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ASCUTNEY STREET.

By Mrs. A. D. T. WHITNEY.

PART III.

"O, no; yes, I mean; I go out whenever I can. It is the dull time now. It is only when I am not occupied anywhere else— There Jane stopped, as approaching too nearly detailed explanation which she was not at liberty to make.

"I see," said Mrs. Sunderland. But she did not see; she only thought Mrs. Turnbull got sewing, and possibly other service, from Jane, at these intervals, in return for her board.

"I would like you to come here, if you would. I have needlework to put out; but I would rather take the needle woman in,—if it could be you. Shall we try each other for a

A match snapped and flickered; by the light of it Jane saw Auntie lift the top hemisphere of a great white globe that hung in the middle of the room over a table. The flame was touched to a lamp within the shade; the upper half replaced, and then was seen, hung by delicate chains to a silver equatorial line, a fair, soft, planet-like thing, in pure white glows and dusks of carven work on alabaster, that shed a tender radiance through all the room, and was itself an apparition of delight to look at.

Jane uttered a low exclamation. "Pretty, isn't it? It is the children's moon. I brought it from—Ah, yes, Alice," she interrupted herself, opportunely. "Your white queen is here; the looking-glass leads both ways."

They sat a little longer in the fairy light, Jane talking with the children; then they all said good-night, for Auntie came for the little

"Oh, I hate simple things!" Mrs. Turnbull rejoined, with an indistinguishable nasal contempt in the utterance of the first syllable of the adjective. And I want it to look *entirely* different from what any part of it ever did before. That's the beauty of combinations. You can transmogrify, and not show the vamping up." Mrs. Turnbull waived the fact that she herself knew every shade of color and inch of trimming that her intimate friends had ever worn, and could trace them, with perfect accuracy and unflagging interest, through all after adaptations; and that kindred methods made all women keen. "But where are you going next week?" she asked, curiously.

Jane threw back her hood of fawn-brown hair upon her shoulders, and leaned over the polonaise, examining something in its construction. Mrs. Turnbull was easily diverted. "What hair you have got, Jane!" she cried. "Now if I could match that color in a silk!

denly reverted to her former subject. "What in the world am I to do for Tuesday? And where is it you are going on Thursday?"

"Mrs. Sunderland wants me; and I have promised." It had to come.

"Well, I must say!" ejaculated Mrs. Turnbull. What she must say she did not proceed to state. Perhaps it was not easy, in due order and force, to extemporize it. She gathered up her peacock and dove-colored stuffs, and went off to her own bedroom.

On Monday night a little twisted note came over from Mrs. Sunderland to Jane. Alice brought it; to the front door this time; Mr. Turnbull, smoking his cigar as he walked about among the little shrubberies in the front yard, took it from her at the gate. Mrs. Turnbull sat on the piazza, and said nothing. Children were such an entering wedge, she thought. Mrs. Sunderland was Jane Gregory's acquaintance; and Alice had on a plain gingham frock, and old fashioned white pinafore.

This was the note:

"Please come on Thursday at eight, precisely; I have a reason; and for a reason, or a fancy,— please come up the little outside staircase from the garden, at the very back and enter at the door you will find unfastened at the top.
Yours truly
M. G. SUNDERLAND."

At eight o'clock on Thursday the children were at breakfast with their mother in the dining room on the other side; Auntie was busy attending upon them; Jane crossed the garden and went up the flight of steps that ran from the grass ground to a small square landing at the very end of the building above. A door here half glazed and screening with white muslin led her into a plain but exquisitely dainty little room, a half square rectangle in shape, whose length took the whole cross dimension of this extended portion of the house. A white straw matting covered the floor; two soft white sheep skin foot rugs lay upon it, one by the bedside and one before the tiny fireplace in the outer wall, where stood a large, comfortable cane chair, with cushions covered with white dimity. A dressing-table made of a packing-box and flounced with the like material,—a white pine bedstead with dimity spread and pillow-scarf,—a white pine washing-stand with rods above it plentifully hung with plain towels that shone with fine ironing and were precise in evenly creased folds,—nicely fitted fresh white window-blinds,—these were the other furnishings. Holland shades of dark, cool green, between the white ones and the sashes, and three jacqueminot roses in a slender glass upon the dressing-table, were the only relieving colors. Over by the further window a light sewing-machine table was placed sidewise; a white cover laid over its working parts.

Jane stood there, making just a corresponding bit of delicate tint and prevailing whiteness, in her cambric dress with its tiny pink sprigs far apart on a fair ground. She stood there still, taking in the prettiness and sweetness all around her, when steps were heard coming along an inward passage-way; little, hurried, eager ones, and others, as light, almost as quick, but differently measured. Mrs. Sunderland was speaking to the children.

"No; you have never been here before; it has not been open. But now, you see the way; There is the looking-glass; You may knock three little knocks upon the door beside it."

Three little single knocks sounded; then a very audible half whisper,— "me, Mamma, too; let me;" and just as Jane had her hand on the knob there came three more, rather faster and lower down. She turned the latch, drew back herself as she gently swung the door quite in against the wall, and Rick and Alice entered, curious, excited, delighted. Mrs. Sunderland stood in the doorway. Across the outer panels, now folded into the chamber, hung a large square mirror in a light frame. "There, Alice!" said Mrs. Sunderland. "This is a nearer way. When the white queen is here, and would like to see you, there will be



fortnight? A month would be better, if I might ask for it."

"I thank you. You are very kind." Jane answered with the same genuine, deliberate utterance of each separate word that we have noticed before to be her way. "I will come for the fortnight; and then—if it seems best—it can be the month,—the rest of it,—afterward. Did you mean to stay, or only by the days?"

"And go back to Mrs. Turnbull for the nights? No, indeed. I want a little of your leisure, to put with mine and the children's. Alice has taken such a loving—to you, Miss Gregory."

Jane did not repeat her thanks. This could not be thanked for in words. Had she got among the angels? But I think Mrs. Sunderland understood her muteness.

At this moment the children came running in, followed by Auntie. Jane sat in the shadow, and they passed her, going to their mother. "May Auntie light the moon?" they cried.

Yes, Auntie might light the moon; the sky-moon would not be lit to-night. Jane sat still, waiting to see what would come of that. A lamp, of course, she supposed; these children were so imaginative; nothing was in the ordinary to them.

ones, and Jane rose to go. But it was settled in the moment on the porch, after the children were upstairs, that that day week should be the beginning of the fortnight.

Mrs. Turnbull came into Jane's room just after the latter had taken down the fastenings of her hair, and stood brushing it before the glass. The lady had over her arm a polonaise of peacock-blue surah, and some breaths of dove-colored silk.

"I just wanted you to look at this," she said. "I guess we can make a combination with them, and I thought we'd take hold of it to-morrow." And she went on with intricate suggestions of "letting in some side puffs, and putting on a plaiting, and finishing with an edge of lace across the front, and a heading of some iridescent bead trimming."

"I'll begin, if you wish," said Jane; "but I have a basque promised to Mrs. Storrie, and a week from to-day I am engaged for a fortnight. I will do all I can."

"O dear! and Mrs. Hilum's lunch is Tuesday! The Flies are there, from New York. I wanted it to wear!"

"If it could be a little simpler,—I might try; I'll finish the basque to-morrow, and there'll be Saturday and Monday. Maybe we need not alter it so much."

It isn't caffolay, nor old gold, nor furlmort; but how it takes the light!"

Jane stood back again, and resumed her brush quietly. "I like my hair," she said; much as Mrs. Turnbull might speak of a bonnet that pleased her, and her fingers slipped along its shining length half caressingly. "Hair is such a beautiful thing."

"How funny you are! even with a compliment. But you don't do anything with it!"

"My hair? I enjoy it. It is all my own."

"Of course. I can see that," returned the accentuated lady, "when it's all down." Jane did not explain her different meaning. "But when it's up,—it's pretty, of course; but there's no sort of effect to it. It would look like another thing, if you'd dress it—as I do. My! if I had such hair!"

Jane glanced at the reflection in the glass over her shoulder,—she would not have looked more directly,—of the mass of bang and finger-puffs and coroneted braid, and could not resist saying, "yes, it would be quite another thing. But I should need to be quite another person."

"Perhaps that's it. It might not be so suitable. You're a very sensible girl, Jane, if you are queer," Mrs. Turnbull answered serenely. But took an agitated tone again as she sud-

the looking-glass, and you may knock. When you cannot come in, or she is not here, it will have disappeared, and the door will be fast.—Thank you," she said to Jane, "for playing into my little plan. I hope you won't object to what it leads to. The children have been getting very lonely. You must not let them come upon you too much; but when you can have them, the other matters are quite secondary, please understand."

"I thank you, Mrs. Sunderland. I do understand; and I am pleased, very much. I am so glad to be in their little story. I'm sure it is in me to be fond of children, though I haven't had much chance to realize it. It has been just as if they were birds; I always long to get close to them and coax them into my hands; but I never expect they will let me catch them."

The truth was, Jane, in her outside feeling as regarded everybody, was absolutely timid with the children of those who admitted her to no sort of personal relation with themselves; and more especially so, the more the little people were fenced off by airs and costumes. She made the fences herself; she approached them only to do that; afterward they were separated from her by her own handiwork and devices. She knew it was an utterly senseless feeling; but it got the better of her, none the less.

Mrs. Sunderland opened a deep draw in a wall-press beside the chimney, and showed Jane a pile of nice white stuffs; flannels and cottons and cambrics and Hamburg edgings; a basket upon a shelf above held threads and needles, buttons, tapes, and all such things.

"I have set up this place for you; it was easy to fall in with Alice's fancy; you have a white realm, you see; and as I wish you to take full authority here, it is well you are installed as the white queen. There is nothing to manage children with like a little myth of their own to handle them by."

Meanwhile Alice and Rick were reconnoitering eagerly. "Why didn't you tell us of this place before? We thought it was only a closet."

"Well, you see what the closet opens into, now the time has come. It was full," she explained to Jane, "of trunks and bundles and all sorts of unbestowed lumber, until within a week. And I discovered it would make such a nice little sewing-room."

"Mamma!" cried Alice, finding and opening the door upon the outside landing. "Why! turning round and round in bewildered recognition; 'we have played up and down these steps, and they didn't go anywhere but to the platform. Where was this door?'"

Mrs. Sunderland came out and pulled across the entrance a sliding shutter that filled up with a flat board surface from floor to eave the space between the upright beams that served as doorposts. "That shuts it in; safe from cold weather, or tramps," she said.

"Mamma! it is magnificent! It is a story-book thing! I'm so happy!" and Alice danced up and down in ecstasy.

"I thought it would please you, some day," said her mother. "I kept the secret till I knew just what to do with it."

Was all this for only two weeks,—or for a month, even? It felt to Jane like a new beginning of something that was to go on into a quite different life for always. Already her changes from house to house, her dreary intervals at Mrs. Turnbull's, seemed long ago. There was a place here made for her; a thought for her in everything about it. Work? Was that what she had come for? Perhaps. Perhaps it would be for work that she should come to paradise. But in paradise work takes other character and name. Some word sweeter than "pleasure" would stand for it in the new language.

I do not mean to detail every little thing that had to do with Jane's fortnight here; but this way in which it began was such a pretty way of its own that it needs be represented as it was presented to her; it opens and indicates the whole spirit and expression of that which followed and surrounded her through the days.

"One thing I will say to you," Mrs. Sunderland began, as they sat down together over a basket of work. "You will know just what I mean,—and don't mean. Whatever there is here which you may notice behind my little looking-glass, unexpected or otherwise, please don't be provoked—into explaining, in my behalf, I'd rather not be explained, if I cannot explain myself. Character is like the solar system. It has nothing to do but to go on. People will only understand what they come to, if all the secrets of the universe were chiselled out upon the rocks," which was perhaps a rather stately way of putting it, but Mistress Margaret Sunderland could be stately sometimes.

"O, I quite know," Jane answered. "It's just as true of a little bit of moss as it is of a planet." So these two met each other, and fitted to each other's thought.

If Jane ever did make common talk of anything, she would not for the world have made common talk of the things she saw and was part of for the time in Mrs. Sunderland's household. The delicate refinement of all, and the generosity that took her into it, gave it a sanctity.

"I suppose she's got more than she can finish," Mrs. Turnbull had suggested, as a final solution of the problem. This was at once a clinching of a certain theory that chiefly through Mrs. Turnbull's observations had sprung up in Ascotney Street, and a disposal of the contradiction to it which had at first seemed involved in Mrs. Sunderland's employment of a seamstress. The theory was that Mrs. Sunderland "took in work" herself. The coming and going of certain parcels had looked like it; and then there was a particular carriage that came now and then of a morning, rather early, from which either the man who drove, or a very inconspicuous little feminine person in plain dress who sometimes came and alighted, carried in a basket. "It might be fine washing, even, who knew?" said the Ascotney Street people. "It wasn't anybody to see her, for it wasn't a seeing hour,—for folks who would come in carriages, ex-

cept on an errand; and the girl who got out wasn't a carriage-y looking person, either."

"It may lead to a permanency," Mrs. Turnbull had said, in a slightly ill-used tone of sarcasm. "She may take you in partnership."

Jane Gregory knew very well that there would be more of this, in question and comment, when she returned after the fortnight; and that she should be continually provoked to mention some little quenching incidental circumstance; but now, and she was glad to have her own indignant pride for her new friend strengthened by her friend's own frank word,—nothing could have drawn from her, through provocation, artifice or surprise, any least betrayal.

She would not have told Mrs. Turnbull that while all of the furnishings of the little house which had been observable in the landing from the wagons, or patent at windows, were of the simplest, there were other things that had come invisibly in safe foldings and packings, which gave marvelous tone and finish to the home Ascotney Street knew nothing of; things quite out of Ascotney Street experience or imagination. She would not have said that while "there was not a wooden carpet in the house," there were rugs of indescribable softness and richness in the bed rooms, a superb tiger skin with ivory claws stretched out before the settee-like sofa of wicker work in one parlor, and that in the other was a bear-skin like a snow-drift. She might not have been able to state that a great beautiful etching of a Mandoline upon one wall was an Overbeck; or a painting of a tiny, lovely bit of wood-glade, with two rabbits alert and listening, with slender, erected ears that seemed to say "hark!" like uplifted fingers,—whence you felt at once the gesture of the uplifted finger must have somehow grown,—and quivering with the spring that was presently to take them flashing away into a thicket from some as yet far-off alarm, was a real Landseer. She would not have told of the children's "moon," or the fair, white sculpture of the Persephone that rested on the only bit of velvet or fine upholstery stuff in the room, a garnet-covered bracket; she would not have counted as upholstery a table-cover or two that were like woven pictures; nor spoken of the books that filled from floor to ceiling a plain set of dark-stained shelves.

Of the life they lived there, it would have been of no use to speak; people must live a piece of such to know it. The very questions of the children were of a range and realm that the mere good-clothes-wearing, scrupulous-card-leaving, lunch-spreading and lunch-eating round had never touched; that it was too busy with its own laborious following and striving to reach up to.

They played out whole fairy-tales in the white room and the rooms adjoining, which were the children's for their sleep and sport; and the long L-passage and the outer platform with the garden stairs leading to the shade and pleasantness of the small but pretty grounds, served them for space and scenery enough. Mrs. Sunderland was as happy and as earnest as Alice and Rick; she said she liked them to live out their little imaginations, and represent in action what had so pleased them in fancy. To them it was realization; and to realize one's ideals, even if beginning only with nursery fables, was the way to live. It would lead to actualization of theories perhaps, in after times, which otherwise might remain useless day-dreams forever. For this very reason she but slightly approved of exhibited theatricals: these were formalizing less of the thing than the shadow; they beguiled into self-consciousness; whereas the genuine "be-ing," as the children called it, their favorite characters, and the "doing" of their deeds, was a self-surrender to that which they ardently delighted in and admired.

With all their pretty make-believes, Jane thought there were never little people so honestly and simply real, as the two little Sunderlands.

"The great mistake in all living," said Mrs. Sunderland to her, "is the keeping of two separate selves: one that would be, and one that is. There is always some way of uniting the two."

"Do you think so?" asked Jane, surprised. "There is something that is stronger than would or will, I'm afraid. *Must* treads both down."

"Make must serve your own turn, then," said Mrs. Sunderland.

"Men may do that," said Jane, meekly. "They make the world suit them, or turn it upside down. Girls have a hard time."

"Are you there, little one?" asked Mrs. Sunderland, with a laugh. "Better steer round that snag; let the iron double-boots run against that.—My dear!" she broke forth in fresh, serious earnest, boys have a hard time! They're getting so dreadfully shoved aside. They're pushed away from behind the counters, and out of the professions. I think it's a great shame. Why, a young man can't marry, nowadays; until some young woman, I suppose, has laid up a prudent competence, enough to support a husband and comes and asks him. And by the time they might come, they know better; there isn't any motive. A man can't make a home, while the woman does the other thing! I've a feeling on this subject, Jane; I've got kinsmen,—and friendsmen,—and I know how horrid it is for them. They would want nice wives, of course; and they would want nice poor old Hans gone out west, away from everybody he likes and belongs to, to ride round among the ranches, and get caught in the blizzards;—why don't these enterprising women do that, if they're so equal to everything? Men have to take the rough, it seems, and make the places, and women are to come in as fast as they're smoothed out and fill all up, and drive on the poor fellows that ought to be some of the husbands, to more wilderness, like the hunted aborigines!"

"Women can't all marry," said Jane. "No, of course they can't, under such circumstances. It's because the men can't. I don't say it's all their doing,—just in this way; but that's part of it; and between the dolls

and the drivers, it's done. And then, where the men aren't angels, it comes back upon the women, and there are the poor unspeakables!"

"Still, as things are, we have got to work, or starve, or—come to the unspeakable."

"Work,—yes; you're in the right line, my dear; but the other two,—no! there are homes yet; and they want more women in them. Daughters don't stay; or if they do, it isn't much for home, only for headquarters; literally, a place to put their heads in when they aren't in their bonnets. They've got the boom, and they're off for outside careers and causes. This is where the change and the compensation come in, and will keep the world round, after all. It's a game of puss-in-the-corners, and the wise pussies will slip into the corners, by the firesides and the mending-baskets and the cradles. You're all wanted there, Jane Gregory, and you're not wanted in the crowd and all hustle."

"I wonder if women couldn't do something in the new places," said Jane, thoughtfully.

"Out there among the blizzards? why, yes; and as fast as they get there, they do it; the women's part of it, and that way has to be often, to be sure, a piece of the men's; but for the first clearing, the very roughest, the men generally go ahead alone. After the families begin, there begin to be pussy corners, you know, too; even in log cabins."

"I don't see how the families do begin," said Jane.

"A few go in families at the start, of course; some leave their families in the old places for a while, and fetch them when they've chopped the woods a little, or ploughed up a bit of prairie; and then there are the towns that are laid out and settled up all up in the lump, like the sentences children read without spelling. I never considered it very systematically; but that's the way we hear about it. And—O, the railroads, of course; they are like rockets with lines to them fired off from point to point over the breaks and chasms, and bridging the way for the crowd, that will go wherever it sees a bridge. O yes; settling the country is done by the big job, now, but it doesn't make new country into old home, for all that; and it's hard for a long time for a man like—Hansel."

Mrs. Sunderland felt a sudden little mental twitch when she came to the name that before had been so quick upon her lips. She had nearly said something else, and then it occurred to her that she would not. Not at all in any wild, remote, impossible reference to Jane; such never entered her sensible head; only as it concerned herself. Something inclined her, in the attitude things had taken with her in Ascotney Street, not to make manifest even to Jane, quite yet, the least bit of her personal and social links; names and relationships open up a good deal. "Sunderland" might happen to be anybody's name; but if the whole of Doctor Hansel's, and its connection with herself, were as this and that set together, they would, to a great many people, give the key to the whole story which she meant for a while to have the fun of keeping to herself. Not one of these small Ascotney Street men of the modern little multitudinous business world, but would have heard, at least traditionally, of the stately old mercantile firm of Griffith and Sunderland, that was great on the wharf and the exchange, long before Ascotney street was even a cross footpath over the country fields, or ever an "hourly" omnibus plodded from that precinct to the city. And nobody who knew by the merest hearsay of present general society, but could tell you that the Griffiths and Sunderlands had so married back and forth in two or three generations, besides reaching matrimonially into other strong parallels, that these stood as at the head of a list, the very mention of any single family of which suggested a whole clan and history of social power, having its roots in at least three great metropolitan centres. It did not matter in individual cases, whether the money power were there or not; of course many a young Griffith or Sunderland had his own way to make, as Margaret said; and probably it came all the harder upon them in the matter of starting new centres and planting new homes.

All this parenthesis is ours; it was but a flash in Margaret Sunderland's mind as she spoke.

"Is it Doctor Hansel who is the children's uncle Hans?" Jane asked quite innocently. "They call him so," answered the duplicit Margaret.

GRETEL TO HANSEL.

"You need not thank me so meekly, dear old Hans, for my tumultuous letter-writing to you; it is my only safety valve. But then you always were my steam-escape, you know.—the only one I can puff off all my half-condensed sublimations to. How queer it is that nobody seems to realize,—as we always did, since the days we travelled off to the old witch fairy's sugarcandy-and-gingerbread house together,—that all we do in this world, is to live out some fable or other; and that "only a fable" means only a thing factable. You needn't laugh at my English words or my Latin derivation. I've looked it out and don't care. It's all one in creation—to speak and to do. You were half right and two thirds wrong,—and that also is an anti-common-sense possibility—in shaking your head at my experiment in coming here to Ascotney Street, and trying life alongside a different row of people from those I had been accustomed to, and who, I insist upon it, had a most limiting and repressing influence upon one whole side of me that was getting para-

lyzed and withered in consequence of the cramp and useless tying down. I knew I was right at the start, and in the leading motive,—to do something at my end that should correspond to what brave old Rick was doing at his, and so the sooner, perhaps, make the two ends meet again. I knew I was right in leasing Bay Hill, and getting out of the expenses there; it was no use for Rick to say 'you can remain as you are; I don't see any need to alter things essentially for you here;' when I knew the money it would take would be just so much out of what he was going off to the opposite meridian to get together again and make up his losses with; just so much time lengthened out,—days for dollars,—in our separation. For the way of living involves so much,—more than just the house-keeping accounts from month to month; it settles the whole principle of plan and calculation and necessity in the general and for the future. I knew he would not come back until he could feel he need never go again; and I wanted—in case of disappointments or break in health, or any trouble here apart from money, in which we must have each other, that there should be a kind of living established and proved that he could come right back to. I wanted to find out that we might do without paraphernalia. Besides all this, I had a curiosity. I wanted to take the chance to dip a while into a different piece of the story; to get near to something simpler,—something more primitive and neighborly. I thought I should like to live in a quiet little country street, with people who did not ride in their own carriages, or give grand receptions, but knew each other's little ins and outs, and were especially sympathetic with the outs. There's just where I missed it. They don't. I plunged myself, unbidden and without introduction, right into the midst of the fiercest kind of an aristocracy; aristocracy, I was going to say, in the making; only I fancy it is not precisely the genuine process. It is rather aristocracy in the potential; and which takes upon itself the indicative. Do you believe, they wouldn't let me in? I've been here six months, and not a creature has called upon me. They look at me over the fences, and spy me out and guess at me, and decide that I am not their sort, and that the bars are not to be let down. So I have hidden myself up more than ever. And the fun of it—is even beyond what the experiment would have been! I never guessed before how easy it was to hide and be forgotten. Why, you have only to slip out of your place for a moment, with whatever slight pretext, and—provided you have done nothing to bring the police after you,—there aren't half a dozen persons to bother about you, or care whether you ever turn up or not, till you choose to put yourself in evidence once more. 'Out of town' is all there needs to be said about it. 'Gone a journey,'—it doesn't matter whether five miles or five thousand, since you're off, and people have turned round to the next thing. I would have gone out west with you, if that hadn't been too really a wild notion with the children; but here, only as far west as Chesterbury. I am just as secure. Even if I run up against anybody in a town shop, I need only say, 'down from the country on an errand or two,' and they let me go again, both out of sight and out of mind, with the most Barkis-y willingness! Of course I owe much immunity to the fact that Rick has gone to the far Indian seas to patch up the hole in his fortune, and that we sold the town house and the ponies and a carriage or two, before he left. Doubtless when some of the kin reassemble within easy drive after their scattered summerings, it will change the aspect. A few more carriages coming and going will perhaps open wider the curious eyes, to a kind of enlightenment they can take in. The fun will then be to see what they can consistently do about it.

(Continued on page 16.)

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CHRISTMAS AT GUTTORMSON'S.

By KATHARINE B. FOOT.

CHAPTER II.

"I have got a house," said Gustave. "Will you go, Jorgina? It is on an island—it is nine miles from land. There is a hotel here, and in summer oh so many people and flowers, Jorgina, dere was loads—loads. It is rent free, and in winter I can fish for pollock for the salmon factory down to Buritan's Point—dere is one dere too—and for cod, and in summer I can fish and sail boats for de'otel."

and all their worldly goods were on board a fishing schooner bound for the island. All the Guttormssons save Hjalmar, the eldest of the children. Jorgina cried so when she spoke to Miss Grace about Hjalmar's losing all his schooling, that Miss Grace said, "Well, don't cry, Mrs. Guttormson; we'll see what can be done." And so it was arranged a few days later that Hjalmar should stay at the doctor's and go to school and work in the stable and chop wood and make fires and run errands. Mrs. Guttormson was very thankful, but she cried all the same, as they sailed away from the wharf at Portside.

remember dat, Jorgina!" and then he was off. Jorgina sat and sobbed on the doorstep and nursed her baby and felt utterly miserable. "Oh, de men—dey don't know," she said to herself. "How can I efer run round dis 'ouse in de col' winter?—Oh, dear me!" and she drew a long sigh. Just then she heard voices, and looking up, saw a girl with a bright, fresh face, and a basket in her hand, coming towards her over the rocks.

"All my own?" said Gustave. "I can't believe it." "You may believe it," said Miss Jessy laughing. "Here, young Viking," and she gave a peach to Alfred, aged five, to repress his warlike descent upon himself, aged three, who was eating the last of his cake. "Dose chillin' is allus fightin'," said Gustave. "I don't know who dey ged's it vrom—dey don't ged it vrom me anyhow." Miss Jessy laughed and looked at Jorgina, who laughed too.



remember dem Bernsteins what Mina, dat girl you know, have used to stay vid?" "Oh yes," said Mrs. Guttormson. "dey vas nice." "Oh you hold on," said Gustave. "Dey vas nice people, dey lived in dat house vat Mr. Henry say I can have, 'cause he like Norwegian peoples—an' de Bernsteins is gone west. Now vat you say?" "Oh Gustave," said his wife. "I know now all 'bout it—it is feery lonely dere—dere is no odder voman on dat island all vinder and dere is no neighbors any time—it is all alone by it-self, an' de shore is nine miles away."

and grass. Their house was the only one visible on that island—a queer weather-beaten little house looking three stories high from where she stood, with a gleam of red curtains in three windows, one in each story. A door was opposite to her looking towards the water, and Jorgina, baby in arms, toiled up the hill. The key was in the door, and she turned it and went into a tiny little entry, and from it a small room; from that a door opened. "This goes up stairs," she thought, and opened it, but only a closet was there, and no stairs. As she stood bewildered, Gustave came up with a big bundle, which he dropped on the floor and said, "Well, Jorgina, ain't it bretty nice 'ouse?" "Dere ain't none—dere's a door up stairs, and a door down sdairs, an' you go round outside; an' dis is on'y de kitchen, Jorgina. Come round an' see."

it's really only a very little way, and the Bernsteins were very happy here. "But they wasn't on'y one voman and childun," said Jorgina plaintively. "No," said Miss Jessy. "There were three of them; but there was only one child, and only one man, you know." "Yes," said Jorgina. "We saw your husband when he was here on the yacht, and he told us all about being a Jonah over in Portside. Such nonsense!" and she laughed merrily. Just then Gustave came round the house with a table on his head and the legs in the air. He put it down when he saw the lady. "Ah, Captain Thompson," she said, "so you are here, and I've come over to welcome you and to give you a piece of good news. In the first place Mr. Henry said you must all of you come over to the hotel to-night and get your supper and sleep there, because you can't get your beds up, it's so late," and she seemed a little nervous, "and Captain Thompson, we've made up a little purse for you to get your boat, you know"—she didn't say she had earned it for them by giving a reading—and the money is in the safe at the hotel—it's sixty dollars!" said Gustave. "My goodness!" "You see," said Miss Jessy, "you must have a boat, and Mr. Henry said he told you he'd lend you one, but it's nicer to have your own, you know."

That night two people sat alone near the end of the long piazza. "Here come the Thompsons," said one softly; it was Miss Jessy. One boy was crying; the father was in front with another, who was remarking scornfully, "You baby, vat for you ky?" "Ah, I recognize the voice of the Viking," said Miss Jessy softly, "and his name is Alfred." The family strayed along the piazza, the mother carrying the baby, two little ones dragging on her skirts. Weeping and muttering walking alone, and Gustave and Alfred looking in at the windows of the music room as they passed. "Dear me!" said a girl's voice. "What an existence to live here all winter—oh horrors!—all the time.—I'd rather die." "Yet we expect these people to be truly grateful for what we wouldn't accept," said Miss Jessy. "Truly this is a queer world."

On the way over to the little house next morning Jorgina sat down to rest in a covered pavilion on the highest point on the island, which was directly on their way. The sun was half an hour high on a clear day, and touched with golden light the red roofs of hotel and cottages. It sent a rosy gleam across the water to where the main land lay a line of bluish gray. Across the calm water, fell the reflection of the boats moored near the steamer's dock,—the waves broke with a gentle swash upon the rocks and the little gardens about the cottages were brilliant with many colors and all of the most brilliant kind. Yet Jorgina sighed and the tears filled her eyes; the rocks were so bare and so gray and so cold—the little house below her looked gray and chill; for the sun had not touched it. There were no trees, not even scrub pines, only here and there patches of grass and occasionally some spears of golden rod, huckleberry bushes in plenty and poison ivy every where, which flourished in a dread luxuriance. Behind, before, all around her lay the ocean, broken, it is true, towards the east and south by two or three islands, on two of which were buildings, one a large hotel already closed and looking desolate enough, and that house was the only one visible from Jorgina's windows. "I could bear it," she thought, "I could be happy if I had Inga and the mother here, and now we are none of us happy. We are all of us lonely; they are too."

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1890.

By LEE C. HARRY.

With song and laughter welcome to our lands
The youngest born of Time—the glad New
Year!

The people of the earth with outstretched
hands

And eager hearts, give greeting; not one tear
Shall dim his birth! He comes to us a
King—

Clothed in a royal garb of hope and love,
While in his train fast follows each rare thing
Which dowers man with happiness—to prove
That life is bright and joyous, true and good.
Despite the storms which oft disturb its flood.

Then Bells, chime merrily—ring him in cheer-
ily.

He is blithesome and bonnie and dear,
And while ye are pealing our hearts will be
feeling

That the hearts of our loved ones are near.
Ring in the North—and summon ye forth
The friend by his deeds confessed;

Ring in the South—for the sweet warm
mouth

Of the woman we love the best.
Ring in the East—and the New Year's feast
Shall make the land its own;

Ring in the West—the Pacific's breast
Re-echoes each joyous tone!

IF I WERE A MAN.

By ELIZABETH B. CUNTER.

I have been asked to join the recent discus-
sion on what women would do if they were
men.

For my part, there are many things!

In the first place, I would be fair and
square with my wife and start out by telling
her enough of my circumstances to enable her
to gauge her domestic and personal expenses
by my income. I would be patient with her
and teach her to manage an allowance. With-
out doubt, if a man marries a girl for whom
everything has been bought previously, he
cannot expect a financier all in a minute.

I know a woman who fell short in making
her allowance answer, although she had fixed
the sum herself, first one year and then
another. She announced to her liege in tell-
ing him this fact that "there was danger ahead,
a strike was imminent." The man said that
every one in these days of anarchy ought to
protect themselves against the rising of the
masses, even when the first signs were dis-
covered in one small woman. The third year
after the increase, the Madame was trium-
phant and even bought her husband a present,
the pleasure of which was not marred by
the fact that she had been obliged to go to
him for the money.

The papers announce an embezzlement and
facetiously call out "where is the woman?"
But these occasions where men appropriate
other people's money would not be half so
frequent—that is, where crime is committed
to obtain money to meet the extravagant de-
mands of a wife,—if there were only more fair-
ness on the part of husbands to their better
halves. A woman is a good deal of a failure
who will not be willing to retrench if her hus-
band reposes sufficient confidence in her to
explain reasons for economy.

