$7.25. We also have the intest novelties in seasamentarie Wraps, Loce Wraps, Silk Wraps, Children's Cloaks, etc.

In materials our line is unsurpassed. We have avoided the two extremes of deceptive cheapes and fame to offer a stylish, well-fitting and well made garment at a sasonable figure. We have some beautiful light weight corkscrews, diagonals, kerseys, broad orths, ladies cloths, broades, wrap silks and all the new spring fabrics. Many of these are allable for making suits and dresses and we will sell them by the yard to ladies who desire to aske their own garments.

nees and fancy high prices and aim to omer a styling, wentuling and wentuling against at a reasonable figure. We have some beautiful light weight corkscrews, diagonals, errecys, broades cloths, broades, wrap silks and all the new spring fabrics. Many of these are suitable for making suits and dresses and we will sell them by the yard to ladies who desire to make their own garments.

We will mail you our catalogue together with a 45 inch linen tape measure, complete measurement blanks and FORTY SAMPLES of the cloths and silks of which we make the garments to select from if you will enclose four cents in stamps to prepay postage.

The want an agent in every town to sell our "PERFECT FORM CORSET," the best 40,0 corset in the market. Storekeepers, Milliners, Dressmakers and Agents should write us, enclosing stamp, for full particulars. Mention Home Journal.

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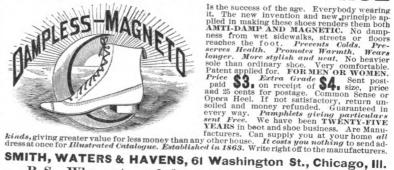
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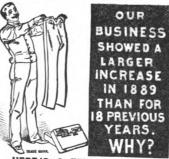
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THERE'S NO TIME LIKE THE PRESENT.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

There's no time like the present; To-morrow's far away. And what our hands may find to do God bids us do to-day.

Be ready in the golden Now To do a helpful deed, And never let the chance go by To meet a sister's need.

Don't wait until another time For sie who waits may lose The grandest chance of all her life: It is not ours to choose

The opportunities to do; They come at God's behest. And she who never squanders one Is she who lives the best.

THINGS FOR BABY'S WEAR.

By CLARISSA POTTER.

Many of us cannot spend time to knit for our babies soft dainty, shirts of fleecy wool and cooler silk as winter or summer comes, yet we do want our little ones dressed as pretfily and comfortably as possible, whether the thermometer that hangs on the clapbourds by our north door, runs up into the nineties or drops till it freezes fast in the forties—extremes of temperature that we Maine people experience nearly every year.

To so dress baby that she can best withstand the summer's heat and best be protected from the winter's frost, we are always planning.

Baby's first shirts, and summer shirts until three years old, we have learned to make of finest white Angora flannel. It is soft, cool and dainty and does not shrink with washing. We cut them long enough to cover the bowels, with long sleeves for the first year, half length, afterwards, and always to button from neek to hem, using small, flat buttons to close the opening.

Scrimped plackets in shirts and nighties are so very inconvenient, and even dangerous when replacing the little garments after a child's bath or after a pack and sweat, when haste is imperative lest a chill result, we have learned to cut the children's shirts with fronts open their entire length and to provide nighties with generous plackets for easy ingress and egress of the little bodies.

Cottony and hard we think the ordinary undervests that are sold for children's winter underwear and white flannel will full with the washing necessary to keep it wholesomely clean and white with two winter's wear; so, after our babies' first year, we cut their winter shirts from orange or light weight grey flannel, finishing the long sleeves with soft wristlets knit of bright saxony yarn and binding the high neck—fitted as carefully as that of a dress—with a bit of cambric cut straight ways of the goods to prevent the little garment stretching and sagging about the throat.

We always shrink all flannel before cutting sany under garment from it.

Our year old baby is still in creepers, and after trying

without the queer little over-all shoulder straps our grand dames thought necessary for such creepers.

The summers bring us such burdens of work, necessary on every large farm, we have to always be planning where and how to put in little clips and shaves to lighten the work and yet not really detract from the welfare or comfort of any one of the family.

Our October little girl wore soft white slips until six weeks old, then we made her two long blue flannel Mother Hubbard wrappers with silk embroidered yokes and feather stitched hems, in which she looked—her mother thought—prettier and sweeter, and more comfortable than if in white gowns. She wore these dresses until late May, saving, oh, such heaps of washing.

Baby's first everyday short dress we made of navy blue cotton cashmere, the thinnest, finest, best piece we could find; lining same, throughout, with blue dairy cloth.

The little Gretchen dress thus made, does not yet show spot or fray though worn nearly five months and washed whenever it leoked dirty. It proved itself cooler than starched print dresses, saving us laundrying, perhaps, a half dozen of them a week, and with eight little white aprons, cut waist length from time dotted cambric, baby was kept cool and lean, and dain ty enough for the farm home that gladly made room for the little lassie.

THE BEST INFLUENCE FOR CHILDREN

BY MINNIE A. WOODWARD.

Keep your children at home. God gave them to you, and you alone are responsible for them. If you would have them grow up industrious, thoughtful men and women, set them a good example, and keep them under your own influence as much as possible. The man or woman who does nothing but loaf or visit, accomplishes no good whatsoever in this life, and I doubt not the seed has been sown in childhood, and the seemingly harmless visiting while young developed the lazy street loafer and gossiping gadabout.

The mother who can serenely walk out of her house for an afternoon of pleasure, sending her children to a neighbor, for protection, may spend a charming and restful eventing; but if she could look behind the scenes at her neighbor's she might not be quite so well contented with herself.

Persons may say what they please about one child being as much trouble as a half dozen. It is not so—especially if the five belong to your neighbor. There is just six times as much noise—for each child must make its own individual noise; six times as much mischief—particularly if there are boys among the number; six times as many apples, tea

READY MADE MOTHERS.

READY MADE MOTHERS.

There are Mothers and there are mothers, in this wide-over world. You see, I began the real word with a capital. I wish now I had spelt it all capitals—tits so far apart frem that mothers' with the little "m"!

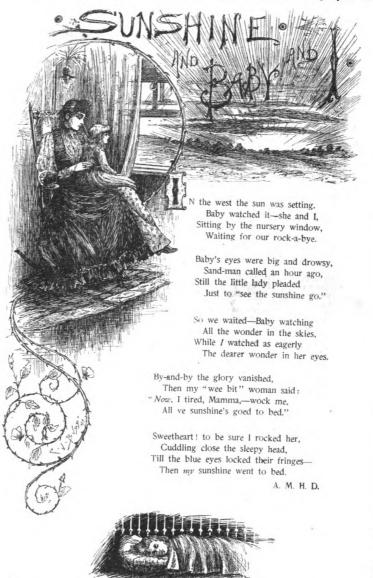
Ready-made mothers, and tailer-made mothers:—home-made, and "custom-made," and "pitty 'tis, 'tis true." See that little starched-up baby maiden, over there on Broadway, trying to walk "stylish" on her poor little pinched kid toes, and quivering with the torture of it all. Her mother? Well, which kind is she?—You answer it yourself. You are wiser than I.

I saw a ready-made mother once. I keep seeing them every day, thank God. But this one was queer and homely and old. You would have called her an "old maid," but I found her out as soon as she "borrowed" the cross baby on the train and "cuddled" it while the baby's mother smoothed herself out. Isn't it queer how some things get twisted in this world? Now, the little pinched-toed, ruffied-up maiden belonged, by good rights, to this little, homely old-maid. If that 'twist' had been made straight, you see, what a jolly time those ten, tired little toes would have been having, all this while, running riot in a blessed pair of copper-toes as big as your two

There's so much said nowadays about the babies going to sleep of themselves. all alone, and I must confess their maybe wisdom in it. But I rock my baby to sleep, all snuggled into my two arms, singing her little sleepy-song with me. I couldn't spare that, out of my day even if it may mean a little more hurrying to and fro afterwards. I heard a mother say the other day. "I wouldn't give much for a baby I couldn't rock to sleep," and I said "A-men," inside. To be sure, isn't it missing one of the sweetest parts of a baby's babyhood, when we put the little martyr away by himself to shut his eves alone? When my baby grows up it seems to me I want her to like to be told of all the beautiful "bylows" we've had together—she and I. But that's as one likes it. I like it so! Tis not a needful item of a real motherhood maybe after all. Only, there's the comfort of it. don't you see? There are so many worries and furries in the world, at its best, that the blessed comforts all "tell,"—That does sound like "preaching"—but it isn't.

Annie Hamilton Donnath.

SENSIBLE



cakes or slices of bread if they become hungry—and they always do—besides the annoyance of being held responsible for any bumps or bruises they may get while on your side of the fence. Some philanthropist might rejoice at such an opportunity to instruct the neglected children, but few mothers have time to run charity kindergartens for shiftless neighbors. Don't imagine other people think as much of your children as you do; or their grandmother who pets them to death; or maidens who scold them ditto, for they don't! And you may as well be undeceived if you have any such false impression. Though other parents may not think their children perfection, be assured of one fact; they are in their eyes much nearer perfection than yours. Take an interest in your children's sports, sympathize with their little sorrows and show them how to be happy without constant visiting or having visitors. There is so much done for the instruction and pleasure of children at present that parents who are not embracing such opportunites do not deserve to live in this age, which is truly a "golden one" for the little folks. Literature for children is such an improvement over the exciting tales of the past. The many beautiful pictures, each a story in itself which will entertain a child of almost any age. Instructive games and innumerable other amusements which will instruct as well as amuse, can be purchased so reasonably that they are within the reach of the most modestincome. Indeed I begrudge every nickle I see wasted on sweet-meats by children which might be put into something of lasting benefit to them and help to teach them to love home, parents, brothers and sisters better than all the world besides.

fists! Heigho!—and, instead, here was the little old-maid baby-hungry and growing old for want of little arms to tug at her heart-strings. "That's the way the world goes. Mr. Tetterby," and I suppose their's method among the tangles, somewhere. But this is the last way I meant to talk, when I began! I'm afraid you will say I'm "preaching,"—or worse still, some unregenerate may accuse me of "trying on" the poetic or pathetic or something. Mercy me! please don't. I didn't mean to. I only began to think aloud a little—and, besides, I wanted to say a few things about this ready-madeness." It means so much that is beautiful, to me—so many little, blessed cuddles and frolics and mendings of bumps, and so much patientness. And, more than all else, it means to me such good, sterling common-sense,—

Common-sense that does away with so much that means trouble for the babies, by and by, and substitutes good mother nature's fashions in its stead. I can illustrate—substitutes old-fashioned, grandmotherly catnip for "castoria"—and warm blankets for "soothing" doses. Common-sense that feeds the hnngry little stomachs only at meal-times, with no in-between lunches to stop his babyship's crying, and, at the same time, lay up dyspepsia for him by-and-by,—that does not attempt to bring up his wee majesty according to this "method" or that "method," but knows how to temper the winds to the little shorn lamb, as they made need the tempering. Yes, and that rocksthe baby to sleep, in the good old-fashioned way and in the good old-fashioned chair.



TO THE LADIES.

A good wife, daughter or sister is always on the outlook for any article that will save the money and temper of her gentlemen relatives, and by so doing, she is very apt to increase her own supply of pin-money. Collars and cuffis are among the greatest sources of annoyance and expense. They wear out quickly, cheap linen won't last, every washing brings even the best piece nearer to its end. Collars and cuffs made of LINENE, while neat and stylish save this trouble and expense. If you can't purchase them at your dealer's, send six cents for a sample set of collars and cuffs, with illustrated catalogue free, and you will quickly see their advantages. The address is:

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HINTS FOR MARCH WORK.

If you want very early Dahlias, start a fewtubers into growth the present month, but April will be quite soon enough to start the majority. Those started now will have to be managed very carefully in order to have them in good condition for putting out when warm weather comes. They will have to be given all the fresh air possible, only enough water to keep the soil moist, and moderate warmth. If kept too warm and wet, and away from the air, they will send up weak stalks which have but little vitality in them, and when you come to put them out the change will so effect them that they dwindle, and often die, especially if a spell of cold weather comes on. It is a good plan to put all plants started in the house but intended for out of doors, later on, on the veranda on bright, sunny days, where they will give all the benefit to be derived from sunshine and fresh air. If this is done they will, in a measure, get "hardened off" before it comes time to turn them out of their pots and boxes. Much of your success with them, later in the season, depends on your treatment of them now. In starting Dahlias, cut the tubers apart, one being quite as good as a half-dozen for each plant. Start all the cuttings you can take from your Geraniums, Coleus, Heliotrope and similar plants, without injuring them, for bedding out when summer comes. In this way any one having a window garden can secure quite enough plants to fill a nice bed. The collection may be somewhat miscellaneous in character, but it will prove a source of much pleasure because of the profusion and constancy of its bloom. You can use all your old Coleus plants for cuttings, as they would be worthless for any other purpose. They are very much like annuals; one season's growth exhausts their vitality. If you want good plants, they must be new ones each season. In fact, if you want the best Coleus for winter, it is a good plan to start it in September from a cutting taken from a plant of the previous spring. Such a plant will be much stronger a

THE CANNA.

The Canna is among the most popular of all foliage plants. Its leaves are large, freely produced, rich in color, and give a tropical air to the plant which is very effective when it is well grown. Some varieties have foliage of a light green, while others are so dark as to be almost the color of bronze, with peculiar metallic shadings which gives the plant a most striking appearance. For a long time this plant was grown only for its foliage, but the newer kinds have long spikes of most richly colored flowers, resembling the Gladiolus somewhat in shape, while partaking in a large degree of the peculiarities of the Orchid in general appearance. The French florists have given us a dwarf strain which produces very large, fine flowers, and the future of the Canna will probably make it conspicuous as among flowering plants as it has been in the past among foliage plants. The flowers run through all shades of red, scarlet, and crimson, to yellow, and many varieties combine these colors in most striking and peculiar manner.

But it is not alone as a plant for out-door that the Canna deserves general cultivation.

these colors in most striking and peculiar manner.

But it is not alone as a plant for out-door that the Canna deserves general cultivation. I find it one of the most effective for house and green house culture. If strong roots are potted rather late in spring, in rich soil, and the plants are kept in pots through the season, you will have fine specimens for winter use. It is a characteristic of the plant that it keeps sending up new stalks from the roots as long as you choose to keep it growing, therefore you will have new foliage all through the winter season, and consequently a bright, fresh-looking plant at all times, if you keep the old leaves cut off as they ripen and turn brown. These new stalks will give bloom in winter. For room-decoration few plants are more effective. A large specimen is fine for the centre of a bay window. Large pots and rich soil, with plenty of water, must be given, and care must be taken to shower the foliage daily to prevent the red spider from working on it.

Old roots, taken from the ground at the close of the season, can be safely wintered in

on it.

Old roots, taken from the ground at the close of the season, can be safely wintered in any cool, dry cellar. In spring they can be divided, like the Dahlia.

SOME GOOD BORDER PLANTS.

Many lovers of flowers are not able to give annuals the care they require. The making of beds, sowing of seed, weeding, and other items of work demanded through the season, call for considerable time and labor. Every season this has to be repeated. Such persons would do well to make a collection of hardy, herbaceous plants, which, after once planted, are good for years, if properly taken care of.

The following will be found among the best kinds to plant:

Hollyhock, in variety, the colors ranging from pure white through yellow, rose, purple, crimson and scarlet to darkest maroon.

Delphinium, in rich shades of blue. A tall grower, and profuse bloomer.

Digitalis, or Foxglove. Blue and white.

Pennies, crimson, yellow, rose and white.

Early bloomers.

Pereninal Phlox. Great bloomer, in rich

grower, and profuse bloomer.

Digitalis, or Foxglove. Blue and white.
Peonies, crimson, yellow, rose and white.
Peonies, crimson, yellow, rose and white.
Early bloomers.
Pereninal Phlox. Great bloomer, in rich colors. Most effective. One of the easiest of all plants to grow.

Aquilegia. A most beautiful class of plants, purple, maroon, crimson, blue and white.

Campanula. Blue and white.

Iris. Most lovely, Orchid-like flowers, extremely delicate in appearance, and rich in color. Purple, mave, yellow, white, blue and lavendar shading into black. One of the best of all hardy plants.

Pinks. Almost as fine as the green house Carnations, which they resemble closely, and quite as fragrant. In many colors.

Dicentra. A lovely flower, pink and white, in long, drooping acemes.

Most of these plants can be grown from seed, but you will have to wait for a year if you raise them in that way, before securing flowers. Seed should be sown in June, and the young plants set out in the border in September.

A better way, where it can be afforded, is to buy plants in the spring. There will be seedlings from last year, and you will get flowers from them this season.

Border-plants require a rich, mellow soil, well drained. The grass should be kept down about them. If allowed to grow, it will soon choke them out. A liberal quantity of manure should be dug in about them in fall it will afford all the protection they need. After about two years of blooming the old plants of many varieties will become somewhat exhausted, and it will be necessary to take them up and divide the roots, cutting

away the old ones and reserving only those which are strong and healthy. Hollyhocks should be renewed every season, as they seem to lack vitality the second year after blooming. Peonies should be disturbed as little as

should be disturbed as little as to lack vitality the second year after blooming. Peonies should be disturbed as little as possible.

It will be readily understood from what has been said about the amount of care required, that these plants can be kept in proper condition with about as much labor as would have to be expended on the making of beds for annuals. Thus you save weeding, watering, transplanting and the sowing of seed. It is true that you will not have such a profusion of flowers all through the season as you can obtain from annuals, but the show will be a most brilliant one during the greater part of summer, and the great saving of time and labor will make up for all lack.

The PHYLLOCACTUS.

THE PHYLLOCACTUS.

This is one of the most desirable varieties of he Cactus family for house culture. It is a arge, strong-growing kind, with foliage bear-



THE PHYLLOCACTUS

ing a nearer resemblance to the leaves of ordinary plants than is usually seen among Cacti. Its flowers are very large and double, in rich shades of crimson and violet, with golden stamens. A good plant in full bloom is a most lovely sight. Give a soil of sand and clay, with but little loam in it. When not growing, give the plant but little water. When growth begins, increase the supply. When buds appear, give liquid manure twice a week.

WORMS IN FLOWER POTS

WORMS IN FLOWER POTS.

The common angle-worm can be driven out of pots by a few applications of lime-water. Mrs. S. P. H. writes that the small white worms, or grubs, which very frequently infest the soil in which potted plants are grown, are quickly made harmless by an application of camphor, to one pint of water. This, she says, will destroy the worms at once, and is acts beneficially on the plants. She has tried it on Roses, Geraniums, Lilies, Begonias, Axalises and Cactus, with excellent results. I have not yet tried it, but shall do so. If any reader has plants growing in soil where the small white worm is abundant, she would do well to try this remedy on one or two plants and wait for results before applying it to others. Would be glad to hear from those who give it a trial. If safe and effective, as Mrs. S. P. H. has satisfied herself it is, from her experiments with it, it would soon become a popular remedy, being much easier of preparation and application than lime-water.

PLANS FOR SUMMER WORK.

Now, while you have plenty of leisure, is the time to make your plans for the summer campaign in the garden. Don't wait until the time comes to make the beds, but decide on what you will have in advance of the season. Put your plans on paper. That helps you greatly, for with such a diagram before you get a better idea of how the beds will look than you can have if no diagram is made. It is a good plan to decide this part of the business before sending for seeds, for if you decide on the shape and number of the beds, quite likely your selection of seeds will be made with reference to this. You will know just what you want to plant in each bed. You will only get as much as you want, just the kind you want, and when you get ready to use them', you will know just where to put them. A satisfactory selection can only be made when you have your plan decided on, for the size, shape and number of your beds will determine largely the varieties you select. You will have to have tall growers, medium, and low growers, and varieties with special colors in order to carry out your plans, and an intelligent selection can only be made when you have a diagram to work to. It need not be elaborate — simply an outline,—and any one can put it on paper.

THE CANNA

PLANS FOR SUMMER WORK.

HOW TO GROW TUBEROSES.

How to grow tuberoses.

