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IN AUTUMNAL HOURS.

Summer has gone, yet splendor hovers
O'er wood and dale, each wood and fen;
Morn's purple mist enfolds each distant hill,
While nightly moonlit shadows flood each glen.

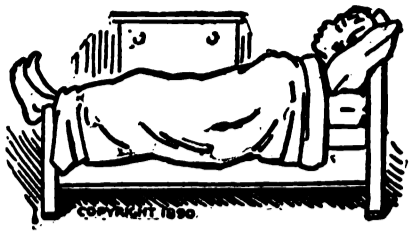
Each autumn flower, while clad in richest hue,
Floats royal pennants on each passing gale;
The cardinal glows in red, gentian in blue,
While gold, from golden-rod, gilds hill and vale.

Rare sunset views enrich the glowing sky,
Amber and opal clouds pile in the west,
While weird-like moonbeams, floating idly by,
Proclaim a twilight filled with royal rest.

All things look rich, from apples red and bright,
To purple grapes that cluster on the vine,
From fields of corn that rustle, crisp and light,
To tuft of thistle, and to cone of pine!

Rich glories find we in autumnal hours—
A sense of fullness and completeness, too—
A chant of praise broods o'er fruit and flowers,
For beauties added ere they fade from view.
SOPHIE L. SCHENCK.

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Too long
deluded — the unhappy victim of catarrh in the head. He's been told that it can't be cured. Don't you believe it. It can be, and it is—no matter how bad or of how long standing. It has been done for thousands—by Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Other so-called remedies may palliate for a time; this cures for all time. By its mild, soothing, cleansing and healing properties, it conquers the worst cases. Its makers offer, in good faith, a reward of \$500 for a case of catarrh which they cannot cure. They are able to pay it. Are you able to take it?

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THE INGENUITY OF WOMAN.

MAN has been accredited with greater powers of intellect and will than woman; but in no sense is he so fertile in expedient as a member of the weaker sex. "Where there's a will, there's a way," and "When she will, she will, you may depend on't, and when she won't, she won't and there's an end on't," were evidently written by those who understood the ingenuity and tact of woman.

So sublime is my faith in this characteristic of woman that I dare to assert that man will never compete with her. Whenever she wills to do a thing, her fertile brain is not long in finding the means to accomplish the end. I might refer to the managing mother who marries her daughter to a millionaire, despite his thorough understanding of her plans and intended resistance to them; but I prefer to consider the ingenuity of the good women who make the homes of our land.

When I drive through a certain section of country occupied almost entirely by workmen and their families, I note with pride their neat, comfortable cottages and the happy children playing about. These signs of thrift speak of women who so wisely spend their husband's scanty incomes as to make their dwellings homes indeed.

No one but a woman can make one dollar do the work of two; indeed, I know of one case where a young and pretty country girl made one dollar do the work of five. She had been invited to a wedding—a full-dress affair. A new dress was needed, but her purse contained only five dollars. As at that time dresses of cream-white wool were much worn, a nun's veiling would have been my friend's choice, but it could not be thought of while her financial condition was so low. After a desperate struggle she decided to remain at home rather than attend the wedding shabbily dressed.

A week before the momentous affair, she was coming out of a dry goods store in company with a friend who was making purchases for the finishing touches of a dress, when a bright idea flashed through her brain. There was displayed in full glare of the light a piece of cream-colored goods (veiling, she supposed), marked "twelve cents per yard." In a twinkling her path brightened, and she saw clearly her way to the wedding. On examination, the goods proved to be a superior quality of cheese-cloth, so delicate in weave and coloring that only an expert could distinguish it in the evening from veiling. My young friend bought twelve yards on the spot, also paper-muslin for a lining and to give it the effect of having more body. She also bought Spanish lace to trim waist and sleeves, and went home with a light heart.

The next day this ingenious girl, who was accustomed to make her own dresses with taste and skill, set to work upon the cheese-cloth, and, devoting all the time that could be spared from other duties, in a few days evolved a stylish dress.

The skirt was tasteful in its arrangement and drapery, and the waist was a marvel of skill. The square neck was filled in with Spanish lace, and from the elbow-sleeves depended frills of the same. There was enough left of the five-dollar bill to buy a pair of nice gloves. My young friend went to the wedding with a light heart and bright face. The consciousness of being well-dressed always makes a woman comfortable and happy.

Nor did her dress suffer by comparison with a friend's nun's veiling which cost five times as much.

Nearly all of us know of brave women who have fed, clothed and educated families of children with so little money that it would seem almost insufficient to supply them with bread.

There are women who can concoct a delicious breakfast of material that the modern servant would throw away; and there are women who can fashion a tasteful dress out of material cast off by their fortune-favored sisters.

In the matter of house-furnishing, an ingenious woman, by twisting and turning a carpet will make it last twice as long as it might otherwise. By varnishing the wood-work, and upholstering the furniture, she will give her sitting-room the appearance of having been newly-furnished. I have seen women whose ingenious minds and deft fingers seemed capable of transforming and beautifying everything around them.

LILLIAN MAYNE.

What Causes Pimples?

Clogging of the sebaceous glands with sebum. The plug of sebum in the centre of the pimple is called a blackhead or comedone.

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A DAUGHTER OF THE DUNE

by Alison Brooke



It was almost dark when she reached the door of a small, unpainted, unlighted house, which might have impressed a stranger, had he noticed its presence, as belonging to the dune as much as the oaks or the grass, so entirely did it blend with its surroundings in its dwarfish shape and colorless insignificance. Having entered and laid her baby down, she struck a spattering match and lighted a lamp.

It was a humble, but not a comfortless, interior which the light of the well-trimmed lamp revealed. There was a home-woven carpet, a bit of bright calico here and there, covering lounge or chair-seat; there was color in pictures—cheap prints on the walls, and, all about, an uncultured, but honest, attempt to make the little home attractive. There were but two rooms in the house; the kitchen or living-room into which the outer door opened, and a small bedroom beyond.

Narrow and low as the house would have seemed otherwise, it might have been fancied that its proportions shrank visibly when its owner entered, so inadequate was it to serve her as a background. One would have felt instinctively that she belonged rather to the wide world of sky, and sea, and dune outside, where we met her first. The kitchen, with its suggestions of homely tasks, accorded ill with the fine, free presence which had entered it. And yet, this woman had known in all her life no other home, no better surroundings than this cottage; it had been her birth-place, as well as the home of her girlhood and her married life. We have called her woman, but the unshaded lamplight showed her face to be that of a girl of not more than nineteen years. The wind which had fought and flouted her, had beaten out a rich, dewy brightness of tint in the deep, gray eyes, the cheeks and lips. Her figure was womanly and yet youthful, and the heavy coils of lustreless gold hair suggested "the likeness of a kingly crown." Her dress of coarse, black cotton was without a trace of ornament or superfluous finish; but its very commonness served to make the fair coloring of her face and hair more striking.

Having smoothed back the stray locks which the wind had blown out, Rachel Genell kindled a fire on her cold hearth, took her baby in her arms and sat down in a low chair alone in the still place.

The baby, warm and rosy—for no touch of the wind had found him in the strong, young arms in which he had lain in their long walk across the dune—drank the milk she gave him greedily, smiled sleepily up into her face and fell asleep. Still she sat, slowly rocking and softly singing an old song, prolonging the sweet companionship of the sleeping little creature as long as she might. Her shadow, fantastically exaggerated, moved to and fro across the low, uneven ceiling as if it had been a giant's. When she noticed it, looking up, it seemed to give her an uncanny feeling by its persistent, mocking imitation of her motion, for she stopped both song and movement, and soon after rose and put the baby in his bed in the next room.

Meanwhile the wind had increased in violence and was whistling stormily about the cottage. Dashes of rain came now and then against the small window-panes, and the waves broke with incessant booming on the beach below.

Returning to the kitchen, Rachel went to a window looking seaward, and shaded her eyes from the light with both hands, peering out into the noisy darkness. Then she sat down by a table, rested her head sideways on her clasped hands, and sat thus for an hour with brooding eyes fixed upon the blank panes opposite which gave back only her own distorted reflection—a lonely woman, with mind disturbed by painful thoughts and an inner restlessness which her outward stillness could not control.

When day broke over Broad Bar Harbor gray and dull with mist, the old wharf and the sands of the beach were covered with men and women straining their eyes as they looked seaward through the fog. A fishing schooner had struck upon the Bar in the awful storm which had raged all night. It was known now that she was fast going to pieces; boats were hauled out, ropes adjusted, men with set faces were preparing to fight death in the waves, while the women stood watching them, huddled together in little groups.

When the first boat was ready, a broad-shouldered old sailor was the first to enter it and grasp one pair of oars; he was quickly followed by a woman—a tall woman in a black dress, with fair hair, showing under a black scarf, wound tightly round her head. It was Rachel Genell. Her action seemed to awaken no surprise in the old seaman, who simply called—

"Have you got the rope, Ray? All right! Give way there, boys," and the boat leaped from wave to wave under the sturdy, double stroke of the oars.

The men on the beach busied with launching the other boats, made no comment. In a group near the end of the wharf, one woman said to another—

"Ray Genell had better stay to home like other women, and leave the men's work to the men."

"Sure enough," said a feeble, old wife who wore a soiled, white cap, and peered with dreamy eyes after the boat. "Who's goin' to take care of the young one I'd like to know, when she gits drowned? And she will one o' these days, now you can mark my words."

"Ray's a fool," spoke up a black-eyed young woman with a bit of red shawl round her neck, and bare, brown arms akimbo.

"A fool?" asked another, joining the group.

"Yes," replied the young woman, raising her voice. "I say Ray Genell's a fool, and I've told her so to her face many's the time. What does she risk her life for every time a boat gets on the bar?"

A murmur of disapproving assent passed round the little company. One voice was heard to say, "For the sake of

reason of her sharp tongue and strong decision.

"I bet thar ain't man, woman nor child in Broad Bar that would like to see Corry Genell draw his boat up on the beach again. What did he ever bring into town but cursing and drink and fight? And who got the worst of it?" she almost screamed, her black eyes flashing fire.

A piteful, significant expression of eyes and lips in the faces round her, gave an answer.

"No one ever heard Ray Genell complain, though," said the woman who had spoken first. "More fool, she!" exclaimed Eliza Drake. "I said she was a fool, didn't I? In the first place, do you suppose a man would ever strike me twice?" and she clinched her fist and set her teeth with dangerous menace in her eyes. "No, sir! You just believe he wouldn't—nor once, either."

"You and Ray ain't off the same piece, Lizzy," said the old woman, "and nobody say you be. How long ago is it Corry Genell was drowned?"

"Most a year and a half. It'll be a year and a half come Christmas. And ever since the day she knew he'd gone to the bottom, since the day that there young one was two months old, Ray Genell has gone out with the men after every storm and done a man's work."

"I do believe she just expects every washed-up corpse she sees 'll be Corry Genell," commented a young girl who had not spoken before.

"Hold your tongue, Anne," quoth Eliza Drake, pithily. "Ray's a fool, but she ain't so big a fool as that. It'll be kingdom come before she'll set eyes on Corry Genell, and she knows it as well as I do. Men that's drowned off the Banks don't git undrowned very often—not's I've heard of. What Ray's got in her head I guess no one knows rightly; I bet she don't herself."

"I guess she kinder thinks if she can save some other poor girl's husband for her, from the sea, it'll comfort her like, don't you think so?" Anne, the young girl whom Eliza had rebuked, suggested timidly—

"Oh, go long," Eliza began, contemptuously, when the old



"He and Rachel Genell worked together over the water-soaked form of one of the sailors."

woman that's gone." Whereupon the old woman muttered under her breath—

"And a good riddance it was."

"That's so, Marm Nancy," returned the woman who had called Rachel a fool. Her name was Eliza Drake, and she seemed to have a certain authority among the rest by

woman they had called Marm Nancy laid her trembling hand upon her bare arm, saying in a hoarse whisper:

"Don't you know enough to hold your tongue when the parson's around?"

Turning sharply, Eliza confronted a tall, broad-shouldered young man, whose refined

face contrasted oddly with the rude figures about him.

After greeting the little group, he asked old Marm Nancy who the young woman might be whom he had seen putting off in the first boat with Captain Tucker.

Straightening herself upon her cane and pulling her cap full "a little to windward," as Eliza Drake whispered to Anne—the old woman moistened her dry lips with her tongue, and spoke with an assumption of dignity suited to one singled out by the parson as best fitted by age and sagacity to give him the facts in the case.

It was, after all, a brief and simple story, and one too common to all her hearers, save one, to arouse special sympathy. Rachel and Corry Genell were married three years ago "come Christmas"; Rachel "was a good wife and kept a decent, tidy house if she was but sixteen years old"; they "lived like other folks, though Rachel got more of cursing and worse than was needed when Corry took more than was good for him. Then above a year and a half ago when Ray was like for this child that's a twelve-month babe now, he went with a fleet of fishing boats to the Banks catching mackerel. There was a gale, his boat foundered and every man in it but one, went to the bottom." It was months after, when the child was two months old, that the word came to Ray that Corry Genell was gone.

So far the story had progressed when a shout from the beach announced that a boat was in sight returning from the Bar, and everything was forgotten in the excitement of its return. One after another the boats appeared under the lifting mist bringing the schooner's crew, in all six men, alive, though sorely spent. "The parson," as the Broad Bar folk called Robert Craig, worked among the exhausted men with a whole-souled vigor which commended him to the approval of all. The discovery that the parson had muscle and was not afraid to use it, tended more to give him a high place in the sympathies of his parish, than the possession of any conceivable degree of learning could have done. They were finding him out; he had only been among them a month or two.

He and Rachel Genell worked together over the uncouth, water-soaked form of one of the sailors who had been found in a half-drowned condition. They did not stop to look at one another; they hardly spoke, but each felt dimly that a strange, new element had entered into their life. By ten o'clock the excitement was over, the men were comfortably provided for and the village folk returned to their homes and wonted work. Rachel Genell found her baby safe with the old woman with whom she had left him, who, being bedridden, was forced to stay at home; she stopped for a drink of milk, then took her baby on her arm and walked back across the dune to her cottage, tired, but content.

CHAPTER II.

IN THE YOUNG PARSON'S STUDY.

Nearly a year has passed since that stormy November night, and late on a September afternoon we find the Reverend Robert Craig alone in his study. The manse is a low, brick house, weather-stained and old, but regarded by the people of Broad Bar as little less than a palace, by reason of its superiority to their own habitations. It stands at a little distance from the village in a box-bordered, neglected garden, where larkspur, and blue-bells and marigold struggle hard for an existence.

The afternoon is warm and lovely. The study windows are open upon the old garden, and within them at a table sits the young clergyman, a book in his hand, in which he seems to be but faintly interested. He is a man of fine face and form; a clear, white forehead; thoughtful, earnest eyes; a face paler than it should have been at the summer's end, and yet the face as a whole, giving a singular impression of spiritual refinement, of elevated thought, almost of sternness. He had been a close student in college and, at the same time, the envy of his classmates in all athletic achievements; but his most characteristic trait was his whole-souled devotion to duty in whatever form he conceived it.

So earnest and so closely concentrated in moral purpose was he, that he might have narrowly grazed the limit where the sublime passes over into the ridiculous, and have become the laughing-stock of the college, secretly or openly, had it not been for his quick, inborn sense of humor, his royal generosity and his frank, free-hearted camaraderie. These endowments kept his character well-balanced and made him a social favorite, although he always avoided the society of ladies, by whom he was, to his own annoyance, much sought after by reason of his personal and intellectual distinction. It was generally accepted among all his friends that in this particular he was incorrigible, and they learned to let him have his way.

Thus it came about that they said to one another, when it was feared that he had "buried himself" in the little parish of Broad Bar—

"Just like him! He can sacrifice himself, soul and body, to those few, miserable fishermen, and he can get out of the way of society women."

Such was the pastor of Broad Bar—young, pure of heart and purpose, almost ascetic in his habits, strong in his convictions and theories, untried in his life—such we find him on this day of September, in the year of grace, 1872.

He was interrupted in his reverie, for his book was almost forgotten in the thoughts to which it had led him, when a knock came at his study door. Upon his summons to "come in," the housekeeper opened it and said—

"Please sir, Mr. Craig, Ray Genell is here, and she's come over the dune to see you, sir. I told her I knew you was at your books, but"

"Tell her to come in, Hannah. I shall be glad to see her."

"And good for you, sir, for she's givin'

that bad for the child that if ever a poor girl needed a word of comfort!"—and, without waiting to finish the sentence, Hannah departed.

A moment later Rachel entered the study. Her dress, as before, was of black, her face was deadly white, with compressed lips and drooping eyelids. She moved without haste, her languid steps in sharp contrast to her former strong alertness; but this very slowness of movement gave her a new stateliness.

Robert Craig stood by his table, his features softened by sympathy. He held out his hand in kindly greeting, and gave his guest the one easy-chair which his study offered. Rachel took it quietly as she had taken his hand, manifesting no emotion and yet conveying in every subtle line of face and figure a heart-breaking grief, too great to find words.

A week before, Robert Craig had stood with her beside a little grave. For the baby died, as many of the babies in Broad Bar died that year. It had been a sickly summer and the young pastor had learned one phase of life which he had known little before, that is, life touched by death.

Very pitifully and tenderly he talked with Rachel of her loss; her lonely home; her child whom God had taken. Some comfort came to the poor girl from his words, and she took courage by-and-bye to make known why she had come.

"I must do something," she said; "I cannot bide alone in the house yonder. I fear, too, I shall grieve all my mind away; I have been thinking"—here she hesitated, and a faint flush rose in her cheeks, "that, if it were not too bold for one like me, I would like to try and get to teach the school here in Broad Bar, this winter."

"That is a good thought, Rachel," returned the young clergyman cordially, rejoiced to find that she had courage left to look forward and interest herself in her own future. "It is just the thing for you to do, and I will speak to the men in the village who have care over the school, and I think you can have the chance."

"But Mr. Craig," replied Rachel, raising her clear, gray, sorrowful eyes to his face, "it can never be till I get more of books into my own head. I've forgot the little of ciphering I knew when I went to school, and I can't—I don't know"—here she broke down entirely, her cheeks flushed, her eyes again downcast, her strong, shapely fingers unconsciously plaiting and re-plaiting a fold of her dress upon her knee. She looked so young, so childish, even through the strong grief of her motherhood as she sat thus before him in her humility, that Robert felt his whole heart go out to her in a great yearning and pity, such as he had never felt before.

For a moment, instead of speaking he took up a glass paper-weight from the table and dropped it from one hand to the other abstractedly. A tinge of color had risen to his own cheek, brought by a sudden thought.

"You can write, Rachel?" he asked then, very gently.

She raised her eyes, looking steadily at him as she answered—

"A little, but not well."

"Do you have time to read much at home?"

"There's time enough, but no books. I get a paper now and then, and I go back and forth in my Bible, more now since my baby is not with me to care for," and her voice broke a little.

The parson took up a small book, opened it at random, and handed it to her, pointing to a place on the page.

"Will you read a verse or two, Rachel? that is, if it pleases you to do it."

She read, her voice trembling at first, and in the monotonous, half-broken cadence of a child, the lines—

"Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide:
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, Lord, abide with me!"

"Thank you; that was good. Now Rachel, I have something to propose. It will not do for you to take the school, as you have seen yourself, without reviewing your studies and working hard to prepare yourself; but I believe you are willing to work hard and study that you may teach honestly by-and-bye. Well then, I will teach you for an hour every morning if you will come here to the manse; and you must read and work upon the books I lend you, and in two months from now I am quite confident that you will be fitted to teach the village school. I will see that you get it if you are as good and faithful a scholar as I expect you to be. After you begin teaching we can keep on with the lessons in the hour after school, if it seems best."

With grave simplicity, Rachel thanked him for this offer, her only fear, she said, was that she would not have money to pay for her lessons until she got her wages for teaching.

She had risen to go. The young parson stood looking upon her with something very like moisture in his eyes.

"May I not do a little thing like that in my Master's name?"

Rachel bowed her head in silence. A moment later she passed down the garden walk between the box-borders, a solitary figure going a lonely way, and yet queenly in her simple dress and unconscious beauty, or so thought the man who watched her from a window.

CHAPTER III.

A LESSON AT THE MANSE.

Early in the following winter on a certain cold, clear afternoon, Rachel might have been seen emerging from the little village school-house, hooded and cloaked, and surrounded by a crowd of children who danced attendance upon every step she took. Having locked the door and given the books she was carrying to a boy who instantly became the proudest boy in Broad Bar, she took a hand of each of the two tiniest scholars, hardly better than babies—sturdy little shapes—and passed down the village street leading away from the harbor. The old freedom had come back to Rachel's step and bearing; something more than Wordsworth's "Steps of Virgin

Liberty" even. There was new purpose in them, new life, too; new spirit was in her face; it wore the look of an awakened soul.

Passing beyond the clustered houses of the village where the children left her, one after another scattering to their homes, Rachel pursued her way to the manse. Only the boy who carried her books would not leave her, until at the gate she took the books from his reluctant hands with a smile which sent him leaping homeward, well satisfied.

She entered the manse without knocking; threw off her wrappings in the hall and knocked at the study door.

Robert Craig's voice bade her enter. He was writing at his table, and having motioned to her to take a seat, went on, his head bent over his work.

Presently he laid it aside and said—
"Have you brought your books?"
"Yes sir."
"Then open, please, to the "Skeleton in Armor," and begin reading."

Rachel did as he bade her, with honest effort to do her best. It was a great advance upon her reading of three months before, but it did not seem to please her teacher altogether. There was something unusual in his mood; he watched her as she read, furtively, under brows knit with displeasure or perplexity. It was an expression new to his face.

He had always thought her a fair woman to look upon; he had known that she was not like Eliza, or Anne or the other fishermen's wives and daughters; but to-day her beauty startled him. It was not that the quick walk through the frosty weather had brought brilliant color to lip and cheek; not that stray locks of dull gold fell upon her forehead and gleamed upon her neck in a way to catch the eye and set a man's wits to wandering; not that he noted for the first time the warm, white column of her throat, or the wonderful curves of the shoulders.

It was not any of these alone, nor all of these together which moved the clergyman so strangely that day. It was the revelation which then and there flashed upon him, although he had felt it dimly before, of the aroused intellect, the awakened spirit, the illumined soul of the woman as it shone in her face. It was this, and something more than this.

Rachel read on to the end and laid the book down, looking up for a word of approval. It did not come. Without speaking Robert took from a drawer a folded sheet of paper covered with writing and thickly dotted with corrections in red ink.

"Please bring your chair up to the table," he said, almost coldly, "and let me point out one or two of the mistakes you have made in this," and he touched the paper half impatiently with his pencil.

Vaguely disappointed she took the chair beside him, and with her elbow on the table and her cheek resting in her hand, looked half despairingly at her mutilated essay. It was entitled "Woman's Work."

"One thing I want to speak of, Rachel," he began. "Although it has nothing to do with your style of writing, which is improving somewhat, it is just here: You may remember writing this sentiment, which, it occurs to me, I have heard somewhere before, that "Woman's place is in the home." Now, do you really think so?"

"Yes sir," replied Rachel, with sufficient meekness.

"You really are honest in saying this?"

"Yes sir."

"And yet the first time I ever saw you, you were in a boat rowing out to the Bar after a storm, with the men to save the crew of a schooner. And not only that, but you have repeated this action over and over again, down to this last storm, every time at the risk of your life. Have you a right to do this, Rachel?" As he spoke the young man's eyes rested searchingly, almost sternly upon her face.

The color fled swiftly from it.

"I have the right," she answered simply.

"How have you?"

"My life is worth very little. I am not needed by any one; if I can save other lives it is worth the risk."

"But suppose your life is worth very much to some one," the hand which rested upon the offending manuscript shook as he spoke, "would you have the right to put it in peril then?"

"But it is not."

"Will you answer me, please?"

The girl's lips quivered; there was a sob in her breath as she answered—

"I am alone in the world, Mr. Craig; you know I am. Does it please you to have me say it? If any one cared for me I should do—I should wish to do as I ought. I have not meant to do wrong."

He had risen now, and was standing before her looking down into her face with eyes full of a fire which frightened her when she looked up to meet it.

"Rachel," he said, speaking slowly, as if holding himself in control with all his strength. "I am a man and you are a woman, and the only woman on earth for me. I love you; can you care for me enough to care for your own life?"

"I do not understand," she murmured.

"Yes," he said, quietly, now. "I am ready to-day to tell you that these lessons must have an end. I cannot be your teacher, my child; I can be your lover, your husband, or I can go away where I shall not see you again."

There was a long silence between them.

Then she stood up, looking fearlessly, but with a sweet humility into his eyes, and said to him—

"You are a learned man; you have lived in a different life from mine; I am an ignorant woman; I am a fisherman's daughter; I was a fisherman's wife; I have had a rude, hard life; I have had poverty and sorrow."

He tried to speak.

"Please wait a little longer," she begged. "I wanted to say only this much more: You are after all, you said it—a man; and I am with all, a woman. I love you, your hands, your feet, the very shoes you wear, the ground

you stand on, although till this hour I never knew it. But your wife I will never be until I am sure that you need not be ashamed of me, if such a time should ever come. I love you too well for that."

(To be continued.)

AVERAGE DURATION OF LIFE.

It has been shown by recent statistics gathered by Mr. J. J. Goodwin, that women, as a rule, live longer than men; also that the Hebrew women are the longest lived of any race. More male children, too, die than female. Of sudden deaths there are about 100 women, however, to 70 men. In Connecticut many women have lived to be over 100 years old, while scores at the age of 90 are found in every town in the State. In the State of New York the average life of a woman appears to be 48 years. In Maine the males outlive the females, while in Massachusetts it is the reverse, the average among women being 52, while among men it is but 47. In New Hampshire the men live the longest. In Vermont the men live on an average to be 51, while the women average but 49. The women of Rhode Island live longer than the men, and so they do in Pennsylvania. The average in New Jersey for women is but 45, while for men it is 48. In Delaware the women outlive the men. The average duration of life in Virginia among men is 47, while that among women is 48. In the Southern States there is but little difference in the average between the males and females, but the men as a rule live longer than the women. In the Western States the men live on an average three years longer than the women, and according to recent statistics this average is 50 years. The average for both men and women in the Northwest is 60 years.

Telegraph operators die sooner than those engaged in any other profession, and men un-employed live the longest. The average life of a clerk is but 34 years, and this is also the average among teachers. Machinists are out-lived by printers, the average of the former being but 38 years, while that of the latter is 39. Musicians live a year longer. The years of life of an editor is 40, and of manufacturers, brokers, painters, shoemakers, and mechanics, 43. Judges live to be 65 years of age on an average, and farmers to be 64. Bank officers also live to be 64 on an average. The duration of life of coopers is 58 years; of public officers 57; of clergymen, 56; of shipwrights, 55; of hatters, 54; of lawyers and ropemakers, 54; of blacksmiths, 51; of merchants, calico-printers, and physicians, 51; of butchers, 50; of carpenters, 49; of masons, 48; of traders, 46; of tailors and jewelers, 44.

Scrofula

Is the most ancient and most general of all diseases. Scarcely a family is entirely free from it, while thousands in every city are its suffering slaves. Hood's Sarsaparilla has had remarkable success in curing every form of scrofula. The most severe and painful running sores, swellings in the neck or gottle, humor in the eyes, causing partial or total blindness, have been cured by this successful medicine. All who suffer from

Scrofula

should give Hood's Sarsaparilla a fair trial.
"My daughter suffered terribly with sore eyes, caused by scrofula humor. We were obliged to keep her out of school for two years. We had medical attendance, but she failed to gain relief. At last, knowing that Hood's Sarsaparilla had cured my mother of rheumatism, and believing it must be good for the blood, I concluded to have my daughter try it, and it has entirely cured her." CORNELIUS YEAGER, Marshalltown, Iowa.

Scrofula

"I have running sores on my limbs for five years, so bad at times that I could not walk, nor sleep nights. When I commenced taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, I was in pain so severe that I cannot describe it. I had no appetite and fell away. But Hood's Sarsaparilla did me a wonderful amount of good. I have a good appetite, have gained in flesh, and can sleep well. My sores are almost healed, and I can easily do a good day's work." MRS. C. F. LORD, Dover, N. H.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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

100 Doses One Dollar

VOSE & SONS, PIANO-FORTES.

26,000 Now in Use. SOLD ON EASY PAYMENTS. CATALOGUE FREE. VOSE & SONS, PIANO CO., 170 Tremont Street. Boston, Mass.



SEA SHELLS.

I will mail ten varieties of SHELLS, and prior-list of SHELLS, CORALS, and TROPICAL PLANTS upon receipt of 16 cents, the actual charge for postage and registry. RICHARD H. SCOTT, Sarasota, Fla.

U. S. Title a sure 20 cent profit. Invest your small savings in Tacoma. U. S. Title a sure 20 cent profit. Invest your small savings in Tacoma. U. S. Title a sure 20 cent profit. Invest your small savings in Tacoma. U. S. Title a sure 20 cent profit. Invest your small savings in Tacoma.

BRIDE OF THE AUTUMN SUN.

By SARAH K. BOLTON.

O GOLDEN rod! sweet golden rod!
Bride of the Autumn Sun;
Has he kissed thy blossoms this mellow morn,

And tinged them one by one?
Did the crickets sing at thy christening,

When, in his warm embrace,
He gave thee love from his fount above,
And beauty, and cheer, and grace?
He brightens the asters, but soon they fade;

He reddens the sumach tree;
And the clematis loses its sunny bloom,
But he's true as truth to thee.
Scattered on mountain-top or plain,

Unseen by human eye,
He turns thy fringe to burnished gold
By love's sweet alchemy.
And then, when the chill November comes,

PRESIDENTS I HAVE PHOTOGRAPHED.

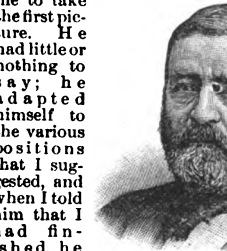
By A. BOGARDUS.

HOW many persons remember a President of the United States named Foster? He was President pro tem. of the Senate at the time of Lincoln's assassination, and during the interval of Andrew Johnson's arrival at the Capitol he was for six hours President of the United States. Perhaps no man in the world ever saw greatness slip through his hands as did Lafayette Sabine Foster. I remember him distinctly, because I photographed him very often, and he impressed me with his charming personality, his broad knowledge of human nature, and a courteousness that is too rare in these hurly-burly days.



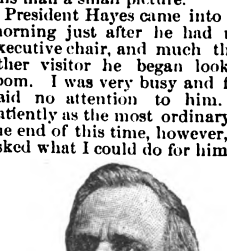
Of the other five Presidents of the United States whom I have photographed, Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Arthur and Harrison, the first named impressed me the most. General Grant strolled into my studio one day shortly after his return from his trip around the world; he was very stout, but there was the glow of health on his cheek, and his hand-grasp was warm, while his eye was as clear as a hawk's. He threw himself carelessly into the chair, buttoned his coat, let his chin fall comfortably on his collar, and waited for me to fix my camera upon him. The pose was excellent, but I noticed that his pockets bulged out considerably, and going over to him I suggested that he remove the letters or whatever else he had contained therein. He opened his coat and drew out a handful of big, black cigars from each pocket of his vest, looked at them as fondly as a mother would look at her favorite child and then waited for me to take the first picture. He had little or nothing to say; he adapted himself to the various positions that I suggested, and when I told him that I had finished, he was much astonished. Before signing the roll of distinguished visitors that I kept, he picked up the cigars from the table, put them back carefully in his pockets, lighted one, blew a cloud of smoke in the air, gave me a hearty shake of the hand and was off. He received a great many requests for photographs, and these letters he sometimes enclosed to me with a memoranda as to what sort and size of picture he wished me to send. I remember distinctly one of these letters was very fulsome. It covered a great many pages and must have tired the old soldier, for in his cramped hand on the margin he wrote "Send this man a small picture."

President Hayes came into my studio one morning just after he had retired from the executive chair, and much the same as any other visitor he began looking round the room. I was very busy and for ten minutes paid no attention to him. He waited as patiently as the most ordinary customer. At the end of this time, however, I went over and asked what I could do for him. I did not recognize him. He extended his hand warmly, and said "My name is Hayes," upon which, of course, I immediately knew who he was, for I saw a resemblance in his face to the crude likeness that had been published of him. He said little or nothing during the sitting, and took this or that position as I suggested. He was as obedient in this respect as a simple child. When I had finished, he walked over

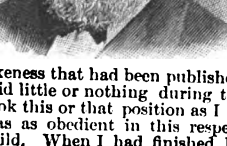


to a picture that had attracted his attention on an easel, asked me who it was and said, "Lend me your pencil; I want to remember that face." He made a few notes, walked out of the office, and I never saw him again; but I had many calls for his photographs.

General Garfield was one of the most engaging men I ever met. He was a large, finely developed man, had a magnificent head, and was just the sort of a subject that photographers like. He came into my studio upon my invitation one morning, wearing a soft hat and smoking an enormous cigar. He tossed the hat on a chair, and placing the cigar on the mantel said he was ready to begin operations. He was a very easy subject to photograph. He spent some minutes in examining the pictures on the walls, until finally he came to a portrait of General Hancock, that I had just finished. I should have said before that Garfield had not yet been elected President; in fact, at the time I mention, the nomination had not been made more than one week. He liked the picture of Hancock, and turning to me in a familiar way, said that he should be pleased to have one for his own study table, for he admired the man in many ways. I placed one of Hancock's pictures in the package of photographs that I sent to Mentor, and during the campaign the two pictures stood side by side on the mantelpiece in Garfield's home. Such was the tribute that a manly man paid to his opponent.



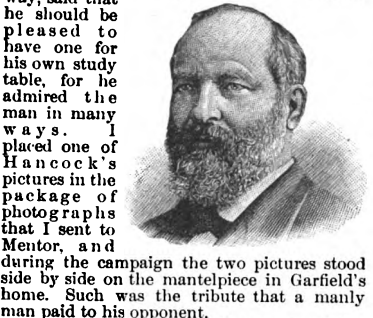
General Arthur, when President of the United States, made several appointments to come to my studio for a sitting. He was a busy man, but I never knew one who paid so much attention to the details of life as did he. He was scrupulous in his dress, and even in the manner of making an appointment; when he found that he could not give me the hour mentioned, he wrote me a courteous note with his own hand, said he was obliged to leave the city on business but would return soon, and when he did so would at once come to my studio. "I shall expect you to remind me of this promise," he said in a postscript, "for you know I am busy and may forget."



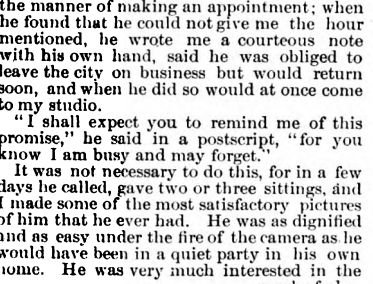
It was not necessary to do this, for in a few days he called, gave two or three sittings, and I made some of the most satisfactory pictures of him that he ever had. He was as dignified and as easy under the fire of the camera as he would have been in a quiet party in his own home. He was very much interested in the work of photography, and how the impression was produced on the plate. Upon my invitation, he went into the dark room with me and saw his picture developed. When the pictures were finished I sent them to him, and was astonished a day or two afterwards to receive a call from him in person to thank me for the work. After that, he ordered many photographs, and of all the public men I have met, he more than any other impressed me with his ease of manner and courtliness. The accepted picture of President Harrison is one that I made during the time he was Senator from Indiana. He came to my studio upon invitation, gave me a few sittings, and seemed pleased with the work. I never saw him but once. I sent a dozen of the photographs to his home in Indianapolis and received a letter of thanks for so doing. But thousands of these same pictures have since been distributed all over the world.

One morning, shortly after his nomination for the presidency, two ladies came into my studio, looked round the room in a leisurely sort of way. Thinking the younger lady wanted a sitting, I asked them to go with me to the skylight. The elderly woman turned to me, and said, "I only wish to order some pictures of Mr. Harrison."

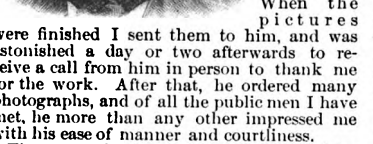
For a moment I couldn't recall that I had ever made any pictures of a Mr. Harrison. I did not dream of the then nominee for the presidency, and so, in a most unconscious way, I asked, "What Harrison, please?" "Benjamin Harrison, of Indiana." Of course, I knew at once what was wanted. The two ladies were Mrs. Harrison and her daughter, Mrs. McKee. They ordered a few dozen of the photographs for their own use, and, later, a very large number were used for campaign purposes.



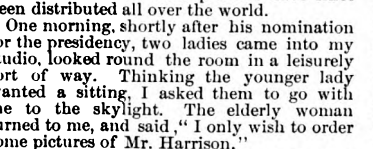
Photographing Presidents, of course, is no more difficult than photographing other persons. But it is given to few men to photograph as many Presidents as I have; and during my forty years of work with the camera and of all the big and little men and women who have sat before me, I recall no episodes of my business life that are more interesting than those mentioned above.



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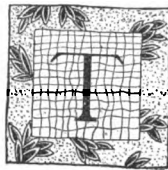
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HOW I HAVE GROWN OLD.

By P. T. BARNUM.



THE way to live rightly—morally and physically—is, perhaps, the highest art. It has been often said that a man does not find out this accomplishment until his future has got so far into his past, that he has no time left to pursue it. If we were to compare life to a journey, and that journey—let us suppose—was to be taken through the wilds of the Amazon, or through Africa, how eagerly we should all inquire, who were about to try it, of the experiences of the preceding explorers. It might be thought, then, that youth would be very inquisitive of age as to the liabilities and dangers to be encountered on the journey.

But youth is restless and confident, and has a feeling that it knows enough. It has run a little way over the ground and likes it. It sees not much but sunshine and hope. It believes old age represents fear and old-fogysism, and of these it does not wish to take counsel. We never get so old but that we know what it is to be young; but, when we were young we did not know what it was to be old, except by guessing. To be old seemed an event so far off then, that we did not feel it needed much attention on our part. Perhaps it is well that youth has its unbounded trust, as discouragement in the start would very likely be more harmful than the over-confidence which leads to mistakes. The inspiration which shapes every period in life is, doubtless, necessary, and could not safely be changed. But the importance of the subject on which you have requested the benefit of my experience, is not to be questioned. It is one that the average, hustling, money-getting Yankee—as I have partially intimated—is apt to forget until it is too late.

There are comparatively few men, who have led continuously active and energetic lives, who arrive at eighty years of age with both mental and physical qualities practically unimpaired.

In my opinion, heredity is to a greater degree responsible for health and longevity than is usually supposed.