Again, if I were a man I would not risk
the contempt of women by ignorance of things
her strength renders it often a physical impos-
sibility to undertake. If my parents had pre-
vented my learning to swim, to ride, to drive,
to fire a gun, I would not rest until I had
achieved those necessary accomplishments,
even in maturer years. I know a man who is
way up near the head in literary life who
confessed that he was afraid of the water to-
day as he was in boyhood but he had been
fighting this dread all his life, compelling him-
self to battle with the waves whenever he was
in their vicinity; for he was intensely ashamed
of the weakness and believed that no man had
a right to live who would not possess him-
self of this and kindred manly arts.

It is as much a part of a man's duty to learn
how to swim that he may rescue lives, to know
and be fearless with a horse that he may save
imperilled people, or should the bridle or lines
be in his own hands, to conquer and control a
stubborn or frightened beast, as it is to speak
the truth, or be honest in his avocations. In
our law-abiding land the use of pistols is rarely
necessary, but I would not rest until I knew
how to load and manage a weapon and prac-
tice at a mark enough at least to "hit the side
of a barn" in the words of the old saying.
When that rare occasion does come where the
accurate shot from a pistol is the only possible
alternative, the admiring eyes of women
ought to be enough to reward a man for hav-
ing made himself familiar with fire arms.

If men only knew how we women admire
them when they do something which nerve
and strength render it a physical impossibil-
ity for us, there would be fewer of them who
neglect these qualifications for our admiration.

Then, too, if I were a man I would cry.
After having won the right to tears by a coura-
geous, successful, self-reliant life, and thereby
cleared myself of the accusation of weakness,
I would boldly unfurl a large sized handker-
chief whenever I felt a coming moisture in
my eyes at the play, or listening to music, or
to an eloquent sermon; reading a touching
story or seeing a pathetic sight. Instead of
sniffing, looking up at the ceiling, winking
very fast to keep the tears from forming into
drops, I would bury my face in my handker-
chief and bo-hoo.

A sensible woman is not prodigal of her
tears. She sheds them in public only when
the deepest fountain of her feeling is moved.
If society or public opinion is changed by this
timely (!) suggestion, it does not follow that
men need plunge wildly into this privilege
and cry often, but I contend, that whenever
an ordinarily self-contained woman weeps, a
man may be allowed also to shed his quota of

tears. It is written that "tears are to a man
what prayers are to a woman" and thereby we
infer that they are too sacred, too holy for
every day use, but I would see the pathetic
places in the play responded to by a coura-
geous display of something tangible to cry on
instead of stanching the flow, which is so
creditable to a tender heart, by gloves, by sur-
reptitious movements of the fingers, or accu-
rate imprinting of the cane in the midst of a
globe that threatens to spatter the breast of
a manly coat.

I know a manly man who is under process
of reconstruction regarding the briny drops
that he has exercised his ingenuity over for
years. At one time he casually folded his
programme and carelessly held it to his cheek
or mildly stanching the flow of tears by mov-
ing the paper up and down, as if in a fit of dis-
traction. The result was, when he turned to
go home, two deep black furrows made by
printers ink, extended from his eyes to his
mouth. Then the women with him—women
who had faced sorrows, troubles, anxieties,
and believed in the relief of tears—said "In
mercy's name, do cry with a handkerchief in-
stead of a programme after this."

The bravest, the most distinguished, the
most brilliant men I have ever known have
shed tears, and I know that tender hearted
women honor them for it and thoroughly be-
lieve in the equal distribution of this hitherto
one-sided privilege.

Once more, if I were a man I would not be
afraid to be seen carrying bundles. He is
mistaken if he thinks his manliness is affect-
ed, or that the women who pass him will hon-
or him less.

Every one honors his fearlessness in trying
to grasp the hardest object to hold, a round
box made glossy and slippery by the highly
polished pasteboard of which it is made. It is
true the system of delivery from shops and
the messenger boy have done away with the
constantly recurring necessity for carrying
bundles, but there are exigencies such as
when a train is to be caught, or the Madame
wants to wear something that won't go by
the night delivery or some other unforeseen
circumstance, where a man can confer great
pleasure on his wife by taking a box or parcel
himself.

The suburban husband is on the high road
to perfection in this respect. If one chances
to wait a train at the grand central or a boat
at the ferry, watch the miles of married men
that rush forward to the ticket office and few
there are who do not embrace something fem-
inine in the way of a box, bundle or parcel.
There is no mistaking that these traps are for
the women at home. If the papers that en-
close them are not emblazoned with the shop
keeper's name, there is a suspicious shaping
to the package that proclaims that it is not
for men's use. As this army of bread win-
ners troop by in the station or ferry house, I
send a flock of blessings out hoping that they
will light on the heads of those men who,
having been obliged to take their wives to
the country for economical living, are going
to reward their lonely day by some little tok-
en of their appreciation or bring home the
bundle of goods which their generous purse
had allowed the wife to buy.

And, lastly, if I were a man I would keep
holidays with my wife. The anniversary of
my marriage would be such a marked event
she should imagine another wedding day with
its festivities had occurred.

A man of refined tastes must be pretty poor
if he cannot once a year mark that happy
epoch in his life by a bunch of flowers. If he
rhymes, he can tell her in verse what he told
her in prose the first wedding day. Perhaps
if he fights for the leisure time long in advance,
he can get a whole day to go off with his wife
for a yearly wedding trip. The grind of life is
too severe not to render it necessary for men
and women to strive to let in a little extra sun-
shine on the sombre path by marking the
birthdays and the anniversaries, and thus en-
couraging those amenities that all agree are
so soon dropped in matrimonial experience,
unless closely watched.

AN ALGERIAN WEDDING FEAST.

A marriage celebration in Algeria is an in-
teresting relic of ancient customs. The bride-
groom goes to bring the bride, and the guests
assembled outside the house will wait for his
coming. Soon the sound of pipes is heard
coming from the summit of some neighbor-
ing hill, and the marriage procession ap-
proaches the bridegroom's house. The pipers
always come first in the procession, then the
bride muffled up in a veil, riding a mule led
by her lover. Then comes a bevy of gorgeously
dressed damsels, sparkling with silver or-
naments, after which the friends of the bride
follow. The procession stops in front of the
bridegroom's house, and the girl's friends line
both sides of the pathway. The pipers march
off on one side, while the bridegroom lifts the
girl from the mule and holds her in his arms.
The girl's friends thereupon throw earth at the
bridegroom when he hurries forward and car-
ries her over the threshold of his house.
Those about the door beat him with olive-
branches, amid much laughter. In the even-
ing, on such occasions, the pipers and drum-
mers are called in, and the women dance, two
at a time, facing each other; nor does a couple
desist until, panting and exhausted, they step
aside to make room for another. The dance
has great energy of movement, though the
steps are small and changes of position slight,
the dancers only circling round occasionally.
But they swing their bodies about with an
astonishing energy and suppleness. As leaves
flutter before the gale, so do they vibrate to
the music; they shake; they shiver and trem-
ble; they extend quivering arms, wave veils,
and their minds seem lost in the abandon and
frenzy of the dance, while the other women,
looking on, encourage by their high, piercing,
trilling cries, which add to the noise of the
pipes and drums.

To the traveller, the scene is one not alone
of interest but full of a weird and strange fas-
cination that absorbs the mind and attention.

A WORD FOR AN OLD FAVORITE.

By FELICIA HOLT.

In conversation with an old Yorkshireman,
this morning, he made a proposition of which
I deprecated the wisdom, and his reply, set me
thinking: "You know it would be progress."

Even the humblest have caught the spirit of
the age and they with their betters cry on-
ward! even if we leave the good, nay; the best,
behind us, it is nothing so we progress. The
substance which filled us with good, morally
and physically, has no longer a claim; it is the
fashion to catch at straws, though they prove
the veriest chaff. The solid silver teapots and
spoons, the rich old mahogany, daily waxed
and rubbed, with the stiff brocades of our
grandmother's time, have given place to the
Gorham plate, machine-made furniture and
the flimsy silk of to-day,—the to-day in which
we have little time to ponder over a three-
volume novel, or any novel in which the
writer uses his pen with a gentle dalliance,
that shows he loves his hero, his heroine and
his reader. Now we require a cyclone of pas-
sion and distress told us in a few words with
the rapidity of a type-writer, or else a simoon
of immorality that stuns while it fascinates.
So it has come to pass that our dear old friend
Charles Dickens has been relegated to the back
shelf in our library, and the world is fast for-
getting how, in past years, it wept with little
Nell or laughed with Pickwick. David Copper-
field and Dora, Traddles and his "dearest
girl," are no longer interesting lovers, Dombey
and Son have passed with the ashes of "Cleop-
patia," otherwise Mrs. Skewton. Little Dorrit
and the Marshalsea scarce hold a niche in our
remembrance. Nicholas Nickleby, Oliver
Twist, Martin Chuzzlewit all belong to the
procession of the departed; so too Bleak House
giving us that wonderful resumé of the Lord
Chancellor's court and all the poor wretches
in Chancery, Sir Leicester Dedlock, baronet,
My Lady so bored and so haughty and so un-
fortunate, Dame Durden so cheery, Mr.
Jarndyce even "with the wind in the east"
better than most men, dear little willing
Charley and most detestable Mr. Smallweed,
poor Joe "a moving on," Laddie Jelly and
her Prince Turveydrop and scores of others
introduced to us between the same covers, and
with whom we would linger for the sake of
auld lang syne. But it is the purpose of this
paper to speak particularly of what may be
denominated, in many respects, the master-
piece of Dickens, that marvelous book called,
"A Tale of Two Cities." From title page to
the last concluding words:—

"It is a far, far better thing than I do, than
I have ever done,"—our interest is held un-
flinching, and as we part with the inhabitants
of those cities and the writer who so graphi-
cally pictures to us their lives and their deaths,
we wonder did not some feeling come to him
that he had here given us his very best, and
in "Twenty-three's" soul he had put his own
experience. The remarkable versatility of
Dickens is here so admirably displayed; we
are comfortably seated in old England, Lon-
don, and its busy quiet is around us, as we
listen for the echoing ever-passing foot-
steps in the old house at Soho Square, Charles
Darnay and his Lucie bear us company, while
their little Lucie peeps over the shoulder of
good Mr. Lorry, the staunch adherent of the
English banking house of Tellson's. In a
moment the scene changes, we are across the
channel, St. Antoine and it's horrors fill our
affrighted senses, we flee to the country where
we find "every blade of grass, every green leaf
and every blade of grain was as shrivelled" and
as poor as the miserable people; whom Mon-
seigneur "had squeezed and wrung." We
ride on that wonderful ride with "the accursed
with his face thrown up to the sky and his
head hanging down, who swung by the chain
of the shoe—the drag of Monseigneur" of
high breeding. We reach his magnificent
mansion, we sit at his table and watch him
as he raises his glass of Bordeaux to his lips,
—see him put it down, ask calmly—always
calmly—for Monseigneur there is no cause to
hurry,— "What is that?" and on the com-
mand to open the blinds we listen with bated
breath, expecting to hear Gaspard cry out "in
his earthly voice, "Dead," and see him dragged
in by the scurf of the neck and killed as he
deserved, for interrupting the repast of Mon-
seigneur.

We go to the voluptuous bed-room of Mon-
sieur the Marquis, we see him with a long
sigh compose himself to sleep, we see the
stone faces on the outer walls stare blindly at
the black night, we go to the little burial
place "with its heaps of poor grass," the figure
of the cross hangs still there, the taxers and
the taxed are asleep; are we also guilty that we
make no outcry? Dawn comes, surely that
face nearest the window has changed, it
"seems to assume a horror-stricken gaze," our
pulses quicken as "with the winds of the
earth, now with the birds of the air," then
with the mender of the roads, lastly with
Monsieur Gabelle, we mount and gallop back
to the fine bed-chamber and gaze with eyes
almost as eager as those of "the rats of the
village," on the stone face so "lately added to
the chateau as it lay on the pillow of Monsieur
the Marquis, like a fine mask, suddenly
startled, made angry and petrefied." Driven
home into the heart of the stone figure at-
tached to it was a knife. Round its hilt was
a frill of paper on which was scrawled, "Drive
him fast to his tomb. This from Jacques."

Back to St. Antoine to see Madame Defarge
still knitting and "seeing nothing." Home
again to old England where we find Lucie "in
her sweet compassion," growing tenderer and
stronger each year, faithful in her duties, most
faithful to that wonderful man her father, Dr.
Manette, sometime shoemaker of the Bastille,
known as one hundred and five, North Tower.
There is so much that is fine and really
grand in this work of Dickens, that I wince at
my own temerity as I turn page after page
and find so much that calls for praise. I won-
der, I say, at myself, that I dare attempt to
point out even a few of its merits, but I take
courage as I reflect that Dickens has been the
spoil of the common people; it is they who

now say: "he is old, he is verbose he will not
live." The scholar has no time to attend him,
his clearness is beneath his notice; better
Browning's obscurity or Saltus' opium-ravings,
if we need novels. So we sometimes hear, as
I did very lately, a gentleman of some culti-
vation get up before a large body of intelli-
gent people and lament "that Dickens wasted
his time in writing novels."

Is there no real tragedy in the chapter
called "The Sea Still Rises?" No drama in
"A Hand at Cards?" No gruesome comedy
in the society of La Force where, waiting for
the axe, they find heart to play "some games
at forfeits?" or with the wood sawyer at his
little St. Guillotine. "I call myself Samon,
see here again, Loo, Loo, Loo. And off her
head comes. Now a child Tickle, tickle. And
off its head comes?"

Is there anyone in all this great nineteenth
Century that can read, with unstirred pulses
of the black prison of the "Conciérgerie" and
the "Fifty-two who roll on the life tide of
the city to the boundless everlasting sea."

Of those "Fifty-two," our own dear Sidney
Carton, not yet noticed but most dearly be-
loved, held in tenderest reverence despite his
appellation of "Jackal" and being the "vilest
and most unpromising of men," beautified by
the greatest illuminator, Love, for "greater
love hath no man than this, that a man lay
down his life for his friends."

Yes, dear Carton, the resurrection and the
Life, I feel await such as you, as with aching
heart I witness you doing yourself to death in
that cell of the Conciérgerie. Now I cannot re-
strain the falling tears as I look upon you in
that hateful tumbrel, "your brave hand
holding the work-worn, hunger worn young
fingers of the poor little weak seamstress,"
who dies patiently for the great republic of
France; and as I see you kiss her lips and she
kisses you, as you solemnly bless each other,
I fain would fall on my knees and hide my
face as La Guillotine "licks up the wine of
life" which flows from hearts such as yours
and hers.

Who beside Dickens has painted the devilry
of the French revolution in such vivid colors?
His characters are not puppets worked by
strings, but living human beings; he held his
masterly pen at such an angle that they step
off the book and live in our lives, eat with us,
walk in the streets at our side, lie down with
us at night and accompany us even to dream-
land.

Here is no bungler at his trade, he wrote of
what he knew, "Humanity and its attributes;"
he kept his finger on its great, throbbing pulse,
noted its variation and gave us the result. He
spoke of virtue to extol it and vice to deplore
it; he hunted abuses out of sight.

He is humorous and pathetic on the same
page; he has cheered the weary hearted.

He has gone into lonely households and
made them laugh with Pickwick, and he has
lingered at hospital cots until the patient has
been encouraged with the thought that the
day of unskillful saw-bones is over. He has
made us cry and he has made us laugh, and
shall we now ungratefully forget him because
he is a generation behind us? If he had given
us but the one book, "A Tale of Two Cities,"
he would deserve by the reading world to be
cherished as a thrilling narrator, dramatist
and true artist.

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DOORS AND WINDOWS

By HELEN EVERTSON SMITH.

In going about the newer parts of our cities, especially in New York or Brooklyn, one is struck with wonder at the strangeness of modern taste in many matters, but particularly at that displayed in doors and windows.

In the narrow confines of city lots we cannot build the grand houses of Queen Elizabeth's time, but there are some features of the Elizabethan architecture which we could adapt and add much to the live-ability of our houses.

Not long since, a contractor discovered what—in his opinion—was an error in the plans by which he had agreed to erect a certain house.

"But," pleaded the contractor, "If I made the doors and windows as wide as you have em marked, they'd be out of all proportion, too big for the house."

"If these narrow slits are to the house," said the disgusted owner rapping the posts with his cane, "then I'm out of proportion myself, for I could hardly get through some of these doors without turning side-ways."

"And," continued the dismayed contractor, "And—besides—I should have to get such doors as you want made to order, and that would cost a good deal more than to get them of the usual sizes."

There was the secret of it. But if one is able to build him a house, his estimates of cost should provide for commodious doors.

Care should be taken that doors open in the right direction and have free space to swing without clashing against or barring some other door.

The situation of interior doors may seem to be a small matter, but it is the little annoyances of every day recurrence that wear upon nerves and patience the most.

A point of no slight importance is to so place the doors of bed rooms that, when open, they may afford a clear draft of air through the rooms without exposing to general view the occupants of the beds.

Windows are truly the eyes of the house and as essential as its foundation walls. And they

are something more. Windows form the principal decoration of the exterior of a dwelling house, and either make or mar its beauty. No other architectural feature, however beautiful in itself, can do away with the factory-like effect of long rows of narrow windows.

In parlors, dining-rooms and libraries there can be no objections and there are good reasons in favor of one or two sides of the room being almost all windows.

Two windows of each three feet wide in the openings, and of proportionate height, may admit as much air and light as one window of double the size, but the outlook will be broken, the sun cannot come so broadly in, and the general effect is far from the same.



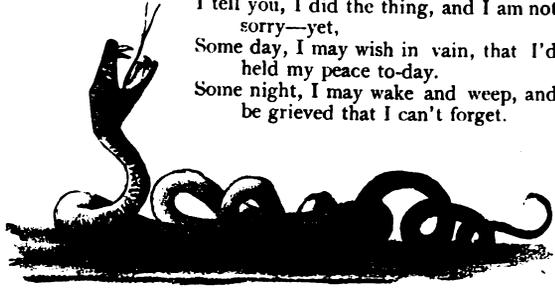
By MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

It was hardly a word, it was hardly a glance; 'twas a lifting of the brows. It only told that I knew, somewhat,—it were safer not to tell!

It were nobler perhaps to have hidden the evil out of my sight, Nobler to put my petty pique, and my envy under a ban.

Yes, I know I have made much mischief; I know and I do not care; I hate her with all my heart, and hate is the mother of death;

Who fancies that sin repents, that a conscience awakes to hurt?



I tell you, I did the thing, and I am not sorry—yet, Some day, I may wish in vain, that I'd held my peace to-day.

a house with windows precisely like those in John of Barneveldts prison at the Hague. Behind its narrow, grating-like sashes, set deeply in the stone walls, its owner—if he be not a dwarf—will have to bend low to bring his eyes on a level with the top of the narrow row of tiny panes; and so deep is the em- brouse that he can only look straight before him.

BONNIE'S PRAYER.

By ANNA R. HENDERSON.

Dear little Bonnie, four years old; Thoughtful as child of her age could be; Said her prayers as her mother told

But she said one night, this quaint little elf, "I've a wish, my Mamma so good and true, Let me kneel by the bedside, all by myself, And make my prayers, as the big folks do."

So all were quiet as mice could be While Bonnie robed in her night gown white, Stole on tip toe, and bent her knee All alone for her prayers that night.

Only a moment the wee head bowed, Then the face came up with a smile most fair While the other children laughed aloud At the wondrous shortness of Bonnie's prayer.

Then came a little flush of dismay Over the radiant face so small, "I couldn't think of much to say, So I said 'Lord keep me,' and that was all."

Papa kissed her and gravely smiled: "That was the best of prayers, my dear; It was all you needed to say, my child. You could ask no more, if you prayed a year."

WHAT IS "GOOD FORM."

By MRS. F. M. HOWARD.

A paragraph in a recent issue of a society paper declared, that "Senator Blank poured his tea into his saucer to cool before drinking. No gentleman would be guilty of such an act."

Such a paragraph gives rise to the query, "What constitutes the gentleman?" The mere knowledge and observance of the minute details massed under the title of "good form," or has the title a broader and better significance? Where do these thousand and one details of good form originate?

We have no imperial court to set our fashions in arbitrary lines—to dictate to us how we shall eat our bread and butter—at just the angle it is good form to carry our fork—to tell us that it is vulgar to handle one article of food with the fingers, but the height of gentility to use them in eating something else.

Is it not a fact that what is good form in Boston may be very bad form indeed in some other city, and the etiquette which obtains one year may be away behind the times the next?

When this is true is it not a folly to be so strenuously particular in regard to these non-essentials?

Some of us have too much of real life to occupy our hands, head, and heart, to devote much time to keeping up with the frivolous in life.

It is probable that the misguided senator, who made such a fatal blunder in good form, was an earnest man, with the interests of his state at heart, and a busy round of duties awaiting him, and without a thought of the heinous offense he was committing against society, placed convenience before ceremony, and subjected himself to a newspaper paragraph.

Again, did not the society editor trespass more seriously upon the good form of kindness and real gentlemanliness in noticing the matter than his victim did upon the rules of etiquette?

While not in any sense contending for undue carelessness in table manners, still it must be confessed that there is very much that is finical and unnecessary quoted as "good form," and a person should be allowed the exercise of his own taste and good sense in observing them, without incurring the verdict "no lady" or "no gentleman," if one chances to violate one of these multitudinous rules of propriety.

One of the most perfect gentlemen I ever met, a man who made an elysian home for his wife and children through his exceeding kindness and thoughtfulness, whose guests went away charmed by his delicate attentions and the broad culture of his mind and heart, this gentleman in the best and truest sense of the word, had most shocking table habits, and I doubt not would have cooled his tea in his saucer without a prick of conscience, had it been convenient or necessary to do so.

We are returning to the old fashions by degrees, and a return to the old-fashioned method of serving meals might be a refreshing change from the fussiness of present styles.

When grandmother set her table with the steaming roast, the pile of snowy potatoes and other vegetables, the delicious cream biscuit, the berry pie or short-cake, and the coffee pot sending out its appetizing odors, dinners tasted infinitely better than now when dapper Jane and Maria hover over us with a crumb brush and tray, and keep us waiting so long between courses that one misses half the enjoyment of the meal in the tediousness of serving it.

It may answer for state occasions, but for home life is not home-like simplicity far more enjoyable, whether or not in strictly "good form."

Shall we not as Home-makers teach our young people, that while it is right and proper to observe the rules of etiquette so far as is possible without a slavish observance, and placing an undue value upon them, that the term "lady," or "gentleman," has a broader, deeper meaning than mere external graces?

The dude is usually an expert in fashionable forms: it is the deepest study his little mind is capable of; but we do not wish our daughters to turn away from the man of culture and good sense, because he is not versed in society forms, and under the mistaken impression that the former is a gentleman while the latter is only a man.

It is a happy feature of the age that our girls are coming to a higher standard of thought and feeling than ever before.

Life is becoming more and more of a real and earnest existence to them, and girls in our colleges, girls in the higher grades of industrial work, and girls even in the professions which have so long been closed against them, proclaim the fact that the days of feminine uselessness are over, and that a woman may cultivate every faculty of her heart and head, and utilize the same with her hands, without sacrificing in the least her title to ladyship.

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PHILLIDA.

By MAUD HOWE.

CHAPTER VII.

"In the midnight of thy locks, I renounce the day.
In the ring of thy rose lips, my heart forgets to pray."

The journey was at last over. Sir John drove directly to the Trevelyn's house and was shown into the empty drawing-room. He heard Rosamond's first light foot-fall on the stair, he heard her hesitate a moment in the hall outside, and then the door opened and she stood before him. In an instant he was at her side, with her hands clasped in his, her eyes looking into his. He was wondering if he had remembered her features exactly. She was all in white, with a red rose in her breast; he stooped, kissed the glowing rose, and looked silently into her eyes. He could not speak. The joy and pain moving within him were stronger than any words he knew with which to give them utterance. It was enough to look at her, and know that all this loveliness was his. Something like a prayer went up from his heart, a prayer that he might be made more worthy of the priceless treasure which would so soon be his.

Rosamond was also silent. She had nothing to say to her lover on their marriage eve. Her thoughts were busy with the happy girl-life, now almost at an end. She was to be separated from all those she had ever loved. Mother—father—sisters—she might never see them again.

Rosamond had not yet reached that period when freedom becomes loneliness, independence an oppressive burthen; she was still in the full tide of her triumphant loveliness, and no instinct save that of prudence, led her marriage-wards. She had never longed for that abiding love which outlasts fading beauties, and romantic affluities, she still found liberty very sweet. She leaned back regretfully towards the happy past, and shrank uneasily from the future. She felt an undefined fear, a terror of what to-morrow might hold for her,—only perfect love casteth out fear. The vow that she must make came coldly to her mind, she must swear in the name of the Most High to love, honor and obey this man of whom she knew so little, and who knew even less of her. Could she keep that solemn covenant? She meant to, of a surety. He was so kind, so fervent, he loved her so reverently—so passionately. She honored, she would obey him, but the love which made him on their marriage eve speechless and radiant, found no response in her nature. She felt that she must tell him, she turned towards him ready to confess her lovelessness, she opened her lips to speak, but in that moment footsteps were heard in the hall, and after a discreet delay at the threshold, her mother bustled into the room.

The dawn of the marriage day was welcome to Mrs. Trevelyn. The little lady told her black ayah that she had not closed an eye, and that the night was the worst she had ever passed since the time when her punkah walla had a fit and ceased from punkah-wallaing forevermore. Her bright eyes were less beady than usual and wore a softened look. Now that it was too late to draw back, she indulged herself in some anxious thoughts about Rosamond's future happiness. She knew full well the risk her daughter was taking. "Well marriage is a lottery at best," she said to the dusky hand-maid who was arranging her bristly brown hair. The ayah bowed a grave acquiescence. She was a patient and long-suffering listener to her mistress's endless chatter. "Any girl might think she had won a prize in Sir John, he is so handsome, so generous, so desperately in love with her. I am sure she will be happy."

"Allah in his mercy grant it!" said the woman. General Trevelyn's brother, a mild, meek-mannered man, came to consult Mrs. Trevelyn about the speech he had composed for the wedding breakfast. He was to give the bride away, and the responsibility of his position made him very pale and nervous.

In Rosamond's room, the bridesmaids were admiring the presents, each other's dresses, and the lockets Sir John had sent them, tiny miniatures of Rosamond set in brilliants. Rosamond sat before her mirror clasping the famous Lawton pearls about her long, fair neck. She was very pale and statuesque in her white dress, and she gave her last direction in her usual methodical fashion.

"Loosen the straps on my travelling-bag, Mary, they are too tightly pulled. Be sure that mamma's bonnet is straight. Please tell Thomas that the champagne must not be too much frapped. Sir John did not like it the other night."

Here her mother bustled into the room. "I do hope Clara will get the ring in the cake, mamma. Can't you give a hint to somebody about it?"

In these last supreme moments of her maiden life her mind was full of oddly-assorted thoughts.

"Do you remember old Mr. Poslethwaite's funeral, mamma?"

"Of course I do. Wouldn't your veil be a little more becoming, farther forward?"

"I think not. I was just wondering if the organist would strike up God Save the Queen, as he did then. Don't you remember how awful it was?"

Here Rosamond's bouquet was brought in, a loose bunch of white roses, with a spray of ivy. Between the leaves was a tiny note containing the words

"I attach myself or die."
The tears came to Mrs. Trevelyn's eyes, when Rosamond handed her the slip of paper. She smoothed it out, and put it away in her daughter's jewel case.

John Lawton slept soundly the night before his marriage. Armydis found him lying with his head pillowed on his arm, the sunlight streaming across the bed.

"Wake up, Endymion," cried Armydis. "Pleasant sort of bridegroom you are. Suppose I hadn't called you at all?"

"It's not so very late, is it? I was dreaming!"

"By way of doing something original, as if you had not been dreaming for the last three months."

"Armydis, did you hear what Mrs. Ackers said yesterday about the reality never coming up to our expectation?"

"Yes, I heard her say something of the sort."

"It's all bosh. I have dreamed about the woman I should marry all my life, and I never imagined anything so beautiful—so wonderful as Rosamond."

"Dear old boy, she is very lovely. I think she is very good."

"Good? She's an angel!" spluttered the hero of the day from his tub.

"I have ordered breakfast served in your sitting-room. I thought you would enjoy your last bachelor meal alone with me. The hotel is full of people we know. Archie Northbridge arrived last night, Silvertown and the Montfords came this morning."

"Have the Brandyces come yet?"

"I doubt if he comes at all; she is expected by the next train. I say, Jack, how do you suppose the Senorita feels to-day?"

"Poor little Teresita. I had forgotten her

silent prosecution. He gave another deep sigh.

"Come, old man, this sort of thing will never do. Remember, this is your wedding morning." Armydis was looking at him curiously, sympathetically.

"I wish that letter had not come to-day. I don't want to have to think about any one but—Rosamond. Take warning by me. You have always been a great deal better fellow than I—keep your love in one great solid lump, and give it all to the woman you marry. Then you may not feel on your wedding day as unworthy as I do on mine."

"You couldn't help it. Ever since I can remember people have been falling in love with you. I am a very different sort of person."

A carriage stopped before the inn door, and Armydis walked to the window.

"It's Mrs. Brandyce. Archie Northbridge is with her; he must have gone to the station to meet her."

"I had rather they had not come at all," said Sir John. "Poor things! I only want happy people to be with us to-day."

The time came to start for the church. In the vestry they found the rector and Wellington Blake getting into his surplice. The four men shook hands all round.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Where is the use of the lip's red charm,
The heaven of hair, the pride of the brow,
And the blood that blues the inside arm—

"Unless we turn as the soul knows how.
The earthly gift to an end divine?
A lady of clay is as good I trow."

There are few more amusing places in the world, wherein to spend an hour on a bright spring afternoon, than the Piazza of Saint Marco, at Venice. The square in front of the Cathedral is surrounded on three sides by the most enticing shops in the world, presided over by the most eloquent of shopkeepers. The impecunious tourist with the meagre letter of credit, may pass unscathed through the fierce contagion of Parisian shopping, he may even escape the clutches of the Roman Antiquarian, but he will be caught of a surety, in the snares of the witty Venetians. The poorer the traveller be, the more trashy and useless are the gewgaws for which he exchanges his good gold pieces so hardly earned, so painfully hoarded!

At sunset the Piazza is full of people, the tables outside the cafes are all occupied, and a motley crowd surges merrily up and down the square, keeping step with the music of the band. The rays of the setting sun touch into a brighter gold the four bronze horses over the door of Saint Mark's, and gild the waters of the fountain in the Piazzetta, where the water carriers are forever coming and going. One of these, a tall young girl, with a lithe, full figure, wearing a wide-brimmed hat, under which her plaited hair falls below her waist, passes two English gentlemen who are loitering about the square. On her shoulders she wears a saddle, into which is fitted a long pole, from either end of which hangs a pail of water. The girl makes a pretty gesture of recognition to one of the gentlemen, who says pleasantly to her—"Good evening, my child, may you always have good luck!"

"And may the mother of orphans guard you in the night and day," answers the girl. "Is she one of your models, Armydis?" asks his companion of the young man who spoke to the water-carrier.

"No, she is the sister of my gondolier. I bought them both half a dozen years ago."

"Bought them?"

"Yes, they had been sold by their relations to a vagrant musician, who beat them when he was drunk, and starved them when he was sober. Marietta was a little creature then, and Checo a half-starved boy of twelve."

"What a fellow you are, Armydis. After buying them what was the next step?" said John Lawton, looking after the young girl as she passed out of sight.

"I gave them to my good old landlady, who put them to school. For the last two years they have supported themselves."

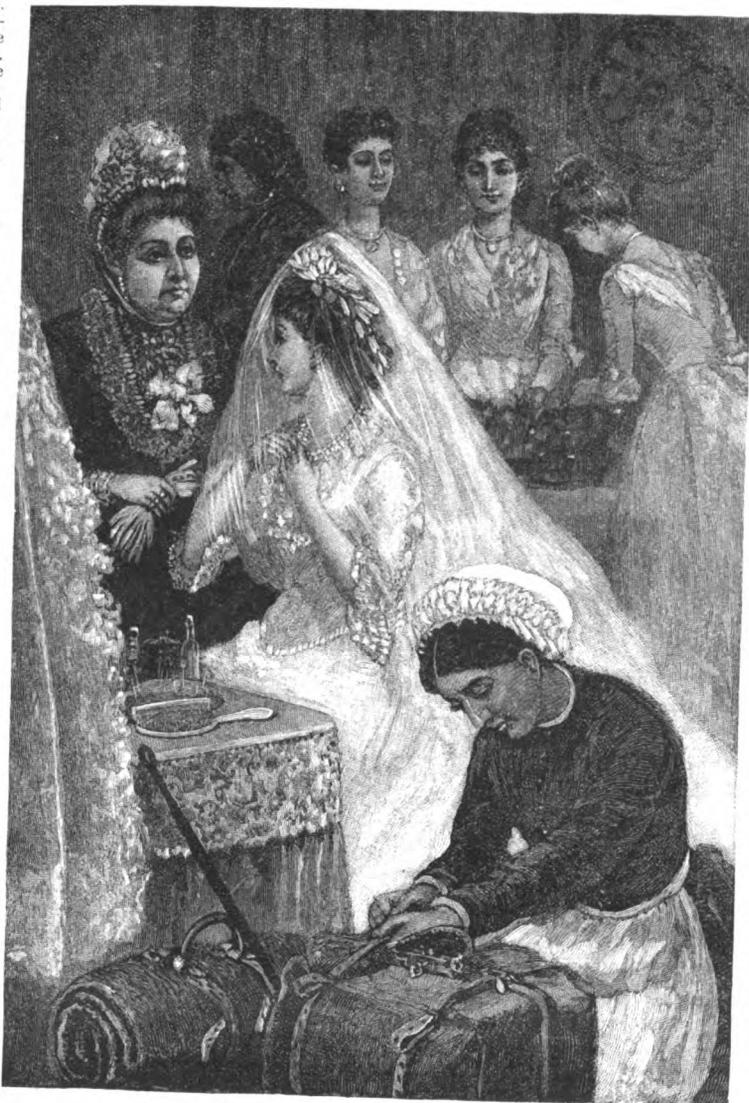
"And before that you supported them?"