The Tuberose is a bulb which requires a long season to bring it to perfection. If not planted out till warm weather comes, or rather, if not started into growth until that time, it will net be likely to perfect any flowers before frost comes. It can be started in small pots, and the plants can be slipped out of them when transferred to the beds, in June, without disturbing the roots, therefore without checking the growth or proper developement of the plant. In potting the bulbs, cut off the old roots close to the solid part of the bulb. If this is done, they will begin to make growth much quicker. Often bulbs fail to grow because the mass of old roots decays and communicates disease to the bulb.

From the frequency with which inquiries are made about the Tuberose, and the many complaints about its failure to bloom, it would seem as if the habits of the plant are not very well understood. I am often written to by parties who say that they had good luck with their Tuberoses one year, but since then they have not been able to secure a flower. What's the matter with them? The fact is, a Tuberose bulb will not bloom a second time with us, at the north, though in warm, southern climes it is said that a bulb blooms more than once. Even there, though, I think bulbs which have given one crop of flowers are not depended on. Therefore, if you want to make sure of flowers from this plant, get bulbs which have never

ALL ABOUT FLOWERS.

(Continued from opposite page.)

THE CHILDREN'S GARDEN.

out of mischief is to keep them busy. The old saying about Satan's finding mischief for idle hands to do, has a very large grain of truth in it, and applies equally as well to small people as to large ones. If you give the children something to do, and teach them to do it well, as everything ought to be done if worth doing at all, you will be helping them to form a habit which will be of great benefit to them in

THE FREELY-BLOOMING CLEMATIS. terested in work if you will take a little trou-

ble, which ought to be a pleasure instead of a trouble, to talk with them about it. Show them that you are interested, if you want to enlist and arouse their interest. Unless you do that, you might as well not undertake it. If there are things about which they do not understand, explain them to them. Never set them to work and allow them to go on with it

them to work and allow them to go on with it ignorantly. If you do they will fall into a slip-shod way of doing things, because much of what they do must be done on the guess-work principle; and what persons are in the dark about is

generally done poorly. Talking over work with the children, gets them into the habit of inves-tigating and learning the "whys and where-fores" of things for themselves. When boys

fores" of things for themselves. When boys and girls ask questions which show a desire for information of useful and practical character, never put them off by telling them "that children should not ask questions." Encourage them to ask sensible ones. That is the way in which they gain a great deal of the information which they need, for they cannot acquire it all by simply "keeping their eyes open," as some seem to think.

But this is not what I set out to talk about. I had a little class in gardening the past sum-

I had a little class in gardening the past sum-

mer, and I was so well pleased with it that I propose to tell the boys and girls who read this department of the Journal about it, hop-

ing that they will become interested enough to get up classes of their own. Such a thing can

be done in almost any neighborhood. I had some seeds and plants that I had no use for,

some seeds and plants that I had no use for, and one day I gave some to one of the neighbor's children who was fond of flowers. She thanked me for them, and said: "I don't know how to take care of them, and mother is too busy to show me. If you'd let me watch you, may be I could learn how."

Of course I was glad to be "watched" in that way, and as I worked in my garden I took pains to explain how and why certain things were done, and she became so interested that

were done, and she became so interested that she brought some other children with her to "watch." I gave some seeds to all of them,

"watch." I gave some seeds to all of them, and encouraged them to start a little garden. I told them that in order to grow good plants

one must take good care of them, and that a few plants, well-cared for, were more satisfactory than a great many poorly grown. It they gave them the care they required, they would afford them a great deal of pleasure, and others as well, and they would have the satisfaction of knowing the garden was their own. They would be proprietors of something, and I find that a child greatly enjoys a sense of proprietorship. They are always

sense of proprietorship. They are always pleased with responsibility. They were enthusiastic over the idea. The boys were as much interested as the girls, and agreed to perform the hardest part of the work if they would take them into partnership in their gardening operations. The consequence was that

nad gardens of their own last summer, in which flowers and vegetables were grown, and grown well, I am very glad to say.

I suggested, one day, that they might have a little "fair" in the fall. The idea delighted them greatly, and they worked in their little gardens with greater energy and interest after that, each one being determined to outdo the other. The "fair" was held in September, in a woodshed, and it lasted for two days, during which time nearly every one in the neighborhood visited it. It was very creditable, I assure you. The young exhibitors were very important persons, for it was their fair, and the fair of the season, in their opinion. Some of us grown-up children arranged premiums for the exhibits, and we contrived to give nearly all a prize of some sort, thus encouraging them to make greater efforts next year. Some of the flowers would have done credit to a professional, especially the Asters, of which there was a One of the best of all ways to keep children It is not a difficult matter to get children in-

the Asters, of which there was a great show. One little girl had devoted her whole attention to a bed of Pansies, "'cause they seemed so folksy," she told me, and she had a plate of them on exhibition which outdid anything in my garden, greatly to her de-

the children of half a dozen or more families

Now these children learned a great deal by their experiment in gardening. I took pains to ex-plain things to them, so that they might work understandingly and intelligently. They became interested in their work, and an interested in their work, and an in-terest of this sort is not likely to die out, for the more we work among flowers the more we love them. They are pure, ennobling companions, and I believe they will make the lives of these chil-dren better as well as brighter. They kept the little fingers that tended them, out of mischief, I have no doubt, and helped the lit-tle proprietors to form industri-ous habits. The summer's work was a training-field for larger un-

was a training-field for larger undertakings, a first step in the right direction.

It would be well to study botany during the winter, and obtain the rudiments well mastered by next spring, so that the study of it can be carried on with next summer's gardening.

I really hope the little folks who love flowers will think over what I have said care-

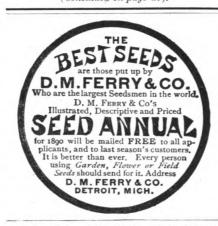
fully, and determine to start a garden-club in each neighborhood. I am sure they will find such a club a source of so much pleasure as well as profit that they will not be willing to give it up after it has had one season's trial.

THE CLEMATIS.

Perhaps the most popular of all flowering vines at present is the Clematis. It is easily grown, requires but little care, blooms freely and for a good share of the season, and is very beautiful. It is difficult to imagine a more brilliant sight than a good specimen of C.
Jackmanii covered with its many large, violetblue flowers. These flowers are often six inches across, and each branch will be weighed down with blossoms and buds. If one of the white varieties is planted with the sort above named, a very fine effect is secured, the blue and white of the large flowers contrasting vividly. vividly.

The culture of the Clematis is simple. Give it a light, rich soil, well-drained. Cut back to within two or three feet of the ground in fall, and lay down the portion left and cover with leaves or coarse manure. In spring dig in a liberal quantity of manure about the roots, and tie up the stubs of the old growth to post or trellis,—whatever you train the vines on. An early growth will result, and the vines will begin blooming in July. From eight to twelve feet is an average growth. On this account it is well adapted to use on porches or about verandas. Wire netting is the best support for it. Do not try to train it in any formal fashion, but let it ramble about over the netting to suit itself. It is very effective when allowed to run over old stumps, or fences, and can be used as a covering for a screen. It is increased by division of the roots, or by layering. There are many varieties, but Jackmanii is the most popular, and it is probably the best adapted to general use. The culture of the Clematis is simple. Give it is probably the best adapted to general use. If you want a vine that will be sure to please you, buy a plant of this Clematis this spring.

(Continued on page 20).



ROSES SEEDS PLANTS

20 Everblooming Roses \$1.00. 20 Geraniums all colors, \$1.00.

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Before placing your order send 6cts, in stamps for a copy of our Floral Treasures (Illustrated). We can save you money. Address.

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rom hanging baskets; in any way a perfect mass of the most lovely flowers and follage from the root to the tig the branches. Plants continue in bloom most profusely for many years, and follage from the root to the tig very eye. We never saw a more beautiful or satisfactory plant. See colored plate in catalogue. PRIC trong plants ALRRADT BUDDED OR BLOOMING, by mall, postpaid, guaranteed to arrive in good order, ents each, two for 60 cents, four for \$1.00. To every order we will add another elegant novelty fre

THE RAINBOW CACTUS (E. Candicans). We possess an enormous stock of this most beautiful, rare and costly Cactus, and are prepared to offer it at a great bargain. The plant is covered with network of spines which range in color from the company white to deep crimson, hence its name "Rainbow." It is a most beautiful plant at all times, but when in bloom its grandeur is unsurpassed, having flowers 4 inches across, bright crimson with a white centre. It blooms profusely and is of the easiest culture in pots. Price of strong plants for immediate bloom, 60 cents.

SEEDS, BULBS, PLANTS, Extra Choice, by Mail Post-paid.

12 Extra choice mixed Gladiolus, flowering bulbs, 25c 5 Grand Lilies, including Auraum, 50c 6 New Double Pearl Tuberoses 25c 5 Cact, different sorts named, 50c 8 Rare Chrysanthemums, named, 50c 4 Beautiful Hardy Flowering Shrubs, 50c Our Introduction Collection, 25 flowering bulbs, and 10 packets choice seed, all extra fine sorts for only 50c.

SPECIAL OFFER. The above liberal offers are made to introduce our superior goods. We will send post-paid everything offered (which amounts to \$3.90 (for only \$3.00): Manettia, Rainbow Cacti, Gladiolus, Tuberoees, Chrysanthemums, Lilles Shrubs, Cactind Introduction Collection, and will add gratis the New Perpetual Blooming Hardy Climbing White Rose, "Mary Washington," the finest of all Roses.

OUR CATALOGUE of Flower and Vegetable Seeds, Bulbs, Plants and Rare Fruits is colored plates and colored covers. We offer the finest novelties in Flowers, Vegetable and Fruits notably: our great Japanese Wineberry, Jewel Dahlis, Mary Washington Rose, Fruit Tomatoes, Cycas, Hardy Orange, Tree Currant, Rosebud Popples, etc. Also the greatest collection of flowering Shrubs and rare Cacti. This elegant and expensive Catalogue will be sent for only TIEN OENTS, which is only a part of its cost to us, or if you order anything here offered and ask for a Catalogue it will be sent FREE. Write at once, as this ofer well not appear again.

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The Greatest Novelty in Begonias. Always in bloom; flowers satiny-white, shaded to elicate rose in color, with golden stamens; will stand the strong sun during summer, and will grow and thrive anywhere. We own the entire stock of this, the Greatest Triumph in Begonias (one plant will bear 75 to 100 clusters). We will mail, postpaid, good strong plants for 25 cts. each; 5 for \$1.00; 12 for \$2.00.

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This rare Pontederia will be all the rage, as it can be grown in any jar or cask, and will bloom the entire summer. Balloon-shaped sacks filled with air enable the whole plant to float on the surface of the water; tovely orchid-like flowers, in clusters, delicate lilac, shading to rose, spotted orange. 35 cts.; 4 for \$1.00.

ORDER NOW! FOR 50 will mail one plant each of Dewdrop Begonia and Orchid Water Lily. In ordering ask for SCOIT'S CATALOGUE FOR 1890, fully illustrated, embracing "THE BEST FLOWERS ONLY," and is mailed FREE to any address.

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and frontispiece. Special Cash Prizes 81000,00; see Floral foot of land or cultivates a plant should have a copy Maile than be deducted from first order. ABRIDGED CATALOGUE JAMES VICK, SEED



ALL ABOUT FLOWERS.

(Continued from page 19.)

LETTERS FROM FLOWER LOVERS.

"L." sends the following pleasant commun-

"L." sends the following pleasant communications:—

One of the prettiest and most satisfactory house-plants is the variegated Rose Geranium, from the fact that it requires very little training to grow in good shape, has a delightful odor, and presents a very attractive appearance with its silver-edged leaves, many of which brighten up with a charming shade of pink when the plant is placed under a proper light. One is often obliged to discard a plant which has endeared itself by its beauty, its associations, or even by the lapse of time, causing one to regard it somewhat in the light of an ofd friend, on account of its attaining such a size as to be almost unmanageable, but this variety of Geranium may be kept for many years if treated to a little judicious pruning, as it is not so rampart a grower as its parent, the old Rose Geranium. It makes a very handsome specimen when grown in tree-form, which is easily managed by procuring a straight cutting and pinching out the top after it has reached a height of about six inches. Growth at the top, being stopped, several side-branches are produced, which, after attaining the desired length should in their turn be nipped, and so on ad infinitum, until you have a beautiful miniature tree, with a dense and symmetrical head of fragant foliage of a pale green, splashed and blotched with creamy white and pink. I have now a variety of this Geranium in my possession which measures only about eight inches in height from the top of the got in which it is grown, with a stem of about the size of an ordinary lead pencil, and yet it is about five height from the top of the got in which it is grown, with a stem of about the size of an ordinary lead pencil, and yet it is about five years old, and has had but one severe cutting-back during all that time. After the branches become numerous, you can occasionally find one in the center of the plant which can be removed without injuring the form of the tree, thereby increasing your own stock, or gratifying some friend less favored than yourself with a cutting of this most desirable plant, which I rarely see in the collections of amateurs.

amateurs.

N. E. P.:—Sends this letter about Roses, from which some lover of this flower may be able to gain some useful hints about its cultivation:—Many years ago, in the old-fashioned kitchen of my childhood's home, Roses bloomed beautifully all winter in the high south windows. The varieties where a white one with brambly foliage, known as a Bridal Rose, and a pink, very free-blooming kind. Since that time I have tried at various times, with but very little success, to cultivate Roses. The "luck," as people called it, which our mothers had, I attribute to the constant moisture of the kitchen united with a real love for mothers had, I attribute to the constant moist-ure of the kitchen united with a real love for flewers, for I believe that only with a real love for them can those most difficult of all flowers, Roses, be successfully cultivated. I read in a floricultural journal not long since the following item, which I fully endorse: "It must be left to the cook with the steaming tea-lettle to him. Received Camerican a very kettle to bring Roses and Carnations to perfec-

"Having a new bay-window, I determined to try a few Roses. I started with three One was left to my care by a friend, and all I could learn of it was, that its buds rarely opened. The others were about a foot in height, one a Pauline, the other a Bon Silene. The room is heated by an open wood fire, and contains but little moisture, but by removing the Roses to another room daily and sprinkling the foliage, upper and underside, with tepid water, and putting a dash of bone-dust and a mulching of moss on the surface of the soil in each pot, they very soon rewarded the care bestowed on them. New shoots, some of them thirty inches in height, were thickly set with buds, and the Rose which had seldom bloomed had over sixty full and fragant seldom bloomed had over sixty full and fragant blossoms during the winter, one shoot bearing fourteen. The Pauline though small, had forty-five blossoms, while the Bon Silene had only four.

The "brambly" Rose, which this correspondent calls "Bridal Rose," was doubtless the plant sold under that name by many florists; but, which is not a Rose, in any sense of the word, except so far as a resemblance in shape goes. It is a member of the Blackberry family, bearing double flowers.

HOT WATER AS AN INSECTIDE.

A correspondent of Gardening Illustrated A correspondent of Gardening Illustrated says that hot water is a clean, safe and effective means of destroying the green fly or aphis on pot plants. It has the merit of being immediate and thorough in its effect. No insects escape when a plant is given a bath, and the operation does not have to be repeated several times before the plants are free from the pest. To the amateur who has a small stock of plants, and to those who dislike fumigation, or the application of tobacco water it the pest. To the amateur who has a small stock of plants, and to those who dislike fumigation, or the application of tobacco water, it will be found a convenient remedy. There would naturally be some uneasiness felt in treating plants to a bath in which the water was sufficiently hot to kill animal life, but there is a margin of many degrees between the lowest temperature that will destroy the aphis and the highest that a plant will stand. One hundred and thirty degrees will do the work. The plant should be plunged into the water, and withdrawn instantly. The skin of the insect is more delicate than the plant, and will therefore be more quickly acted upon by the heat. If anyone is afraid to employ this remedy, let him experiment on one or two plants, and observe the result. In heating the water, don't "guess at it," but test it with a thermometer before dipping the plant. I have found that quite delicate, soft-wooded plants are able to stand a hot bath of this kind without the least injury. out the least injury.

All correspondence regarding this department should be addressed direct to the editor, Mr. Eben E. Rexford, Shiocton, Wis., who will give personal attention to all inquiries.

FLOWER GOSSIP WITH MY READERS.

W. S. S. writes the following pleasant letter which ought to have been given a place before, but was pigeon-holed in the wrong place, and has just come to light. I trust the writer will pardon me for the long delay, which was not intentional, I assure her, and let me know of her forgiveness by writing another letter as full of good ideas for the amateur as this one

"I have been trying to get up courage for a long time to write a few words for your valuable paper. I think it gets better and better as it gets older. I have volumes two and three bound, and it affords me a great deal of pleas-ure to take them and sit down under a tree or arbor and read about the different kinds of plants and their culture. It is the next best thing to having them. I don't think I ever cared as much for flowers as I do now. Reading so much about them strengthens my love for them. for them.

I have been spending about four months in the country, and having nothing else to do, have used a portion of my time in visiting my have used a portion of my time in visiting my neighbors and looking at their flowers. I have one neighbor in particular that I visit very often. She has not many plants, but some are very fine. They are always in bloom. She spends a great deal of time among them. I do not understand why it is that some persons have no trouble in making plants grow, while have no trouble in making plants grow, while others can try every plan they hear of, and spend hours every day with them, and have to give them up at last. I have always been quite successful in growing plants, and have found out by experience that it never pays to get discouraged if they do not grow two or three inches the first day I bring them from the greenhouse. We cannot hurry Nature. She must take her own time to bring about results in. Have patience, and she will do her share of the work well. If a plant doesn't look as we would like to have it, don't throw it away, or set it away in some corner, but it away, or set it away in some corner, but keep it with the rest of your plants, and continue to care for it, and by and by it will begin to improve, and often you can make a good plant of it. If we take good care of our plants they will be pretty sure to repay is for

good plant of it. If we take good care of our plants they will be pretty sure to repay us for all the trouble we spend upon them."

Quite right. Plants, like people, are grateful for proper attention, and will respond to kind treatment. Regarding what is said about those who "try everything they hear of," I have this to say; The intelligent cultivator of flowers will not take stock in anything that seems to point out a short cut to the knowlseems to point out a short cut to the knowledge of plant-growing. She will study her plants as she does her children, and in that way she will find out what they require, and when she has found that out she will know how to go to work to take care of them properly. The woman who tries "every thing she can hear of" will never have good plants, because she trusts to "hear-say" rather than to definite, personal knowledge of what the plants need.

Others would do well to imitate the example

Others would do well to imitate the example

Others would do well to imitate the example of the writer of the following letter. There is not only pleasure, but health, in the garden: "For about three years past I have been giving my attention raising house plants and cultivating a garden. My success has astonished my friends and myself, as well. It has been greatly to the benefit of my health to rise early and work in the fresh earth, beside the pleasure of seeing beautiful, thrifty, and showy plants and flowers in return for the labor expended. I have been particularly successful

THE OSTRICH PLUME

Methous lardy CHRYSANTHEMUM.

No engraving can do justice to the unique and peerless beauty of this new Chrysanthemum. Imagine plants completely studded with balls of flowers one foot in circumference, whose petals curve gracefully inward, and which in turn are dotted with a peculiar hairy-like growth, the whole resembling, more than anything else, masses of Snow. White Ostrich Plumes, and you then begin to form some idea of the beauty of this royal flower. Your garden will not be complete this season if it does not contain the "Ostrich Plume" Chrysanthemum. (Instructions for culture with each order.)

PRICE.—Fine plants, certain to bloom, 40 ets. each, three plants for \$1; seven for \$2; twelve for \$3. Free by mall.

With every order for a single plant or more will be sent, gratis, our superb Catalogue of "EVERTIBING FOR THE GARDEN" (the price of which is 25 cents), on condition that you will say In what paper you saw this advertisement. Club orders for TIREE, SEVEN OT WELVE plants can have the Catalogue sent, when desired, to the separate address of each member comprising the club, provided—
always that the paper is named. THE OSTRICH PLUME

with Callas and will tell you how I manage them. In one year I had twenty-three large, well-developed blossoms from three bulbs, and this season I have as fine plants as ever grew. I let them grow and go on blooming till about the first of September. Then I take them and shake off the soil, trim off the small bulbs and fibrous roots, and put them in medium sized pots with a moderately rich soil, which has been sifted through a common sieve to take out all worms and larvae which might be in it. I then press the earth tightly around the bulb and set it in a warm place, standing the pot in a vessel somewhat larger, and keeping

water in it constantly. About once a week I water in it constantly. About once a week I water freely with liquid cow manure. As the weather grows colder, I increase the heat of the water applied, till it is as warm as you can comfortable hold your hand in. Stir the earth as often as once a week, and give all the light and sunshine possible. My success with other plants has been excellent, and I may send an

plants has been excellent, and I may send another chapter of experience, if you care for it."