Dr. Holmes says somewhere—perhaps in his "Autocrat" papers—that the human being is like a clock. But some of us only run twenty-four hours, while others are gauged for eight days, or for still longer periods. Anybody may notice the truth of this comparison by making familiar references among families in his own neighborhood. There are certain families which expend their three-score-and-ten force by their sixtieth year, or sooner, and do not pass that limit; while there are others who go on to the high nineties and further, and then seem to die more because it is the fashion than from necessity.

But heredity is not an attainable quality, to be sought for in the market, or for one's self. We cannot select either our fathers or our grandfathers; they come to us without our choice. But we can choose, to some extent, who shall be the ancestors of our posterity—and that is no slight legacy to leave to the world and to them. This is a suggestion little thought of, but well worth thinking of.

If young men would remember this, and marry into families with unbroken records of long and useful lives, posterity would have much to be grateful for.

There are but few general rules that can be definitely followed in all cases, but the one golden watchword of a long life, which is as safe as it is efficacious, is moderation. Moderation in all things—diet, exercise and work. I have benefited by good heredity, but I don't credit all my long life and health to it. I am a total abstainer from tobacco, and all spirituous and intoxicating liquors; and to this fact I largely attribute my prolonged good health.

Evil, to my mind, can be the only result of indulgence in drink, and the drinking habit. As in the use of narcotics, so it is with drink. The desire which impels the use goes on increasing with age. Drinking, when continued even to no very large extent, tends to blunt the sensibilities, and transforms the one who indulges the habit, in some way not favorable. He will, at any rate, in my opinion lose a few of his finer perceptions. An habitual drinker not only does not "astonish his stomach" with water, but, after awhile, he loses the sweet and natural relish for it.

But I do not impose either my creed or my habits on others. I simply describe them for what they may be worth. Tea and coffee I have always taken, and continue to take moderately. I eat regularly, and do my business systematically. But my division of the hours of the day for different tasks does not lose sight of a space for rides, visits and recreation.

The mental attitude and condition, with their enormous influence on the physical being, is necessarily of great importance. But each individual must, in some respects, be a law unto himself. Work that would crush one person, will be little more than play to another. But some rules can be adopted by everybody; and, when a system is adhered to it will be found helpful and time-saving.

To do right and to be generous are not simply virtues, they are tonics; and not as the wag said beer was, "a little ten-tonic." The benefit of a good, clear conscience, therefore, cannot be overestimated. Another suggestion is: never worry. Life is too short for that, and we do not have to be fatalists to recognize that our destiny does not lie wholly within our own control. Keep cheerful and contented, and try to feel a sympathy for the welfare of those with whom you come in contact.

A congenial marriage, no matter at what time of life, is conducive to happiness, and happiness promotes longevity. My advice to young men, therefore, is to marry, but do not marry hastily. You will need good judgment in taking this step, and must use it. But be not too critical, and do not wait for perfection. There is no fault in marriage, and no failure. Mismatches, though, occur; but these are attributable to the persons making them, and not to the institution of marriage itself. To young men who would "get on" in this world, and reach the age of four-score years, with happiness and prosperity, there is little more to be said. But I will refer them to a study of my own rules of action: Briefly, I would say—Be honest; do not spend as much as you make; don't smoke or drink; depend upon your own personal exertions, and do not leave important affairs to a third person; don't have too many irons in the fire; do not get above your own business, and, above all, be systematic. Advertise your business on all possible occasions; but attend to it, too, and see that your claims and promises made to the public are fulfilled. It does not pay to have a single customer go away dissatisfied. Nor does it pay to take money for services for which you do not render an equivalent.

The best working years of a man's life are usually between twenty-six and sixty; but much good work is possible long after the three-score year mark has been passed. I can say, for myself, that every moment of my time is put to some definite purpose, and, though I have numberless calls and demands, I enjoy a reasonable recreation each day. Both work and rest, and joy also, should make up the sum of a busy life.

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TO BE YOUNG, THOUGH OLD.

BY ROBERT J. BURDETTE.



HERE comes a time when we grow old—some of us. All men and women do not grow old. Some people die young. But it may be stated as a demonstrable fact that all people who live long enough grow old. The longer you live, the older you grow. Some people carefully disguise the fact, but a coat of paint on an old house merely makes it look smart; it doesn't keep the rickety old stairway from creaking, and it won't straighten up the window-frame that's gone a little askew as the house settles. You can—or at least, the man from whom I bought my last horse can—fix up an old horse of seventeen years to look like a frisky colt of three or four, and to act it, too, for about fifteen minutes. But it won't last. There are times when a woman who is walking along that pleasant decade of her pilgrimage between the fortieth and fiftieth milestones, feels inspired to run, and leap, and dance, and sing, and renew her youth in various ways, but the spirit is evanescent, and the fashion of it passeth away, and she saveth "of laughter, it is mad; and of mirth, what doeth it?" And she looketh upon "the men singers and women singers, and the delights of sons of men," and behold, all is vanity and vexation of spirit, and there is no profit to her in that sort of thing.

"But," say you, "cannot one be young-hearted after forty?" Yea, beloved, after sixty or seventy. Down to the days of white-haired old age the heart may glow with tenderness, and the quiet warmth of the June sunshine of years ago stored away in its chambers as ages ago the sun stored his heat and light away in the forests of the earth, to dance and gleam and glow again in merry flames and summer warmth upon the coal-fed hearths to-day. For this reason, oh, my young readers, rejoice in the days of your youth, when the light is sweet and it is a pleasant thing for the eyes to behold the sun; let your hearts cheer for you in these days of sunshine and nights of starlight, and "remove anger from thy heart, and put away evil from thy flesh," remembering "the days of darkness, for they shall be many!" And the freight that will come to glow upon the hearth and dance in warmth and tenderness upon the walls of your heart's chambers in those days will be the light you are storing away now. Be happy and light-hearted, then; but be the house of your mirth as pure as a temple, and your laughter sinless as the songs of birds; in all your mirth and dancing, exalt Wisdom; and, indeed, she shall bring thee to honor, and give to thine head an ornament of grace; then shall the years of thy life be many and thy heart be ever young.

There's a sister I often meet in my travels. She is the good sister who "feels just as young as ever she was." She's a kittenish thing, yet she'd be a little more kittenish if she was a less elephantine. Frisky old girl, how she does love to climb into the swing at the picnic! Weighs two hundred and fifteen and makes the swing creak like a hoisting tackle. "Higher, Mr. Thinsnanks! Higher! Oh, higher! You can't frighten me! I'm not one of the scary sort of girls." You bet she isn't. Has six children, and if you'll mistake her for her eldest daughter—a sweet, slender girl, with an oval face, spirituelle expression, and figure as graceful as a swaying lily—she'll ask you to dinner for a week. Plays "Pussy wants a corner" and "Hunt the slipper." Loves to "teeter." With an eighteen-foot board you have to pull all but about thirty inches over to your side of the trestle to make it balance. When the board is balanced right in the middle, she can fire the whole young men's Bible class up into the air as though they had been fired from a catapult. When her end of the board bangs down on the ground, it jars all the buds off the trees. Fond of mountain climbing. Usually fastens on to a young man to drag her up. Older brethren too wary. They dragged her up hills when she was younger. Besides, the old youngsters retain their old-time prejudice in favor of younger girls. They help her daughters up. Man never mistakes mother for daughter going up mountain. Apt to make that mistake about luncheon-time only. Oh, we know the old-elderly—that is, middle-aged woman who is "the youngest of the lot!" And, knowing her, we fly from her, that is, as well as a man—who has long since shed his wings and raised a few achers of corns—can fly.

"Well, then," you say, "are the people who are already old, and those who are getting there, to avoid the society of young people?" By no means, beloved, by no means. Mingle with them as you grow in years; it will keep your heart young. But remember that you are not as young as you used to be, and that old people can't do the juvenile act at all gracefully. Don't bore the young people. Go away when you see they are tired of you. You don't enjoy them half so much as you 'et on you do, anyhow. The other evening I went to the home of a dear friend to meet some young people whom he had invited for that purpose. I arrived somewhat late. There were two parlors and a music-room full of young people. Bright, happy, handsome faces; rosy cheeks, laughing eyes, clustering curls, dimpling smiles, white, soft hands, and faces of manly beauty, too; brave, hopeful, happy boyish faces, it was a picture that any man might stand and look at with a glowing heart, until the very tears of genial sympathy and happiness would dim his eyes. And what were they doing? Sitting in three circles, each circle of intelligent human beings, with undying souls and immortal intellects, passing a long string rapidly from hand to hand. Round and round went the string, the human hands moving as though it were a matter of life to keep that bolt going, while one earnest young person stood in the centre

of the circle solemnly watching the string, which had a key strung on it somewhere. By-and-by he pounced upon the white hands of the prettiest girl in the circle. The key was found in them. The crowd shouted hoarsely and shrieked shrilly, as though the Gauls were at the Gates. The girl blushed, laughed, and stood up in the centre of the circle. The young man blushed, laughed, and sat down in the chair she had vacated. The string and the elusive resumed their round. It was a "game" they were "playing." They asked me to join them. Join them!

Great Scott! Did I ever play such a game as that? Did I ever play "Pussy wants a corner," or "Copenhagen?" Did I ever play kissing games? Waugh! Scat! Did I?

Ah, yes! I fear I did. But if, after the manner of men, I have played in all the games going at Ephesus, I have sense to know I couldn't do it with any show of grace or nature now. We who are past it, beloved, want to keep out of the swim. The afternoon sun is the pleasanter, after all; the evening shadows have a softness and a tenderness that you never see in the morning, and the man or woman who gets over into "the land of the afternoon" and keeps on "feeling younger than ever," loses all the sweetness of the mellow-time of life.

THE COURTSHIP OF GENERAL GRANT.

BY FOSTER COATES.



IT was an eventful day in the life of Julia Dent, a young Missouri girl, when, in 1844, her brother, a cadet at West Point, brought his friend, Lieutenant U. S. Grant, to her father's house on a visit. And there is a charming bit of naïveté in Mrs. Grant's description of that visit, how the dashing, young lieutenant lost his heart, how she found it, and how he asked the question which linked her name with his eventful life and career.

I may say that Mrs. Grant recently told the subjoined facts to me specially for the readers of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, and it is the first time she has ever narrated them for publication.

"One summer day we were going to a morning wedding, and Lieutenant Grant was also invited," says Mrs. Grant. "He came for us on horseback, and asked my brother's permission to drive me, in exchange for his saddle, to which he gladly consented. The day was beautiful, the roads were a little heavy from previous rain, but the sun shone in splendor. We had to cross a little bridge that spanned a ravine, and, when we reached it, I was surprised and a little concerned to find the gulch swollen, a most unusual thing, the water reaching to the bridge. I noticed, too, that Lieutenant Grant was very quiet, and that and the high water bothered me. I asked several times if he thought the water dangerous to breast, and told him I would go back rather than take any risk. He assured me, in his brief way, that it was perfectly safe, and in my heart I relied upon him. Just as we reached the old bridge I said, 'Now, if anything happens, remember I shall cling to you, no matter what you say to the contrary.' He simply said, 'All right,' and we were over the planks in less than a minute. Then his mood changed, he became more social, and in asking me to be his wife, used my threat as a theme. After dinner that afternoon, Lieutenant Grant asked me to set the day. I wanted to be engaged, and told him it would be much nicer than getting married—a sentiment he did not approve. We were very quiet at the house that evening and neither said a word of the secret. After supper he went back to the regiment, and a few days later General Taylor sent him to Camp Salubrity, in Louisiana. He was too shy to ask father, so he waited till he was stationed and wrote to him. Father never answered the letter. I was his favorite daughter, and he thought army life would not suit me.

"Besides," said father, 'you are too young and the boy is too poor. He hasn't anything to give you.'

"I rose in my wrath and I said I was poor, too, and hadn't anything to give him.

"The next year he came back on a leave of absence, and I can remember just how he looked as he rode up in his new uniform. Father was going to Washington on business, and we were all on the front porch kissing him good-by and stuffing his pockets with notes of things he was to buy. Lieutenant Grant asked for my hand, and he, in a hurry to get off, consented.

"My soldier lover was in and about Mexico for four years, including the war. Every mail brought me a letter. Every one of them full of sweet nothings, love and war, and now and then some pressed leaves and flowers. Some were written on drum-heads captured from the Mexicans and others on sheets of foolscap, folded and sealed with red wafers. I read each one every day until the next one came. I have them all."

At the close of the Mexican war they were married, and a loved and loving couple they were all through life. During the Rebellion Mrs. Grant was as near the General as it was safe for her to be. She was his partner in trial as well as joy. It isn't given to every woman to have a great hero for a husband, to spend eight years in the White House, and to make a tour of the world, the guest of kings, queens and princes and have everybody trying to make life pleasant for them, nor is it given to everyone to know how poignant grief is.

"I do not complain," Mrs. Grant says. "Mine has been a happy, happy life. I have drank deep from the cup of joy and from the cup of woe. The Lord knows best." And then, as she sits alone in her big house in the twilight, thinking of the old days, it would be strange—and she would not be human—if the tears did not start unbidden to her eyes, as she turns back the pages of her life.

THE BOOK OF LIFE.

BY LEE C. HARBY.

OUR life's a book—a different page is turned each day;
The mysteries the next conceals
None dare to say.
The binding of Life's book, is Hope,
With Faith enwove;
The golden rim about its leaves
Is human love.

And each event, each deed of ours,
Itself prints there—
In blurred type, Sin; while Virtue stamps
In letters clear.
Each noble act performed is marked
In blue and gold;
But all unjust or wicked deeds,
Black lines enfold.

A bright, illuminated scroll
Adorns each page
For each temptation we withstand
From youth to age.
Our days its numbered folios are,
And Death its clasp.
The power to make this volume fair
Is in our grasp.

So live, that when all work is done
And laid aside,
Our children's eyes may look upon
This Book with pride;
Then, void of shame or haunting fear,
It may be read
When, haply, we may rest among
The honored dead.

HINTS FOR PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

BY EMMA V. SHERIDAN.



FIRST of all, appoint a committee to select the play. Abide without question by the selection made by said committee. Appoint a "stage manager" whose word shall be supreme. The more formally official the position of "stage manager"

be made, the more free from difficulty and confusion will all things be. The person appointed should be one conversant enough with the dramatic capabilities of the people who are to act, to distribute the parts with a degree of judgment which must be strictly respected by all.

The stage manager should have time to look over the play and get some idea of what is to be "done" in the different scenes of—theatre parlance—the "business" of the scenes. Remember that good "business" is the foundation of good acting. The way you get through the "business" may be "acting," but you must have something to "do" before you can "act." Even trained actors expect the stage manager to direct the principal moves in a scene. The details they themselves may fill in. But "crosses," "pauses," "settings down and gettings up, opening of doors, "glances," etc., should all be thought out by the stage manager and be given at the first rehearsal as directions to be strictly obeyed.

Each person should mark down in his part the "business given," and, once done, it should always be observed, and should be learned as conscientiously as the words of the part are.

The first rehearsal should be a reading rehearsal, that is, parts should be carried. If strict order is maintained, and rehearsals conscientiously attended, by the third rehearsal the piece should be smoothly enough understood to make an order for "letter perfect" wise. Only after the parts are discarded, can the people begin really to act. Till then the "business" should all be done merely mechanically and to get the "situations" of the scenes clearly in mind.

As to learning of lines—strict correctness about "cues" is absolutely necessary to an easy performance.

The "cue" is the last two or three words of a sentence upon which the next character speaks. It is, of course, a good thing to speak your whole speech correctly, but, at least, if you cannot do that, give the last sentence. That is, the cue exactly.

In studying your part be as sure of the words which constitute the cue upon which you are to speak, as you are of the words which constitute the cue you give the next one to speak.

If during rehearsals, the rule of speaking only on correct cues is enforced, a great danger of confusion in the performance will be avoided.

During rehearsals those people concerned in the scene should attend strictly to the business of the same. And always the stage manager should be respected as an official, not fraternized with as an associate.

It is not wisdom for the stage manager to play a part too. If he is a good manager he will have enough to do without acting, too.

For his assistance there should be a "property boy," that is, one to look after the things used by the characters in the piece.

A list of such articles should be made out, and the time for their use specified. The property boy should give the hero the cane he is to swing, the heroine her bunch of flowers, the heavy villain his cigar, etc., and such article should be delivered according to the list made out, before the scene requiring its use. The responsibility of its delivery should rest with the property boy—the actors have enough to do to think of their parts. If some one can be found with brain enough to stand it all, the property boy may be call-boy too, and, according to a carefully made out list, call each character from the "green room" in time for his or her scene. This brings almost the entire responsibility of the piece upon the one unfortunate man. But if one capable

can be found, an immense deal of confusion will be avoided.

Now a word of the performance. The people should absolutely be sure of their lines, that is, of the words they have to say, and of the cues upon which they are to speak. Nevertheless, the prompter should, throughout the evening, stick to his place at one side of the stage. The prompter is usually the stage manager, and he rings the curtain down, too. The amateur prompter should attempt to do nothing more and should faithfully follow the piece line by line; when any one "sticks," that is, forgets what they are to say, usually a single word thrown from the prompter is sufficient, and the official should be ready to throw such a word at any instant. At the same time he must not be too ready and embarrass the players by unnecessary assistance.

Now, just a few words about the acting itself.

The tendency of amateurs is to hurry. "Take your time" is a good rule, even in a quick scene.

The more "hurried" the "business" of a scene is to appear, the more quietly and exactly and unexcitedly the actor must do it, else it will be an unintelligible gible-jumble of ineffectiveness.

Don't make too many movements. Cut out as many gestures as possible. Let those you make be decisive and clearly defined one from another. Even if you are playing a very nervous and fidgety man, the nervous and fidgety "business," whatever it is, must be done in a clean, cut, exact way, or it will not be effective. Don't be afraid of pauses. Pauses, that mean something, are really better than speaking. If you are to impart a secret and must close a door first, don't be afraid of a silent cross to the door, a deliberate shutting of it, and a silent return. Only, let your movements be decided. As long as the audience feels you know what you are doing and that you mean to do it just the way you are doing it, they will wait and not fret.

Don't speak too quickly. Constantly keep in mind that you must make yourself distinct to the further corner of your auditorium and you will probably avoid this most fatal of errors—haste in speaking.

It is not loudness, but distinctness of articulation that makes one's words heard. Consonants should be given full, sharp value. Punctuation should be respected; put in as much "feeling" as you like, only remember those other two rules.

In making turns on the stage, always turn so the face is towards the audience, not the back. It is a good rule, though like all good rules, it has exceptions.

In kneeling, go down on one knee, and let that knee be the one towards the audience.

While the old trick of delivering all lines direct to the audience is to be avoided, still remember it is not always necessary to look the person to whom you are speaking, in the eye. We don't do it, you know, in real life. The "stage picture" is often better for avoidance of a strict adhering to the rule, "look your man in the eye when you speak."

To the ladies, only a word or so. Avoid powder on your arms, especially in love scenes. It is bound to come off on the lover's coat—it is a pity to spoil the coat and it is a worse pity to detract the audience's attention from the scene to his misfortunes.

If you wear a train, be sure to make wide turns. A woman may manage her train charmingly in the ball-room and yet find herself awkward about it on the stage.

Don't carry flowers, or fans, or handkerchiefs, or hats or dogs unless the piece requires it, and unless you know just what you are to do with such articles when you get on the stage—just when you are to get rid of them—or you will find yourself with both hands full at the very moment when the villain has to seize you by both wrists, etc., etc., or when you ought to throw your arms about your father's neck, you will find one hand engaged with an open parasol, or something of the sort.

To all of you—Don't try too hard to "act" You will act all the better if you keep cool, and so don't get mixed about your lines and situations.

One big rule for always—Play whatever part you are cast for, earnestly and conscientiously. It isn't the part; it is the actor that makes a performance a good one or not.

An article of special interest will be printed in the November JOURNAL on "How to Train the Voice," by the great Italian operatic tenor, Italo Campanini. No singer to-day is better fitted to speak of the voice than Italo and preserve it than Campanini, and the article will therefore have a special degree of authority.



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"Whose?" "Why, Ayer's, of course." AYER'S PILLS are the best. They regulate Digestion, cure Bileousness, Colic, and Constipation, relieve Sick Headache, Neuralgia, and Rheumatism. They contain no calomel and are sugar-coated. Mild, but effective, they are the favorite family medicine. As an after-dinner pill, used by thousands.

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Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicines.

ANNE'S CHOICE

BY
HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

PART II.

It was the last of the pleasant noons; the November weather came with an arctic breath in it, the roads were frozen hard, the leafless woods lay like a smoky along the edge of the earth, the hoar frost whitened every branch; the men came in from their shooting, hungry as hunters ought to be; Mr. Terence was giving Anne the promised lessons in the saddle, roses blooming in her cheeks, if nowhere else; and one morning there was snow, and he called Anne to put on her warmest cloak and took her out where a sleigh full of robes awaited her, and two jet-black shining horses jangled their silver bells and turned at the sound of her foot with a joyous whining.



MRS. SPOFFORD.

"Oh!" she cried, "it is Hassan and the Vizier! How came they here? Where? Whose?"

"They are yours," said Mr. Terence. "Now let me see what their gait is." And in the long, swift careering over the snowy hills and hollows that morning, if she remembered that she had left Verners in Rosamond's studio she gave no sign of it.

"I think," said Mr. Terence, as he handed her out at last, "that the air of the Forest agrees with you. At any rate, it is quite another being than the pale and dejected little person on the platform station three months ago."

"It is because I am happy," said Anne. "Are you really happy, Anne?" asked Mr. Terence. But she was gone, with one bright look, one deep, branding blush. "Ah, well," he said to himself, tossing the reins to James who was waiting there, "young and beautiful, and Val for a friend, and Verners for a lover, what girl would not be happy!"

It was a night or two later that Verners and the Penroses were over from the Towers. "It is two below zero," said Verners. "Aunt Louisa, are you going to send us home to-night from a house full of beds? Put us in the haunted chamber; put us anywhere, but don't."

"Throw you in the brier-path," said Val. "No, Aunt Louisa asks no greater joy than that of making you comfortable to-night. And it will be a God-send to Maria your coming to-night, for she has found the crack in the Greek tongue down which a *digamma* or something slipped and was lost once, and she wants your advice."

"Oh, its nothing like two below zero," cried Verners. "I don't think we'll stay, Penrose." "I told her," laughed Val, "that you had forgotten all you ever knew; and look here, Rosamond's picture is done; why not go and varnish it, lamplight or not?"

"Perhaps it will be all the better for the lamplight," said Rosamond; and with a gay clamor they went up to the studio, where Val and Anne ran first to light the candles.

Verners stood before the canvas and looked at Rosamond under his eyelids, but said nothing.

"You ought to have seen Anne in the gauzes and the jewels," said Val.

"Why can't we see her now?" said Verners.

"You don't expect me to feel very cordially towards your work, do you Rosamond? A man doesn't usually love his successful rival, even if its only a reminiscence of his green and salad days," he added, with another mischievous side-glance.

"You didn't aim for the likeness?" said Penrose.

"No, certainly not," said Rosamond. "I only wanted the life, the motion, the jewel-flash, the sprite streaming with water-drops. I had the opals to paint from at any time."

"Come!" cried Val. "We must do something to kill time. You shall see the original." And before Anne could interfere, she had wound the long gauzy scarf, still in the studio, round about Anne, and had twisted the opals in her hair as before; and Anne felt herself growing rosier than the rosiest flash in the jewels, as she put up her hands to unwind them, and found them caught in her hair; and then the hands both of Mr. Verners and of Mr. Terence were trying to disentangle them; and she suddenly stepped back and then ran away to her own room, followed by Val, and with some time and effort the long fine locks were unwound from the meshes of the chain and the setting of the jewels. Then she put them into the red morocco case that Val had brought along, every opal slipping into its little faded satin cell, and the coils of the chain into their own groove, and handed the case back to Val.

"They are so beautiful," she said, giving them one long look before she closed the case, "like imprisoned sparks of fire. How superly Rosamond must look in them, I suppose they are Rosamond's?"

"Her share of mamma's jewels."

"Well, I could find it in my heart to envy them. I don't know that I ever did envy anything of the sort before. But just to look at every day——"

"I am sure you needn't envy Rosamond

anything," said Val, from the window-seat where she had planted herself, while Anne brushed out her tangled hair.

"How long your hair is, Anne; a cloud of pale gold! I never saw the whole of it unbound before. It is quite to your feet! I wish——What a fool I am to wish Verners should see anything more lovely in you than he has seen already! Poor Rosamond, she played too long."

Anne turned from the glass. "Val, dear," she said. "I am not going down again to-night—or up—which ever it is to be. But I should like to say something to you, because I am afraid you think Mr. Verners——"

"I—I can't hear you!" cried Val, springing up. "You mustn't repose any confidence in me about Verners. I shan't try to interrupt fate, but I won't be disloyal! I can't hear a word!" and she rushed from the room, leaving Anne agast.

"It seems to me," said Anne to herself, "that this whole household is demented about this Mr. Verners." The thought, however, did not hinder her from smiling thoughts. After she had said her prayers and closed her register, opened her window and blown out the light, and lay under the eider quilt looking out at the apparition of the stars marshaling their brilliancy over the hollow of black space, and fancied these cohorts of spirits, with the spikes of their chariot-wheels glittering on the heavenly darks, and remembered what Mr. Terence had said about the flight of the sun and his planets through those darks, and other things as well, and this one's looks, and that one's words, and another's smile, and hid her cheek in the pillow to cool its burning.

"Oh, papa," cried Val, next morning, going into the breakfast-room where her father still lingered with his mail, and spreading a page of yesterday's newspaper before him.

"Do you see that?"



"I was married to your father this morning."

pointing to the announcement of the German opera. "And don't you think it's time for you and me—good companions—to have another excursion, and take Anne along this time?"

Mr. Terence looked up, with the smile that comes before thinking. "And the chaperon?" he said.

"A chaperon with you along, papa?"

"Well, then, who will chaperon *me*?" he asked.

"The idea! A girl and her father! You are ever so queer of late, papa. But you've said Yes! We won't bother you with luggage, just one little box for us both, you darling, old love!"

"Now, Val, a little more respect and a little less affection."

"Both, both, papa! And will you take the noon train? We shall arrive then just in time for a bite of something, and the music. I'll go and tell Anne. And mind, you don't breathe of it till we come down with our cloaks on, or Verners and the whole crew will be on our trail."

What an enchanted journey that was to Anne, surrounded by all observances, all day beside the river, between the hills, and then the long procession of the twinkling city lamps, the hurried dinner, the quick toilette, and the opera, all like a dream of gladness. Next day, they were in some galleries where Mr. Terence had entrance, and in the evening again the wondrous music; and so for a week, still in the glad dream, and Val writing every day a letter to the Forest. Anne saw Mr. Terence's proud pleasure as one and another of his acquaintances looked at him question-

ingly; she had—she could not have told you why—a wild exhilaration of pride as some one whom she had known at Miss Jeanne's came and spoke with her. And all the time there was the music, and there was Mr. Terence explaining to her the reasons of the vastness and the majesty of this sort of opera dealing with dynasties of gods and all the creative forces. And then came the return to the Forest, after what would have been a week in Paradise, if all of her life at this time were not in Paradise; and Rosamond, in a state of latent freezing as the weather; for Verners, who had been over but once since they left, had taken Conrad and the rest home with him, and had kept them at the Towers; and Maria, with a stock of translations of the Nibelungen Song and the Klage; and Laura playing the "Ride of the Valkyrie."

"Oh!" cried Anne, "it is Laura, who should have gone instead of me. She would have understood it all. And I only enjoyed it."

Laura laughed, and kissed her. "You dear little thing," she said. "You make every one else enjoy with you. I like to see any one so happy. And you are the very spirit of the Norse maiden yourself, not exactly flesh and blood, and not exactly a daughter of the gods."

"The idea of Laura talking that way!" said Val, as Anne went dancing up-stairs.

"Why not?" said Rosamond. "Laura was the only one left to capture. I hope you are satisfied with it all, Val. It was a fine piece of work you did, when you brought that child to the Forest."

They were going away now on a snow-shoeing expedition, Verners and the Penroses and Mr. Terence and Conrad, and the excursion extended itself into an ice-boat voyage on a northern river; time was a little heavy after their bustling departure. Maria got out her lexicons and buried herself in her roots, and Laura wrapped herself in her altar-cloth, as Val said of them, and Rosamond shut herself up in her studio and had few words for any one, and Aunt Louisa was boiling over her sweetmeats; the Morgans came near going lame in their stalls, for Anne did not feel like ordering them out, and Val did not care about driving, and the two had their only pleasure walking in the nearest part of the beech-woods, now and then surprising a rabbit or scaring a winter colony of birds. And suddenly a thaw, melting rivers and bare ground, and all was stir and excitement, with the whole party back again; and Verners was bending and kissing her little hands, and Mr. Terence was holding those hands in his, and looking down at her with the smile that seemed like a bulwark between her and trouble.

"The idea," said Val, "of people going

"Oh!" she gasped, looking at him with those terrified eyes, as if she did not see him. "She says I—I took them! She—oh, she must be mad—or else—or else I?"

"Who says—who—took what?" exclaimed Mr. Terence, snatching down her hands and holding them, in an effort to compose her.

"She says—Rosamond—the opals—that I—She can't mean such a thing!" cried Anne. "I can't say it! Oh, why should she—how could she?—Oh, I am choking to death!"

He brought her a glass of water. "Now, dear child, be quiet. What is it Rosamond says? And what about the opals?"

Anne waited a moment, looking up at him with an agony of entreaty. "Could you possibly believe it of me?" she almost shrieked. "She says I—took—the opals! They haven't been seen since I had them, I am poor—that I disposed of them while I was away, and she will make the world ring with it!"—And little Anne fainted dead away.

She was on a pile of cushions when she regained consciousness. She tried to rise and bind up the hair that Mr. Terence had drenched from the carafe. She seemed still to be hearing his voice in strange, swift words; she looked up and saw his anxious gaze fading into a smile. "Oh!" she cried, as it all rushed back. "Tell me I have been dreaming. It isn't true—you can't believe it?"

"Believe it!"—And his laugh was so gay that all at once, in spite of herself, she was laughing too. "Oh, I see you don't, you can't! And I won't care."

"Now," he said, "it is your turn. Tell me one thing, Verners——"

"Verners!" she exclaimed. "I wish I had never seen him! Though I like him, oh, so much! But Rosamond thinks I care—that he cares—and it has angered her—and I don't blame her. I have tried to show her—Oh, he is nothing, nothing, more than the idle wind to me——"

"We are going to blow some cobwebs out of our brains," said Mr. Terence to Val, as he passed her a little later with Anne all folded in her fur. Anne turned with such a light on her face as Val had never seen there before, and threw her arms impetuously round Val and kissed her; and Val looked after them with some wonder growing on her own, as they drove away.

It was perhaps two hours afterward that Val, coming up from the store-room where she had been helping her Aunt Louisa to label the marmalade jars, looked into the drawing-room attracted by the sound of voices—Rosamond's voice, her father's, Verners, Anne's. "What are you dear people having such a discussion about?" she said, looking in. "Slavery is abolished; the war is over; women are going to vote, by-and-by prohibition will come. What in the world is there left to make such an ado over?"

"Quite enough," answered Rosamond. "And without any jesting, I am telling my father about my opals. They were worth a small fortune. I valued them beyond anything. Once they were blessed. It has been the tradition for years that when they came to grief their owner came to grief with them. Now they are lost—Anne cannot account for them—she——"

"Rosamond," thundered her father. "Oh, I know very well she has bewitched you!" cried Rosamond. "Not only you, but the rest. But all the same, let her produce my opals. She had them last!"

"Rosamond," said Verners, crossing to her side, "this is unworthy of you. You are ill. You are——"

Rosamond flung herself away, and bent her head and hid her face in her arms upon the mantel-shelf.

"The only thing to do is to settle this on the spot!" exclaimed Val. "Anne, dear, I think if you would only take Verners, and be done with it, and go away with him, it would be best——"

The others started as if a bomb-shell had been thrown among them. All but Anne. She stood there, white and fair in her black furs, and the strange, sweet look still in her shining eyes. "Val," she said, with the gentle dignity of a young queen, "I was married to your father, this morning."

There was dead silence; for even Val fell back a step. "I loved him from the first time he spoke to me," said Anne, then simply. "But I never dreamed that he would care for such a little thing as I. And when Mr. Verners came I found a comfort in the thought of his friendship. And Rosamond was so cold he came to me for sympathy; and you——my——"

"Your husband," said the deep and gentle voice beside her, as she paused and looked up at him hesitatingly.

"My——husband thought that—that——" "That he must efface himself," said Mr. Terence, where the younger man could only be preferred."

"And so," said little Anne, "you see every one has been mistaken. And I am so happy!" "Oh, Anne!" cried Val suddenly, with a rapturous smother of an embrace, "Don't you remember I told you he was the loveliest fellow?"

In the confusion of that embrace no one noticed that Verners had Rosamond's hand, and that she was sobbing on his shoulder, and in the same moment a maid came into the room holding a reddish, discolored, and blistered parcel in her hand. "James found it, Miss," she said, discreetly, seeing nothing as Rosamond sprang erect, "under Miss Anne's window."

"The opals!" cried Val. "Grand finale.——I see it all! I had them, I remember, and I laid them on the window-seat, and when Anne opened the window in the dark, the case fell out, of course, and has been there in the ice and snow ever since. Let us see." And while she spoke, Rosamond unclasped the case, and there lay the gold chain indeed; but for the rest, only a thousand flinders, like infinitesimally broken glass, into which the opals had shattered in the frost.

"I don't believe you care, Rosamond," said Val. "It was my fault. I would give you my pearls instead, only, you see, Verners will give you all you want! Well, they're gone. The ill-luck of the women of our mother's race has gone with them. I fancy. If you come to any grief now, it will be your own fault, Miss Rosamond."

"Luncheon is served," said the solemn butler at the door.

"Mrs. Terence," said her husband, "if you intend to sit at the head of your table you will have to take off your cloak."

"Oh—Anne—look here!" cried Val.

"Do you expect us to call you mother?"

"I don't care what you call me," said Anne, going over to Rosamond, and holding up her sweet red lips, "if you only love me."

THE END.

CURL PAPERS AND HUSBANDS.

By FELICIA HOLT.



At first sight, one might naturally exclaim "What a singular grouping of subjects! Could anything be more foreign to men than curl papers? What member of the sterner sex was ever seen bedecked with them, save Bob Acres? And he wore them with a shame-faced air and most irritable disposition, as is evinced by his speech to his luckless servant: 'David, you're a fool,' when the said David ushers in Sir Lucius O'Trigger."

On reflection, however, I feel that my title may not seem so incongruous, and a serene consciousness pervades me that the men will proclaim my choice a happy one; specially those who have been compelled to close and continuous acquaintance with the hideous fashion, which so many of my sex assume, of doing their hair in frizzes, whether of paper or pins.

From early morning to late at night—until the question arises, "Are they ever taken out?"—does suffering man behold his mother, sister or the wife of his bosom decorated with these objects of torture.

A woman may be neatly gowned, she may wear fresh collar and cuffs, but ten to one, if the demon of desire for curly locks has seized her, her head, no matter how smoothly brushed and arranged in the back, will terminate on the front with a row of paper screws. What face can bear it? The answer is emphatic: None.

Nature demands in young and old the softening shade of hair around the brow, instead of which the curl-paper devotee drags back every hair with such violence that her features become distorted.

Is it not painful? Yes, in a degree, at first especially; but then we have all heard of (I don't say seen) women who would insist on wearing shoes sizes too small for their feet, erroneously supposing that by this means they gained their end; well, the same vanity will sustain a female in her effort to make her hair curl. I think, too, that curling hair is beautiful, but the very prettiest is that which Nature curls after her own fashion. "If one has not that?" you say. Well, then, let it be on papers, if you must—please do it when few people are about, and, above all, let it be when John is asleep at his work. I watched with interest, some years ago, a young woman who lived back of me. She was always neatly clad, kept, I am sure, a tidy house, and was, I think, a good wife and mother, but never for one single time in three years, did I see her without those hideous paper screws. Stay—I may have met her in the street without them—if so, the metamorphosis was so great that I failed to recognize her. At last I fell to speculating thus: having worn them through life will she wear them when dead, and will she lie in her last sleep decorated with an aureole of curl papers? The suggestion is a ghastly one, I acknowledge; but, remember, it was brought on by the unsightly vision of an otherwise good-looking woman, garnished morning, noon and night, with rolls of any of the daily papers she could levy on.

I doubt if it has occurred to the long-suffering husbands to rebel against this matrimonial infliction, so used have they become to it. Many of them being accustomed from their earliest infancy to seeing their nearest of womankind thus disfigured.

I suppose in the courting days girls sometimes remove the obnoxious papers, else how can they become wives? For I cannot fancy any man becoming sentimental when he is confronted by crimps.

After the wedding ceremony, the papers are called into requisition, until one is tempted to beg for a change, and years for a sight of smoothly arranged hair which proclaims an acquaintance with brush and comb.

Many a man who has made himself a brute in regard to the shortcomings of his wife in other matters, has evinced great tolerance for her little weaknesses in this line.

I do not like to think it is careless indifference; I would rather believe it springs from an inherent chivalry. Be that as it may, many men have had to endure much from a lack of personal neatness in their wives and mothers, and though I take my life in my hands in so saying, I cannot believe women with correct ideas in this respect will, as I have often seen them, wear outwardly fine garments, and, under a lavishly trimmed hat, conceal a head covered with paper horns.

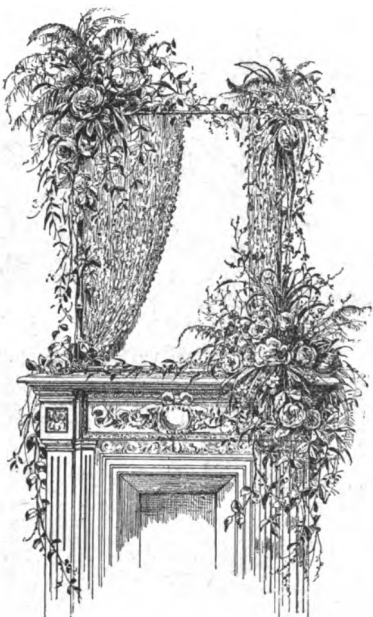
Said I to a woman, the other day—she was over fifty years old—"Do you ever take out your curl papers?"

"O, yes," was the reply, "I put them up on Friday and take them out on Sunday."

Dear girls, I beg you will look well to this. I know it comes from a desire to please, and it would be laudable if you did not make it an abuse. You make yourself ridiculous nine of the sixteen waking hours, to say nothing of the injury done your hair, which the Apostle tells us is woman's crowning glory.