"At about half the expense of keeping your dogs at home. Living is very cheap here."

The two men soon after this took their places at one of the cafe tables, and ordered some beer. The ever-shifting crowd in the piazza passes before them, picturesque and animated. Here are a couple of young Venetian dandies walking arm in arm, this mutual support being rendered almost necessary by the high heels of the tight little patent leather boots, in which they patter unsteadily about over the broad flag-stones; behind these walk swift and silent two Sisters of Charity, bound on some errand of mercy. They wear ashen gray robes girded at the waist with the thrice-knotted cord; on the breast glitters a gold cross, their faces are set in fair white linen. The humpbacked vender of candied fruits limps by, carrying a great tray covered with nuts, oranges, prunes and raisins. Here and there a woman with the red gold hair Titian loved to paint passes, and proves to us that neither the imagination of the painter, nor the mellowing touch of Time, but Nature herself, gave those wonderful colors of the Bella of Tiziano. The military element is not missing, but parades in the persons of two elderly officers with tight coats and enormous stomachs, who pace slowly by, their hands clasped behind their backs in a pathetic endeavor to try and balance things. They stare every modest woman out of countenance and make audible comments on the personal appearance of all the young ladies they meet. The warm-toned beggar, and the seller of matches, add a spice of dirt and brimstone to the scene, and overhead the white doves fly and wheel, and come circling down to earth, with low, contented cries, to pick up the corn which is scattered daily for them in the Piazza.

When they have finished their beer, the two men leave the piazza, encountering on their way a phalanx of British tourists, clad in

(Continued on opposite page.)



her very existence," said the bridegroom elect remorsefully.

"Forgotten all about her, had you?" continued the best man. "Well, I paid her the attention of sending her an invitation to your wedding. I thought it the least thing we could do."

"I ought to have written to her. What a selfish creature I am. I have thought of nothing but Rosamond and myself."

At the breakfast table Sir John found his mail. Among the other letters was a small rose-colored billet addressed in a foreign hand and bearing the Seville postmark. It was from the Senorita. She thanked him for the honor he had done her in inviting her to be present at his nuptials, and regretted that it was impossible for her to accept the polite invitation. The note closed with many wishes for My Lord's happiness and prosperity. The simple dignity of this letter touched the young man as no reproach or satire could have done. The only indication of emotion was in the tremulous handwriting. He handed it to Armydis with a sigh.

A cloud already marred the beauty of the day he had looked forward to as the happiest in his life. Poor, poor little Teresita! He sighed as he buttered his roll.

"Until I was surer of my own feelings, I ought never to have trilled with hers."

"Vanity defended."

"How could I help it? Until a man meets his fate, his fancy must rove. After all there was little harm done." A few secret hand pressures, a ribbon stolen from her dark hair and that one long kiss in the moment when they loitered behind the others in the moonlit garden. Not much for him to have taken from her, few men would have been content with so little—and he had meant only the best towards her! But conscience was not so easily to be hoodwinked, and went on with the

"Have you got the ring safe, my boy?" whispered Blake. "Don't be nervous. Speak up like a man. You are as white as cardboard."

At the first notes of the marriage hymn the door of the vestry opened and the bridegroom and his friend made their way to the altar. Sir John's heart kept time with the beautiful, passionate music, the perfume of the flowers almost intoxicated him, his senses reeled and he grasped the rail of the chancel for support.

Now the music, which had been soft and subdued, swelled into a triumphant pean, the deep melody steadied his half-fainting spirit, the fervent love and happiness that were before him swept over him in a warm tide, the light of it shone in his tender eyes, the strength of it filled him with a great pride, and he stood erect and joyous as the tall bride came rustling down the aisle towards him with the port of an empress. He hears the words of the service and makes his responses mechanically. In a maze the register is signed and he and Rosamond walk together down the rose-strewn aisle to the porch. He sees his mother's face wet with tears, and Mrs. Trevelyn's brisk and smiling, Pattie nods gayly to him, and in one of the last pews he sees Esther kneeling with clasped hands and bowed head. Near the door a man is leaning against a pillar with a stern, pale face, his eyes are fixed on Rosamond; it is Terris.

The bells ring out a merry marriage chime. There is a carriage with white horses, somebody puts Rosamond into the carriage, presses his hand, blesses him, and pushes him in after her. There is a bewildering sea of kindly faces smiling at them, and then in a little there is only one face near him, the face of a fair woman whose eyes look shyly and half-affrightedly into his.

"Is it true, Rosamond? Are you my wife?"

And Rosamond says, "Yes, dear, it is true."



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Sold by all Druggists. Price 25¢; six bottles, \$5.

PHILLIDA.

(Continued from opposite page.)

gray linen travelling gear, and armed with umbrellas and mackintoshes, in spite of the unchanging clearness of the weather.

"I wish they wouldn't," said John Lawton, irritably. "Why can't they stay at home?"

"My dear fellow, why should they?" "I like my countrywomen at home, but somehow they don't seem to add to the charm of Venice. English women ought never to go out of England, there ought to be a law about it."

"Inconsistent!" "Because I have brought Rosamond and my mother here?—Well, they are different somehow."

"The reverend gentleman who is the husband and father of those ladies thinks the same of them, I suppose. By the way, while I was sketching in Saint Mark's yesterday I noticed him kneeling before the high altar with a black book bearing a gold cross on its back, clasped in his hands. He read in the book, and then raised his eyes to Heaven in prayer, as I supposed. I happened to pass behind him a little later, and found that the cover of the book of prayer contained a copy of Murray's guide book, with the aid of which he was making out the mosaics of the dome."

By this time the young men had reached their gondola.

"You will dine with us, of course, Armydis?"

"Yes, I am anxious to hear how your mother and Esther fared in their sight-seeing."

When they reached the hotel where the Lawtons were staying, John went directly to his wife's room, leaving Armydis to smoke a cigarette in the garden.

Four years have passed since that bright marriage morn, when Rosamond Trevelyn put off her maiden state, for the untried life of wifehood, years which have brought their lessons of love, of grief, of passion, and of pain. Her husband is no flatterer when he says to her—

"Rosamond, you are more beautiful than ever."

The outward life of the two young people has run along smoothly enough. With youth, beauty, health and wealth to their dower, it seemed to those who saw them, that the perfection of human happiness must be theirs. A son was born to them, and with the advent of the child there came to Rosamond Lawton the first passion that had ever compelled her to forget herself, for another. She had been a fairly good wife, but until the day when John Lawton's child was first laid upon her breast, she had no thought of love for her husband. Then a reflected love fell upon him, and as her child's father, he began to have a certain share of her affection. Her life at Lawton Hall had been a very pleasant one. She had gained much more by her marriage than she had anticipated, a high position, a luxurious home, and a charming and devoted companion, whose forethought anticipated her lightest fancy. The wheels of her existence ran more easily and quietly than ever before. It was so restful. There was nothing more to be gained or striven for, she was established in her place in the world, and she filled it to the best of her ability, by looking as handsome, and being as good-natured as she could.

With the birth of her child, came the first great feeling of her life. The passion of maternity was the only one she had yet felt. Above the throne where herself had ever ruled in her own thoughts, this child had quietly mounted, and established itself as sovereign.

Sir John found Rosamond sitting with her baby in her arms. She held up her finger to him as a sign that the child was asleep. He took a low stool at her feet and sat for a moment looking up into her face. She was more beautiful than ever, as he often told her, her eyes were deeper and more tender, the mother love had transfigured the face which had once been so statuesque and empty.

Presently the child awoke, and Rosamond busied herself in stilling its cries; she seemed to have forgotten her husband's presence. His nerves were jarred by the noise, and he called the nurse from the inner room. At times he almost hated the helpless infant over whom Rosamond would bend for hours, crooning and prattling in the divine mother's nonsense. He was jealous, desperately jealous of his own child. When the nurse had taken away the little Robert, Rosamond noticed the roses which her husband had brought her.

"How lovely they are! Where did they come from? They smell like England."

"I sent to Florence for them, they are the same as those you like best at home."

"How kind of you—why, what is this in the middle of them? Oh, what a lovely serpent!"

In her eagerness to disengage the bracelet from the roses, the flowers were bruised, and fell to the floor. She clasped the brilliant bauble on her round wrist, and held out her hand for him to kiss. He passed his fingers caressingly over the white arm, and said almost sadly—"This at least, is all my own."

She drew down his golden head, and kissed him lightly between the brows.

"Of course it is, silly boy. This is for your remembering what day it is."

"This rarely happened, he could remember every unasked kiss that she had ever given him."

"Four years ago to-day—how short it seems! Why we are old married people already," said Rosamond, fingering her new jewel. "How does this unfasten, John?"

"Try and see if you can take it off."

"No, there's some trick, or a lock,—am I to keep it on all the time?"

"Yes, it's a sort of ornamental handcuff. I have the key safe on my watch chain. I should rather like you to wear it always, if you don't mind?"

"Mind? My dear, that's not the way to put it. I am only too glad. Have these years been long or short to you, John?"

He did not answer aloud, but he said to himself "A lifetime!" He put the roses in

water, and they went down stairs together and joined Armydis in the garden.

The years had brought many lessons to the young husband, sweet and bitter. In the first months of their marriage, the happiness of living always at Rosamond's side sufficed him. Her beauty, her dainty ways, her maidenly innocence, her large store of world wisdom, were all wonderful and new to him. He lived in the atmosphere that surrounded her, wrapping it about him like a cloak, careless of all else in the world. Everything that she did seemed to him worthy of observation, to the very plaiting of her wealth of hair. He studied her attire to learn what became her best, he submitted as what strong man has not done, to the tyranny of Omphale, and left his lion's skin and club, for her loom and distaff.

The dinner was a quiet one, but pleasant with the home talk which the arrival of Armydis stimulated. He brought the last news from London, and a packet of bon-bons from Paris. Lady Lawton was very tired, she had been "doing" the churches and picture galleries all day, and Rosamond, as Pattie Ackers had said about her when she first came to Lawton Hall, "had no conversation."



"Did you have a good day, mother?" asked Sir John, after a long pause in the conversation.

"Yes, but Esther is such an absurd creature I shall not take her with me again."

"Any more attacks upon the papists?"

"No, but she won't look at the pictures, and stalks by all the statues with her eyes on the ground. If you try to interest her in any of the things one sees, why there's a lecture on heathen idolatry at once. She's an incorrigible Presbyterian."

Rosamond laughed softly, and asked Armydis how the weather had been in England. Armydis gave as graphic an account of the weather as he could, and soon after the ladies left the room.

"Did you see Northbridge about the shooting?" asked Lawton, after closing the door behind his mother.

"No,—You haven't heard then?"

"What? I have heard nothing from him since we left."

"Well the thing we all foresaw has happened."

"You mean—Mrs. Brandyce?"

"Yes, London was ringing with different versions of the affair, but there is no doubt that Mrs. Brandyce has left her husband."

"The only wonder is, she lived with the brute so long."

"If he hadn't taken to beating her, she would never have left him, in my opinion," said Armydis. "I saw him pinch her arm once, when he was putting her into her carriage, so that she almost screamed."

"Poor woman—poor Archie! Where have they gone?"

"Nobody knows; they went away on his yacht."

"What do you suppose their life will be?"

"Heaven knows! How can there be any happiness for either of them!" sighed Armydis.

He felt the sad affair keenly, Mary Brandyce was one of the people he knew best in the world, and Archie Northbridge was very near to both the cousins.

"What else could have happened?" continued Lawton. "Can any one blame them?"

"Oh, yes, I blame Archie, so do you. My aunt and your wife will blame Mary Brandyce."

Neither spoke of the matter again, but they thought of little else that evening. To John Lawton it was a luxury to think of somebody besides himself and Rosamond; since they had first met he had hardly thought of anything outside of their lives. It had taken him a year nearly to find out that Rosamond loved him neither in the degree nor kind in which he loved her. With this knowledge came his explanation of the fact.

"Women," he said to himself, "are colder and more cautious than men. They yield up the treasure of their love slowly, little by little, one day she will give me all that I have given her."

He pondered her every trait, and counted every estimable quality he found in her, as a miser counts his gold. Truth, honesty, simplicity, justice, purity, all those rich gifts were hers, if there was no impulse, no generosity, no magnanimity in her, he assured himself that it was because these traits had not been developed by her narrow, formal society life. They were latent and must grow, together with the unselfishness, the self-abnegation of a great love. In good time these would be his, as well as her beauty and her charm.

Many men would have been satisfied with the frank friendship she accorded him, but it was

not enough for him to know that she cared more for him than for any one, nor that if his image was not in the inner shrine of her heart there was no other there.

With a patience that was almost pathetic, John Lawton set about winning his wife's affection. By giving her his every thought, by lavishing upon her the whole wealth of his affection, he thought to buy her love. He laid his whole life at her feet, sacrificing every pleasure in which she could not share with a passionate delight in the sacrifice. Rosamond did not care for hunting, her husband sold his hunters and never rode to cover once that season; driving with her to all the meets, and seeing the start without one word of regret that he and Tasso were not among the jolly crew of riders. Rosamond disliked dogs, and Ali, Lawton's satiny dachshund, which had been his very shadow, was given to Armydis. Rosamond was not musical, and her husband neglected his singing; his mother missed his sweet, high voice ringing through the house. The pleasant evenings when they used to study much good music together, were very rare now. Whist took the place of music, and Pole was quoted instead of Schuman.

Rosamond played a remarkable game for a woman, and all people like to do the thing that they can do well. She was very good, she was very practical, but she was hopelessly prosaic. In their reading he submitted his taste to hers, and dry and instructive

histories crowded poetry and romance to the wall. Rosamond rarely read to herself, and when her husband read aloud to her she liked to feel that she was adding tangible and statistical facts to the sum of her knowledge. When the time of her trial came, Rosamond's husband never left her side, his tenderness and skill, his strength and cheerfulness made her cling to him through the first days of weakness. Lawton, whose whole sympathy was with Rosamond, showed little interest in his son and heir, but to Rosamond the whole world was as naught compared to the red and vigorous new-born atom of humanity. It seemed to Lawton that he was of even less importance than before, beside the new and absorbing affection. The hope that he had half-consciously lived in, that this great new bond would bind them more closely together than before faded away.

Poor Rosamond! Everything that was delightful in life had come to her so easily, that she believed, if she thought about it at all, that to be handsome and daintily dressed, was enough to keep, as it had been to win, her husband's affection. A successful belle and beauty, an adored wife, an idolized daughter, and now a proud and happy mother! Prosperity had been wrapped about her from her birth, like a warm garment. She knew as little of grief as Marie Antoinette knew of hunger, when she asked why the famishing Parisians who clamored for bread, did not eat cake.

MAUD HOWE ELLIOTT.

A Sketch of the Author of "Phillida."

We so often read about distinguished people who were prodigies of learning in their early childhood and youth, that it is agreeable—by way of contrast—to be able to say of Maud Howe Elliott that she was not at all studious as a child, and hated some of her lessons cordially. She would declare that "Greenleaf was an old fool, his arithmetic utter nonsense, and the answers all wrong!" The boldness, the originality of these remarks greatly horrified her teacher—and yet it was evident that the child who dared impugn the sacred character of that only absolute image of human intellectual perfection—the arithmetician—such a child had thoughts of her own, if she did not always possess patience sufficient to enable her to follow those of her master.

In short, the little girl was backward in her studies, not from any lack of cleverness or intelligence, but rather from a sort of inertness of disposition which made her early development slow in certain directions.

Thus, she did not speak until she was two years old—and just when her mother began to wonder whether the child ever would talk—the little Maud made her debut in the English language, with nothing less than an entire sentence.

There were some dreadful tragedies over certain French lessons, which the little girl said she couldn't and wouldn't learn, and yet when, a few years later, Mrs. Elliott went to Europe, she learned with great ease and quickness, to speak the different languages of the countries which she visited.

As a little girl, she showed evidence of a lively imagination—and the original stories which she wrote as compositions, were considered quite remarkable by her teacher, the venerable and lovable Miss Elizabeth P. Peabody. To the vivid fancy which was the rightful inheritance of the daughter of a poet, Maud Howe united, even in her childhood,

that gift of language and facility of expression which some writers acquire only after long and laborious effort. It cannot be said of her that "she lisped in numbers," since she has never written in verse, save with one or two exceptions. But the poetry of her prose is one of its greatest charms, imaging as it does, the poetry of her nature. Indeed she is one of those people who do not believe in the prosy side of life—because they do not and cannot see it. Romantic, generous and high-spirited herself, she sees now the joyous, now the tragic side of life; but its pettiness, its prosaic details—of these she does not like to think, and it must be confessed that she finds those people tiresome who dwell everlastingly among the commonplace—who like to linger in the ruts of every-day life.

It must not be supposed, however, that Maud Howe Elliott is one of those literary women who are wanting in practical qualities. From her father, Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, the eminent philanthropist, she inherited in full measure, his remarkable executive ability, and power of organization, as well as that indomitable will and force of character which enabled him to unlock the imprisoned mind of Laura Bridgman.

Mrs. Elliott also possesses a feminine and practical talent, which is supposed to be highly valued by the sterner sex—she has a natural taste for cooking, which has been developed by practice at cooking-class and at home—and when she finds time and inclination to descend to the kitchen, the result is eminently satisfactory to her guests and her family.

The most notable enterprise, of a public character, in which she has engaged hitherto, was the Centennial Exposition at New Orleans, where she presided over the literary department for women, both ably and acceptably.

Mrs. Elliott has travelled extensively, both in Europe and on this continent. When only seventeen years of age, she visited San Domingo, Cuba, and our own south in company with her parents. A few years later she accompanied her mother on a two years' tour through Europe and the east—Palestine and Egypt being included in the trip, as well as Turkey and Greece. Her own beauty and charm, added to the literary and social prestige of her mother, gave the young girl unusual opportunities and advantages, both intellectual and social. She saw not only the fashionable world of England and many parts of the continent, but the literary and intellectual world as well. Her visit to England was one continued fete, but while it interested and amused her, to see the city and country life of the English aristocracy, she valued more than all these purely social experiences, the meeting with so many distinguished literary men.

But the life of a mere society butterfly could not long satisfy the earnest spirit of Maud Howe. Keenly as she enjoyed social life, she found, after a few years, that a life of amusement was neither profitable nor enjoyable. She wisely concluded that in Society, we must find not a life occupation, but a pleasant relaxation after more earnest work. She now turned her attention towards Art, but soon came to the conclusion that her artistic talents did not warrant her making this her life work.

The pencil and brush were gradually thrown aside for the pen, and after serving the usual apprenticeship of newspaper writing, Mrs. Elliott published her first novel—"A Newport Aquarelle." The following summer she visited her aunt, Mrs. Mailliard, at her California Rancho,—and the result of this western trip, was her second story, "The San Rosario Rancho." Her third novel, "Atlanta in the South," was written as a consequence of her visit to New Orleans during the Exposition. She has also published a number of short stories.

But while the essential nobility and poetry of her character, are mirrored forth in her writings, there is a charm in her personality too subtle—and too many-sided to be appreciated by those who have not actually seen and known her. By turns grave and gay, now discussing some vital problem with deep earnestness, now full of quaint humor and funny sayings—but always generous, helpful, sympathetic and full of energy, she is, like her mother (Mrs. Julia Ward Howe) a charming type of a descendant of the old Puritan stock.

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THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

A NATIONAL ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL.

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Philadelphia, January, 1890.

AN EDITORIAL CHANGE.

With this issue of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, the editorial management of the periodical passes from the hands of Mrs. LOUISA KNAPP to those of Mr. EDWARD W. BOK.

The retirement of Mrs. Knapp is rendered necessary by increasing domestic duties, incompatible with the editorial demands of a growing publication. While her direct editorial connection will be severed, her hearty interest and sympathy in all that appertains to the success of the JOURNAL remains undimmed.

Mrs. Knapp has been prevailed upon to continue her successful management of "The Practical Housekeeper" department, and this feature will henceforth be under her direct personal supervision. Enabled to concentrate her undivided attention to this department, it is safe to predict for it the most unqualified success.

In the capacity of Mr. Bok to continue the work so auspiciously begun and carried out under Mrs. Knapp's direction, the management has every confidence. With the fullest appreciation of the needs of a representative woman's periodical, a tried experience, and the liveliest sympathy with everything appertaining to the elevation and instruction of womankind, Mr. Bok enters upon his duties thoroughly equipped for the position.

In the general policy of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL no changes will be effected. The thorough approval constantly evidenced by our readers indicates that the present lines followed are satisfactory to them.

The new editorial management will, therefore, devote its attention more to the improvement of established lines, so that each department of the magazine may prove, even more than now, a distinct and valuable feature in itself. These improvements, and new attractions, will make themselves manifest in due time.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Special To Philadelphia Subscribers.

By arrangements just perfected, we shall hereafter deliver all copies of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL to Philadelphia subscribers by special carriers. By a ruling of the Government, we have heretofore been compelled to charge Philadelphia subscribers extra postage of 30 cents. This is now done away with, and the JOURNAL subscribers in Philadelphia will henceforth have their papers brought personally to their homes, for ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, and no extra charge of any kind. While the special carrier system instituted entails additional expense to the JOURNAL MANAGEMENT, it is a source of gratification that it is enabled to receive Philadelphia subscribers at ONE DOLLAR per year each.

THOUGHTS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

Renewed feelings of ambition are synonymous with the opening of a new year. More resolutions are made than at any other time, and as often are they alas! broken. But with some the resolutions made with the dawn of a new year have been carried through to its close. Numerous lives of honor and achievement can be traced to some determination of purpose made upon an occasion such as the first day of a year affords for a fresh start in the journey of life. We all desire success; the problem of life is its winning. Every person carries in his or her own hand the key that unlocks either the door of success or failure. The true key of success is labor, and it requires a strong, resolute will to turn it. It is hard, earnest work, step by step, that ensures success, and never was this truth more potent than at the present time. Positions of trust and eminence are no longer secured at a single leap. Men and women have ceased to succeed in a hurry. Occasionally there will be an exception, but the instances are rare. Success, a writer has said, is the child of confidence and perseverance, and never was the meaning of a word more clearly defined. The secret of many successful careers is the thorough performance of whatever has been undertaken. An excellent maxim is that which counsels us never to put our hands to anything into which we cannot throw our whole energies harnessed with the very best of our endeavors. Perseverance is essential to success, since it is often achieved only through a long succession of failures. In spite of our best efforts, failures are in store for the majority of the race. It remains, then, for us all to do the best we can under all circumstances, bearing in mind that races are not always won by the swiftest feet, nor triumphs in battle secured by the strongest arms. It is not so much the possession of swiftness or strength as it is the right application of them by which success is ensured.

In starting out upon the journey of life, it is well: First, to obtain every kernel of knowledge within your reach. Study people for the knowledge they can impart to you. Read books for what they can teach you. Next, see what your temperament best suits you for. Mark your tendencies, and apply them. Be sure that you have not mistaken your calling. Once certain, apply yourself to your chosen work. Then, work hard, earnest and incessant. Don't consider anything beneath you. Be patient, honest and pleasant in manner. Treat all persons alike, high or low. Have a smile for all: a pleasant word for everybody. Success may not come at first, but it will not be far off, and when it does come it will be the sweeter for its delay.

FOR WOMEN OF LEISURE.

In these days there is much done for the amelioration of woman's sufferings and wrongs, as inflicted on her by the "sterner sex," and all honor to those, men and women, who strive daily to make the path of a fellow being more easy to tread. But there are certain wrongs to which one woman is subjected by other women, which we think might be greatly modified. That a woman would deliberately inflict a wrong upon a "sister" is hardly to be imagined. We can only suppose, therefore, that the two things of which we are about to speak are the outgrowth rather of thoughtlessness than carelessness of another's comfort, or of evil design.

First, we have the question of street car crowding. Whether it is or is not the legitimate and proper thing for a man to give up his seat to a standing woman, is a question open to much discussion, but that is not the view which we wish to present in the present article. The tired shoppers and the tired working-girls go home in the same cars. Could not the shoppers manage to go home say a half hour earlier, and leave the vacant or vacated seats to the tired work-women?

A lady on one of our city lines was heard to remark the other day, "I am late to-night. I usually make an earlier car than this. For, while I cannot stand, I exceedingly dislike to have any one give me a seat, for, probably, the man who gives it is as tired as I, who have only been shopping. I think all shoppers should try to get home and out of the way of those who cannot choose their own time." All honor to the woman who takes this view and lives up to it. She shows a thoughtfulness for the well-fare of others that is well worthy emulation.

The next subject in question, is the time of shopping. Surely those who have all day to do it in, can find some other time than just that which a working woman find between twelve and one, after a hastily swallowed luncheon. Let a working-woman try to make some purchases at the only time of day that is her own, and she will be balked at every turn by crowds of women who could as easily select some other time of day as the one hour between twelve and one. In many cases the very women who are keeping the working girl from purchasing some really necessary article, are merely "looking," with a view to "seeing what there is."

It seems as if there might be a radical change made in some way. Does it savor of tyranny and dictation? By no means! We are only suggesting one means by which the condition of the many young women obliged to earn their bread, may be very materially alleviated by a little thought, or perhaps sacrifice, on the part of their more fortunate sisters. And last but not least, let us consider the luncheon hour. This in almost all large establishments, is from twelve to one. Cannot the shoppers just as conveniently take some other hour in the restaurants, and thus give the working woman time to be waited on and consume her little lunch comfortably.

WOMAN AND DRESS.

Reforms in woman's apparel are being again discussed in a pending series of lectures, and public interest is once more awakened in this oft-mooted question. That some of the present styles of dress adopted by American women are, to some extent, physically injurious and inconsistent with good taste, can scarcely be denied. But the radical reforms suggested, as, for example, the substitution of the trousers for the petticoat, and similar departures from modern customs, are not destined to bring about the looked-for result. Any desirable reform in the apparel of women must come gradually, and radical suggestions, as the one above indicated, tend only to postpone the final result. To advise a young woman to dress herself with any such serious departure from the prevailing fashion of her day and class is to ask her to incur a penalty that would invariably follow such an innovation.

God has implanted in the minds of all, but especially in the female breast, the love of beauty, and one way that this feeling finds expression is in the matter of dress and personal adornment. It is a duty which every woman owes to herself, to her family and to society to dress tastefully, and as well as her means will allow. It is woman's instinct to admire pretty dresses, and it is right that she should. The great danger lies in the fact that too many of our women make the matter of dress almost their sole aim in life, and every moment is absorbed in following the dictates of Fashion. It is then that dress becomes a dangerous ruling passion.

The comparison of women to flowers applies with special force to this question of dress. In their apparel and adornments women express their natures as do the flowers in their petals and colors. Allow a woman her freedom in dress, and she never fails to express her true character. She may clothe herself with the costliest of French silks, she may adorn herself with the most expensive of laces, her jewels may be of the most brilliant description,—yet, withal, the woman stands revealed, and a simple glance reveals to you her character. The absence of a true and refined taste cannot be compensated by the possession of the most princely trousseau. Mind measures gold, but gold cannot measure mind.

An important factor in this question of dress reform will be a more thorough recognition, on the part of our women, of the beauty which always accompanies simplicity. Female loveliness never appears to such good advantage as when set off by simplicity of dress. The loveliest types of womanhood are invariably those clothed in apparel charming in its simplicity. Modesty in dress, when accompanied with that taste which every cultivated woman possesses, is always pleasing to the eye. The women of ancient Greece were noted for their simple attirement, yet what women have ever so completely excited the admiration of the world? And what is true of the women of that period can be equally true of the women of the present day. No country on God's footstool boasts of such a wealth of beautiful womanhood as America, and no nation has, therefore, a better or grander opportunity for demonstrating to the world what is most becoming in woman's apparel. Hundreds of women are like the daisies and violets of the fields in that they never look better or exhale a more beneficial influence than when dressed in a morning gown. Silks and satins often make an unwholesome transformation of the woman whose beauty of face and figure is never more striking than when they have the accompaniments of a neat-fitting dress of modest material.

In this matter of woman's dress, then, when we sum it all up, the fact is plain that, as the love of dress is inherent in all true women, it would be as unwise as it would be useless to strive against it by any radical suggestiveness of reform. Our reformers will do better if they devote all their energies toward cultivating in our women a better appreciation of simplicity in dress. Such a suggestion will meet with speedier recognition, and in due time will this problem of feminine dress reach its proper solution. The nineteenth century will then not close upon a race of overdressed women in America, as some prophesy, but rather upon a race of common-sense women who will have become convinced that outward adornment is not made beautiful in proportion to its expensiveness, but charming only as it is noted for its simplicity and refinement of taste.

A WORD TO OUR READERS.

In all business offices, there arises a necessity for what may seem an uncalled-for amount of correspondence. This chiefly arises from an indefiniteness upon the part of correspondents, owing to a lack of knowledge of business methods. We presume that this class of troubles is more to be found in the offices of publishing houses, than in almost any other business, for many reasons which it would be unnecessary to state here.

For the benefit of the subscribers to the JOURNAL, we would like to give a little information, which, if followed out closely, would aid us very materially in transacting business with them, and would so facilitate matters, that perhaps one writing would suffice.

In complaining to us, give the following information clearly, distinctly, and in as few words as possible—the amount of money sent—in what form the money was sent—date, place and state—article desired. If for subscribers, give the names and addresses—if possible enclose yellow slip from last paper—and by all means, sign your name, town and state in full.

Frequently it is necessary to write a separate letter for each of the above items, before we obtain all the desired information. The yellow slip is a very important factor in our correspondence. When it is impossible to forward one of these, by all means, and without fail, give the exact date of subscription, and the name of the person by whom it was sent.

"THE BLOOMER COSTUME."

A Letter From Amelia Bloomer.

The following letter from Mrs. Amelia Bloomer whose name became world-famous years ago in connection with what was known as the "Bloomer Costume," will have a keen degree of interest to thousands of our readers. Many will likewise be pleased to learn that the lady is still living, contrary to accepted belief, and in the enjoyment of good health at her home in Council Bluffs, Iowa. This letter, recently written, is now produced in print for the first time:

COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA, AUGUST 21, 1889.

MY DEAR SIR: I hardly know how to write about the "costume" associated with my name. But I was not its inventor or originator as is so generally believed.

In March, 1851, Elizabeth Smith Miller, daughter of Hon. Gerritt Smith, of Peterboro, N. Y., visited her cousin, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, at Seneca Falls, N. Y., which was then my home and where I was publishing "The Lily," and where Mrs. Stanton also resided. Mrs. Miller came to us in a short skirt and full Turkish trousers, a style of dress she had been wearing some two months.

The matter of woman's dress having been just previously discussed in "The Lily," Mrs. Miller's appearance led Mrs. Stanton to at once adopt the style, and I very soon followed. Mrs. Stanton introducing it to the Seneca Falls public two or three days in advance of me. In the next number of my paper following my adoption of the dress (April, 1851), I wrote an article announcing to my readers that I had donned the style to which their attention had been called in previous numbers.

The New York Tribune noticed my article, and made it known to its thousands of readers that I had donned a short skirt and trousers, and from this it went from paper to paper throughout this country and countries abroad. I found myself noticed and pictured in many papers, at home and abroad. I was praised and censured, glorified and ridiculed, until I stood in amazement at the furor I had wrought by my pen while sitting quietly in my little office at home attending to my duties.

Suffice it that it was the press at large that got up all the excitement and that named the dress. I never called it the "Bloomer Costume." With me, it was always the short dress and trousers. It consisted of a skirt shortened to a few inches below the knees and the substitution of trousers made of the same material as the dress. In other respects, the dress was the same as worn by all women. At the outset, the trousers were full and baggy, but we improved upon them by making them narrower and gathered at the ankle, and finally by making entirely plain and straight, falling to the shoe like the trousers of men.