Do so, by all means. I wish the readers of the Journal would send in items of personal experience. Why don't they?

(Continued on next page.)







BURPEE'S GEM COLLECTION FOR 1890

Contains one regular size packet each of the fragrant Little Cem Sweet Alyssum,—the rare and lovely blue Torenia Fournieri,—the gorgeous new Shirley Poppies,—many varieties mixed of Choice Double Asters,—the unequaled strain of Burpee's Superb Camellia-Flowered Balsams,—Finest Mixed Chinese and Japanese Pinks,—Extra fine Mixed New and Beautiful Ipomoeas,—Choice Mixed Pansies,—Fordhook strain of Superfine Petunia Hybrida,—and twelve grand New Sweet Peas Mixed,—in all TEN VARIETIES Best new and popu- Sentent of Gem Collar Annuals for Sentent of Gem Collar Annuals for Collar Sections mailed for Sirty to get up a Club. Illustration and directions for growing printed on each packet. Purchased separately at retail, the ten packets in our 25cent Gem Collection would cost 85 cts., and this Special Offer is made to induce all to

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A TRIAL OFFER FOR ONLY 30c. Ten packets Choice flower Seeds. we will send one packet each of the following, post paid, for 30c and the names of 10 peoplewho make gardens and plant seeds Asters, Balsams, Cockscomb, Pinks, Phlox, Hollyhocks, Mignonette. Sweet Peas, Pansy, Zinnia. J. D. Vandercook Co. Austin, Hi.

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ALL ABOUT FLOWERS

(Concluded from opposite page.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mrs. E. E. Mc.:—Your tuberoses failed to bloom because an old bulb is worthless for a second crop of flowers. After having bloomed once, you might as well throw them away as to keep them, unless you wish to increase your stock by off-sets or young bulbs. When I come south I will remember you, be sure. If you love flowers I can soon get acquainted with you.

with you.

L. B.:—The answer to E. E. Mc. will apply in your case with regard to your question about the Tuberose. The pest you complain of is the scale. You can remove it by scrubing the plant with an old toothbrush, using soapsuds freely, and rubbing forcibly enough to oblige the insect or animal, whichever it is, to oblige the insect of animal, whichever it is, to give up his tenacious grip on leaf or stalk. This method answers well where there are but few plants. In large collections it would be a great task to go over each plant in this way, and the work would not be thoroughly done. The kerosene emulsion of which frequent mention has been made in these columns, will be found the easiest and safest means of ridding the plants of the enemy. This never fails to kill the pest, when properly made and applied.

C. B. L.:—The Exchange Department has been discontinued. It was undentified to the plants of the enemy. been discontinued. It was undoubtedly a source of pleasure to a few persons who had plants to exchange, but it was, at the same time, a source of terrible annoyance and no end of trouble to both editor and publisher.

end of trouble to both editor and publisher.

L. A. B.:—I have never been troubled with moles in the garden. Will some reader of the Journal who has had such an experience as this correspondent complains of be so kind as to tell us how he or she got rid of them?

With regard to baking soil for pot-plants for the purpose of killing the larvae of worms, I would say that I would much prefer to apply lime-water several times before using the soil. Baking certainly destroys some of the elements Baking certainly destroys some of the elements essential to healthy plant-growth. I do not think it possible to make lime-water too strong for most pot-plants, because the water can only hold a certain amount of lime in suspension.

hold a certain amount of lime in suspension. Let the water in which the lime is dissolved, stand until it becomes perfectly clear. Then pour it off, being careful not to let any of the sediment run off with it.

Mrs. J. B. M.:—If you had read the Journal very carefully, you would have seen an answer to your question, and that answer would have served your purpose quite as well as one given especially to you. I think the practice of putting tea and coffee grounds on the soil about pot-plants, a very bad one. They decay, and in nine cases out of ten, breed worms which will injure the roots of the plants. There may be a certain amount of plant-food in them, as there is in all vegetable matter, but the disadvantages arising from their use, more than offthere is in all vegetable matter, but the disadvantages arising from their use, more than offsets the advantages. If you want to increase the growth of your plants use, liquid manure in preference to anything else. If that is not at hand, and cannot be obtained, get Bowker,s Food for Flowers, which can be found at nearly all drug-stores, and apply according to directions given on the can or package. That is safe and effective,—but I cannot say as much of many of the fertilizers in the market.

Miss. L.:—For your vase in shady window, I would advise the use of Tradescantia Zebrina, Lycopodiums and Aspidistra. Plant the latter in the centre of the vase, and the Tradescantia about the edge, to droop, and let the Lycopodium cover the soil between the centre and edge. Such a vase will afford quite as much pleasure as some collection of flowering plants. I have not advised Ferns, because the air of the living room is too dry for them. The Aspidistrand Armsdescantic ground the since of the living room is too dry for them.

living room is too dry for them. The Aspidistra and Tradescantia stand dry air well. The Lycopodium is fond of moisture, and as it grows close to the soil and forms a thick mass of foliage, it can be kept moist enough to suit it, because its thick fronds retain the water it, because its thick fronds retain the water among them for a long time, thus giving it a chance to evaporate slowly. It should be thoroughly sprinkled daily. A palm might be used in place of Aspidistra, if preferred, but the latter plant will be found better suited to the amateur, because of its being one of those kinds which require very little care. A Lurida variegata is the best variety. It has broad, thick, dark-green foliage, striped with ivory-white and its peculiar markings give it a very striking and attractive appearance. It is a plant which ought to be grown a great deal more than it is. It is much more easily cared for than a Geranium, and it is always more attractive, while the Geranium is not peculiarly so, unless in bloom. Geranium is not peculiarly so, unless in bloom. I would like to be able to convince people that in order to be ornamental and worth growing, it is not necessary that a plant should have flowers. A plant with fine foliage is useful at

flowers. A plant with fine foliage is useful at all times, which is not the case with many of our finest flowering plants.

Bessie S.:—The Aspidistra blossoms, but its flowers are seldom seen, because they are produced in the soil about the plant, on little stems thrown up about the junction of leaf and root. They are very peculiar in shape, reddish in color, with a green lining.

"Chatty Bell." Box 126, West Branch, Mich., writes pleasantly about the Pansy: "Fourteen years ago I first had a home of my own, and I bought a five-cent packet of mixed Pansy

years ago I first had a home of my own, and I bought a five-cent packet of mixed Pansy seed. The next season I bought seed of another florist, which gave me flowers quite unlike those from the first purchase. Acting on this hint, I bought seed from several florists the next year, and I have always found something new in each package. Besides the mixed kinds, I have also bought the choice new kinds as they were introduced, and now have a grand collection of this beautiful flower. Have you ever cultivated the Red Riding Hood variety? My bed of English "Face Pansies" is lovely, and the new Rex is 'too beautiful for anything.' I was so enthusiastic over this variety, that I sowed all the seeds I could save from it the second year, and now I have more from this season's crop and now I have more from it the second year, and now I have more from this season's crop than I can make use of. I enclose some to you, and would be glad to give away some to any one who has usver grown this lovely

variety, who will enclose a letter stamp for postage with their request. I have none to sell, but some to give away. Now that the Exchange Department is discontinued, why not let each correspondent give real name and address, so that we might correspond, if we desire, for mutual benefit and pleasure?"

Miss T. R. F.:—Thanks for the token of friendship which you send. I assure that it is appreciated. It is most satisfactory to know that one's work is helpful to others, and the friendly remembrances which come from those I have never met, afford me great pleasure. I variety, who will enclose a letter stamp for

I have never met, afford me great pleasure. I am glad to know that among the many readers of this paper, there are many who have come to regard me as a friend instead of a stranger. This knowledge makes my work doubly pleasant.

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There is no question but that Maule's Garden Seeds are unsurpassed. Their present popularity in every county in the United States proves it, for I now have customers at more than 32,500 post-offices. When once sown, others are not wanted at any price. My new Catalogue for 1890 is pronounced the most original, beautifully illustrated and readable Seed Catalogue ever published. You should not think of purchasing any SEEDS before sending for it. It is mailed free to customers and to all others enclosing 10 cents in stamps for it.

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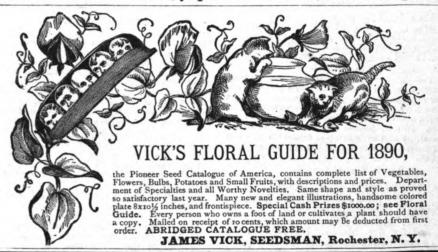
Wonderful improvements have been made in this plant. Our Collection this year is far ahead of anything before offered. No other novelty has greater merit. The Spikes of large flowers resemble Gladiolus but their much more brilliant colors show grandly against the tropical foliage (4 to 5 ft. high). The flowers range in color from the deepest crimson, orange scarlet and salmon to light yellow, many being beautifully mottled and streaked and are frequently compared to Orchid flowers on account of their delicate markings. This plant will succeed under all conditions, free from innsects, blooming from June to frost. The roots are wintered in a cellar. If you want to excel your neighbor's garden try them. Collection A. set of 12 varieties, 75 cts. ea, \$8. for set. Collection B. set of 12 varieties \$1.00 ea. \$10.00 for set., or the two sets one of each variety, \$17.00. These are mailed free and can be safely sent in this way.

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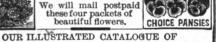
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DIFFERENT WAYS TO USE LIFE'S MOST STAPLE AND PRACTICAL ARTICLE.



EW articles of food lend themselves to so many practical uses as the potato, and the following recipes, carefully tested, can be thoroughly relied upon. They are the result of experience, and have the special value of economy combined with practicability.

POTATO SOUP.

Four large potatoes, 1 onion; boil in 2 quarts of water until soft. Press through a sieve, and add one pint of sweet milk, one tablespoonful of butter, a little salt and pepper. Let it boil up again and serve.

POTATO OYSTER PATS.

Peel and boil 12 potatoes (medium size) mash fine, salt to taste, and add a piece of butter the size of an egg, 4 tablespoons of sweet cream or milk. Beat lightly, and when cold, work into pats, putting 2 oysters into each, bat. Dip in beaten egg and roll in cracker meal. Put a little lump of butter on the top of each, and bake a light brown in a quick over.

LYONNAISE POTATOES.

Twelve potatoes boiled till nearly done when cold, slice or cut into dice. Chop fine one onion. Put a tablespoonful of butter in a skillet; put in the onion and let it fry two minutes. Add the potato dice. Stir constantly and fry five minutes. Just before taking up add salt and pepper to taste.

FRIED POTATOES.

Cut into dice enough cold boiled potatoes to fill a pint measure. Put a heaping tablespoonful of butter in a hot skillet. Pour in your potatoes. Add a half cup of cream or milk. Put on a cover for five minutes. Salt and pepper. Serve in a hot dish.

GLAZED POTATOES.

Parboil in their skins; peel quickly and lay in a pan in the oven. A crust will form on them in a short time. Baste with butter off and on until they assume a golden brown hue. Salt while boiling.

POTATO PUFF.

Two cups of mashed potato (that has been put through a seive) season with salt and pepper; stir in two tablespoonfuls of butter beat to a cream, add two well beaten eggs and one cup of cream. Pour into a baking dish and bake in a hot oven.

POTATO BALLS.

Boil the potatoes; have ready some hot milk, which should be stirred in as soon as the potatoes have been well mashed and beaten. Add butter, salt and pepper. Have ready a pan of hot water, form into balls, (between each ball dip the hands in the hot water.) Put the balls in a round pan, with one on top. Bake a light brown.

This makes a delightful dish.

POTATO YEAST.

Take 12 large potatoes, boil them in two quarts of water. When done pour the water over two cups of flour. Take a small handful of hops, add boiling water to them, let boil a few minutes, strain into the mixture. Add one cup of sugar and one-half cup of salt. When cool add two good cakes of yeast. This will keep for two weeks in a cool cellar, and makes delicious bread.

POTATO SALAD.

Take six large potatoes, boil till done. Chop a coffee cup of celery, using only the white stalks. Fill the salad bowl with alternate layers of potatoes sliced thin, the chopped celery and dressing.

For the dressing take three eggs, one table-procedule and survey of land salt as scent

tablespoonful of mustard, a cup of milk and one of vinegar. Stir salt, mustard and sugar in a bowl until smooth, add the eggs and beat well, then add the vinegar and finally the milk. Put the bowl into a basin of boiling water and cook until it thickens like custard.

A DISH OF POTATOES AND CODFISH.

A DISH OF POTATOES AND CODFISH.

One pint bowl of salt codfish picked very fine, two pint bowlfuls of potatoes cut up. Put both together and boil until thoroughly done. Drain off the water well, mash with potato masher, add a piece of butter the size of an egg, two well-beaten eggs and a dash of pepper. Do not soak the fish, but wash well. Do not mould into cakes, but drop from a spoon into hot deep lard. The mixture will take the form of croquettes, and, when the lard is just right, they are perfectly delicious. The lard must be much hotter than for fried cakes. Garnished with celery tops or parsley, it makes not only a good dish but a pretty one. Much depends upon the lard being hot.

SCALLOPED POTATOES.

Three cups of potatoes finely mashed, three tablespoonfuls of cream, two tablespoonfuls of butter. Have four eggs already boiled, one raw egg beaten until light. When the potatoes are hot, beat up with the cream, butter, raw egg, salt and pepper. Put a layer in the

bottom of a buttered baking dish. Cover with thin slices of the eggs, salt and pepper slight-ly. Continue alternating egg and potatoes until all are used up. The top layer must be potato. Sprinkle lightly with cracker meal and bits of butter. Bake until hot through, and brown on top.

POTATO CROQUETTES.

Boil and mash thoroughly four or five potatoes, add cream, butter and salt. Cream them and add the white of one egg beaten to a froth. Make into oblong rolls with the hands and dip into the yolk of the egg and then in cracker crumbs. Put in a wire basket and fry in deep hot lard until a nice brown.

POTATOES FOR WEAK EYES.

Inflamed eyes are often relieved by cutting a large potato in two, scooping out the inside, and binding over the feverish lids.

FOR RHEUMATISM.

Try a potato poultice for this painful disease. Boil two potatoes in their "jackets." When done, mash potatoes,—skins and all—spread on a cloth and apply. A friend once told me she experienced great relief from an application of this kind on a rheumatic foot. Another friend tells me she carries a potato in her pocket always, to prevent rheumatism, renewing it when withered

A NICE WAY TO PREPARE SWEET POTATOES.

Take large sweet potatoes, and put them on to boil or steam. Take out and peel. Slice lengthwise half an inch thick. Put in a baking pan, sprinkle white sugar over them, and spread each slice with butter. Pour over half

a cup of cream.
Set in the oven a few minutes to get heated

POTATO PUDDINGS

Three eggs beaten together, two teacupfuls of sugar, one half cup of butter, two large Irish potatoes; put the butter into the potatoes while hot, after putting them through a seive; mix together the eggs and sugar, then pour into the butter and potatoes. Beat all together and except with putmer.

er and season with nutmeg.

Bake in paste with one crust. This is very nice.

Mrs. Annie C. Stearns.

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A SAVORY BEEF A LA MODE.

H ANG a large round of beef until it is tender then lay it in a dish just as it would be sent to the table and gash the upper surface with a sharp knife turning the point of the knife about to make a larger place for the

kinite about to make a larger place for the stuffling.

Mince fine one ordinary sized onion and one pound of fat pork or bacon, add to it one teaspoonful each of salt and sugar and black pepper also one teaspoonful each of finely pounded thyme, savory and celery seed, and one blade of mace, six cloves, and twelve allspice pounded fine. Mixed thoroughly and stuff the incisions in the beef.

Set on oven over some coals and put in it.

stuff the incisions in the beef.

Set on oven over some coals and put in it one ounce of butter and one ounce of pure lard. When it melts drudge in flour to cover the bottom of the oven. Sift flour over the meat and just as soon as the flour in the oven turns a pale brown put in the beef and pour in sufficient boiling water to cover it within two inches of the top of the meat but on no account cover it with the water.

Put on the lid, or top, of the oven and put coals on it. Let the beef cook for six hours. Keep a kettle of boiling water and add more as that in the oven stews away.

From time to time ladle some of the gravy over the meat to keep the top moist, and move

over the meat to keep the top moist, and move the round occasionally to prevent it sticking

When the beef is done if the gravy is not when the beef is done if the gravy is not quite thick enough let it cook for a few moments longer. If too thick add a little boiling water. This is a delicious dish for a cold supper and the remnants of it make a salad almost equal to chicken salad if you will make it in the same way. The beef should at no time cook fast but stew quietly, and must not get dry and the gravy the gravet. and must not get dry, and must have the gravy ladled over it frequently.

Anna Alexander Cameron.

A TRIO OF QUERIES ANSWERED.

A TRIO OF QUERIES ANSWERED.

A. M. C. (By request.) Pop Corn Candy. Boil one cup of white sugar, half a cup of water and one tablespoonful of butter. Cook until ready to candy. Then pour over two quarts of popped corn; stir until well mixed, form in balls with the hand, or put to cool in a shallow pan, and cut in squares.

Mrs. O. P. (By request.) Cotten Seed Lard. Cotten seed lard is excellent for all purposes for which hogs lard is used. The preparation called "cotroline" is very pure. It is cheaper, and in many respects better than lard. In frying it does not burn so readily.

Mrs. H. L. B. (By request.) Welsh Rare-Bit. Toast carefully squares of stale bread, while hot butter them, and dip in a bowl or hot water. Place on hot dish and stand in the oven to keep warm. Put half a cup or milk in a saucepan; stand over a moderate fire, when boiling, add two cups of grated cheese, and stir until the cheese is melted, season with a little salt and cayenne pepper with the yolks of two eggs, and pour over the toasted bread.

ELIZA R. PARKER.

ELIZA R. PARKER.



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Cowdrey's Deviled



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The Quality is Unexcelled





A DELICIOUS BIRD PIE.

THE perfection of a bird pie is made of small birds with dark meat. They are the richest

THE perfection of a bird pie is made of small birds with dark meat. They are the richest and most gamey in flavor. Such for instance as the reed bird the rice birds etc, which in season are fat, and delicious. The robin when fat is also a delightful bird. When poor like anything else it had better be let alone.

Like the memorable "blackbird pie" of the song we will suppose that we two have twenty-four birds for our pie. Look them over well to see that no stray feather remains in hiding to steal away the appetite of the unlucky one who falls heir to it. To give them the perfection of flavor put them in a pan with a quart of water, half a pound of rice, butter, salt and pepper to taste and dredge them well with flour. Set the pan in a hot oven and let the birds brown nicely stirring them about that all may get the benefit of the browning. Fifteen or twenty minutes will suffice for this if the oven is as hot as it should be. Now take them out of the pan and transfer to a sauce pan add another half pound of butter and a pint of water and stew for fifteen minutes. If the gravy is not thick enough add as much flour as rubbed smooth in butter as is necessary.

Make a full quart of flour into pastry with nine ounces of butter and as much cold water as it is necessary to mix it. A teaspoonful of salt should be sifted in the flour. Roll out two-thirds of the pastry and line a deep baking dish, and roll out the remainder of the dough for the top crust. Pour the birds and gravy into the pan which should be full. put in the crust pick with a fork, and set in a moderately heated oven and when done serve hot. The oven must not be too slow as nothing is more disastrous to pastry.

Anna Alexander Cameron.

There are many white soaps. each represented to be "just as good as the Ivory." They are not, but like all counterfeits, they lack the peculiar and remarkable qualities of the genuine. Ask for Ivory Soap

and insist upon having it. 'Tis sold everywhere.

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Baking and SAMPLES FREE.



Roasting Pan BIG PAY !

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COOKERY FOR CONVALESCENTS.

DAINTY DISHES TO TEMPT THE APPETITES OF



OMETHING with which to coax the appetite of the con-valescent or semi-invalid, is often a perplexing question in the mind of the housekeeper. I give herein a few recipes which have been long tried and test-

ed, and which have been approved by our family p h y sician, whose reputation is one of the highest in

the state.