A PRETTILY DECORATED MANTEL.

WITH rare taste, an English woman has made a decorated mantel which will appeal at once to thousands of women as possessing singular beauty. The illustration gives the general idea:



The frame is of light bamboo here, but any other similar wood can be used. Feathery asparagus, or any one of the hundred and one running vines to be had for the asking in the country, or for a modest outlay in the city, lend themselves joyously to this device. Blossoming berry-vines are lovely in their season, but any ingenious woman can conceive of a score of things which can be used to follow this floral decorated mantel for party, wedding or ball. The only thing to be guarded against is stiffness; let everything look as if it grew on the mantel out of nature's own hand.

WEDDING-DAY ANNIVERSARIES.

By FLORENCE HOWE HALL.



To celebrate one's "Wedding-Day" simply as an anniversary, is in much better taste. I think, than to attempt to make a species of new wedding of it. This is especially true of the later anniversaries of the silver and golden wedding-days.

The earlier anniversaries—the wooden wedding at the end of five years of marriage, and the tin wedding at the end of ten years—are usually very cheerful and even jolly occasions. The bride only looks more buxom, and the bridegroom more self-confident and manly, for the few additional twelve months which have flown over their heads. They are both usually still in the very prime and heyday of life and strength, and the woman of thirty or thirty-five finds nothing sad in the fact that she has exchanged the slender beauty of her girlhood for the more full-blown beauty of the matron.

At a wooden or a tin wedding a bride may, if she choose, wear her wedding dress, minus the veil and orange blossoms. If the veil of real lace it may, of course, be arranged as a trimming of the dress.

The bridegroom wears evening dress, with the regulation tie of white lawn (never of white satin), and light kid gloves.

In other words, both bride and groom dress precisely as they would for any other evening reception or party. Where the celebration occurs in the morning, the groom wears a black or dark frock-coat, light trousers and light scarf.

The question is sometimes asked, "Should the marriage ceremony be repeated? Never, under any circumstances. Marriage is held in the greatest respect and reverence by Christians of all denominations, and any repetition of it is trifling with sacred things, and it would be, in reality, a mock marriage, a dangerous matter both from a legal and a moral point of view.

For the same reason, the bridegroom should not present his bride with a second wedding-ring, although there would seem to be no reason why he should not give her some other variety of ring as a memorial of the anniversary, and as a symbol of continued affection. His doing so is not in the least a matter of obligation, however.

A bride-cake, containing a wedding-ring, is often used on these anniversary occasions, just as it would be at a children's party, the happy fluter of the ring being, according to theory, the next member of the company who will enter the matrimonial state. The remainder of the refreshments do not differ from those provided at an ordinary reception, although there is room for the exercise of the ingenuity of the hosts in the arrangement of the table.

Tin candlesticks, and fancy dishes of tin to hold cake, ice-cream and other refreshments, would certainly add to the amusement of those present at the happy occasion. As this metal is so cheap, it is easy to indulge one's fancy for odd or novel gifts, without spending much money. An intelligent tin-smith will make to order a great variety of objects, pretty or ridiculous according to the taste of the giver.

Of useful articles of tin the number is almost unlimited, and the heart of the family cook is often gladdened by the substantial re-

sult of a tin wedding, in the shape of cooking utensils, wash-boilers, ice-cream freezers and dustpans. Tin horns, of various sizes and shapes, are usually a distinct, if not a discordant, feature of a tin wedding. An orchestra ranging from the penny trumpet to the gigantic fish-horn or coaching-horn, is sometimes present on these occasions, and one cannot advise those who seriously object to a noise, to invite their friends to their tenth wedding anniversary.

A wooden wedding furnishes an excellent opportunity for presenting a married couple with the handsome wooden chairs, desks, and other articles of furniture now so much in vogue, as well as with many useful and less expensive articles. One does not hear of either wooden or tin weddings as often at this time as one did some years ago, when there was a sort of rage for them. But they are still celebrated, and may be made very enjoyable occasions.

The bridesmaids, groomsmen, best man, and officiating clergyman, should certainly be invited. The bridesmaids sometimes stand with the bridal couple, and assist in receiving the guests.

The proper name for the fifteenth anniversary seems to be a matter of doubt. I have usually heard it spoken of as the "Crystal Wedding," when intimate friends send presents of pretty glassware to the happy pair. The name "Crystal Wedding" is certainly a charming one, and the array of glassware in the china stores is now most tempting, and is offered at prices to suit all purses. It was formerly thought that pressed glass was too ugly and coarse-looking, too poor an imitation of cut-glass, to be fit for use on the tables of people of refinement and taste. There has been an immense improvement, however, in the quality and appearance of this once despised pressed glass, and although it is still very inferior in beauty to cut-glass, many pieces of it are really pretty and extremely cheap.

According to one theory of decorative art, the white cut-glass, with its elaborate patterns and many flashing facets, is not truly artistic. The people who loved this theory would substitute the colored Venetian glass, in place of the more showy and brilliant glassware. I am happy to add, however, that many persons of taste dissent from this singular theory.

A very good authority speaks of the fifteenth anniversary as the "Iron Wedding," though this lady does not positively assert that this is the correct name.

The twentieth anniversary is sometimes celebrated by gifts of china, and is called a "China Wedding." Other people say that it is very unlucky to celebrate or take any notice of this particular anniversary, although this absurd superstition has, as far as I know, no foundation in experience. It certainly has none in reason and common sense.

After twenty-five years of married life comes the "Silver Wedding," an anniversary which always brings with it a touch of poetry and of pathos. Why twenty-five years of married life should make an impression on our susceptibilities and feelings, which twenty-four, or thirty years wholly fail to produce, is one of those problems which continually confront the student of human nature.

The name "Silver Wedding" is a beautiful one, and, together with the golden wedding, fitly typifies the increased sacredness and beauty which the added years bring to a true marriage—a marriage where affection, mutual respect and self-respect go hand in hand.

But the silver of the silver marriage should be the real silver of beautiful thought and tranquil imagination. To attempt to reduce it to the coin of the realm is much like endeavoring to paint the image of the silvery moon. Thought and feeling are in reality more lasting, more precious, than any outward token of them, and the attempt to materialize our friends' good wishes into actual objects of silver, is to tax their purses heavily, and to vulgarize an occasion which is rather marred than helped by such outward symbolism.

It is now generally recognized that the old-fashioned silver wedding was too severe a drain on the resources of the friends of the married couple; the custom of giving very expensive and elaborate gifts brought its own cure, like other abuses. Therefore, invitations to an occasion of this sort either do not mention the fact, or in any way call attention to the fact, that a silver wedding is to be celebrated, or, if they do so, a line is added to the invitation saying, "No presents received," or, "It is requested that no presents be sent." The latter form is by far the more courteous of the two. The name of the husband, and the maiden name of the wife, may be added at the end of the invitation, with the date of the original marriage. The invitations may be engraved in silver letters, and silver-gray paper is sometimes substituted for white.

It is always allowable to send presents of flowers, and intimate friends may be forgiven if they send pretty trifles in silver. Where there is no express prohibition, the invited guests may, without doubt, send such gifts as they may desire, but there should be no obligation in the matter, and no ostentation.

The silver brushes, combs, button-hooks, mirrors, vinaigrettes, and other toilet articles now so much in vogue, make charming presents for rich people, but are hardly suitable for those who live very simply. A traveling-bag, filled with toilet bottles of cut-glass, with silver covers, is an article of luxury very much prized by many women. But a bag of this sort is apt to prove a white elephant, since its weight makes it difficult to carry, and the bottles and bag are usually divorced at an early period of their existence.

The little bonbonnières for the pocket, small silver boxes, either plain, frosted or with embossed work, make very pretty silver wedding gifts, as do also the bonbon dishes for the dinner or lunch table, now so popular. At a recent wedding, the bride received a dozen or more of these pretty superfluities, many of them being of carved or filigree silver, in very

beautiful designs. The short, stubby bonbon spoons that accompany them, are also much in favor. Old silver and the modern reproductions of it, are still much sought after, and in selecting a pair of silver candlesticks of antique design as a wedding gift, one cannot go far wrong, since there is no objection to having a number of duplicates of these articles.

In selecting gifts for our friends we should always endeavor to choose what will be suitable to their estate and to their needs. We don't want to burden them with things they do not care for, or of which they already have a sufficient supply. To those who are poor in this world's goods, the generous-minded will seek to give articles of substantial value, instead of following the course of worldlings "who give their sum of more to that which had too much already," as the melancholy Jacques hath it. Yet even here, the generous man or woman incurs a danger, since he or she may unintentionally overwhelm the recipient of the gift with a sense of too great obligation. In all these matters we must endeavor to exercise tact and delicacy of feeling; we must "put ourselves in the place" of the other person.

It was the good fortune of the present writer to attend, not long since, a silver wedding anniversary which was one of the most charming occasions of its kind. We were all invited in the name of Mr. and Mrs. ——— to spend a certain evening at their pretty, old-fashioned cottage, but without any hint of a wedding, silver or otherwise. A few intimate friends guessed the secret, however, and many gifts of silver were sent to the happy bride. A happier one never welcomed her friends to a house made beautiful by a quarter of a century of mutual love and devotion, rendered all the more sacred by that toil which to the unthinking seems a curse, to the wise man a blessing sent from on high.

Every nook and corner of the quaint picturesque cottage had been utilized, the presents being displayed in an upper chamber, beneath the sloping eaves of the moss-grown, weather-stained roof. Pots of growing ivy, sweet June roses, and feathery ferns made the little parlor look most attractive, while a band of stringed instruments discoursed sweet music from a tiny ante-room near by.

A delicious supper of salads, sandwiches, coffee, ice-cream, and cake was set forth in the pretty low-studded dining-room, and the good cheer tasted all the better because we knew that most of it had been made by the skillful and ever-busy fingers of our hostess. An improvised smoking-room made with a canopy of boughs overhead, and rugs under-foot, tempted many gentlemen within its cool precincts, and the ladies thought it their duty to follow in order to see that their spouses did not catch cold in the evening air. With such a charming simplicity and gentle dignity were the guests received that we felt as if we had visited an angel unawares.

Scant space is left for the description of a "Golden Wedding," that beautiful, yet sad, festival, which occasionally crowns the honored lives of a long-wedded pair. The only occasion of this sort which I ever had the pleasure of attending was at Newport, and a most delightful affair it was. The reception took place on an October afternoon, within the walls of a roving old-fashioned villa, sheltered by lofty linden-trees, and situated a few miles from the great summer city. The fashion and beauty of Newport came in great numbers to congratulate the aged couple, who were as happy and as cheery as a boy and girl. There was wedding-cake as well as plenty of other good things to eat, and dancing and music and a merry happy time. The aged couple were both so hale and hearty that it was a great pleasure to see them.

There were numerous gifts of golden and silver-gilt objects at this wedding. The rule of sending gifts of the precious metal only, is not binding at a golden wedding, the custom differing here from that of silver weddings.



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CHILDREN OF THE VANDERBILTS.

HOW THEY ARE TRAINED, DRESSED AND EDUCATED.

A LITTLE child is always an object of interest. There is something about its curly hair, its roguish eyes and dimpled cheeks that commands the admiration of men and women, whether married or unmarried. But a child who is worth more than its weight in gold, is doubly interesting. Such children are very numerous in New York, and their care and training form one of the most interesting studies of the day. Within that charmed circle that begins at Fifth avenue, and stretches round Murray Hill towards Central Park and back again, there are scores of tots who within fifteen or twenty years from now will be fabulously wealthy.

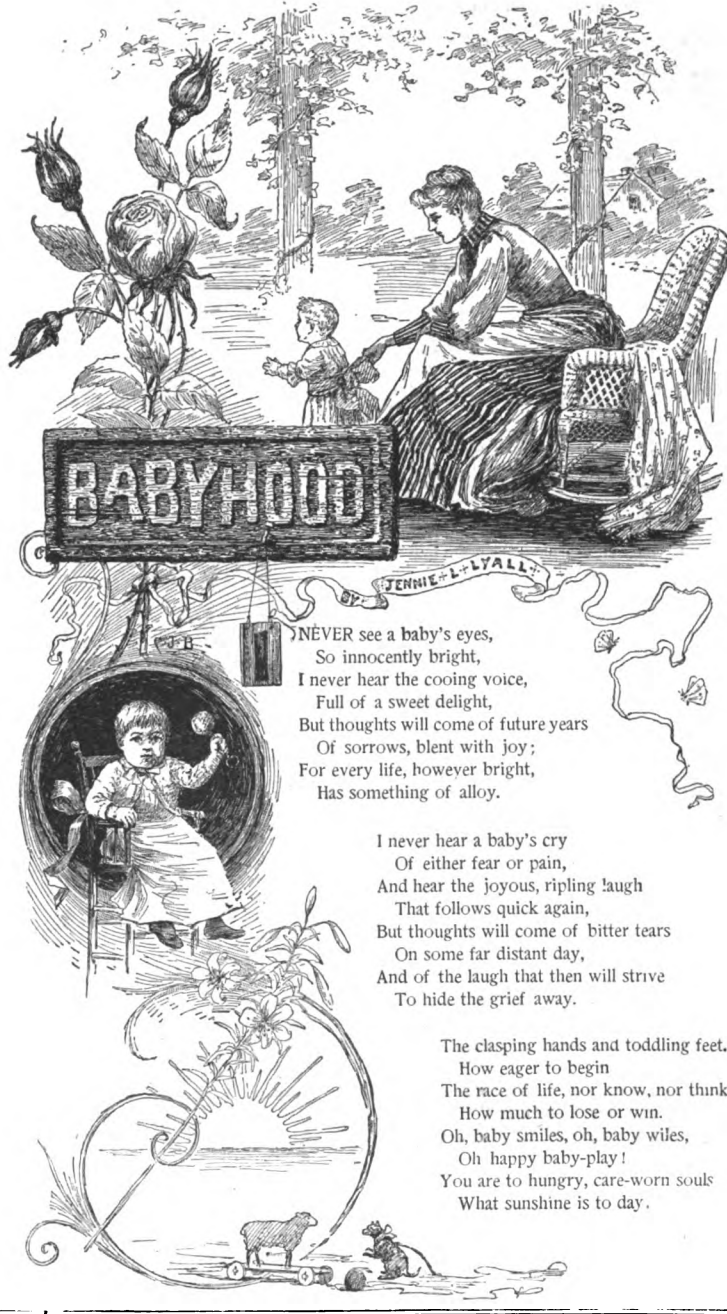
The education and training of these little children of Croesus is peculiar. Let us begin first with the Vanderbilt family. The very name of Vanderbilt is a word to conjure with. Cornelius Vanderbilt, the head of the house, is the father of a large family. The eldest, named after his grandfather William K. Vanderbilt, is about seventeen years of age. He is a student in Yale College, and is making rapid progress with his studies. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., is the second son. Gertrude Vanderbilt is the oldest daughter. She is about fourteen years of age, and her friends have given her the name of the Snow Princess. She is a charming little girl, and resembles nothing so much as the pictures we see of little Lord Fauntleroy. She has long curls, deep blue eyes, and a fine oval face and a pearly complexion. She is tall for her age, has a willowy figure, dainty hands and slender arched feet. She is going to be the greatest catch in the matrimonial market; but even without her fortune, she would be a marked figure in New York, where beautiful women are very numerous. Alfred and Reginald, the former nine and the latter six, then a baby three years old named Gladys, complete the list.

Mrs. Elliott F. Shepard, who was Margaret Vanderbilt, has three daughters and a son. The oldest girl, Louise, is a shining light in society. Her sisters Alice and Edith are pretty girls who make no show at all of their mother's vast fortune; dress very plainly, and do not seem to feel themselves a bit better than the rest of the world. Mr. and Mrs. William D. Sloane, the latter also a daughter of William H. Vanderbilt, have four children, two daughters and two sons. None are old enough to be in society. The girls are named Adele and Emily. They were bridesmaids at the marriage of Miss Lila Vanderbilt, their aunt, who became Mrs. Seward Webb. Mrs. Webb has now two little children of her own. Mr. Hamilton McK. Twombly, whose wife was Miss Florence Vanderbilt, has two children, pretty little tow-heads, who are being brought up by eating from gold-lined spoons.

Although all the members of the Vanderbilt family entertain on a magnificent scale, they never permit their children to remain up late at night, are extremely careful in their education, and, in a word, are fitting them for life as well as any mother or father could do. It is one of the rules in all the houses of the Vanderbilts, that the children shall go to bed early and rise early. The little boys and girls are up before seven o'clock in the morning. Their nurses immediately take charge of them, see that they are properly bathed and dressed, and then they go down to breakfast, which is served at half-past seven o'clock. It is an unpretentious meal, with plenty of fresh milk, eggs, oatmeal, and a bit of steak or a chop that will add strength to their physique and color to their cheeks. After breakfast there is an hour of study. There is something for these little ones to do at all times during the day. They go through their studies systematically, and then about half-past nine are taken out for a walk. They are allowed to romp in the streets and in the parks to their hearts' content. At eleven o'clock they are brought home, and a light luncheon of milk and bread is served, after which there are more studies—either French, German or drawing—and then another breathing spell—it may be horseback riding, or a drive out through the Park and along the country roads. Back they all come about four o'clock, and there is another hour of study, and then they are through for the day. They are allowed to do just as they please until tea time, when, after their meal, they spend a pleasant hour or so with their fathers and mothers. Promptly at eight o'clock they are all in bed to sleep soundly.

So it is not strange that all the children of the Vanderbilt family are further in advance of their little friends in the matter of education. For they study, study, study, all the time. They are all fond of music and most of them can play on the piano. The girls are learning to play on the harp, and the boys are famous among their friends as violinists, and banjo players. If you were to see these children on the street, you would not for a moment suspect that they were other than children of parents in ordinary circumstances. They make no display at elaborate dress. The eldest of Cornelius Vanderbilt's daughters is dressed plainly in little, pretty, cheap dresses without any braid or ornamentation. She wears snug-fitting cloth jackets, and the little cap that sits gracefully on her head, could be duplicated for a couple of dollars.

Of all the rooms in the Vanderbilt mansions there are none quite so cozy and comfortable as the children's play room. Each of the Vanderbilt houses has a big room specially built for the children. There is a piano in it, an organ, all sorts of toys and altogether it is one of the most delightful places imaginable. It is supposed by some people that the Vanderbilts devote all their time to society. This is not true. They devote a fair portion of their time to educating their children, to seeing that they are properly attended to, and are growing up to be good men and women. As soon as they arrive at the age when they know the value of money, they are given



NEVER see a baby's eyes,
So innocently bright,
I never hear the cooing voice,
Full of a sweet delight,
But thoughts will come of future years
Of sorrows, blent with joy;
For every life, however bright,
Has something of alloy.

I never hear a baby's cry
Of either fear or pain,
And hear the joyous, rippling laugh
That follows quick again,
But thoughts will come of bitter tears
On some far distant day,
And of the laugh that then will strive
To hide the grief away.

The clasping hands and toddling feet,
How eager to begin
The race of life, nor know, nor think
How much to lose or win.
Oh, baby smiles, oh, baby wiles,
Oh happy baby-play!
You are to hungry, care-worn souls
What sunshine is to day.

ETIQUETTE POINTS FOR GUESTS.

BY A NEW YORK HOSTESS.



UCH has been said regarding the etiquette of a hostess towards her guests. Much might be said on the lack of etiquette many guests show their hostess. I think, as a rule, people know how to treat company in their own homes, while "company" does not always know how to act in other people's houses.

To be sure, one sometimes sees even in large cities, and in, presumable, polite circles, a bad breach in the manner of a hostess. I was once invited to the home of a lady who was famed for the splendor of her entertainments and the brilliancy of her guests. She was young and pretty, and a number of young men were present, one of whom was the lion of the evening; much to my amazement I saw the hostess select this gentleman for a *tele-a-tele* early in the evening, and kept him at her side during the greater part of the entertainment, while several ladies sat together in a distant part of the room entirely left to their own devices and to the thoughtfulness of other guests for entertainment.

As two late-arriving gentlemen approached the hostess to give her greetings, she invited them to a seat near her and her companion. They sat down, at which the first gentleman took occasion to rise, and was upon the point of bowing and passing on to chat with the guests.

"I will not tax you with three gentlemen to entertain," he said politely; but the hostess hastened to answer: "I assure you I could entertain a dozen; now don't move away or I shall think you are bored." So the gentleman was obliged to re-seat himself beside her, while her neglected guests, many of them young ladies, moped in corners. This was thoughtlessness which amounted to selfishness; but it is not often a hostess so flagrantly fails in her duty.

However much she may enjoy talking with any one of her guests, as a rule the most selfish of women realize the necessity of self-sacrifice in the position of hostess, though few seem to realize to the extent needed for a pleasurable evening. The necessity of constantly devising some suitable plan whereby to change about the position of guests, so that all may mix together and no two remain *vis-a-vis* the whole evening.

But it is of guests who are making a visit of some days or weeks, in the home of some friend, to whom I wish to speak in this article.

Suppose you are cordially invited to pass a week in a friend's house. Now, at the expiration of that week, if all the kings of all the nations are to assemble in that place on exhibition, you must not suggest to your hostess that you would like to remain another day if it would not inconvenience her. No matter if she is your own sister, you must remember that she has a husband whom it is her duty to please before all others; and you may not know what plans he has formed for the use of his home after the expiration of your visit.

Nothing can be more embarrassing for a hostess than to have a guest say: "If I thought it would not inconvenience you I would stay over until after the concert," or after this or that occurrence.

Naturally she is obliged to be polite, and to tell you to remain, while she may have arranged her time in an entirely different manner. The hostess should always be the one to suggest the prolongation of a guest's visit, and a guest should be slow in accepting such a suggestion even then, as it may be done from mere politeness.

While to you it may seem that your visit adds no trouble to the household, at the same time the hostess may be feeling annoyed by the ill-natured servants who render her role as hostess a difficult one.

If you are visiting in a large city never ask your hostess to go shopping with you. Ask her the name and location of the stores, and assure her that you can find your way about with the help of policemen, and you can easily determine whether or not she really wishes to accompany you. Nothing is more fatiguing than a shopping expedition in the large stores, and added to the duties of a hostess they are doubly wearying, and you should not inconsiderately ask such a favor of any friend however near.

If you have any accomplishment which can give pleasure, it is your place to exercise it while you are visiting your friends. You should sing, play, recite, or dance, if you are able to do so, without being urged. You must seek to give pleasure to your hosts, as well as receive it from them.

Never tax your entertainers with your presence all day long, when you are passing some days under a roof not your own.

No matter how fond they are of you, your occasional absence—in your room, or out for a walk—will be a relief to them; quite likely they will not know it is a relief, but at the same time they would know that they were taxed if you remained constantly within sight and sound. A tactful guest will know just when to be absent.

If you are visiting a wife whose husband is absent, never prolong your stay till his return, as few men care to find guests in the house to entertain when they return tired and nervous from a wearisome railroad journey. If your visit is only half finished, it would be tasteful to make some excuse to be absent for a day at least on the husband's return.

Rob yourself of some pleasure rather than fail to make the servants some kind of a gift. The presence of a stranger in any house adds materially to the work, and servants do not get the pleasure out of entertaining which the host and hostess find. A little money, or a gift of some kind, will render servants gracious and obliging to guest and employer.

MIRRORS OF THE FIJIAN WOMEN.



HE glory of a Fijian woman is in her hair, and, striking as her toilet is, her *coiffure* is in shape and colors the most conspicuous item. The hair is stiff, wiry, abundant and of a considerable length, growing bushy in a natural state. The Fijian woman, like her

modern prototype, thinks that nature is to be improved by art, and lavishes all the resources of an undoubtedly artistic temperament on her hair. As with us, fashion is omnipotent, and the social fetich decrees that every hair shall be trained to stand stiffly and boldly out at right angles to the head, modified or changed into various forms as the wearer may desire. The wives of the chiefs all have a professional hair-dresser, and the lower orders dress one another's, as the elaborate designs frequently require daily attention, or even more often, before perfection is achieved. The best *coiffures* have a surprising accuracy of outline, and seem to be carved out of some solid substance variously colored, jet-black, blue-black, white and various shades of red, the two latter being mostly affected by young girls. Some designs are a spherical mass of black hair with a white roll in front, as broad as the hand; others have the hair in a cord of twisted coils, ending in tassels arranged at the back of the head. Some designs are very ludicrous, one being a ball of fiery red in a bed of white, and another having the head shaved in patches, and the remaining hair stiffened and twisted up until it resembles so many paint-brushes of various colors. The most striking arrangement is to draw the hair back over the head, run a curiously-devised plait from ear to ear, and arrange the ends of the hair into rolls of various colors, hanging perpendicularly from the plait, and forming a thick curtain round the neck. The women are continually looking at their hair to see if it is all right, and as glass mirrors are scarce, they have a unique one of their own. In the villages and in the woods surrounding them for quite a distance, every sloping tree-trunk will have several deep hollows cut in its upper side, and around these are arranged large leaves of the tree, so that the water from the foliage drops into them and keeps them full. The water forms the mirror, and at the same time, keeps the leaves from wilting. No woman passes one without arranging any stray hairs by means of the rude comb, made of thorns, which is always carried over the right ear.

small allowances and permitted to spend this money as they please. They have everything to make children happy. They have their own ponies, dog-carts, and boats, and they go to dancing-school, to swimming-school, are taught how to fence and box, ride horseback, in fact, there is no pleasure that money can purchase they have not at command.

Thus pass the days until Sunday comes. The Vanderbilts are all religiously inclined, and early on Sunday morning the children are washed and dressed and sent to Sunday-school. At church time they go to their father's pew and sit there with him and their mother during the service. In the afternoon they go to Sunday-school again. They are never allowed to use horses or carriages, nor to go out, except for a short walk as a matter of exercise. The day is spent very quietly. They have an early tea, and in the twilight the children gather in the music-room while one of the ladies plays the piano or organ, Cornelius Vanderbilt, William K. Elliott F., Shepard and the ladies of the families join for an hour or two in song. The boys sometimes bring out their violins, the young girls play their harps, and there is an hour or two of the most delicious music that one could imagine. They sing hymn after hymn, and when the twilight fades away the little ones are put to bed, to get up the next morning with the glow of health upon their cheeks, and begin their week of study and play, that shall fit them to become strong men and women, to administer wisely upon the vast fortunes that will soon be theirs.

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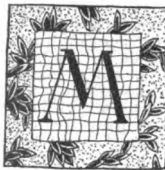
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THE EDITOR, THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pa.

READY-MADE FAMILIES.

BY PERCY VEE.



ARRIAGE is a tremendous responsibility, there is no doubt about that. The taking of another person's life into one's care, holding this other person as nearest and dearest, as one to be considered always first and foremost, and whom one's

influence most directly affects, this marks an epoch in a man's or a woman's life, and, in many cases, changes both their characters completely.

Doubly great is the responsibility when either of the parties to a marriage charges himself or herself with the care of children belonging to the other by a previous alliance, and it requires a great amount of courage to take such a step.

Step-father or step-mother are names that carry with them a slight sense of distaste—a feeling that one cannot quite explain, but is none the less real, and, which acts a little to the person's disadvantage on a first meeting. The bearer of this title seems always a trifle handicapped by it, and, with the majority of people, must overcome a little stand-offishness to be accepted and liked. The first few steps in this new life are nearly always up-hill.

This is the external and least important part of the question. The true trial is in the home, where most of life's great battles are fought. The ordinary obligations of marriage, which are none too light in any case, are multiplied by just the number of children there happen to be when one marries a person who already has a family. The lives of these children, the care of their souls and bodies, are placed, to a certain extent, in charge of the new mother or father (let us say *mother* hereafter, for convenience), who is bound to them by the love borne to their parent, whom she has taken to be her own flesh and blood.

She comes a stranger to a strange life. She has to become accustomed to the duties entailed by marriage and motherhood at the same time, and the difficulties of the position she has assumed are greatly increased. She comes generally an inexperienced girl, to a place which should properly be filled by an experienced matron, and she requires all the love and encouragement her husband can give her in the trials which are certain to come.

One of the commonest difficulties which is liable to occur, and one of which a woman finds it hard to rid herself, is the fear lest she shall suffer by comparison with her husband's former wife. In her efforts to accommodate herself to her husband's habits and peculiarities, and to please his tastes in the doing of the important little things of married life, she feels that a comparison is inevitable, and her constant dread is that she may be the one found wanting. She is inclined to believe that her husband, from his love for her, does not remark her shortcomings, although she is sure he must notice them. This morbid feeling is, of course, liable to follow all marriages with a widower, but should not be allowed to become a serious trouble; for the wife should remember that her ways should be considered as well as his, and that mutual concessions are absolutely necessary to harmony in the marriage relation. She has undoubted rights in this respect, and the remembrance of them should be a staff of comfort to her, though never a rod of chastening to her husband.

But the supreme difficulty that the stepmother has to encounter, is presented by the children of the man she marries, the ready-made family. By her marriage vow she is bound to cherish and care for those who are dear to her husband, and at the outset of her married life she is confronted with a problem which has baffled many a real mother—the care of a family, and for which her affection is not natural but must be cultivated.

She has to win the love of those to whom she stands in a mother's place, and this, in the face of the fact that such assumption is likely to be resented.

Children are extremely sensitive in this regard, the more so as they grow older. Their own mother is a tender memory to them; or, if they do not remember her, a sort of tradition which they have been taught to love and overrate; if they understand the position, they are likely to object to the filling of their mother's place; if they do not they will probably resent the intrusion of a stranger in their affairs.

One little girl of seven, who is known to the writer, always speaks of her own mother as "my mamma who's dead," and of her stepmother as "Mrs. Green," while the latter is merely tolerated for her father's sake. She explained one day that if "papa loves Mrs. Green, she must be nice, but she isn't as nice as my own mamma, who's dead!"

Only the tenderest care, the most unvarying patience and constant watchfulness of the points of character by which the children's affection can be captivated, will avail in the end to overcome a repulsion strengthened by the unreasoning obstinacy of childhood.

The firmness which is so necessary in dealing with children, is oftentimes weakened by the fear of undue severity, a dread lest in inflicting punishment, injustice should be done. Childish misdemeanors need correction; for the small culprits can only be taught the meaning of right and wrong by knowledge of their consequences. Light punishments are generally best, however, and if the child is made to realize that the deprivation of some pleasure or the imposition of a task is the direct result of wrong-doing, the desired end may usually be gained without resorting to severer measures.

The results which follow a kindly rule are likely to be more lasting than those which are effected by sternness; and when it becomes necessary to punish, the child should be made to understand (if possible) that it is as much the parent's duty to correct him for doing

wrong as it is the child's to refrain from the faults, and that the one must follow the other. Laxity is as wrong as severity, but no rules can be made to cover all cases; the only guide is the honest intention to deal justly.

Time remedies most troubles, and as the years go on many difficulties will right themselves. Constant association will often reconcile differing characters, as the sharp corners of stones are rounded by continued rubbing together. Time may also bring true maternity, and with this comes the occasion for the commonest accusation which is brought against step-mothers, that they prefer their own to their step-children. This accusation ought to be true, for she is an unnatural mother who will not prefer her own child to any other upon earth. But though this feeling exists it should not engender neglect of those motherless ones who also have a claim upon her affection.

Although the duty in such cases seems to be a divided one it is not really so, it is equally clear on both sides. The mother's own child is naturally closer to her heart, but its father is the parent of her step-child as well, and she has no more right to make invidious distinctions than has her husband. The fear lest she should involuntarily show feeling of this sort will often distress a conscientious woman, and her only way out of it is to try not to do so—a simple remedy, but wonderfully effective if she keeps the determination always before her. Let her do what she considers her duty, and she has done her best.

The man or woman who enters upon this difficult life must bring all the love, the patience, the perseverance, and the *good-will* at command to properly fulfill its duties. Like all other duties in life, nothing but earnest endeavor can overcome its trials.

AN OPENING FOR YOUNG WOMEN.



N the main street of a quaint Canadian town, in a brick building, is the busiest woman of that whole section, specially on Saturdays, when she receives in a plainly furnished office and takes orders for the coming week. Her business is a novel one. Her shingle, swaying in the cool breeze, announces that she is a "Piano-Tuner," also buying and selling pianos on commission. But her trade or art is tuning and in it she has a monopoly, gathering in shakels for the rainy day as well as gaining a livelihood for the sunshiny one of the present.

This new path of labor for a woman seems to answer the question that many a girl is putting to-day with a thoughtful face—the inquiry as to what road to enter that is not now crowded to a jostling point with busy travelers. There is so little nowadays that the American girl does not attempt to do, that her value has become cheapened by the throngs that follow the leader in any line and the lack of thorough preparation for the work undertaken. Every trade, or occupation that does not come under the good old term—trade—is full, and it is little satisfaction to the earnest girl to say there is room at the top. She cannot get an entrance in most cases into any avenue of toil but that which but illy rewards in the end the years of study and hard labor she is willing to give, if exceptionally good fortune will push her anywhere near the top.

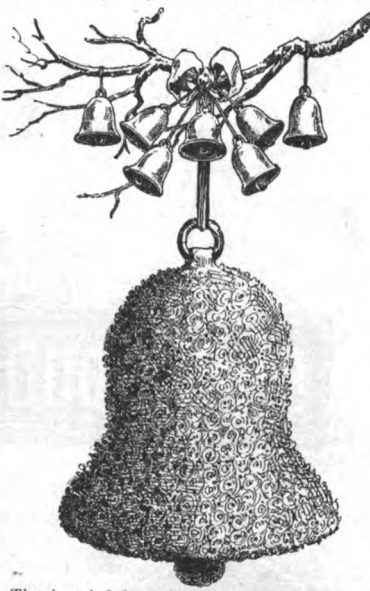
This suggestion of piano-tuning as an occupation for women is not altogether new, but a glance over the long line of "Wants" in any newspaper will not result in a hint that women are prepared or desired to settle in harmonious notes. None of the leading piano makers know of a woman ready or in business. Yet for several winters past, in England, classes for instruction in the art have been in operation, and have graduated a number of young women now at work in London. And this year a prominent conservatory of music, in Boston, adds to its announcement of instruction in tuning, the words "for women," where in former years this was not to be seen. That a woman could make a living at this trade, a tuner of twenty years' experience admitted and added, "It's just the kind of work for a woman; I wonder no smart girl ever thought of it long before this." Many a girl finds herself a mechanic born as shown in many little ways, yet has not the faintest idea how to utilize this natural aptitude. Such a girl could best fathom the intricacies of the make and adjustment of the parts of a piano. Still without an accurate ear she should not attempt to learn tuning. It is not necessary to be even a player.

A great advantage to a woman in this work is the lightness of the tools. They are a tuner's hammer, and appliances termed wedges. Both are easily handled and their use and application quickly understood. The time needed to acquire the right knowledge is much less than that taken in other lines, although if the audacious girl of this land has a fault it is in being too apt, and trying to cram in her eagerness to be up and doing. Six months' work with a first-class tuner is worth the two years' course laid out by the music conservatories. These place the cost of tuition at \$25 a term, two and three terms in their scholastic year. Under a practical tuner, however, the girl apprentice makes more rapid progress. Every old tuner has certain ideas and often an individual knack which are his secrets of success and which he kindly transmits to those he instructs. Once at work, with that growth in knowledge which brings perfectness from practice, comes a confidence in the success of well-directed, intelligent effort.

The remuneration is good for the time taken. Charges vary in different cities, but a good tuner receives from \$1.50 to \$3.00 a piano. Upright instruments command a higher charge than square. The calls for service are seldom less than three a day and often number more, and are at all times of the year frequent enough to enable the male worker, now monarch of the situation, to live well.

A NEW BRIDAL BELL.

A CLEVER English woman has conceived a new idea in floral bridal bells, and as the simplest economy can be obtained in adopting it, the conceit becomes as practical as it is pretty. I give here an illustration of it.



The knarled branch can be secured anywhere in city or country, while the bells can either be the pretty silver bells which are sold at reasonable prices, or the simple penny-cheap bells gilded over, and really the latter can be made just as effective. The bell proper can be made of any flowers preferable. Perhaps, white roses or marguerites give the prettiest and most appropriate effect.

THINGS TO MAKE FOR FAIRS.

BY EVA M. NILES.



UT few women are without some interest in charitable or religious organization, and many are the ways provided to raise money to carry out such work.

A sale or fair held in some private house, or in a hall, if properly managed, will bring good results. Brains and hard work must be brought to bear to make it a success. It is better to have a number of the same kind of articles to offer for selection, than to have an equal number of things of a various nature. Be sure that everything is neatly made.

A bag table is one good feature at a sale. The bag offers a wide range for ingenuity. One can follow so many models from the humble salt-bag to the dainty pouch which dangles from the waist. There are party bags, card-bags, book-bags, work-bags, laundry-bags, and so on *ad libitum*; every material that can be sewed is used, while painting as well as embroidery is used to decorate. Appliqué is also pretty; in this line soft leather is being used extensively.

Party bags and chair bags are often made in the shape of an old-fashioned purse with sliding rings. A chair bag of similar shape is to be hung over the back of a lounging chair, and is sometimes used as a catch-all, but is more often simply an ornament. It may be made of plush with embroidered ends, and should have scented powder sprinkled beneath the lining. Gilt ornaments across the end are a good finish.

A collar-bag may be made of gray linen, with the words "cuffs and collars" outlined on it in the real Scotch linen flosses. This is very readily done; the words may be written with a lead-pencil in a bold hand, and then outlined.

Just for containing a small quantity of silks, a boat is novel and pretty. As a suggestion of the style of it, we cannot do better than recall to mind the paper boats that we make to please children; only this boat must be cut out of cardboard, and be about twelve inches in length. It is covered with satin, and in the place where the rower's seats would be, a satin bag, to match in color, is inserted; this is fixed in the bottom and to the sides of the boat, the top being drawn up with cord. The outer side can be painted or embroidered, according to fancy.

A long, narrow cardboard box can be converted into a work-bag after the following manner: The box should be a quarter of a yard or more in length and three inches wide, the sides being also three inches high. This is covered with embroidered silk, satin or velvet. The cover of the box is dispensed with, and a bag of satin or silk is fitted in and finished off with the indispensable drawing cord and frill.

Duster-bags are square, with an envelope-like flap, the word "Duster" being outlined on the flap, while some simple design is worked on the body of the bag. They may be made of linen or moccasin cloth, and are neatly bound all round with braid or narrow ribbon, having two loops to hang them up.