To some extent, I think the style was adopted abroad, but not largely, or, for that matter, at home. There were individuals here and there who gladly threw off the burden of heavy skirts and adopted the short ones, but soon both press and people turned upon it their ridicule and censure, and women had not the strength of principle to withstand the criticism, and so returned to their draggling skirts. For myself, I wore the short dress and no others, at home and everywhere, for six or seven years, long after Mrs. Stanton, Lucy Stone, and others had abandoned it. Lucy Stone wore the dress several years, traveled and lectured in it, and was married in it I think. None of us ever lectured on the dress question, or in any way introduced it into our lectures. We only wore it because we found it comfortable, convenient, safe and tidy—with no thought of introducing a fashion, but with the wish that every woman would throw off the burden of clothes that was dragging her life out.

This dress question has been of secondary importance with me, and it is not for that I wish to be remembered. As you will see from what I have written above, a wrong impression prevails in regard to my part in that matter. I was not its originator. I adopted the style and made it known to the public. The press did the rest.

I am not lecturing at all these last few years. A throat difficulty and my seventy years have compelled me to retire from active participation in works for the advancement of woman.

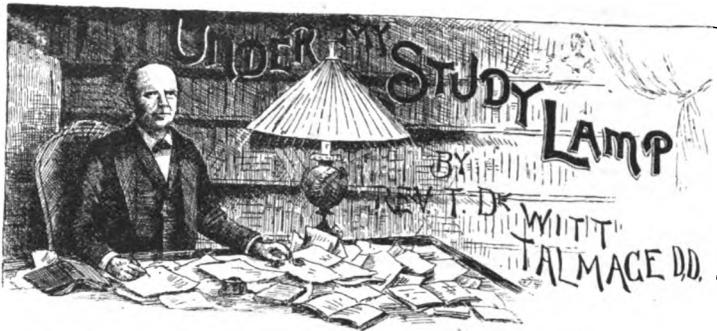
Respectfully Yours, AMELIA BLOOMER.

[Mrs. Bloomer was born at Homer, Cortland Co., New York, May 27, 1818, and is therefore in her 72nd year.] Editor.

ARE BEAUTIFUL WOMEN HAPPIEST?

In my life I have known many women well. Among them is a fair majority of what the truly appreciative would call happy, for which fact I thank God, as it has helped me to take, on the whole, a hopeful view of life, as well as of human nature. Now, are these women, blessed as many of them are with devoted husbands, cheerful homes, cultivated society, and leisure for the exercise of any special talent they may possess, beautiful women? With one or two exceptions, No. Indeed, more than a few of them are positively plain, if feature only is considered, while from the rest I can single out but two or three whose faces and figures conform to any of the recognized standards of physical perfection. But they are loved, they are honored, they are deferred to. While not eliciting the admiration of every passer-by, they have acquired through the force, the sweetness, or originality of their character, the appreciation of those whose appreciation confers honor and happiness, and, consequently, their days pass in an atmosphere of peace and good-will which is as far above the delirious admiration accorded to the simply beautiful, as the placid shining of the sunbeam is to the phenomenal blaze of an evanescent flame.

ANNA KATHARINE GREEN.



To the immediate readers of
The Ladies Home Journal I
send greetings. There are many
things that need to be said
& said right away. With the
utmost freedom I shall say
them. Please to gather under
the light of my evening lamp,
& let us look over all the
matters pertaining to your
prosperity & happiness.
T. De Witt Talmage
Brooklyn Oct 30th 1889

I never write or speak to woman but my mind wanders off to one model—the aged one, who twenty-four years ago, we put away for the resurrection.

About eighty years ago, and just before their marriage day, my father and mother stood up in the old meeting-house at Somerville, New Jersey, and took upon them the vows of the Christian. Through a long life of vicissitudes my mother lived harmlessly and usefully, and came to her end in peace. No child of want ever came to her door and she turned empty away. No one in sorrow came to her but was comforted. No one asked her the way to be saved but she pointed him to the cross. When the angel of life came to a neighbor's dwelling she was there to rejoice at the starting of another immortal spirit. When the angel of death came to that dwelling she was there to robe the departed for the burial.

We had often heard her, when leading family prayers in the absence of my father, say: "O Lord, I ask not for my children wealth or honor, but I do ask that they may all be the subjects of Thy comforting grace!" Her eleven children brought into the kingdom of God, she had but one more wish, and that was that she might see her long-absent missionary son; and when the ship from China anchored in New York Harbor, and the long-absent one passed over the threshold of his paternal home, she said: "Now, Lord, lettest Thou thy servant depart in peace, for my eyes have seen thy salvation."

The prayer was soon answered.

It was an autumnal day when we gathered from afar, and found only the house from which the soul had fled forever. She looked very natural, the hands very much as when they were employed in kindness for the children. Whatever else we forget, we never forget the look of mother's hands. As we stood by the casket, we could not help but say: "Doesn't she look beautiful?" It was a cloudless day when, with heavy hearts, we carried her out to the last resting place. The withered leaves crumbled under hoof and wheel as we passed, and the sun shone on the Karitan River until it looked like fire; but more calm and beautiful and radiant was the setting sun of that aged pilgrim's life. No more toil, no more tears, no more sickness, no more death. Dear mother! Beautiful mother!

"Sweet is the slumber beneath the sod,
While the pure spirit rests with God."
With such a mother as an example, is it strange that I should always have cherished the most exalted estimate of woman and woman-kind?

My mind also runs back to one of the best of early homes. Prayer like a roof over it. Peace, like an atmosphere in it. Parents, personifications of faith in trial and comfort in darkness. The two pillars of that earthly home long ago crumbled into dust. But shall I ever forget that earthly home? Yes, when the flower forgets the sun that warmed it. Yes, when the mariner forgets the star that guided him. Yes, when love has gone out on the heart's altar, and memory has emptied its urn into forgetfulness. Then, the home of my childhood, I will forget thee: the family altar of a father's impotency and a mother's tenderness, the voices of affection, the funerals of our dead, father and mother with interlocked arms like intertwining branches of trees making a perpetual arbor of peace and

kindness,—then I will forget thee—then, and then only.

Gates of pearl, capstones of amethyst, thrones of dominion do not stir my soul so much as the thought of home. Once there, let earthly sorrows howl like storms and empires wither. Home! Let thrones rot and empires wither. Home! Let the world die in earthquake struggle, and be buried amid procession of planets and dirge of atmospheres. Home! Let everlasting ages roll in irresistible sweep. Home! No sorrow. No crying. No tears. No death. But home, sweet home, beautiful home, everlasting home, home with each other, home with angels, home with God.

One night, lying on my lounge when very tired, my children all around me in full romp and hilarity and laughter, half awake and half asleep, I dreamed this dream: I was in a far country. It was not Persia, although more than oriental luxuries crowned the cities. It was not the tropics, although more than tropical fruitfulness filled the gardens. It was not Italy, although more than Italian softness filled the air. And I wandered around looking for thorns and nettles, but I found that none of them grew there, and I saw the sun rise and I watched to see it set, but it set not. And I saw people in holiday attire, and I said: "When will they put off this and put on workmen's garb, and again delve in the mine, or swelter at the forge?" but they never put off the holiday attire.

And I wandered in the suburbs of the city to find the place where the dead sleep, and I looked all along the line of the beautiful hills, the place where the dead might most blissfully sleep, and I saw towers and castles, but not a mausoleum, or a monument, or a white slab was to be seen. And I went into the chapel of the great town, and I said: "Where do the poor worship? and where are the benches on which they sit?" and the answer was made me, "We have no poor in this country."

And then I wandered out to find the hovels of the destitute, and I found mansions of amber and ivory and gold, but not a tear could I see, not a sigh could I hear, and I was bewildered and I sat down under the branches of a great tree, and I said, "Where am I? and whence comes all this scene?" And then out from among the leaves and up the flowery paths and across the bright streams there came a beautiful group thronging all about me, and as I saw them come I thought I knew their step, and as they shouted I thought I knew their voices, but they were so gloriously arrayed in apparel, such as I had never before witnessed, that I bowed as stranger to stranger. But when again they clasped their hands and shouted "Welcome welcome!" the mystery all vanished, and I found that time had gone and eternity had come, and we were all together again in our new home in heaven.

And I looked around and I said, "Are we all here?" and the voices of many generations responded, "All here!" And while tears of gladness were raining down our cheeks, and the branches of the Lebanon cedars were clapping their hands, and the towers of the great city were chiming their welcome, we all together began to leap and shout and sing: "Home, home, home, home!"

The old sexton of the village church is about to put his hand on the rope of the bell. The cylinder of the chime of the city belfry is being readjusted. All around the world the air

will vibrate with the sweetest tintinnabulation punctuated with the roar of the cathedral tower, the jingle of the lighter metal submerged by the overmastering boom. Cavern and hill, alley and street, re-echo with Christmas bells, and the greetings of the New Year.

The days of joy have come, days of reunion, days of congratulation. "Behold I bring you tidings of great joy that shall be to all people. Let the bells ring at the birth of Jesus! Mary watching, the camels moaning, the shepherds rousing up, the angels hovering, all Bethlehem stirring. What a night! Out of its black wing is plucked the pen from which to write the sweetest songs of earth and the richest doxologies of heaven. Let camel or ox stabled that night in Bethlehem, after the burden-bearing of the day, stand and look at Him who is to carry the burdens of the world. Put back the straw and hear the first cry of him who is come to assuage the lamentation of all ages.

Christmas bells ring out the peace of nations! We want on our standards less of the lion and eagle and more of the dove. Let all the cannon be dismantled, and the war-horses change their gorgeous caparisons for plough harness. Let us have fewer bullets and more bread. Life is too precious to dash it out against brick casements. The first "Peace Society" was born in the clouds, and its resolution was passed unanimously by angelic voices. "Peace on earth, good-will to men."

Christmas bells ring in family reunions! The rail-trains crowded with children coming home. The poultry, fed as never since they were born, stand wondering at the farmer's generosity. The markets are full of massacred barnyards. The great table will be spread and crowded with two, or three, or four generations. Plant the fork astride the breast-bone, and with skillful twist that we could never learn, give to all the hungry lookers-on a specimen of holiday anatomy. Mary is disposed to soar, give her the drum-stick. The minister is dining with you, give him the parson's nose. May the joy reach from grandfather, who is so direfully old he can hardly find his way to the plate, down to the baby in the high chair, with one smart pull of the tablecloth upsetting the gravy into the cranberry. Send from your table, a liberal portion to the table of the poor, some of the white meat as well as the dark, not confining your generosity to gizzards and scraps. Do not, as in some families, keep a plate and chair for those who are dead and gone. Your holiday feast would be but poor fare for them: they are at a better banquet in the skies.

Let the whole world be full of chime and carol. Let bells, silver and brazen, take their sweetest voice, and all the towers of Christendom rain music.

We wish all our friends of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL a Merry Christmas and the happiest of all New Years. Let them hang up their stockings; and if Santa Claus has any room for us in his sleigh, we will get in and ride down their chimney, upsetting all over the hearth a thousand good wishes.

And now a closing word to parents of young men and women.

The winter months are especially trying to the moral character of our young people, because some of their homes in winter are peculiarly unattractive. In summer young folks can sit on the porch or steps, or curl a boomer for the mantel vase, and the evenings are so short that soon after the lamps are lighted they feel like retiring. Parents do not take enough pains to make these long winter evenings attractive. It is strange that old people know so little about young people.

Many of you have the means—why don't you buy them a violin or a picture? or have your daughter cultured in music until she can help to make home attractive? There are ten thousand ways of lighting up the domestic circle. It requires no large income, no big house, no rich wardrobe, no chased silver, no gorgeous upholstery, but a parental heart awake to its duty. Have a doleful home and your children will not stay in it, though you block up the door with Bibles, and tie fast to them a million catechisms. I said to a man once: "This is a beautiful tree in front of your house." He answered with a whine: "Yes, but it will fade." I said to him: "You have a beautiful garden." He replied: "Yes, but it will perish." I found out afterward that his son was a vagabond, and I was not surprised at it. You cannot groan men into decency, but you can groan them out of it.

To all young people who read these words, take it as the counsel of a friend when I bid you be cautious where you spend these winter evenings. Thank God that you have lived to see the glad winter days in which your childhood is made cheerful by the faces of father or mother, brothers or sisters, to wish you at this season a "Merry Christmas" or a "Happy New Year." Let no one tempt you to swerve from any principle which you have fixed for yourself. On New Year's Day, especially, be careful of the cup which upon any other day of the year you would studiously avoid. I have seen respectable young men of the best families, intoxicated on New Year's Day. The excuse they gave me for their inebriation was that the ladies insisted upon their taking the wine-cup. I know of an instance where the delicate hand of woman kindled a young man's taste for strong drink who, after many years, when the attractions of that holiday scene were all forgotten, crouched, in her rags and her desolation and woe in a New York tenement house, under the uplifted hand of the drunken monster who, on that New Year's evening so long ago, took the glass from her hand. But a few days thereafter, the woman, burdened with grief and sick at heart from the cruelties suffered, stood on the abutment of a bridge on a moonlight night and wondered if down under the water beneath her there was not some quiet place for a broken heart. With a wild leap, she sprang into the icy surface, and all was over!

Oh, woman! in whatever condition in life, wherever these words may be read by you, don't, I implore you, hold out the cup to the young people who may visit you on New Year's Day. Be careful, lest some day years after, that same soul return to you, heaping curses upon your head for handing to him the cup that started him on his downward career.

Devote these December, January and February evenings to high pursuits, innocent amusements, intelligent socialities, and Christian attainments. Do not waste this winter. We shall soon have seen the last snow-storm, and have passed up into the companionship of Him whose raiment is exceeding white as snow. To the right-hearted winter-nights of earth will soon end in the June morning of heaven. The river of God from under the Throne never freezes over. The foliage of Life's fair tree is never frost-bitten. The festivities and hilarities and family gatherings of Christmas times on earth will give way to the larger reunions and the brighter lights and the gladder scenes and the sweeter garlands and the richer feasting of the great holiday of heaven.

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GIVING YOUR PHOTOGRAPH.

Learn to say no. There is in that little word much that will protect you from evil tongues. Learn to think that your face is too sacred to decorate the apartment of Tom, Dick or Harry, no matter if each one of the three is one of the pleasantest fellows in the world. When the sun imprinted, in black and white, just how sweet and how dainty you look, it did not mean that the picture should have incense in the shape of tobacco smoke, or dubious praise in the form of a discussion of your points rendered to it. Give away your picture with discretion. Remember that some day will come along Prince Charming, who will have a right, the right owned by the master of the heart, to ask for the counterfeit presentment of yourself after he knows that he is going to have the real girl for his own. Think how mortified you would be if he should discover that the giving away of your photograph has been almost as general as the invitations to your New Year's party. Think how he will feel if he sees your face looking over the mantel-shelf in Dick's room—Dick whom he knows to be a braggart, and a man for whom he has the utmost contempt! Then just learn to say no. Don't display your photographs to your men friends, and you will not have this unpleasant task; but if you should do it, and have not the courage to say the little monosyllable, be wise and refer them to papa.

SOME DON'TS FOR GIRLS.

BY ELEANOR E. STAATS.

Don't encourage young men to call upon you who frequent liquor saloons, billiard parlors, or pool rooms.

Don't notice men who stare at you on the streets, even if it is a well-bred stare. Doubtless they think themselves irresistible and you very much impressed with their appearance.

Don't stand at street corners talking to young men, though they are acquaintances.

Don't consider it a sign of your popularity to be accompanied by several escorts whenever you take your walks abroad.

Don't accept promiscuous invitations. It only cheapens you, and may draw you into a circle of acquaintances you will regret having formed.

Don't sanction wine drinking when out to parties or weddings. Your simple act of declining the proffered glass may act as a check upon your companion. Tacit disapproval sometimes does more good than the most eloquent temperance lecture.

Don't marry a drinking man. If the sweetheart will not give up the dangerous habit, it is very certain the husband will not.

Don't allow men to be familiar with you, to use slang or doubtful expressions in your presence.

Don't make appointments with men, either at a friend's home, in the Park, or at any place but your father's house.

Don't expect to have exclusive use of the parlor for yourself and callers. Others of the family have the same rights as yourself, and your conversation can and ought not to be of so private a nature that the presence of a third person is felt to be a restraint.

Don't rebel if the visits of a certain gentleman are disagreeable to your mother, and she says so. She knows best, and can see faults and deficiencies that your youth and inexperience would never discover.

Don't attempt to copy the manners and dress of your brothers. Nothing so unsexes a woman as masculine ways.

Don't use loud tones in talking, nor call men by their last names without the usual prefix. Men may treat you as a good comrade, but they very rarely marry such girls.

Don't be deceived that men want to raise a family of Amazons. Remember that while men apparently have more license than women, still they expect their wives to be like Caesar's wife, "beyond reproach."

Don't be ashamed to help mother with the housework. A practical knowledge of bread making, cooking, and the general management of a house is worth more than a smattering of music or painting. To know how to "set" sponge for bread is an accomplishment that no girl need despise, and the kneading of it is grand exercise.

Don't set your mind too much on dress. While it is your duty to look your very best with the means at your command, it is wrong to give so much time and thought to the adornment of your person, while your mind is starving for want of proper food. You need not be a blue stocking, but a good healthy course of reading and thinking is splendid gymnastics for your mental powers.

Don't come down to breakfast in a soiled wrapper, slovenly shoes, "bang" done up in curl papers, and back hair in a cracker knot on the top of your head. You will never see any one better to dress for than those in the home circle. They are the ones to be cheered by your sweet, wholesome appearance, and not strangers.

In a word, girls, try to be true women, and by so doing you will gain an influence which, like a sweet perfume will shed its fragrance upon all with whom you may be brought in contact.

This department will hereafter be a regular feature of the JOURNAL.

THAT BLACK CASHMERE DRESS.

There is no use looking unhappy about it—you are only one among many of the girls who have got to fix over their black cashmere dresses to wear another Winter. Thank the stars that you were wise enough to get a black cashmere and that you did not choose some delicate color, which, to be made over, would have to be dyed—and no matter what the dyer may say about the beautiful black that it will become—a dyed frock will gather more threads in one half hour than the best carpet sweeper would in a day. While it is being fixed up you might as well make it smart, so choose for it Worth's latest model. Your material was in straight widths, so all that you have to do is to make a kilt skirt of them, having your plaits rather wide and not fastened down except to a tape just above the knees. If you want to spoil the whole skirt fasten the lower part to a lining, which is a way incompetent dressmakers have. Instead, if a success is desired, let the lining of the skirt join at the top and, except where they are sewed at the pocket, at no place else. Now for your Worth bodice: Fit your black cashmere as if you were going to have a postilion basque, and you know you can make black cashmere fit as if, just before putting it on, you were the whitest of wax and had been melted and poured into it. The stylish air is given especially by the sleeves, which are large, full, very high on the shoulders, and of Scotch plaid, one of the blue and greens being the prettiest. A vest of plaid is set in and broad revers of plaid are on each side of it. By the bye, these revers should be very wide at the shoulders and then grow extremely narrow at the waist, so that the first look very broad and the last as small as possible. Have a collar of either blue or green velvet for only a small bit is required for it. Save a piece of your plaid for a bonnet, and let the decoration be a large black velvet bow. You see you won't have to spend much money, and if you want to give the stamp of Worth to your suit, all you have to do is to take a belt out of a frock that once came from the famous dressmaker and which bears the fac-simile of his name as he writes it and put it in your new bodice. It's an allowable and a feminine deception. It don't make your dress look a bit prettier, but if it adds to your comfort it has done its duty.

WHEN HE COMES TO SEE YOU.

When your sweetheart comes to see you, don't be foolish enough to confine your sweetness to him alone. Have him in where all of the rest of the household are. Let the talk and the chatter and the music and the playing of games be in the home circle. Then the few minutes that he gets with you by yourself will seem all the more delightful, and he will think you the most loving true creature in the world. Men are much more observant than they are credited with being, and the man worth having as a husband is the one who will appreciate your love for those of your own people and will see that as you make a small part in one home, you are becoming adapted for the central figure in another.

Never say that you don't expect a man to marry your whole family. It's vulgar. You do. That is, if you are a good daughter and a loving sister. You want him to be one with you in sympathy and in affection, and as you take his name, so you assume responsibilities as far as his people are concerned. You, two, are the most to each other—your love for each other should be the greatest, but you cannot isolate yourselves and insist that you have no duties outside your own home. If you do this you become narrow and selfish, and you are quite too nice a girl for that. So remember when he comes, this bridegroom of yours, that his heart is bound the tighter to you if the ribbon used to hold it has written upon it in golden letters "Love and consideration for those at home."

A SAVINGS BOX FOR GIRLS.

It need not be a box at all; it may be a silk bag, or a big-welled ink stand, or it may be a Satsuma jar. But have it. Then, when the day is done and the purse is being looked over, count out the pennies and spare some to the savings box. My dear girl, it is your independence. The pennies, half dimes and dimes count up, and then when you want to surprise mother with a birthday gift, when you want to go on a frolic, or when you would like to have a good photograph, a really good one to give somebody who is very fond of you, the money saved is that brought forth. Just try going without a few things—a car-fare now and then, some candies, or the very latest in collars, and dedicate the ducats to the box. You will be amazed to see how they accumulate. And best of all, the saving habit will come to you. That does not mean lack of generosity, it means thought for the future. Some masculine philosopher said women only began to save money when they had passed thirty, but if that is true, it is because the Savings Box idea was not taught from youth up.

"Side Talks With Girls" will be made the brightest department for girls ever sustained by a magazine. A corps of the most clever writers who fully understand the needs of young women will specially contribute to this feature of the JOURNAL in future numbers.

LETTERS TO BETH.

No. 11.

School Girl Friendship.

MY DEAR GIRL:—

I promised to answer your questions concerning Girl Friendship and at the outset, I find myself overwhelmed by a large supply of experiences, not all my own, however.

There seems to be a kind of free-masonry between the young people and myself and I would not for the world abuse the confidence they honor me with, unless by permission. You ask me why school girl friends are frequently disappointing, and also, what is the best course for a young girl to pursue when she enters college or travels about to see the world?

This is a large subject with limited space for a reply, but I will suggest a few things. Too much stress should not be laid upon the disappointments occasioned by the lack of faithfulness on the part of your mates in school. It is a portion of the necessary discipline which aids in forming character.

You remember my dear, how infatuated you became with Jennie Davis. She was "the sweetest, dearest girl in the world." No day passed without your meeting, and servants in both houses were sorely taxed to keep up your correspondence. You read together, studied together, rode, walked, employed the same dress-maker, and even had your note paper and envelopes made for you. Sometimes when that dear mother of yours was ill, I left her in the care of a nurse while you spent hours with Jennie. You first asked if there was anything you could do but the question was presented with an appeal. "If you do not need me, Mamma dear, I will go out for a walk with Jennie?" Any unselfish mother would naturally dislike to deprive a beloved child of a simple pleasure, consequently consent was given, although you might have brightened a weary hour. The thing happened which is sure to happen when one neglects even the simplest duty. You were punished. Jennie grew indifferent after a summer at Newport and in time so neglected you, that your kind heart was sorely wounded and you turned to the patient, devoted mother for comfort and sympathy.

You were very brave and sweet tempered about it as I well know, yet the girlish grief made you more womanly and taught you to choose your friends for their wearing, true, qualities, rather than their thin pretty faces, fine forms, and showy qualities; it also taught you that in all the wide world there is no friend like a loving mother.

I remember you calling yourself a "stupid booby" for neglecting her, or seeming to, and how quickly she answered you with those droll lines of John Gay's.

"Where yet was ever found a mother,
Who'd give her booby for another?"

After Jennie, came other friends, but experience had taught you to look below the surface.

I know many women who still entertain the fondest regard for old schoolmates. A friendship worthy of the name will always survive shocks, separations and many trials. The friend who in the language of the time "throws you over" or "drops you," was never entitled to the term which should mean a union for all time. Friend and Friendship mean so much to me, that I find words inadequate to express my scorn for any disloyalty. An eminent American woman says, "she would not give a cent for any friend who would not weigh a ton behind her back," while Dryden wrote

"And O defend
Against your judgment, your departed friend."

It is the office of friendship to love so wisely and well that all differences of opinion and taste should be mere spots on the sun.

When Shakespeare wrote that—"A friend should bear a friend's infirmities," he grasped the inner meaning of the word friend.

The unformed school girl does not quite know herself, how then, can she be wise in knowing others? It is a sad hour when her truthful, trusting nature receives a shock, but if the pain is temporary, the lesson should be permanent.

I can never quite conceal my own tears when a gushing, affectionate, high spirited girl comes to me with her young heart pierced by the blow of a treacherous friend. It matters not that I see beyond into the peaceful regions of a better and nobler love which is sure to be hers if she is true to herself. Her pain is my pain also, for I too have tasted the bitter waters. If all young girls were angels, we could not keep them with us, and this thought makes us tolerant concerning their shortcomings.

The giddy, gushing period never comes to some and to most it soon passes. I wish we could have more young girls, lively, radiant, energetic, spirited, loving girls, and fewer young ladies who talk of their beaux, dresses, and the surface shows of society.

Our Clubs and Unions and Literary Societies are developing grand young women with high aims and purposes and stores of wisdom, but let us still retain the younger ones who will not scorn a genuine, healthy romp, so conducive to good building and future brain work.

Now, for the second part of your question. No, I do not believe in "entering college with a great determination to keep aloft from the students and live a secluded life devoted exclusively to books." Every human soul needs companionship, especially the young. I should advise you to treat all with politeness and observe closely before admitting any one within the heart's palace. If friends prove false, it injures them more than you. Let their depravity only intensify your sincerity and loyalty to others. Dr. Johnson thought it the worst condition of man's destiny, that persons are so often torn asunder just as they become happy in each other's society.

I must beg to disagree with him as to the friends we meet and make while traveling. The memory of their faces, their kind acts,

witty speeches and helpfulness, will always remain with us, although we may never meet again.

Morbid views of separation should not darken bright hours of communion.

Therefore, dear Beth, I say to you, make friends everywhere, choose wisely and hold fast the good, prove true as steel yourself, and ignore all petty jealousies.

Across the sea, or in your own home it is grand inheritance which has fallen to you, the birthright of an American woman. See all you can, enjoy all you can, and may you ever find that

"Friendship is a sheltering tree."

KATE TANNATT WOODS.

PUTTING BY THE ODD PENNIES.

A small Satsuma jar, that stands on the desk of a busy woman, receives the odd pennies, or what she calls "the unexpected money"—that found are loose in pockets, or bureau drawers. There will never be enough money in it to found a hospital, or to build a home for insane dogs, but there is always enough to send a posy to a sick friend, a paper to somebody way off where little reading matter can be gotten, or to buy a souvenir for a birthday. Once started and well managed, the box is like the widow's crust—never empty. Do not count the contents except when you are taking stock with a purchase in view. Counting seems to break the spell. Pennies are gregarious—and where one goes another wants to follow.

Let them form a community in the Savings Box and just see how they will gather—leaves in Vallambrosa will be as nothing compared to them.

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Rev. Dr. J. T. DUNN, of Boston, writes: "I really think the PILLOW-INHALER is a very great bit, and the good it made it deserves the gratitude of all sufferers. I never slept more soundly, and my voice is better since using it."

Rev. J. R. DAWSON, 230 Wallace St., Philadelphia, says he received great benefit from the use of the PILLOW-INHALER for Bronchial troubles, and cordially recommends it.

Wm. C. CANNON, M. D., Norfolk, Va., a physician in regular practice with Catarrh of the throat, writes: "I suffered fifteen years with Catarrh of the throat. I bought a PILLOW-INHALER, and after four months' use of it my throat is entirely cured."

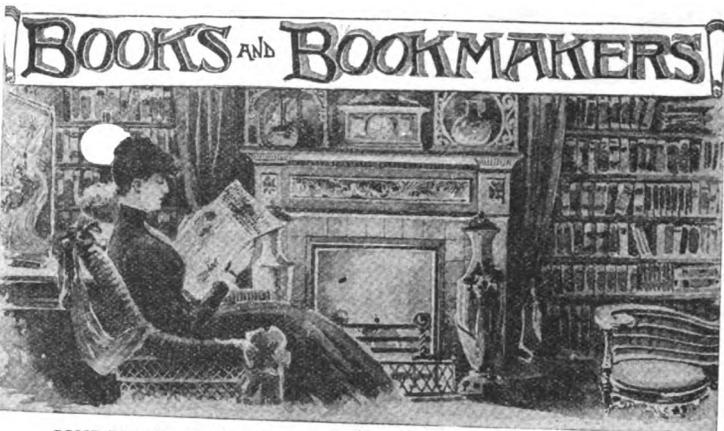
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SOME BRIGHT NEW BOOKS.

The appearance of Crawford's latest novel "Sant' Ilario" caused a sensation among the critics—not from its merits which, great as they are, were entirely overlooked—because the critics were busy over Crawford's startling announcement that "without a single exception every foreigner, poet or prose-writer, who has treated of these people (the Italians) has more or less grossly misunderstood them. That is a sweeping statement, when it is considered that few men of the highest genius in our century have not at one time, or another, set down upon paper their several estimates of the Italian race."

Then he goes on to expatiate upon the necessity of being Italian-born and bred in order to understand these people in general, and their ideas of veracity in particular.

After reading "Sant' Ilario" carefully, I can see in these sentences nothing but Crawford's instinctive apology for a book in which all the characters—from boot-blacks to Cardinals, from fishwives to Princesses, lie—there is no gentler word for it—upon each and every occasion.

There is not, so far as I can remember, a single situation in the book which does not find its *raison d'être* in some falsehood that has been told. Corona, the heroine, who in "Sarcinesca" was one of the noblest figures in modern fiction—even Corona, tells one lie, and the other characters stop at nothing. You become so saturated with this easy, irresponsible condition of conscience, that you are startled, when Faustina, whose friends are inventing a falsehood to shield her, asks naively—

"Why not tell the simple truth?" and you all must join in the chorus of indignation which greets so unheard of a proceeding! Crawford says this is Italy as he knows it—but some of us still hug the fond delusion that there are a few truthful Italians in spite of "Sant' Ilario." The book is a sequel to "Sarcinesca" and many of the same figures reappear in it. Taken together the two works constitute Crawford's best effort, but "Sant' Ilario" is distinctly inferior to its predecessor in dramatic power—the story does not tell itself with the same breathless interest, nor is the character study so keen and true, although in this matter much more is attempted. Certain parts of the book reveal the master, all those scenes, for instance, which deal with the murder of Prince Montevarchi, the story of the moral and physical degeneration of the murderer and his final confession—that these situations are not over-done is the proof of Crawford's genius which stands the test in spite of the too rapid work with which the gifted author is wasting himself. Since his first success no year has passed without adding one book and often two to his list. I do not believe any man can write so much and so rapidly without showing the strain thereof.

"Passe Rose" has already been mentioned in these columns, but I wish to speak in detail of this most charming of Prof. Hardy's works. To tell you the story would be to spoil the book for you; suffice it to say that it is a tale of pure romance dealing with the fortunes of a dancing girl in the times of Charles Magne. The book has a swing and a rush in its style—a sense of the picturesque which is a delight, and the lovely face of *Passe Rose* herself seems to gleam from every page and impress you so strongly with its beauty that you never lose the consciousness of it throughout the book. I can think of no similar effect in fiction except in Thackeray's *Beatrice* whose beauty takes the same haunting possession of you, like a force from whose power you never again are absolutely free.

Henrik Ibsen was also spoken of in this column, but since then one of his plays has been acted in this City of Brotherly Love; while in London his worship has become a popular "fad." A London correspondent of one of our papers gives a lengthy account of him, which, when condensed, tells us that he has spent the last twenty-five years in wandering over Europe, seeking no society, owning no home, claiming no friendship. His life is uneventful except for his writings which are always and intentionally bits of autobiography set forth with a deeply earnest purpose. He had a most unhappy youth—struggling with poverty, stifling his aspirations by writing tragedies in his leisure from the work of a chemist's apprentice. After years of this discipline, he found a way open to him for the pursuit of his studies, but, not liking the course prescribed for him at his University, he read by himself. He finally accepted a place in Ole Bull's theatre in Boyen, from which time he had been more or less a playwright and has come to be one of the interesting and inspiring figures in our literary world.

I find that great interest is taken in plays for private theatricals, and for this purpose recommend most heartily a little book of comedies called "To-night at Eight" by Fannie Aynear Matthews. There are twenty-two plays in the volume, all merry and bright and

entirely appropriate for parlor performance. "Two Coronets" is the title of Mary Agnes Tincker's new book. It is published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., and is well received by those who like Miss Tincker's intense stories. The pictures of Italian landscape are true as nature, and her local color is fresh and faithful.