All will agree that it is not only what is offered to the invalid, but the careful nicety offered to the invalid, but the careful nicety of preparing and setting forth, that is of the utmost importance; for we all know how trifles affect us, when ill. Let us then look first to the tray and its accompaniments; one of the lacquered wooden Japanese trays is to be preferred to the old-fashioned metal or silver ones, on account of its lightness, and freedom from "clatter."

We have a tiny sugar-howl and cream-

We have a tiny sugar-howl and cream-pitcher for the tray, which are very convenient, as well as an addition to the dainty appear-ance; these may be bought of the pretty "Po-mona" ware, for twenty-five cents, or if one

mona" ware, for twenty-five cents, or if one decorates china, they can be made very charming. If one is the happy possessor of a tiny tete-a-tete set, or one of the small old-fashioned cut-glass sets, so much the better.

Of course the linen and china for the tray should be sans reproche, and a little careful forethought will always select the cup and the plate that the invalid is known to be fond of. "Things taste so much better out of pretty dishes,"—how often we hear that. A bit of scarlet geranium, with a leaf, or a spray of brilliant barberries in a tiny "bud" vase, is a dainty addition to the tray, and welcomed by the weary invalid.

Now for a few receipts which will be found

Now for a few receipts which will be found practical and useful.

SIMPLE WINE JELLY: One-half box gelasimple Wine Jelly: One-half box gelatine, one tablespoonful powdered gum-arabic, one pint port wine; put all in a pitcher, cover with white paper, and let stand two hours; then put in farina-kettle, bring to a boil, strain, pour in mould, and cool. Cut in tiny pieces to serve.

Prover Wine for making custard: Clean

they pieces to serve.

RENNET WINE, for making custard: Clean and dry three inches of calf rennet, put it into a pint of sherry, and set away to use.

Three tablespoonfuls will be enough to curdle a quart of milk.

a quart of milk.

RENNET CUSTARD: To one quart of warm milk add three tablespoonfuls of rennet wine, and five teaspoonfuls of sugar; flavor if wished. Care should be taken to have the milk not hot, but warm.

not hot, but warm.

Arrow Root Custard: One tablespoonful arrow root, one egg, one pint of milk, one tablespoonful of sugar. Mix the arrow root to a paste with a little of the cold milk; put the remainder of the milk in a farina-kettle; when it boils, stir in the arrow root, egg and sugar well beaten together, stir and cool.

Boullon: Five pounds of juicy beef cut in small pieces, and simmered slowly for two and one half hours, in two quarts of water. Remove every bit of fat, strain through a cloth, season with salt, no pepper.

Codfish, and pour over it boiling water, to freshen it; pour off the water, add some cream. This is nice poured over toast.

This is nice poured over toast.

Sea-moss blanc-mange: Wash thoroughly a cup of Irish moss. Put a quart of milk in a farina-kettle, and add the moss; when the milk is well thickened, strain and cool. It can be served with powdered sugar, or sugar, cream, and a bit of fruit jelly. This will be found nutritious, and acceptable to the most

sensitive stomach. TOAST-WATER and tamarind water were TOAST-WATER and tamarind water were drinks highly valued in illness by our grandmothers. Toast-water is made by putting pieces of toasted bread in a glass jar, and covering the pieces with water. When the water is colored, it is ready to drink. To prepare tamarind-water, put a cup of tamarinds in a quart of cold water, and let it streng a day then strain.

tamarinds in a quart of cold water, and let it stand a day, then strain.

PANADA was an invalid delicacy highly valued fifty years ago, and will be found nourishing and palatable. It is made by boiling together for three minutes one glass of wine and three of water, add a teaspoonful of the particle o lemon-juice, a cup of grated bread crumbs; boil one minute, then serve. A grating of nutmeg will add to the flavor, but it is not advised for an invalid.

Toast can be made to look tempting by

cutting off the crust of the slice, cutting out the crumb with a tiny cake-cutter, then toast-

Never add pepper or other spices to food for an invalid, and use as little butter--it is needless to say, that of the best quality,—as possible.

MARY FISHER BOSSON.

Mrs. Knapp begs to say to the Journal sisters that she is always glad to have them forward to her any new recipes, or fresh and novel suggestions for the kitchen.

SPRING CHICKENS.

HOW TO SERVE WITH VARIETY.



PRING chickens at this season, and later are in market, and are a dainty article of food which can be prepared in a variety of appetizing ways, be-sides the usual mode of frying or broiling.

To have chickens or

any poultry in perfection it is very necessary to have them properly dressed. When convenient it is always best to

cressed. When convenient it is always best to kill them the night before using, to do which there are several modes. An excellent way is to cut off the head with a sharp knife, hang up immediately, and let bleed freely. Another—used by Creole cooks—is to open the beak of the fowl with a sharp pointed knife, make an incision at the back of the roof of the mouth which causes instant deth. effer

make an incision at the back of the roof of the mouth, which causes instant death, after which hang up by the legs and let bleed freely, and pick while yet warm.

To cut a chicken up properly, after picking and drawing, lay on a board, cut off the feet, then the wings and legs, after which cut the breast in two, also the back.

The garnishes for spring chickens are pars-ley, sliced lemon, and catsups.

TO BROIL SPRING CHICKEN.

Split a half-grown spring chicken down the back, twist the tips of the wings over the second joint, wipe dry; spread out, and break the breast-bone with the rolling-pin. Put on a greased grid-iron over a clear fire, rub with clarified butter. Turn often to prevent scorching. When half done sprinkle with salt and pepper. When thoroughly done put on a hot dish with melted butter and a little mushroom catsup. Garnish with squares of toasted bread. toasted bread.

FRIED CHICKEN.

Kill the chicken the night before, cut up, wipe dry, roll in flour, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and fry in boiling lard. Take up, lay in a hot dish near the fire. Pour into the gravy a teacup of milk, stir and add a table-spoonful of flour and butter each, season with minced parsley, salt and pepper. Let boil up once, and pour in a gravy dish. Garnish the chicken with curled parsley, and serve with fried mush.

CHICKEN FRIED IN BATTER.

Cut up a chicken, dip in batter in which has been mixed one chopped onion, two tomatoes, a bunch of thyme and parsley, with salt and pepper; fry in boiling lard, and serve with tomato sauce.

FRICASSEE OF SPRING CHICKEN.

Take off the wings and legs of the chickens, cut up the remains with liver and gizzard, put in a saucepan, add salt, pepper, mace and parsley, cover with water and stew until tender; take up. Thicken the gravy with two tablespoonfuls of flour rubbed in two ounces of butter and a teacup of cream, boil all together, put the chicken back, let boil, squeeze in the juice of a lemon, and serve. in the juice of a lemon, and serve.

PANNED SPRING CHICKEN.

Split the chicken down the back, put in a dripping pan, cover with bits of butter and set in the oven. When half done take out, and season with salt, pepper and butter, return to the oven to brown. Make gravy, by adding butter, a little hot water, and a tablespoonful of grated cracker to the gravy in the pan.

SOUTHERN CHICKEN STEW.

Cut up two yonng chickens, put in a sauce-pan, with boiling water to cover well, and let simmer slowly; when nearly done slice two or three raw potatoes,, and put in, let cook until done, and thicken the stew with a tablespoonof flour and butter, mixed together, season with pepper and salt.

BREADED SPRING CHICKEN.

Cut a spring chicken to pieces, dip first in beaten egg and grated bread crumbs, season with parsley, pepper and salt, place in a pan, lay a lump of butter on each piece of chicken, add a teacup of boiling water, bake slowly, baste often. When done, take up, add a tea-cup of cream and three tablespoonfuls of cup of cream and three tablespoonfuls of grated bread crumbs to the gravy, stir, and pour over the chicken.

CREOLE CHICKEN.

Take two young chickens, cut up and stew when done add a little minced parsley and when done add a little minced parsies and onions. Soak four pepper pods in water, strain and pour in the juice, add salt, two ounces of butter, and a tablespoonful of flour mixed with a little cold milk. Fill a dish with boiled rice and pour the chicken on it.

CHICKEN FRITEAU.

Boil a young chicken and cut to pieces Lay one hour in a marinate made of oil and vinegar, add pepper, salt and a little flour. Prepare egg batter, in which dip the pieces of chicken, and drop in hot lard and brown well. Spread the chicken on a hot dish. Garnish with celery and serve with fried tomatoes.

SPRING CHICKEN DRESSED AS TERRAPIN.

Boil a young chicken, cut in pieces and put in a stewpan with soup stock to cover. Stir in a quarter of a pound of butter and one beaten egg. Season with salt, pepper and thyme; add two hard boiled eggs cut up, and the juice of a lemon. Boil and serve with wild grape jelly.

SPRING CHICKEN AND OKRA (SOUTHERN GUMBO).

Cut up a spring chicken, roll in flour, and fry in boiling lard; add a sliced onion. Pour two cups of boiling water over, and let simmer ten minutes, add a pod of red pepper, let boil thick, season with salt and a tablespoonful of butter. Dish and serve with boiled rice.

CHICKEN PUDDING.

Cut up a spring chicken, and cook tender in a little water. Take up, spread on a dish, season with pepper, salt and butter. Make a thick batter. Butter a pudding dish, and put a layer of chicken in, and pour over a cupful of batter. Continue until the dish is full. Bake and serve with butter sauce in a gravy boat.

CHICKEN POT PIE.

Cut up a tender chicken, and stew until done. Season with pepper, salt and a small piece of butter, and thicken the gravy with flour. Make light biscuit dough, roll thin, cut in little squares, and drop in the bottom. Let boil fifteen minutes, take up the chicken, lay on a dish, and pour the gravy and dumpling over.

STEAMED SPRING CHICKEN,

Take a half-grown spring chicken, split down the back, rub with salt and pepper, place in a steamer and steam one hour. Prepare a sauce of one pint of cream, half a pint of boiling water, six spoonfuls of flour, a tablespoonful of corn starch and butter each, with pepper, salt, and few drops of extract of celery. Mix all together, let boil one minute, and pour over the chicken.

KENTUCKY CHICKEN PIE.

Fry two spring chickens until a nice brown. Line a five quart pan with rich crust. Put in the chicken with gravy and half a tea-cup of butter. Season with pepper and salt. Cover with a top crust over which lay bits of butter. Bake until the crust is brown.

ELIZA R. PARKER

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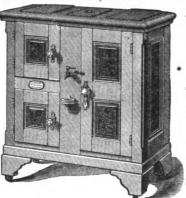
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EDITED BY MARY F. KNAPP

to whom all communications concerning this department should be sent, addressed to 20 Linden Street, South Boston, Mass.

Home-made Handkerchiefs.

Very fine, thin muslin, which comes at about forty cents a yard, is the material used. One yard will make four handkerchiefs of the

size commonly used.

For common hemstitching, Fig. 1, draw six threads one inch and an eighth from the

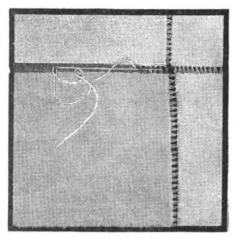


FIG. 1.

edge on all four sides of the piece of muslin. The muslin mnst be cut by a thread of course. Baste the hem so that it will be a half inch wide. Beginning at the left side of handker-chief fasten the thread. Be sure the knot is out of sight. Take the needle in under five or six threads from right to left, draw it out and take an ordinary hemming stitch at the right of the threads. It is easy to guess at the number of threads, so that it will look even, and quite as well, I think, for very few people have eyesight to throw away in counting

and quite as well, I think, for very few people have eyesight to throw away in counting them. Cotton No. 100 is used for this.

For, Fig. 2, draw out threads at two distances from the edge, so that the width from one to the other, a to b, shall be as the width of the hem from c to d. Then the squares c, f, g and d will be all the same size. Instead of drawing six threads as in Fig. 1, draw out till the space is a quarter of an inch wide. Hem stitch both edges of each drawing, taking up the same threads on both sides. This much with 100 cotton. Then with 80 cotton draw through the center of each drawing. Fasten as well as you can at the end. Then take needle under second group of threads, then skip one group, put needle under second group, and take up the group you skipped. Having gotten these threads in, wind the cot-

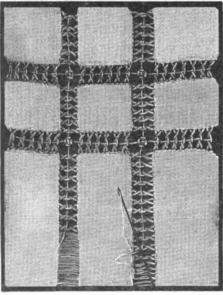


FIG. 2.

ton in and out around the crossing of the threads, until you have the little solid dot about as large as the head of a pin in the open squares. M. E. DAVIS

NEWBURYPORT, MASS

To Mount Sea Mosses. (Requested.)

Put them in clear water to wash out the sand. If they are too thick, pick them apart; they will float on top of the water. Slip the card you mount them on under the moss carefully, so the water will run off, without disfully, so the water will run off, without disarranging the moss, then take blotting paper, size of card you keep them on. Put as many as you are going to press, on top with paper between, then put a heavy weight on them. Press them a week or more till the blotting paper absorbs all the water. Use knitting or darning needle to spread them on the card.

"Infant's Sacque. New Shell Stitch."

Make 63 chain, turn, * miss 2, and in 3d st make 3 tr, 1 ch, 3 tr, miss 2, in 3d st make 1 d'c; repeat from *. End this, and every row, with a

repeat from .

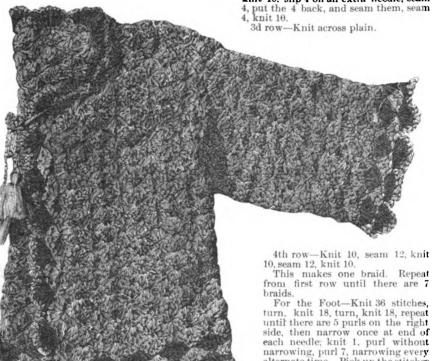
Repeat this last row until you have 16 rows, break off wool. Then with the wrong side of the last row of shells toward you, beginning at the end of foundation row, make 3 shells, with the d c between, ending with a d c for the front, and proceed same as before.

Work back and forth on these 3 shells until



d c and 3 ch.

2d row—Make into the last d c 3tr, 1 ch, 3 tr, and * under the 1 ch between the 6 trs, make 1 d c, 3 tr, 1 ch, 3 trs under the next d c; repeat from *.



INFANT'S SACQUE.

at the end of 7th and 9th rows-make 3ch, at the end of 7th and 9th rows—make 3 ch, turn, and on these make, 1 shell and 1 d c. This is to shape the neck. Work back and forth on the 5 shells this gives you, until you have 14 rows, break off wool and make the opposite front in the same way, with the exception that it should be commenced from the center, which makes the widening come on the 6th and 8th rows, and should end at the front when the 14th row is finished.

Now crochet all across, and when joining

Now crochet all across, and when joining back to fronts, make 2 ch, and on next row make a shell and 1 d c on them to widen. Work back and forth until you have 35 rows, counting from back of neck, then make 1 row of pink, 1 row of white, 1 row of pink, 1 of white, 1 of pink, 1 of white, 1 of pink, 1 of white all around the sacque, then one of pink, and into each stitch of the edge make ith white, 1 d c and 3 ch.

Sleeves

Around the armhole, make 9 shells with thed c between, joining each round, and work first on the right, then on the wrong side of sleeve until you have 22 rounds, then make 1 round of pink, 1 of white, 1 of pink. Finish edge same as saeque. Run a ribbon through sleeves and neck.

Three ounces white split zephyr, one-half ounce of pink, two yards No. 3 ribbon.

L. M.

Roman Stripe Skirt Trimming.

Make 162 points, which requires three and one-half yards of ch. This will make about two and one-half yards of trimming, when finished. Make 3 s c in 1st st, 1 s c in each of next 3 sts, skip 2, 1 s c in each of next 3. Repeat. Light blue, 6 rows, one and one-half skein of Saxony. Garnet, 1 row, one quarter skein. Yellow silk, 1 row, ball of wash silk. Black, 1 row, one-quarter skein of Saxony. Gray, 1 row, one-half skein. White, 2 rows, one-half skein. Gray, 2 rows. Pink, 4 rows, one-half skein. Gray, 2 rows. White, 2 rows. Gray, 1 row. Black, 1 row. Yellow silk, 1 row. Garnet, 1 row. Blue, 6 rows.

Use fine steel hook. next 3 sts, skip 2, 1 s c in each of next 3. Re-

Knitted Drawers.

Use medium wooden needles, and two

skeins of Germantown yarn.
Cast up 84 stitches, knit across plain.
2d row—Knit 1*, over, narrow, repeat from star through the needle, making a row of holes for the cord.

3d row—Knit across plain.
4th row—Knit 2 and seam 2 across the needle.
5th row—Seam 2 and knit 2 across the

Repeat 4th and 5th rows 3 times.

Make a gore by knitting 7 stitches plain, turn and knit back these 7 stitches.

2d row of gore—Knit 14 stitches and back.

3d row—Knit 21, and back.

4th row—Knit 28, and back.

5th row—Knit 42, and back.

6th row—Knit 42, and back.

Now knit plain, until there are 31 purls on the short side, then knit 8 purls, narsowing at end of each needle.

There are now 39 purls from the rib on the

short side.

For Basket Work—Knit 4, seam 4, for 4 rows. Every other row seam the 4 you knit. and knit the 4 you seam, narrow at end of each needle, until you have 54 stitches. Have 5 rows of blocks (making 20 rows of knit-

5 rows of blocks (making 20 rows of knitting.)

For Braiding—Knit 10 stitches, slip 4 on an extra needle) holding it on the right side of the work,) knit the next 4, slip the 4 back on the left hand needle, and knit them, knit 4, knit 10, slip 4 on an extra needle, knit 4, slip the 4 back and knit them, knit 4, knit 10.

2d row—Knit 10, slip 4 on an extra needle, (holding it on the right side of work) seam 4, put the 4 back, and seam them, seam 4, knit 10. slip 4 on an extra needle, seam 4. nut the 4 back, and seam them, seam



each needle, knit 1, puri without narrowing, purl 7, narrowing every alternate time. Pick up the stitches on right hand side, knit across, pick up the stitches on left hand side, and knit to the end of needle. Knit 3 purls around the foot, narrowing once at the end of each Rhit 3 puris around the loot, narrowing once at the end of each needle, and once in the middle of where the braids run down. Bind offloosely on the wrong side. This makes one half of leggins. Knit the other half the same, making her the gore on the left hand side, by

knitting 7 rows in the rib, instead
of 8. Sew up the legs as far as
the narrowings. Then sew up the fronts and
backs. Crochet a shell round the top, and
put in cord and tassels. Sew straps across the

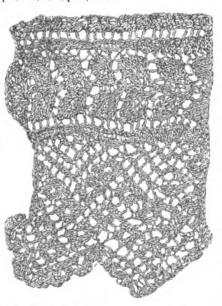
These fit a child one year and a half old.

German Lace.

Cast up 42 sts, knit across plain.

1st row—Bind off 2, o, k 1, o, k 1, o, k 1, o, n, k 1, n, o, k 1, o, n, k 1, n, o, k 1, n, o, k 3, o, n, o, k 1, n, p 1, n, k 1, p 1, k 1, n, p 1, n, k 1, o, k 2, o, n, k 1.

2d row—K 3, o, n, p 3, k 1, p 2, k 1, p 2, k 1 p 3, k 2, o, n, p 14, k 5.



3d row—Bind off 2, k 1, o, k 1, o, k 3, o, k 3 together, o, k 3, o, k 3 together, o, n, o, k 2, o, n, o, k 1, o, n, p 1, n, p 1, n, p 1, n, o, k 1, o, k 2, o, n, k 1.

4th row—K 3, 0, n, p 4, k 1, p 1, k 1, p 1, k 1, p 4, k 2, 0, n, p 15, k 5.
5th row—Bind off 2, 0, k 1, 0, k 1, 0, k 2, 0, n, n, 0, k 2, 0, n, n, 0, k 3, 0, n, 0, k 3, 0, k 3 together, p 1, k 3 together, o, k 3, 0, k 2, 0. n, k I

6th row—K 3, o, n, p 6, k 1, p 6, k 2, o, n, p

7th row—Bind off 2, o, k 1, o, k 1, o, k 1, o. n, k 1, n, o, n, o, n, o, k 2, o, n, o, k 5, o, k 3 together, o, k 5, o, k 2, o, n.

k 1.