Spool-bags for the work-basket are made of any shade of silk or satin fancied. Cut the material fourteen inches long and six inches wide. Turn a narrow hem down on each side and across the ends, then stitch in the hem with the sewing-machine; turn up an inch and one-half across each end and stitch in three divisions for the spools. Cut two pieces of white cashmere or flannel, one inch narrower and two inches shorter than the silk; buttonhole all round the edges of these leaves with embroidery-silk the color of the pockets,

and fasten them between the cover. Divide the cover exactly in the middle and gather with silk-thread. Sew a ribbon loop to the gathered part and finish with bow and ends.

A stocking-bag is made of one yard of blue silesia, and two yards of blue satin ribbon an inch wide, a small piece of white flannel or merino, some stiff pasteboard, and a spool of blue sewing-silk. Of the pasteboard, cut four circular pieces, each one measuring seven inches across. Cover these four pieces smoothly with blue silesia, and overband the edges of two together with blue silk; the remaining two should be done in the same way for the opposite side. The puff should be a straight piece, measuring sixty inches long and twelve inches wide. This is to be gathered each side to fit round the edge of the circular pieces, leaving a space of three inches at the top of the circle for the opening. The puff is now to be sewed all round the edges of each circular piece except the space for the opening—the raw edges of the puff, of course, being placed on the inside. Make for the outside of one of the circles a piece the same shape and size, and embroider a pretty design on it, or pretty flowers may be cut from cretonne and appliquéd. Then cut from the merino several leaves the same shape, not smaller, point or scallop the edges and fasten them to the top of the circle on the bag, as the leaves in any needle-book are fastened, then sew the embroidered cover outside of this at the top. Where it is fastened place a bow of the satin ribbon. This is for holding the darning-needles. The scissors are held in the needle-book by means of a little strap sewed to the circle beneath the merino leaves. On the opposite circle a piece of silesia is gathered top and bottom to cover a little more than half the circle for a pocket. A heading is at the top, and a casing made just below. Through this casing a piece of elastic is run, holding the pocket quite close, but allowing it to be easily opened, and in this the thimble and darning-cotton are kept.

Thus all the articles necessary for the work are conveniently at hand. The satin ribbon is used as a gathering-string to draw the puff together at the top, and the interior of the bag is the receptacle for the stockings. If it is desired to make a handsome bag, satin, either colored or black, may be used.

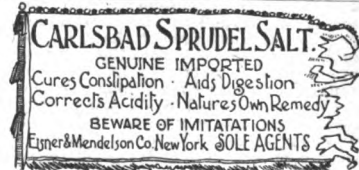
For small boys there are marble-bags about five inches long and three wide, made of odd bits of bright pieces, costing but a trifle for material or work, but eagerly sought by every marble player.

The heavy awning canvas, in blue or gray stripes, makes serviceable bags for school-books. A piece thirty inches long and fourteen wide should have a shallow point cut on one end to form the flap. Cut two pieces, for the ends, two and one-half inches wide and ten inches deep. Round the corners on one end and sew the pieces to the sides of the long strip. Bind the flap and the opening with blue dress-braid, and stitch two strips of the braid together, for the handle.

Pretty bags of cream-white roded silk are worked in odd designs on bright green and red silk, mingled with colored spangles.

Many bonbonnières may be classed among bags, and if filled with home-made candy would find a ready sale. A circular piece of card-board, about the size of a coffee cup, is cut for the bottom. A straight piece is then cut to fit exactly round the circular piece, and should be two inches high; cover it plainly with satin or silk and overhand it to the circular piece, which can be covered or not as suits the fancy; but it is not necessary as it is the bottom of the bag and does not show. Join the narrow strip to the bottom, so that it will have a neat appearance, and you have a little box without a cover. A full bag of silk or satin is then sewed to the upper edge of the box; a hem half-an-inch wide should be made on the top and just below it a casing through which a silk cord can be run for a drawing-string. With gold ink, letter some appropriate motto on the side.

In the next JOURNAL I will give some other things in different lines which can be made for fairs without much trouble, and yet bring good results.



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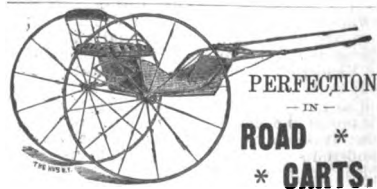
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GYMNASTIC EXERCISES FOR WOMEN.

BY ELLEN LE GARDE.

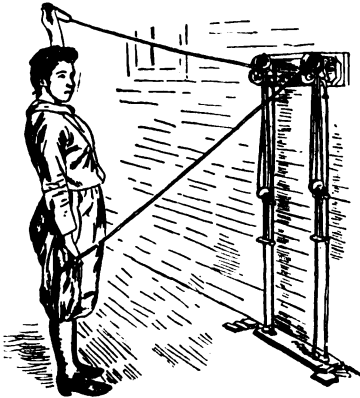


Long ago as 1860, Louisa M. Alcott wrote, in that serio-comic way of hers: "This amiable town is convulsed just now with a gymnastic fever, which shows itself with great violence in the schools and young societies generally. Dr. Lewis has 'innoculated us with the disease,' and it has 'taken finely'; for every one has become a perambulating wind-mill, with all its four sails going as if a wind had set in. The city Fathers approve of it, and the city sons and daughters intend to show that Concord has as much muscle as brain. Abby, the Meg of 'Little Women,' and I are among the pioneers."

Much the same interest is shown now, and so great is it and so widespread, that skeptical folk term it but a "fashionable fad." If it be a fad, it is the most sensible one that has yet arisen, and, unlike such fickle fancies, has come to stay and will not be blown aside by any newer thing that arises. What are its purposes, its benefits?—for of course there is no cause without some good or bad effect, and no woman would take gymnastic exercise and heartily endorse it unless she was sure of some good in the end for the time and effort put forth.

Those who understand and have tested the grand results of gymnastic exercise divide the methods and apparatus used to attain the latter, into heavy and light gymnastics. The ends reached by light gymnastics are not as tangible, not as plainly observed nor so soon, though of equal importance, as the results obtained by heavy gymnastics. Their value and application to daily life will be discussed in a succeeding article.

When a woman or young girl enters a gymnasium she undergoes a physical examination. Her heart and lungs are tested, her lifting capacity—that is, bodily strength—ascertained, all parts of her body measured and



THE CHEST WEIGHT.

compared with a standard, questions put to her regarding any inherited or acquired disease, deformities or immature growths noted; in short, a thorough insight is obtained of her physical being. Very much as an entrance to mental work some knowledge must be gained by her instructor of her attainments in the three R's. This examination of her physical structure is submitted to the physician in attendance, and a line of exercise planned out based on her individual needs, discovered by her personal examination. Perfectness, as applied to the physical structure of women, is a lost quantity. And right here is where gymnastics are of the greatest value—to make perfect, or as nearly as can be, the unperfected frame.

Every gymnasium contains special pieces of apparatus, each designed to counteract and cure defects of the body. The main result is to promote symmetrical bodily development, but curved spines can be straightened, projecting shoulder-blades drawn down, advancing chins pulled back, or uneven hips and shoulders corrected.

Suppose, then, your examination discloses the fact that you may have partly known, that your lungs are not as strong as they should be, that you stoop a little, wear braces which are not a particle of use, and you learn that the upper part of your body is not as well proportioned as the lower. These are common defects, so common that ninety-nine per cent. of women can claim them.

The first thing in the gymnasium to be tried—for all can be overcome and cured—is that most useful of all pieces of the apparatus—the chest weight. Its good results can never be numbered. Every muscle in the trunk of the body by its use can be called into action and made to perform its true service, which in the ordinary routine of life it fails to do. The course as laid out for use of the chest-weight is such that the chest broadens, the lungs grow stronger, the muscular force of the arm increases, and the

delicate, weak-lunged woman begins soon to feel the rich possession of health, an added force which permits her to lift, and an increase in flesh that at one time she deemed it impossible to acquire. Curvature of the spine is cured; kidneys and lungs have to do more active work to get rid of the waste products; the heart beats more vigorously in order to carry more blood to the tissues, and disease, lurking in various parts of the body, is sent to the right-about-face by the persistent use of the chest-weight.

Another machine, with which the gymnasium could not part, is the quarter-circle. Here, too, the chest is expanded, the breathing capacity of the lungs deepened. Every one stoops more or less, as their daily work pulls the shoulders over. To overcome this, the gymnasium has the quarter-circle, exaggerating the backward position of both head and



THE ROWING MACHINE.

shoulders. For consumptively-inclined persons, no better advice could be given than a daily use of the quarter-circle. Lying flat on the machine, with it weighted to the amount prescribed by the directress, the pupil extends the arms over the head, pulls the weights down as far as the arms will allow, and repeats this as many times as instructed. For dyspeptics this exercise has proved beneficial, particularly in cases of stomach or intestinal dyspepsia.

The value of rowing as an exercise can never be told too many times. It reduces corpulency, produces perspiration, develops the arms and wrists, gives strength, color and fresh blood into the veins, in short does wonders to the body. And recognizing its worth, the rowing machine plays an important part in the well-equipped gymnasium. When time and place and weather will not permit of the actual oar being taken in hand, its substitute gives the same results.

For the pianist the gymnasium has the finger machine, a strengthener of the muscles she needs to span and slide over the keys of her instrument. The singer and the elocutionist can improve the voice by another machine built especially for breathing, while for the worker who demands a wrist that never tires, there are the wrestling and wrist machines, which develop the muscles of the wrist principally, but reach in a measure nearly all the muscles of the body, legs and arms.

To be able to lift the weight of her own body is one of the conditions of a perfect physique in a woman. The appliances known as traveling-rings and flying-rings accomplish this and add dexterity and grace. The vaulting-bar gives these too, to say nothing of an increase in courage, but at the same time, like the parallel-bars, strengthens the muscles of the legs, back and arms.

The appliances enumerated by no means complete the list, but are those in common use, and such as remedy common defects. But there is no limit to what can be done in benefiting the body by the use of gymnastic apparatus. The body, like the tree, from the spring of life to its autumn, grows as bent. If not straight, strong and supple, it can be made so. Long years of experience has proved that exercise is requisite for the best health and the longest. If it cannot be taken out of doors, it can in, by modern methods, and the gymnasium in its perfection of apparatus will give the same benefits.



THE QUARTER-CIRCLE.

Light gymnastics make a woman dexterous and nimble with her feet, her hands and her head. It helps a heavy, flesh-burdened woman to rid herself of superfluous avoirdupois, permitting her in time to move easier and more speedily. And courage is also added, for it requires some forgetfulness of that innate timidity and dread of criticism inherent in women to attempt exercises with clubs, to jump across a vaulting-bar or to climb rope ladders hand over hand. It does a woman good to be taken out of herself, to forget how she looks; prepares her for great or trifling emergencies, gives her an exhilaration of spirit and a pleasure, which makes the exercise a delight and enables her to do more work with less weariness than before.

One bit of necessary advice. Follow all gymnastic exercises with a cold water bath, taken quickly. Cold water is the better; but to those not used to it, tepid water baths can be taken at first, gradually lessening the heat, until the body accustoms itself to water of a lower temperature. Give the body a vigorous rub with a Turkish towel. Send the blood tingling from top to toe. All danger of cold is thus avoided and the body reaps the highest benefits. With gymnastics, as with everything else, care must be followed so far as moderation and proper treatment of the body is concerned after the exercise.

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Our Second Offer.

We will also, as a second offer, provide for any girl of 16 years, or over, who will—between now and January 1st, 1891—send us 1000 subscribers to

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Philadelphia, October, 1890.

IT was on the cars, only a few days ago. Behind me sat a middle-aged woman accompanied by a young girl of, possibly, nineteen. I had finished my paper, and in some manner my ears became attuned to the conversation of the couple behind me. I knew not the exact drift of the talk, but with a sweetness of voice that I shall never forget came this heavenly injunction: "Yes, my dear, I know she has done wrong, but do not shut the door of your heart to her. If others turn from her, be you her friend. Kindness in trouble is the very sweetest of balsams." I could not resist turning in my seat, and giving a glance of admiration at a woman who could give such wise, sympathetic counsel; there was a ring of true, womanly charity in that remark—a charity all too rare in our days.

HOW often we hear of society shutting its doors to some woman who has made a single misstep in her life! By a combination of circumstances for which she was perhaps not altogether responsible, by an erroneous interpretation of that love implanted in the heart of every woman by her Creator, many a woman has, in an unlucky moment, diverged just a step from the road of womanly perfection. At once, she is ostracized from homes where formerly she was a favored visitor. "Society must be protected," is the cry; and to that woman every opportunity, every channel possible for reclamation is cut off. She is cast adrift, often by family as well as by society, on the mercies of an uncharitable world. "Too bad, but we cannot afford to recognize her any longer, you know," rings in that poor girl's ears as she wanders forth, — a social exile.

I YIELD to no one in advocacy of a pure and elevating society. Where a people are lax in its social laws every protection to the sanctity of the home is removed, and all domestic calamities are possible. But when the purity of my home is to be attained by refusing to allow an erring and needy woman to cross its threshold because of a single mistake; when by an act of mine the future life and hopes of one of that sex, of which my mother is a member, must be sacrificed, then, my friends, shall I refuse to be a recognized member of American society. I believe in upholding every social law, in observing every social protection, but not at the expense of a woman who needs only a kind word and a helping hand to raise her once more to the level of the members of my household.

THERE are, unfortunately, women who by nature are willingly reckless of the laws of society; over them it is best to throw the mantle of silence. But let us be a little more charitable to the woman who stumbles by the social wayside. All our lives and natures are not the same. Let us remember that some of us are endowed with lesser strength of will and self-control than others. Let us think what we might have done if placed amid clouded surroundings. It does us no harm sometimes to put ourselves in the places of others. Charity is born of God, and it is to His unfortunates that we should extend it. The strong and fortunate have no need of it. It is neither wise nor human to close our doors too quickly against some stumbling sister. Let us think it not unlikely that the same temptation which has come to her may sometime come to some member of our own family, or to some one dear to us, and as we would that others would do unto our own kin and those we love, so let us do unto the flesh and blood others. We need not abuse social laws by an act of kindness; we may abuse one's own chosen by withholding it.

TO keep young is the desire of every woman, and the wish is a pardonable one. The world-at-large loves the sight of a youthful woman, and nothing is so full of brightness as a young face beneath a halo of silvered hair. "Very nicely said," says some one; "but how can a woman keep young? She can't help growing old." My dear reader, hundreds of women allow themselves to grow old. They kill the youth in their hearts when the wrinkles come, as come they must, the glow quickly goes from the cheek, the brightness from the eyes, and the quickness of movement from the body. How do they do this? They do it by making themselves believe there is nothing good to be had out of life, by convincing themselves that every word of their neighbor, every action, no matter how innocent, covers a selfish motive, and that all the world is looking out for its own advancement. They regard a gray hair as an indication of senility, never as a sign of wisdom. Then, how can a woman keep young?

THE woman who wants to keep herself young is most sympathetic with young women, never permits herself to become dowdy in thought, or dress, and makes herself as interesting as possible, for she knows that an intelligent look in the face takes away ten years of her age and makes her seem twenty years' younger. She goes out into life and gets the sunshine and fresh air, and because of her brightness, the thought of putting her "on the shelf" never occurs to anybody. She makes herself the social sun from which radiates so many beams that delight is given to all the lesser planets. She is the woman who, because of her knowing how to keep young, inspires in other women the same desire and becomes in this manner a pleasure and a benediction. Somebody once said that a woman was as young as she looked; I do not think so. A woman is the age that other people believe her, and it is her own fault if, at fifty, she doesn't impress the world at large with the idea that at thirty she stepped into the fountain of eternal youth and concluded never to grow any older. Every woman's age is in her own hands, and she makes it what it is.

MANY women believe men to be very unobservant. "Do what you will for their special benefit," said a woman in my hearing once, "and they will not even notice it. Put on a pretty frock of some favorite color, dress your hair as they like it best, it makes no difference, there's not even a word of comment." And these are opinions not confined to one woman. True, there may be some basis for the belief. Men, as a rule, notice more than they say, and I think women would be surprised if they really knew how much men do notice in their dress, or their manners. They will not always tell you so; that I grant, but that is the man of it. But a woman makes a great mistake when she allows herself to believe that men are unobservant. "Well," you ask, "what do men notice in women, pray?"

MY dear readers, a man notices a lot of things in you for which you would never give him credit:—

He will notice, for instance, that there is a smear on the front of your silk waistcoat, although he may not tell you so.

He notices whether you said "good-morning" pleasantly, or whether you just bit it off.

He notices whether your hair is becomingly arranged, or whether it is dragged back in a tight knot for comfort and because you don't mind him, being "a family friend," or "merely my husband."

He notices your careless disregard of a fresh morning dress at breakfast more than you think he does.

He notices when your skirt is frayed around the edge, and you might be surprised if he were to tell you how many buttons are off your shoes.

He notices every one of your little points of behavior towards your children, and judges you accordingly.

He notices that although your bonnet is a very elaborate one, that the strings are soiled and the flowers need straightening.

He notices that you are not quite so polite to your mother, or as considerate of your father's old age, as you might be.

My dear friends, a man notices all these and a lot more, and from these little things in your appearance and your life he draws his conclusion as to the kind of woman you are.

So you see, a woman makes her own reputation in the eyes of a man, and for her own sake, if for that and no one else, she can just as well make it a beautiful one, as flawless as a pure diamond that has had the outer parts, that were rough and badly colored, cut away, and which sparkles in the golden circle like a drop of frozen dew.

A BRIGHT woman writes and asks if I will tell her in the JOURNAL what are some of the principal qualities in women which most attract men. I think the word "attract" is not correctly used by my correspondent, if she will allow me to say so, for often the things in women that attract men are possessions of doubtful value in any woman. What attracts a man is one thing; what will hold him, and command his respect, is quite another.

A woman's smile, for example, attracts a man; but an even temper retains him.

A pretty gown attracts a man; the knowledge that it was inexpensive delights him.

A pleasant manner attracts a man; brightness of brain holds him.

A knowledge of how, when and where to be a little stately, attracts a man; an appreciation of the folly of frivolity, wins his respect.

A respect for the religious belief of every human being, attracts a man; irreverence in woman is to him abominable.

A consideration for his comfort, attracts a man; a continuation of this makes him your most humble slave.

A chat in which there is no malice, attracts a man; neither scandal nor evil-speaking make a woman seem sweet and lovely to him.

A great deal of love, a great deal of sympathy, and a knowledge of how to do the right thing in the right place, will more than attract a man, for they make him feel that he has at last met a woman to whom he may give his heart unreservedly; to whom he may tell his hopes and ambitions, and in whom he may find that perfect rest which comes in the union of two souls intended from the beginning the one for the other, and make that perfect union on which God smiles and the angels sing hallelujah of gladness and content.

THE good things of life are not only those that delight the eye, or ear, or commend themselves to the palate, but also those that cause a joyfulness in the heart.

This world is a beautiful thing in itself, but we can apply its beauties direct to our own lives if only we heed a few little things in our every-day intercourse with others.

The good things of life are for all of us to enjoy, and they are so easy to be had! Try a few golden precepts and see for yourself whether I am not right:—

Be considerate of the feelings of others, and do not be led into making sweeping assertions that may hurt you know not who.

Give a helping hand when one is needed; perhaps it may be only to make quiet a crying baby, to shake up a pillow for an invalid, to cook a dainty for somebody who is a stranger and ill, to give a book to the girl who is brain-hungry, or a pressure of the hand to her who is in trouble and needs sympathy.

Be merry with those who are happy. Give smiles for smiles. Let people know that you find happiness in the world, and that all can share in it.

Scorn jests about old maids—the women who do not marry are the ones who bring help and happiness to many a household. Think of Louisa Alcott if ever you doubt this.

Frown down the so-called witticism about mothers-in-law. When your boy or girl marries that will be your position.

Give words of praise—more people in this world do good work because of the encouraging word than because of that which tells of the imperfections.

Be tender and true. Do you know what that means? It means thinking always the best, being always the gentlest, and making forgiveness seem like a blessing. It means being faithful not only to the one you love, but protecting the good name and being eager that the honor of it shall be preserved. Every woman wants to be "tender and true," and then she will be able not only to give of the good things of life, but she will have them both here and hereafter.

THE great trouble with thousands of the women of our land is that they are discontented. "If I were only rich," is the cry of hundreds, "how happy I would be." For me to tell you that you would not be happy amid wealth, would be for you to disbelieve me. I shall not say so, but let me tell you what I once heard the late William H. Vanderbilt say over a table laden with the luxuries of the land:—"Since the death of my father I can remember only three nights when I have been able to dismiss matters from my mind, and find sleep." To associate happiness with riches is one of the greatest fallacies of the time. Money is a comfortable thing to have, I grant you, but much of it is just as much of a burden as too little of it is a deprivation. To be discontent because you have not the means of some other woman of your acquaintance, is to act the part of a foolish woman. All the wishing in the world won't bring another cent to your purse. Let circumstances take their course; our conditions in life are always changing, and where there is lacking to day there will be plenty to-morrow. Try the experiment of a contented mind, and see what happiness it will bring you.

I KNOW a woman whose lot in life is one of the pleasantest, and far above the average. She has a loving husband commanding a comfortable income, one of the sweetest babies in the world, and a home that is a perfect picture of artistic beauty and domestic comfort. Yet she is discontented because just opposite to her home lives a woman whose fortune borders close to a million dollars left her by her husband. She has her retinue of servants, and gorgeous livery, and everything in the world apparently to make her happy. Is she? Listen to her own words as told to a member of my family:—"I suppose the world regards me as a happy woman; but it does not know what I suffer! What is my money to me when at the strike of the midnight hour I awake, as I often do, and stretch forth my hand in vacancy for the form which lies in the graveyard, or turn to the crib in search of the little form that lies with him! I tell you, my dear, money is a mockery when your heart longs for companionship and for sympathy!" But yet her neighbor across the way, who at night needs only to stretch forth her hand to touch the shoulder of her protector, and hears the soft breathing of her infant child, envies this woman her happiness!

THIS growing discontent which we encounter so much in this world, is ruinous to a woman's health, her body and her soul. No woman has a right to be discontented when those whom she loves are with her and in good health. That fact alone should make her content. If women only knew what a happiness they have of their own making for themselves and for others by being satisfied! Don't be restless and fretful of your condition in life. Be satisfied with the place allotted you in life, however modest or however small. Make the best of things, and things will do their best for you. Believe that with His all-seeing wisdom, the good God has put you where you will be of the most use to Him and His children. To find fault with your position is to disbelieve in Him, and this you surely do not do. Learn not only to say, but to be truthful in saying, "I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be contented."



VERY often it is the short hint or suggestion that we read somewhere which proves a mountain of help at some critical time, and the subjoined little helps have been gathered and put together in the hope that they may be of practical use to some one of the JOURNAL readers.

RULES FOR A LONG LIFE.

A Canadian clergyman, who is hale and hearty at seventy-eight years of age, gives these rules which have governed his life:

The use of plain food with plenty of fruit.

Personal cleanliness by frequent ablutions from head to foot.

Flannel next the skin the year round, graduated according to season.

Open-air exercise every day.

Ventilation of sleeping-room summer and winter.

Eight hour's sleep each day.

TO KEEP LIGHTS BRIGHT.

Soak lamp-wicks in vinegar before using them in a lamp. Wash smoke-stained chimneys in warm water and soap, and rub, while wet, with vinegar or dry salt. They can also be cleaned, as may be globes on gas fixtures, in warm water and soda, and then in warm water and ammonia.

A USE FOR PAPER BAGS.

Paper bags, in which many articles are sent from the grocers, should be saved for use when blacking a stove. The hand can be slipped into one of these, and the brush handled just as well, and the hands will not be soiled.

THE CARE OF A WATCH.

There is no other personal belonging to which good care is more essential than a watch, and hardly any other that is more recklessly ill-used. The baby plays with it, the housewife lays sticky fingers upon it; it is left open at night for convenience, or subjected to alternations of heat and cold by being hung against the chimney flue. There is the highest authority for saying that the best place for a watch is its owner's pocket. The pocket should be a clean one, and the watch be further protected by a chamois bag. It should be wound up with even, steady motion, not too fast or too slow, and as near as possible at the same hour of the day. Morning is the best time for it, and if it is done while the watch has still an hour or two to run, there will be much less wear and tear of the mainspring. In fact, paradoxical as it sounds, a watch will wear out twice as soon by running one day in ten, as it would if kept going all the time. Let it lie flat as little as possible. When not in the pocket, keep it hanging by its ring in a case of some soft, thick stuff, preferably of wool or silk. Never leave the case open the night through. If you need to do it for even an hour, be careful to wipe all dust from the crystal before closing it. No case ever yet made is dust-proof. If such were possible, the watch-maker's occupation would be well-nigh gone—since it is the dust sifting in that not merely clogs the wheels and turns the oil on the pivots to gum, but acts as emery would, and wears away the works until they utterly fail to keep time. Avoid jarring your watch, under pain of having it stop and stop until it grows worthless as a timepiece. Do not pin your faith too closely on its accuracy, either. With the very best of movements, variations will sometimes occur. Heat, cold, motion, vibration, location, any or all may make your watch fast or slow. One reason that ladies' watches are usually such bad timekeepers is that they are so irregularly worn—hence have about three days out of seven, a widely different environment.

Never use chalk, whiting or any sort of powder to brighten a case. Never rub hard, and use only a clean chamois or bit of soft silk. Beware of even a suspicion of moisture. A watch had nearly as well fall upon a rock as into water. If, by chance such a thing happens, put the watch at once into alcohol—whisky will not do—and leave it until you can hand it over to the watchmaker.

WHAT TIGHT COLLARS WILL DO.

Dr. Forster, Director of the Ophthalmic University, at Breslau, has figured out a connection between tight collars and shortsightedness. He alleges that in 300 cases that have come under his attention the eyesight had been affected by the pressure of such collars upon the muscles of the neck, disturbing the circulation of the blood to the head.

THE CHEWING-GUM HABIT.

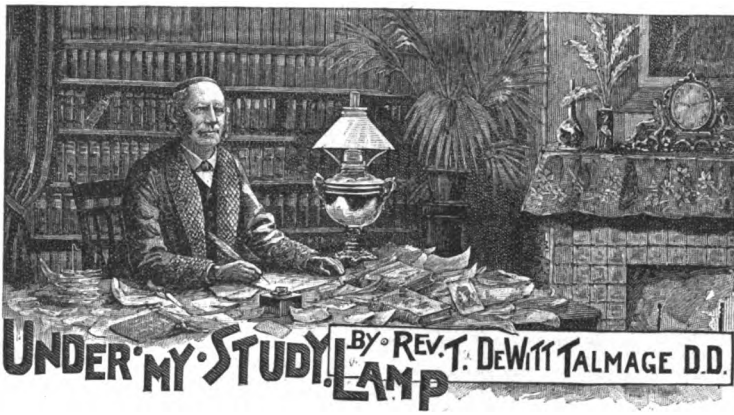
A prominent New York physician told me a few days ago that the constant chewing of gum has produced weak minds in fourteen cases of young girls now under treatment, the constant movement of the mouth causing too great a strain on the head.

HOW TO TAKE CARE OF THE BRAIN.

The brain stands most abuse of any organ in the body. Its best tonic and stimulant is success. The worst and most depressing thing to it is failure. The most injurious effects come by using stimulants in early life. Young people should never use liquors, tea, or coffee. The latter two may not exactly do harm, but they are conducive of no good. They act mostly on the brain and injure its growth very materially. Abundance of sleep is necessary. Eight hours is not more than enough. Sleep is the time of relatively lowered expenditure and increased repair.

A FRENCH RECEIPT FOR FURNITURE VARNISH.

A good shellac varnish for furniture on floors is given by a French cabinet-maker. Five pounds of pale shellac, one ounce of mastic and five or six pints of alcohol. Dissolve in the cold to prevent the evaporation of the alcohol, stirring constantly.



THE old adage that a girl is worth a thousand dollars, and a boy worth fifteen hundred, is a depreciation of values. I warrant that the man who invented the theory was a bachelor, or he would not have set down the youngsters so far below cost. When the poorest child is born, a star of joy points down to the manger.

THE OTHER SIDE OF A POPULAR THEME.
SO much is written about the duties of children to their parents, that I want to turn the tables and say my little disquisition on what parents owe to their children. What though they do upset things, and chase the cats, and eat themselves into colic with green apples, and empty the castor of sweet-oil into the gravy, and bedaub their hands with tar? Grown people have the privilege of larger difficulties, and will you not let the children have a few smaller predicaments? How can we ever pay them for the prattle that drives our cares away, and the shower of soft, flaxen curls on our hot cheek, and the flowers with which they have strewn our way, plucking them from the margin of their cradles and the opening with little hands of doors into new dispensations of love? A well-regulated home is a millennium on a small scale—the lion and leopard nature by infantile stroke subdued—and “a little child shall lead them.” Blessed the pillow of the trundle-bed on which rests the young head that never ached! Blessed the day whose morning is wakened by the patter of little feet! Blessed the heart from which all the soreness is drawn out of the soft hand of a babe!

OUR NEIGHBOR'S BOY.
BUT there are children which have been so thoroughly spoiled they are a terror to the community. As you are about to enter your neighbor's door, his turbulent boy will come at you with the plunge of a buffalo, pitching his head into your diaphragm. He will, in the night, stretch a rope from tree to tree to dislocate your hat, or give some passing citizen a sudden halt as the rope catches at the throat and he is hung before his time. They can, in a day, break more toys, slit more kites, lose more marbles than all the fathers and mothers in the neighborhood could restore in a week. They talk roughly, make old people stop to let them pass, upset the little girl's school-basket and make themselves universally disagreeable. You feel as if you would like to get hold of them for once. My, but it would be a relief to simply feel of that boy, wouldn't it?

HOW CHILDREN ARE SPOILED.
IT is easy enough to spoil a child. No great art is demanded. Only three or four things are requisite to complete the work. Make all the nurses wait on him and fly at his bidding; let him learn never to go for a drink, but always have it brought to him; at ten years of age have Bridget tie his shoe-strings; let him strike auntie because she will not get him a sugar-plum. He will soon learn that the house is his realm, and he is to rule it. He will come up into manhood one of those precious spirits that demand obeisance and service, and with the theory that the world is his oyster, which, with knife, he will proceed to open. If that does not spoil him, buy him a horse; it is exhilarating and enlarging for a man to own such an animal. A good horseback ride shakes up the liver and helps the man to be virtuous; for it is almost impossible to be good with too much bile, an enlarged spleen, or a stomach off duty. We congratulate any man who can afford to own a horse; but if a boy own one, he will probably ride on it to destruction; he will stop at the tavern for drinks; he will bet at the races. There will be room enough in the same saddle for idleness and dissipation to ride, one of them before, and one of them behind. The bit will not be strong enough to rein in at the right place. There are men who all their lives have been going down hill, and the reason is that in boyhood they sprang astride a horse, and got going so fast that they have never been able to stop.

WHAT PARENTS OWE TO THEIR CHILDREN.
BUT if the child be insensible to all such efforts to spoil him, try the plan of never saying anything encouraging to him. If he do wrong, thrash him soundly; but if he do well, keep on reading the newspaper, pretending not to see him. There are excellent people who, through fear of producing childish vanity, are unresponsive to the very best endeavor. When a child earns parental applause, he ought to have it. If he gets up head at school, give him a book, or an apple. If he saw a bully on the play-ground trampling on a sickly boy, and your son took the bully by the throat so tightly that he became a little variegated in color, praise your boy and let him know that you love to have him the

champion of the weak. Perhaps you would not do right a day if you had no more prospect of reward than that which you have given him. If, on commencement-day, he make the best speech, or read the best essay, tell him of it. Truth is always harmless, and the more you use of it the better. If your daughter at the conservatory takes the palm, give her a new piece of music, a ring, a kiss or a blessing.

MONEY IN YOUTHFUL POCKETS.
BUT if you have a child invulnerable to all other influences, and he cannot be spoiled by any means already recommended, give him plenty of money, without any questions as to what he does with it. The fare is cheap on the road between here and Smashupton. I have known boys with five dollars to pay their way clear through, and make all the connections on the “Grand Trunk” route to perdition. We know not why loose cash in a boy's pocket is called pin money, unless because it often sticks a hole into his habits. First, he will buy raisins, then almonds, then a whisk cane, then a breastpin, then cigars, then a ticket for a drunken excursion, and there may possibly be money enough left for the father to buy for his boy a coffin.

Let children know something of the worth of money by earning it. Over-pay them if you will, but let them get some idea of equivalents; if they get distorted notions of values at the start, they will never be righted. Daniel Webster knew everything except how to use money; from boyhood he had things mixed up. His mother gave him and Ezekiel money for Fourth of July. As the boys came back from the village, the mother said, “Daniel, what did you buy with your money?” and he answered: “I bought a cake, and a candy, and some beer, and some fire-crackers.” Then turning to Ezekiel, she said, “What did you buy with your money?” “Oh,” said Ezekiel, “Daniel borrowed mine.”
 On the other hand it is a ruinous policy to be parsimonious with children. If a boy finds that a parent has plenty of money, and he, the boy, has none, the temptation will be to steal the first cent he can lay his hand on. Oh, the joy that five pennies can buy for a boy! They seem to open before him a Paradise of liquorice-drops and cream-candy. You cannot, in after-life, buy so much superb satisfaction with five thousand dollars as you bought with your first five cents. Children need enough money, but not a superfluity. Freshets wash away more corn-fields than they culture.

PARENTAL GLOOM IN OUR HOMES.
BOYS and girls are often spoiled by parental gloom. The father never unbends. The mother's rheumatism hurts so she does not see how little Maggie can ever laugh. Childish curiosity is denounced as impertinence. The parlor is a Parliament, and everything in everlasting order. Balls and tops in that house are a nuisance, and the pap that the boy is expected most to relish is geometry, a little sweetened with the chalk of black-boards. For cheerful reading the father would recommend “Young's Night Thoughts,” and Hervey's “Meditations Among the Tombs.”

At the first chance the boy will break loose. With one grand leap he will clear the catechisms; he will burst away into all riotous living. He will be so glad to get out of Egypt that he will jump into the Red Sea. The hardest colts to catch are those that have a long while been locked up. Restraints are necessary, but there must be some outlet. Too high a dam will overflow all the meadows.

RELIGIOUS DYSPEPSIA.
A CAUSE of parental solicitude arises from the imperfection of parents themselves. We all somehow want our children to avoid our faults. We hope that if we have any excellencies they will copy them; but the probability is they will copy our faults, and omit our excellencies. Children are very apt to be echoes of the parental life. There is not one of us to-day who would like to have our children copy all our example. And that is the cause of solicitude on the part of all of us. We have so many faults we do not want them copied and stereotyped in the lives and characters of those who come after us. Out of twenty parents there may be one parent who understands how thoroughly and skillfully to discipline; perhaps not more than one out of twenty. We, nearly all of us, err on one side or on the other. Here is a father or a mother who says: “I am going to bring up my children right; my sons shall know nothing but religion, shall see nothing but religion and hear nothing but religion.” They are routed out at six o'clock in the morning to recite the Ten Commandments. They are wakened up from the sofa on Sunday night to recite the Westminster Catechism. Their bedroom walls are covered with religious pictures and quotations of Scripture, and when the boy looks

for the day of the month, he looks for it in a religious almanac. If a minister comes to the house, he is requested to take the boy aside and tell him what a great sinner he is. It is religion morning, noon and night. Time passes on, and the parents are waiting for the return of the son at night. It is nine o'clock—it is ten o'clock—it is eleven o'clock—it is twelve o'clock—it is past twelve o'clock. Then they hear a rattling of the night-key, and George comes in and hastens up-stairs, lest he be accosted. His father says: “George, where have you been?” He says: “I have been out.” Yes, he has been out, and he has been down, and he has started on the broad road to ruin for this life, and ruin for the life to come. And the father says to his wife: “Mother, the Ten Commandments are a failure; no use of Westminster Catechism; I have done my very best for that boy; just see how he has turned out.” Ah! my friend, you stuffed that boy with religion; you had no sympathy with innocent hilarities; you had no common sense. Too much of anything, however good, is too much.

PEOPLE WHO COUGH IN CHURCH.
THERE are some of the best Christian people who do not know how to carry themselves in religious assemblages. They never laugh, they never applaud, they never hiss, yet, notwithstanding, are disturbers of public worship.

There is, for instance, the coughing brigade. If any individual right ought to be maintained at all hazards, it is the right of coughing. There are times when you must cough. There is an irresistible tickling in the throat which demands audible demonstration; it is moved, seconded and unanimously carried, that those who have irritated windpipes be heard. But there are ways, with hand or handkerchief, of breaking the repercussion. A smothered cough is dignified and acceptable if you have nothing better to offer. But how many audiences have had their peace sacrificed by unrestrained expulsion of air through the glottis! After a sudden change in the weather, there is a fearful charge made by the coughing brigade. They open their mouths wide and make the arches ring with the racket. They begin with a faint “Ahem,” and gradually rise and fall through all the scale of dissonance, as much as to say: “Hear, all ye good people! I have a cold! I have a bad cold! I have an awful bad cold! Hear how it racks me, tears me, torments me! It seems as if my diaphragm must be split. I took this awful bad cold the other night. I added to it last Sunday. Hear how it goes off! There it is again! Oh, dear me! If I only had “Brown's troches, or the syrup of squills, or a mustard-plaster, or a woolen stocking turned wrong-side-out around my neck!” Brethren and sisters who took cold by sitting in the same draught, join the clamor, and it is glottis to glottis, and laryngitis to laryngitis, and a chorus of scrapings and explosions which make the service hideous for a preacher of sensitive nerves. We have seen people under the pulpit coughing with their mouth so far open we have been tempted to jump into it. There are some people who have a convenient, ecclesiastical cough. It does not trouble them ordinarily; but when in church you get them thoroughly cornered with some practical truth, they smother the end of the sentences with a favorite paroxysm. There is a man in our church who is apt to be taken with one of these fits just as the contribution-box comes to him, and cannot seem to get his breath again till he hears the pennies rattling in the box behind him. Cough, by all means; but put on the brakes when you come to the down-grade, or send the racket through at least one fold of your pocket handkerchief.

WHAT HEAVEN WILL BE LIKE.
I THINK we have but little idea of the number of the righteous in Heaven. Infidels say: “Your Heaven will be a very small place compared with the world of the lost; for, according to your teaching, the majority of men will be destroyed.” I deny the charge. I suppose that the multitude of the finally lost, as compared with the multitude of the finally saved, will be a handful; I suppose that the few invalid people in the hospitals of our great cities, as compared with the hundreds of thousands of well people, would not be smaller than the number of those who shall be cast out in suffering, compared with those who shall have upon them the health of Heaven. For we are to remember that we are living in only the beginning of the Christian dispensation, and that this whole world is to be populated and redeemed, and that ages of light and love are to flow on. If this be so, the multitude of the saved will be in an overwhelming majority. We are told that Heaven is a place of happiness; but what do we know about happiness? Happiness in this world is only a half-fledged thing; a flowery path, with a serpent hissing across it; a broken pitcher, from which the water has dropped before we could drink it; a thrill of exhilaration, followed by disastrous reactions. To help us understand the joy of Heaven, the Bible takes us to a river. We stand on the grassy bank. We see the waters flow on with ceaseless wave. But the filth of the cities is emptied into it, and the banks are torn, and unhealthy exhalations spring up from it, and we fail to get an idea of the River of Life in Heaven.