Among the many books laid on my desk in the last month is one I wish to recommend as of great value to all would-be literati. It is "The Trade of Authorship" by Wolstan Dixey. No more useful guide for feet new to the dusty paths of authorship could be found. And Mr. Dixey's pleasant bright style makes his wholesome advice remembered and useful, though none the less hard to follow. No one can *make* you write well, if you will not of yourself give the necessary toil and pains; but Mr. Dixey can help you, if you have the earnest desire, to learn the use of your tools.

An old book revived is Charles and Mary Lamb's "Poetry for Children." I wish it might be in the hands of every child in the land. The Scribners however, have issued such a small edition that I fancy it will be difficult to obtain a copy, but if the demand is great the supply will surely increase. If publishers know you want a book you are very sure to get it.

ANNIE R. RAMSEY.

LOUISA ALCOTT'S LIFE AND LETTERS.

Every girl who has laughed and cried with "Little Women," who has admired Joe's bravery, Meg's sweetness, Beth's patience and Amy's beauty, must read the life of Louisa Alcott by her friend Mrs. Cheney. It is a book that, while it is interesting, teaches the lesson of life-duty, and not only shows what duty is, but makes it beautiful. Louisa Alcott, the originator of Joe, not only wrote harrowing tales, sewed, taught, and washed and ironed, because it had to be done, but did it for those of her own blood and who were near to her, and did it with a smile. Most of us can do the work that lies before us, but to do it with a merry heart and a bright face, makes that which is right, sublime. Whether it was to get a new gown for Meg, to buy some delicacy for Beth, to send Amy to the "drawing-school," to help father out of debt, or best of all, to straighten something for Marmee, the brain and hands of the devoted sister and daughter were ready. Life seems full of goodness after reading how this one life was lived and, as the willing worker achieved what she desired, to see them out of debt and Marmee in comfort, one is better for knowing that there are noble women enough to work and give for dear love's sake. To-day your daughter and mine will gain by the life of Louisa Alcott—good daughter and good sister, deeming no work too small and valuing at its worth each bit of money, for it meant help for the helpless. It is a wonderful story this life—it teaches in the way we would wish, that the child who honors the father and mother will have long days in the land of God.

Joe's days here lasted half a century and then she joined Marmee, Beth, Amy and John in the land where there is no more night and God shall wipe away all tears.

WILL CARLETON'S NEW BOOK.

It is the touch of human nature which pervades the poetry of Will Carleton that brings his words so close to the popular heart. While other poets appeal to the intellect to secure impression, Mr. Carleton directs his verse to the emotions. It is as easy to shed tears with him as it is to join in his merry touches. Whether he is pathetic or humorous, you feel that the poet is ever sincere and whole-souled in his sentiments. These characteristics mark all his previous books, and they are visible on every page of his new book "City Legends," just issued by the Harpers. It is an evening's enjoyment to follow Mr. Carleton through the seven divisions, or "chains" as he calls them—of this latest collection of his poems. He glides easily from one topic to another, all in a connected vein, yet almost every poem is different from its predecessor in theme and subject-matter. He is never for a moment dull, carrying the reader's interest along so skillfully that one reaches unawares the middle of the book with the most agreeable rapidity. For readers of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, the book possesses a pleasant interest in that they will find therein several of the delightful poems by Mr. Carleton recently published in these pages. There are likewise poems now printed for the first time, and these give a fresh interest to the collection. It is easy to recommend this book to our readers. It is as healthful as a tonic, as beneficial as many a good sermon, while it combines entertainment with instruction. Will Carleton's poetry has ever had a stimulating influence, and of none of his recent works is this more true than of "City Legends."

HOW A NOVEL IS WRITTEN.

The characters in my novels: you ask how I conceive them? Once the plot is rescued from the misty depths of the mind, the characters come and range themselves readily enough. A scene, we will say, suggests itself—a garden, a flower show, a ball-room, what you will—and two people in it. A young man and woman for choice. They are *always* young with me, for that matter, for what, under the heaven we are promised, is so altogether perfect as youth! If any one of you, dear readers, is as bad a sleeper as I am, you will understand how thoughts swarm at midnight. Busy, bustling, stinging bees, they forbid the needed rest, and, thronging the idle brain, compel attention. Here in the silent hours the ghosts called characters walk, smiling, bowing, nodding, pirouetting, going like marionettes through all their paces. At night I have had my gayest thoughts, at night my saddest. All things seem open then to that giant, Imagination. Here, lying in the dark, with as yet no glimmer of the coming dawn, no faintest light to show where the closed curtains join, too indolent to rise and light the lamp, too sleepy to put one's foot out of the well-warmed bed, praying fruitlessly for that sleep that will not come—it is at such moments as these that my mind lays hold of the novel now in hand, and works away at it with a vigor, against which the natural desire for sleep hopelessly makes battle.

Just born this novel may be, or half completed; however it is, off goes my brain at a tangent. Scene follows scene, one touching the other; the character unconsciously falls into shape; the villain takes a rudy hue; the hero dons a white robe; as for the heroine, who shall say what dyes from Olympia are not hers? A conversation suggests itself, an act thrusts itself into notice. Lightest of skeletons all these must necessarily be, yet they make up eventually the big whole, and from the brain wanderings of one wakeful night three or four chapters are created for the next morning's work. As for the work itself, mine is perhaps strangely done, for often I have written the last chapter first, and founded my whole story on the one episode that it contained.

THE DUCHESS.

WHAT THE POPE READS.

Pope Leo the XIIIth is probably the hardest worked man in Europe. Those who have seen the successor of Peter the Fisherman within the last few weeks, say that he has aged rapidly, that his eyes are sunken, that his skin is sallow, and that he looks very feeble. A recent visitor to the Vatican, however, says that the Pope is no worse to-day than he has been for a year or two, except perhaps that he occupies most of his nights in reading instead of resting.

After Mr. Gladstone, he is the most vigorous man of his age of the day. The routine of his work would kill an ordinary man. There is no detail too small for him to pass over, and from daybreak until after midnight he devotes his time to the church and literature. Those who surround him know when he is particularly tired or worn out, for then he takes down a volume of Dante and reads with the avidity of a schoolgirl enjoying her first novel. Of all the authors, Dante is the Pope's favorite, and it has been remarked that in physique he is not unlike the accepted idea of that great Italian. He reads Dante for pleasure, but for keeping himself well informed on all that is happening out of the church as well as in it, he reads not only American books, but newspapers and magazines, and it may surprise American readers to know that he is well informed on all the topics of the day, political, religious and social. He has taken a deep interest in the cause of labor in the United States, and reads everything bearing on that subject which comes to hand. Once a week a well selected bundle of American newspapers is sent to the Vatican, and the Pope and those that surround him know not only what is going on in the United States, but they are familiar with the calibre and character of the men who make laws and enforce them. It is so in England also. In addition to his correspondence in the British Empire, he publishes with eager interest the reports in the various newspapers, not only of the doings of Parliament, but of royalty as well, the progress of the church, and the cause of labor. Much the same plan is followed in Germany; in fact from every corner of the world each week is sent to the Holy Father newspapers, books and magazines containing important discussions. A great many of these are filed away for future reference.

The books that interest Leo the most are those of a religious, political and philosophical nature. He cares nothing for fiction and rarely spends an hour in glancing at novels, but if he should like to read novels, or in fact books of any kind, he has only to walk into the magnificent library attached to the Vatican, for there is not a mail arriving in Rome that does not bring books of all sorts of types from all sorts of authors and publishers. A great many of these the Pope never sees, and many of them are sent to the cardinals who surround him for an opinion of their merits or demerits. But it may be said, taking it all in all, that the Pope has as wide a field to select from, if not wider than any man in Europe, and he resembles Mr. Gladstone in this, that he is quite willing to spend an hour or more with a magazine or book, if, in the end, he can find something that is worth remembering. He has a wonderful memory, and although his eyes are dimmed and his hand trembles, he is still as vigorous mentally as he was when he was elected to succeed Pius the IXth. He speaks a half dozen languages, and converses fluently in Italian, Latin, French, German or English, and so it is little or no trouble for him to read and keep up with current topics of interest not only in Europe but in America, Australia, India, China and Japan as well.

We should like again to call the attention of all young housekeepers to the cook book we have recommended. It is by Mrs. Parloa, principal of the Boston Cooking School, one of the standard authorities on the science of good living. Hundreds of housekeepers who have profited by the author's lectures on cookery, will be delightful to be able to secure this text book from the same source, and from hundreds of others who have not been so fortunate, the book will receive a wide and instant welcome. This book was in reality issued by the publishers of Mrs. Parloa's large and expensive book for the purpose of advertising the latter. As a matter of fact, the contents of the two books are identical—with one exception—the one we recommend does not include the marketing guide. Regular price 30 cents. Our price 20 cents postpaid. Curtis Publishing Co., Philadelphia.

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NEW FASHIONS.

MIDWINTER WRAPS, GOWNS, ETC.

By Mrs. JOHN W. BISHOP.

As the season advances the full, voluminous Huguenot cloaks before described seem to grow in favor. They are certainly very comfortable looking on a cold, wintry day, and are stylish also, if trimmed with handsome shaggy furs.

The standard shape, however, the one most generally becoming, is the redingote; plain

caded cloth, and lined with pale pink, yellow, green, or blue satin, or with ermine or Norwegian eider duck fur. The trimming is of Magyar galloon,—a kind of metallic canvas worked with gold or silver and colored beads,—or a border of white Chinese lamb with deep collar to match, or there is about the neck and down the fronts a band of Paraguyan ostrich feather trimming in the natural color, than which nothing is so soft, fluffy and becoming. Shoulder capes for opera wear are also made of these delicate, fluffy feathers.

A handsome cloak in Eifel red royale has a Russian collar and deep cuffs of Isabelle bear fur; above the collar is a high plastron of Eifel red velvet embroidered in gold.

Jackets are mostly in plain cuirass form, embroidered and edged with fur with a Valois collar of the fur or of the embroidered cloth with fur band inside.

The natural gray curly astrachan is new this season and is very effective in trimming jackets of light cloth, which almost invariably have a toque and muff to match. Some jackets have vest and sleeves of heavy brocade or matelassé, or have vests of embroidered velvet and deep cuffs of the same to finish the large velvet sleeves.

Jackets in handsome brocade cloaking stuffs have sleeves and vest of sealskin, and some of plain cloth have astrachan vest and sleeves.

For slender young ladies nothing is prettier for mid-winter wear than a plain, elegantly fitted sealskin cuirass with Valois collar of the same.

Boas are still worn by those who have them, but no one thinks of buying a new one. Collars and collarettes take their place.

The influence of the great World's Fair with all its attractions and accessories is seen in the fashions as well as other things, and especially in the names given to costumes and their component parts.

We have had everything Eifel ad nauseum, and now wraps, gowns and hats *aux* *Toureaux* are conspicuous. It is doubtful if the cruel spectacle to be seen at the *Courses de Toureaux* could be found sufficiently attractive in this civilized day and age were it not for the picturesque costumes of the *toureaux*.

This costume, modified and adapted by Felix, is the ambition of some of our belles at present. One worn by a lovely blonde was of pale gray amazon, the back plain princess, the front skirt and bodice in one piece fastened under the arm and slightly draped at sides; over this was a regular *toureaux* jacket, without sleeves, of violet *prelat* (pontifical) velvet, embroidered in gray and gold; a little triangular muff of the embroidered velvet, with a trimming of ostrich feathers, and a *toureaux* hat of gray felt faced with the violet velvet and with a *panache* of gray tips at one side completed the costume.

These jackets are for sale in velvet and cloth of every shade, embroidered in gold or silver



and tight-fitting in the back, with sleeves reaching from the shoulder to the foot, which fold under the arm in the back, and give the effect of the Russian circular in front. These are made of plain and figured cloth, or of the rich brocade Persian and Venetian cloaking materials, as well as of plain plush and velours du nord.

Shot velvet is one of the season's novelties, and is sometimes used for these long cloaks, although it is certainly better adapted to short garments. Shaggy furs or fluffy feather trimmings are preferred, as they enhance the voluminous effect considered desirable. Brown, black and Isabelle bear, silver, blue and black fox, black marten and lynx are all employed. Some of the plain plush and velvet cloaks have rich embroideries of various kinds inside the band of fur or feathers on the edges; there is a high Medici collar, embroidered with a band of the fur or feather trimming inside. Some have an appliqué of India shawl designs bordering the bottom and the large sleeves. Black velvet cloaks of the above shape are embroidered in the finest French hand work and edged with ostrich feather bands or fluffy chenille. Nothing is more becoming.

For those who prefer "close rig," or a trimmer style of costuming, there are, in long cloaks, the princess redingote, with large sleeves of the same or different material. These redingotes have less the effect of a gentleman's top coat than the Directoire coats of last season.

Short, close furs are suitable for these, castor, beaver, seal, astrachan and chin-chilla. The Russian collar is still a great favorite. Many of these coats have a high shouldered sleeve of fur like the collar and other trimming.

Another new cloaking material is called "royale," and is very soft, though ribbed.

Plain circular cloaks surmounted by a cape such as has been described under the name of the Vasistas have taken the place of the Connemara cloaks of last season. They are especially becoming to slender, willowy figures.

Our model represents a very stylish redingote of lizard blue cloth with Medici collar of castor, large revers of velvet embroidered in a rich design with old blue and gray; a band of the fur finishes the front; the large sleeves are gathered to a deep cuff of the embroidered velvet, and finished at the wrist with a second cuff of castor.

Evening wraps in circular form are made of plush in delicate tintings, or of soft, light bro-



or silks, and are a feature of indoor toilettes this season.

There are many charming devices for varying indoor toilettes, and a lady with ordinary taste and ingenuity can always look picturesque and well-dressed at small expense if

she be the happy possessor of a plain black Sicilienne or Bengaline gown. There is no end of variety in house jackets, there are Sir Joshua collars in embroidered velvet, there are Charles X collars, and fichus in a variety of shapes of real Irish and Brussels lace and of sheer muslins, there are waistcoats of *crepe* and *mousseline de soie*, besides the many varieties of collars and corselets with cuffs to match in silk passenteries. Almost any kind of waist drapery of whatever material is picturesque and becoming if properly adjusted. They are held in place by fancy pins or by *noeuds* of ribbon of a becoming tint.

A pansy house jacket is made of purple velvet and mauve surah; there is a corselet of the velvet over the full blouse of surah formed of long points that are sewed together at bottom for about three inches, to give the proper cuirass curve over the hips, above the waist line they flare according to the proportions of the figure; a Vandyked collar of the velvet finishes the neck, and the high-shouldered sleeves are of the velvet, reaching below the elbow, where they are slightly turned back above a full puff of the mauve surah. A similar one is made of black velvet and Eifel red surah.

Black and yellow, and black and pink, are favorite combinations for house toilettes. Handsome black net dresses are draped over pink silk or satin striped petticoats bordered with a *chicoree* of pink and black silk combined, or with bands of black ostrich feather trimming; gowns of black net over orange silk are very Spanish looking. Bands of black ostrich feathers form the sleeves, and a border of the same about the V-shaped neck is very soft looking and becoming. Bunches of black tips decorate the shoulders and *choix* of orange silk with a black silk pompon in the center conceal where the draperies are caught.

(Concluded on opposite page.)

A Black Silk Dress.

Black Silk, to wear well and be of fine appearance, should be made of Silk inside and out. Many Silks appear well, but wear poorly, because the warp, or outside thread, is silk, while the filling, or inside thread, is of baser material.

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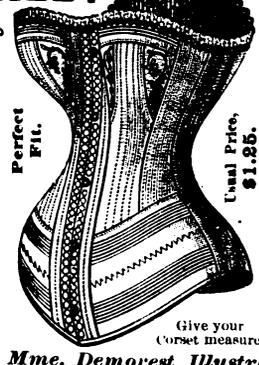
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NEW FASHIONS.

(Concluded from opposite page.)

A lovely evening dress for a young lady is of pale pink crepe de Chine; the skirt draperies are caught up very artistically over the bottom of the bodices as to appear all in one piece; bor-

The Louis XI and Dick Whittington are similar in shape. Scotch plaid velvet bows, and wings ornament these, also choux of velvet in two colors, or of crepe lisse, or torades of bright colored or plaided surah held by skewers of amber or tortoise shell with fancy heads.

The Glengarry cap is natty looking



dering the silk petticoat and the V-shaped neck, and forming the sleeve, is a puffing of crepe lisse of a paler shade edged on both sides with a border of shaded pink rose petals strung together.

Borders of ostrich feather trimming about the neck of decollete gowns, with tufts of ostrich tips on the shoulders, is the most becoming and elegant garniture ever introduced.

Evening gowns are laced in the back again, but the lacing is generally concealed under the folds and draperies.

For practical gowns there is a new cloth called flanelle moultonnee, very soft and downy on one side. Some are in stripes in the tartan colors on dark brown, dark blue, olive, etc. These are plainly made, the front of both skirt and bodice being bias. For slight figures the waist is round, with a belt, collar and cuffs of velvet embroidered in gold. Madder red striped with black has trimmings of black velvet. These come also with woven borders, and some are reversible, plain on one side and checked on the other.

We give two graceful models of promenade gowns. One in Vigogne trimmed with mohair braid. The other is in beige cloth with a vest of chamois cloth opening over a full plastron; the draperies are held by choux of the cloth finished with pampilles of silk in the centers.

The foundation skirts of the new Paris gowns have just four widths of silk in them, the front one slightly gored at top, the sides are entire widths gored gradually from the bottom, and the back a single width. Very heavy cloth gowns have two very small reefs, just enough to hold them out slightly. Silks and cachemeres have no improvers.

Extremes meet in the costumes of the season, especially in the designs of the bodice portion of the gown; severe plainness and most elaborate and artistic draping. Gowns of cachemere, chuddah, and India camel's hair are sometimes made with a bodice and gigot sleeves of velvet, either black or self color, over which the wool goods is draped, the edges being finished with a tiny passementerie in arabesque design and in color to match the velvet.

The Spanish bolero or torador hat and the Buffalo Bill are new shapes in round hats; the former is in velvet or felt, moleskin felt, or in silk like a gentleman's high hat. The shape is something like a straight brimmed turban with the brim wider and the turned-up edge narrower.

The trimming often consists of nothing but silk cords around and across the crown, finished at the ends with large silk pompons in black, orange or scarlet; sometimes it is rosettes or choux of velvet in Manola yellow. Dorero red or black, and again it is bunches of ostrich tips curled a l'oreilles de chien.

The Buffalo Bill is a low-crowned, broad-brimmed soft felt hat in beige or mastic colors, with embroidery in chenille around the brim, which is gracefully turned up at the left side; a long, sweeping plume surrounds the crown and there is a panache of tips in front.

The "Ruy Blas" is a favorite model for a toque, and consists of folds of velvet laid around a coronet of jet.

These coronets consist of bandeaux of jet from which radiate pear shaped cut jets graduated from the center to the sides. The jet used in millinery this season is riveted on a flexible iron foundation, so that it can be bent in any shape required. The Greek is a favorite pattern for jet bandeaux, and is always effective.

worn with suits of Scotch plaid.

A pretty cap to be worn with a suit has a brim projecting in front formed of three large box plaits of velvet, there is a cap crown of the material of the gown; a band of fur or roll of velvet surrounds the crown, and there is a bunch of ostrich tips at the back curling forward over the crown. Others are made entirely of velvet, a full puff around the edge, a full cap crown with a bandeaux of jet between and a bunch of tips at the back.

Dainty little evening hats are made of Irish lace and velvet; they are entirely crownless, or rather top-less, and the high coiffure protrudes above them.



The Braid that is known the world around.

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ONE OUT OF THOUSANDS.

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of the Cloths and Plushes of which we make the Garments, to select from, if you enclose four cents in stamps to prepare postage. You may select from our Catalogue, cloths or plushes of which we send samples. Please mention the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

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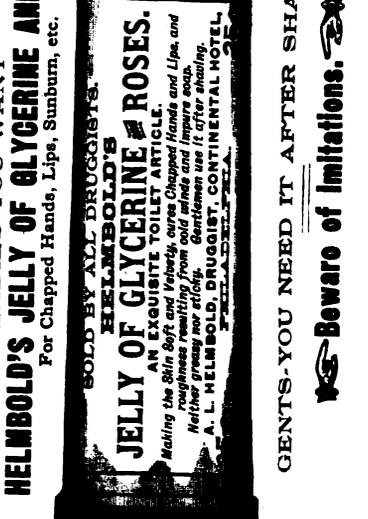
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INEXPENSIVE GOWNS FOR WINTER.

By Emma M. Hooper.

If one can spend \$500 a year on dress it is possible to look well and appropriately attired without the wearisome pros and cons of what to buy, but when the personal allowance is only \$100 or \$150, careful buying is necessary in order to appear suitably dressed, especially if one is a young lady or matron fond of society, and not anxious to look shabby in the midst of more fortunate women. To dress inexpensively you can not indulge in novelties that come and go in lightning flashes. Select stylish and becoming colors in plain or modestly striped woolen goods, and as far as practical do not make up new gowns in combinations, as when they are re-made during the second season a contrasting goods will be necessary to eke out the old material.

Now it is fashionable to combine black velvet, silk or silk cord passementerie with any color of woolen or silk materials, which gives one the chance of remodeling half worn dresses at a moderate outlay, and the long straight effects preferred for skirts requires much less material than the elaborate draperies of yore. Seven yards of 42-inch goods will now suffice for a stylish costume having a princess back and draped front, or eight yards will fashion into a basque and trimmed skirt. A careful cutter and contriver will save from one to two yards, which is certainly worth trying for. Always buy enough extra material for new sleeves, as they will wear out before the rest of the dress shows the first signs of age.

For morning gowns select a neat plaid at 50 cents, make it with gathered or plaited skirt, full coat sleeves and a "habit" basque, which has a bluntly pointed front and narrow, flat postillion back. Use bone buttons and run two rows of machine stitching on all of the edges. The material costs \$4, linings 75 cents, buttons, silk, twist, braid and bones 75 cents, so here is a neat suit for \$5.50 suitable for the house or street in the morning. If you have one or two half worn skirts renovate them with new braids and a good brushing, and then arrange the draperies in a straight style of which many examples have been described in the regular fashion letters and "Hints on Home Dressmaking" contained in former numbers of THE JOURNAL. Have a blouse of striped French flannel or cashmere to wear with these skirts. The flannel is 40 and a very good cashmere 70 cents a yard, the latter being 15 inches the wider. Trim the cuffs, collar, lower and front edges and belt with cat or fether stitching done with embroidery silk. Such a blouse will cost but \$2.25 and answers for morning wear to change with or in place of the plaid.

If a wrapper is wished use the striped flannel and bind the cuffs, collar and pockets with inch wide ribbon stitched on, and either have wider ribbons from the side seams tied in front or pointed belt ends also ribbon bound. Eleven yards of flannel at 40 cents, ribbon, buttons and lining will give an estimate of \$6, for this comfortable garment. For a pretty home evening dress have a red, pale green, gray or blue cashmere at 70 or 80 cents trimmed with a border of ribbon velvet, black, and round jacket fronts of velvet to match over the full or flat vest. \$8 will buy all that is necessary for this attractive gown. Wear mull or scrim folds in the neck and sleeves of ordinary dresses, and lisse folds, edged ribbons or turn over plaitings of lace in toilettes of a nicer grade. Little jabots, plastrons and fichus of lace are again worn, and conceal "the ravages of time" in the former best dress. Have gray and tan gloves, buying the glove kid for real service, which at sales are now of a good quality for \$1.

A long ulster at \$12 for stormy weather, a fur or astrakan cape and muff, and a black jacket at \$8, gives a stylish and convenient change of outer garments. A dressy hat of velvet and feathers will cost about \$7, if all of the materials are bought new, but feathers may be dyed to save expense, or a velvet toque selected, with a crown of embroidery to cost \$5.50. If a matron, a velvet bonnet should be worn in place of the feather trimmed hat. English walking and round turban felt shapes trimmed with wings are worn for everyday, or a toque of cloth to match the ulster. For a church and visiting costume one of the \$1.25 cloths in green, mahogany, gray or blue would be handsome, with a garniture of black cord passementerie. Other cloth costumes are made up with cuffs, collar, double breasted vest, panels and girdle of velvet. A bonnet or toque to match is easily contrived out of a scrap of the cloth, a bird or two wings, and a few loops of velvet ribbon.

Some very pretty best gowns are made of armure or faille francaise silks at 90 cents a yard. They only require some Persian passementerie in points around the neck, one on each sleeve, and a border across the front of the skirt front. Black silks at \$1.25 are fashioned with gilt and black cord passementerie, and sixteen yards are now called a full dress pattern. If you want a party gown have a velvet bodice and full net skirt, or a velvet ribbon or silver or gold and silk passementerie. In either case \$10 will cover the cost of the materials. If a second street costume may be had one of bordered goods, now reduced to \$1; or a plain and striped gown for the same price will be in good taste. Wear black shoes and hosiery, and have both street and house shoes for economy's sake. Try to pick up a bargain in flowered surah or India silk, which can be had when found for 50 cents for a princess tea gown, with a full front of surah at 60 cents, or buy cashmere at 70 cents, with a surah front, dainty ribbons at the waist and creamy lace, even though imitations, in the neck and sleeves. The success of inexpensive dressing is to select becoming and appropriate color for one's age and circumstances, combine materials with taste, and to have each article made neatly in both the fit and finish.

HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

HOW TO CLEAN LACE.

Baste your lace nicely on a piece of muslin. Rub it freely with cold starch until it forms a paste on it. Put it in the sun to dry, and when thoroughly dry rub off. Your lace will then be clean and need no ironing.

Mrs. H. P. Y.

A GOOD SHADE FOR THE EYES.

A very good shade can be made by taking a sheet of card-board about 14x11 inches in size, and cutting out the inside, so as to leave a frame half an inch wide, then paste a sheet of white tissue paper over it and punch a small hole in the two upper corners of the card board frame, and from each attach a piece of wire 10 1/2 inches long, bent at the ends in the shape of a hook, so that they can be caught to the lamp shade. This softens the light as it falls upon the book or paper, and the eyes can be used much longer without becoming tired.

A. M. SILBER.

HANG UP THE BROOM.

Bore a hole through the top of a broom handle, tie a string in it and hang the broom up when not in use, and it will last twice as long as when allowed to rest upon the floor. After sweeping dip your broom in hot soap suds, shake well and hang up to dry.

TO RENOVATE CHAIRS.

Willow chairs that have lost their natural color can be restored by using a solution of chlorine. Clean cane seated chairs with salt or ammonia and warm water. Apply it with a nail brush, scrubbing it well, rinse with cold water and dry thoroughly. Wet the under part of the seat, and when dry it will become taut.

E. M. H.

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MUST USE

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POWDER.

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THE RAINDROP'S STORY.

(CONCLUDED.)

By EMILY MEIGS RIPLEY.

"Ah povera picciola!" (poor little one) said Charney. "Why must thou be born in a prison place? Was there no room for thee in all the wide, free earth among thy fellows?"

Then, noticing me, he said: "And how came this pretty dewdrop to find you out so soon? Did it think the little prison flower might be thirsty? Blessed watchfulness! What can I do to show my gratitude?"

I wanted to speak and say, "Believe on Him who sent me," but was obliged to be mute, and only glanced upwards, as if to point out the source from whence I came; but he didn't "see the point," as they say, and I had to conclude that my eye is not so expressive as it feels!

It was sweet to hear him talk to his little guest, and I always came in for my share of the praise too, and while it was pleasant to be noticed, I would rather have had him look through me and recognize my Creator and his.

How bitterly lonely he must have been, I knew from the delight with which he threw his whole life into this new interest. You will find it hard to understand how he could be so absorbed in it from the first, unless you remember that it brought him hope of escape from insanity, by the interest he knew he should take in watching its growth.

And he was not disappointed. No leaf nor tendril so little as to escape his eager eye—they were ushered into the world with as much ceremony and admiration as any century plant ever bloomed out upon.

The progress it made he called "the daily miracle of my Picciola."

But this was not all of Picciola to him. It spoke to him of the hidden things of life—the mystery of Heaven and Earth, for a knowledge of which his whole soul was now afloat. He had come to this prison, proud of his much learning, but he had been left alone with it long enough to find how little he knew after all, when he could not answer one of the questions that he was incessantly asking himself about "the wonderful workings of Chance."

Ah, well might the blessed Saviour exalt the wisdom of these little ones that were in Him as far above that of the Scribes and Pharisees who deny His existence.

In the afternoon hour Charney always found new beauties unfolded since the morning visit and gradually, as the comfortable love of this little life took possession of his heart, the misery of his captivity ceased to be. Picciola had "taken his captivity captive"; is it any wonder that he loved her?

He left her at the end of each visit with his blessing on her head, and the sharp eye of the little dewdrop keeper could see that the blessing grew daily stronger in the grace of God. All that he held dear to him was within that enclosure, and all that ministered to his life had a new beauty for him. He watched Picciola from his iron-barred window with as deep love as ever mother watched her baby in its cradle, and when the sunshine was pouring its life into her he often looked up and exclaimed, "blessed be thou, sunlight, for thy care over my little one! And when the rains came and did their part for her, he blessed the clouds for sending them.

At first he seemed to think the sun got up in the morning only to see and help Picciola, and the stars came out, only to "sit up at night" with her! He had never cared for them till they seemed to be looking after the little life that had such a blessing to him.

Many a night he sat for hours at his window, unmindful of the iron bars, with his eyes and heart travelling back and forth from the narrow, stone-girt garden, where grew his "tree of life," as he called it, to the boundless sky garden. Something whispered to him that his love for the lowly one was teaching him of a Tree of Life Eternal that lived beyond the stars—lived in the light of the Son of Righteousness.

Shut in as he was with his meditations and his only love, which depended for its life on the regular return of daylight and darkness, it is no wonder that their coming and going began to have a new importance for him. He would say, "Suppose the sun should not rise for a week!—Picciola would bleach white and die. Oh, merciful powers, forbid!" Then would come the question, "From whence comes the power that lifts its mighty fire up so high into the sky that it can see and glow upon my Picciola?" As he watched the budding and development of each leaf and traced the tiny veins that had each their own place in every leaf or tendril, he kept continually asking how and from where they all came there.

Picciola answered his questions in her own quiet way, but in her quiet way she was speaking a mighty truth. One evening as he bade her good night, he said, "You don't tell me from whence you come,—be that as it

may, you have been a messenger of joy to me, mavornuen."

When he reached his room, his eyes fell on the words, "Chance, though blind, is the only author of creation"; he took a piece of charcoal and wrote, at the end of the line, "perhaps."

In his dreams, that night, Picciola seemed to be always saying to him, "If I am a messenger, I must have been sent by some one. In whose name do I come? In whose name do I bring you joy?"

In the morning he knelt before her as usual to examine her beauty, and he said, "Answer thine own questions, my beloved, and tell me in whose name you come to bless my life."

Picciola only shook her head in the breeze, and her little keeper saw that at the same time she shook his faith in his old idea that blind chance had sent her to him. I trembled for joy and nearly fell off, and he noticed me and said, "Hold fast, little dewdrop! Why, Picciola! are you trying to shake off your faithful little friend? Not one morning has it failed to be here since you came. You can ill afford to throw away such a necessary little safeguard. Where does the dewdrop get its heart, so loving, that it comes from the free blue sky to this prison-yard every night to take care of you? In whose name does it come?"

If I had had a voice then, I would have said, "I baptize in the name of God the Father, Maker of Heaven and Earth."

One morning in June, Picciola had a surprise for her slave, the Count of Charney—a little bud that foretold a flower, and when it bloomed! I can never forget his ecstasies! Why, you have never felt anything like his delight since your baby brother

born again from her dull little seed life, he might live again the Eternal life promised by Jesus of Nazareth. Then he would say, "But who is He?"

"Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world," answered the voice within.

He became ill from the darkness and dampness of his room, and Ludovic had permission to let him stay in the open air as much as he desired, so, all day, and sometimes all night, he remained in the courtyard to be with Picciola. But she directed his thoughts as high above herself as the heavens are higher than the earth, and hour after hour, day after day, he sat, or lay, on a cot beside his silent teacher, learning from her to be humble, and from the Divine spirit of truth and love, to be hopeful, that he "the chief of sinners," might, through faith, repentance and confession of sins, yet have the peace of God in his heart. At first his prayer had been that of the doubter, "Oh God, if there be a God, save my soul, if I have a soul," but the Heavenly Father never yet turned a deaf ear to even such a half believing prayer as that, from a heart so wholly in earnest, and more and more every day, as he plead for peace, it was given to him.

One day an Officer of the Government came to the Fortress with his wife and little child, and while they talked with Ludovic, their

Picciola has me. When I get a pretty bonnet, I shall trim it with Picciola blossoms!"

The little girl laughed merrily at the idea of Monsieur in a bonnet and said he had better let his wife wear it.