8th row—K 3, 0, 11, p 15, k 2, 0, 11, p 17, k 5.

9th row—Bind off 2, 0, k 1, 0, k 1, 0, k 3, 0.

k 3 together, 0, k 3, 0, k 3 together, 0, 11,

o, n, k 1.

12th row—K 3, o, n, p 4, k 1, p 1, k 1, p 1, k
1, p 4, k 2, o, n, p 19, k 5.

13th row—Bind off 2, o, k 1, o, n, o, n, k 1.
n, o, k 1, o, n, k 1, n, o, k 1, o, n, o, n, o, n, n, o, n, k 3, o, k 2, o, n, k 1.

14th row—K 3, o, n, p 6, k 1, p 6, k 2, o, n, p 18, k 5.

p 18, k 5.

15th row—Bind off 2, o, k 1. o, n, o, k 3 together, o, k 3, o, k 3 together, o, k 3, o, n, o, n, o, n, k 1, o, n, o, k 5, o, k 3 together, o, k 5, o, k 2, o, n, k 1.

16th row—Same as 8th row.

17th row—Bind off 2, o, k 1, o, n, o, n, n, o, k 2, o, n, n, o, k 2, o, n, o, k 1, n, p 1, n, k 1, p 1, k 1, n, p 1, n, k 1, o, k 2, o, n, k 1.

18th row—K 3, o, n, p 3, k 1, p 2, k 1, p 2, k 1, p 3, k 2, o, n, p 16, k 5.
19th row—Bind off 2, o, k 1, o, n, o, n, k 1, n, o, k 1, o, n, k 1, n, o, k 1, o, n, b, 1, o, n, c, n, k 1, o, n, c, n, k 1, o, n, c, n, k 1, o, n, c, n, c,

n, o, K 1, o, n, K 1, n, o, k 1, o, n, o, n, k 1, o, n, o, k 1, o, n, p 1, n, p 1, n, p 1, n, o, k 1, o, k 2, o, n, k 1.

20th row—Same as the 4th row.
21st row—Bind off 2, o, k 1, o, n, o, k 3 together, o, k 3, o, k 3 together, o, k 8, o, n, k 2, o, n, o, k 3, o, k 2 together, p 1, k 3 together, o, k 3, o, k 2, o, n, k 1.

22d row—K 3, o, n, p 6, k 1, p 6, k 2, o, n, p 14, k 5.

p 14, k 5.
23d row—Bind off 2, o, k 1, o, n, o, n, n, n, o, k 2, o, n, n, o, k 2, o, n, k 1, o, n, o, k 5, o, k 3 together, o, k 5, o, k 2, o, n, k 1.
24th row—K 3, o, n, p 15, k 2, o, n, p 13, k E. E.



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PHILLIDA---By Maud Howe.

(Continued from page 7.)

eyed serpent. If his eyes had been green and malicious, I might consent to be afraid of

"You think no sinister design lurks beheath them?"

"No, there is no poison in his sting."

"Eve might have said as much."

"As to the philter, I do not believe in that."

"It is the most deadly poison of all."
Phillida looked at Sir John. Was she mistaken or was there an undertone of meaning creeping into their badinage?

"Is it so difficult to fall in love in England, that you have gone back to the use of philters?" she cried.

"I have known them to be employed, and with disastrous results."

"How disastrous?"

"Disastrous, because unstable and fleeting."

"Well, I am not to be persuaded to give up my pretty snakes, until find the magician or the key that will force them to uncoil themselves."

the key that will force them to uncoil themselves."
"If I were the magician, or if I held the key, I would not disturb your red-eyed favorites enviable position."
The suggestion of seriousness had passed away, he was as gay, as unthinking again as before.

away, he was as gay, as unthinking again as before.

"Shall we have another dance?" he asked. They made their way back to the ball-room, and Phillida let her hand lie in his, felt his arm about her waist with a singular sense of the familiarity of the attitude. It seemed to her as if she was in her accustomed place at his side, her soft hair almost touching his cheek. It was as if two 'butterflies were flitting heedlessly about a thame which once encountered could not but destroy them.

As they sat, the waltz being over, taking ices in the supper room, Phillida said after a pause that had become a little embarrassing—

"Is Lady Lawton here to-night?"

"No," said Sir John indifferently.
"I should like so much to know her," Phillida continued, "but I suppose she does not care very much for society now."

"Lady Lawton is much occupied at home," he answered shortly.

"Why did she feel obliged to remind me at this moment of Rosamond's existence?" thought Sir John.

"How coldly he speaks of his beautiful mother," was the thought that passed through Phillida's mind.

If either of them had but spoken their thoughts aloud!

er,' was the thought that passed through Phillida's mind.

If either of them had but spoken their thoughts aloud!
Phillida's question had broken the spell under which John Lawton had fallen, and though the ball was now drawing to its close, he obeyed at this late hour Pattie's injunction to introduce some of the right sort of men to Miss Langdon.

The short summer night was at an end, and the sky was rosy with the dawn, when the sleepy Colonel put his charge into the carriage and tumbling into the seat beside her, sleep throfoundly, while the impatient horses whirled the carriage through the deserted streets which lay between the Fiddle-Faddle house and Kensington Gardens.

CHAPTER XII.

"Could you write books, Paint pictures! One sits down in poverty And writes or paints, with pity for the rich."

Paint pictures! One sits down in poverty.
And writes or paints, with pity for the rich."

Sir John Lawton returned from the ball, and after a few hours of restless sleep, ordered his horse and went for a ride in the park, where he soon joined a lady and gentleman riding together.

"What early people you are, Kardenspin," he said. "London hours do not affect you, Senora."

"We were not at the ball last night like some other people," said Mrs. Kardenspin.

"What! You have read the Post already? What a Londoner you have become!"

"When one is in London one must do as 'the cockneys do. We were at the Opera last night. What do you think they played? The Barber of Seville. Imagine! With a fat Frenchman for Figaro."

"I noticed that you were not ready to come home till it was all over, Teresita," said Mr. Shuttle Kardenspin.

"There was a certain melancholy pleasure to the Senora. I fancy, in seeing Seville according to the Covent Garden conception of that stately city."

"Hardly a melancholy pleasure," laughed the Senora. Kardenspin stopped his horse to speak to a

"Hardly a melancholy pleasure," laughed the Senora.

Kardenspin stopped his horse to speak to a friend, while Sir John and the dark-eyed Senora rode slowly on together.

"How do you really like it all, does it amuse you, or are you regretting Seville?" he said, speaking in Spanish.

"It is very gay, but I do not understand you English. You are so cold, so prosaic, even the women are without sentiment, the roast beef of Old England, you have all fed too long on that."

beef of Old England, you have all fed too long on that."

Sir John laughed. "Yes, we are not a romantic people, and yet when an Englishman makes up his mind that romance is the thing he wants, neither fire nor water, nor death itself will keep him from it."

"You are so cautious!"

"No, we are slow of thought, not over cautious. We are prosaic. We like comfort, better than most things; and we are the only people in the world who have it, but when we make up our minds that there is something better worth having than comfort, we do not count the cost."

Mrs. Kardenspin's dark eyes were fixed intently upon her companion's face. She was more moved by his words than she cared to have him see. There was no double meaning in what he said. She was quite well aware of that. From the time of their first meeting in London, he had completely ignored the fact that there had ever been a sentiment between them. She had believed herself

quite cured of her girlish fancy, and yet the company of the good Kardenspin was doubly dull to her after she met her old love again. Old wounds that we believe have not even left a scar, sometimes break open and throb feverishly, when life should be at its calmest. No matter what lies between, it is not well for old loves to meet, it is not well for rold loves to meet, it is not well for rhose, who in the springtime of life have endured the first passionate pangs of love for each other's sake, to look again into each other's eyes.

Whatever sentiment lingered in the breast of the little Spaniard towards himself, Sir John was sincerely unconscious of it. A new and absorbing interest had, since he had first seen Phillida Langdon, completely engrossed him.

seen Phillida Langdon, completely him.

"Come and breakfast with me at twelve of elock to-day. There are some things I want to consult you about," said Mrs. Kardenspin "My husband is going to some races. I do not care for them. It is a tame aport, horse racing." racing."
"We must try to get up some bull fights for

care for them. It is a tame sport, horse-racing."

"We must try to get up some bull fights for you."

Kardenspin, who had lingered behind, joined his wife. He was well pleased to have her seen in the company of a man of such high, social position, and unimpeachable character, as Sir John Lawton, on whose assistance he depended, in that conquest, which since his marriage he was more in carnest about than ever, the conquest of good society. He could have bought out the young Baronet twenty times over, but his money was painfully new, and the taint of the factory was still upon him. It was only a question of time, when "The Best People" would accept the hospitalities of his splendid new house in Piccadilly. Time, Tact, Patience, and a thick skin, were all that were needed to arrive at that golden goal, to pass through the rapids, that guard the entrance of that gently flowing stream, where the elect are said to be "in the swim." Meanwhile friendships of interest were to be made with those go-betweens who act as middlemen between the rich parvenues and the aristocrats, poor relations of the great folks, boughten henchmen of the rich new comers. These are the stepping-stones, rungs in the ladder, not to be too heavily leaned upon, because later on they will be discarded. The Kardenspin household nourished a score of these animals. The spendthrift cousin of the Duke of Maltby drove Shuttle's coach, as often as he himself. The youngest son of an Earl, with a great title and small revenue, was his private secretary, with a large salary, and nothing to do but to push his employer's social advance. Still all the elect understood the matter quite as well as Karpenspin himself, and the disinterested friendship of Sir John Lawton was worth more to the young aspirant than the disdainful recognition of the Duke of Maltby, or the condescending civilities of the noble earl.

Lawton's friendliness was due quite as much to a sense of remores for his treatment of the little Spaniard years ago, as to the fact which Kardenspin never

forehead lightly with his lips, "how is Robert to-day?"
"He is doing well, it is about him that I want to speak to you. The doctor advises our taking him to the Engadine."
"Do you think it is best?"
"Yes," said Rosamond eagerly. "I should be thankful to leave town, there is nothing so dreary as London in the season when one is out of it all."
"Yes," assented Sir John, "I have always found its season when one is not of it all."

"res, sant Rosamond eagerty. "I should be thankful to leave town, there is nothing so dreary as London in the season when one is out of it all."

"Yes," assented Sir John, "I have always found it so."

A month ago, a week ago, Rosamond would not have detected the inflection of satire in her husband's voice. Though he was unconscious of any change in her, she was growing strangely sensitive to his moods.

"I am sure you will enjoy the Engadine," said Rosamond.

"I should like it well enough, but I shall not be able to remain long away from London. I shall take you there, of course, and I think my mother will go too."

"Do you mean to leave me in San Mori.z?"

"If you think you must go. It would be a good plan to take Esther, she is invaluable in case of illness."

"Why John, what possible need can there be of your returning to London?" Rosamond spoke in the old authoritative manner her husband knew so well.

"I have important business which necessitates my being here." The words were said with an effort, he had never before told an untruth to his wife. He was fast breaking the links of the chain which bound him to her. His love for her had lived on starving, through months and years of hunger, but it was at last quite cold and dead. His honor, his respect, had taken its place so well, that Rosamond had not noticed the gradual change in him, but now that these bonds were being snapped asunder by a strong new passion, what could ever bring these two together again?

"You will not really stay away from us—from net?" said Rosamond, laying her hand on his shoulder. A year ago, his car would have detected the deep feeling in her voice, it would have sounded to him like the babble of a running brook to the ears of a traveller perishing from thirst in the Arabian desert, but now he was thinking of other things. He was surprised at finding her hand upon his shoulder, and not knowing what else to do,

raised it to his lips, in a perfunctory manner, and shortly after, took leave of her. leaving Rosamond thoughtful and puzzled.

For the first time in her life she realized that she did not understand her husband.

At twelve o'clock Lawton appeared at the Kardenspin's. Armydis, who was making a portrait of Teresita, was the only other guest. The breakfast was served in the Senora's own sanctum, a Moorish room, the only corner in the great house where she felt entirely at her ease. Nestled in the corner of a luxurious divan, a cigarette in her hand, her jewelled cup of black coffee beside her, she looked like a bird of bright plunage strayed from some tropic land, and confined in a gay cage in the heart of sombre, smoke stained London.

Sir John sat near her rolling and smoking cigarettes, vainly trying to soothe his nerves. Teresita's talk had lost its piquancy for him, he forgot to answer her when she asked him a question.

"Sing for us Senora," he said at last, handing her a guitar. She took it in her small brown hands and the instrument sang, as it only can under the touch of Spanish fingers.

"That is better." said Armydis, nodding approvingly to his cousin from behind his easel, "the work goes faster set to music." The flood of bright song chased away Lawton's black mood, he took up a tamborine on which he beat a brisk accompaniment to the music. Teresita sang with the sparkling vivacity of her race and temperament, now her voice thrilled with passionate fire and desire, and now wailed forth a melancholy lament. After a little, Lawton lifted up his voice, and angn with her the love songs of Andalusia, the folk songs of the Pyrenees. Meanwhile Armydis was working steadily at his portrait, occasionally throwing out a work is compensated by the enhanced pleasure of our idleness."

"Armydis," said Sir John, "I have not yet made up my mind whether or no the annoyance of seeing you at work is compensated by the enhanced pleasure of our idleness."

"Poor Armydis, does he always work like that?" said Teresita compa

"It is true," said Lawton; "he is the most glorious loafer when he does loaf, that I ever knew."

"But why should you work so hard in the playtime of life? We have a proverb which recommends that we should play while we are young, and work when we are old, and can do nothing better."

"In the economy of Nature, we all perform the part in the world we are best flued to," said Armydis. "Now I belong to the genus laborer, while you two are magnificent specimens of the ornamental species."

"It ought to be some consolation to you, that if you are known to-aay as that artist cousin of Sir John Lawton's, a hundred years from now, if anybody cares to remember anything about Sir John Lawton, it will be because he was the cousin and patron of Armydia," said Teresita.

Teresita had a good deal of the tigerish element. The man that she had patted merely bowed his acknowledgement, while he who had feft her claws, blushed and laughed, trying to hide whatever feeling her words had caused him.

"I thought I was in the land of the lotuseaters, but there seems to have sprung up a growth of nettles in their midst," he said, lighting another cigarette.

After the two friends took their leave, Kardenspin aftered, red and boisterous.

"The bay filly won the sweepstakes," he cried, throwing himself down beside Teresita, "and I have made a thousand pounds."

"Bah, how you smell of the stable," said Teresita, pushing him away from her, "am I to have half of it?"

"Yes," she said, giving him a cigarette she had just rolled, "one of my cigarettes is well worth it."

"I met Lawton and Armydis down stairs. Did you sak Armydis to dine?"

en! Do you call that fair?"

"Yes," she said, giving him a cigarette she had just rolled, "one of my cigarettes is well worth it."

"I met Lawton and Armydis down stairs. Did you ask Armydis to dine?"

"Yes, but he never will."

"I believe he prefers the grill room of the Holborn to the best dinner Alphonse can serve," said Kardenspin.

"Armydis cares more about the company than the dinner. Do you know that my portrait is going to make a great sensation? I believe it will take the gold medal."

"It will deserve it, which is a very different thing," said Kardenspin. "Run now, and get on your togs. The trap is waiting."

"Jack." said Armydis, as the two cousins walked away together. "I've had too much of civilization. London stifles me. I am tired of fighting the battle. I shall either go to the devil. or join a brotherhood, if I don't get out of it pretty soon."

"Armydis, what has happened?"

"Nothing. Would you prefer me a monk or,—or," he hesitated, "I want to go back to the bush. Why not make our trip to the Rocky Mountains this summer? You need the change as much as I."

Was it chance, was it fate that Armydis, his nearest friend, should give him this opportunity to escape from the mad infatuation which all that day had been drawing him towards the villa in Kensington Gardens.

"Say that you will go, and I will make all the arrangements," persisted Armydis.

"I will tell you to-morrow," he said slowly, yielding to the fatal instinct of temporizing.

They parted at the door of Lawton's club, and five minutes later Sir John was driving furiously in the direction of Kensington Gardens.

Mrs. Ackers was at home, and Miss Langdon was with her. Phillida was working at

dens.

Mrs. Ackers was at home, and Miss Langdon was with her. Phillida was working at an embroidery frame, and sat stitching, silent and tireless as the youngest of the Fates. While he sat talking with Pattie, he noticed every detail of Phillida's dress, from

the rose in her hair to the narrow hem of her white frock. They were his roses that she wore behind her ear, and in her belt, and though they had come to her without any name, she knew that they were his, and thanked him s.lently with one glance from those clear eyes, that had never yet learned to hide the thoughts that were mirrored there.

"What did people think about her at the ball?" said Pattie in an undertone.

"What they could not help thinking about her, that she is very lovely. What did she think about the ball?"

"Oh, she was delighted, she thinks that she had a good time. What I want to know is whether she made a sensation. She ought to be one of the successes of the season."

"Now, God forbid," said John Lawton fervently. "If she were my sister that would be the last thing that I should covet for her."

"Jack, you are romantic, you are archaic, your views are of the fourteenth century. I always warned you that they would not stand the realities of life."

"What do you mean by the realities of life? Bread and butter, bonnets and gowns, so much a year? I say that at the end of a man's life, the things that it is important to know of him are, not whether he drank champagne or water, not whether he had cot was of country make, or from a London tailor, but whether he lived, and loved, and suffered and enjoyed."

Pattie laughed. "You are delicious, Jack.

whether he lived, and loved, and suffered and enjoyed."
Pattle laughed. "You are delicious, Jack. I haven't seen you so much on fire for years."
Phillida was listening to all the young man said. She was in sympathy with his words, and smiled at him.

Meanwhile Lawton was debating within himself the sincerity of his words. I certainly mean it all now, and yet I could not have said the same thing an hour ago to Teresita, or if I had said it, it would have been untrue. Am I really a many-sided person, or was I merely trying to make an impression on this young girl? Have I any stability of character, or am I merely a reflector of other people's moods? Nobody knows me. Armydis least of all. Can I ever be myself? Can I ever show myself just as I am, without sham, without posing to any other creature, man or woman? Is there such a thing as sincerity between two souls?

As these familiar thoughts danced though his brain, his eyes turned towards Phillida, who sat quaintly stitching at her work. now and again stealing long looks at him. Other visitors arrived, and leaving his place beside Mrs. Ackers he seated himself by Phillida's side, and picked up a handful of her bright silks, "You are not too tired after the ball, Miss Langdon?"

"Oh, no, one is never tired of having a good time."

after the ball, Miss Langdon?

"Oh, no, one is never tired of having a good time."

"You found it amusing?"

The tell-tale eyes first reproached him for asking the question, and then accused him of needless duplicity, as if he did not know what that ball had been to her, as if he did not know at housand times better than herself the intoxication of that first sip from the cup of amor! She said something commonplace in answer to his question, but he had had the real answer from her eyes and did not particularly notice what she said.

"I did not see you driving to-day," said Miss Langdon, letting her eyes fall upon her work, as if to escape his penetrating gaze.

"No, the park is a very old story to me. Do you ever ride?"

"Yes, I have asked the Colonel to find me a

you ever ride?"
"Yes, I have asked the Colonel to find me a

"No, the park is a very old story to the. Do you ever ride?"

"Yes, I have asked the Colonel to find me a horse."

"I recommend an early ride as the best antidote to London hours, but you are well, perfectly well, are you not?" A terrible fear assailed him lest she should fall ill and die. It was a most unreasonable anxiety, for Miss Langdon possessed that priceless blessing, a superb constitution. She did not laugh at the strangeness of his question, but smiled as if she understood the impulse which had prompted it.

"Oh, I'm always well, thank you. What were you and cousin Pattie talking about so seriously?"

"Nonsense, nothing but nonsense. It is the current tongue in our world. I was just wondering if you were not one of those rare people to whom one may tell the truth, and be sure of being understood."

"I should like to believe that were so. I do not think, however, that you are in the habit of saying what is not true, to anyone."

"You know nothing about me, but I should like to tell you all, I should like to shrive myself to you, and then go away and never look upon your face again."

"Then be silent, I pray, and find another confessor." As before the eyes supplemented the lips, the smile made the words worthless by comparison.