RE-UNIONS OF AN AFTER-LIFE.
WE get very imperfect ideas of the reunions of Heaven. We think of some festal day on earth, when father and mother were yet living and the children came home. A good time that! But it had this drawback—all were not there. That brother went off to sea and never was heard from. That sister—did we not lay her away in the freshness of her young life, nevermore in this world to look upon her? Ah, there was a skeleton at the feast; and tears mingled with our laughter on that Christmas day. Not so with Heaven's reunions. It will be an uninterrupted gladness. Many a Christian parent

will look around and find all his children there.
 “Ah!” he says, “can it be possible that we are all here—life's perils over, the Jordan passed, and not one wanting? Why, even the prodigal is here! I almost gave him up. How long he despised my counsels! But grace hath triumphed. All here! All here! Tell the mighty joy through the city. Let the bells ring, and the angels mention it in their song. Wave it from the top of the walls. All here!”

No more breaking of heart-strings, but face to face. The orphans that were left poor, and in a merciless world, kicked and cuffed by many hardships, shall join their parents over whose graves they so long wept, and gaze into their glorified countenances forever face to face. We may come up from different parts of the world, one from the land and another from the depths of the sea; from lives affluent and prosperous, or from scenes of ragged distress; but we shall all meet in rapture and jubilee, face to face.

Many of our friends have entered upon that joy. A few days ago they sat at with us studying these Gospel themes; but they only saw dimly—now revelation hath come. Your time will also come. God will not leave you floundering in the darkness. You stand wonder-struck and amazed. You feel as if all the loveliness of love were dashed out. You stand gazing into the open chasm of the grave. Wait a little. In the presence of your departed and of Him who carries them in His bosom, you shall soon stand face to face. Oh, that our last hour may kindle up with this promised joy! May we be able to say, like the Christian not long ago departing: “Though a pilgrim walking through the valley, the mountain-tops are gleaming from peak to peak!” or, like my dear friend and brother, Alfred Cookman, saying in his last moment that which has gone into Christian classics: “I am sweeping through the pearly gate, washed in the blood of the Lamb!”

T. Dewitt Talmage

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

To talk well!" That is the question that comes from Mary, from Alice and from Jenny. My dear girls, good talkers are not always the pleasantest people; the man who gives a monologue at a show grows very tiresome after awhile, and the good talker is not unlike him. To talk well does not mean to talk much; but it does mean to be in thorough sympathy with the subject so that your interest is expressed both by the eyes and the expression of the face even if not a word is said.

HOW TO LEARN TO TALK WELL.

Learn to listen well, and very soon you will find yourself speaking the word in season and surprising yourself, as well as others, by the quickness with which your thoughts will be well expressed.

Read the works of great writers, think them over and conclude in what way you differ from them. The woman who talks well must have opinions—decided ones—but she must have them well in hand, as nothing is so disagreeable as an aggressive talker. Say what you have to say pleasantly and sweetly; remember always that the best thing in life, dear, sweet love, has often been won by that delightful thing "a low voice."

Do not be too critical; remember that every blow given another woman is a boomerang which will return and hit you with double force. Take this into consideration—it is never worth while making a malicious remark, no matter how clever it may be.

Worth what while? Worth, my dear girl, the while here, which is, after all, so short, and the while hereafter, which is after all so long and sweet. It seems to me that when you and I stand before the good God, it will be the little gossip, the petty talk about others, of which we will be most ashamed.

Never forget that mere idle talk is quite as bad as gossip, for nobody is gaining any good from it, and as no vacuum exists in Nature, none can in every-day life. Not to be a good talker, my dear girl, not to be an interesting woman, quick in your sympathy and ready always to give the word of gladness to those in joy, or speak your tender thought to one who is in affliction, is to be that most unpleasant of people—an unfeminine woman.

SAYING "GOOD-MORNING."

JUST how to say it is what somebody wants to know. One of you, as impulsive as possible, bows as if all her heart was in it when she meets a man who is a mere acquaintance. Shall she then be surprised if the next time he is a bit familiar in his mode of conversation? Another, in her desire to be dignified, gives a rigid bow that announces her acceptance of a pleasant acquaintance under protest. Then when she meets him next he is chilling and decidedly unfriendly in his manner.

But what to do? You will have to act the happy medium: When you incline your head give a suggestion of a smile that means "I know you," but we don't tell any more than that in a public place.

Women are said to have won battles by the sweet bows given to opposing generals. One should be thankful that one is not in the midst of any great battle now, except that wondrous battle of life when a smile and a pleasant greeting does more to remove the stumbling blocks from the way of the weary wanderer than anything else.

The "good morning" is the beginning of every day of life, and, my dear girl, to say it pleasantly is to open the golden door of a day and to make all the sunshine of life seem to rest upon you and reflect upon everybody else and make them feel pleasant, and that is a great deal. Can't you work faster and find work easier when your heart is full of that liquid of love that we call "pleasantness"? Just think it over. It is worth while.

MY GIRLS' MOTHERS.

I KNOW I ought to talk only to the girls, but it does seem as if I wanted to say a word to their mothers. When we get to be thirty or thirty-five we are very apt to forget the days when we were eighteen, and judge them a bit harshly. Now, don't do this; temper your justice with mercy and think over your girl. Remember that if she has your ingenuousness she has an impulsive temper not inherited from you; and that if she is not musical as you are, she has a gift for painting that comes a direct gift from her father. In your one girl you have two temperaments to contend with beside your own. The one is your own, the other that given her by her father, and the other her individual self. She has the right to have this respected, and it is your duty to teach her this.

Then, dear mother of girls, won't you keep yourself young for them? Won't you keep up an interest in what the girls are doing and saying? Won't you make them know that nobody is as glad to help them in their fun, to urge on their innocent merriment as "mother"? Believe me, the best chaperons for girls are mothers. They are God-given ones, and certainly each one will look carefully after her own little lamb.

Then for the girls: make mother the glad companion everywhere; she is heartily welcomed, for though she may have wrinkles on her forehead there are none on her heart.

HOW TO BE PRETTY THIS FALL.

You all come back to town richer in flesh, more determined to success, but just wondering a little bit at the way the kisses of the sun and the browning that flashed from the waves have affected your skin. There is no use in telling you that freckles and sunburn are becoming; you do not contradict your brothers when they tell you this, but in your heart you do not believe they quite know.

The trouble having been stated, the remedy must be found. First, your blood must be gotten into a good condition by using a tonic for it. This may be a little eau-de-cologne or some alcohol in the water in which you bathe your face, neck and arms; it will have an almost instantaneous effect, and you will be conscious of a glowing, exhilarated condition.

Then at night use some fine cosmetic. There are many perfectly harmless ones that are more pleasant than vaseline or olive oil, though both of these are equally good.

Drink milk twice a day, and remember that it must be ordinary milk, not cream. It is said to be more whitening to the skin than anything applied on the outside, and surely it is at once pleasant and healthy.

Elder-flower water, lemon-juice and rose-water are all simple remedies for freckles, and will undoubtedly remove them if they are regularly used and allowed to dry on the skin. A famous beauty is said to keep her hands white by always using the half of a lemon in washing her hands, exactly as she would a piece of soap; and, although freckles come, still nothing is so good for the skin as sunshine; it makes the underskin flush, and a delicate pink and white is the result. A little care about a broad-brimmed hat, and a good-sized sun-umbrella will give you all the good desired from sunshine and keep away its defects. Keep on the sunny-side of the street in the winter. You know that is the place chosen by Englishmen, Southern women and dogs, so the friends will look at the good skins of all three, and use the proverb to point a moral and adorn a tail.

MANNERS WHEN AT CHURCH.

No, your manners in church are very bad. And shall I tell you to whom you are rude? To God, Himself.

You have no right to saunter lazily up the aisle in the house dedicated to Him.

You have no right to move about arranging, stroking and straightening your gown; your manner should be quiet and in good order.

You have no right to read your prayer-book just because you do not fancy the sermon. You are then insulting two men, God and His representative.

You have no right during the time the hymn is sung to carefully observe the bonnets and wraps of the congregation. This is always in bad taste, but reserve it for week-day delectation.

You have no right to discuss the sermon as you walk down the aisle. The preacher has done his best and in the name of God, and you have no right to criticize him.

You wonder if you have committed all these sins; you do not believe you have. My dear, think it over and you will find one or two may be laid at your door. Only little faults—only little rudenesses to the King of Kings. A demeanor becoming a gentlewoman, a reverence becoming a worshipper is the way I want all my girls to look and act at church; the picture of one who prayed and who lived a beautiful life, and who, it always seems to me, must have been the typically beautiful, is etched by England's crown poet, and she seems the woman who would make home the place in which she dwelt the better for her. These are the lines that describe her:—

"Eyes not down-dropt nor overbright,
But fed with the clear-pointed flame of Chastity.
Crowned Isabel through all her married life,
The queen of marriage, a most perfect wife."

A MISTAKE YOU MAKE.

Just a little one, but then it is one that may, after all, result very unhappily. Do not get in the habit of being familiar in manner or speech with young men. True, you may say nothing that is harmful; you may only say what you think, and that may be perfectly innocent. And always to say just what one thinks is wisdom, but to jest with Tom or Harry, innocent though the subject may be, is not wise. Shall there, then, be no gaiety in life? says a dear girl. Plenty of it. But make it pure, sweet fun, entirely clear and free from the bitter waters of Marah.

Don't you think that the one man—the one to whom you give your heart—will care more for one when he knows that an idle jest, a careless word, a familiar manner have not been given by you to every man friend you may have? It doesn't seem much; but, my dear girl, because you are my dear girl, just remember that while many a girl amuses the general young man, it is the special man who is worth consideration.

You do not think it quite nice to look to marriage as your future? Why not? Do you not find the companionship of a man you love more interesting than that of even your dearest woman friend? Then you think I do not approve of woman's friendship? Indeed I do—when they are true ones. But the best friend for a woman is the man who interests her—the man she loves, and who is her sweet-heart—soon to be her husband. And she makes a mistake in not trying to please him.

WHAT YOU WANT TO KNOW

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

A DAILY READER—Cocoa-butter can be bought at any large drug store, where a specialty is made of toilet articles.

EDITH E.—In sending a wedding present, attach your visiting card, and let it be taken by a messenger to the bride's home.

J. B. H.—Under no circumstances act contrary to the advice of your mother. If it is proper for you to correspond with your friend she will be the one to decide, for she has had that best of all lessons—the experience of life.

W. M. L.—In regard to your chin, especially about the line marks, it would be best to consult your family physician.

CONSTANCE—It will be quite proper for your mother or father to ask the gentleman to visit at your house.

BESSIE B.—The friends who advise you to consult a physician in regard to your skin are very wise; blotches such as you describe usually result from some internal trouble, and to be got rid of the cause should be understood and properly treated.

A VERY ANXIOUS ADMIRER—Write once more and ask for the ring, and if it is not returned within twenty-four hours, have your mother or father write and demand it. You were a very silly girl to give a ring to a man whom you did not intend to marry.

G. C.—It would be wise to take the advice of your father, for if he discovers the work unaltered to his will, of course, stop it. But obey him and then you will not regret it.

MAY—Suggestions as to books were given in the July JOURNAL. As far as possible, converse with cultivated people, speak as they speak and learn to think for yourself. Your visiting card should be "Miss Jones," if you are the oldest daughter, or "Miss Mary Jones," if you are the second. They should be large and almost square; they should be engraved in ordinary script.

L. F.—Perspiration is not only healthy, but is very whitening to the skin. After getting overheated bathe your face in tepid water rather than in absolutely cold water.

BANJO—Any leading maker in musical instruments can give you all information about banjos and their prices.

LU—Throw in the rose leaves while they are perfectly fresh, putting a layer of salt on each. A few drops of alcohol will tend to give a spicy fragrance and the pot-pourri so simply made will be a joy forever during the winter days.

M. C. D.—It is not good form to polish the fingernails.

ALICE R.—You will not regret being slightly reserved to strangers; familiarity is the quality that breeds contempt.

MISS M. F. K.—A good art paper is the "Art Amateur," New York city. It will undoubtedly help you in your studies.

MRS. A. B. D.—In visiting, as many cards are left as there are ladies in the house. When the hostess meets you at the door, a card should be left in the hall as you pass out. The address should be in the lower left-hand corner of the visiting card.

INQUIRER—Cocoa-butter rubbed on the eye-brows at night is said to quicken their growth. In applying it be sure and follow the crescent of the brow.

SPERANZA—Misph means "The Lord watch between me and thee when we are absent the one from the other."

LETTERS TO BETH.

NO. VIII.—LEISURE MOMENTS.

YET is not strange that you should repeat the question so often asked by your elders, viz, "How do you accomplish so much?"

The answer is very simple: I improve every moment; if you care for the minutes the hours will take care of themselves. There are times and seasons when every human being should rest, not merely recline, but absolutely give up ten or fifteen minutes to the relaxation of every muscle and nerve.

Hundreds of women lie down daily but do not feel refreshed. The reason is simple: they have not given up their minds as well as their bodies to the business of resting. The house-mother thinks of this or that to be done, and the young girl is planning something while she seems to be resting. To resign everything, to close one's eyes, to shut out the world and think only of resting, is the only way to become refreshed and strengthened for future effort, when one has been overtaxed.

Rest, however, is not our present topic; we are to deal rather with the necessity for utilizing odd moments of time which so many young girls permit to run to waste. A very bright girl of my acquaintance kept up her French after leaving school by reading while waiting for father and brothers to come down in the morning.

Another young lady has accomplished wonders by using her pencil in sketching whenever she could find a moment to do so.

A busy wife and mother of my acquaintance has not only made some dainty articles for her home while waiting for her boys and girls to return from school, but she has also kept up her studies in biology, which brings to her house many eminent men and women.

In your great-grandmother's day, that excellent woman always kept a stocking or some kind of knitting on hand, for, as she remarked, "it kind of wore off, and was done almost before you knew it."

We may not knit stockings in these days of marvelous manufactures, but the principle is the same. A great many things may "wear off," or a great many good thoughts may be absorbed in the odd moments when so many girls are looking out of the windows or lolling about in a listless and useless way. The best methods of work involve a careful arrangement of the hours of each day. In this way nothing is forgotten or left over for to-morrow. A lady well known to some of your friends has found life a much more satisfactory thing since she made definite rules of work, and will not permit anything short of sickness or death to interfere with her plans. She is a very busy author, and also a practical housekeeper. She rises at a certain hour, makes all her arrangements for the day, and at 9 A. M. is in her study at work; this she continues with a short intermission for the noonday meal, and then returns to her desk until 4 P. M. Then comes the outing, usually a brisk walk with some errands to be done for the family, or a

tramp to get a sketch to work from, when storms prevail. Sometimes, when an exhaustive article has left her nerves tremulous and her desk littered with books of reference, she attends a matinee, and gets far away from her own world of work; at others, she seeks rest in change by painting a beautiful flower or a tiny bit of the sea or shore. The painting hour she playfully calls "Creation Time," as she is generally thinking up something to answer the printer's call for "copy," and she is thus creating in two ways. Her work for charity is largely done in this way. She often goes far away from the maddening crowd, in the glorious spring days, and finds in the pine woods or on some hilltop the full strength of mother Nature's healing.

It is sometimes very difficult to impress young girls that a change of occupations is indeed the best rest; they insist that "just a minute or two does not count," and falsely believe that idleness is essential to a "good time."

Do they not work for pleasure at a ball, or picnic? Are not the toils of an excursion sometimes half the delight of the trip?

Old mother Nature is a great worker; she is always busy even when seemingly idle. Should we not be stronger and happier and more helpful if we followed her teachings more closely?

Yes, dear Beth, I am "a devout believer in work," and when my young friends write to me for advice, I generally send them the following taken from a book which you have read on both sides of the water: "If things go wrong, work; if friends turn false, work; if trouble comes, work; if slander assails you, stop your ears and go to work; it is the greatest possible comfort and takes your thoughts from self."

I have several young friends who are not living but merely existing. Their lives lack a purpose; they rise at eight or nine in the morning and hang about until lunch time; sometimes they play with a little fancy work or make a few calls upon friends as idle as themselves; if they walk, they are "so tired" that rest is imperative, and they remove their clothing and go to bed sometimes with a novel, and sometimes without; they lack a purpose in life, and they are constantly taking tonics, when the best possible stimulus for them would be some genuine employment which should call their faculties into play. In a world where so much is neglected, where numbers are suffering, and so many avenues of usefulness are open to all, this purposeless life is a disgrace.

What would you think of a young man who should spend half of his waking hours lounging upon the bed, who should think it necessary to dress four or five times each day, and whose frequent exclamation was, "O dear, I wish I knew what to do with myself?" I am glad to say that most of the young women of this generation are too wise to waste time in this manner.

You are fond of telling me that you like to hear of real girls; of some I know personally. Well, let this picture focus itself in your mind: Not a stone's throw from my study window lives my little "Saint Caroline"; of course, she is nobody's saint but mine, and yet I think you will agree with me that she is worthy of all honor. When a school girl, her father's house was filled with boys and girls, all supplied with the comforts of life and many of its luxuries. Reverses came, as they come to so many, and our school girl found when she graduated that some immediate effort was necessary. She did not wish to teach; beside, that involved delay, so she entered a store. "I do not like it best," she said, "but I will not be idle; and as this is the first chance, I must make my mark here or fail elsewhere." Her faithful performance of duty brought promotion after weary years, and she still goes on walking a mile morning, noon and night. She is rosy, smiling and happy. When I observed that white hairs were coming among the brown locks, she said merrily: "Well, it is time; for it is now nineteen years since I began my work."

"Do you never get tired of it all?"
"Oh yes, I go home very weary sometimes, but when I see how much happier the family is for my labor, and how many comforts the aged parents can have through my hands, why I am delighted to think I am blessed with health and strength and can work for them."

"And the long walk, is not that tedious?"
"Oh no, that is my salvation; it gives me my outing every day and keeps me well and strong."

Does this brave girl give up everything to toil? By no means. She belongs to a literary club, which she attends one evening every week; she visits the different libraries and is conversant with current literature, and, as she says, "her Sundays are days of bliss." If you want to know what real rest means you must do real work.

Would you not like to be my "Saint Caroline" rather than Dollie Mayhew, who is perpetually saying she does not know what to do with herself?

Do you not think hers a rich, full life?
KATE TANNATT WOODS.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

THE KING'S DAUGHTERS
 EDITED BY MRS. MARGARET BOTTOME
 PRESIDENT OF THE ORDER



I AM very happy to be introduced to The King's Daughters who read THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL every month, as well as to those who are not connected with our "sisterhood of service." I am glad that we are to have a room by ourselves in the JOURNAL, where we can hereafter chat together every month. We shall be 'sociable' from the start. I never could endure stiffness.

I think I hear some one saying: Well, Mrs. Bottome, now that you have come, tell us what it is to be a real Daughter of the King. A little child was once asked if she would not like to be a "King's Daughter," and she replied, "I should like first to know who the King is." So, at this first meeting with you, dear Daughters, I want to first speak of our King.

"The King of all Kingdoms, forever is He, And He holdeth our crowns in His hands."

Our crown of perfect womanhood is in our knowing and loving Him.

Who the King is, what He is to us, what He wants us to do for Him—these are questions of first importance to the King's Daughters.

Our constitution answers the first question. I hope you who wear the little silver cross know by heart the two simple articles in our constitution. The second says: "Any person may become a member of this Order whose purposes and aims are in accord with its objects, and who holds herself responsible to the King, our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ."

Here then is an answer to that question, "Who is the King?"—Our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

"What is the King to us?"—Just as much as our faith makes Him.

Last summer as I stood one day by the seashore I watched some children who were digging holes in the sand, waiting for the waves to roll in, and just as much of the Atlantic Ocean rolled in as the holes which they dug could hold. Others I saw bathing among the breakers; others still, away beyond the breakers, swimming in deep water. And as I stood and looked over the great sea, over which I had crossed and re-crossed and yet knew so little about, I glanced at my silver cross with "In His Name" inscribed upon it, and what I had seen in a figure answered the question for me.

"What is the King to us?"—All we can apprehend. I may be like the very little children by the seashore. He may not be much to me compared with what another apprehends, but, if we do not despise the 'day of small things,' He will come into the smallest heart and the smallest intellect. As Faber says:

"How much the least good is to God!
 How much each soul is worth!"

Our knowledge of Him is progressive. No matter how much He is to us now, we can know so little of Him yet. The time will come when the grandest saint who has known Him as "the Chief among ten thousand, the altogether lovely" will say

"How little I have gained;
 How vast the unattained."

Let us be glad that we know Him in the least!

I remember a young girl saying to me: "I am not a Christian, I am sure I am not a Christian"; and I said, Well, my dear child, you do not want to wear a meaningless badge if there is no love in your heart for the Lord Jesus. "Oh," she said, "I cannot say that; but I know I am not the Christian I ought to be; and yet," she said so unaffectedly, "I love Him well enough to help endeavor the bed in the hospital!"

How glad I am that we are willing in our organization to let the little ones step on the first round of the ladder.

"What does He want us to do for Him?"—Well, the King's Daughter believes He wants her to do for Him what the first part of our constitution says are the aims and objects of our order: "To develop spiritual life, and to stimulate Christian activity."

I was once asked to give my definition of a Christian, and I answered:—One who believes what Jesus Christ says, and does as He tells you. And I know of no better definition of a real King's Daughter.

Now, what does He tell us? He tells us that God is our Father and teaches us to say, "Our Father." We must believe we are His Daughters; not believe we are only when we are good, but believe we are His Daughters in order to become good. If we are only sure He is our Father we will be His happy, loving, and obedient children. I have a friend who talks of three 'F's': *Facts, Faith, Feeling*.

Now that order must be observed: *Facts*, first—God is our Father; God is love—these are facts. Believe them, and you have *Faith*! Then you will have "joy and peace through believing" in these facts.

Perhaps we have not emphasized the little word *do* as much as we should. Christ said *do* so often. We must not only believe what He said, but *do* as He tells us.

"What can I do for the King?"—Do the duty that lies next to you. Character and service

make perfect womanhood; that is the reason we emphasize the word *within* first: The King's Daughter is all glorious *within*. Then comes service, and to serve the nearest to us in our families; surely this is work for the King.

I remember some girls coming to me to tell me they had joined our Order and they said, "We have nothing to do." I asked them if their mothers were living, and they answered, "Oh, yes." I asked each, Have you tried to see if there is anything you can do to lighten your mother's burden? Not one of them had thought of that; yet each loved her mother best. How often I wish I had been more tender and thoughtful of my mother.

If we love our King all service will be for Him; and the lowliest and most ordinary will be as sweet as the highest. Say of any work, it is the work He has given me to do, and the opportunities for larger service will multiply.

And now, dear Daughters, I must not keep you longer. I am glad we have had this little time together, and to-day I have done all the talking, but the next time we meet in our room I want to hear from you. I am sure you have something in your hearts to say to me. And here I shall not only be glad to answer any questions you may want to ask.

I hope, too, each month to give a little "talk," such as it is my delight to give in the drawing-rooms of New York. Of course, I shall not keep you an hour, but only a very few minutes, and for that reason, I shall call them "Five-minute Talks." My one object in these little familiar conversations will ever be, as I may, to develop spiritual life and to stimulate Christian activity.

I hope, too, to be able to tell you much of what your sisters are doing for the order in real practical work. But whether we talk of the spiritual life, or its results in the uplifting and aiding the poor and the sick, the halt and the blind, one, and only one, purpose shall be ours—to know Him, our King, more and more as the days go by.

If that, indeed, be the outcome of our meeting together, how glad we shall be that in the autumn of 1890 God gave us this opportunity of talking with each other in THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

Lovingly, your Friend,
 MARGARET BOTTOME.

You can address all your letters to me care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, and then I shall be sure to receive them.

LOVE IS HELPFUL.

WENT into one of the largest New York dry goods stores one morning, and while waiting for my change, and finding myself the only customer in that part of the shop, I fell into a little conversation with the girl who had waited on me.

Casually I chanced to remark, "Well, it does not matter so much whether we are on one side or the other of the counter if we are serving the one we love," and, smiling, I added, "The great thing is to be in love. I am in love all the time."

Several young girls, on either side of the one I was talking to, moved up at this remark, and one said, "This is interesting; we must hear this."

"Yes," I said, "the most interesting thing in the world is love; but I was not thinking—when I said I am in love all the time—of the love of the human heart that may give you ecstasy one hour, and anguish the next; but of the love of One who loves us always and never dies."

Then I touched the little silver cross on my dress and said, "Did you ever hear of the King's Daughters?"

"O, yes indeed," one young girl answered. "There are some in this store." And then I had such a nice sociable talk with the half dozen girls, and told them how often I had felt reproved when shopping to see their patience and cheerfulness.

As I said this a bright-looking young girl said, "Do you think that of us? That generally we are patient and cheerful?"

I said: "Yes, indeed, I have seen but rare exceptions."

The girl replied so eagerly, "I am so glad to hear that, for there are so many people who say just the opposite of us."

Oh, how I wish our favored girls who are so often in these great city shops would just think that the same girlish hearts are on the other side of the counter.

I shall never forget the pale-faced girl that I met at another time, who wore our little silver cross on her dress, when I said—"Don't you get tired this warm weather standing here?"

The pale cheek flushed with pleasure. "Yes, I do, sometimes, but this week nine beautiful Daughters of the King have talked with me."

Oh, when shall we learn to act what we say we believe—that God loves all, and if we love Him we surely will love those He loves?

The first bit of poetry I ever committed to memory, when a mere child, commenced with:

"Let us love one another,
 Not long may we stay."

Alas! how slow have I been to learn the one lesson—"Love one another."

"DAUGHTERS" IN A PALACE.

RECENTLY I found myself the guest of Mrs. Frederick W. Vanderbilt, in her beautiful palace at Newport, and I had the joy of meeting the circle which Mrs. Vanderbilt formed a year ago, all belonging to that noble class of young women who earn their own living. Some are engaged at the post-office and others in honorable employment. They were all invited to meet me in the palatial house—the description of which they had read in the newspapers. I wish I could describe the scene. We gathered in the grand hall after all the circle had seen the wonderful house. One young girl told us after that she could not sleep that night it seemed to her she had been in fairy-land. It was very sweet to talk to these Daughters of the King about the palace of character, the only enduring palace after all; the Psalm—the 45th—that we have called the Psalm of our Order, never seemed lovelier and the words never more significant—"The King's Daughter is all glorious within." They had seen marvelous outward beauty, for the Old World had contributed to the furnishing of this new palace, and it was so easy to take all around us as types of the more exceeding beauty of Christ-like hearts and lives. How glad I was that night that the rich and poor met together, and that not one of the servants of the great house was absent. They filled the galleries that surrounded the hall, and listened to the words of love that were spoken, and joined in our Lord's prayer with us. I hardly knew which to congratulate most—the beautiful mistress who had given the joy, or the dear girls who had such an evening as they said "would last them a life-time." O, when shall we all learn, the rich as well as the poor, that the only happy life is the life of loving service in His name?

THE MAGIC OF A FACE.

IT was a rainy winter afternoon; an enveloping mist shut out the other side of the street; a penetrating dampness chilled to the marrow; the wet and muddy pavements were slippery and treacherous; everybody looked miserable and as if in haste to find some "hearthstone ruddy light." Nobody was courteous, and after colliding with several umbrellas and dodging others innumerable, I began to regret that I was ever born. How unprepossessing the people looked; every woman seemed to have worn her shabbiest clothes, and the faces of all looked, in the gray light, old and haggard.

I grew momentarily more depressed and pessimistic and cynical, when, suddenly, a face, a woman's face, flashed and shone out of the crowd. Beautiful? Yes, but not a young face; it had a better charm than that of mere youth; surely the possessor of that face had suffered, and overcome and found peace, for it had the sweet look of one who dwells—"Down in a deep calm, whatsoever storms may shake the world."

I forgot all about the drizzle and the general discomfort, and gazed eagerly while the vision passed. I absorbed the whole *tout ensemble*; I noted a bit of purple ribbon on her bodice, and a little, silver cross.

Quick as I saw this betokening mark of royalty of character, there flashed across my memory these words: "I do not care to be of a piece with the common thread of life; I like to be the purple sewn upon it."

I continued my way less wearily, because the vision of that woman's face had cheered and warmed and comforted my spirit, and began to muse of the magic power of some women's faces. There are vanished faces that shine out through the mist of memory always to recall us from sordid cares to better things; and there are patient faces, that we see in the daily journey, that help and strengthen us. They may not possess the beauty given by perfect feature, brilliant complexion, and eyes like an odalisque, but they have the beauty of goodness, which makes them a bit of the purple sewn upon the thread of our lives.

ELLA B. CARTER.

A STORY OF MT. BLANC.

I AM very impulsive and need to be led. I specially needed it when young.

I learned a lesson, in short sentence, a few years ago, I have never forgotten.

We were at the foot of Mt. Blanc, in the village of Chamouni. A sad thing had happened the day before the village. A young physician, of Boston, had determined to reach the heights of Mt. Blanc. He accomplished the feat, and the little village was illuminated in his honor; the flag was flying from the little hut on the mountain side—that all who have visited Chamouni will remember—that told of his victory. But after he had ascended and descended in safety, as far as the hut, he wanted then to be relieved from his guide; he wanted to be free from the rope, and he insisted that he could go alone. The guide remonstrated with him, told him it was not safe, but he was tired of the rope and declared he would be free of it. The guide had to yield. The young man had only gone a short distance when his foot slipped on the ice and he could not stop himself from sliding down the inclined icy steps. The rope was gone so the guide could not hold him or pull him back. And out on a shelving piece of ice lay the dead body of the young physician, as it was pointed out to me. The bells had been rung, the village illuminated in honor of his success, but, alas, in a fatal moment he refused to be guided; he was tired of the rope.

Do we not get tired of the rope? God's providences hold us, restrain us and we get tired sometimes. We need a guide, and shall till the dangerous paths are over. Never get disengaged from your Guide; let your prayer be "Lead Thou me on," and sometime the bells of heaven will ring that you are safe at home!

GUIDANCE FOR OUR DAUGHTERS.

THERE is no prayer more needed than "Guide me, oh Thou Great Jehovah!" How little, I fear, do our girls think and pray to be directed in regard to the future companions of their lives.

I can look back to a time in my girlhood when I came so near marrying a very worldly man, and I have often thought what would have been my life—to say nothing of my eternal destiny—had I gone that way. But I prayed, "Guide me." Though I was a thoughtless Christian girl. Yet I did, in a very simple way, ask God to keep me from marrying the wrong person. And God heard my prayer. And I want to tell you, dear Daughters, for I think I shall tell you secrets as we are all by ourselves, the one prayer of my life has been "Guide me."

I always led in song at our family altar—and many a time as I have taken my accustomed seat at the instrument, and have said: "Boys, what shall we sing?" (I have four boys; they have all grown into men) the answer so often was: "Well, mother, I suppose you want to sing, 'Guide me.'" And I did need the song in the morning, oh! so often.

WHERE "THE KING'S DAUGHTERS" ARE.

IT has been our privilege to place upon the records of our Order the names of members from Japan, China, India, New Zealand, Australia, the Sandwich Islands, Turkey, France, Italy, Germany, Great Britain, and from every State and Territory in our own country. We little dreamed—we who hoped when this Order was founded that we might never be an organization which would be talked about or written about in the papers, or be called upon to hold great public meetings—that in less than four years the globe would be encircled by the wearers of our sacred emblem, and that it would shine forth from the remotest corners of the earth telling of those who love the King and who desire to serve in His name.

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A Department devoted entirely to an interchange of ideas between our band of JOURNAL sisters. Address all letters to AUNT PATIENCE, care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, 433-435 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa.

OW rapidly one month follows upon the heels of another! September hardly came, and now October is here. We have fairly settled down to our fall work. School has begun. Much of the ease of our winter's work will depend on the systematic arrangement of the time which we can make now. If the "Amelioration Club" has accomplished anything for us, we shall have learned to put aside some of the unnecessary things, and make room for what is of more value to our homes. It is a great art—that of knowing what not to do.

What is the right thing to do in respect to the treatment of beggars, those who come to the door and those who meet us in the street? Just among ourselves here, what is the practice in regard to giving "cold victuals"? I am inclined to think a great deal of harm is done in that way. Do we begin early enough to teach our children true benevolence? We wish them to be tender-hearted and generous, yet I think we early begin to make them hard-hearted and selfish.

This question, of the best way to share what we have with others who have not, is one which is so large that we must begin to solve it in the family. Tossing a penny to a street beggar, disposing of food unfit for our use by giving it promiscuously at the door, is not real benevolence, but we sometimes try to deceive ourselves into the belief that it is. And having satisfied our easy conscience in that way, we withhold true service where we ought to give it, and turn our benefactions into injuries. Let us be careful to give to do good, not to quiet our wounded sensibilities, nor inflate our pride, and let us give one another our experiences in dispensing charity.

We talk a great deal about our daughters, and we need to think about all that they need; but we must not forget our sons. There comes to many homes the sad question, "Where is my boy? with no answer possible which is not agonizing. What shall be done to keep the boys happy in the home, finding in the company of parents and brothers and sisters, the "best time in the world"? It can be done, and what joy is greater than that which comes to the mother whose sons find in her their surest, most sympathizing confidant?

A home enriched by the presence of noble sons and daughters, bound together with father and mother in a companionship which makes age a contributor to youth, and youth a refreshment to age, is indeed the "dearest spot on earth." That is what we are trying to make of our homes, is it not? And how shall we begin with the boys so that as they grow up they will make a part of a perfect household. I sometimes wish we could know what the boys themselves think about it.

AUNT PATIENCE.
"Hard-heartedness dwells not with souls Round whom Thine arms are drawn."

ANOTHER MOTHER'S VIEW OF DISOBEDIENT GIRLS.
DEAR AUNT PATIENCE—The plan suggested for this page is a good one. There are many good women who would not think of writing a magazine article, but could offer many valuable suggestions from their own experience in the shape of a letter.

I am so very, very sorry for that mother of two daughters just budding into womanhood, who asks for some sharp, short, heroic method of counteracting the neglect and mistakes of twelve years. Just when they are needing such loving tact and gentle guidance; just when the mother could be finding her sweetest companionship, and wearing her crown of motherhood so proudly.
I have two about the same age, and half a dozen more. If I could imagine such a deplorable condition of things in my own loving circle, what, oh, what should I do?
I think I should say in my own room—and with just our three selves—
"Girls, I have not been a very good mother, and things are not as well and happy with us as they might and ought to be. Let us try and begin again. We will kneel down and ask the good Father, who will hear, and not upbraid us, to make us patient, loving and helpful to each other."
I am sure God is specially kind to a mother who looks to Him for help, for some of us who are so full of faults ourselves and so imperfect, are so happy in our children.
He will bless our work, however weak and poor, but it must be our best, our very best, our all.
THANKFUL MOTHER.

What evil influence could remain in such a sacred atmosphere! Surely all would be well between parent and child if this divine spirit of patient, overcoming love were welcomed in the home. It is the hard, proud will, sometimes in the child, and, alas! sometimes in the mother—in the child because first in the mother—that works so much mischief. Petty tyranny, early exercised by the mother, begets a rebellion in the child which grows with the growth and strengthens with the strength. May this thankful mother's happy plan be blessed to any who are in bitter sorrow over a rebellious child.

STRENGTH GAINED BY EXERCISE.

DEAR AUNT PATIENCE—I am quite sure that no Department of our JOURNAL will be more useful than the one under your charge, and I hasten to send a hint which may be of service to the JOURNAL sisters. Mothers know to their sorrow that it is not uncommon for the ankles of young children to prove unequal to their weight. This happened to my eldest child. And my physician recommended first a trial of strong lace boots supported at the ankle by even stronger leather, and that if these were unsuccessful I must resort to iron braces. I tried to accustom the tender little feet to the boots, but they were of no use, and plainly caused much discomfort. Indeed some suffering. I dreaded supports more than I can say, but they seemed inevitable. One night, however, as I undressed the little girl, I noticed that when she ran about in her bare feet, one ankle remained perfectly straight, the other bent but little. The idea dawned upon me that, untrammelled, her ankles might become firm. The next day I put her in ankle ties, as near to nothing as I thought possible, and in a few weeks the muscles had strengthened so that her boots caused her no trouble, nor has she had any since, though now six years old. A second child had very Indian moccasins with her, with as good result. I have found the plan efficacious so often that I consider its value proved. A friend of mine, whose very heavy boy was fast becoming bow-legged, adopted the braces first, to no effect but the misery of the child. After a long time she resorted to the method I had used, as a last resort, and within six weeks the ankles became strong and straight, and the crookedness of the legs soon corrected itself—although the boy was then three years old. I hope mothers who are anxious on this score, will try this plan first, as it is not possible that any mother should result, and I am sure good will. If any mother is benefited will she so far gratify me as to tell me of it through these columns?
A. B. T.

A plan so successful is worthy of consideration, but I should not place too much reliance on it. The cause may not always be the same although the appearance of weakness may be very similar, and if a skilled physician should order braces the mother must watch constantly and be very sure that good result is following, if she, in disregard of that direction, removes all support. I have been young and now am old, and I have seen much harm done by following the advice of those who, having no power of diagnosis, were unable to judge of the real nature of the ailment. I learned a severe lesson myself many years ago and should not wish another to fall into so grievous an error.

WHAT DO OUR CHILDREN READ?