"I have no wife," said he.

"Well, it's easy enough to get one; they are very plenty," said little Miss Wisecare.

"Not here," he answered.

"Oh yes, of course not—in jail!" Then, hoping to remedy this unlucky speech, she said, "It is a pity I am not old enough to wear long dresses, may be I could be your wife. Would I suit you?"

The Prisoner laughed, and said with a blush that I thought had better be on the little girl's cheek. "No doubt Mademoiselle would suit me better than I should her."

"Oh no, I guess not. I am often a very naughty little girl, my big brothers and sisters say. (and I do have the worst luck, breaking dishes and things, sure enough.)—I think I am not too good for even a prisoner."

By this time the Officer and his wife came over to talk with the captive, and the little girl's chatter subsided.

They had known the Count of Charney in former days and having heard the sad story of his prison life from Ludovic, guessed that he had become a better man since coming here.

They expressed sympathy for him, and looking into the lady's gentle face, he said, "Nay Madam, rather congratulate me that I came where I learned to know God and his goodness to even such as I."

Tears filled her eyes and she said, "If you have found our Redeemer here, then, truly, this has been the best part of your life, and I hope you may soon come back to the world and redeem some of the time you lost."

He shook his head and said he supposed he must end his days in this prison.

She said, "Oh no, I hope for better things than that for you, and wherever you live, I trust that we may be counted among your friends."

She held out her hand to him, and he hesitated to take it, saying something about his unworthiness to, till she said, "If Monsieur will found acceptance with our Heavenly Father, he is

surely worthy to take the hand of any fellow sinner who is saved by the same grace."

Then he took her hand and kissed it, with a reverence and gallantry that bespoke the truly Christian gentleman.

They all talked for quite a long time, the Officer meanwhile secretly resolving in his heart to do all he could to secure the prisoner's pardon. He was a man of much influence, and his wife one of the many loving friends of the Empress Josephine.

When they arose to go, the lady asked if there was anything she might send him that would be a comfort to him.

He said, "I have come to believe that the Bible is the light of the world. And above everything else I want a copy of it." She gladly promised it.

After they were gone the Prisoner sat with his head in his hands for a long, long while, heedless of the passage of time, and the stars came out, the moon came up, the dew came down, and the night came all around him.

Dreary as he felt his position was, he knew that possessing this, he held the greatest treasure of life.

You know it is such a favorite old plan for stories to wind up at a wedding, that if there had been two Picciolas, or two prisoners, or two jailers, I should manage to make them fall in love with each other, and bring about as lively a wedding as might be in jail. But with only one of each, even the sharp eye of Raindrop cannot see how it could be done without making a terrible "fizzle" of it.

And so, let us feel as happy as we ought, when I tell you that one morning Ludovic came to the prisoner with his face aglow with joy and handed him a folded paper, saying, "Glad news for Monsieur!—At last, at last it has come!"

Ludovic had been quietly working for this, but the prisoner knew nothing of it.

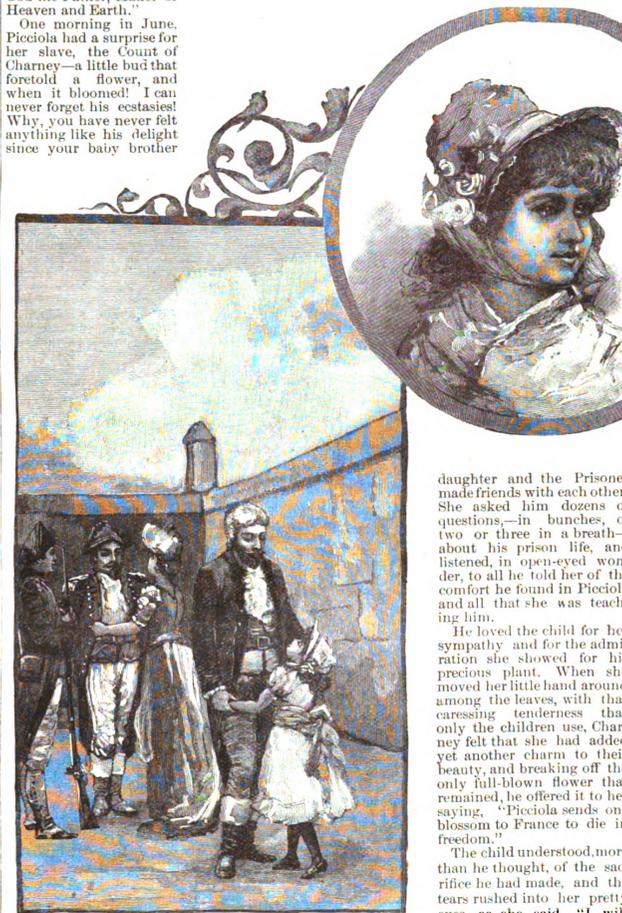
He opened it, wondering what it could be, and read the official order for his release from Fenestrella!

He arose and took one step towards Picciola, but he was not yet strong enough to bear even so glad a shock as this, and he fainted—falling forward upon the little plant, breaking her slender stem off close to the ground.

Ludovic laid him gently upon the cot, put water on his face, and presently he revived.

But nothing could revive Picciola. Ludovic saw what had happened, and fearing to have the prisoner see it while he was still so weak, he raised him in his great, strong arms and carried him out of the courtyard, saying, "Monsieur will breathe better, out here in the air of Freedom!"

Thus for a little while Picciola was left there. At first I was greatly grieved to see my little charge lying dead, but I reflected that her mission was ended—she and I had helped save a man from madness and his soul from death, so she was ready to return to the earth and I to the clouds. I stayed with her as long as the sunshine would permit me, and felt glad to be taken away before the prisoner saw her. I mean the Count of Charney—should come and see her sorry plight, so I floated off, happy in having been useful, and blest with a conscience as clear as a Dewdrop.



or sister was born—unless it was the time your very own pet cat had a kitten!

But Raindrop will not attempt to tell you all it remembers of the Prisoner and his little friend, lest it should entirely go dry before it had finished. It is a long story and told in different ways, how the captive from merely seeking diversion in caring for Picciola, became through her a seeker after God and his righteousness. I leave you to fancy how he gradually came around to believe the same power that made Picciola in her every day different perfections, must be the same that rolls the stars along and the same that made him and was now drawing him heavenward by putting it into his heart to pray for and hail the holy light in his soul. As the first blossoms of her little flower faded away and, in due time, became hardened into their seedhood, he wondered much how so lovely a life as his Picciola could come from such a tiny seed, even after it had died in the earth. "How pleasant thou dost die!" Oh how these words rang in his ears—whether asleep or awake he always seemed to hear them. In his early life the Count of Charney had been a student of the Bible, but only to scoff at it, and now its sacred words came back to him with a blessedness that was heaven-born. When he thought on the possibilities of another life after death he would wish that even as Picciola had been

friends, I will mean you too."

She told him it was her eighth birthday and she liked the present he had given her more than any she had had. Then she said, "Were you ever as young as eight? I 'speak you're about a hundred now."

He laughed and said, "Not unless I have become so since last autumn when I came to prison—I was twenty-seven then."

"Only twenty-seven, going on twenty-eight!" she exclaimed. "Why, what makes your hair so white?"

"I have been lonesome and a sinner," said he.

"Are you lonesome and a sinner now?" she asked.

"Not lonesome, since Picciola came, but a sinner, though, I begin to hope, a saved sinner."

"Oh yes, I know what you mean, saved by Jesus our Saviour. Manna says he will save the wickedest person in the world, if he wants and asks Him to. Are you the wickedest person in the world?"

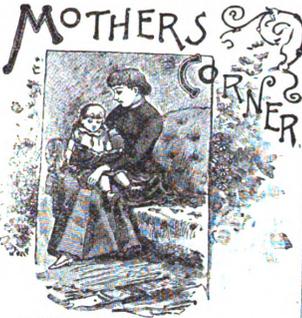
"I am afraid so, little one."

"I don't believe you are. You seem entirely tame to me. I don't see why they fasten you up in this place. Who sent you here, anyhow?"

"The Emperor."

"Well, my Papa knows him, and when we get home, I am just going to tell him to take you out of here, and if he won't do it I will ask the Empress to do it. She is lovely, and oh! she wears the prettiest bonnet I ever saw! white, with violets on it. Everybody knows how fond she is of violets."

The Prisoner smiled and said, "Maybe they have comforted her in trouble sometimes, as



NURSING IN FEVERS.

By ANNIE R. RAMSEY.

Hints on Night-Nursing.

For night-nursing some special directions are needed. In severe cases you will have a light all night, and this light should be a lamp—for the gas we consume the oxygen in the air very rapidly—while a lamp does not; but the lamp must be well cared for, kept scrupulously clean and filled and the wick turned up sufficiently to make a clear, brilliant flame—otherwise the lamp will "smell" and the room will be filled with the odor of kerosene which is much worse for the patient than the oxygen-eating gas. The lamp will surely smell if any of the oil is left on the metal which becoming heated, slowly cooks the fluid and gives rise to the disagreeable odor.

A "hooded lamp" is excellent for the sick-room—the cover entirely protects the patient's eyes while the light can be thrown with great brilliancy upon any desired part of the room, the clock face for instance, which you will need as a constant reminder of your duties. But besides this clock you should have a watch with a second hand, for by this only can you accurately count the pulse and respiration.

The thermometer of the room should be in the light too, for it needs careful watching, as it has a way of dropping towards 2 or 3 o'clock of a winter's morning, and this is the very time the nurse wants to avoid for her patient and for herself any chance of a chill.

It is a curious but well known fact that twice a day human vitality seems to have a low-tide—this occurs between two and five in the afternoon—and between two and five in the early morning—and it is at these times of reduced vitality that your patient is most apt to slip away from your love and care. This is very especially true in those dreary hours just before dawn, when a penetrating chill seems to numb the nurse's faculties or when her tired eyes are most tempted to close, but remember always that this is also your patient's hour of danger and you must keep awake and on the *qui vive* for change in him and a possible collapse.

To help you in this, I strongly urge you to have night luncheons. Just before the family goes to rest have prepared and placed on the table by the door, a tray on which has been arranged a couple of sandwiches, some fruit, (not oranges), a cupful of coffee or milk, tea, beef-tea, cocoa or soup, with a small sauce-pan in which to warm it, so that at 2 o'clock or thereabouts, you can have the benefit of something hot to tide you over the evil hours. Do not allow yourself anything in the nature of liquor—this is a fatal habit and one so easily acquired that the strongest protest is all too weak—even tea is too stimulating for some nurses, and I do not advise it unless all of the other beverages suggested are unpalatable or impossible to prepare easily.

Never take your luncheon in the sight of your patient nor let him know that any such ceremony is going on; be very particular about this with a convalescent who is often so abnormally hungry that the sight or smell of food is almost maddening. For this reason oranges are excluded from the list of fruits—the aromatic odor is so lasting and penetrating that you are at once betrayed by it.

About the nurse's dress. This should be as simple as possible but always perfectly neat and entirely removed from the showy style adopted by nurses of the Fairy Lamp persuasion. That type with its bed-gowns, short skirts and big slippers has died out—nurses now find that they can use a broad-soled, low-heeled shoe with greater comfort than a slipper affords; as the shoe supports the ankle and the muscles of the foot you do not tire so soon—but beware of a squeaking shoe!

When you first begin your nursing, select a half worn dress, take off the overskirt if possible, but at any rate it must be short of all superfluous trimmings, frills and furbelows. If there are any ribbon ends to dangle in the patient's face or tickle his hands while you are administering food or medicine, they must be cut off and the only ornament permissible is the brooch at the throat.

Woolen dresses of dark color are best in winter, but summer patients enjoy the sight of the nurses plain, fresh muslin. Many mothers of large flocks keep a dress of blue flannel, loose waist, loose sleeves buttoned at the wrist and plain round skirt. Such a dress gives in times of stress and is always good as a morning dress where young children require much of the mother's attention.

An apron is an indispensable. It should reach to the hem of the skirt and be wide enough to almost meet behind. It should have a large bib which is to be fastened on the best by safety pins. A working apron for the best soiling can be made with long sleeves and high neck, and it is well to keep the hair covered with a net or so smooth and tight that no wandering hair can by any possibility

fall into the face of the patient or into his food. As sleeves are rarely made so that they may be fastened there with an elastic band, if you do not happen to have any of these oversleeves, there are the Japanese straw cuffs—find rubber sleeves, uglier still at 25 cents a pair.

The dress for the night should be almost the same as for the day during that long period of unceasing care, but you may find it a relief to take off your corsets for an hour or two, putting on a warm double wrapper, and to replace your shoes by a pair of warm felt slippers with felt soles.

Always keep a wrap within reach so as to provide further against the deadly chill of the early morning and the wrap should be something with sleeves.

Not a shawl to slip off with every movement. One precaution is necessary, even with a patient who is apparently unconscious. Never perform any toilet operations or make any change in your dress within the range of

BABY'S WINTER OUTFIT.

Facts for Mothers of Small Children.

"The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year." To many a child this is literally true, for it means confinement to the house, for many months; or else the taking out at long intervals that a cold if not more serious illness, is almost certain to follow.

A child of ordinary vitality can safely be taken out all the year around, (excepting perhaps a dozen of the most inclement days), after it is six months old, provided proper precautions are taken.

Four things are essential. That the child be taken out daily.

That its stays out doors be of short duration, from five to thirty minutes at a time according to the severity of the weather.

That it be perfectly warm before going out and that the carriage and wraps are warm.

And that its little feet be "toasted" upon its return.

As soon as the child is old enough, from two years old and upwards, a few minutes exercise

And winter flannels once put on are to remain on, wholly regardless of the changes of the atmosphere.

Where such rule prevails a still greater folly is often found. And a law as irrevocable as even unto death viz: "All heating stoves or other apparatus for making people comfortable during the chilly days of spring, summer, and autumn are to be banished from the house, before spring house cleaning, and not again under any circumstances, to be replaced until two weeks before Thanksgiving.

A mother's insane adherence to such a folly has cost many a child's life. The child shivers over its breakfast, shivers after its breakfast, and keeps on shivering until the sun has warmed the atmosphere outside though very little inside, then a coat is put on and the little one romping in the sun grows warm, perhaps perspires freely when coming into dinner, the coat is removed, and in the cold dining room the perspiration induced by exercises is suddenly checked, and disease follows.

If the house must be kept cold, wear the coat or better still flannel skirt, when in the house and take it off while out in the sun, resuming it immediately upon entering again.

But as we value the health and happiness of our families, let us have a bright, cheerful fire in stove or grate, during the chilly days of the beautiful autumn, and recognize no season of the year as the time when baby must be housed in.

ANNA E. WATSON.

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By EBEN E. REXFORD

"I love you, mamma," my little one said.
As close to my heart crept her golden head.
"I love you lots," with a clasp and kiss.
"The best of all mammas my mamma is."

"And I think," said she, looking up in my eyes
With a glance that was tender and grave and wise,
"That you've got just the lovinest face. O, O,
"I'm glad you're my mamma, I love you so."

What was the praise of the world to me
To the love of the little one throned on my knee?
And this was my prayer as I kissed the eyes
That were smiling up at me, pansy-wise,
"May the face of thy mother forever be
The "lovinest" face in the world to thee."

his vision. I remember once that I stooped to unfasten my shoe, when my patient cried out in great alarm and her weak heart began a most dangerous fluttering. I could not guess the cause of the fright but she told me the next day that when I stooped, it seemed (to her disordered fancy) as if I were plunging head first down an abyss.

I never quite approve of a nurse who lies down during the night. If the case is desperate, you will not have much chance to do so, but all fevers need such incessant watching. Take a comfortable chair and sit up and keep awake at all hazards. As the patient requires less care, you may have a light story or a bit of fancy work to beguile the tedium of that solemn, peculiar stillness, but if you lie down, ten chances to one you lose yourself and sleep past the time of the next dose.

But on the other hand when your turn to rest comes, resign your case entirely to the nurse who follows you; go into a room far enough from the patient to be perfectly quiet, undress thoroughly, put on your night clothes and sleep and rest as a conscientious duty.

In other words work with all your might and main when you are working and rest with all your might and main when you are resting.

A corps of famous and practical writers are now engaged upon contributions to "The Mother's Corner" of the JOURNAL. It is the intention of the management to make this department one of the brightest and most helpful in the magazine.

out of doors is more beneficial than a ride in a carriage or sleigh.

With a little inducement a very young child will learn to snow ball, build snow houses, dig and roll in the soft clean substance, but a child will not ordinarily play much alone. Somebody must play with it and keep it in motion or it will soon become cold.

To avoid getting the stockings and skirts wet "trouser leggings" should be worn, and should be large enough to draw on over the skirts, making the little chap look like a genuine Esquimaux, who, when the coat is put on is restored to an American citizen again.

Unless seriously ill, a little run on the porch should be indulged in, that the system may be kept accustomed to the air, to prevent taking cold when able to resume the usual outing.

In many cases a severe cold taken in the fall confines a little one to the house so long, that any subsequent exposure during the winter is almost sure to renew the sickness. This cold is often due to neglect in putting on the heavy underclothing and winter wraps in season.

Although the thermometer may indicate a mild day, there is often a damp penetrating wind which produces a chill, unless the person is thoroughly protected.

Fall weather is usually very changeable, and the costume suitable to the day is frequently entirely unsuited to the day following. Great care should be exercised in this regard.

In some families the law is: "Winter flannels once taken off are to remain off."

HEALTH AND BEAUTY

are desirable in every woman, but many girls ruin their beauty by wearing bad fitting corsets.

GOOD SENSE

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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 cuffs 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 **LINE**, while neat and stylish save this trouble and expense. If you can't purchase them at your dealers, 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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New stylish baby's outfit. Complete. Wardrobe of 20 patterns with full instructions for making. \$c only 60c. Diaper Supporter and 20 patterns latest style short clothes. 50c. **LADIES' SUPPLY CO.,** 287 West Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

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FREEMAN'S VELOUTINE.—Variable, free from impurities, impalpable, non-drying, 25c & 50c, at all drug stores or mailed direct to you. Perfumery, New York & CHICAGO.



EDITED BY MRS. LOUISA KNAPP.

TO MY READERS AND FRIENDS.

In another column will be found the announcement of my retirement from the editorship of THE "LADIES' HOME JOURNAL." In the past, two years the nervous strain and anxiety in providing copy at stated periods, the constantly growing demands for additional brain labor have been such that it is necessary, in justice to my home and family, that I should limit myself to such work only as can have the thorough oversight and preparation that the JOURNAL demands. With a particularly strong love for the domestic needs of the JOURNAL sisters, I shall continue to personally conduct and edit the actual Housekeeping department. It is the intention of the management to improve and strengthen in every possible way all departments of the JOURNAL, and to the attainment of that end I propose to make the "Practical Housekeeper" one of, if not the greatest attraction for the half million women who read these columns.

You can greatly aid in the efficiency of this department by coming into more cordial relations with the editor by your offerings of kindly criticism and help, and furnishing whatever matter as may, in your judgment, prove particularly adapted to this work.

The editor particularly requests the JOURNAL sisters having anything specially choice cookery, new in dainties or desserts, or what unique and original in other lines of domestic economy, to forward them to be read with our large family of practical housekeepers. We mean to have the best obtainable matter, and are willing to pay good prices for the best that is to be had. For this department address all communications to

MRS. LOUISA KNAPP,

CARE THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL,
PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

Please do not enclose to me subscriptions, address to me letters of any kind except those relating to this "Practical Housekeeper" department.

A DELICIOUS PUDDING.

THE ingredients for this are one pound of flour, one pound of butter, one dozen eggs, and one pint of sweet cream. Sift and dry the flour, cream the butter.

Beat the eggs separately, very light and add them to the butter alternately with the flour as for pound cake.

or with lemon or nutmeg and last of all one pint of rich sweet cream.

Use a linen pudding bag scalded and well washed and pour in the pudding. Tie it up, leaving room for swelling, and plunge it in boiling water. Use a pudding mould if you have one. Boil for three hours and then pour into a mould to be eaten with the following:

BLACK CAKE.

WASH and dry one pound of currants. Stone and chop three pounds of raisins. Slice and cut into bits, two pounds of citron, blanch and cut two pounds of almonds. Beat separately the yolks and whites of sixteen eggs. Cream together one pound of fresh butter and one pound of soft sugar.

and warm one pound of flour and mix it two tablespoonfuls of finely pounded sifted mixed spices, cloves, allspice, cinnamon and mace. Add the egg yolk to the sugar and butter then add alternately the flour and egg whites. Mix the almonds and fruit together and just before you pour the cake in the pan. Bake slowly and be sure that it is done before removing from the oven.

SOME ECONOMICAL RECIPES.

Gathered From the Experiences of Practical Housekeepers.

A GOOD PLAIN CAKE.

One egg, 1 cup of white sugar, 1 cup of sweet milk, (water may be used if preferred) butter size of an egg, 1 pint of flour into which has been well sifted 2 teaspoonfuls Royal Baking Powder. Work well together the butter, sugar and yolk of eggs until foamy, then add the milk and flour, and lastly the beaten white of the egg.

SPICED PUDDING.

One cup of molasses, 1/2 cup brown sugar, 1/2 cup of butter, 2 eggs, 1/2 cup stoned raisins, 1/2 teaspoonful cloves, cinnamon and nutmeg, 1 small teaspoonful soda dissolved in 1/2 cup warm water, and flour enough to make stiff as common gingerbread. Pour into a mould and steam two hours.

A SAUCE FOR PUDDING.

One cup of white sugar, 1 scant half cup of butter, 1 egg, melt the butter and sugar over ten-kettle and beat well. Break in the egg and beat very hard five minutes. Then add one tablespoonful each of vinegar and raspberry jelly.

A BEEF OMELET.

Three pounds beef chopped fine, piece of suet of size of an egg, 3 eggs, yolks and whites beaten separately, tea cup sweet milk, six crackers, (soda or milk crackers) rolled fine, tablespoonful salt, pepper, sage, onion or celery seed, to taste. I prefer the celery seed, and shake in less than a half a teaspoonful. If onion or sage is used, be very sparing of it, as you want the omelet to have just a suggestion of the flavor of either of these. Mix all ingredients well, adding whites of eggs last. Butter a deep pan and pour in the omelet evenly. Invert a pan over it and bake an hour or hour and a half. This is nice, hot and with vegetables and a nice pudding, makes a most acceptable dinner. When cold, slice thin with a very sharp knife, arrange on a platter with quarters of lemon. If these are not at hand, put the vinegar cruet on the table or pickles and ask the good man to try your new relish. If you can serve lettuce also, so much the better. And I will give a receipt for salad dressing which I have used myself and can recommend as good.

A GOOD SALAD DRESSING.

Yolks of two eggs beaten thoroughly, one level teaspoonful of salt, one of pepper, two of white sugar, two teaspoonfuls prepared mustard, one tablespoonful butter. Stir in the mixture four tablespoonfuls of best vinegar, put dressing in a bowl, set in a kettle of hot water, and stir constantly till it thickens; set away and when cool it is ready for use.

MRS. F. W. G.

VIRGINIA CARAMEL PIES.

Take six eggs, two coffee cups damson preserves, two cups of white sugar and two thirds of a cup of butter. Rub the preserves through a sieve, then add the butter slightly melted and the beaten yolks of the eggs and half a tablespoonful of vanilla and one cup of sugar. Beat well and put into pans which have been lined with a nice puff paste. Put into the oven and when done, cover with a meringue made of the white of eggs and one cup sugar, and half spoonful of Vanilla. Put back into the oven a few minutes until the meringue is slightly browned.

The above proportions will make four ordinary sized pies. They are better eaten warm and will keep some time and bear warming over very well.

MRS. J. J. L. STEVENS.

SWEET BREAD GLACE.

Put into a pan a sliced onion, sliced carrot, and a bay leaf, and lay the sweet breads on top of the vegetables, and season with salt and pepper. Put enough stock into the pan to half cover the sweet breads, and baste the top of the same with butter. Cook in a moderate oven until all the stock has become absorbed. Serve with mushroom sauce to be made as follows:

One can mushrooms; one jigger sherry, two tablespoonfuls of flour, juice of one lemon, one tablespoonful Worcestershire sauce, two cupfuls of bouillon or water. Melt the butter but do not burn it, then mix flour with it and add the bouillon, lemon juice and Worcestershire sauce and strain. Finally add mushrooms either sliced or whole.

DR. PRICE'S
CREAM
BAKING POWDER
MOST PERFECT MADE.
NEW YORK'S GREAT CHEMIST.

This is to certify that I have analyzed Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder. I find it composed of pure materials, compounded on correct scientific principles. The ingredients are accurately and scientifically proportioned. Hence, bread or biscuits prepared with it are better suited for digestion.
R. OGDEN DOREMUS, M. D., LL. D.
Prof. Chemistry and Toxicology in the New York Bellevue Hospital Medical College. Prof. Chemistry and Physics in the College of the City of New York.

FLEISCHMANN'S
VEGETABLE
COMPRESSED YEAST
HAS NO EQUAL

SNOW BALLS.



NE pound of soft white sugar creamed light with one pound of sweet fresh butter. Sixteen egg whites beaten light. One pound of flour sifted several times and warmed. One pound of almonds blanched and sliced up, one pound of citron cut up into small pieces and one pound of grated cocoanut.

Add the flour and egg white alternately to the creamed sugar and butter. Flavor with the grated rinds of two fresh lemons. Mix the cocoanut, citron and almonds thoroughly and stir in well. Have ready your pans nicely greased with fresh butter from which the salt has been washed. Fill them to within half an inch of the top, set them all in a large pan and put in a moderately heated oven. If browning too rapidly before they are done cover them with buttered paper. They should be removed from the oven as soon as perfectly done and when perfectly cold iced smoothly and carefully.

To make boiled icing take one pound of loaf sugar, one gill and a half of water, and let it boil gently until it will pull in threads from the spoon. Have ready the whites of three eggs well beaten. Pour the syrup into a bowl and stir it briskly until it begins to look milky, then gradually add the egg whites. Beat the icing until very light and thick, but not too thick to spread nicely. Flavor with lemon or vanilla. These snow balls are delicious and very dainty.

ANNA ALEXANDER CAMERON.

HOW TO MAKE A GOOD YEAST.

Boil two ounces of the best hops in four quarts of water for half an hour; strain and let the liquor cool down to the warmth of new milk then put in a small handful of salt and half a pound of sugar; beat up one pound of the best flour with some of the liquor and then mix well all together. Let this mixture stand until the third day, then add three pounds of potatoes, boiled and mashed, let it stand a day longer, stirring frequently and keeping it near the fire, in an earthen vessel then strain and put in bottles and it is ready for use. The advantage of this yeast is that it ferments spontaneously not requiring the aid of other yeast. If well cooked and kept in a cool place, it will keep six months or more. It has been thoroughly tested and never fails to make delicious light bread.



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TURKISH FIG PASTE.

Two pounds sugar, add to it 2 quarts of water, and 1/2 of a teaspoonful of dissolved citric acid; put this on the fire and when it reaches a boil add to it one pint of corn starch dissolved in a little water, now add whatever color and flavor desired (it is usually white) and cook stirring all the time, until, by testing it in cold water (that is taking a small quantity out of the batch in a spoon and putting it into the water) it leaves the spoon on cooling; then pour it into a well greased pan, spread about an inch thick, and set away until next day; it may then be removed from the pan, cut into squares, and rolled in powdered sugar.

A. WANN.

A GOOD CHOCOLATE RECIPE.

Three-fourths of a cake of chocolate, 1 quart of cold water, 1 quart of sweet rich milk, sugar to taste. Grate or scrape the chocolate and mix with the water thoroughly and smoothly; then sweeten and allow it to boil until it becomes quite a thick paste. Boil the milk separately, and stir it into the chocolate mixture, and cook a few minutes longer.

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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PERFECTLY PURE HIGHLY CONCENTRATED
Standard Flavoring
EXTRACTS

HOUSEKEEPERS can prove by a single trial that these Extracts are the cheapest; they are true to their names, full measure, and highly concentrated.



The smoothness of sauces and purees for which French cookery is noted, is easily understood by anyone familiar with the methods practiced in France. A sieve is an indispensable article for the cook who produces these appetizing adjuncts to a meal. For doing the work thoroughly and rapidly, the Hunter Sifter is unique.

The Hunter Sifter is for sale at stove, hardware and house-furnishing stores. A toy Sifter, which shows how the large Sifter works and which will amuse children, will be sent free to anyone who will mention where this advertisement was seen, and enclose six cents in stamps to

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WE are IMPORTERS of Tea and Coffee; China and Crockery, and do the largest Tea and Coffee business in Boston (direct with consumers). We also carry a large stock and sell at the lowest possible Cash prices Dinner and Tea Sets, Silver-plated Ware, Lamps, etc. To those who take the time and trouble to get up clubs for Tea, Coffee, Spices and Extracts, we offer premiums. In buying Tea and Coffee from us, you get full value for the money invested and get a premium, and you get goods that are direct from the IMPORTERS. If you buy Tea and Coffee from your grocer you pay three or four profits and pay for a premium but do not get it. In an article published in one of the largest dailies in this country it was claimed the tea bought from the retail grocer showed a profit of 100 per cent. The moral is plain, buy from first hands. We have been doing business in Boston for 15 years and the publishers of this paper will tell you of our unbroken reliability. We do a business of nearly \$300,000 yearly, and we expect our Cash sales of Dinner, Tea and Toilet Sets, Silver Ware, Lamps, etc. will amount to \$40,000 this year aside from our Tea and Coffee sales. (Rogers Knives \$2.50 per dozen). Our Illustrated Price and Premium list tells the whole story. We like to mail it to all who write for it; it costs you nothing and will interest you. 120 pages.



THE PRACTICAL HOUSEKEEPER.

EDITED BY MRS. LOUISA KNAPP.

HOLIDAY GOODIES.

The Art of Making Candies and Sweets Taught In a Few Recipes.



SIDE from the pleasure every mother must derive from preparing home-made candies, and goodies for the little ones at this season, there is a yet more important consideration in the satisfaction of knowing the sweetmeats are composed of pure wholesome material, which is rarely the case when candies are purchased from the very best dealers.

With a little practice, any housekeeper can acquire the art of candy making, and by the display of good taste, can ornament candies and other sweetmeats so as to please the children quite as much as with such as are purchased at a much greater expense.

The utensils necessary for making candy, are a porcelain lined candy kettle, which should be supplied with a tight fitting cover, a smooth candy slab, several shallow, square pans, a large wooden spoon, a pair of candy shears, a sharp knife, and a sugar sifter. Moulding trays, and moulding patterns may be had for making bonbons, gum drops and other fancy candies, though in the absence of these, some convenient article about the dining room or kitchen may be used.

Care should be given in selecting the sugar for making candy. Never use an inferior article; for ordinary varieties, confectioner's A sugar will answer, for taffies or dark candy the article called coffee C, but for crystallizing, and the finer candies the purest powdered sugars only should be used. The flavoring extracts also should be of the best quality, and the coloring pure, and of well known harmless material. The following recipes will be found quite economical as well as easy to prepare, and in every way satisfactory.

VANILLA CREAM CANDY.

Put a pound and a half of white sugar, with three gills of water in a porcelain lined candy kettle. Boil rapidly, until when dropped in water it will form a soft ball, add a teaspoonful of extract of vanilla, grease a tin pan, pour in the candy, and set on ice to cool as rapidly as possible, pull until very white. Draw out in flat sticks, lay on a dry tin or flat dish for a few hours, when it will become creamy, and put away in close covered pans or boxes.

LEMON STICK CANDY.

Boil one and a half pounds of granulated sugar with three gills of water, add half a teaspoonful of cream of tartar dissolved in a little warm water. Keep covered and boil over a brisk fire until the syrup threads and cracks. Flavor with lemon, and color with grated lemon peel. Pour out to cool in a well buttered dish, as soon as cool enough to handle, take up and pull. Cut in sticks, roll until round, and set aside to harden. Pretty fancy sticks may be made by separating the candy and coloring each portion differently, pulling and twisting together.

TRANSPARENT CANDIES.

Make candy as for stick candy, stir as little as possible, and pour out to cool in broad, shallow, well buttered trays. When nearly cold mark in squares. When perfectly cold turn out of the pan, and the squares may then be broken apart. Pineapple, orange, white rose or any other colorless flavoring may be used for these candies.

ICE CREAM CANDY.

Put one pound of granulated sugar with a tin cup of water in a porcelain lined saucepan, and stir over the fire until dissolved, then boil without stirring until it hardens when dropped in water. When done, put in two ounces of butter and a tablespoonful of extract of vanilla, also half a teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Pour in a well greased pan. If desired to make fancy, divide, and color one pan pink. When nearly cold, pull each part separately, twist the pink and white together, cut in sticks, put in a large, deep dish, cover and let stand two hours.

CREAM BONBONS.