"Then you refuse me absolution?"

by comparison.

"Then you refuse me absolution?"

"I give it to you in advance."
The other guests had risen and were taking their leave.

"Mrs. Ackers has asked me to dine and

"Mrs. Ackers has asked me to dine and pass the evening. Shall I stay or go? It shall be as you say. You must decide."
Phillida, confused by the intensity of his words, looked at him with startled eyes.
"How can I answer for you? For myself, I should be glad to have you stay."
Phillida Langdon never forgot the look of anguish that passed over Lawton's face. In the short space of time during which Pattie was exchanging a last word with her departing visitors, John Lawton fought out his first battle with the strong, young passion which possessed him.

possessed him.
"Well, you have decided to throw over those men at the club, and dine with us?"

those men at the cato, and are series said Pattie brightly.

"You are very kind, yes, I will stay."

And so the battle was lost.

Joogle Digitized by

WHAT CONSTITUTES SUCCESS.

By FELICIA HOLT.



HE world's arena presents to the observer a sents to the observer a sent to the observer a direct the unworthy game. When we contemplate of the fitted?"

When we contemplate of the third of the unworthy game. When we contemplate of the fitted?"

It always to the contemplate of the third of the places he is taught something of the golden rule and have heard a little of "noblesse oblige." It always to the places he is taught something of the golden rule and have heard a little of "noblesse oblige." It was a sent to the place of the third of the places he is taught something of the golden rule and the heard when the sent the place in the heard voiced, may be in volve on another." The new atmosphere he finds is not accordant with early training. Here he must be keen. "Look sharp, my boy," is the constant independent of the contemplate of the sent to the place of the contemplate of the contemplate

when he poses as Crisos that he becomes insufferable. What could we do without Capital? you ask. What could we do without brains? I reply. One is as necessary to the world as the other, I frankly admit; but I implore you do not delude yourself or your children with

I reply. One is as necessary to the work as the other, I frankly admit; but I implore you do not delude yourself or your children with the idea that money is omnipotent.

It does not bring happiness in all cases, and it cannot in any case keep youth or buy health. On the contrury, who grows old so fast as the money getter or whose health breaks so fast as the so-called successful man? Behold him as he rides by in his carriage with a body servant to attend on his needs! Lastly, does happiness find her dwelling place in the homes of the wealthy? The father, perforce, has spent his best years away from home; the mother finds the claims of fashion to be paramount, and the children soon learn to toil after pleasure like their elders. I have no grudge against the successful man, but I want some deference paid to other attributes beside money getting.

He may possess the Midas touch, but let him beware how he overestimates his power; the day may come when, his eyes being opened, he will yearn to beat down the golden bars which hedge him from the fellowship of true hearts.

A large corporation is inaugurated, it

true hearts.

A large corporation is inaugurated, it gathers in its arms the sagacious young man, the pushing young man, and the young man who seems to have no visible qualification

save that he wears a halo reflected from some rich patron, whom the said corporation wishes to please. Boodle gets in, and we find him after a lapse of years sitting in the high places. And after all is said and done, does amassing a fortune mean success? It depends upon one's aim; there are other things in God's creation beside wealth; it is only the idiot who despises money, but why place it so high that it crowds Heaven in its piling up? A truly good man's first step after making a fortune is in the direction of the Lord's tithing home, "distributing to the necessity of saints." A selfish man hoards, and in his greed repines that the day comes fast when he must leave all behind him. Gold is but taken up by one and laid down by another; is it not the wiser part to act in moderation?

Work that you and yours may live in comtorts, but do not sacrifice body and soul to the unholy passion for success. At your very gate Happiness may tarry, because, below your palace, is a small house where your poorclerk and his family abide, whose love and smiling content woo her to a surer resting place than all the bribes your gold can offer.

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way.

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shment.

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ist.

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Possibly you would not appreciate your ortune and would waste it.

When would waste it.

'Believing that the Compound Oxygen Treatment as dispensed by you is an invaluable remedy because of the incalculable benefit I received ment as dispensed by you is an invaluable remedy from its use, I therefore authorize you to pub-

from its use, I therefore authorize you to publace not we want.

And this leads us to the point.
You have had that best of wealth-health, and you know how you have drained your resources.
You feel discouraged.
But you need not be. Thousands have been as sick and unhappy as you are, but they have recovered. Read the letter in the opposite column and see the hope it holds out to any sick man.

Rev. Mr. Smith was as severely afflicted, as a man can be and live. That excruciating agony rheumatism nearly ended his days, but, encouraged as he was, by the words of the late T. S. Arthur, the well known temperance author, he tried the Compound Oxygen Treatment, and the happy result was a complete eradication of the disease from his system.

But this case, strong as it is, is not the only one. part of my body. My hip joints at times were entirely helpless; my left shoulder was completely displaced so that I could not stretch out my left arm from my body to do anything for a long time. Worse than all, it entered into my chest, and remained so severe and constant above the region of my heart, that the Physician, who was attending me, cautioned me very positively to note any change in my pulse and let him know at once, as he believed it might, at any time, paralyze my heart. I wore a fly blister almost constantly until there was no more value in it; I then used croton oil over my chest in the hands of another physician, until it had no effect at all; and I continued using remedies both internal and external, but none of them did any good. I could not sleep at night, and often felt worn out when I rose in the morning. After using remedies almost constantly for more than fifteen years, I at last despaired, as there seemed no hope. During the winter of 1880, I had suffered the severest attacks of rheumatism, lasting almost the entire week, lessening toward the end of each week, only to begin a new each successive week. I had resigned my charge in the preceding autumn, as it appeared there was no possible chance of recovery, and it being entirely impracticable for me to continue. As I sat day after day thus in hopelessness, about January 1880, I noticed the name of Mr. T. S. Arthur appended to a certifcate, telling of the benefit he had received from the use of Compound Oxygen, I at once concluded to try it. I sent to you for the remedy and used one supply, and although the spells of rheumatism returned again and again during its use, yet it went out gradually, and I felt like a boy; rheumatism had been removed, and I could use my limbs at all times without pain, and eight years having elapsed since I used it, and as it has never returned, you may be assured that I regard it as of untold value.

"A. M. SMITH,

"Pastor of Evangelical Lutheran Church. "Myersville, Md., August 6, 1888."



"In the neighborhood,—yes," said Jane; for the neighborhood, there has been no danger. Everybody has been careful."

"Everybody except Rebecca Rickstack," Mrs. Turnbull replied accepting the commendation. "I really think the board of health ought to have interfered with her. Back and forth, trailing microbes up and down the sidewalk! Is the little girl there now?"

"She sleeps and cats there. She came to see her mother yesterday."

"And you've been in the end room, haven't you? Taking your meals in from the stairs? And who was that you talked to, on the steps, and in the garden?"

"Aunty?" asked Jane, naughtily.

"Aunty! As if I didn't know her! The man."

"That was the dooter."

"Aunty! As if I didn't know her! The man."

"That was the doctor."

"Not Dr. Escue?"

"No. The other one. He stayed all the time, after the worst begun." Dr. Griffith had betaken himself to the city for lodgings since the recoveries were certain. True as she was, Jane did not feel obliged to explain everything to Mrs. Turnbull.

"He's a mighty polite man. Lives mostly with his hat in his hand, I should think. What's his name?"

"He is always polite," remarked Jane, in acquiescence. "They have ordered us off." she made haste to say, and to transfer Mrs. Turnbull's solicitudes to her own affairs. "And that is my errand now. I hope you won't think I've deserted you, but maybe you'd as lief have me after I have been away among the sea breezes."

"That's it, is it? Well, I can get along somehow; I suppose I must. What's Miss Rickstack going to do to get aired off? I don't think she need put out her red ribbons yet awhile, anyway. Ascuteny Street folks won't trouble her much at present."

"Miss Rickstack is to go with us," set Jane.

"Where?" demanded Mrs. Turnbull, star-

awhile, anyway. Ascuteny Street folks won't trouble her much at present."

"Miss Rickstack is to go with us," spidane.

"Where?" demanded Mrs. Turnbull, staring. Jane stated, briefly. A little bell tinkled from the white room window, and she turned to go.

"Well, I do give up," came after her, in solemn intonation. But Mrs. Turnbull did not give up. She was never farther from it. She struggled with the surprise and problem all day. When Mr. Turnbull came home, she presented the subject to him, in her habitual inverted fashion.

"I never thought Rebecca Louisa Rickstack was quite a fool, before," she observed, handing her husband his second cup of tea.

"It is certainly a most astonishing thing."

"That a woman should be a fool? or that you should find a fool out?"

"I don't see how she can ever have the face to come into Ascutney Street again!"

"Perhaps she'll back in. It is an impressive way to do anything."

"I don't know what you mean," said Mrs. Turnbull, aware that her husband was chaffingher as usual, but missing the point.

"There we are in perfect sympathy, my dear—didn't you forget the sugar in this tea?"

"She's going off with those Sunderlands—and Jane Gregory—to some little down-east place that they came from," said Mrs. Turnbull, pouring out her news and a ladeful of mar, at one dash, into Mr. Turnbull's ears in his extended cup. Mr. Turnbull drew oack with what he had received, and tasted his amended beverage—and intelligence—in silence.

"Folks might have got over what she did, offhand, in time of sickness if it had stonned.

his amenueu sciologistic silence.

"Folks might have got over what she did, offhand, in time of sickness, if it had stopped there. But this is in cold blood."

"Diabolical. I mean the tea. But no

offhand, in time of sickness, if it had stopped there. But this is in cold blood."

"Diabolical. I mean the tea. But no matter."

"You're a very funny man." said his wife. with severe irony. "Everybody thinks so, But everybody doesn't know what it is to have to live all the time with a funny man, and tell him things in earnest."

"Perhaps if you could be just a little less in earnest,"—it's hard for a person sensitive to impressions to stand too much, you know,"—and Mr. Turnbull sipped ruefully his over-sweetened tea. "But 'telling things in earnest' is good. I like that. It's apt to be a woman's way, and a man has to be funny—or otherwise."

"Wait till you hear what Mrs. Inching will say," answered his wife, undivertedly.

"I'm not obliged to hear that; I'm not Mr. Inching." He left the table, and lighted his cigar. A woman has no such refuge. It would not have been a refuge for a woman like Mrs. Turnbull. She could not so have broken off an argument.

Two things Dr. & fiffith had said to Jane Gregory, which would have remained her possesion, though he should never have have spoken to her again. He had said that she was a brave woman; he had called her a very spirit of truth. But it began to be a trouble in her mind, the doubt whether she were continuing either.

Several times, now, she had sat alone with Mrs. Sunderland, when she had an opportunity, so far as that went, to have explained to her the one fact which she felt the latter had a right to know. But the declaration assumed so much in the very making, that it interposed an impossibility. How was she, an unpretending earner of her bread,—now,

indeed, in Mrs. Sunderland's own employ,—
to presume to make it of consequence that she
had met the lady's brother, Dr. Griffith, two
years before; that he had then rendered her a
trifling incidental service, and that she had
remembered it and him ever since? That she
had understood, and taken to herself, all that
he had said in that letter,—that she had
known him the moment she had met him,
and that she had kept silence until now?
Every day made it harder. And yet Mrs.
Sunderland ought to know. To continue to
hold it back, Jane felt, was to make it increasingly significant. Significant to herself,
Jane was conscious of that reality, and did
not mean to suffer it. If, indeed, Dr. Griffith
had forgotten,—but she was well aware that
he had not. It must be done; and yet she
must do it with as little show and forcing of
purpose as might be. So it was but just before the flitting from Ascutney Street that
time and way came to her.

She was helping Mrs. Sunderland pack a
large box that was to go to Bay Hill. She
sat beside Mrs. Sunderland, folding and
placing what she gave her, article by article,
from a pile of things Jane and aunty had collected from various parts of the house. They
had a long, quiet occupation before them.
The children were over at Miss Rickstack's;
Dr. Griffith had gone to town.

"I should never had undertaken this but
for my brother," Margaret said, a little
wearily. "It is so good of him to stay and
see us settled. Rut I know it will do him
good also. He cannot live altogether without
sea air. He is barely amphibious as to
climate, and will always have to come east of
the Alleghenies to store up native atmosphere,
he says. And just now there is a young
medical man out near Sunnywater, to whom
he has lent a start, as he calls, it. He manages to make the wind blow both ways,—ill to
nobody."

"It hink Dr. Griffith is always good," said
Jane, calmly. But her head was pretty well
over in the packing-box. When she lifted it
up, and sat facing Mrs. Sunderland, her hands
for a moment lay quietl

some honest self-command, although the silence of a half moment in which she did so seemed long to her. Of what was Mrs. Sunderland thinking?

"Then you recognized the details of that little story for Alice—in the letter?" In the slowness with which the question csme, and was uttered, Jane perceived precisely what she had expected; that another question lay behind, which she knew Mrs. Sunderland would not like to put to her downrightly,—"the recognized the things that happened,—and Dr. Griffith," Jane replied, without embarrassment. He made it rather hard for me to recognize myself."

"What a good packer you are, Jane!" said Mrs. Sunderland. Jane looked a little surprised at the sudden turn; but it was no turn at all. Mrs. Sunderland only applied to Jane's sentences, an illustration from her obvious work. Everything had been gotten into them. There had been taken to present the whole truth; but conclusions had been left to take care of themselves. There was no secret now, in Jane's memory, concerning Dr. Griffith; she made no secret of her own appreciation of him; she explained, without explaining how impossible it must, have been for her, at the moment, to claim all that the story in the letter said of the girl about whom it was told. The rest she left to Mrs. Sunderland, with that reposefulness of an entire unconcealment which was more than half uncertain whether to set down to personal unconcern or not. She felt almost rebuked by Jane's pure directness for the slight obliquity, the little tentativeness, that had been in her own first leading observation.

For Dr. Griffith had already told his siste. all that Jane had now to Mrs. Sunderland's better satisfaction, volunteered. Soon after her convalescence had begun, he had acquainted her with the circumstances,—very "like a story," Margaret said,—which had been very ill at Denver, and when as far on his way back as Sunny water had suffered a dangerous relapse. Dr. Griffith had altended him, had found that though he could help him to such a degree of convalesce

character and service in such loneliness and need of his own had naturally drawn forth, begged him to see him safe through. "My father will make it as right as he can," he had said; and the expression which simply meant the inadequacy of money to make it even at all, Dr. Griffith had put aside as significant of some partial limit in the means; and for that very reason, white knight as he was, had left the Sunnywater business to the hands of his associate, had taken the youth to his father, and had watched with the old man by the death-bed which proved, as he had feared, the goal of the journey. To his astonishment, the old gentleman handed him on his departure, not only a check which was ample remuneration for medical services and time, but papers which transferred to him the value of ten thousand dollars, "at the request of his boy," he said, "whose separate bit of property it was by a legacy, and which he could not, as a minor, bequeath by will." "Take it," the old man had said to his remonstrance. "I am solitary now, and I have two hundred times as much that must go somewhere to help strangers; and you are no stranger."

So Dr. Griffith had come on east for his holiday and storage of Atlantic atmosphere, having telegraphed to his friend, "Shall be away a week or two longer. Hold on at Sunnywater for good."

"I was glad," he said, "to be able to settle that. I've taken a fancy to him; he's a kind of Tom Thurnall,—a born naturalist and chemist; just the fellow to take in a big prairie range, and be everywhere at once. And it has made this easy for me, all through; though I should have stayed, anyway, finding you as I idid. Your case took precedence of all else."

"And now?" Margaret had asked; the two movement and motive, but throwing the bur-

you as I did. Your case took precedence of all else."

"And now?" Margaret had asked; the two words including a great deal, both as to movement and motive, but throwing the burden upon him of understanding and answer.

"I have not quite done with you; and my own case still remains," he replied. She could gather very little from this, but she felt instinctively that something was to be gathered, beyond the fact that he had as yet secured not much to himself of the fine climatic reinforcement he had come for.

When, however, in the course of more varied talk afterward, they spoke of Jane Gregory, and to his straightforward commendation of her,—"not a failure in her; not a pretense about her!" he added, quietly, "I knew that was the sort of woman she was, Margaret, the first time I ever saw her."—Margaret naturally looked up at him with a wondering question coupled with her eager interest.

"The first time was on that train in from

wondering question coupled with her eager interest.

"The first time was on that train in from Exham, at the Wing street station." Dr. Griffith said. "When her hat blew off, and I telegraphed back for it.—I wrote you the little incident. It was queer to meet her here again, in the midst of this."

It had been spoken with the simplest composure, and as Jane did now he had left the fact with Margaret for such induction as she pleased, changing the subject to other matters. But John Griffith rarely spoke mere casual words. How like these two were to each other in the force of their plain reality! To what might this force swiftly tend? And in other things so different; was it well? Yet what were the "other things" after al? Margaret was driven to ask herself this, in her own sincerity. Were they things, or shadows,—the "vain show" in which people walk, disquietedly, or the verities which the shows simulate? Upon the plane of these verities did not the difference vanish?

She determined to put it all aside, into the future which should be responsible for itself. There was nothing else for her to do. A bit of wisdom from the looking-glass story flashed up in her mind. The queen hadn't pricked her finger yet; if she cried or worried about that, she would be living backward.

There was something laid off from each individual mind of the party as they set forward on their pleasant scaward journey. A certain sense of freedom and fresh permission,—of all being fair and understood,—which nobody stopped to analyze, rervaded their relations. They had furlough for a happy holiday. The children effervesced. Miss Rickstack beamed and glowed continually. She had never had so large, so sweet a slice of life before.

"Mamma," said Rick, leaning up by his mother's side as they sat upon the deck of the little B ath steamer, gliding down into the breadths and water-glades and islanded beauty of the great river debouchure,—""Mamma, bat a big, beautiful world! it was a wful little in Ascutney Street!"

"Mamma," said Rick, leaning up by

"It seems to me I remember that things were a good deal upset in Looking glass House,—queens and kings and castles down among the ashes; crowding up close to the chimney in a hurry to get through; and that somebody said 'mind the volcano! don't get blown up; climb slowly, the regular way, and help yourself!" "They'd got off the board," said Alice. "The only way is to go by the squares." Uncle Hans and Mamma Margaret laughed out.

"The only way is to go by the squares."

Uncle Hans and Mamma Margaret laughed out.

"But the knights and the queens have a good deal to do with it,—helping people across, I mean," said Alice.

The afternoon light was glowing low, and lovely. They were winding in and out through stratts and cuts, and rounding points; and beautiful shores ran their green lines in curves and headlands, and little clumps of woodland, or bare, soft pasture, or gray rock, lifting up from the water, spotted the wider expanses; and they never knew, looking forward, which way the boat would take as it threaded its course along, always down, and down toward the open ocean. By and by, when the sunshine streamed almost level, and the eastern slopes and edges were shining in a yellow glow, and the western ones taking deeper and deeper shadows, and the water turning gray or purple or black or golden as the gloom crept or the glory flashed,—in the midst of a fairy archipelago of small islets and a winding network of rippling river-paths between, they slowed and slipped up to a little pier, a rope was thrown around a mooring-post, a gang-plank flung across from deck to platform, and our party landed upon Leeport.

Leeport.

There was a cart to take their luggage, and an open one-horse wagon for those who needed to ride. Mrs. Sunderland and the children were bestowed in the vehicle; the others went forward on foot. The soft off country road, plunging into green wood firm as weet stillness and fragance. Odors of pine as weet indescribable island atmosphere wrap so, which is a penetrated them with exhilarating delight; the hush was sofly touched with rythmic sound by the rote upon a long ledge-beach some half mile or so away; it seemed as if the drift of everyday had borne them to a wonderful out-of-the-world quiet and blessedness, had swept them gently upon its shore, and gone fussing and struggling on, with puff and paddle, leaving them in a great release and peace.

It was the beginning of an idyl of days.