DEAR AUNT PATIENCE—"I wish that we might make the subject 'What and How to Read,' the topic of some of our letters. Pure, elevating, and instructive literature in the homes of our land, would be a boon of priceless value, and anything that shall set the people to thinking rightly in this direction would be a God send. In my summer vacation, I have usually taken board at farm-houses in different parts of our own State, and I am utterly surprised at the lack of books in the homes of the people, and the indifference manifested to the subject of reading matter in the family. I hope sincerely, that in the JOHN A. W. I shall have line upon line in this direction, and faithfully and fully declare this truth that parents see to it that they not only set good books before their children but read them with them. A book is twice as well understood and appreciated by the boys and girls if father and mother read it to, or with, them, and by so doing encourage the habit of reading, a habit which once formed may prove an untold blessing through life. And could the interest for the right kind of reading be awakened in the homes of our land, to the exclusion of all other, the effect upon the next generation can hardly be estimated. I have spoken of country homes, but the evil is not confined to the country. Take any average class in a city Sunday school, and ask all around what they read after their lessons are put away in the evening, and, beginning with the first, say, "Johnny, what books do you read evenings?" "Why, I don't read any. What do I want to read for? I know how, and I have enough in day school."
"James, what do you read?" "I read all the murders and all the papers tell me about the last walking match."
"Horace, what do you read?" "Why last week I bought the 'Nonesuch.'"
"I don't know, but I don't think she cares what I read for she never asks me, and, indeed, she is hardly ever home evenings."
"Howard, what were you reading last week?" "Well, now that I go to school I don't get much time to read, for my people want me to play most of the time after doing errands, and getting my lessons; but last week, let me see, I read some in 'Heady's History of the Rebellion,' for I had been talking with the boys about James River in our geography lesson that made me think of something I wanted to hunt up about the battles in the south; and then I was going to hear Burbank read 'Hip-Hip-Hurrah' so I got Washington Irving's Sketch book to read the story beforehand for myself, for I thought I should enjoy it more; and I read a few chapters in Mrs. Stowe's 'Old-town Folks,' for one morning at the breakfast table we were talking about David and Nathan, and I remembered Sam Lawsons telling the same story, and so I hunted it up. I never tire of history, and the boys in day school often call me the 'professor of history,' but I don't care; I keep on reading it, and often mamma reads from some of the magazines evenings, and we talk about it, and I get so interested that I am sorry when bed-time comes."
"This is no mere fancy sketch, it is true of more than one class, or school, and I feel sometimes that if there could be some plan devised by which the disposition to read, and the desire to read good books, could be cultivated, it would be more influential, good than any other thing. Personally I should have good faith in the free distribution of good, healthy 'half-hour series' that would be read by our boys and girls if parents and teachers co-operated, than in many of the books distributed in our Sunday-schools, but which are not read. But I am making a very long letter and I only intended to say, by all means write 'What and How to read, and generally give the subject such a stirring up that, at least all the families where the JOURNAL goes, shall turn over a new leaf,' and begin to read, and read rightly."
A MOTHER.

AN INQUIRY OF THE SISTERS.
Would some of the JOURNAL Sisters tell me where I could get the corresponding pillow-sham to the motto "Go to Sleep Like the Flowers"? I will be a thousand times obliged and will send a square of muslin and postage for its return, or give any little sum if it is worth the stamp. Please write to me personally as I am only a trial subscriber, but I hope not to be long without THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.
CLARA M. BOSS.
Farmington, New Mexico.

DON'T HURRY THE CHILDREN.

DEAR AUNT PATIENCE—I have three little girls who are the joy of my life. The two younger go to school. They have to study harder than I approve of, but neither they nor their teachers are willing they should go to a lower class, so they have to spend most of their time in school. Now I tried to teach them to sew, they would have scarcely any time to play or take out-door exercise. They help with the housework a little; but I consider a good change from books. They make dolls clothes rainy Saturdays. My oldest girl was not able to go to school after she was thirteen; then I commenced to teach her to sew and it was no trouble to either of us. She was old enough to use skill and judgment and never a seam had to be taken out. I think in that, as in all other things, trying to urge children along too fast causes both mother and child, teacher and pupil, a great deal of unnecessary trouble and worry. Let the children romp and play. It is no harder for us to hear the noise than it is for them to keep still, and if we think more of their happiness and less of our nerves we would soon get used to it. I would rather see a happy little girl than a perfect little lady, except on some occasions. My children are considered very well behaved. They have never received corporal punishment from any one except myself, then it was very light—and I have hardly punished them since they were five years old. I rule almost entirely by love and reasoning.
MRS. J. MCKINNON.

HOW GREAT A MATTER A LITTLE FIRE KINDLETH.

DEAR AUNT PATIENCE—I was delighted to see that a page is to be devoted entirely to our correspondence. It is such a delightful way of getting at the best there is in every one. S. R. B., wants to know "If any woman will gossip." This is my idea: A great many women who do not read the papers, never look at a book, are not interested in any of the leading topics of the day, and, in fact, their intelligence does not seem to reach any higher than the latest news of some friend or neighbor. I am thrown with one get her to talk about anything but gossip, to keep her from being altogether silent, and to give a bit of news about some one we know, and away she goes. Of course I am as bad as she is for giving in to her at all in that respect. I only tell you this and show how easy it is to fall into that habit. I think a great many so-called gossips do it against their better judgment. I shall be very glad indeed to join you with any of the others who may wish to do so, in an effort to curb the habit in ourselves, and try to decrease the amount in others by our own manner that we will not tolerate it in our presence. I always did pride myself, and had the reputation of being very much averse to gossip when a girl; but the above example shows how easy it is to form such a habit when surrounded with people of that kind. Will C. A. R. tell me if she lives in Kansas City? Her letter sounds like the dearest friend I have in the world.
MRS. JERMANE.

LOVE ENVIETH NOT.

DEAR AUNT PATIENCE—I like the answer to "A Man's Idea of a Good Wife." I feel almost rebellious sometimes when I read about the easy times and luxuries of some women who really have so little to give me, comparatively, for such luxuries. I would like to give my own case for instance. I have a good, kind husband, my ideal; that I must work is no fault of his. We own two lots and a house of four rooms. We have a pair of little twin babies; I have done and have to do a great deal of sewing and my own, all of the housework, baking and all of the washing and mending; and tend, and bathe, and nurse, and change babies who are fretful from teething. I have done all of our work since they were three weeks old, and I never had a nurse girl. So many write about "baby's nurse" I sometimes wish they could take care of twins for awhile and do the work.
A HAPPY WIFE AND MOTHER.

HOME CULTURE CLUBS.

Maybe a short description of our "Home Culture Clubs" will interest the JOURNAL readers and stimulate them to go and do likewise. We begin with, we read Geo. W. Cable's article in the "Century," on the subject, and, in answer to a letter, the secretary reads in and out of meeting, together with names of books read by the individual members. We read aloud, in regular order, a chapter or portion of the work for the evening. The subjects selected are those we believe will be beneficial, giving good descriptions, valuable information, keen insight into character, etc. This is the second year of our club, and we know we are better for its existence. The entire evening is devoted to the reading, the first ten or fifteen minutes being given to general talk on anything of interest to the club; a word about some intelligent person met, concert or opera attended, item in paper or subject in connection with the daily life-work of the speaker. If we find ourselves drifting into generalities we stop abruptly and begin to read. We discuss doubtful meanings of words, quotations, and references as they occur, and settle all questions as far as possible, if unable to dispose of them then, some one is deputed to bring in the necessary information the next week. Sometimes few pages are read and not all present read, but much is gained by the discussions. Among the books we have read in the above manner are Rasselas, Iliad, Vanity Fair, Hitherto, Ruskin's Essays, and Through One Administration. We have gained in conversational ability, been reminded of common words, and our voices are strengthened for singing, besides the delightful personal acquaintances made.
L. L. F.

IN A GOODLY LAND.

DEAR HOME JOURNAL—"I wonder if a note from one of your subscribers, who is sojourning in California for a time, would be acceptable? I feel that I will not object to knowing that in two homes I have seen THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, and been told 'Oh yes, we have taken it for some time, and always enjoy it so much.' This is a very small town, simply a hamlet, tucked down very cozily and prettily in the San Geronimo Pass, between two ranges of mountains, San Bernardino on the north, and San Jacinto on the south, and the ocean on the west and the only place where there seems to be any way of looking directly toward the ocean. The wind blows almost steadily from some direction, usually from the west, at this season of the year, and no matter how warm the weather, one can be cool in the shade or when driving. Walking in warm work clothes is so very hot, but it always cools off about four P. M., and the nights are delightfully cool. And then the fruit! And the flowers, roses especially! Yes, they really do deserve two exclamations. I climbed one of the foot-hills the other day, only a very little way up, but I had a checker-board, laid out so regularly; and the orchards, vineyards and grain supplied different shades of green and yellow reds, and oranges. The land is cultivated away up into the foothills and all-watered by mountain streams brought down in a flume. The town is well located, on the Southern Pacific Railroad, eighty-eight miles from Los Angeles, which place is upon the map, but decidedly down from here as to altitude. This place is 2517 feet above sea level. I have not told you its very best features, however. The climate is such a blessing to people with weak or diseased lungs that it is fast becoming a resort for invalids. I could tell you of many almost miraculous cures, but as this isn't an advertisement, I will only speak of my own case. I have been here a month and instead of being weak, thin, and coughing badly, as when I came, I am gaining flesh, can walk a mile and a quarter without stopping rest, am brown as a berry, and the cough is not nearly so troublesome. Quite a gain in so short a time, is it not? I wish all who have any tendency toward that dread disease, consumption, would come here and be cured. For certainly that trouble can be cured if "taken in time." You know any one afflicted with sore lungs, do give him, or her, my address and I will refer them to persons who will give them reliable and accurate information. You don't seem to need canvassers in this part of the country, so if I find my family are acquainted with you, I shall hasten to perform an introduction.
MRS. J. F. BRID.

IMPARTIAL TREATMENT OF CHILDREN.

DEAR FRIENDS—From observation I have learned that there is not one mother out of ten having more than two children, who does not, perhaps unknowingly, treat with partiality one child more than another. Perhaps among your children there may be one who is specially gifted, one extra "bright" or pretty. Are you sure you do not make more of her? (I say her because it is generally a daughter whom you favor.) When there is "company" do you not "show her off," while your other children sit unobscured, unadmired, and, perhaps, unloved, in some corner, feeling as only an ill-used child can? Is it the child's fault that it is not pretty or gifted in some way? Certainly not. Or you may have a son who is the oldest. Did you ever see him come into the house, throw his coat and hat on a chair, his overshoes under the stove, and say, "Bis, put those away"? As a usual thing do you not let the younger children wait on him? Would it not be better to say, "My son, wait on yourself?" Does one of your daughters take music or drawing; and does she entertain the visitors while the "Martha" goes to the kitchen? You have heard mothers speak to the oldest daughter thus: "Now, Jennie, you do this or you do that, you are the oldest, you ought to do more than Sadie or Nellie." This I say is the "most unkind cut of all." Ought Jennie, because she is the oldest, bear the responsibility of household duties on her shoulders, are quite as strong as she? Give each child his or her own individual work to do and see that the task is performed; divide the duties among them according to their strength and ability; don't say, "Jennie you are the oldest, you must do the most." Don't favor a child because of witty sayings or a pretty face. Don't allow your older son to impose upon his sisters and brothers. Don't give Mary more work and let Martha do more visiting. Oh the household machinery with love, propel it with kind words and patience, polish it with the powder of impartiality, and keep the wheels revolving together, then all will be smooth, and with the machine you will sow, cultivate, and reap a plentiful harvest of love, gratitude and obedience.
B. A. E.

THE BEST WAY TO HAVE A FAMILY LIBRARY.

What do you think, sisters, about the best way of managing a family library? Is it a good plan to put the books into a common stock, or is it better to have each member of the family own a little store to be kept in one's own room? The books are certainly an education and I think that would be one good topic for us to talk about together.

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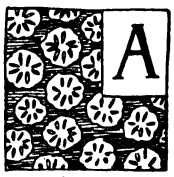
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IN LITERARY CIRCLES

MAKING FRIENDS WITH AN EDITOR.

By WOLSTAN DIXEY.



AN editor can stand an immense amount of letting alone, and young authors who wish to cultivate his good-will ought to beware of what might be termed the "nagging" habit, a fashion of continually writing to ask questions of an editor, or to volunteer small bits of information.

He is always glad to look at anything you have to offer, if it is good; there is no need of sending a letter to inquire if he wants to read your article or story; send it along and he will read as much of it as he cares to. You don't need to send an apology with it or an explanation of it, telling how you came to write it and what its moral purpose is.

The immediate value of a manuscript to an editor is that it serves his purpose, and he knows that far better than you can tell him. It is a great mistake to inquire of an editor "What sort of contributions do you desire, and how much do you pay?" There is one comprehensive answer to these questions which every editor would gladly make once for all, if he could, to the whole writing fraternity:—He wants the best of everything, and will pay for any manuscript what it is worth to him.

An author's particular fault lies not in wanting an answer to these questions, but in supposing that an editor—or any other one mortal man—has time to answer this and the hundred other questions that come to him in every mail. How much simpler—if you set a definite value on your story—to mark the price on and send it. Better still, if you are a beginner, to leave it to the editor.

An editor is obliged, from the necessities of his work, to appear far less accommodating than he really is, and at times almost discourteous. The sending of "a stamp inclosed for answer" does not help matters much; it is not the postage that an editor begrudges his inquiring correspondent; it is the time involved in an answer, even to those queries that seem to come within his scope.

Still less is it allowable to trouble an editor with matters that belong solely to the publishing department, or to propose any sort of arrangement that will complicate the editorial with the business relations of his magazine. So much has been written on this subject that it seems amazing that any further light should be needed; yet there are numbers of intelligent people who write to editors saying: "If my article is printed, please send one copy to John Smith, at such a place, and two copies to my address, at such a place." "If my story is accepted I will subscribe to three copies," or, "You may have the enclosed poem for two subscriptions, one to be sent to so and so, the other to thus and so"; or, "Please send me a sample copy"; "Please renew my subscription."

Of course an editor does not shoulder these little burdens; he passes them over to the proper department, but the writer's name lingers disagreeably in his mind.

It isn't pleasant to an author to have his Christmas or Fourth or July story returned to him just on the eve of the anniversary, when it will be unmarketable for another year; yet he should send it so far ahead so as to avoid this contingency if possible. It does not conciliate an editor's good-will to say: "Please return this manuscript within one week, if not accepted." In offices where there is a large quantity of manuscript to examine, or where there is not a large force of examiners, it must be "first come, first served," and your story may not be reached within the prescribed time.

If you are traveling, it is much better to have a permanent address from which all letters may be forwarded, than to nag an editor every week or two with the suggestion: "After June 1st my address will be thus and so, until September 1st, after which it will be at such a place."

It is hardly fair to demand an immediate acknowledgement of your manuscript. If it was properly addressed it is fair to assume that it was duly received, and to wait patiently a reasonable time, either for its acceptance or rejection, without sending "messengers" after it every few days, saying: "Did you receive my story?" "Will you publish my story?" "Please let me hear from my story." Some offices, to forestall this annoyance, send an immediate acknowledgement of every manuscript received; but this seems merely to change the key of the impatient authors to: "You acknowledged my story, but I have heard nothing further. Have you accepted it?" "Will you print it?"

There are some authors whose manuscripts, for this simple reason, are invariably returned unread from certain editorial rooms.

It is not a question of an author's "rights" or "wrongs"; no one is more acutely sensitive than an editor to the ethics of the situation; he stands between the author and the publisher in a position little appreciated in spite of all that has been said about his duties and his trials. His natural sympathies are with an author, though his business compels him to hurt one every time he turns around. He realizes the injustice of the delay and uncertainty to which young authors are subjected, but he is seldom responsible for it, though he incurs the odium; it is the necessity of the case, and his good-will goes out to those who recognize this fact and refrain from increasing the difficulties of the situation.

WOMEN AS LITERARY WORKERS.

By EDWARD W. BOK.



THE question is often asked me, "How do women, as a rule, impress you as literary workers?" To this is often affixed the additional query, "How does the literary work of women compare with that of men?"

I believe that both questions are best answered by observing woman's place in the literature of to-day. It is an indisputable truth that the best literary work to-day is being done by women, and the most conclusive evidence of this lies in the fact that of the fifteen most successful books published within the past two years, eleven were written by women. And I believe that this percentage, high as it is already, will be still greater at the end of the next two years. To find reason for this, one need not search very far. It is a trite, but a very truthful saying, that women are advancing, and outside the domestic and social circles this is nowhere so apparent as in literature. For woman is peculiarly adapted for the pen. The life of every woman is in itself a story bright or sad, and with many it is a romance of reality stranger, indeed, than any tale of fiction. She writes, therefore, from experience, from what she sees and feels in her own life and nature. The emotions which sway a woman's life and are her very existence, are the emotions which give life, blood and strength to the novelist's creations. It is natural, therefore, that women should be peculiarly adapted for successful literary work. She lives herself the very life of the heroine who fascinates us in fiction. She needs only expression. True, all women do not by far possess this gift; and it is, perhaps, fortunate for us men that this is so. Women, therefore, I believe have a natural advantage over men, as authors.

Now, how have women exercised and employed this advantage? As a rule, both wisely and well. From an experience of eight years, during which time fully two-thirds of my literary work has concerned itself with women, I can say with a strict regard only for the truth, and a disregard for winning favor or extending flattery, that I have found literary women just, fair, always courteous and obliging, and capable of far better work than men are generally willing to credit to them. I have found their work more evenly meritorious than that of men, while the most successful articles which it has been my pleasure to print in newspapers and magazines have come from the pen of women. It is possible that my experience has been exceptional—although I question this. But I have yet to ascertain that literary women possess the eccentricities which are attributed to them.

If there is one criticism which I could fairly make of women in their literary work, it is that their rapid advancement have in some cases led them to regard quantity, rather than quality. But, in every case within my knowledge, where the dangers of this natural tendency have been pointed out, the warning has been heeded. And here I must also say that I have always found literary women ready to meet fair and polite criticism of their work in the same spirit in which it is extended. The popular accusation that literary women are "thin-skinned" as regards their work, and that it is unsafe to venture a suggestion of any kind, without incurring their disfavor, is a slander born and strengthened by constant repetition. Of all the literary women who have favored me with their work and confidence, I cannot point to one who would resent an honest criticism of her work.

It is not the intention of these words—and only an unfair mind will so misconstrue the underlying motive—to lift women high on the literary pedestal to the disadvantage of men; for it is my honest conviction that man is in literature, as he is in other arts, woman's best stimulant. He is her wisest counselor, truest friend, and from him encouragement has been the spur which has won for her the race of literary fame and success. In authorship, as in all other of life's pursuits, men and women are like the blades of a pair of scissors, the one indispensable to the other, and both useless if taken apart.

IK MARVEL'S LITERARY METHODS.

THE literary methods of "Ik Marvel" are not very methodical. He usually waits till "the spirit moves," and finds his greatest difficulty in nerving himself to work. He can best write "on order," if the subject be given and the order imperative enough. As valuable thoughts occur to him he writes them in his note-books, feeling sure, as his friend Irving used to say, when he sketched a beautiful tree and laid it aside, that it would come into play some time. He has lost much valuable matter this way. He writes very fast, once started. His early manuscripts are written on paper yellow as parchment, and show a good, firm hand and singularly few corrections. He revises always enough to make his work satisfactory to himself. This is sometimes much work, sometimes little. He seldom varies expression for the sake of the expression itself, but will make any change necessary to add force or clearness to the sentiment. He usually writes in the morning, but of late had much rather go fishing, planting or hunting orchids in the woods.

LITERARY QUERIES

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

ROSE BRIER—The information you wish as to getting your literary work before the public is fully explained in Mr. Bok's article "Helps to Literary Success," in the JOURNAL for last August.

INTERROGATIVE SUBSCRIBER—All good periodicals pay for whatever material is accepted by them, at varying rates. The same article may be submitted to more than one magazine at a time.

ADELALDE B. F.—The first edition of the "Encyclopaedia Britannica" appeared in Edinburgh, in three volumes, between 1771 and 1773; the eighth edition was completed in twenty-four volumes between 1875 and 1888, the index being issued in 1890. The original English edition is printed on heavy paper with wide margins, and for Messrs. Little, Brown & Co., of Boston, are the best. For the same reason it is much to be preferred, as its stronger paper lasts longer. The price of this is \$7.50 a volume here. To meet the increased American demand from scholars and others, an edition was printed on thinner paper and with less margins; for it Charles Scribner's Sons, of New York, are the American agents. This edition sells at \$6 per volume. Both these editions are printed from the same plates, the only difference being size and thickness. The recent cheap editions put on the market are unauthorized and neither of the three are "exact" or "accurate" reproductions of the original work, as is claimed for them. These reprints are made, in one case, by photographing the pages of the original edition, in the other instances by re-setting the entire work. The reduction of the type and the illustrations, in the latter case, are a serious objection; in the other cases, articles have been left out. If you want such a work as the "Encyclopaedia Britannica" buy the original edition. Of such a work, which is bought, like a dictionary, for a life-time, you want the best, and that, by all means, is the Scribner edition.

ASCUTNEY—A portrait and sketch of Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney were published in THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL for October, 1889, and will give you the information regarding the popular author which you desire. Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster's portrait and sketch were printed in the JOURNAL for July, 1889.

MRS. D. D. WOOD—The copyright question can hardly be intelligently and fully treated in an article of limited space. Write to the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C., and he will gladly send you pamphlets explaining everything concerning copyright in detail.

MAUD H.—Mrs. Mary J. Holmes is an American, born in Brookfield, Mass. A sketch and portrait of her will be found in THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL for January, 1888.

NETTIE—There is no such thing as a "prescribed road to literary success." Every writer makes her own road. Your best method in starting is to write the best you can, be sure it is the best you can send your manuscript to some periodical. In a little while, you will learn more than I can tell you in a whole page of the JOURNAL. Experience is by far the best teacher in literature.

A BEGINNER—The reason why editors cannot give to an author a personal criticism on her work is because, were they to do so, it would involve them in a correspondence back and forth for which they have not the time. It is not because editors are unwilling; it is simply because they are among the busiest men and women in the world.

MISS C. ADAMS—Never write to a magazine which has accepted some piece of work from you asking when it will appear. Often the editor doesn't know himself. Watch the magazine yourself.

WRITER—By all means submit manuscripts written by the type-writer if you can. It is by far the best, and is rapidly becoming the only way of submitting manuscripts.

W. R. B.—The best size for manuscript paper is six by nine inches, and most authors use unruled paper.

MISS JEROME—Periodicals which advertise for manuscripts are best avoided. Magazines for which it is worth your while to write, have no occasion to make a public call for manuscripts. They get more than they want, I assure you.

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To THE JOURNAL MOTHERS: -

It gives me pleasure to announce that, commencing with the next number of the JOURNAL, the "Mothers' Corner" will have a distinct editor in the person of ELIZABETH ROBINSON SCOVIL, whose "Words for Young Mothers" on this page have proved so popular.

Miss SCOVIL is perhaps the most skilled trained nurse in this country. She is at the head of an important eastern hospital, where she is in sole and constant charge of numerous cases. For many years she has had the treatment of mothers and children, and has had an experience which concerns itself with every question of interest to mothers and children.

She will have entire charge of this Department, and will put herself at once into sympathetic touch with every JOURNAL mother. She asks that her wide and varied experience may be called upon by any one who wishes a word of advice.

EDITOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

WORDS FOR YOUNG MOTHERS.

By ELIZABETH ROBINSON SCOVIL.



N no case is a "sound mind in a sound body" of more importance than in that of a mother. If she wishes her child to be healthy, she must lay the foundation in a wise care of herself, both before and after its birth.

There are hereditary taints transmitted to children which no prudence can avert; but the dread results of even these can be mitigated by proper precautions and intelligent treatment.

If a woman is nursing her child, a fit of passion, or an imprudence in diet will affect the baby more disastrously than it will the mother.

If she nurses it when she is heated by over-exertion, or excited in any way, the delicate organization of the infant will rebel against the injustice. Self-control is as necessary on physical as on moral grounds.

The act of nursing is sometimes painful to the mother, specially before the habit is fully established. The discomfort is greatly increased if the skin that covers the nipples is tender and delicate. The suction pulls it off, leaving them in a state in which the necessary pressure of the child's lips causes intense agony. This can be prevented in a great measure, if not entirely, by bathing the nipples twice a day for six weeks before the confinement with powdered alum dissolved in alcohol; or salt dissolved in brandy.

If there is any symptom of the skin cracking when the child begins to nurse, they should be painted with a mixture of tannin and glycerine. This must be washed off before the baby touches them and renewed when it leaves them. If they are very painful, the doctor will probably order morphia added to the mixture. A rubber nipple shield to be put on at the time of nursing, is a great relief.

If the nipples are retracted or drawn inward, they can be drawn out painlessly by filling a pint bottle with boiling water, emptying it and quickly applying the mouth over the nipple. As the air in the bottle cools, it condenses, leaving a vacuum and the nipple is pushed out by the air behind it.

When the milk accumulates or "cakes" in the breast in hard patches, they should be rubbed very gently, from the base upward, with warm camphorated oil. The rubbing should be the lightest, most delicate stroking, avoiding pressure. If lumps appear at the base of the breast and it is red, swollen and painful, cloths wrung out of cold water should be applied and the doctor sent for. While the breast is full and hard all over, not much apprehension need be felt. It is when lumps appear that the physician should be notified, that he may, if possible, prevent the formation of abscesses.

While a woman is nursing she should eat plenty of nourishing food—milk, oatmeal, cracked wheat and good, juicy, fresh meat, boiled, roasted or broiled, but not fried. Between each meal, before going to bed, and once during the night, she should take a cup of cocoa, gruel made with milk, good beef tea, mutton broth, or any warm, nutritive drink. Tea and coffee are to be avoided.

It is important to keep the digestion in order and the bowels should be carefully regul-

lated as a means to this end. If necessary, any of the laxative mineral waters can be used for this purpose, or a teaspoonful of compound licorice powder taken at night. Powerful cathartic medicines should be avoided because of their effect upon the baby.

The child should be weaned at nine months' old, unless this time comes in very hot weather, or the infant is so delicate that a change of food would be injurious. If the mother is not strong her nursing will sometimes thrive better upon artificial food than on its natural nourishment.

By gradually lengthening the interval between the nursing and feeding the child, when it is hungry, the weaning can be accomplished without much trouble.

A young mother should wear warm under-clothing, thick stockings and a flannel jacket over her night-dress, unless she is in the habit of wearing an under-vest. If the body is not protected by warm clothing, there is an undue demand upon the nervous energy to keep up the vital heat, and nerve force is wasted by the attempt to compel the system to do what ought to be done for it by outside means.

After the birth of the baby, the mother should be kept perfectly quiet for the first twenty-four hours and not allowed to talk or see anyone except her nearest relations, however well she may seem. She should not get out of bed for ten days or two weeks, nor sit up in bed for nine days. The more care taken of her at this time, the more rapid will be her recovery when she does get about.

She should go up and down stairs slowly, carefully, and as seldom as possible for six weeks. She should not stand more than is unavoidable during that time, but sit with her feet up and lie down when she has time to rest. She should not work a sewing-machine with a treadle for at least six weeks, and avoid any unusual strain or over-exertion. "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," and carefulness will be well repaid by a perfect restoration to health.

RESTING THE BABY'S PLAYTHINGS.

THE wee ones, as the grown ones, have a fashion of soon tiring of their playthings. One day, the little rubber lions and "men-folks," and rattles take up a big space in his bit babyship's affections. The next day, lo! the small tyrant turns up his little nose at them, and lustily demands new worlds to conquer. "Mrs. Tetterby" was right—"that's the way the world goes."

The baby phase of this disease is easily cured. I have found it a fine plan to "rest" the little rubber and wooden and woolen commodities awhile—substituting always something equally as fascinating in their places. It works like a charm. The little treasures come forth from their resting-places to begin their reign in her majesty's heart all over again. Their little mistress possesses a whole drawer of her very own, in the writing-desk, and there is housed the resting portion of her miniature family; there, too, are stabled the members of her little rubber menagerie not out "on duty." There are always new and glorious wonders in that drawer, ready to pop out in an emergency, and bring sparkles into their small owner's eyes! One set of toys that has worn out its usefulness is speedily shut up to renew its youth, and a new set slipped into its place. You see, in that simple fashion, there are sure to be interesting playthings always on hand. Some of the frailer and more hazardous toys are kept back for special times, when her babyship needs something a little nicer and newer than usual to make amends for the cruel throbbing in her little toothless gums, or to cure a woful little bump. What that drawer does not hold in the way of a cure, isn't worthy a place in the medicine chest! Right in connection with this subject comes another notion of mine which may be worth while mentioning. It seems a good plan to begin saving up treasures for the baby even long before the little fingers have learned their cunning. Of course toys can be bought anywhere and at any time; but there are numberless little, queer affairs one runs across about the house every little while, that will afford the little man or woman lots of enjoyment by-and-by, when he or she grows up to them. Meanwhile, they are in daily peril of their lives. Why not put them away at once, 'gainst their time of usefulness? When the baby is ready for them 'twill be amazing what a beautiful store of charming little odds and ends is ready for it—to "go with" all the more fashionable "store" treasures. Little baskets of all manner of shapes and colors, cunning little boxes, a bit of a wooden barrel, a "little brown jug," a tiny "Independence bell," with a still tinier one tied to it with ribbons; wee cup and saucer, a picture, bright cards and books—why, they only make up a single regiment of baby's army of recruits, by-and-by. My baby's drawer is running over with these and the other playthings whose name is legion. I believe it would be a better plan to divide forces, having a drawer for the toys that are safe for now, and another for those waiting for the wee woman to grow wiser and bigger. In connection with wee toys—the rubber animals and dolls—I would like to enter an earnest protest against the foolish, harmful practice the manufacturers have of adorning them with blue eyes and red cheeks and lips—and one little cock of the roost I have in mind, was gorgeous in blue and green plumage! What if they do look more "natural" and folksy? They must be promptly denuded of their glory before they are safe for baby's fingers to handle, and baby's lips to touch. For my part, I wish there were no blue eyes and hectic flushes in the whole rubber world. Paint that will come off so readily at the mother's hands, is quite as ready to come off into little, pure mouths, and do real harm, if the toys should fail to be thoroughly unpainted before the baby has them. Why do not we mothers carry war into the enemy's quarters?

ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL.



I am glad the JOURNAL Mothers are beginning to show their warm interest in the "Council," and, before long, I predict that the column will not be long enough to admit all who wish to join.

"Permit me to join your Mothers' Council and suggest to some mother whose baby may be suffering with the diarrhoea incident to teething children, that the use of chocolate, prepared as for table use, will prove to be both nutritious and helpful to the little one. I give it to my baby freely, and the effect on the bowels is soon evident, and the little one begins at once to improve. I prefer the chocolate prepared with very little, if any, water, using fresh, sweet milk, and boiling well after the chocolate is added. AUNT ALICE."

"My little girl had a very troublesome wart, defying all remedies for months. At length a little negro girl one day found a horse-hair very tightly around the wart, which soon dropped off and never reappeared. A silk thread bound around the wart has the same effect as the horse-hair. The idea is to simply strangle the wart, or, in other words, cut off all circulation." "A SOUTHERN MOTHER."

"To the troubled mother who asks in July JOURNAL what is good for her child's sallow complexion, I would say, that she is suffering from poverty of blood, and to enrich and purify the blood have her drink a glass of milk for breakfast each morning, to which has been added a well beaten, fresh egg, and sugar to taste. Try this for six months steadily and watch for improvement. BULAH BENTON."

"A young mother once said to me that she was constantly annoyed on account of her baby wanting to be nursed so often, and while at my house, she nursed the little fellow and it was then found out the trouble and bother; neither should we encourage nursing, and when she thought he was smacking his lips and having a good dinner, he really was not getting as much as his stomach craved, and in that way the baby was hungry half of the time. She tried holding the child up snug, yet firm, and in less than half an hour he was satisfied and fast asleep. LULU."

"Cannot some good Christian mother tell us how to spend Sunday afternoon with our children to their profit? We can entertain the little ones in many ways; but to so interest and instruct them that the hour or two spent with mamma on Sabbath afternoon shall be of lasting benefit, interest them in the Bible and foster in their hearts a love for the Sabbath and religion. No one but a mamma can expect to exert her influence. We cannot seem to do this by simply holding up a high standard of morality on that day, sending them to the Sunday-school and then force them to learn so many verses or recite portions of the Catechism, making the day a dread to the active little minds and bodies; neither should we encourage play which properly belongs to the next day. We want something which shall make the children look forward to Sunday as their best day. I am the young mother of a very stirring little girl of seven years who "cannot bear to sit still while mamma reads;" also twins "thirteen months old." Let some of these good mothers tell us some of their experience. PERPLEXED MAMMA."

PHOTOGRAPHING CHILDREN.

THERE is nothing connected with the art of photography so pleasing to the artist as a successful picture of a pert little miss or a bold, bonnie lad. Children generally drop into pretty and graceful poses, something so natural and life-like that it seems, and is, indeed, impossible for any artist to improve. However, no matter how graceful a pose may be, no matter how clever may be the expression, all may be spoiled and rendered unartistic by certain arrangements of dress or peculiar grouping of colors. The patient photographer cannot, dare not, tell an amiable mamma to take her bright little boy home and dress him so that his photograph will be a gem of photography and a comfort and pleasure both to mamma, papa, sisters, cousins, aunts, and other relatives in whole. No; he must do the best he can with what is presented. So, kind mamma, or whoever is about to bring a child to the photographer, I give a few hints. If you will follow them, that is, so far as dress is concerned, and will leave the artist to exercise certain judgment in the way of surroundings in the picture, you will be pleased greatly with the results. Never dress a child in velvets unless of light-colored hues. Your bonnie boy may possess a most elegant green sack; but the poor artist feels like tearing his hair—and does when in his dark room—over the impossibilities of green to come out nicely in the finished photograph. Large stripes and checks in fabrics are not artistic. They detract from the sweet simplicity of the face and pose, and spoil the picture in general. Do not ask the artist to take a picture of your boy full length when he, the boy of course, is dressed in knee pants. Boy's feet are proverbially large, and they loom up immensely when attached to a pair of slim legs clad from knee to ankle in stockings. Boys generally do not require such striking effects in photography as girls do; so, unless you desire a character picture of Jamie, Joe, Bob, or what not, dress him in quiet colors; and there is nothing so befitting a boy in a picture as gray or very light blues, browns or some such mild hues. As for girls—and I now speak of little tots—you cannot improve your white, soft laces and graceful clinging folds. Now, when I say this, I mean blondes. If your charming tot is a brunette, dress her in cream-colored or dark blue or brown. There are certain reasons for doing so which no one but the artist can tell. He has to manipulate certain chemicals according to various subjects, and when you present a blonde to him dressed in light he is well aware of the good things he alone knows how to do for you. As for babies in long dresses they always are in white; but do not worry too much over its picture; for, if you swoop down upon the gentle morsel five or six times in a minute you spoil the baby's temper and the artist's. Let him alone; he has taken more baby pictures than you ever saw, and if he doesn't bring into play his years' of knowledge and skill he isn't a good artist. But I can assure you, nothing pleases him like making a successful picture of a baby; so, leave him alone to his own dear task and I'll warrant you he will please you.

H. S. KELLER.

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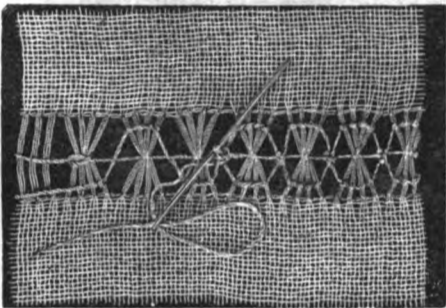
EDITED AND CONDUCTED BY MARY F. KNAPP.

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

Drawn Work. (No. 2.)

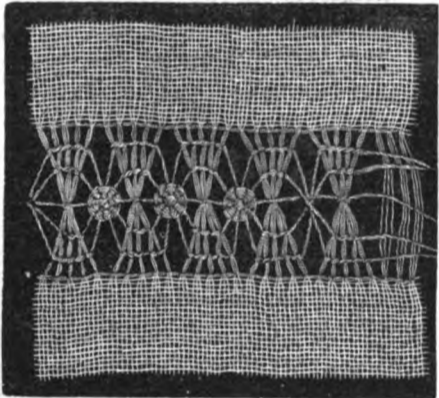
(Continued from August number.)

So far we have gone without any artificial aid; but beyond this we cannot progress without a frame of some kind to hold our work firmly in place. Those of us who live in large cities can easily procure the light cloth-covered wooden frames sold for this purpose, in the fancy goods stores. If these are not obtain-



No. 5.

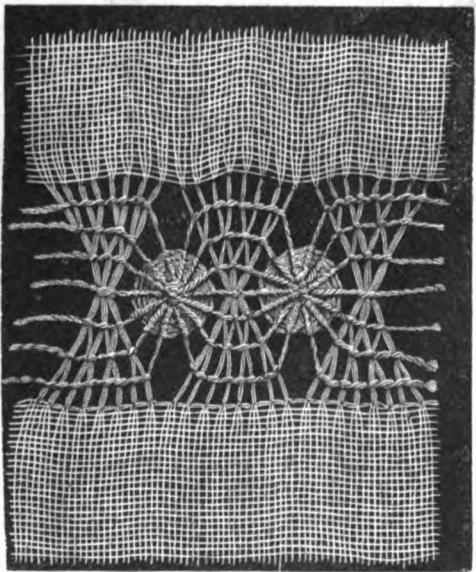
able, almost any hardware merchant or plumber will make, for about fifteen cents, a good frame of boiler-wire, bent in shape with the ends welded together. This must be wound with strips of cotton cloth torn straight, not cut bias. There is yet another way: Anyone possessing some smooth strips of pine wood and a little ingenuity can construct a frame as serviceable, perhaps, as either of the others. No matter how the result is reached so that it gives you a firm, not too heavy cloth-covered



No. 6.

frame, half a yard long by not over eight inches wide. On this is securely basted whatever article is to be decorated.

A word right here about linen thread: Some dry goods stores have two or three kinds of spool-linen—many more keep only one manufacturer's thread. If you have three together, it is an easy task to decide which suits you best in texture and color, but if only one kind is at hand, and that proves in



No. 7.

using to be harsh, uneven or knotty, next time try another manufacture. I hesitate to name the thread I prefer myself, lest I seem to discriminate against others nearly as good; so experience will be your best guide, and not a very dear one with linen only ten cents for two hundred yards; and softness and evenness of finish, and harmony of color will determine your choice.

And now we enter upon a new field of study in which one may become hopelessly involved unless content to advance one step at a time. Sussing the work to be carefully basted on a frame of some sort (a round embroidery hoop serves admirably for samples), and a space less than an inch wide drawn out, the threads divided, as we learned in the August JOURNAL, with a slender darning-needle and No. 25 thread, divide the strands of your open space into groups of four or five, and knot them firmly down the middle. This is illustrated by thread a in No. 5. Then with a longer thread, b, knot each strand of the groups separately, crossing and recrossing the dividing line a. The thread c is used exactly as b, only that at the intersection of the three threads, another knot is tied. If you wish this knot to be more conspicuous, a deft weaving of your thread in and out, around the centre will make it so.

For No. 6 a little wider space is drawn out, another strand is added in each group and another thread each side of the middle line. At the intersection of all the threads, a knot is tied as in No. 5, and the wheel is made by simple basket-weaving in and out around the centre, until the desired size is reached.