Put one pound of the best crushed sugar with a teacup of water in a porcelain candy kettle, boil without stirring, until a soft ball may be formed of the mixture. Remove from the fire, and let stand in the kettle a few minutes, flavor, and with a large spoon, beat until it becomes fine and creamy. With the fingers, roll portions of the cream into little round or oval balls. These little bonbons can be dipped in melted chocolate, coconut cream, and small candied fruits pressed into their centre.

AUNT DINAH'S MOLASSES CANDY.

Boil one quart of sugar house molasses over a clear fire until brittle. Dissolve half a teaspoonful of soda in a little hot water and stir in. Flavor with cinnamon bark. Pour to cool. When cold enough to handle pull until light. Draw out in sticks.

LEMON TAFFY.

Put one pound of yellow sugar and two cups of water in a candy kettle, let boil five minutes, and add two ounces of butter, boil until it hardens, but not until brittle, flavor with lemon, pour in well buttered tins. When nearly cold mark off with a knife in squares, press nearly through. When cold turn out on buttered paper, and break the squares apart.

COCONUT TAFFY.

Boil one pound of white sugar and two gills of water together, while boiling stir in two ounces of butter. Boil until it will pull between the fingers, add three ounces of grated coconut, pour out to cool, mark in squares.

PEANUT CANDY.

Boil one pound of sugar with a cup of water, add a pinch of cream of tartar. Let the syrup boil until it hardens. Butter the side and bottom of a broad, shallow tin pan, and spread chopped peanuts evenly around it. Carefully spread the boiling syrup over the nuts, and set aside. When stiff, cut in bars with a sharp knife. Let stand a day or two and it will become soft and delicious.

CHOCOLATE CREAM CANDY.

Boil one and a half pounds of white sugar with two small cups of water, and a salt spoonful of cream of tartar dissolved in a little warm water. Let boil until thick. Flavor with vanilla. Remove from the fire and let cool slightly before pouring out. With a wooden spoon, stir and beat until it begins to look milky. Then stir in six ounces of grated chocolate, mix well. Pour in shallow, wide tins, covered with well greased white paper. When it is cold, lift out the paper and cut in small squares or sticks.

MAPLE SUGAR CANDY.

Boil one pound of pure maple sugar, and half a pound of granulated sugar with two teacups of water, add half a teaspoonful of cream of tartar, dissolved. Let boil until it hardens, then pour in a buttered dish. When nearly cool, pull until it is light colored. Make in little cakes, stick a whole walnut meat in the centre.

FIG PASTE.

Boil over a bright fire, a pound of fresh figs in a cup of water. When the figs become soft, strain, and boil the liquor down one half. Stir in a pound and a half of sugar, and boil slowly until a thick paste. Line a very shallow pan with paper, put the paste on while hot, let cool, lift the paper from the pan, cut the paste in little blocks, and roll in sugar.

WHITE NOUGAT.

Blanche a pound of almonds, and chop. Pour four ounces of white honey in a clean new tin cup, set the cup in a kettle of water and boil until it will roll in a ball, to this, add an ounce of powdered sugar, and the stiffly beaten white of one egg. Cook until stiff, and stir in the almonds. Take from the fire and pour in a little tray lined with white paper, press down firmly and let stand until cold. Then cut in thick, small blocks, and dust with powdered sugar, which has been flavored with vanilla, and dried.

FRUIT GLACE.

Boil one pint of granulated sugar, and one cup of water, until brittle. Have oranges peeled and divided in quarters. Carefully dip each piece in a portion of the syrup, and set in a cool place to dry. Do not stir the syrup. Pineapples, bananas, or other fruits can be prepared in the same way, and, mixed with the oranges in a glass bowl, form a very handsome dish for a Christmas or a New Year's party.

ROSE KISSES.

Beat the whites of six eggs to a stiff froth. When light and dry, mix a cupful of powdered sugar quickly, flavor with extract of white rose. Spread oiled paper on a board. Drop a spoonful at a time of the mixture on it. Set in a cool oven and dry for nearly an hour, until a crust forms. Lift from the paper and stick them together at the bottom.

CANDIED GINGER.

Make a syrup of one pound of granulated sugar, and a large cup of water. Place over the fire, let come to a boil, and skim. Cut a quarter of a pound of ginger root into small pieces, and put in some water to boil for an hour, drain off the water, pour some of the syrup over, enough to cover, and let boil an hour and a half, if the syrup cooks away, add more when the ginger is tender, take up, drain on a sieve, let cool, and dust with granulated sugar, dip again in the thick syrup, set aside to cool, and when cold, roll in sugar again. The syrup should be boiled until it will crystallize the ginger.

CHOCOLATE CARAMELS.

Dissolve a pound and a half of granulated sugar in a coffee cup of rich cream, add a good sized pinch of cream of tartar dissolved in a little warm water, let come to a boil, and put in four ounces of grated chocolate. Boil rapidly and stir until it is hard. Pour out to cool in a shallow dish. Cut in squares when cold. Coconut, lemon or vanilla caramels may be made in the same way.

GUM DROPS.

Put a pound of the best quality of gum-arabic in three gills of water, dissolve slowly over a moderate fire, strain, and add three quarters of a pound of sugar with a cup of water. Let boil down until thick, stirring all the while. Remove from the fire and flavor with rose extract. Set aside to settle. Skim off the top, pour in little molds, sift over with powdered sugar, and stand away to harden, for two or three days. When dry, crystallize.

ELIZA R. PARKER.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES.

Mrs. M. M. (By request.) The recipes you ask for would require too much space in this column. They will be given in some future number of THE JOURNAL.

Mrs. M. E. P. (By request.) Salt Rising Bread. Take a pint of new milk, set on the stove, and stir in corn meal and let heat,—not boil, until thick as mush. Set in a warm place over night. In the morning it will be light. Put a gallon of flour in a bread bowl, pour in the mush, and mix with warm water, add a teaspoonful of sugar, and a pinch of soda. Make a stiff batter, cover and keep warm. In an hour or two it should be light. Work in flour to make dough, let rise, mold in loaves, put in greased pans, let rise and bake. This makes the sweetest and most wholesome bread a family can use.

Mrs. L. M. W. (By request.) Fig Preserves. Take ripe figs, place in a wine basket and dip in a kettle of hot lye. Make a syrup of sugar, pound for pound, and put the figs in, let cook slowly until done, take up and drain and put in glass jars. Boil the syrup low and pour over.

Apple butter. Boil a gallon of fresh cider down half, chop good cooking apples fine, and add to the cider until thick, flavor with spices to taste.

Citron Cake. One quart of flour, one cup of butter, two cups of sugar, twelve eggs, one cup of cream, a pound of chopped citron, and one teaspoonful each of extract of almond and nutmeg. Bake in a well greased pan for one hour.

Mrs. J. H. (By request.) Christmas Plum Pudding. One pound of Muscatel raisins, stoned, one pound of Sultana raisins, one pound of currants, one pound of fresh beef suet chopped fine, one pound of sugar, two ounces each of orange and lemon peel candied, the grated rind of one fresh lemon, two ounces each of butter and Jordan almonds cut in pieces, three nutmegs grated, a teaspoonful of ginger, same of salt, a pound of bread crumbs and three quarters of a pound of flour. Mix well together in a large pan. Beat nine eggs, add a small cup of molasses, and stir in to the pudding. Wet a pudding bag in boiling water then flour, turn the pudding into it, tie up securely and boil nine hours. When done, lift it out of the kettle and put in cold water; let cool, untie the string and turn out in a large dish. Have ready four ounces of blanched almonds and stick over the top of the pudding. Serve with plum pudding sauce. This is a genuine English pudding.

Mrs. W. M. (By request.) Chocolate Cake. Cream one cup of butter and two of sugar together; add one cup of cream, two cups of flour and one of corn starch with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, the whites of seven eggs and a teaspoonful of extract of vanilla. Bake in jelly pans. For filling, boil three cups of sugar with one of water, grate in half a cake of chocolate and stir in the beaten whites of three eggs. Spread between the layers of cake and on top.

Mrs. H. J. (By request.) Lemon Butter—Imitation Honey. Beat the yolks of six eggs, a pound of powdered sugar, and a quarter of a pound of butter together, then add the beaten whites. Put in a farina kettle, and stir over the fire until it thickens, add the juice of two and the rind of one lemon, pour in a bowl to cool. Imitation Honey. Boil two pounds of white sugar with half a pint of water for five minutes. Do not stir, add three drops of oil of roses and three drops of oil of peppermint to one gill of alcohol; shake, and put a teaspoonful into the boiling syrup. Pour out to cool. This is an excellent substitute for strained honey.

For 24 years Dobbins' Electric Soap has been imitated by unscrupulous soap makers. Why? Because it is best of all and has an immense sale. Be sure and get Dobbins' and take no other. Your grocer has it, or will get it.

Housewives are invited to send any new or good recipe, home hint or suggestion for this Department to Mrs. LOUISA KNAPP.

A NOTED WOMAN

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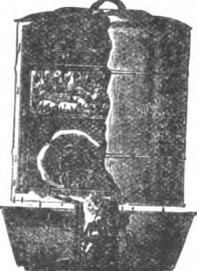
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EDITED BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—All inquiries about flowers and their culture will be cheerfully answered to the best of my ability in the columns of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL when they are of general interest.

SEASONABLE HINTS.

At this season of the year plants will not be making much growth; they will be getting ready for growth a little later on.

One of the best tools to use among your plants is an old-fashioned two-tined fork.

Turn your plants at least once a week. The sun is not strong enough to draw them much at this season, but by turning them you give all sides a chance to get a little benefit from it.

Care must be exercised at this season about watering. I think more plants are lost in winter from overwatering than from any other cause.

Keep the dead leaves picked off. They do not look well, and they injure the plants to a great extent if allowed to remain on and among them.

It is a good plan to go over your plants this month and remove all insects. This should be done before they begin to grow, for when the new growth comes, the insects, if allowed to remain, will be ready to attack it.

spider lurks, for he is sharp enough to know that the leaf acts as a sort of umbrella which shelters him from moisture.

I hope you have provided plenty of fresh soil for use in potting such plants as may require it.

The Fancy Caladiums.

A correspondent asks about these plants and wants the difference between them and the ordinary Caladium used in tropical gardening explained.

The ordinary Caladium.—C. esculentum.—has gigantic foliage. It is often three or four



FANCY CALADIUMS.

feet long and a foot and a half across, thrown up on a stout leaf stalk, several leaves being produced from the crown of the plant.

The fancy Caladiums are most delicate in habit of growth. In fact, none of them have very large foliage, but it is wonderfully beautiful.

In every way they are more delicate than the ordinary variety grown out of doors in summer. They are not able to stand strong sunshine, and wind soon mars the beauty of the leaf.

They are extremely effective plants to use as table ornaments. Few are more suitable for this purpose.

Flower Gossip.

Mrs. F. M. C. writes as follows: "I want to tell you about my beautiful Chrysanthemum. It was an old plant, given

me last fall. I kept it in a cool place all winter, and in the spring took one of the many little sprouts coming from the roots.

The material referred to is ordinary "zephyr," with which almost every woman is well acquainted.

The above letter is just the kind I like to receive, because it explains so clearly how the writer went to work to accomplish a definite plan.

The following notes from garden-work of the past season will be found instructive as well as pleasant reading.



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that I had some as fine specimens as one of my rich neighbors had who bought some of the fancy varieties and paid more for one bulb of them than I did for all I had.

The Gladiolus is, as this correspondent says, one of the most satisfactory of all garden flowers, and especially so for the amateur.

"I wish you could see my Oleander with a blue Morning Glory clambering up it, and half covering the plant with its vines and flowers.

Being an annual, I think the old vine will be pretty well used up by the end of the season.

Answers to Correspondents.

Mrs. G. H. L. :—I do not think it worth while to try to carry plants of double Petunia or Verbena through the winter.

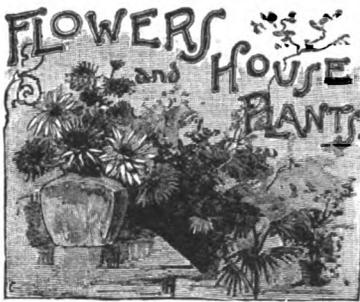
Mrs. C. H. G. :—I think almost any dealer in plants will be able to send you Speciosa Fuchsia, as it is one of the old stand-bys in that family of plants.

M. S. :—I would not throw the Lily away, but put it in some corner where it can be left to think over its obstinacy without interfering with other plants.

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EDITED BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

Answers to Correspondents.

F. C. :—Plant sent, Sedum variegatum. Miss H. C. :—The best way to destroy the small white worms in soil about roots of pot plants is to apply lime-water. Take a piece of fresh lime as large as a teacup and put it in a pailful of water. If good, it will soon dissolve, or, more strictly speaking, break up into small particles from which there will be a deposit of sediment in the bottom of the vessel. As soon as this sediment settles, the water will be clear above. Pour this off and apply to the soil, giving enough to thoroughly saturate it. This will generally kill the worms or drive them out through the hole in the bottom of the pot. Sometimes it will be necessary to repeat the application. If the worms come to the surface, remove them. This solution is more effective than anything else I have ever tried, and if not made too strong the most delicate plant will not be injured by it. Indeed, most plants seem to be benefited by it, as there is an element of plant food in lime. I have but little faith in the remedies usually prescribed for the expulsion of worms from the soil. Some of them, it is true, will kill the worms, but they often kill the plants, too.

Lime water prepared as directed can be kept in bottles tightly stopped for use in winter, as required.

Mrs. F. B. W. :—I am sorry that I am not able to give you the answer asked for. I am in receipt of so many letters that I find it impossible to preserve them all, and as soon as answered they are put into the waste-basket. I will give your name and address, and perhaps Mrs. Frances A. Dorsey, whose address you ask for will see it and write you. If Mrs. D. sees this will she favor Fanny B. Willis, 1622 S. Third St., Waco, Tex. with the required information?

Mrs. S. P. H. :—You are right in thinking that the insect with which your Hoya is infested is mealy bug. Some get rid of him by spraying with diluted alcohol, applied with an atomiser. I prefer to use the kerosene emulsion recently spoken of in this paper. If you have but few plants you might remove the insects by using a camel-hair brush, such as artists use, brushing them away from the axils of the leaves where they like to congregate. But the emulsion is surest and most effective and most easily applied.

J. B. P. :—I do not think bulbs taken from the ground where they have been growing all through the season would be so satisfactory for winter culture as those which you can buy of florists at very reasonable prices, because the latter are generally prepared for this use, and are therefore stronger and surer to bloom. I hardly think Sweet Peas would bloom well in sitting room temperature, but Morning Glories will do very well in a cool window, and the seed of them should be planted at once. If they bloom be sure to remove all flowers as soon as they fade to prevent the formation of seed, which seriously interferes with the production of flowers after the first crop.

Mrs. C. L. C. :—I think your Rose must have been a grafted one, and that the graft died, after which shoots were sent up from the stock on which the graft was set. This stock is generally Manetti, a class of Roses which make vigorous growth of branch but seldom bloom. Being easily procured and quite hardy, and strong, it is used to graft choice kinds on. If you know your Rose to be a grafted one, you must be sure to keep all suckers sent up from below the junction of graft and stock removed.

C. S. H. :—The Lily requires a rich soil well drained, and should be planted about six inches deep. The best manure for Lilies is from the cow-yard, and only that which has lain long enough to become black and friable should be used. It is better to put clear sand immediately about the bulb, and around that, the soil in which the manure has been mixed. A sunny place is not so desirable as a half-shady one. The plants may do as well in full sunshine, but the flowers will not last so long. If you can give it a location in which it gets the morning sun and is sheltered in the afternoon, do so. Cover to depth of at least a foot in fall, with leaves or litter, and do not remove this in spring till the ground begins to get somewhat warm. A great deal of injury is done to bulbs by uncovering too early. Lilies as a class do not start so early so the spring-flowering bulbs, so it is not as necessary to uncover them before the latter part of April or first of May.

Mrs. M. W. C. :—I do not understand why your old Heliotrope has never bloomed. I find this one of the easiest of all plants to grow satisfactorily. With me it is almost always in bloom, and it gives profuse crops of flowers. I give it a soil composed of loam, turfy matter and old manure in equal parts, with sand enough mixed in to make the compost friable. I pot the young plants in three or four inch pots and leave them in them till the soil becomes filled with roots. Then I shift to six inch, and later on to eight inch, shifting as soon as the roots form a net-work about the soil next the pot. This plant soon fills the soil with fine roots, and unless extra care is taken in watering, the portion in the

center of the pot will become so matted with these roots that it is with difficulty that water penetrates it, and the result is, often, that the roots which require moisture most get the least. It is a good plan to have the soil higher about the edge of the pot than in the center, so that the water which you apply will run towards the centre rather than away from it. Old root-bound plants often drop their leaves and refuse to bloom. This can be remedied by re-potting, taking care to cut away all the decayed roots. The Heliotrope is quite susceptible to gas, either from coal fires or that used in illuminating, and often drops its leaves because there is too much of it in the air. It will seldom bloom well in rooms where there is much of it. It is a plant that loves a good deal of strong sunshine and heat, and must have both in considerable quantities to do well.

Annie :—The Rubra Begonia likes a mixture of loam, turfy matter and sand better than too much clear manure. If yours is blooming it can hardly be expected to make a strong growth at same time.

Mrs. E. N. M. :—Leaf sent, Bryophyllum. Can't say when you may expect flowers. That depends largely on treatment.

MS. S. :—Boursault Rose not hardy at north.

Miss P. N. L. :—No florist can tell you the name of a plant of which you know nothing but a popular name, as that name is quite likely to be local in its use. I have seen a half dozen plants called Parlor Ivy in different localities and no two were alike. If you want a plant named be sure to send leaf.

P. C. F. :—If you had read the JOURNAL carefully you would have seen the article in which I answered the very same questions which you ask. Before asking questions, be sure that they have not been already answered. If an article contains the information you are in search of, why should you want an answer personally? Space and time are too limited to admit of answering questions twice when once will do as well, and a general answer is just as good as one given directly to you, if it covers the whole ground, which the article referred to did fully.

Mrs. M. C. B. :—Passiflora Constance Elliot blooms abundantly with me, and makes a rampant growth; so much so that half the glass on the greenhouse roof was taken up by the plant which had to be cut back in order to give other plants a chance. It has very strong roots, and I do not wonder that you had no flowers from your plant if you only gave it a two quart pot to grow in. It is not an easy plant to winter in the cellar, because it is of too soft a nature. Only such plants as are half shrubby in character, or wholly so, do well in cellar. I would advise taking a cutting from the old plant and trying to keep it in the sitting room window till next spring. Then give a rich soil and a good sized pot, and shift as the old pot becomes filled with roots, giving weak manure water to encourage strong growth. In this way you may be able to secure flowers late in the season. All the Passifloras are properly greenhouse plants, as they require a longer season than they can secure if planted out in spring.

Mrs. C. S. E. :—I think the answer to Mrs. M. C. B. will meet your case. P. Princes is a winter bloomer in the greenhouse, as are all the varieties of this family,—in fact what may be called an all-the-year-round bloomer, as it will seldom be without flowers. Will Mrs. F. H. K. who wrote about Cacti in Flower-Gossip column of October number of this paper send her address to Lizzie A. Boyd, London, Ontario, Canada?

E. L. D. :—Latana Borbonica requires a deep pot, rather than one very large across its top. It is the habit of this class of plants to send their roots down rather than out, therefore they must have pots or boxes especially prepared for them, if you want to grow them to the best advantage. I have my Palms growing in boxes about three feet deep, and perhaps sixteen or eighteen inches square at top, and a foot at bottom. Give a soil composed of loam, sand, and leaf-mold, and water well, but be sure to give good drainage so that stagnant water will not work injury at the roots. Shower the foliage at least once a week. Give a somewhat shady place. None of the palms require or like a full exposure to the sun. Indeed, entire shade is preferable. If you do not wash the stalk once in a while with soapsuds, the scale will be pretty sure to trouble it. In case you find this insect already established, take a rather stiff brush and scrub the stalks well, with soapsuds, after which wash off with clean water, using a sponge to apply it. L. Borbonica is not a tall grower, but spreads well over the pot. Sieforthia elegans is a fine variety, having very long leaves, thrown well above the pot. Phoenix reclinata has a habit which partakes somewhat of the leading characteristics of the two sorts named, being a spreading plant and standing up more than L. Borbonica. Its foliage is shorter than that of the S. elegans, and stiffer, but divided much the same. It is probably the best kind for house culture, being able to stand more abuse and neglect than either of the others. Gas will injure these plants, but they will stand as much of it as any plants which you can select.

Mrs. A. K. D. :—Your query came too late to be answered seasonably through the columns of the JOURNAL. Bear in mind that it will be at least three months before you can get a reply through that channel, and always send an addressed and stamped envelope if you want an answer promptly.

Mrs. W. C. J. :—All kinds of Roses can be propagated from seed.

C. C. C. :—Cobaea and other flowers of that class can be grown from cuttings or seed. If wanted for summer use, sow seed in March, or take cuttings then from old plants, choosing strong and healthy branches which have not made much growth. Insert in sand which should be kept wet and warm. I do not know where you can buy the seed but presume Dreer or Henderson can get it for you if they do not have it in stock.

Mrs. C. B. :—I have never known cuttings from double Petunias to produce single flow-

ers, supposing that they came true, which is not the case with seedlings. Are you sure that the cuttings producing single flowers came from the original plant bearing double flowers?

E. D. C. :—Mignonette can be grown in the house but it will require a great deal of care to keep it in good condition. It will be pretty sure to be attacked with the red spider. It should not be given a rich soil if cultivated in pots.

Miss B. :—It may be cheaper to grow some kinds of plants from seed saved from your garden, but I have always found it more satisfactory to purchase young plants of choice kinds from florists who make a specialty of growing seed in the best manner possible.

B. A. B. :—It is not often that worms attack plants in the greenhouse, but when they do they make sad work among the plants in a short time, because they generally do a good deal before being discovered. Last winter I noticed that something was eating the leaves of Primula Obconica and some of the Begonias. I watched for the trespasser for some time before I discovered him. I think he must have hidden himself in the soil when not at work, as I am sure he was not among the leaves very much by daytime. When at last found he proved to be a worm or slug about an inch long, dark greenish-brown in color. I picked him off and killed him, hoping that he was the last of his race, but soon holes in the leaves of other plants showed that I had a new pest to war against. It was almost impossible to hunt for the mischief-makers with hope of success among a greenhouse full of plants, and I concluded to try kerosene emulsion on them. I prepared the emulsion and turned the pots on their sides so that I could be sure of getting at the underside of every leaf, and syringed them thoroughly. In this way I succeeded in getting rid of most of them, but occasional depredations would show that some had escaped my efforts at extermination. Having to remove the plants from the greenhouse last summer in order to have new benches, piping and other improvements put in, I took pains to go over each plant as it was carried out, with the emulsion, and after that I saw no signs of the enemy. I did not try heliobore or slug shot, because it is much more difficult to get to all parts of a plant with powder than with a liquid.

So many references have been made in this column to the "kerosene emulsion" above referred to, that I have been requested by many new subscribers to give full instructions for preparing it. I take two parts refined oil and one part slightly sour milk. I put these into a watering-pot and churn them together with a syringe until they unite, which they will do after a little if the milk is of the proper degree of acidity and the agitation is rapid enough, forming a white substance like butter. This can be put into glass cans with air-tight covers and kept for use as required. When application is to be made to infested plants, use one part of this butter and fifteen parts clear water. Stir well before applying to your plants. I have never known the emulsion to injure the most delicate plant when prepared in this way, and it has quite strength enough to kill all insects with which it comes in contact. It is a sovereign remedy for the mealy bug and scale. When made as directed it will not be necessary to wash it off with clear water after allowing it to remain on the plants for a time, as we are obliged to do with Fir Tree Oil, which is not so effectual, and is quite as expensive, and often difficult to obtain. If the emulsion is used on plants in the sitting-

room, care must be taken to keep it away from windows or wall-paper, as the oil will leave its mark on them.

I would suggest that those who have, or expect to have, use for a thoroughly reliable and easily prepared insecticide should cut this out and paste it in their scrap-book for handy reference. It is useful in spring among the Roses to keep down the slug. Be sure to get the proportions correct. A trifle too much oil makes the preparation so strong that it will kill the leaves of soft plants, as I once proved. After that I was careful to keep to directions, and had no more trouble.

Mrs. F. S. S. :—The editor of this department is the author of the poems you ask about.

N. O. A. :—The plant of which you send branch is purple-leaved Berberry, a very pretty shrub for the lawn, especially if set near a shrub having light colored foliage, by which strong contrast of colors can be secured. One of the best kinds to plant with it is Weigelia aurea, having leaves of a rich golden green.

Miss D. :—I believe I advised a correspondent to not use tea and coffee grounds on her plants, in a late number of the JOURNAL. You probably overlooked it. I can see no possible benefit to be derived from them if the soil is good, and the plant is kept well watered. The decaying vegetable matter may have some slight value as plant-food, and they might act as a mulch, perhaps, but the trouble is that they will be sure to breed worms from which it will be difficult to rid the plants. Rely on some other kind of fertilizer.

Miss C. J. :—Will you tell me if Hermocallis flava is hardy in central New York, also the Japonica? Will the latter thrive in a moist, shady situation? What kind of soil suits it best? Is the Tritoma a desirable flower, and how long does it remain in bloom? I have a Cactus which is five years old. It ought to have bloomed at two years, but has never had a bud. It grows well and looks thrifty. Have it in light, sandy soil, and water sparingly except at growing season. Can you tell me what the trouble is? Before closing this letter, I want to tell you about my Pansies. I have four plants in a box. They have thirty large blossoms. One flower has six and another seven petals. Who can beat that? I enjoy the "Talks about Flowers" more than anything else in the JOURNAL.

I think the Hermocallis is considered perfectly hardy in your latitude. I would advise covering it to the depth of a foot with leaves at coming of cold weather. I do not understand what plant you refer to as Japonica. We have so many plants from Japan which are popularly called Japonicas by those who select the easiest part of the name, regardless of the fact that it is the least important part, that great confusion exists, and a "Japonica" may be anything from a Camellia to an Anemone. I venture the "guess" that the Japonica she asks about is Anemone Japonica of the catalogues, a fall-flowering plant, white and red. The white variety is catalogued as alba, the red as rubra. If this guess of mine is correct she need have no doubts about the hardness of her plant. I do not find it very particular about location. I would prefer to give it a well-drained place, however. The Tritoma is a very showy flower, and quite desirable for planting in conspicuous places. It continues in bloom for some weeks. I am not able to tell you why your Cactus does not bloom, or what can be done to it to force it into flowering. You seem to have given it proper treatment.

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DEPARTMENT OF ARTISTIC NEEDLE-WORK. All communications concerning fancy work should be mailed direct to M. F. KNAPP, Editor Fancywork Department, 20 Linden St., South Boston, Mass.

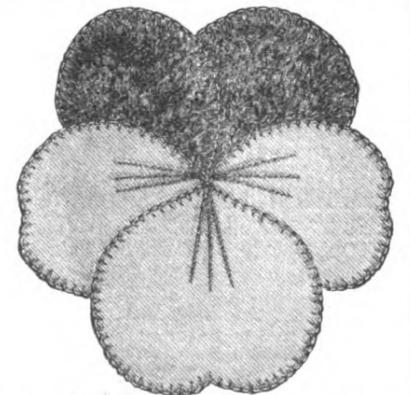
Terms Used in Knitting. K—Knit plain. P—Purl, or as it is sometimes called, Seam. N or K 2 tog—Narrow, by knitting 2 together. Over—Throw the thread over the needle before inserting in the next stitch. This makes a loop which is always to be considered a stitch, in the succeeding rows or rounds. Tw—Twist stitch. Insert the needle in the back of the stitch to be knitted, and knit as usual. Sl—Slip a stitch from the left hand to the right hand needle without knitting it. Sl and R—Slip and knit—slip one stitch, knit the next; passed the slipped one over it, exactly as in binding off a piece of work of the end. * indicates a repetition, and is used merely to save words. "Sl, 1, k 1, p 1, repeat from * 3 times" would be equivalent to saying sl 1, k 1, p 1, —sl 1, k 1, p 1, —sl 1, k 1, p 1. Tog means together.

Terms in Crochet. Ch—Chain; a straight series of loops, each drawn with the hook through the preceding one. Sl st—Slip stitch; put shank through the work, thread over the hook, draw it through the stitch on the hook. Sc—Single Crochet; having a stitch on the needle (or hook) put the needle through the work, draw the thread through the work, and the stitch on the needle. Dc—Double Crochet; having the stitch on the needle, put the needle through the work, and draw a stitch through, making two on the needle. Take up the thread again, and draw it through both stitches. Tr or tr—Tribble Crochet; having a stitch on the needle, take up the thread as if for a stitch, put the needle through the work, and draw the thread through, making three on the needle. Take up the thread and draw through two, then take up the thread and draw it through the two remaining; 8 tr—Short Treble Crochet; like treble, except that when the three stitches are on the needle, instead of drawing the thread through two stitches twice, it is drawn through all three at once. L tr—Long Treble Crochet; like treble, except that the thread is thrown twice over the needle before inserting the latter in the work. The stitches are worked off two at a time, as in treble. Extra Long Stitch—Twine the cotton three times round the needle, work, as the treble stitch, bringing the cotton through two loops four times. P—Picot; made by working three chain, and one single crochet in first stitch of the chain.

Crocheted Mittens.

Materials—Two ounces of cashmere wool and crochet hook medium size. First make a chain of 52 stitches. This will fit a lady who wears 6 1/2 gloves. Join the ends of ch, crochet two rows plain single crochet—without putting wool over—on the 3d row, exactly opposite the starting point, widen, by crocheting 2 stitches in one, then 1 plain, widen again, rest of row plain. 4th row—Plain, single crochet. 5th row—Widen opposite first widening in 3d row, crochet 3 plain, widen, rest plain. 6th row—Plain. 7th row—Widen opposite the starting point, as before, crochet 5 plain between widenings, thus continue, every other row plain, and every other widening twice, increasing number of plain stitches between by 2 every time, until the number of rows is 25, and number of stitches between the widenings, is 23. Join the mitten where the last two widenings occur, by drawing the wool once through on the hook. Crochet the rest of the mitten plain, until it reaches the end of the little finger. Narrow at each side, by skipping 1 st, drawing wool tightly, so as to not leave a hole. Narrow only twice in first row, then one row plain. Twice in next row. After that, shape to the hand, by narrowing more frequently in a row, until it is almost completed. Then narrow every few stitches. When reduced to an opening not larger than the end of a finger, take a large needle, turn the mitten, and finish off neatly, by drawing up the remaining stitches and fastening firmly. Join on the wool again at the opening left for the thumb, shape it as to the size of the thumb, fastening it as before. This makes a strong mitten that will last several seasons. The wrist may be finished off with a crocheted ruffle, or the mitten may be commenced with a knitted wristlet, (2 plain, and 2 purl) two or three inches long, binding off, then crocheting the first row of mitten into the wristlet.

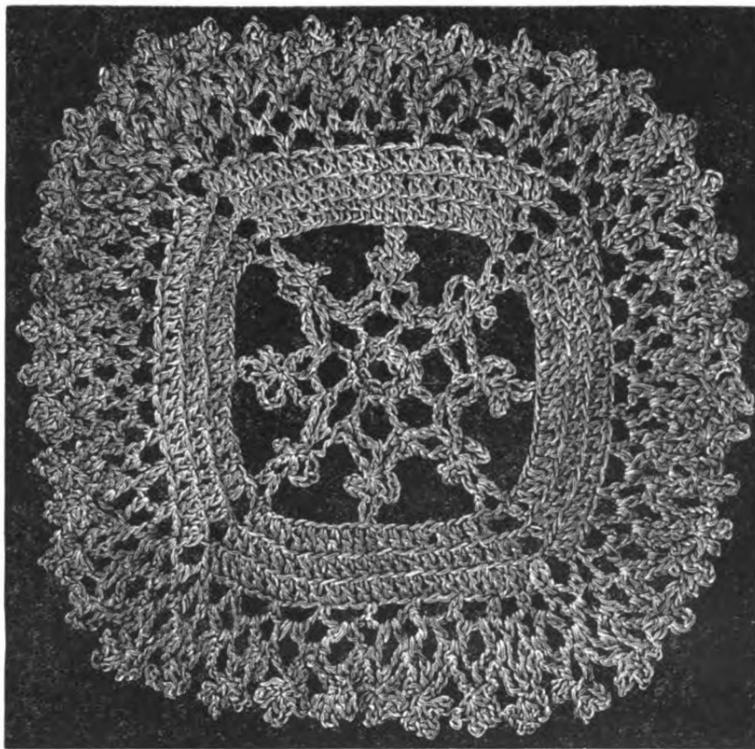
Three rows of feather stitch in a contrasting color in silk, down the back, and a tiny bow of ribbon on each wrist, is an improvement, and adds greatly to the looks. Mrs. J. W. A. Pansy Penwiper. Cut five petals—the upper two of purple velvet—the lower three of heavy yellow or lavender satin, and work a buttonhole stitch around all with same color of silk floss. Tack the five together in the centre like a pansy, and finish off with stitches, in heavy white floss, after the design. Cut two pieces of chamois skin the exact size and tack all together through the middle. Variety may be obtained by taking different colors for petals. If a needle book is more desirable cut out two or three pieces of felt or flannel for the backs and catch them at the top between the two petals, and fasten with a bow of narrow green satin ribbon. These are nice little things to make for a fair and a small tray full of different colored ones makes a pretty show. J. R. B.