What Jane Gregory and Rebecca Rickstack thought of Ascutney Street, they marvelled how Ascutney Street had ever got built upon an earth whose beginnings were like this; how, being built, and they imprisoned in it. it had ever disappeared from them and left them in this primal beauty. It was as if city, and tumult, and work and crowd and worry had ununlt, and work and crowd and worry had ununlt, and work and crowd and worry had ununlt, and work and crowd and wordy had ununlt, and work and crowd and ununlt, and work and crowd and ununlt, and work and crowd and ununlt, and work and ununlt, and

an amuteur eye to effect than with any technical knowledge, served as a label to each one nical knowledge, served as a label to each one at least, that might say, "this is intended for a vessel, and as such is to be politely regarded." They floated however, and kept right side up better than might have been expected; their raft-like proportion and the low, crosswise set of the canvas,—for it was a bold adaptation of square-rig to a sloop,—perhaps helping to this; and the voung ones, knowing nothing better, and all unwitting of certain memoranda in Uncle Hansel's pocketbook among the errands which had taken him to Bath, were satisfied; while the elders were divided between tender compunctions for the divided between tender compunctions for the imposition upon innocent confidingness and fun over their own half-comprehended blun-

A new craft was just launched,—the Jabberwork, whose name was stitched in red worsted letters upon the rectangle of cotton cloth with ostentatious blazonry; and a long, retreating lapse of the outgoing tide was taking it finely forth, when a sudden cry from Rick brought Jane hastily to his aid, to find the frail hawser escaped from his small fingers, and the Jabberwork galumphing off to sea in serves!

Jane had her ball of twine in her pocket Jane had her ball of twine in her pocket from which rigging and cables were made; she unwound a goodly length of it, and fastened it to branch of brushwood. "Stand back, Rick," she said; "I'll try for it when the next wave comes in." It had bobbed back and forth two or three times already, and the outward current was getting evidently the better; but Jane stepped close to the edge of the water and held the grapple ready for a fling. They were all eagerly intent upon the effort, and nobody saw a small rowboat that ning. They were all eagerly intent upon the effort, and nobody saw a small rowboat that had slipped suddenly through a narrow cut in the outreach of the ledge, in a deep, overhanging shadow, until a voice startingly near called out, "don't wet your feet, young lady; I'll tow in the catamaran!" and looking round, they saw the skiff shoot smoothly by, the or inter dround in its bettom, the last the oar just dropped in its bottom, the last spurt sending it straight in toward where they stood. A young man with handsome sea-browned face and athletic figure, in blue woolen shirt, sat upon the middle thwart, and reaching out his arm in passing, caught,—not the truant vessel itself in ignominious grasp as he might have done,—but with all respect the floating cable, by which, an instant after, as he sprang upon the beach, and dragged his own boat with one hand upon the gravel, he restored it to its owners.

restored it to its owners.

Rick caught it, while Jane stood back.
"Thank you, sir. Who are you? And
what's a—what you called my ship?"

The young fellow laughed. "You're welcome," he said. "A catamaran is a flat
vessel with one big sail, or none at all. Only
it's generally made of three logs, instead of
one board. But that doesn't matter. And
I'm Matt Morse." one board. Bu I'm Matt Morse.

I'm Matt Morse."
Rick looked pleased and puzzled. "But you're not this,—you're not our Mr. Morse!"
"I'm this Mr. Morse, anyway," was the reply. "Not Leeport, though; Morse's neck. We're half of us Morses round this bit of water. Mr. Azel Morse is my uncle." He smiled, and touched his cap as he spoke, directing his explanation chiefly, and his courtesy wholly, toward Jane. "I've come round from Riggsville, with the mail for the house. Will you look it over, or shall I carry it right up?"

"Thank you," Jane said, simply. "There can't be anything for me,—so if you are going,—they will be much obliged."

He had time only for one more swift look

which took in quite as much as the stare that would have been unpardonable,—and with another touch of his fingers to his cap, turned and sprang up the rough bank, over which he quickly disappeared from those below.

Is was the first, but not the last, of Mr. Matthew Morse.

Rick's head was up; he came beside Jane roudly. "I like him," he said. He knows—cat-or-a-man!"

(To be continued.)

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Mrs. J. C. McCLURE, Peoria III,

DIANA AND THE HUNT BALL.

(Concluded from page 3.)

anything to interfere with her duties. She was gracious to all, and even merry with some bright girls about her own age, and at last, when she took leave of her host and hostess, Mr. Hunt's kind words nearly over-

powered her.
"Do not thank us, Miss Manton; we are indebted to you; and henceforth, I hope you will consider us your friends. Mrs. Hunt whispered, "Send me a dozen copies for country friends, my dear, and come very soon to let me know how you are succeeding."

Once in the carriage poor Diana began to feel the depression and dread of an ordeal to come. Her long thick ulster quite concealed her evening dress, and as she climbed the dirty stairs to the office she quite forgot that her pretty hair was uncovered, so eager was she to be strictly on time.

A policeman had shown her where to find the staircase, and a small messenger boy now answered her inquiries for the night editor's room by a brusque "Third room to the

Diana's heart thumped audibly. "Courage," she said. "Remember the little mother; and after all, he is only a man."
"Are you the night editor, sir?" she asked timidly of a man in his shirt sleeves.
"I am."
"I would like to revise my account of the

"I would like to revise my account of the "I would like to revise my account of the Hunt ball, if you please, and add some lines."
"Certainly," said the night editor who had growled not a little when he had been told that a school-girl would write it up.

A boy was sent for the proof, which the editor inwardly resolved "would be a mass of intolerable gush."

intolerable gush."
"You can take a seat at that table yonder," said the editor.

said the editor.

"Thank you. Would you permit me to read this to you, sir? Your eyes must be tired by this time, and I have sometimes read for"—Diana could not say papa in that presence. She hesitated a little, and added "at home."

In all his sixteen years of hard service the night-editor had never had any one think of his weariness, or his eyes. It was a new experience. Perhaps this young girl was not a silly one, after all.

Diana, taking silence for consent, began to read; pausing however, at the end of the first sentence, to say, "You will do me a great kindness, sir, if you will criticise as I proceed.

Indness, sir, if you will criticise as I proceed. I want to do this particularly well, and I have only written for friends before."

"I will do so," said the night-editor, fully believing that he must "cut it" mercilessly.

He did nothing of the kind, in fact, when Diana had finished he complimented her by saying "it was the best thing of the kind he had ever had handed in."

saying it was the best thing of the kind he had ever had handed in."

"You do not know how grateful I am to you," said Diana. "I want to be a journalist, and it seems to me that I can be, if I work hard enough."

nard enough."

"I am sure of it," was the reply; and long after Diana had tripped down the stairs, the editor sat wondering how he could manage to get a "story of another social event about to happen from the same pen."

"I have it," said he. "I will say the same thing on paper which I said to her." He did so. For on the managing editor's desk the following morning was a brief note saving a

following morning was a brief note saying a kind word for the "new reporter." The next day, Diana was requested to take the place of Mr. Trainor for two weeks only, or, until his

recovery.

Two weeks became months, and Diana Two weeks became months, and Diana Manton is welcome in many beautiful homes and is the owner of a neat desk in the office of The Sunlight Times. If she chances to be absent for a few days the day editor says, the office is upside down to a far greater extent than it was on that memorable morning, when she consented to attend the Hunt Ball when she consented to attend the Hunt Ball.

She has encountered some opposition, not a She has encountered some opposition, not a little jealousy, and occasionally, a little personal spite; but the great-hearted day-editor cannot forget his sister when he looks at her; and as to the gruff old night-editor he has entirely changed; and always takes a fatherly interest in this sociaty address.

interest in "his society editor."

Not long since, when Diana was requested to visit her native city on some duty for her paper, she knew whose kindness had planned it that she might see her mother and friends.

"Well child," said Judge Ward, as he once more held her small hand, "well, you have done wonders, what magic arts have you used?"

"Nothing, save very old-fashioned ones," said Diana; "the magic of self-respect, plenty of tact, devotion to duty, and consideration for others; it is only living up to the home training I had here."

"That is it, child, that is it; you remember the words of Lucy Larcom,

"The blessed are they who but live to bless, She found out that mystery long ago.'



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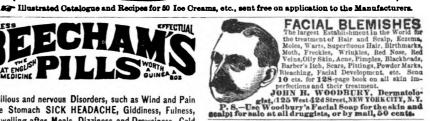
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Wanted. STONE MEDICINE CO., Quiney, Illinois,

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can play tt. | valves. We will please you. Just what you want to make home happy. Send \$5.00 with this notice and we will send Organ at once, all complete. Satisfaction, or money refunded. Address BATES ORGAN CO., 74 Pearl Street, BOSTON, Mass.

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The best RUBBER OVERSHOE for Ladies and Gentlemen ever made. Very light, healthy, handsome and durable. Manufactured by the "WALES GOODYEAR" RUBBER CO., NAUGATUCK, CONN. [Established 1845.]

Ladies sizes, 2 to 7 Price 65 cents. Gents "6 to 10 "95"

Widths, ether Slim, Medium, or Full. Sent by mail to any address, postage paid, on receipt of price. Address

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Is the finest and best preparation in the world for Chapped Hands and Rough Skin. Has the largest sale, gives better satisfaction than any other article. Beware of imitations claiming to be the same thing or just as good. Sold everywhere.

\$12⁵⁰ Boye a \$65 in-SEWING MACHINE proved Singer SEWING MACHINE OXFORD MFQ. CO.. CHICAGO. ILL.





TO ALL CORRESPONDENTS: Any question of help or interest to women from our readers will be cheerful-answered in this department. But please bear in mind: Write your questions plainly and briefly. Don't use unnecessary words: editors

i 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.

Mrs. O. F. M. Troymans Mill Your letter was signed with initials only. We require full name and address to accompany all correspondence, not for publication, but for filing. It is often also for many reasons, not desirable to answer questions through the medium of the Journal, and if we have no name, it is impossible to reach the correspondent by letter. If you will inclose to us a self-addressed, stamped envelope, we will take pleasure in replying to your question.

"B." Salad is preferably served between the regular dinner course and the dessert.

F. M. Brooklyn. Kindly note reply to Mrs. O. F. M. in correspondence for this month.

Mrs. A. L. E. See advertising columns for dealer in old coins, or address the mint of Philadelphia or New Orleans.

B. E. To habitually curl with a curling iron, fair that is just growing in, is undoubtly an injury. We would advise the use of curling-kids. If properly managed, a curl made by a curling-kid cannot be distinguished from one that is natural.

Yennasee." Please note our reply to Mrs.

Mrs. A. E. G. Kindly note our reply to Mrs. O. F. M. in relation to full address. If you will enclose stamped envelope to subscription department, we can reply to your letter and will do so with pleasure.

Mrs. F. S. There is no remedy for the spotshould be sponged broadcloth. All cloth should be sponged before making up. This saves both spotting and shrinking. Perhaps a regular dyer could sponge it for you, but it is a very difficult task, and we think the only remedy is to take it apart, sponge it, and put it together again.

"Paint." Canvasses for oil painting are generally purchased with the priming already on. This priming consists of a thin coat of ordinary white paint. There is no special amount of preparation necessary. It is no small amount of trouble to stretch and prepare one's own canvass:s and we would addition to the pare one's the part of the pare of o vise you to purchase those that are all ready for

"Writer." In addressing a manuscript to any particular department of a periodical, simply state on the wrapper to which editor you wish it consigned, as, for instance, "Editor of Juvenile Department." Manuscript should never be folded more than once and preferably, not at all. Please note communication to Mrs. O. F. M. in correspondence for this month.

B. S. You ask how to remove the cellular part. You do not say which part you wish to preserve but we presume that you desire to make skeleton leaves. If leaves are permitted to soak a sufficient length of time in ordinary rain-water, the tissue becomes softened so that it can be brushed away with a stiff heaves harder running mater without at stiff brush, under running water without at all injuring the fibrous portion.

Annie B. It certainly is customary to offer some refreshment, if ever so little, to those who call in response to "At Home" cards. Coffee, tea or chocolate with sandwiches, crackers, thin slices of bread and butter or cake, are all that is necessary, but something of the kind should be at hand. Many make quite elaborate affairs of such occasions but this is not obligatory.

In answer to question in relation to ettiquette of cards, we would advise you to obtain a copy of "Cards—Their significance and Proper Uses," by the author of "Social Ettiquette of New York."

Kindly note communication to Mrs. O. F. M. in correspondence for this month.

"Mourning." We can best answer your question by quoting directly from "Cards" referred to in reply above.
"If she chooses, a widow may for social

rposes only, continue to use bore as a wife, custom permitting this usage simply because it is painful to erase a name that was given to a wom in by one who is gone but is not forgotten." Ettiquette, therefore, sanctions the use of either name in your case.

"School-girl." Write the name length-wise across your envelope, directly through the centre. This gives plenty of room for the rest of the address below. The whole address should be written in a firm, clear, hand. Under a false impression that it is stylish, many young girls address their letters corner wise or in a tiny, cramped, hand down in one corner. This is very inelegant.

Ingenue. You are entirely too young "to go out into society with gentlemen." If you do not wish to be a prematurely old woman, with wrinkles and grey hair long before they are legitimately yours, with perhaps, as well, settled invalidism, you will be exceedingly careful to avoid late hours and exciting amusements in your early girlhood. At fifteen, there should be no question about girls "going out into society with gentlemen." girls "going out into society with gentlemen." In "society" girls of that age are not "out" and are considered school-girls, not "young ladies.

Blanche. Fill a basin half full of corn starch through which rub baby's hood, leggings, and mittens, precisely as if you were washing them. You will soon find them as clean as if they had been put through soap and water.

Miss M. E. Shields. The only silver dollars Miss M. E. Shields. The only silver dollars which are worth more than one hundred cents, are the following issues—1795, 1796, 1797, 1798, 1799, 1801, 1802, 1803, 1804, 1836, 1838, 1839, 1851, 1852, 1854, 1855, 1856, with trade dollars of 1879, 1880, 1881, 1882.

Twenfy-five cents and postage forwarded to the mint will obtain for you a book containing all possible information upon the subject of our past and present currency.

of our past and present currency.

Reader. Pendennis is the hero of the novel "Pendennis" written by William Makepeace Thackeray. "Becky Sharp" we presume, may be called the principal character in "Vanity Fair" although "Amelia" is the heroine. "Vanity Fair" is also one of Thackeray's works works.

Who Value a Refined Complexion

MUST USE

It imparts a brilliant transparency to the skin. Removes all pimples, freckies and discolorations, and makes the skin delicate-ly soft and beautiful. It contains no lime, white lead or arsenic. In three shades; pink or flesh, white and brunette. FOR SALE BY

All Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers Everywhere. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

Cures All Diseases.

To claim to cures all diseases, may at first glance seem very absurd: but after reading our pamphlet, giving a history of the Micobe Killer, explaining the gern theory of disease, and reading our testimonials, which prove conclusively there is no disease it will not cure, the truth of our assertion becomes clear. No person suffering from any blood, chronic or contagious disease should let a day pass without getting and reading this interesting book, which will be given away or mailed free. The gentlemen connected with this company are well-known business men of this city. Agents wanted everywhere. Address,

The WM. RADAM MICROBE KILLER CO.

54 Sixth Avenue, New York City, 1005 Arch St., Phila., Pa.



REV. J. W. MACOMBER, SETH ARNOLDS Mahopac, Putnam Co., N. Y. writes: Dr. Seth Arnold's Cough Killer cured me of

CONGESTION OF THE LUNGS over twenty years ago. I have used it with universal success in my family ever since. 25c. 50c. and \$1 per bottle. ALL DEALERS SELL IT.

Grand Surprise in store for all who use the Deliciously Flavored and Perfect Liquid Dentifrice,



FOR COMPLETE INFORMATION RELATING TO THIS PLEASING AND VALUABLE SURPRISE, SEND NAME AND ADDRESS, WITH RE-

E. W. HOYT & CO., LOWELL, MASS.,

MANUFACTURERS OF THE CELEBRATED HOYT'S CERMAN COLOCNE AND RUBIFOAM FOR THE TEETH.

\$4.00 WORTH FOR \$2.00. LIDA CLARKSON'S ART BOOKS. — Finely Illustrated with Original Designs BRUSH STUDIES.— Fourth Series. By LIDA CLARKSON.



Book also gives full instructions for painting these Colored Studies. Price \$1.00, postpaid.

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Every person doing or wishing to do Drawing or Painting should own this book.
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To introduce our publications, we offer 186 full-size pieces music, including 172 Jigs, Polkas, Waltzes, Recis, etc., for piano or organ; 12 selections for the violin, and 60 of the most popular songs of the day arranged by that great composer Charles D. Blakk. This grand colored color

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Notes — Criticisms.

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and has FOUR FULL-PAGE COLORED
PLATES, namely: June Roses—
Winter Landscape—Chrysanthemums—Moonlight on
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The above is only a poor illustration of the handsome Solid Walnut Frame Parior Set, with exquisite veneered Panels, Spring Seats, and trimmed in the richest embossed Plush or Black Hair Cloth. In fact a Parior Set sold the world over for from \$50 to \$55, but our price is \$29.70 for the entire set of five pieces as above (\$0FA, PATENT ROUNER ARM-CHAIRS, and 2 REGULAR PARLOR CHAIRS, (finished in any of the following colors of superb embossed Plush, i. e., Crimson, Gold, Olive or Blue, or if desired, each piece trimmed in a different color, (all new goods and of the latest patterns), and finely finished throughout. This is a chance in white time. So if you want to take advantage of quick, so as not to get left.

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THE WAY IT IS DONE, AND WHY WE DO IT!!!

**Furniture Factories in this city was compelled to sell. They had to have the more yow bought at our own price; their loss was our gain. We could sell at turning our hand over to any dealer in the U.S., but we prefer to sell them at they remarkably low price of \$29.70 a set direct to the consumer, and thereby will be an advertisement for our CELEBRATED AND WORLD-RENOWNED.

One of the largest Furniture Factories in this city was compelled to sell. They had to have the money; so we bought at our cwn price; their loss was our gain. We could sell the entire lot without turning our hand over to any dealer in the U. S., but we prefer to sell them at the remarkably low price of \$29.70 a set direct to the consumer, and thereby at the same time it will be an advertisement for our CELEBRATED AND WORLD-RENOWNED

\$55.95 "MURRAY" HARNESS,
which stand shead of all others as Models of SUPREME DURABILITY, STYLE, FINE FINISH AND LOW PRICES, and have branded us in glowing letters that even our competitors can LOWEST PRICED HOUSE IN THE COUNTRY.

NOTICE.—As there are some who probably would not want the entire set, we give the following prices on separate places:

SOFA, \$9.75.—PATENT ROCKER, \$7.50.—ARM CHAIR, \$6.50.—REGULAR PARLOR CHAIRS, \$3.50 EACH. HOW TO ORDER.—We pack each piece nicely ready for shipment, and deliver them free of charge on board cars in Cincinnati. Purchaser pays the freight, which or her cash with order, or if purchasers prefer, they can gently cash with order, or if purchasers prefer, they can gently cash with order, and balance when goods arrive at destination. Money can be sent by Registered Letter, Post Office Money Order, Express, or by Draft on Chicago or New York. As to our responsibility we respectfully refer to the publisher of this paper, and to the Fourth National Bank of this city. Address all orders to WILBER H. MURRAY MANUFACTUR

MURRAY BUILDING, 139 WEST FRONT STREET, CINCINNATI, OHIO, Manufacturers of the

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TO THE JOURNAL SISTERS.

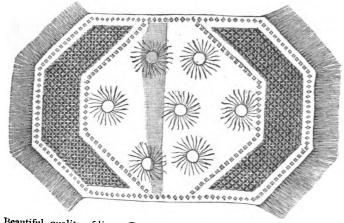
Will you kindly tell your friends and neighbors that the JOURNAL can be had trom now to July 1st on trial for only 25 cts. Four whole months March, April, May and June for only 25 cts.

We would like you to send us tour or more trial subscribers, and to pay you for your trouble, we offer herewith some SPECIAL inducements in the way of handsome presents.

The JOURNAL ought to be in a million families and it would be if its merits were thoroughly known. All that is needed is an introduction, and to make it an object to each and every reader to make our special trial offer known as widely as possible, we have selected a most popular and attractive list of presents, for clubs of trial subscribers.

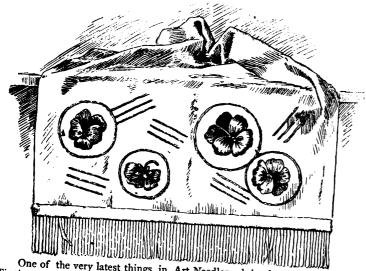
TRAY CLOTH No. 3363.