In No. 7 a yet wider space is prepared, the limit being from one-and-a-half inches to two-and-a-half. Here each group contains eight strands, and three threads are used each side of the middle. The greater space is here filled in with a large wheel made by back-stitching round and round the central knot. The success of this wheel depends entirely upon the angle at which each line crosses the middle, and upon the evenness of tension of the radiating spokes. If these spokes of your backstitched wheel will lean, and twist and curve, don't dishearten yourself; fingers and eyes will do better and truer work every time.

No. 8 keeps still the thread down the middle. You don't know yet what a help that dividing line has been to you, nor will you appreciate it until, as with other blessings, you have to do without it. In this No. 8 we take a still wider space; increase again the number of working threads. Learn a new wheel and an altogether new design. For this pattern the space may be from two to four inches, the narrower being best to practice on and the wider being used mostly for showy, open drapery. The eight strands of each group are a very convenient number to work on, though sometimes on a material of closer mesh, ten strands give the same effect. For the wheel begin as before, with a knot at the intersection of all the threads, and then knot each radiating thread round and round the centre until the space is filled. It does not at all resemble a spider's web here, does it? Just try it sometime when you have a great, bare, square corner to fill, and see then how the knots will dwindle away and the spider's web appear.

Now we come to the new design and to the end of our second lesson. As you see by the illustration, there are eight converse threads on each side of the middle line. We begin at the centre and weave our thread just as one darns a stocking, in and out, back and forth through six threads in two of the groups, and through three in the other two composing the figure. Less practice is required to become skillful in doing this, than in making any of the wheels; and alternating with the wheel in No. 7, it makes up one of the most popular patterns of drawn work.

Has this lesson been long and difficult? Learn it well, then, for next time we must do without aids we have had here and depend more and more each one on her own judgment. S. G. S.

Eye-Glass Wiper.

Cut two circular pieces of chamois two inches and a half in diameter, and buttonhole-stitch the edge of each piece with colored silk. Fasten together at top with narrow ribbon bow. On the face of one side the following words may be printed.

The world will never look just right Unless you keep your glasses bright.

A Handsome Book-Marker.

A very handsome book-marker may be made of three or four ribbons, each a pretty color and all harmonizing. They may be all of the same length, but would look better if the shortest were just an inch longer than the book it is intended to mark, and the others of graduating longer lengths. Fasten all four together at one end to a brass ring. This may be the size of a finger-ring, or larger, according to the width of your ribbons. Half-inch ribbons and ring to match, look very well.



A HANDSOME BOOK MARKER.

Then, to each disengaged end, attach a tiny bell, the same color as the ribbon, or as nearly so as possible. To finish this marker write in gold or silver paint, or ink, on each ribbon a line of the following rhyme:—

"Not mine to tell
If the book be good;
I keep my place,
As a marker should."

A marker like this will keep several places in a book, and look very pretty when lying on the parlor table, with the gay, little bells hanging over the edge.

Another rhyme suitable for the purpose might be:

"I cannot tell where
Your place may be;
But I'll keep the place,
If you'll place me."

Or from our favorite poets we might get many a verse. A good one from Longfellow would be:

"Then read from the treasured volume,
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice."

MOUNT ROYAL.

Clothes Curtain.

Many ladies, owing to a mistake made by the architect of their houses, are much inconvenienced by having no place except a row of pegs in their bedrooms upon which to hang their clothes.

This is very unsatisfactory, for the clothes are always more or less dusty, besides being discolored by the air and sunlight.

The following is a good plan to avoid some of these inconveniences.

Take a planed board, a trifle longer than the row of pegs and about a foot wide. Fasten this with two brackets (or three, if the board is very long), high enough above the pegs so that it will not interfere with hanging or unhang- ing the clothes.

Along the edge of the front of this board or shelf, as it now represents, nail another board about four inches wide and just even with the top of the shelf.

Paint this wood-work the color of the room, or stain it some dark color. This shelf will be a handy place to set bandboxes and other like articles. Take some furniture cloth, or any cloth preferred, and make a curtain long enough to reach from the bottom of the shelf to the floor (make an allowance for a six-inch hem at the bottom and a one-inch casing at the top), and wide enough to hang middling full. Run a stout cord in the casing and fasten at each end to the wall with picture screws; also fasten in the corners and at short distances along the front to keep from sagging.

It must be remembered that this curtain is to be tacked inside of the box-like bottom of the shelf, to keep dust from getting inside.

This curtain should be divided in the centre to give easier access to the garments within.

A lambrequin-like effect can be given to the whole by making a short curtain one-half a yard long, with a two-inch hem at the bottom. Double down the top and gather, so

as to leave a heading one-and-a-half inch wide.

Tack this curtain at the gathering along the lower edge, and outside of the front board, with brass-headed furniture tacks.

The larger curtain, for a shelf nine feet long and six-and-a-half feet high, will require six-and-two-thirds yards. The small one needs one-and-a-half yards. LAUREL.

Needlework Notes.

A centre-piece recently accepted and sold at a neighboring Decorative Art Society, was embroidered on cream-colored satine, with silks to match, and was done in cut-work, or Venetian embroidery.

The outline of the design was all button-holed over German cord, with rope-silk. The large leaves in the four corners were done in honeycomb-stitch, so-called from its resemblance to the cells of a honeycomb. Several other stitches were introduced with charming effect, viz., heavy outline, Kensington or single outline, fourteenth-century darning, etc. This made, when completed, a very artistic piece of work.

I would say, for the benefit of amateurs, that cord-work should never have an iron applied to it, but ought to be carefully stretched over a damp cloth, and when dry, if properly done, will be perfectly smooth.

After stretching, the work should be cut out.

Another effective design for a centre-piece is of la France roses.

These roses should never be attempted by a tyro, especially if colors are to be used, as it is not adapted for a beginner. A careful shading and blending of the colors must be observed, according to the principles of art, and none but a skillful needle-woman ought to attempt such an intricate design. The design may be an all-over pattern, a border or a spray in the four corners, with a few stray flowers scattered irregularly over the piece.

These roses, when completed, are very handsome and may be worked in white, or colors, but white is always preferred, except for luncheons, teas, etc.

The doilies need not necessarily match the centre-piece, but it is better taste, I think, for all to be of one color.

Large designs are popular for tray-cloths, bureau-covers, splashes, etc., and these articles meet with more ready sale when bold designs are adapted.

ISN'T THIS REASONABLE?

If a little is good — more will be better. Only abuse of privilege can call into question the truth of this statement.

Thus, since there is no doubt that Oxygen is the element principally concerned in the making of good blood, it will not be denied that a larger supply of it than that which you share in common with every one else will be good for your lungs.

Good, because it is known that many diseases arise from insufficient nutrition.

Briefly, then, the Compound Oxygen Treatment is precisely this healing excess. It is electrically charged and purified. An inhalation of it sends a warming revitalizing glow over the entire system, and recovery is a most natural and direct result.

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KITTY'S BEAUTIFUL FAIRIES.

BY ANNIE ISABEL WILLIS.

SEVEN grains of wheat, laid on a four-leaved clover, will enable one to see the fairies.

Papa had read this to Kitty from his paper one evening, and it had caught her ear like a



"She was musing on them now."

verse of poetry, and clung in her memory ever since. Kitty was not yet too old to believe in the fairies. She had some beautifully bound fairy-tales on the oak book-shelves in her dainty white-and-gold room in her father's country-house. When the family went back to the city she would take them with her; she always did. There was one bound in bright crimson, one in green and black, one in exquisite peacock blue, and several golden-brown ones. But the external colors of the gay little row were naught to Kitty compared with the pages within. They were rainbow-hued for her.

Kitty's greatest desire was to see the fairies, and when her papa laughingly read out the above words, saying, "There is a chance for you, Kitty," she did not forget them.

She was musing on them now, curled up in a great chair, against whose dark blue velvet back her golden curls shone. She had come into the large parlor to be quite alone, and had settled herself with her head laid back, her arms spread out on the arms of the chair, and with the tiny contraction between her brows that papa called her "thought-wrinkle."

"Seven grains of wheat," "a four-leaved clover," "to see the fairies,"—thus her thoughts ran on, and how her heart leaped at the last one!

"But where shall I get the wheat?" and "How shall I find a clover?" "I will ask Thomas," she finally thought. Thomas was the coachman, and he was very fond of Kitty. She ran at once out to the carriage-house.

"Thomas, when can I get a four-leaved clover?"

"Sure, an' what do ye want of one of them, Miss Kitty?"

"I want to use it, Thomas. Please tell me."

"Ye'll have to look in the grass till ye find one. They brings luck, but only to them that finds 'em."

"Thank you, Thomas. Now, I'd like seven grains of wheat, if you please."

"Bless the child! What's got into yer head now, dear? Never mind, Thomas. I'm not going to do any harm," and Kitty's brown eyes gazed straight up at the man with a look that told him she meant all she said.



"She saw a dainty figure coming toward her."

"Well, well, now, Miss Kitty, sure an' I'll find 'em fur ye some way. You go and hunt fur the clover."

It took Kitty longer than she thought to do that. She spent so much time on the grass that her mother noticed it, and asked what she was looking for.

"A four-leaved clover, mamma," said she. "So you have the craze too. Well, do not go when the sun is hot. You might make yourself ill."

Mrs. Deane was well satisfied with anything that kept Kitty out of doors, yet within sight of the windows.

On the fourth day of her search Kitty found the clover, and in such a pretty place! She had tried the smoothly rolled lawn, but unsuccessfully, and had betaken herself to a spot behind an arbor, just where the orchard began. The grass was not closely cut here, and it grew up so long that a breeze easily sent it nodding. The late afternoon sunlight falling through the branches of the orchard trees, streaked with gold the rich green below. Down went Kitty on her knees to find her treasure. There it was, looking up at her as if to say, "I have been waiting ever so long for you."

It took but a short time to lay the clover down on the ground and put the wheat upon it. Then the little girl waited, reclining with her head on one hand, her elbow resting on the ground.

Soon she heard a rustling sound in the long grass. Looking up, she saw a dainty little figure coming toward her. What a smooth, unruffled face the stranger had! She looked as if nothing ever went wrong with her. She was about a foot tall, and her hair and dress were exquisitely neat.

"Are you a fairy?" asked Kitty, her eyes growing big and astonished looking. You see, Kitty's faith was no stronger than many people's. When the blessing came which she had worked so hard to secure, she was quite bewildered.

"Yes, I am. Didn't you wish to see one?"

"Yes,"—Kitty's voice had a dubious sound—"but I thought fairies always had gauze dresses and wings and floating hair."

"You see you did not know everything about fairies," said the stranger with a very sweet smile that captivated Kitty.

"I like you just as well without," said she, politely. "Will you tell me your name? Mine is Kitty Deane."

"Yes, I know," said the fairy. "Mine is Patience."

"I never heard that name before," said Kitty. "What do you do?"

"Whatever I find to do," replied the Fairy Patience. "I helped you to find the clover."

"How?" asked Kitty, greatly astonished.

"Did you not look for it four days?"

"How do you know about it? Yes, I did. It seemed a long time, too."

"Well, you looked with patience, or else you would never have found it."

"O, I have heard of patience, but not for a name."

"Whenever I see persons earnestly desiring anything that is right, I come and help them."

"Well, I'm very much obliged to you," said Kitty. She was a little girl who seldom forgot to be polite.

"Would you like to see more of us, dear child?" asked the fairy.

"If you please."

Then the fairy sang, in a low but very sweet and clear voice:

Fairies, come and weave a spell
Round the maid we love so well.
She has sought the four-leaved clover,
Found our darling four-leaved clover,
Placed there seven grains of wheat,
Waited with a faith most sweet,
Sweet reward is due, I ween:
Fairies, come, and bring our queen.

Suddenly the orchard seemed to be full of the tiny creatures! Kitty was delighted to see some of them in regulation fairy robes.

How they danced and fluttered about before the child's sparkling eyes!

Then a silver car appeared, and in it was the prettiest and sweetest fairy of all. Her wings and dress seemed to be all colors blended together, like the tints of an opal. She placed herself directly in front of Kitty

and the others ranged themselves around her. "So you wished to see the fairies, dear little mortal," she said, and her voice, too, was very sweet.

"Yes," said Kitty, clasping her hands.

"Are—are you the queen of the fairies?"

"I am. What will you have? You know whatever favor mortals ask when I bid them choose, is granted."

"Can your fairies help little girls to do what they wish?" asked Kitty.

"Yes, dear."

"Well,"—Kitty spoke very slowly, as if to be quite sure of her own mind before stating her wish—"I should like them to help me to be a good girl."

"Tell me what naughty deeds you do."

"I am cross when Mary pulls my curls in combing them."

"Fairy Good-Temper, come forth," said the queen.

At once a fairy stepped from among the others and stood beside Kitty. She had a pleasant face, and did not look as if she had ever been out of temper in her life.

"Now, what else?" asked the queen.

"I do not like to study and to pick up my playthings," said Kitty.

"Fairy Industry," said the queen, and now a neat, trim little fairy, wearing an apron over her pretty robe, came to Kitty's other side.

"I would like to love everybody better," said the little girl next, in answer to an inquiring look from the queen. "I love my papa and mamma and the others at home, of course, but I do not like beggars and great big men that come for work. I want to feel kinder toward them."

"Fairy Love," and out stepped a figure that was almost as beautiful as the queen herself.

And so the choice went on, until the fairies Unselfishness, Purity, Gentleness, and others were standing around Kitty. The queen added some of these, for she said, "Even a little diamond needs much polishing," which Kitty did not in the least understand.

The fairies will not be where you can see them," said the kind little lady to Kitty, but they will always be ready to help you when you need it. You may now play with us awhile, but we must soon go.

Kitty started up, when, all of a sudden, the shining forms disappeared. She cried out after them, but they did not return, so after a time she went slowly to the house, and the clover-leaf with the grains of wheat upon it lay there forgotten.

Like a wise little girl, Kitty told her mother all about it. Mamma said she had been dreaming, but

Kitty did not believe that.

"I saw 'em just as plain, with my own eyes, mamma," she said. "And some of the fairies are to help me be good. You must wait and see if I am not better."

It certainly did seem so. Kitty was a better girl. She didn't scold when her hair was pulled, and was more generous. Then she was not so afraid when left alone.

"Because, you know the fairies are near me all the time," she would say confidently.

Whether it was a dream or not, I leave my young readers to judge.

A FOUR-YEAR-OLD HAMLET.

Harold's whole family are addicted to much quoting from various authors, and the little four-year-old has absorbed many of these extracts into his active little brain.

One day, when he had been unusually mischievous, his grandma exclaimed in despair:

"There! I never did see such a boy!"

"Whereupon the little Hamlet piped up briskly:

"Well, take him for all in all, grandma, you ne'er shall look upon his like again!"

RITA'S NAME FOR A CROOKED ROAD.

Rita was riding one day on a very crooked road, that went winding and dodging up hill and down dale, in an eccentric fashion of its own.

At last, little Rita folded her small hands with much resignation, saying:

"Well, I never did saw such a curly road!"

COULD A REPLY BE BRIGHTER?

Little Imogen's father is a minister, and known far and wide for his goodness and benevolence.

When Imogen was three years old, she ran out of doors one day—where her father had been walking through the snow. At once the little maid began trying to put her small feet in the big footprints.

Her mother went to the door and exclaimed, "Why, Imogen! what are you trying to do?"

"O," the little lady made reply, "I'm walking in the steps of righteousness."

THE HUSKING OF THE CORN.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.

When the autumn winds are merry,
And come piping o'er the lea,
Kiss the lassies' cheeks to cherry,
Toss their curls in frolic glee,

Then the neighbor children gather
At the sound of Robin's horn,
Trooping to the barn together
For the husking of the corn.

There the floor is swept so trimly,
Ready for the pleasant play.
There the light falls soft and dimly
Down the hills of fragrant hay.



There the pumpkins and the squashes,
In a circle ranged complete,
For the laddies and the lassies,
Make for each a royal seat.

On our golden stools a-sitting,
Each beside a pile of corn,
Lightly goes the laughter flitting
While the rustling husks are torn.

Speech and song and jest together
Lightly come and lightly go,
In our hearts make summer weather,
Though the autumn winds do blow.

And the ears, all golden gleaming,
Pile we high before us there,
Till a wondrous castle, seeming
All of gold, we've builded fair.

Then, when all is finished, Robin
Brings the apples gleaming red,
Chestnuts in their satin jackets,
Cookies crisp, and gingerbread.

And we feast with song and laughter,
And we make the echoes ring
Till each ancient cobwebbed rafter
Shakes to hear our reveling.



And at "pussy-in-the-corner,"
And at "hide-and-seek" we play,
Racing, chasing here and yonder,
In among the hills of hay,

Till the rising morn is jealous,
Envy our merry sport,
Through the window peeps to tell us—
"Go to bed, as go you ought!"

So, with parting jest and greeting,
Troop the neighbor children home,
Hoping for another meeting
When a holiday shall come.

Keep your shops, your smoky weather!
Keep your looks of pitying scorn!
You can never troop together
To the husking of the corn.



HINTS ON HOME DRESS-MAKING BY EMMA M. HOOPER.

MISS HOOPER invites, and will cheerfully answer, any questions concerning home dressmaking which may be sent to her by the JOURNAL sisters.

CORRESPONDENT asks: "How do you make an ordinary skirt?" Nothing is simple about dressmaking in these days, only apparently so, and the plainest skirt requires a certain shap-

NEW DESIGNS FOR GOWNS.

If you can find a remnant of cashmere cheap, use it for a home dress, having a full skirt, large Medici sleeves and a round bodice having a lapped front, with collar, cuffs and girdle of heavy lace.

A BICYCLE SKIRT.

Some correspondents are inquiring what is worn by ladies when "on the wheel." The divided skirt is worn, which was described several months ago, for flannel, silk or cambric underwear, and one of a similar shape is worn when thus exercising.

DRESS AIDS FOR MOTHERS.

SCHOOL FROCKS.

The serviceable, all-wool plaids, striped and checked chevrons are tasteful, and as inexpensive as good materials can be for this purpose. A person is sometimes able to pick up a yard or so of one material and three or four yards of another fabric very cheap, and out of the two combine a serviceable dress, using the plaid for the round waist or yoke-bodice, and full, gathered skirt; or, if plain and striped goods are to be united, use the plain, as described above, for the plaid. Do not despair over half-worn frocks, for even three materials may be interwoven to form a comfortable dress.

A FEW NEAT DRESSES.

For a girl of ten years have a narrow gathered skirt front, high collar, cuffs and the plastron—shirred to represent a square yoke at the top—of red surah, with a kilt skirt and round waist of dark-gray cashmere, which buttons in the back, slopes from the shoulders in front to allow the plastron to form a broad V, and has leg-of-mutton sleeves.

FASHIONABLE SKIRT EFFECTS. You may arrange the "drop" or outside material in divers ways, but the prevailing idea must be straightness. Lapped fronts, running diagonally, are to be worn with plaited backs, and flat bands of trimming ornament the front edges.

Jacket effects are too jaunty to give them up easily after they have obtained a firm hold upon the affections of young ladies. One of the prettiest of the many jacket-basques has a coat-tail back, and long, rounding fronts fitted with single darts and setting well below the waist-line.

DRESSMAKERS' CORNER

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

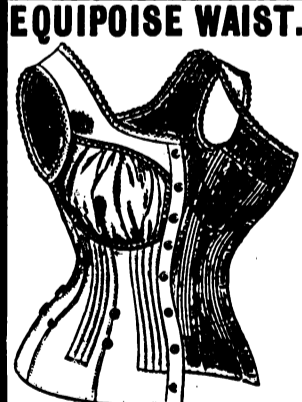
MRS. F. D.—Allow three-fourths of an inch extra length across the back breadth for a "very small bustle and one need." ESTELLE—When you button your sleeve up the outside, the lapping side is finished with a facing, and the lapped side has a fly which slips under the button-hole when the sleeve is fastened, and conceals the seam beneath.

FIRST ATTEMPT—I would advise you commence with a morning dress of gingham, made with a line spencer waist, shirt sleeves and a gathered skirt. SEAMSTRESS—Skirt-brails are now run along the wrong side of the skirt edge, never sewed on the right side, and hemmed down on the inner facing, which has become obsolete.

Agencies at which the Equipoise Waist may be found at Retail.

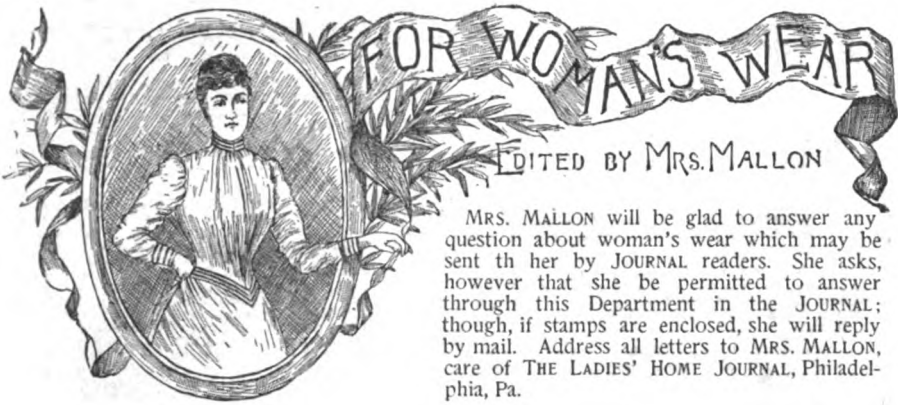
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MRS. MALLON will be glad to answer any question about woman's wear which may be sent to her by JOURNAL readers. She asks, however that she be permitted to answer through this Department in the JOURNAL; though, if stamps are enclosed, she will reply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

THE signs and symbols of mourning are not only gladly assumed by you and me when life seems full of darkness, and all joy has gone with our loved one, but every man and woman seeing the outward visible sign of the grief that is being undergone, bows in silent respect before it. This is right and just. Custom has made certain decrees that protect those who suffer, and no one has



A NEW BECOMING HAT. (Illustration No. 4).

a right to rebel against these laws. Dame Fashion, in her wisdom, offers the pure white gown for the bride, the rose-colored one for the pretty, laughing matron, but the deep black for the widow. In its quiet sombreness there is a suggestion of dignity and yet a pitiful pleading to all for sympathy in her sorrow. And yet this tender devotion degenerates sometimes in a morbid feeling that cannot but be strongly objected to, and the beautiful sunshine is kept away from the pale faces upon which it should glow and bring out the roses of health. Not a bit more devotion and love for the dead is shown by the width of crape folds, and certainly those who have gone before are not happier by knowing that the rooms in which their voices rang out are chill and damp as vaults.

Fashion some time ago announced that grief and good sense should in future be linked together.

The mourning habit is assumed that the world at large may respect your grief, but not that you may be a damper to the joyfulness of everybody else. As soon as you feel that you wish it, go among those who are joyful, but do not carry with you the trappings of woe that have been significant of your sorrow. Be bright minded enough for this, because after all though your friend may grieve with you in your sorrow, you have not the right to take your grief amid her joy.

RULES OF MOURNING.

Widow's, which is the deepest of all mourning, consists of a plain gown of black Henrietta cloth or bombazine, with crape upon it or not, as may be desired, and a fine white lissé finish at the neck and wrists. A tiny Marie Stuart cap, made of footing, and net, is pinned on the head in the house, and a fine fluting of plaited lissé is the outlining of the bonnet. The length of the veil differs, of course, according to one's height, but the real widow's veil should reach to the edge of the skirt, back and front, and be finished by a hem a quarter of a yard wide. This is worn so that the whole figure is enshrouded for three months; after that it is thrown back, and at the end of another three months, a single veil, reaching, however, to the edge of the skirt at the back, is assumed. This may be worn for six months and crape then laid aside; but if a widow indeed, she may properly in this garb all her life.



A COSTUME FOR A WIDOW. (Illus. No. 1).

NO SECOND-MOURNING.

The combination of colors once known as "second-mourning," is no longer seen; after crape is laid aside, black, all-black, with a certain amount of severity about it, is considered in good taste. Simplicity in the mode of making and the plainness of the hat or bonnet usually stamps this as black. A daughter will wear crape six months for a mother or father, and all-black for another six months; and the same is done for a grown child. For a baby, all-black only is considered good form. For an uncle or aunt three months in crape and three months in black are proper; and for a brother or sister six months in crape and six in black, if they are grown, but only black for three months if they are little children. "Complimentary mourning," which is assumed for a friend, is all-black without distinction to materials, only jewels being relegated to their cases while the black is worn.

WHAT NOT TO WEAR.

Black velvet, plush, brocade, or fringed materials are not mourning. Feathers or jewelry are in extremely bad taste. A small jet brooch and one's wedding ring constituting all the jewels permitted. Fancy gloves are not in good taste, plain black undressed ones being counted most proper. Beads and bangles are alike ostracized, and too much cannot be said against the so-called mourning jewelry. If a young girl should be married while in mourning for a parent, she puts aside her sombre gown and appears in all-white for the auspicious event, assuming her black robes the next day.

A TYPICAL COSTUME FOR A WIDOW.

This costume (Illustration No. 1) is that worn by a widow after the veil has been thrown off the face. The skirt, which is of Henrietta cloth, has the front almost entirely plain; at each side is a double box-pleat, and in the back the drapery is laid in rather wide side plaits. The bodice is that known as a "habit basque," and which is only different from the postilion in the back, the one having a square tail, the other a pointed one. In front is set in a well-shaped vest of rich English crape, which is closed its entire depth with the bullet-shaped buttons that resemble crape and do their duty so well. Crape-covered buttons are not advised as they do not button easily, and wear brown and rusty looking. The sleeves are raised a little and have a narrow cuff of white lissé about the edge. The plain, high collar has a similar finish. The bonnet is a tiny Marie Stuart shape, fitting the head closely and having its outlines described by a plaiting of white lissé; the veil is draped over it, as illustrated, and falls in long, rich folds at the back.

It is quite proper for a widow to wear a plain black gown and have no crape upon her except that in her veil; this is a French fashion that has been given the approbation of women of good taste; then, when the veil is removed later on, the simple black bonnet is all that is required to make the toilette one only of black. Black undressed kid gloves are preferred in a mourning toilette. The glacé gloves are only in vogue when colors have been assumed.

A RICH BLACK TOILETTE.

A costume worn by an elderly lady who had assumed "all-black" for a brother, is very effective; the material is a rich black Irish poplin, and the garniture is of dull black silk passementerie. The front of the skirt is laid in side plaits, while the back is in the long, rounded folds that contrast so well with the flat ones; the bodice has a long postilion back, overlaid with passementerie, and the pointed vest is formed of the same decoration; the sleeves are slightly full and have cuffs of the trimming, and the high collar is overlaid with it. The bonnet is made of the poplin, draped in capote fashion, and having a passementerie butterfly just in front.

AN ALL-BLACK COSTUME.

The all-black gown which many who put on mourning and yet do not care for crape, choose, is most effective when developed in crêpe cloth. This fabric, in its silk-and-wool combination, easily lends itself to drapery and is to be commended for its goodness in retaining the position in which it has been placed. A gown made of it has a foot finish of black silk; the tablier is slightly wrinkled and is laid in folds where it joins the back drapery at the sides; this is laid in two double box-pleats caught up near the top to break the absolutely straight outline. The bodice is a draped one—that is, the foundation is fitted to the figure, the material laid on plainly in the back and then draped across the front in classical fashion. The fastening of this outer part to place, is done by hooks and eyelets. The sleeves are quite high on the shoulder, shaping down to fit the arm in coat-sleeve fashion; the high collar is hidden under a stock of dull, black ribbon. With this is worn a little bonnet of black silk.

that has a black bird just in front, and black ribbons tied under the chin. Black undressed kid gloves are worn. Cashmere, merino, cloth, or suiting of any kind may be used for such a gown, but the crêpe-cloth is given the preference. There can be no doubt of the refinement of all-black, but just remember if your skin is sallow, that a golden-brown or a dark-green will be more becoming to you. The black wool will only bring out every blotch, make positive every red spot or whatever the imperfection on a dark skin may be—a something a gray would not do.



A GRACEFUL, YET MODERATE BODICE. (Illus. No. 3).

ROUGH EFFECTS IN DRESS GOODS.

Rough effects, those known years ago as *houlees*, are again in vogue. "La Mode," after having decided that somewhat plain effects are liked in skirts, immediately concludes that for this purpose rough suitings shall be chosen. The suitings themselves are very heavy looking, which makes them only proper for outdoor wear. The colors are dull, the rag-carpet effect is produced, and one can call one's stuff any color one may fancy. Velvet, plush and fur form the most appropriate decorations, because they seem heavy enough for the fabric on which the frivolities of lace or ribbon are out of place. In developing these cloths a polonaise effect is liked, and as a jacket can be worn with it, or, when the winds of winter are only playful and not biting, a chamois jacket that may be put on close, permits one to go without a wrap and show what a well-fitting gown is.

By-the-by, how many well-fitting gowns do you see? That is not one with its skirts differing in lengths at the sides and producing a curved outline at the bottom, curiously suggestive of Greek architecture. That is not one when there can be no movement of the body because the bodice is so tight. That is not one where the drapery is too full or too scant. That is not one where the buttoning of the bodice is such a difficult task that it suggests the use of the button-hook. That is not one where anything looks too tight or too loose, too much or too little.

THE WELL-FITTING GOWN.

Illustration number 2 shows a well-fitting gown of rough cloth, the colors being so subdued that the effect is brown, a warm golden-brown. The underskirt is a smooth cloth of the same shade, only visible, however, at one side where the polonaise flares away. The polonaise is smoothly fitting in the back, and the skirt portion is gathered in full, high folds that fall in an unbroken outline to the skirt edge. In front the tablier portion is slightly wrinkled, and at the left side does not join the back but flares from it from the waist-line. An elaborate motif of braid and gold soutache seems to hold the folds in place. The under part of the bodice fastened in the usual up-and-down fashion, and the draped portion harmonizing with the arrangement of the polonaise. The sleeves are high and full, being drawn in at the wrists under bands of golden-brown fur. A band of the fur is also about the collar. The effect is very good, the warm color of the fur bringing out well the delicate tints of the skin and giving a rich look to the entire toilette. The turban bonnet is of brown velvet, with narrow bands of gold about it, while in front are high loops of stiffened gold gauze. Undressed tan kid gloves are worn, and, when coquetry or chills demand it, a brown fur muff will be as a most suitable adjunct.

The woman who walks well, the woman who knows that she can carry the bowl of water on her head without spilling a drop of it, is the one that will appreciate this gown, for it brings out the outlines of her figure and shows her at her best. But this is not the one who is dimpled and round, but rather the one who is slender and tall, with the grace that comes to the fair Saxon's idea of a beautiful woman.

THE COMBINATIONS IN MATERIALS

Velvet and wool will, undoubtedly, lead in the combinations of the season. The heavy stuffs fancied are not too rough-looking not to come out well against the imperial look of the silken velvet. Smooth cloths and soft, fine suitings are well adapted to it, and nothing looks so well with silk or moiré as the material that is the acknowledged ruler of them all.

But will the dear general woman take the well-meant word of advice and ignore the existence of cotton velvets? Good, honest velveteens do not come under this list, but that which after the first wear, shows how thready is its background and fully carries out the shopman's persuasive argument "that it looks best at night." Then you thought the meant the gaslight, bright and truth-telling; now you know he means the deep, dark black light, where even your blunder is charitably hidden. Yokes, sleeves, patch pockets, panels, scant frills on underskirts, and square and round Zouave jackets of velvet are all in vogue. The little Zouave or military jacket has special prominence given it, and the wise woman knows that to have one is really one of the few good ways to make a time-worn bodice look as good as new. The one here shown (Illustration No. 3) is of green velvet, and is worn with a pale gray cashmere.

Both square and round jackets are in vogue, a little thought as to one's figure being considered in the choosing; the rather long, square outlines will tend to give a long-waisted air, while the round one, fitting as closely as it does, will give a plump appearance. The plain finish is liked, for, as it is more difficult to attain so it is esteemed more. The lining must be as smooth as the outer part, and, where the fronts flare, the dainty finish will show at its best, "truth, in its innermost parts," being the motto of the fashionable modiste.

GREEN VELVET IN A STYLISH JACKET.

A dove-like shade of gray cashmere is used for this skirt, which has the received slightly full front and much wrinkled back drapery. The full waistcoat is of gray *crêpe de chine*, the girdle that confines it at the waist-line being formed of the *crêpe* laid in folds and stiffened by a little buckram. The jacket is of green velvet lined with gray silk; in the back it is somewhat short and fits closely to the figure, while in front it is longer and flares away in usual jacket fashion. The dainty sleeves are of gray *crêpe de lisse*, made very full on a foundation of gray silk; the curate collar is of the velvet. The hat is a green velvet one trimmed with gray tips, and having loops of green ribbon standing up aggressively in front. On a black gown a black velvet jacket like



A WELL-FITTING GOWN. (Illus. No. 2).

this would look well, and the chemisette and sleeves could be of scarlet, pale blue, olive, or whatever color would be becoming. Many graceful and becoming effects can be produced by such contrasts as are described.



IN the Colonial days she who could not make a "puddin'" was properly frowned upon by the various "Madames" in stiff brocades and petticoats; so to-day she who cannot make a bonnet is deemed not much better. The reason a home-made bonnet is a success—at least often—is that it is tried on, and tried on; that each leaf and bud is pulled to place or pinched in a way that will be more becoming. Now you stand before the milliner, you look, you think, you look, you think, well. It seems all right the bonnet you have assumed; you buy it. When you get home you try the bonnet on again; somehow it does not seem as if the chapeau looked as fashionable as you thought it; then you sit down, and, being a real woman, cry for five minutes, and begin to rip "that bonnet"—those are the terms in which you speak of it now—all to bits, and out of the fragments get just what you like. This is a daily experience.



A DAINTY BONNET. (Ill. No. 5)

and begin to rip "that bonnet"—those are the terms in which you speak of it now—all to bits, and out of the fragments get just what you like. This is a daily experience.

Now, instead, inasmuch as you are going in for home-economies, why do you not find the shape that suits you best, the color that will harmonize with the greatest number of your gowns, and the decorations that will be suitable and smart? And then make the gown and hat agree. Do not have very broad shoulders, a narrow skirt and a big hat; or, worse still, do not have an over-full skirt, the big bishop's sleeves and a tiny little capote as your head-covering. You do not, to be artistic, want to have your chapeau either too large or too small, but it must be in proportion not only with yourself but with your gown. When Marie Stuart wore her long, closely-clinging robes she donned a tiny three-cornered little cap that at once became her and her dress; when Catherine de' Medici wore great sleeves and a high ruff, puffed out, with velvet and studded with jewels, her hat was a large one of velvet, nodding with plumes and rich with many a jeweled clasp. These were two women who understood the art of dress, and the painters of their time so well appreciated this that they reproduced them in tones that not only were rich, but lasting.

Felt will undoubtedly obtain this season, for the liking for "picture hats" is so visibly on the increase that the reason is easily understood. Nothing will tend to suit the face so well as a fine felt; it can come forward and shade it, be rolled backward and give a saucy look, or else, by a demure pressing down at each side, suggest a gentle Quakeress.

A HAT LIKE GOOD PRINCE CHARLIE'S.

A hat that is as picturesque as possible is of dark-green felt, underfaced with velvet the same color, and having in the Stuart fashion, the brim turned up on the one side near the front, and caught by a long, full green plume, held in place by a Rhine-stone buckle. On the right girl this hat forms a veritable picture; but on the wrong one—well—it is a suitable chromo. In golden brown, in deep red, in red and black, or in dark blue, these hats are in good taste.

The bolero, or Spanish hat, is shown in felt, and is becoming to young girls; in shape it is a conical crown, and then from it comes a broad brim which rolls up in turban fashion. The crown is faced with velvet, and has, outlining it, a military decoration in gold braid. On one side, well to the front, are three stiff rosettes, one matching the facing, the other the costume, and the other a positive contrast. Faces to which the stiff English turban are becoming, will find the bolero very well suited to them.

Bonnets are always fashionable, and a lady always feels herself well-dressed when she has one on. Velvet flowers are used upon them almost entirely to the exclusion of everything else. A very dainty one (Illustration No. 5) is made of brown velvet leaves; the shape is a capote, tending to the toque shape; the edges are bound with very dark scarlet velvet, above which the brown leaves are placed in a semi-careless manner. The bridle for it is of the red velvet, and the color-effect, with the arrangement of the leaves, is artistic. Worn well off the face the bang shows just enough to soften what might otherwise be a rather trying bonnet.



A FASHIONABLE NEW CAPE. (Illus. No. 6).

or blacks being given the preference.

Black wings, or plumes with black ribbons, are liked on hats of very delicate shades, noticeably old-rose, pale pistache, gray, electric blue and a mode that is almost a yellow; they are not commended, however, unless one has a regiment of chapeaux.

SOME FASHIONABLE ADJUNCTS.

The feather boa has been rejuvenated, and the English and French women are wearing them, not long as formerly, but fitting close around the throat, and tied with long ends and loops. Both in black and cream they are very becoming, but the colors have not such a smart air.

The narrow fold of fine lissé continues to be liked for wrists and neck, unless, indeed, a stock is worn, and then, of course, nothing white is required above it. On tailor-made suits, the fold-finish is of soft piqué that does not soil easily, and looks well. Cuffs and shirt fronts with high collars are only worn with bodices that are specially planned in jacket-fashion. Full cuffs are no longer in vogue, nor are those with lines of tinsel on them.

Capes with a military air, and much longer than those recently worn, are counted as among the most fashionable. Deep red, Lincoln-green, navy-blue, old-rose, scarlet and black are liked specially when trimmed with gold passementerie. The one shown (Illustration No. 6) is Lincoln-green cloth; it is full enough for both capes to fall in graceful folds, each one being outlined by a band of gold braid; the upper cape is drawn up across the front and fastened, *a la militaire*, by gold cord and pendants. The round hat is somewhat like a Spanish bolero, and is trimmed with green velvet and gold braid. The gloves are tan-colored kid gloves, and the gown is of plain green cloth.

THE PLAIN COLORS.

All the dark shades of green, blue, brown, heliotrope and black, will, of course, obtain; heliotrope will have a special vogue. In making this up just remember that if the color is a trying one, the effect will be assumed by the use of velvet upon it. The softening of the velvet seems to make the heliotrope less trying and to make it a color that brown, blue or black eyes look well with.

In trimming green, black velvet or silk, the last preferably, is most in vogue. Brown also looks well with black, although it is a color that never is quite effective as when developed in a monochromatic manner.