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Square for Tidy.

Macremé twine No. 8. Make a chain of 8 stitches, join. 1st row—2 d c in each st, making 16, join. 2d row—Ch 7, skip 1 st, 1 d c in top of next st, *ch 5, skip 1 st, 1 d c in next st, repeat from star 5 times, ch 5, join in 2d st of ch 7. You should have 8 holes. 3d row—*Ch 4, 1 d c in first hole, ch 5, 1 s c in 1st st of same ch 5, (this makes a picot) make 2 more picots in same 1st st of ch 5, ch 4, 1 s c in top of next d c, repeat from star 7 times (only put 1 d c in next hole instead of first hole) join, work up the first ch 4, in s c to middle st of 2d picot. 4th row—Ch 5, 1 d c in same 2d picot, *ch 9, s c in 2d picot of next group, ch 9, 1 d c in 2d picot of next group, ch 3, 1 d c in same picot; repeat from star twice, ch 9, s c in last picot, ch 9, s c in 2d st of ch 5. 5th row—Ch 3, 1 d c in next st; *ch 4, skip a st, 1 d c in each of next 19 sts of ch, skip a st, 1 d c in each of next 2 sts, repeat from star



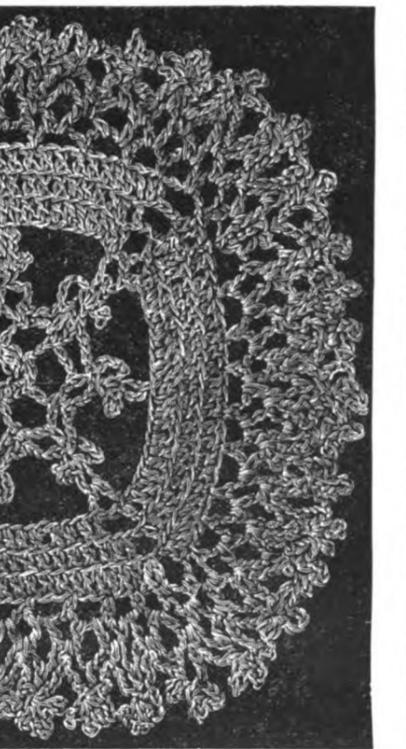
SQUARE FOR TIDY.

twice, ch 4, 19 d c, join to ch 3 at commencement of row. 6th row—Ch 3, 1 d c in next 2 sts, *ch 5, 2 d c in last st of ch 4, 23 d c, having the last 2 come in 1st st of ch 4, repeat from star 3 times, joining the last time to ch 3. 7th row—Ch 3, 2 d c in each of next 2 sts, *ch 5, 2 d c in last st of ch 5 in last row, 27 d c, having last 2 come in 1st st of ch 5, repeat from star 3 times, join. 8th row—Ch 7, s c in last d c, *ch 5, s c under ch 5, ch 5, s c in top of 2d d c, *ch 5, skip 2 sts, s c in top of next st, repeat from 2d star 7 times, ch 5, 1 d c in last d c, repeat from 1st star 3 times, making 44 holes round the square, join in 2d st of ch 7, work 1 s c in each of next 2 sts of same ch 7. 9th row—Oh 6, 1 d c under ch 7, *1 d c under ch 5, ch 5, 1 d c under same, repeat from star through the row. 10th row—Ch 4, 1 d c under 1st ch 5, make 3 picots, (same as in 3d row) ch 4, 1 s c in space between 2 d c, ch 4, d c under next ch 5, make 3 picots, ch 4, s c between next 2 d c, so continue through the row. You will have 44 groups of picots (3 in a group) round the square. Make 4 squares for a tidy. To join the squares together—In making the last row of 2d square, join 11 picots on one side to 11 on the 1st square, taking the 2d picot in each group of 3. Join the other squares in same way, to form a square tidy. Use one yard of No. 9 ribbon; cut in two, run it over and under the picots where it is joined, crossing it in the centre. Fringe ends of ribbon. ALICE.

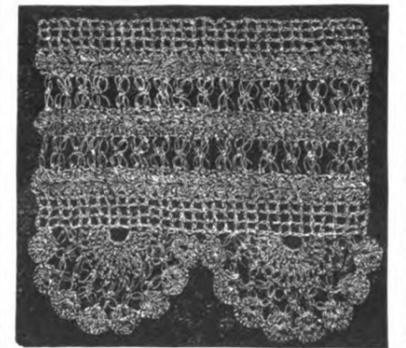
Wide Knotted Lace.

Crochet cotton No. 60. Make a ch of 47. 1st row—1 t c in 6th st of ch, ch 2, 1 t c in 8th st, ch 2, 1 t c in 10th st of ch, 3 t c in 13th st of ch, ch 1, 3 t c in same, 1 s c in 16th, draw out the st which is on the needle about a quarter of an inch, put thread over, draw it through, (same as ch st). Now put the hook between the two threads of the long stitch and the other thread, put thread over and draw it through, then put thread over and draw it through both stitches on the hook. This completes one knot. Draw out the st now on the hook, and make another knot. Fasten with sl st in 22d st of ch, 3 t c in 25th st of ch, ch 1, 3 t c in same, 1 s c in 28th st of ch. Draw out the st and make a knot, draw out st, and make another knot, 1 s c in 34th st, 3 t c in 37th st, ch 1, 3 t c in same, 1 t c in 40th st of ch, ch 2, 1 t c in 42d st of ch, ch 2, 1 t c in 44th, ch 2, 1 t c at end of row. 2d row—Ch 5, 1 t c in t c, ch 2, 1 t c in t c, ch 2, 1 t c in next t c, *3 t c under ch 1, ch 1, 3 t c in same, (this makes a shell) 1 s c in top of last t c in shell, make a knot, 1 s c in middle of knot in 1st row, make a knot, sl st in top of 1st t c of shell, repeat from star, shell in shell, 1 t c in t c, ch 2, 1 t c in next t c, ch 2, 1 t c in next t c, ch 2, 1 t c in 3d st of ch at end of row. 3d row—Ch 5, 1 t c in t c, ch 2, 1 t c in next t c, ch 2, 1 t c in next t c, shell in shell, sl st in top of last st of shell, make a knot, make an-

other knot, sl st in top of 1st st of shell, finish like 1st row. 4th, 6th and 8th rows are like 2d row. 5th and 7th rows—Like 3d row. At end of 8th row, after making the last t c, ch 8, 1 s c in the t c at end of 6th row, ch 2, 1 t c at end of 5th row, turn. 9th row—16 t c under ch 8, 1 t c in t c, finish like 3d row. 10th row—Like 8th row, down to the last t c, ch 1 between and 1 t c in each of next 17 t c's, 1 s c in t c at end of 4th row, ch 2, 1 s c in t c at end of 3d row. 11th row—*Ch 2, 1 t c in t c, repeat from star 19 times (20 in all) shell in shell. Finish like 3d row. 12th row—Like 2d row down to the scallop, then make a knot, sl st in 2d t c of scallop, make a knot, make another knot, sl st in 4th t c, make 2 knots, sl st in 6th t c, make 2 knots, sl st in 8th t c, continue in this way round the scallop, (8 times in all) make a knot, sl st in t c of 2d row.

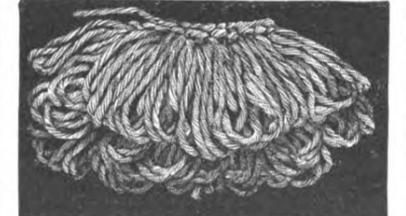


13th row—* Make 2 knots, sl st in knot of last row that comes between 2 sl stitches; repeat from star 7 times, make 2 knots; sl st in top of last t c of last row, ch 5, 1 t c in t c, ch 2, 1 t c in t c, ch 2, 1 t c in t c, shell in shell, finish like previous rows. 14th row—Like 2d row down to the scallop, then 3 t c in middle of knot, ch 2, 3 t c in



same, *ch 1, 3 t c in next knot, ch 2, 3 t c in same; repeat from star 6 times, 1 d c in 3d st of foundation ch. 15th row—*10 t c under ch 2, 1 d c under ch 1, repeat from star 7 times. You now have 8 small scallops; 1 t c in t c, ch 2, 1 t c in t c, ch 2, 1 t c in t c, ch 2, 1 t c in t c, shell in shell, finish row like others. This makes one large scallop. Next row like 3d, so on, until you come to the end of 24th row, when you commence the second scallop by making ch 8, then continue same as first scallop. MRS. LADD.

Loop Knitting. (Requested.) This knitting leaves loops on one side. Cast up any number of stitches. Always knit the first stitch. 1st row—Knit across plain. 2d row—Put the needle in the stitch as if you were going to knit it, instead wind the wool over the needle, round two fingers three



times; the third time bring the wool up and round the right-hand needle, then knit the stitch, which will have the appearance of three in one. Put the left-hand needle back

in the knitted stitch, knit it with the single wool—which holds the loop firmer. Repeat 1st and 2d rows. If shorter loops are desired, wind wool round one finger instead of two.

The most popular patterns and the best and most instructive articles which have appeared from time to time in this page have been collected by our fancy work Editor, Mary F. Knapp. To these have been added many new ideas regarding knitting and crocheting. These have been issued in book form under the titles of Reliable Patterns Nos. 1 and 2.

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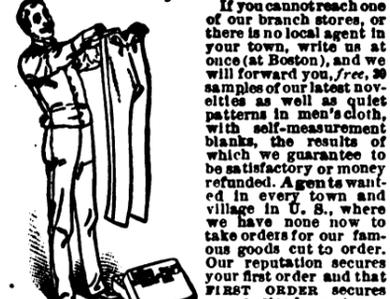
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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

TO ALL CORRESPONDENTS: Any question of help or interest to women from our readers will be cheerfully answered in this department. But please bear in mind: Write your questions plainly and briefly. Don't use unnecessary words: editors are busy persons. The right to answer or reject any question is reserved by the editor: Answers cannot be promised for any special issue. They will be given as quickly after receipt as possible.

If "A Distracted Mother," from Newark, New Jersey, will send us her full name and address, with stamped envelope for reply, we will be glad to communicate with her, but we cannot do so through the columns of the JOURNAL.

ELEANOR MORRIS. The dentifrice, the formula for which was furnished by Laurie MacHenry in our issue of January, 1888, is as follows:

- Powdered Borax—1 oz. Precipitated Chalk—2 ozs. Powdered Castile Soap—1 oz. He recommends that no flavor, such as tea-berry, etc., be added.

Mrs. H. H. ARKANSAW, Wisconsin. To use gold or bronze in china painting, treat it as you would a color, but insist that extreme care be exercised in firing such pieces as are gilded. Often the very finest china painting is ruined by careless or injudicious firing.

L. M. Z. The half dollar coins which are of any especial value are the issues of 1794, 1796, 1797, 1801, 1802, 1815, 1836 (reeded or unlettered edge), 1838 (with an O over the date) and 1852.

Mrs. K. R. For information regarding the taking out of a patent, write to the Patent Office at Washington.

Mrs. LEMUEL LEDERER, Pittville, Pa. The most efficacious, and at the same time, most simple remedy for frosted feet is the following. Soak the feet in water as near boiling point as can be borne. The water can be used much hotter if the feet are dipped quickly and taken out instantly, until they have become entirely accustomed to the heat. Hot water should be added from time to time, the temperature being kept as high as possible for about twenty minutes. Take the feet from the water, and, having partially dried them, rub thoroughly with kerosene oil. This process, repeated three successive nights, will afford the greatest relief, and, in most cases, effect a permanent cure.

"EVELYN," a young mother, is entirely right in her protest against the mothers who turn from them their questioning children.

Children, doubtless, do ask very many silly questions that were better unasked, but only by constant, daily contact with older and more experienced minds, may the little ones learn to form for themselves a clear judgment. So, while the silly questioning should be discouraged in the firmest but kindest way (the child being given meanwhile distinctly to understand just why the mother is unwilling to take her time to reply) there is no time lost in answering an earnest "why?" and parents will be more than repaid for the trouble and inconvenience of the moment, in the dawning and growing intelligence which will, if properly directed, so soon learn to make observation do the work of questioning.

DELIA. To remove ink from paper, if not of too long standing, wet a teaspoonful of chloride of lime with just sufficient water to cover it. Pat (not rub) the spot gently for a few moments, using a soft cloth, wet with the mixture, and the ink will slowly disappear. If one application is not sufficient, try a second.

GERTRUDE. The very best thing you can use on your chapped hands is Lanoline, which can be purchased of any druggist in any desired quantity. It is the oil extracted from lamb's wool, and is the only known oil with which water may be thoroughly and readily incorporated. It should be applied while the hands are yet wet after a thorough washing. Should the Lanoline prove too stiff when purchased, rub it up with a little water, using a broad knife for the purpose.

Mrs. R. Y. J. To prevent baby's flannels from shrinking, wash them in cold soap suds. To prevent them from growing hard with frequent washings, after the flannels are entirely clean, rinse in water in which there is a little soap. If you desire something specially nice and fine for baby's wear, you will find cream-colored all-wool albatross very satisfactory.

Mrs. C. V. Lemon juice squeezed upon your spots of iron-rust, with salt plentifully sprinkled over it, will probably remove all traces of the unsightly spots on your white dress. But if you would cover the nails in your closet with little muslin bags, or pieces of glove kid (old glove-fingers are as good as anything) you will probably never again experience this difficulty.

YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER. If you will put about a tablespoonful of fine coal-ashes into your water-bottles, fill the bottles about one-fourth full of water, and give a thorough shaking, keeping your hand meanwhile tight over the mouth, we think you will have no difficulty in getting them entirely clean. After this is done, wash inside and out with electro-silicon, and they will shine like soap-bubbles.

ERATO. Wordsworth was, in connection with his two friends, Southey and Coleridge, the originator of the "Lake School of Poetry." It was so styled because they dwelt together in the lake district of Westmoreland and Cumberland. The association consisted, we believe, of seven in all, but the three mentioned were the originators.

RENA. Ordinary sticking plaster is an excellent remedy for corns. It keeps the surface soft, and prevents that rubbing which is the immediate cause of corns.

Mrs. O. L. D. You are not lazy because you do not feel like standing to do all your work. No matter what any one says, save yourself by sitting down whenever you can. We know of one housekeeper whose husband had constructed for her, a special chair for baking days. It was of such a height that she could sit at the table, and mould her bread or roll her dough, with ease. He likewise had a foot-rest attached, so that she might at the same time rest her feet firmly. And, sitting on that chair, she for years constructed all the bread and pastry that the house needed. It took her no longer, and was quite as good as if she had stood up to make it and had wearied herself almost to death in the operation.

MEDICUS. It would seem wise for you to have your eyes examined. Frequently the most distressing and persistent headaches arise from a want of correct vision, a peculiarity which glasses will quickly regulate. It is impossible to give any exact advice upon subjects which properly belong to the province of the family physician.

Mrs. W. R. F. It is a very common thing for young housekeepers to scorch their linen when learning to iron. Do not be discouraged. Wax your irons thoroughly and keep them in a dry place. This will prevent their sticking. If you find a scorched place, expose it to the hottest rays of the sun. It will be obliterated in a short time.

Mrs. THAXTER. To prevent your glass jars from cracking when putting in hot liquid, stand a tablespoon up in them. There is a prevailing idea that this process has something to do with electricity, but the true solution is that the spoon absorbs some of the heat and also carries some of it out into the open air.

JENNIE B. One of the best methods of cleaning hair brushes, is to put a full teaspoonful of household ammonia into a basin of warm water. Dip the bristles in and rub briskly with the hand, or better still, with another brush. When thoroughly cleansed put in the sun to dry bristle-side up. Two brushes may be thus readily cleansed at once.

Mrs. L. B. A. A very excellent substitute for the wicker clothes-hamper may be made at a mere nominal expense, from a barrel. Cover an ordinary flour barrel with gay chintz or cretonne, folding in the material evenly at top and bottom of the barrel. The head should then be covered smoothly upon both sides, (as pocket pin-cushions are made) and finished with a ruffle about three inches wide. This ruffle falls over the side of the barrel. There may be sewed into the middle of this cover, a loop of gay tape or braid, with which to remove it.

A barrel of this kind is also a very handy receptacle for scraps of dress-goods and muslins.

NELLIE B. It stands to reason that no cosmetic or hair bleacher can be "perfectly harmless." Anything which is used to turn the hair, or the healthy condition of the skin, is to disturb its functional workings, and must, slowly and imperceptibly it is true, surely work evil. Instead of putting something on your face to close the pores, strive to keep them thoroughly open, by cleanliness and exercise. And by all means, after having given it all needed care, let your hair remain its natural color. More than one man and woman is now suffering paralysis from the effect of lotions used upon the hair, either for dyeing or bleaching purposes.

Mrs. J. T. B. All purely personal questions should be accompanied by a stamped envelope, as we cannot undertake to answer them through the columns of the JOURNAL, anxious as we are to please our correspondents.

CAREFUL MOTHER. Just as soon as possible, it is well to accustom your baby to eat from a spoon, or drink from a cup, instead of using the bottle. The necessity of absolute purity in relation to baby's bottles makes their care sometimes quite a burden.

SEAMSTRESS. To make over your blue cashmere for your little daughter, buy sufficient blue and red striped woolen goods of some kind (matching the blue in the skirt) and make a blouse waist, making sailor-collar and cuffs of the plain goods. If you should add two or three rows of fancy braid upon the skirt, the same color as the red in waist, it would be quite an addition, but it is not necessary.

Mrs. J. Y. Yes, strabismus (cross-eye) is often entirely cured by the wearing of glasses, and without any operation whatever. The trouble is caused by difference of focus in the two eyes. One eye does not see as well as the other, and, by a curious provision of nature, endeavors to get out of the way of the good eye, as the oculists explain it. But corrective glasses obviate this difficulty in most cases sooner or later and the deformity is removed.

MONEY for WOMEN.

Money can be earned to dress yourself and your children in fashionable clothing without asking your husband for what he can not afford,—by doing a little pleasant work at your own home for the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. You can aid your husband in paying off a mortgage, refurnish your rooms, or start housekeeping. We offer profitable employment to women, and want to correspond with such as desire to make money.

CURTIS PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia, Pa.



For Bilious and nervous Disorders, such as Wind and Pain in the Stomach SICK HEADACHE, Giddiness, Fulness, and Swelling after Meals, Dizziness and Drowsiness. Cold Chills, Flushings of Heat, Loss of Appetite, Shortness of Breath, Costiveness, Scurvy, Blisters on the Skin. Disturbed Sleep, Frightful Dreams, and all Nervous and Trembling Sensations, &c. THE FIRST DOSE WILL GIVE RELIEF IN TWENTY MINUTES. This is no fiction. Every sufferer is earnestly invited to try one Box of these Pills, and they will be acknowledged to be a Wonderful Medicine.

"Worth a guinea a box." BEECHAM'S PILLS, taken as directed, will quickly restore females to complete health. For a

WEAK STOMACH; IMPAIRED DIGESTION; SICK HEADACHE; DISORDERED LIVER;

they ACT LIKE MAGIC.

Prepared only by THOS. BEECHAM, St. Helena, Lancashire, England.

Sold by Druggists generally. B. F. ALLEN & CO., 365 and 367 Canal St., New York. Sole Agents for the United States, who (if your druggist does not keep them)

WILL MAIL BEECHAM'S PILLS ON RECEIPT OF PRICE 25 CENTS A BOX. Mention this Paper.

\$5000.00 FOR A WIFE

One of the most powerful stories of the year will commence in the December (X-mas) number of GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK. As truth is stranger than fiction, so will this story be found to excel in interest as the facts on which it is based were furnished the author, EMILY LEXOX, by a person directly connected with them. The December (X-mas) number of GODEY'S will be published and for sale on Nov. 15, and will contain the prospectus for the new year, 1890, including a list of Premiums, the most attractive offered by any magazine in America. As an evidence of good faith we ask you to send 15 cents for sample copy, which amount can be deducted when you send us your subscription. Don't fail to procure a copy of the December Godey, as it is worth much more than its cost. Address GODEY'S LADY BOOK, Post Office Box H. H., Philadelphia, Pa.

To pass pleasantly long winter evenings and to make home happy for the children and their friends, there is nothing better than

GAMES

- Halma Words and Sentences Redoubt Eckha The Spelling School Old Maid Kakaba Telegraph Boy Jack Straws Authors Little Housekeeper Backgammon Lotto Around the World Base Ball Louisa Enchanted Castle Yankee Game Checkers Witches' Spell Fox and Geese Dominoes Peter Caudle Parcheesi

are among the games described in illustrated catalogue, which will be sent free to any address. J. C. PIERCE, 110 W. 5th St., CINCINNATI, O.

CHRISTMAS GIFT FOR THE BOYS



This useful outfit will make any young person happy. 50c. postpaid. ENGLE STAMP WORKS, New Haven, Ct. SHORT HAND PAMPHLET AND 6 MAIL Lessons, half-course, TEN CENTS. Langley College, 120 Chestnut St., Phila.



AMORITA, MAY BLOSSOM AND 4 ROSES

are entirely new and exquisite odors. Heliotrope, Jockey Club, and White Rose are established old favorites.

Stearns' Fine Perfumes

Include these and many others, which are absolutely unequalled in fragrance, permanence and delicacy. Sold by Druggists at 50c. per ounce, or mailed direct on receipt of price. Just a "whiff" of any odor for 6c. in stamps. F. STEARNS & CO., DETROIT, MICH.

Advertisement for 'The Wonderful Luburg Chair' and 'Baby Caches', featuring illustrations of a chair and a baby carriage.

Advertisement for 'Cough Killer' and 'Wonderful Remedy', including a testimonial from Dr. Seth Arnold.

Woman's Secrets or How to be Beautiful. All our lady readers may find answers to questions which are ever coming to mind and much valuable information in this remarkable book.

Advertisement for 'The Fairy Tricycle', described as a healthy, graceful, and safe vehicle for girls.

DO YOU PLAY KRO-KA? IF NOT WHY NOT? The latest and best card game published. Cost of complete set only 50 cents.

Music Sale. To reduce my stock of music I will send by mail post-paid, 68 pieces full sheet music.

Advertisement for 'Money' and 'Invested' with interest rates and terms.

Advertisement for '\$10 PAGANINI VIOLIN FOR \$3.50', including details about the instrument and seller.

Advertisement for 'Scroll Saws, Patterns' and '40 Coupon Offers' from J. Wilkinson Co.

Advertisement for 'Watt's Glycerine Jelly of Violets', a skin preparation for chapped hands and rough skin.

Advertisement for 'Espey's Fragrant Cream', described as the finest and best preparation in the world for chapped hands and rough skin.

SEND for our Special Supplement of Embroidery and Sewing Silks and Stamping Outfits. Address THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pa.

Advertisement for 'Cards' and 'Plays', including a 'Finest Sample Book of Old Standard Plays'.

Advertisement for 'Tidy Holder' and 'Fill Your Own Teeth with Crystalline'.

LADY AGENTS \$10 a day SURE new rubber up-dergarment. Mrs. H. F. LITTLE, CHICAGO, ILL.

Advertisement for 'OREGON' and 'LADY AGENTS' with information about immigration and local agents.

Advertisement for 'FREE' circulars and 'Our mammoth illustrated circular on Dress Cutting'.

LETTERS FROM OUR READERS

TO CONTRIBUTORS: This department is for the friendly interchange of opinions between our readers on all topics of interest to women and the home. Letters are cordially solicited, but cannot be paid for.

OPEN LETTER TO ANNIE CURD.

Having read, enjoyed and appreciated the article "How to teach our girls to sew," which appears in the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL for July, the desire is strong upon me to ask its author Annie Curd, for assistance and information.

From the article, is made the following quotation—"Most mother's realize the vital importance of a practical knowledge of this branch of our girl's education"—and again she says—"I would like to make a practical suggestion, and tell exactly how I made of my own little girl, an accomplished needle-woman. I commenced when she was eight years old."

Four little children, Papa and Mamma, comprise the family; that most wonderful factor, a hired girl is minus, consequently mamma does all the housework, as well as the sewing, and to the most obtuse person extant, it must be obvious that four healthy, active children will provide all the plain and fancy sewing that one pair of hands can possibly do.

The remaining three fourths of time saved to be devoted by mother and daughter, in my case daughters, in the perusal of standard literature, "LADIES' HOME JOURNAL" for instance.

As nothing can be sewed till it is properly cut and basted, is not that a fundamental principle to be taught prior to the "over-hand" "hemming" "button-holes," etc? I do not suggest, but inquire.

Now while my daughters, as regards sewing are in an abyss of darkness, they each possess quite a knowledge of household duties, they have been my companions in pantry and kitchen, sleeping apartments and parlor when not in school or taking recreation, which none better than they know how to enjoy, and as a result of this companionship, without effort on their part, they have acquired quite a knowledge of the housewife's art.

Now I am desirous of being one of the "good mother's," "to do all for my family possible and to teach them all it is necessary for them to know, but I must say I think "plain sewing" one of the most unattractive occupations in which tiny fingers can be engaged.

In due season I desire that my daughters shall know how to sew on the proverbial "button on a shirt" and will "A. C." kindly suggest practical rules for my guidance?

"SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS." EDITOR LADIES' HOME JOURNAL:—I would like to lay before your readers a few facts in relation to the slaughter of birds, for the purpose of trimming.

EDITOR LADIES' HOME JOURNAL:—The September number of the JOURNAL contained an article entitled "A Woman's Hand" in which the writer seems to think that "Blue blood" only runs in the veins of those who have beautiful hands and carefully manicured nails.

EDITOR LADIES' HOME JOURNAL:—I would like to lay before your readers a few facts in relation to the slaughter of birds, for the purpose of trimming. So much has been said and written in condemnation of this vicious fashion for women by the press all over the country and by men in high places, that the wonder is how any can adopt it.

Simultaneously with the publishing of the Ornithologists report, the Audubon Society for the protection of birds was founded at 318 Broadway, New York City. This society has members in every state in the Union and in Canada, and numbers about 50,000.

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As some of your readers may doubt the magnitude of the evil with which the society has to cope, the following statement copied from the Ornithologists' report, will convince the most skeptical.

"We know that a single local taxidermist handles 30,000 bird skins in one year; that a million of rails and reed birds (bobolinks) have been killed in a month near Philadelphia; that from one small district on Long Island 70,000 birds were brought to New York in four months. In a single season 40,000 terns were killed on Cape Cod for exportation.

"The birds are killed at a season of the year when they are rearing their young. On passing the rookeries where the hunters had been a few days previous, the screams and calls of the starving young birds were pitiful to hear. Some were just fledged, while others were so young that they could make but little noise. But all must inevitably starve to death. I cannot describe the horror it gave me to hear the pitiful screams of the dying little birds."

And these atrocities are perpetrated, and even worse, that women may be in fashion. But enough has been said and I turn with admiration and reverence to those women who, preferring the consolation of a conscience obeyed, to the glory of being in the fashion are striving hard to save the few birds that remain, and as local secretaries of the Audubon Society, are doing a work that will undoubtedly be accounted unto them for righteousness. For "Be ye merciful that ye may obtain mercy," admits of the widest interpretation. E. T.

THE "G." SOCIETY.

EDITOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL:—Just before Christmas I noticed that my children were leaving off all their 'g's. Words like "coming," "playing" etc, were invariably pronounced "comin'," "playin'". So one day at the dinner table I told the three little girls that I intended to form a "G. Society."

One lady visiting at the house was caught seventeen times by a little girl of eight. It finally became necessary to tell the children that they must not notice visitors. One day after a friend had left, one of the children said "Mamma, she left off six 'G's'."

I think any mother will find it a help if her children do not speak correctly, to form a society of this kind. Five weeks after the society was formed, 102 pennies were paid over to the missionary cause, though that did not begin to be the number of "g's" that were left off.

As Christmas was so near, the children felt they could not afford to pay up for every "g," so we compromised a little. If children are inclined to exaggerate, a D. E. (don't exaggerate) society will be a great help. MRS. W. L. C.

PRETTY AND TOIL-WORN HANDS.

EDITOR LADIES' HOME JOURNAL:—The September number of the JOURNAL contained an article entitled "A Woman's Hand" in which the writer seems to think that "Blue blood" only runs in the veins of those who have beautiful hands and carefully manicured nails. If every woman should be judged from that standpoint, how many are there who would be suspected of carrying that much coveted article in their veins?

Saratoga belles are supposed to have an abundance of it, but I greatly fear, some of them are sadly deficient.

I know of many cases where toil-worn hands, once smooth and pretty, had become so by working and caring for the little ones God gave them.

I know of one, particularly, who belongs to one of the first families of Southern Pennsylvania—who was tenderly raised, and educated in one of the best boarding-schools of thirty years ago, and who left its walls a truly refined, and accomplished young lady. Later on in life, she married a man, poor in this world's goods, as people are apt to judge such things, but like a true woman, she made up her mind to be a helpmeet to him in every sense of the word. So they toiled side by side, and to-day her family are an honor to her, and the faithful hands that toiled in love for that family, contain as much blue blood as ever.

Narrow minded indeed must be the one who can discover refinement and good blood only in those unfortunate creatures of fashion. All honor to the rough and toil-worn hands of the faithful mothers of our land, is the cry of CROSSPATCH.

Advertisement for 'FREE' garments guaranteed to fit perfectly without trying, from Moody & Co. Cincinnati, O.

Coughs and Colds:

A TEASPOONFUL OF PROCTER & GAMBLE'S VEGETABLE GLYCERINE DILUTED WITH AN EQUAL QUANTITY OF WATER WILL RELIEVE A DISTRESSING COUGH OR COLD INSTANTLY.

FOR PARTICULARS SEE ELEGANT BOOK OF TOILET RECIPES THAT CAN BE PREPARED EASILY AND CHEAPLY AT HOME. SENT TO ANY ADDRESS FOR TWO TWO-CENT STAMPS. ADDRESS, PROCTER & GAMBLE, CINCINNATI, O.

COMFORT For All

Advertisement for 'COMFORT' face powder, featuring an illustration of a woman's face and a product box.

Advertisement for 'LABLACHE' face powder, described as 'The Original Box is One-Third Larger than This Cut'.

From the charming little CINDERELLA in the "CRYSTAL SLIPPER." BEN LEVY, Esq., 34 West St. Boston Theatre, Oct. 4, 1888.

Ben Levy, Esq., 34 West St. In all my travels I have always endeavored to find your LABLACHE FACE POWDER and I must certainly say that it is the best Powder in the market. I have used it for the past 10 years, and can safely advise all ladies to use no other. Sincerely yours, MARGUERITE FISH.

The Lablache Face Powder is the purest and only perfect toilet preparation in use. It purifies and beautifies the complexion. Mailed to any address on receipt of 25-cent stamps. BEN LEVY & CO., French Perfumers, 34 West St., Boston, Mass.

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, but popular; the other is "The Wilson Waltz," by P. W. Mescham, author of "Dance of the Fairies Polka," as played by all the orchestras. The regular price of these pieces is 60 cents each, but to introduce them in every home, we will, on receipt of 40 cents, send either of the above, and with each order send free ten complete pieces of our very latest vocal and instrumental music, full size (11 1/2 x 13 in.), printed on elegant heavy music paper, and would cost \$4.00 if bought at music stores; or, if you will send 50 cents for both, we will send twenty-five pieces free! A magnificent collection. A good salary paid to canvassing agents for "Woodward's Musical Monthly" (sample copy and terms, ten cents).

WILLIS WOODWARD & CO., 842 and 844 Broadway, New York.

Advertisement for 'BIRD MANNA', described as 'The Secret of the Hartz Mountains' and 'The Song of the Cage Birds'.

Advertisement for 'WOMEN'S SECRETS OR HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL', a large sale of books and magazines.

Advertisement for 'MRS. MARION WALKER', offering employment for ladies in a home-based business.

Advertisement for 'Imperial Pen and Pencil Stamp', featuring an illustration of a pen and stamp.

Advertisement for 'MUSIC' and 'PROF. RICE'S SELF-TEACHING SYSTEM', offering music lessons and a daily wage of \$3.75.

\$3.75 A DAY And steady work right at home for any man or lady. Write at once. Franklin Co., Richmond, Va.