Given as a premium for a club of 4 trial subscribers at 25 cents each Postage and Packing ten cents extra.



Beautiful quality of linen, Damask border. Drawn and Knotted insertion at both ends, deep knotted fringe. Stamped throughout in conventional designs for embroidering. This is a very elegant linen. The pattern is new this season, and will be a decided success. Price, 75 cents, postpaid.

PARIS TINTING ART NEEDLEWORK OUTFIT.



One of the very latest things in Art Needlework is what is known as Paris

Tinting.

The designs used are conventional in character and larger than those generators specially designed for this work, are the The designs used are conventional in character and larger than those generally employed in fancy work. Patterns specially designed for this work, are the only ones which can be used to advantage. The tinting is first applied, the materials used being Tapestry Colors. The pattern is then to be worked out in Linen Threads, or in Wash Filo Silks, the latter being very much to be preferred. The material is Bolton Sheeting; very heavy and manufactured especially for this character of work. The work is not difficult and is durable, and very artistic in inches long, 27 inches wide, stamped for working, as a premium for a club of 4 tional. Price 55 cents. Postage and packing 15 cents additional. Price 55 cents.

THE OUTFIT.

As it is a somewhat difficult operation for an inexperienced person to properly apply Tapestry Coloring, and as the most desirable blending of shades in Wash We can supply the material for a table scarf (68x27 inches) stamped ready length skeins of the best Wash Filo Silk, in a blending of nine shades, which is a regarding the stitches to be employed, and a numbered diagram, or working model—in short, with the outfit we offer, the merest tyro in embroidery can, work.

Factory Ends of Embroidery Silk

Rope Silk, Filoselle and Plain Embroidery.

One full ounce sent, postpaid, as a premium for a club of four trial subscribers at 25 cents each. One half ounce sent, postpaid, as a premium for a club of two trial subscribers. Price, 50 cents per ounce, postpaid.

WASTEE MARRING AV THE

ASSORTED SIZES

ASTECMBROIDERY 311

ASTECM

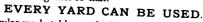
In the large silk mills where scores of girls are winding and spooling silk, at the end of every large hank or bobbin there will be left a short piece, too much to go on a full spool, not enough to make a new spool or skein spool or skein.

We have effected an arrangement with one of the rangement with one of largest silk manufacturing companies in the worldwhose goods bear a well sustained reputation for regularity, smoothness and high grade quality, to purchase this class of silk coming di-

this class of silk coming direct from their winding rooms.

It is sent to us in assorted colors—not simply three or four shades of rea, green, blue and yellow, but all the desirable olives, delicate pinks, blues &c., coming haphazard from a line of 250 colors.

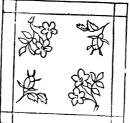
It is in odd lengths, but nothing shorter than one yard, not in a tangled mass, but loosely thrown together so that.



Not being regular marketable goods, it must be disposed of at the mill at a which will enable us to supply it to our subscribers as above. The quality of the silk we can unhesitatingly recommend.

LINEN DOYLIES.

We offer One Doe in of these Doylies for a club of 8 trial subscribers at 25 cents each; or, 6 subscribers and 25 cents extra; or, 4 subscribers and 50 cents extra. Postage and packing 5 cents additional.



They are of linen of a beautiful quality hemstitched with one-inch hem. They are stamped with designs for embroidering. The prettiest, most delicate things imaginable—just the thing to set off a handsome finger bowl.

These we send for only 8 trial subscribers at an

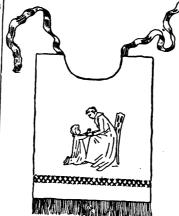
a nandsome nnger down.

These we send for only 8 trial subscribers at 25 cents; or, 6 subscribers and 25 cents; or, 4 subscribers and 50 cents.

Postage and packing We will sell them for \$1.25 per dozen and pay

the postage.
We will if desired, send one half dozen of the

Doylies for 4 trial subscribers at 25 cents each. LINEN BIBS.



Three Bibs given as a premium for a club of 2 trial subscribers at 25 cents each.

Made of Butcher's Linen. Fringed across the bottom. Border of Knotted Insertion. Stamped ready for embroidering. Price 15 cents each, postpaid, or 75 cents per half dozen, postpaid.

In purchasing these Bibs, most persons would probably desire to order them in dozens-or at least, one half dozen at a time. We can supply them in this way at a very low price,

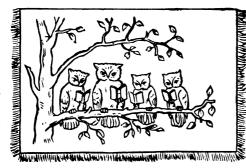
For one dozen Bibs, \$1.35 postpaid. For one half dozen, 75 cents. Less than half dozen, 15 cents each. All postpaid.

model—in short, with the outfit we offer, the merest tyro in embroidery can, by merely following instructions, produce an artistic piece of beautiful fancy work.

We will send this outfit, postpaid, as a premium for a club of 8 three months subscribers at 25 cents each; or, for 6 subscribers and 25 cts. extra. Price \$1.50;

Another New Assortment of A NEW ASSORTMENT Linen Splashers.

ANYONE splasher stamped in these designs, given as a premium for a club of 2 trial subscribers at 25 cents each.



We will, send any one postpaid to any U.S.P. O. address on receipt of 25 cents. Order by number only.



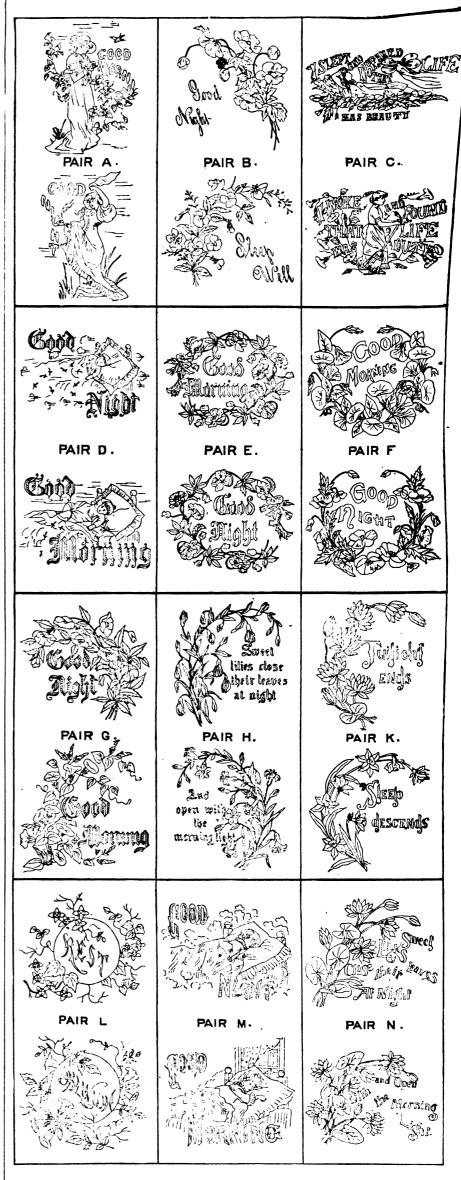
We have offered from time to time splashers stamped in different designs, and we have always found them a most desirable premium for a small club. The lot we now offer is of linen, FRINGED at the bottom and at both ends, and measures 30x20 inches. The designs we have selected from a large assortment as being new and desirable.

Splashers have now become indispensable in every chamber, and are justly popular as pieces of fancy work. They are designed to be placed over and at the back of a washstand, to protect the wall paper from being spattered. They should be embroidered in Fast Color Silks, or washable French Embroidery Cotton. In ordering do not neglect to give us the number of THE DESIGN YOU WANT. We buy these goods stamped to our order in very large quantities and shall probably be able to send any of the above designs at all times. However, in the event of being temporarily unable to send the particular design ordered we shall claim the privilege of substituting one of the other designs. Don't forget this.

We offer one stamped with any of the above designs for sale, sent postpaid to any U. S. post office address for only 25 cents. This is remarkably cheap and as low as we have ever offered them, but by placing large orders we are enabled to buy at a price which enables us to offer them to our subscribers at the above low figure.

PILLOW SHAMS.

Any pair, sent postpaid for a club of 3 trial subscribers at 25 cents each.



Made of "Hill" muslin, 36 inches wide. Stamped ready for embroidering. In ordering, order by the letter only. We do not break the pairs. In the event of being temporarily unable to send the pair ordered, we shall claim the privilege of substituting one of the other designs. Don't forget this.

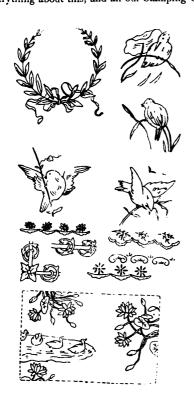
Price 30 cents per pair—Postage and Packing 10 cents additional..

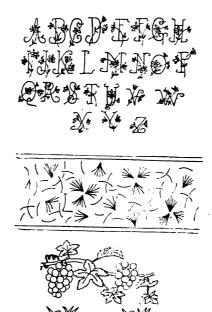
ANOTHER NEW STAMPING OUTFIT. OUTFIT F.

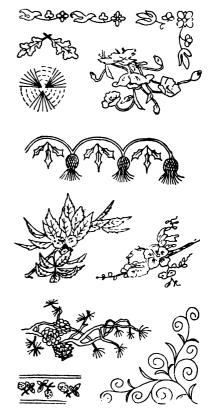
Sent postpaid as a premium for a club of four Trial subscribers at 25 cents each; or, for 2 subscribers and 25 cents extra.

This outfit includes materials for stamping, both by the Wet and Dry process. Powder and Distributor for light goods; Paint and Stamping Brush for Plush, Velvet, Felt and Dark Goods. We send a Sheet of Instructions regarding stamping and the care and uses of patterns.

Everything about this, and all our Stamping Outfits, is first class and the patterns are all FULL WORKING SIZE.







We show, in reduced size, the patterns included in Outfit F. These designs are all entirely new, and original; they cannot be procured elsewhere, as they are productions of our own designers and the entire outfit is manufactured and made up here in our Premium Department.

The Assortment includes:

The Assortment includes:
Designs suitable for Pillow Shams or, for Sofa Pillows.
Ornamental Corner for Table Cover; this could also be utilized for stamping Scarfs and other similar articles.
An entirely new Alphabet, simple, but very decorative and useful for Towels, Napkins, Handkerchiefs, &c. A design for Splasher, particularly appropriate and el. Different portions of this design can be stamped separately for Tidies, etc., giving in reality three distinct patterns.
A handsome border for Buffet, Sideboard or Bureau Scarf.
Portiere borders that will be found to be particularly useful. There are several of these and all of generous size.
Large "all-over" designing, suitable for the decoration of the Bolton Sheeting Bed-spreads now so popular.
A variety of smaller "all-over" designs to be applied to Scarfs, Sash Curtains, Sofa Pillows, etc.
Medium and small borders in Scallon and in Conventional Patterns

Medium and small borders in Scallop and in Conventional Patterns.

Designs for Doylies, etc., etc., etc.

An examination of the designs will show that this, unlike the majority of Stamping Outfits sold, is not a collection of common place, hackneyed, old style erns. It is new, fresh, original and artistic, and sure to please all of our friends.

PRICE, POSTPAID, 75 CENTS.

Nursery Outfit.



have had anything to do with the care of the little ognize in paper dolls a source of end less

All who

to successive generations. the mother, in supplying occupation for restless hands and eager minds in the nursery, they are invaluable. We have an outfit for paper doll making which will be welcomed by children and parents alike. It includes a Doll's Complete Dress, made up; a number of beautiful Colored Heads and Sets of Legs; also, Stiff Paper Bodies for new dresses; feet. They will please every purchaser. will be welcomed by children and pa-Lace Paper for edging and trimming; Sheets of Silvered Paper; a yard of Gilt Sheets of Silvered Paper; a yard of Gilt
Star Ornaments, and an ample supply of (Imported) Tissue Paper, in soft and beautiful tints. We furnish an Illustrated until the entire list of names has been

Price, postpaid, 35 cents.

THE LATEST! THE FOUNTAIN TOP.

ostpaid as a premium for a club of 3 subscribers at 25 cents each. Postage and packing 10 cents additional.



Price, 50 cents, postpaid.

beautiful tints. We furnish an Illustrated until the entire list of names has been Sheet of Instructions, and a Book of Samples of Tissue Paper, with each outfit; also, Directions for Making Flowers and Decorative Articles. An outfit such as this will surely supersede the old fash-lines, unless a plain request to that effect is made when the names are sent ioned paper dolls in all modern nur-to use. Vous own subscription or reioned paper dolls in all modern nur- to us. Your own subscription or renewal, counts as one of a club, when sent in with others as a club.

GOLD THIMBLE AND CASE.

Sent postpaid as a premium for a club of 6 trial subscribers at 25 cents each; or, 4 subscribers and 25 cents extra; or, 2 subscribers and 50 cents extra.



The Thimble we offer is of 10 karat gold. It is not solid gold. Notice the cut representing the thimble cut in half. It is much thicker where the wear comes. The dark line running around the edge of the figure, between the white spaces, represents the stiffening, between the two layers of solid gold, one being on the outside and the other on the inside, of the thimble. This form of thimble is very much more durable than the best of those made of solid gold, and is very much cheaper. We furnish a handsome morocco case, lined with velvet. In ordering, state the size of thimble desired.

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J(

HINTS ON CANVASSING.

BY MISS M. H. VALENTINE.

In life's earnest battle they only prevail Who daily march onward and never say fail."

The proprietor of The Ladres' Home Journal wishes to know my general plan in canvassing, my ideas on the subject in detail and any information possible for me to give.

When I began owas I was an invalid, could not walk half a mile and weighed less than one hundred pounds. To-day I weight one hundred and twenty pounds, think nothing of a ten mile walk, have regained my beath and have been a successful agent, one must think rapidly, talk fluently, and show must think rapidly, talk fluently, and show must think rapidly, talk fluently, and show must think rapidly talk fluently, and show must the paper to the best possible advantage, create desire for it, make those whom they call upon think that they must have it.

There is no choice of territory. If one cannot succeed within a quarter of a mile of her own home, she never will succeed anywhere. Never speak a cross word under any circumstances. If here is grace enough in your heart to accept the control of the control of

the same day.

Never plan beforehand what to say: "Circumstances alter cases," but always tell the truth. I called at a house in a neighboring town, showed the lady the articles I had to sell. She bought some of the articles and then said what else have you? I showed her The Ladies' Home Journal. "Good Land said she the place has been canvassed to death,

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you'd better head for the depotat once. You won't get a subscriber here;" but I talked her into taking it. She asked me how many subscribers I had. I told her between two and three thousand. She looked at me over her glasses and said "why don't you make it ten thousand while you are about it." I talked with her about her birds and plants and when I left she said I had brightened up the day for her wonderfully that she liked to have canvassers call, only they lied so like time. If you secure a certain number of subscribers (and average about so many a week) by Saturday noon take the remaining half day as a reward for your industry; go to a matinee, it will be a change for you and secure some one there for a subscriber.

Always try and see how many subscribers you can procure from different places. If you see in the daily paper that a lady from Arizona or Nebraska is visiting in your city call and see if The Ladies' Home Journal is generally taken in her home, perhaps she will think you are going out there to live. Secure her if possible. Expect to secure for subscribers all the people whom you see. you'd better head for the depot at once.

You may prove to be a wonderful canvasser

You may prove to be a wonderful canvasser, and remember that the resources of the gold mines are not fully developed until they are thoroughly worked. In order to secure a large subscription list one must work hard and be ready to meet all the objections that are made. Work for an upright piano, or something worth having. If you undertake to secure a subscription, succeed.

I was three years securing one. I talked up the serials at one time, the fashions at another, the household hints, the advertisements and the recipes. One day the lady told me she was going to make a change. She was going to have her sitting room on the sunny side of the house but the carpet wasn't large enough. I told her to get one of the lovely oil cloths for the bay window and then she could have plants. She liked my suggestion. I called to see, sometime afterwards, the plants, now in blossom, a beautiful ivy was running over the arch, the plants in the hanging baskets were growing luxuriantly, the window was flooded with sunshine and festoons of smilax here and there added to the beauty. The canary bird was singing and the parrot enjoying himself.

I said "Oh, how lovely but you'll have to work hard to keep them looking like this, and I talked up Eben E. Rexford's articles as I never had done before. She finally said put my name down; you feel better don't you?" I told her I did, decidedly, but I never urged her to take the paper. She said "no, but you tempted me," but I was warned that at a certain point the electric currents would be shot off. I have thoroughly enjoyed the work in which I am engaged, am not in the least discouraged, and intend to increase my subscription lists to—but my readers will think I am a fit subject for a lunatic asylum if I mention the number.

a fit subject for a lunatic asylum if I mention the number.

When we think of the illustrations, of the charming stories, and the valuable hints given, we, who are canvassing for the Ladies' Home Journal, ought to consider ourselves privileged characters. I shall be glad to sit under the light of the evening lamp, and the thought that I have heard Dr. Talmage preach will greatly add to the interest with which I shall read his articles, and call attention to them in read his articles, and call attention to them in

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FANCY WORK FOR ODD MOMENTS

BY EMMA M. HOOPER.

S OME very pretty luncheon sets of twelve Some very pretty luncheon sets of twelve napkins, medium size, and a cloth, three yards long, are decorated at home for half the expense they cost in the stores. Select a pattern having a distinct border, and outline this with gold colored flax on white damask or Turkey red on unbleached table linen. After outlining all of border work the monogram or last initial in two places in the cloth, which are opposite ends and sides and near enough the centre of the cloth to rest upon the table. The napkins have an outlined border, which is nothing more or less than to outline each leaf or flower with Kensington stitches, and the monogram or initial worked in one corner only. Of course all are hemmed by hand.

Centre pieces for the table are long and nar-

stitches, and the monogram or initial worked in one corner only. Of course all are hemmed by hand.

Centre pieces for the table are long and narrow, leaving space on the sides and ends for the plates and glasses. The daintiest of these are of a certain make of pillow case linen, having round threads and of a finer appearance than butcher's linen used for side board covers. A hemstitched hem finishes all edges, and inside of this the linen is one mass of Punta-Tirato or drawn work, with a solid space in the centre left for an elaborately embroidered monogram of long slender interlaced letters. For a dinner party lay this cloth over a yellow, pale green, pink or white satin cloth of the same size, with a china, silver or glass bowl in the centre filled with pink, yellow, etc., flowers, and at each corner have a slender vase holding corresponding flowers, with "fairy" lights scattered here and there, and your table will be "a thing of beauty" for a small outlay.

Now that trimmed pillow cases and sheets are restored to favor in place of "shams" galore a substantial trimming is to be recommended. Medicis and Torchon lace look well—until introduced to the wash-board, but for genuine wear select hand knit lace of about No. 70 linen thread; many pretty and suitable patterns have been given in The Ladies Home Journal. Make a hemstitch hem on the pillow cases, which hang eight inches below the pillows, and top of the sheet, which will be an inch and a half wide when done. If you prefer, cat, coral or feather stitch the hems with white working cotton or flax.

Baste the top of the lace half an inch above and under the edge of the hem, holding it easy, not full; it should be shrunken first in boiling water, and always ironed on the wrong side. Then with a large spool and pencil mark out a row of scallops around the edge of the hems, buttonhole them with working cotton through the hem and lace, and then cut off the edge of the hem with fine, sharp scissors. The trimming is handsome and durable, not expensive, unless ones t

valuable, and may also be applied to underwear.

Very pretty chair scarfs are made of plain or figured china silk, a yard and a half making one. A narrow hem on the sides and wider on the ends are feather stitched with embroidery silk, and the scarf tied in one loose knot near the centre. For the ends then cover small brass rings by buttonholing embroidery silk over them, tie a small tassel of the silk in each ring, and sew them on the ends just close enough to touch each other. Scarfs of fine scrim are decorated in the same manner.

same manner.

Every chair nowadays must have a square, oval, round, saddle bag or crescent head rest stuffed with down and covered with brocade, china silk, embroidered momie, satin, etc., and sofa pillows cannot be too quaint, numerous, as broadly contrasted in color and material. Discard photograph albums and have leather, brocade or chintz covered folding frames holding from one to twenty photographs. frames holding from one to twenty photo-graphs scattered over tables, mantels, brackets, in fact everywhere.

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