Furs will, later in the season, be used extensively on gowns, the French fashion—which demands a band of fur around the skirt, and above this a strip of passementerie—being fancied. When plain foot trimmings are counted in best taste it is easy to understand how rich, and yet inexpensive, fur decorations can be. Fur garnitures are becoming, and when the fur is put about the throat it has a marvelous effect on the skin, making it look clear and white.

For all black costumes very heavy jet, and passementeries of cord and lace are liked; these are not expensive when there is counted the small amount that is used. Collars and plastrons, cuffs and a collar, and a V-shaped vest, usually require so little that the material gotten looks handsome, and does not cost much.

THE CLOSE-FITTING GOWN.

Following the plain skirt there has come the sheath-like garment that is almost as difficult to walk in as was the old-fashioned tied-back. It must be cut with great care for it is absolutely plain, and at the front and sides it is fitted as carefully as a riding-habit and fits almost as closely. Of course, these skirts will only be developed in heavy cloths, and the woman who likes to look jaunty and who has a good figure will be at her best in this simple skirt with a close-fitting coat and a fetching bonnet.

A CLOTH COSTUME.

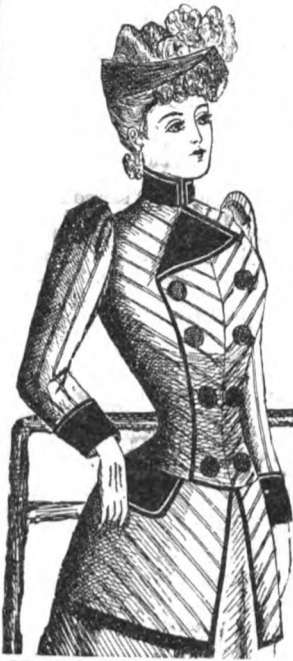
A cloth costume, upon which Dame Fashion has set her seal of approval has one of the extremely plain skirts made of green cloth so rough that it is almost like fur, and so soft that it clings like a blanket. The necessary cut and hang that go to make the plain skirt a success is given to this. Outside a habit basque

of light-weight cloth is worn a brown and green melange, that is cut in three-quarters style, fitting the figure very closely. The hat is a medium-sized one, green felt trimmed with brown plumes, and gloves of tan undressed kid. A mink muff may be carried with this costume, although that woman will deem herself happiest who has for its finish a muff—sable.

However, there is always this consolation about it that if sable is the most desirable from the standpoint of luxury, mink is equally becoming. After all, it is that in which one looks well that is of any value; painters and poets have always recognized this truth, and women who dress well experiment the benefits of the fact.

FEATHERS, WINGS AND PLUMES.

Feathers are used, but always in some odd way; either long plumes sweep along one side of the hat, short ones are grouped together, or bands of delicate feathers entirely cover a brim. Except for evening, light-toned feathers are not seen; deep greens, navies, olives, deep reds



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MANUFACTURED BY THE YPSILANTI DRESS STAY M'FG CO., YPSILANTI, MICH.



AN EVENING BONNET.

The head of the maiden across the sea that how, in that queer country where the streets are paved with gold, beautifully dressed women are seizing her tartans and subduing them by the use of quieter tones with them. How indignant she would be, and how her eyes would flash, if you hinted that the tartan of her clan needed to be subdued.

FASHIONABLE MATERIALS IN PLAIDS.

The very heavy gros-grain silk is shown in all the different plaids, being more often used in combination with heavy black silk; a portion of the skirt—usually the side panels—and the entire basque, is made of the black, while the rest of the skirt and all the bodice decorations are of the plaid.

Next in vogue to the silk plaids are those of Irish poplin. These are, really, to the cultivated eye more beautiful than the silk, for they have a certain consistency about them that Mr. William Shakespeare called "a jewel." The heavier material is better suited to the rich colors, and the wonderful blues and greens outlined with gold thread look more artistic than before. Personally, I am a great believer in Irish poplin; you can wear one until only weariness of the flesh makes you cast it aside, and then it will fit a wardrobe of kilts for your very own prince. The soft wools are also in plaids, and as they drape easily and artistically, are fancied by women who want a combination suit for street wear. A simple costume made of soft suiting and plain cloth, is shown at illustration No. 7.

PLAIN CLOTH AND PLAID GOWN.

This costume, like most of those that are stylish in effect, is yet simple in its arrangement. The skirt consists of a dull plaid in which brown and deep red are most prominent. The foot-finish is a plaiting of plain brown cloth. The tablier which is quite separate from the back drapery, is square in outline and drawn up high in careless wrinkles on each hip. In the back it is in full, fine plaits caught well to position. The bodice of the brown cloth has a postilion back, and a plaid vest set in front. Two revers, broad and pointed, as illustrated, are of the plaid outlined with brown velvet. The high collar is of velvet, and so are the pointed cuffs that finish the slightly full sleeves. With this gown will be worn a flat bonnet of brown felt, bound with velvet and having a dark red and brown velvet rosette just in front and quite low on the hair; the ties are of narrow black ribbon, and come from the back, being looped in conventional fashion under the chin. The gloves are heavy tan walking gloves, and when a muff is carried, it will be one of mink.

Among the latest of the French creations is one simulating the armor worn by the heroic Maid of Orleans. This is almost entirely a decoration, although entire bodice and sleeves are seen made of the material, which is, in reality, scale after scale of black or steel circles, very tiny ones, overlapping each other, until the effect of scales is produced. This must be done by hand, and each scale must be put on separately, else the result will be not that of the Knight of the Woful Countenance, but that of the Knight of the Tattered Armor.

The decoration is much favored, and though it may be used on any color still it is a new garniture for black, a something that the modistes have been looking for for a long time. It is best shown in a draped bodice of gros-grain silk, pictured at illustration No. 8.

A garniture may cause the success or the failure of a black gown, and to overtrim it is quite as possible as to put too much trimming on a frock of any color. The lace that simply makes an awkward bunch should not exist,

THE lassie with the lint locks, with the clear blue eyes, and the skin of peaches and cream, is eagerly insisting on feminine favor being given to the tartans; she sniffs her pretty little nose with contempt at their being called "plaids," and grows as knowledgeable as a border maiden when she discusses her right to a certain color or its mingling. She discusses the clan of the Gordons, of the Stuarts and of the Farquharson, but it never enters the head of the maiden across the sea that how, in that queer country where the streets are paved with gold, beautifully dressed women are seizing her tartans and subduing them by the use of quieter tones with them. How indignant she would be, and how her eyes would flash, if you hinted that the tartan of her clan needed to be subdued.

then drawn to fit the figure in classical fashion, the joining with hooks and eyes being quite concealed. This drapery must be fitted on the figure and over the stays with which it is to be worn. The sleeves are of the silk, and full, with very deep cuffs of the scales, and the collar is a ribbon stock.

The hair is not short as it seems, but is arranged after the latest French fashion. The bang is curled all about the face—the back hair is then brushed until it glistens, after which the ends are curled and carefully pinned in position until the entire head seems framed in an annulus of tiny ringlets. The result is very artistic and is commended to women with slender faces, but not to those whose countenances are funnily enough told of as being "round as the moon."

SOME EVENING BONNETS.

The arrangement of the hair has much to do with the choosing of a bonnet for evening wear, for as mademoiselle is young and life is new, madame who is ponderous and finds life a bit of a burthen, are all to be catered to. Mademoiselle will adopt the French fashion; the hair will be smoothly brushed until the nape of the neck is reached, and then the rest, which is not very long, is grouped in a bunch of short curls tied together with a knot of ribbons in harmony with her chapeau. Sometimes she will draw it up high and make a golden knot of it just on her head, a knot fastened here and there with tiny pins with jeweled heads, and then, you know, she is going to wear a crown-like bonnet. And this is the latest in an

EVENING BONNET.

This bonnet is made of a drapery of blue crape and has no foundation except a strip of stiffened net. At each side are three fine fillets of jet. Just in front is a knot of the crape, and above it, as if announcing its supremacy, is a finely-cut jet crescent. The ties are of black velvet ribbon, and come from the back. These bonnets are shown in yellow, old-rose, black, mauve, bright red, mazarine, serpent, blue and magenta, but are in almost all cases trimmed with black jet. One or two have been noted with gold upon them, but these do not seem to have caught the fancy of the ladies who set the fashions for all the world. It will not be long before the crescents and the fillets will be sold separately, and then you and I—on economical thoughts intent—can make our own evening bonnets, and feel ourselves free and enlightened citizens.

The heavy-jeweled passementerie is considered in better form for matrons than for young ladies. A very smart one is a capote of mauve velvet, with a band of gold passementerie in which are set sapphires and topazes about the edge and extending all about the crown; just in front are three fluffy mauve feathers; the arrangement seems rather stiff, but it is well adapted to the elaborate trimming and the matronly face it surmounts. Another, that is a little more subdued in effect, is a capote of black velvet, on the side of which is passementerie of jet set with tiny Rhinestones that glitter like diamonds. In front the tips are silver-gray and black, and the ties are of the conventional and becoming black velvet.

Do not under any circumstances, wear broad ties if you have a round, plump face, as they certainly will not become you; wear, instead, the narrow ones that are, in reality, the fashion.

THE NEW BODICE TRIMMING.

Quite plain and fitting with great exactness, this body has the usual fitted front, hidden, however, under the silk drapery. On one side, from the shoulder quite a distance down, the material is covered with the jet scales; from the other side, extending to below the waist, a broad full strip of material is sewed in and

HATS FOR CHILDREN.

Do not be persuaded into buying an over-trimmed hat for the baby boy or girl, for though a milliner may attempt to convince you that white feathers on white hats for small people are greatly admired, you may conclude that the stock is as bad as the milliner's taste. Large felt hats—brown, blue, olive, or black—trimmed with rosettes of ribbon, are all worn by the children of the rich woman who is endeavoring to set the fashion of good taste. Who slaves and labors to get a lace slip for the baby to be worn over the satin gown? The wife of the laborer. Who dresses her child in dark flannel or merino, puts on it a large hat that shades its face, and shoes in which it can walk? The wife of the employer. Does not that point a moral? Oh! my dear women, if you would only learn the law of suitability, all life would be better and easier to live. You see I will preach. But take it as it comes—from the heart.

ORNAMENTS, JEWELRY, GLOVES, ETC.

Silver ornaments, specially chateaines, are again in vogue, and the pretty "jingle-jingle" of them is again heard. The chateaine proper is usually a twisted loop of silver that suggests the possibilities into which twine may be looped by a small boy. Then there depends my lady's fads: a pencil and case, a chime of bells that represent some merry days, a vinaigrette, a tiny watch and, best of all, a silver dollar in which is hidden—well—we were all young ourselves once, and we can guess who.

Various styles are shown in gloves, but the well-bred woman knows that the undressed kid in gray, black or tan are best form. That these colors will make her hand look small and adapt themselves best to her gowns.

The jewelry? Well, you do not see it on the street. Possibly the dim outline of a wedding-ring may be noted through a glove, or a quiet brooch seen, but only in the evening does the woman of good taste appear in her jewels. "But her solitaire earrings," says discontent. Well, really, earrings should not be worn at all, and the street is not the place for them. Let them glitter in the bright light of the evening, but do not let the more gorgeous rays of the sun show after all how subdued the light is in them.

There are so many jewels that may be worn day and night; so many gems that are always and

only your own, that you need not grieve for those that show their brightness only by day. There is the jewel of Consideration, that you may wear just over your heart; there is the moonstone of Hope, that may glitter over your brow filling your eyes with brightness; there is that brilliant stone of Sympathy, the emerald, that makes you put out your right hand of help; and there is the beautiful one of loving Kindness, that makes the left-hand help the right. But, above all, overshadowing all, pinning down your tresses is the diamond of true Love—love which endureth all, suffereth all, hopeth all. Are not these better than jewels dug out of the earth? For, indeed, these jewels come from the Heaven above.



A DRAPED BODICE. (Illus. No. 8).



A STYLISH STREET DRESS. (Illus. No. 7).



C. C. SHAYNE,

MANUFACTURER, Offers all leading fashionable styles of Fur Shoulder-Capes at lowest possible prices at which reliable furs can be sold.

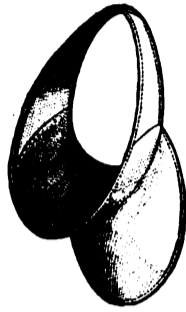
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SIGBEE MANUFACTURING CO., Ayer, Mass.



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FALL 1890.

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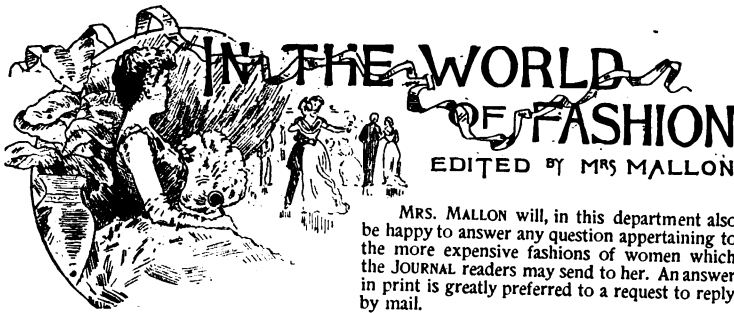
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IN THE WORLD OF FASHION
EDITED BY MRS MALLON

MRS. MALLON will, in this department also be happy to answer any question appertaining to the more expensive fashions of women which the JOURNAL readers may send to her. An answer in print is greatly preferred to a request to reply by mail.



EVERYTHING is after the manner of Joan of Arc—gowns are made that closely imitate armor, jackets that are decorated with breast-plates, and it seems most probable that a helmet will, in a modified form, crown the head of many a nineteenth century Juno.

FASHIONABLE AND HISTORICAL STUFFS.

Beautiful wools in dark blues, dull reds, olives and blacks have the *fleur-de-lis*—the historical flower of France—woven in it so that the color or contrast blends in the most artistic manner. One of the most chic contrasts is a black ground with a crimson *fleur-de-lis* upon it, while another is a dull green with the black weaving the "flower de luce," as they called it in the olden time. The designs being large they are usually developed either in long wraps or in polonaise costumes, these styles showing off the material at the best. A blue ground with a black *fleur-de-lis* upon it is made into a long wrap, closing down the entire front, and, though semi-loose there, fitting the figure close in the back. The sleeves are rather high on the shoulders, and sufficiently broad for the under-sleeves not to be crushed. About the throat is a deep Russian collar of black bear, a strip of black is down the front, and deep cuffs of it are on the sleeves. A large muff of it is also carried. The bonnet is of blue velvet and has among some ribbons, high in front, a loop or two of

SOME PLAIN CLOTHS.

Though there are many kinds of rough cloth and the feminine world is advised to wear it, still it must be confessed by people learned in the art of dressing that nothing makes so elegant a costume as one of smooth cloth. "Elegant" seems the word—the one word—and you and I, who are careful in the use of our adjectives, find it most suitable, and insist upon using it when the stuff is spoken of to Mr. Redfern. There are heliotropes, olives, pistache, navy and army blues, Lincoln and billiard greens, all the browns, golden and seal, the deep reds and the rose pinks, until you wonder if one really started out with a certain number of original colors.

A COSTUME OF PLAIN CLOTH.

A costume that deserves much admiration is of green broadcloth; the front is quite smooth, except near the top where a few wrinkles take away from it what might be a drawn look.

At each side is a panel formed of green soutache and fine gold braid. The basque is very long-waisted, pointed at the front and back and arching over the hips. Its decoration consists of a plastron of the braid—green-and-gold braids—that, very broad at the shoulders, narrows at the waist-line and down to the point; the sleeves are coat-shaped and have a band of gold-and-green braid just below each shoulder, while the same finish is at the wrists and throat; the gloves are tan un-

dressed kid; the bonnet is a dainty affair of green cloth, with rosettes of gold braid just in front, and ribbon ties under the chin. Such a costume could, of course, be developed in black and silver, or scarlet and gold, though the last combination is really only suited to a very young girl, and is a bit bizarre for her.

All the short coats have a military air—the St. Cyr, described in the June JOURNAL, and also known as the "engineer's jacket," having special favor. There are long coats and short coats—coats that fairly wrap one, and coats that only keep the cold from one, but to each can be given an air of good form.

A JAUNTY JACKET

Is one of army cloth made the length known as three-quarters. It fits the figure perfectly, which, in the understanding of the good tailor, is closely; the edge is quite unfinished, but at the throat is a Medici collar of astrakhan fur, with a high collar inside it to protect the throat. The outlines down the front are each bound with astrakhan, and "frogs," in the military fashion, are on each side from the throat to the edge. The sleeves are sufficiently large to be worn over full sleeves, while the gloves are black undressed kid. A deep cuff of black astrakhan is on each sleeve. The hat is a large one of black felt, decorated with army-blue plumes, one long enough to come down on the dark-brown hair, that makes it possible for a woman to wear army-blue.

THE THREE-QUARTERS COAT.

The extreme simplicity of the skirt has made the three-quarters coat possible, and the woman who finds the jaunty jacket undesirable, or the long wrap bunchy-looking, is delighted with the curious dignity that seems to attach itself to the three-quarters coat. Remember, however, that an elaborate skirt cannot be worn with such a jacket; it requires an almost smooth one under it. A typical three-quarters coat is shown at illustration No. 11.

GOLDEN-BROWN CLOTH COAT.

A wonderful shade of golden-brown, that seen in the autumn leaves, is the color of this cloth. It fits the figure closely, the plainness of the skirt making it possible for a smooth fit to be attained its entire depth; the edges are outlined with astrakhan fur, and on the broad lapel is embroidered, in brown-and-gold braid, an elaborate floral pattern; the high collar is covered with similar embroidery, and each sleeve has a fancifully-shaped cuff decorated in the same way. The hat is of brown cloth and velvet, with a band of fur about it, and two wings standing up just in front; the muff is of cloth, decorated with fur and braid.

The plaids, broken or otherwise, that come in rough cloth, are developed in long wraps, easily assumed and very smart to look upon. Well-draped artistic effects are arranged so that the somewhat severe look of a tight coat is lost. Rich, heavy passermenterie, furs and plush, that seen in terraces, are liked for trimming.

A LONG WRAP OF PLAID.

(Illustration No. 12.) A very becoming long wrap is a regular plaid of blue and white, lined through with plain blue silk; the coat is fitted closely in the back, and reaches quite to the edge of the skirt. In front the fullness is drawn to one side so that a cascade, faced with the velvet, makes a rich decoration. The sleeves are very high and have, as their finish, cuffs of plush, in which the pile is raised in regular curves. The hat is a turban of the velvet and cloth, with a bird of blue standing just in front. In scarlet and white, in black and white, in brown and white, and in green and white, these plaids are most effective in long wraps. The surface is rough which gives an air of good form to the entire wrap. It cannot be denied that there is what the "grande dame" calls "an air of elegance" about a long wrap, and certainly Redfern, more than anybody else, knows just how to give this wonderful effect that becomes the entire garment and maketh it good. The woman who has a shabby gown—and her number is many—does well to put her money



A STYLISH THREE-QUARTERS COAT. (Illus. No. 11)

in one, for it not only suits itself to her figure and hides her sins in the way of gowns, but also gives her a certain air that makes her an absolute thing of beauty.

THE FASHIONABLE LONG COAT.

To wrap the drapery of one's cloak about one always gives an air of elegance, and the shabbier one's gowns are the more superb is this effort. By all the laws governing good taste, a long cloak is always in best taste for winter, because it is suited to the time and season. A jacket may be jaunty and smart looking, but it never has the air of elegance



THE LATEST PLAID COAT. (Illus. No. 12).

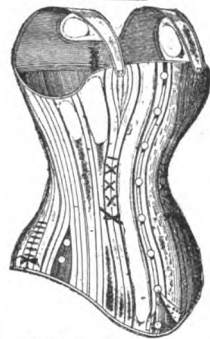
that seems so specially the property of the long wrap. You cannot imagine a queen in a jacket; you always think of her in long, rich cloaks, and you who decide to be queen of winter will be smartest in your appearance if the long folds of your fur-trimmed cloak are picturesquely gathered about you.

THE BRAID THAT IS KNOWN



THE WORLD AROUND.

Attention, Ladies!



Patented Aug. 5, 1890.

Post-paid for \$1.00. Money refunded if not satisfactory.

The "Happy Thought."

A Lady's Corset Waist, constructed on an entirely new and novel design. All steels removable, making a perfectly soft garment. Cord fastened, ivory buttons, cord buttonholes, high back, front and hip lace. Made in two lengths; guaranteed to perfectly fit any form. Ask your merchant for the "H. T." You will appreciate its great advantages over anything heretofore offered to the public.

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Does not Croak or Fade.
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The Warren is made in a great variety of styles for Ladies, Misses and Children, in SILK and COTTON WEBS.

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A PRINCESS-SHAPED GOWN. (Illus. No. 10).

black bear. The whole effect is very good, and specially becoming to the blonde beauty who is made to look blonder and clearer because of her dark, rich framing.

One of the most charming of the *fleur-de-lis* or *Joan d'Arc* costumes is one of pale gray cloth, with the flower wrought in silver threads upon it.

THE JOAN OF ARC COSTUME.

The gown (Illustration No. 10) is a princess shape so arranged that while sufficient fullness is retained about the front, the armor effect, close-fitting, is achieved and most of the fullness is in the back. Across the front is a double band of gray velvet ribbon, with short straps of the same crossing it. At one side a similar decoration is arranged. The sleeves, though fitting rather high on the shoulder, shape in very closely, and are ornamented simply with a band of velvet. The high collar is also of velvet; the hat is a toque of velvet, with a bunch of pale silver tips just in front.

Such a costume is desirable for visiting or for theatre or concert wear. There is about it not only the air of style that comes from a well-cut and well-fitted bodice, but also one that comes from a rich-looking material.



ALL ABOUT FLOWERS

EDITED AND CONDUCTED BY EBEN E. REXFORD.



THE AURATUM LILY.

NOTHING more magnificent can be imagined than a clump of *Auratum* lilies in full bloom. It is a sight worth going a long way to see, and one that will not be soon forgotten by the lover of the beautiful. A strong clump, in which half a dozen bulbs have been planted, will often send up a dozen or twenty flower-stalks to the height of five or six feet, and each stalk will bear from six to fifteen or twenty great blossoms, each eight or nine inches across. The flowers are pure white, spotted with rose, and each petal is banded down its centre with a yellow stripe, from which the plants gets its popular name of Gold-banded Lily. Its petals have a waxy texture, and the spots on them are like velvet applied in little touches. Contrasting beautifully with the other colors are the maroon-tipped stamens. Taken all in all, this lily is one of the most beautiful ornaments of the garden, and no collection of lilies can be considered complete without it.

It is, unfortunately, not as hardy as most of the other lilies from Japan. Growers of it often meet with failure. But I think there is reasonable surety of success, if sound bulbs are procured and proper treatment is given. What is meant by proper treatment is—

First, preparing the bed in such a manner as to make sure of its being perfectly drained. No lily likes a heavy, water-soaked soil, and this variety is specially averse to it. In fact, it will not grow in one. Second, manuring. This should be done in such a manner as to have the manure, which should be old and perfectly rooted about the bulb, where nutriment can be drawn from it, but not in contact with it. Let there be nothing but clear soil in which there is mixed a good deal of sand surrounding the bulb.

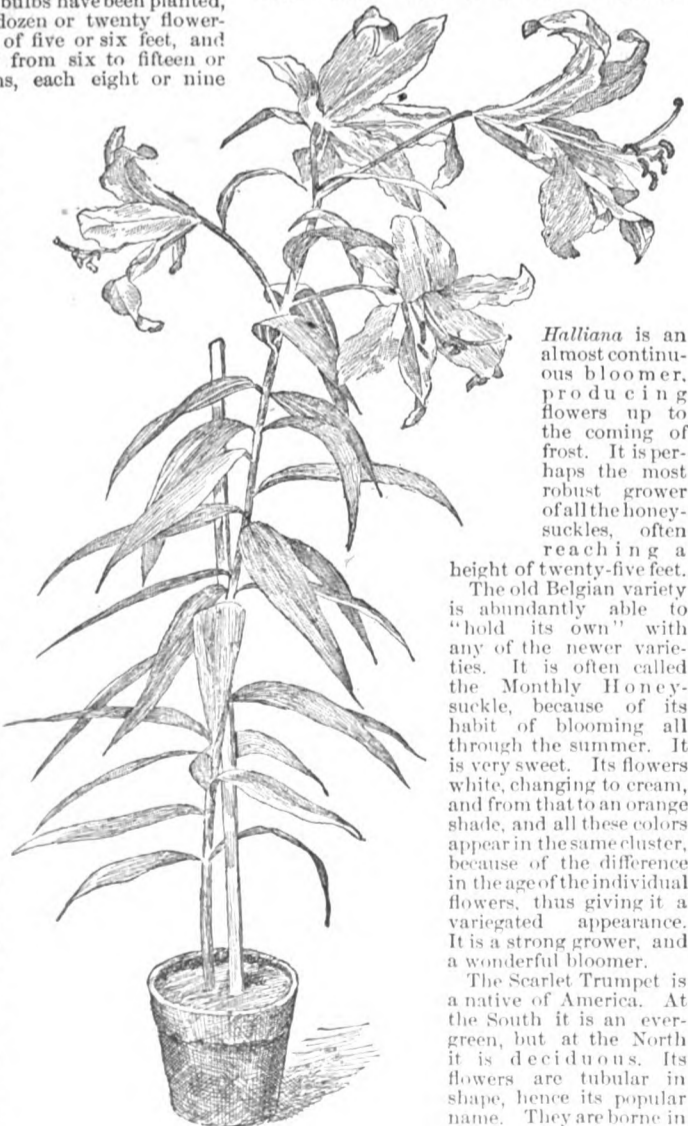
Third, protection in winter. Do not cover with manure, but throw leaves over each clump to a depth of eight or ten inches, and lay on evergreen branches to keep them in place.

There are many bulbs in market of large size, but on examination it will be found that they are loose. The scales of which they are composed seem ready to fall apart. These, for the most part, have been forced into rapid growth by artificial fertilizers, and because of their large size they sell more readily than a smaller bulb, because the buyer thinks he is getting more for his money, and because he has an idea that the larger a bulb is the sooner it will bloom and the more flowers he will get. In this he is all wrong. Always select bulbs because of their hard, plump, condition. A solid, firm bulb, even if small, is not only surer to grow than a large, loose one, but will give larger and finer flowers. Plump solidness indicates a healthy condition.

THE FRAGRANT HONEYSUCKLE.

We have few more desirable plants than the honeysuckle. Indeed, if I were asked to name the best shrubby vine for planting about the veranda or for training up the pillars of a porch, I am quite sure I should select this. It has a bright and pleasing foliage; it is a rapid grower, and is very hardy; and it is a most free and profuse flowering plant, bearing beautiful and fragrant flowers through the greater part of the season.

The following are among the best varieties: *Halliana*, a variety introduced from Japan, by Dr. Hall. This variety bears flowers which are almost pure white when they first expand, but in a short time they take on a creamy tinge. They have a delicious fragrance.



THE LILIUM AURATUM.

flowers are succeeded by bright-red berries, which the robins lay special claim to. If it were only fragrant it would be an ideal vine. We have a native yellow variety similar in

form and habit of growth to the Scarlet Trumpet, but not as free a bloomer.

Give this plant a rich and mellow soil. Tie up its slender branches, as it develops, to a trellis, or fasten them about the pillars of the porch or veranda to prevent their being broken or whipped off by the wind. In order to make the plants bushy, cut them back from time to time till the desired result is secured. No plant stands pruning better. There may be other shrubby vines with showier flowers, but none with sweeter ones, or more of them. It can be propagated by division of the roots, by cuttings, or by layering.

A NEW DECORATIVE PLANT.

One of the finest decorative plants of recent introduction is *Asparagus plumosa nana*. Three or four years ago the florist sent out *Asparagus tenuissimus*, a variety of climbing habit, closely resembling in foliage the common garden asparagus. This new variety has none of the climbing habit of *A. tenuissimus*, and bears but little resemblance in form of growth or foliage to any other variety of this family. The slender stalks, which reach a height of eighteen inches or two feet, are regularly branched, and each branch has a fern-like arrangement of leaves, palmate in character, and so fine as to resemble mist more than ordinary foliage. These leaves are arranged flatly along each side of the stem, and each branch sent out from the main branch suggests the idea of a pressed specimen, so smooth is it on its surface. I know of no plant having such an airy, delicate appearance. While not more beautiful than many varieties of the fern, it has a much greater delicacy, and can be used where ferns would not be available.

For the centre of a table, at a dinner-party, nothing could be finer than a well-grown specimen. Its usefulness in cut-work has already been proved, as it gives to flowers used with it a spray-like broidery of green, which heightens without hiding their rich colors. Like the smilax, and all other members of its family, it lasts for a long time after cutting. The smilax and *A. tenuissimus* are especially adapted for use where vines are desired, while this, on account of its erect habit of growth and its free branching, is equally as valuable in large bouquets, where a delicate, mist-like green is required. When combined with many flowers it heightens their beauty much as the moss on a rose adds to its charm.

It is of easier cultivation than *A. tenuissimus*. Give it a rich, mellow, sandy soil, a shady place, and good drainage, with water enough at its roots to keep the soil moist all through, and a daily showering all over. If this showering is omitted, the red spider will damage it in a short time if he once gets to work at it. I have not had my plant long enough to find out what amount of rest it requires, but from my experience with other members of its family I should imagine that it requires the same amount of rest given the smilax. I am greatly pleased with this new plant, and would advise those wanting something in which beauty, delicacy, and novelty is combined, to try it.

A FALL BLOOMER.

I have always been a lover of *Salvia splendens*, known in some localities as Scarlet Sage. It is a strong, tall-growing plant, having large, rich, dark-green foliage, above which it lifts its plume-like spikes of intensely rich and brilliant scarlet flowers in a graceful way that makes the plant noticeable in any location. We have but few flowers of such a rich and dazzling

color. It is a remarkably free bloomer, and a well grown plant will not be without flowers from June to the coming of frost. The better care you give it the better satisfaction it will afford you. It should have a rich, mellow soil, and be encouraged to throw up a large number of shoots from its roots. These will branch freely, and as they grow rapidly, you will have a large plant in September from what was a very small plant when set out in June. For massing, where a great show of



SCARLET TRUMPET HONEYSUCKLE.

brilliant coloring is required, nothing surpasses it. It can be combined effectively with yellow hollyhocks, or the fall-blooming *Helianthus multiflorus plena*. Grown as a background for *Hydrangea paniculata* it is wonderfully effective. When standing by itself, it gives the most striking effect if planted so that it gets the benefit of an evergreen background, the dull green of the latter acting as an admirable foil for its velvety richness of color. For cutting, for use in large vases, it is excellent.

HYDRANGEA PANICULATA GRANDIFLORA.

In many respects this is the best shrub of recent introduction. It has the merit of being as hardy as a lilac, and every one who has grown the lilac knows that it will stand our most severe winters without showing the least sign of injury. This *Hydrangea* is wonderfully free-flowering, even small plants being covered with immense heads of flowers. I have often seen plants bearing clusters of flowers larger than all the rest of the plant. It blooms late in the season when there are few other flowers, and on this account it fills a long-felt want, and the flowers remain in perfection for weeks. It has no fragrance, and its foliage is so sparse as to be of little account, but what it lacks in this respect is amply made up for by the enormous quantities of flowers which it produces. A gentleman writes that the first year his plant of *Hydrangea paniculata* bore three heads of flowers, the second fifty-six, and the third ninety-two, and many of these clusters were a foot in length and eight inches across, and each cluster was composed of hundreds of individual flowers. This is not an exceptional case. With proper cultivation any one can grow this plant as well. It should have a rich soil, and every spring a liberal



ASPARAGUS PLUMOSA NANA.



ALL ABOUT FLOWERS

This department is under the editorship of EBEN E. REXFORD, who will take pleasure in answering any question regarding flowers and floriculture which may be sent to him by the JOURNAL readers. MR. REXFORD asks that, as far as possible, correspondents will allow him to answer their questions through his JOURNAL Department. Where specially desired, however, he will answer them by mail, if stamp is enclosed. Address all letters direct to EBEN E. REXFORD, Shiocton, Wisconsin.

HYDRANGEA PANICULATA GRANDIFLORA.

(Continued from opposite page.)

quantity of manure should be dug in about its roots. It requires but very little pruning to bring it into good shape. It will send up several shoots from the roots, each of which will divide into several branches, and each branch will bear a load of flowers. Fine specimens will be eight or more feet in height and nearly as many across, and the effect in August and September when the plant is loaded down with bloom is superb. The flowers are a pure ivory-white at first, taking on a pinkish tinge later, and turning to a greenish-brown at last. For cutting to use in large vases we have nothing more effective.

This plant is one of the best of all plants for cemetery use. It will stand as much neglect, and keep as cheerful under it as the much abused but always delightful lilac; and this is a merit not to be overlooked in selecting plants for cemetery planting as we seldom give such plants the care they require if we would have them do their best. It will succeed well in the full sunshine, but the flowers retain their purity longer if planted in a shady location. It stands drought well, but does much better if kept well watered. Because of its strong habit of growth it is very effective when planted in prominent positions on the lawn. Its flowers show to greater advantage if they can be given a background of evergreen, or some brilliant fall-flowering plant like the scarlet salvia. I have seen it growing in the border where the gladiolus was planted in clumps beside and back of it, and the effect was delightful because of the vivid contrast of color. If you want a shrub which will never disappoint you try this one.

FALL PLANTING OF BULBS.

EVERY year since my connection with the JOURNAL, instructions have been given in fall regarding the planting of bulbs in the garden. If only old subscribers were to be provided for it would not be necessary to repeat these instructions, but as new ones are constantly being added who ask for information of this kind, it becomes necessary to go over the same ground each season. I will therefore give a few directions for fall planting of bulbs for the benefit of those who have asked for instructions during the present year.

I regard fall as by far the best season to plant hardy bulbs, because they have an opportunity to become thoroughly established before spring comes. During the late fall months, before the ground freezes, they put forth roots and prepare for the work of the coming spring, and when that season arrives they are in the proper condition to grow and produce flowers, which would not be the case if they were not planted till spring. It is true that spring-planted bulbs often bloom quite well, but it is always at the expense of vitality. The development of roots and flowers takes place at about the same time, and the demand made on the vital strength of the bulb is too much for it to stand without permanent injury. The flowers will not be so large and fine the first season, nor after that. Therefore be sure to plant your bulbs in fall if possible. October is the best month in which to do this. If possible, have this work done before the middle of the month. Bulbs can be set any time up to the coming of cold weather, with good results, but it is better to give them time to put forth and complete the development of the roots before winter is at hand.

HOW TO RAISE BULBS SUCCESSFULLY.

The essentials of success in the culture of this class of plants are:

First, a well-drained location; second, a light, rich soil; third, proper planting, and, last, but not least by any means, good stock. It is imperatively necessary that the bed in which you plant bulbs should be drained well. If it is not possible to draw surplus water away from about their roots, do not attempt to grow them, for you will surely fail with them. Your labor and money will be wasted. It is possible to drain almost any location sufficiently by excavating the bed to the depth of a foot or two, putting in material which will not settle firmly together, like broken brick, stones, and so-forth, something which will hold up the soil taken from the bed when returned to it, with cracks and crevices between through which the water can run down and away, to the depth of at least eight inches, and ten would be better, after which the soil which was dug out can be put back, adding to it a liberal quantity of old manure. The older and more rotten it is the better it will suit the plants. If the original soil is of only ordinary richness, you can safely add one quarter manure. If the soil is heavy or stiff, it is well to add some sharp sand, as this will help to make it porous, thus facilitating early drainage in spring. Have the centre of the bed at least six inches higher than the ground about it, so that the water from melting snow and early rain will run off.

THE BEST BULBS TO BUY.

I cannot too firmly emphasize the fact that it is always economy to buy the best stock. It may cost you twice as much to get the best, but it is money well invested, as you can easily convince yourself by planting some of the bulbs brought over from Holland by such firms as Roozen, alongside some of the cheap American-grown bulbs. That will convince you as nothing else will. Do not let the difference in price govern you in making your selection, if you can possibly afford the Holland-grown bulbs. Most of our American dealers are large importers of foreign stock, and they send out excellent bulbs at very reasonable prices, but some of them are in the habit of buying up lots of home-grown and inferior bulbs which they offer at such low prices as to secure orders from many who want the best and are willing to pay for it, but are under the impression that the extra price asked for foreign stock represents simply a greater profit and not really superior quality. This is not the case.

So many large firms are now engaged in the cultivation and sale of bulbs, that it is possible to purchase enough to stock a garden well for a very small sum of money. You can buy collections of all the leading varieties for a few dollars.

"OAKS FROM LITTLE ACORNS GROW."

Do not take up your bulbs each season after they have done blooming. Many seem to think it necessary to do this, but such is not the case. Leave them in the beds until you know by the appearance of young plants about the old ones that the bulbs have increased considerably in number. Then, after the plants have completed their spring growth and ripened, which is shown by the turning yellow and dropping of the leaves, take them up, separate them, and keep them in a dry, cool place till fall, when they can be planted again, keeping the young, strong bulbs apart from the old ones which will have become exhausted by several seasons of flowering.

A FEW TIMELY HINTS.

Do not put off the work of potting plants, which have been growing in the garden during summer, till too late. We may expect frosts at the North any time after the first of September, and it is best to be in readiness for them. Therefore begin to take up your plants as soon as September comes, and get this work done as soon as possible. Set the plants away in a cool and shady place, after potting, and water them well. Leave them to get thoroughly established before placing in the sun, and do not bring them into the house as long as there is no danger of their freezing out-of-doors.

The flowering season of such tender fall-blooming plants as the dahlia and salvia, can be greatly prolonged by covering the plants with sheets of newspapers on cold nights. A slight protection will ward off all danger, and as it almost always happens that we have a long spell of warm weather after the first frosts, it is possible, with but little trouble, to keep the garden gay till the last of October.

After frost has killed the tops of dahlias, gladioluses, and other flowers of a tuberous or bulbous nature, take them up on a sunny day, and leave them in the sun, without attempting to shake them free of earth. By night you will find the soil dry enough to rattle off. Lay them in a shed, away from the dew, or leave them where they are, covering well to exclude moisture. Next day, expose to the sun again. The third day, cut off the tops to within a foot of the root, and store away in a cool, dry place till cold weather approaches. Then put in the cellar. Never leave the roots where the frost can get at them, after they are dug, and never put them in the cellar until they have been given the benefit of a few days of sunshine.

This is the month in which to get a stock of potting soil together to put in the greenhouse or cellar, for winter and spring use. Do not neglect to do this. Go into the pasture and turn over sods along the fence. You will find that part immediately beneath the top of the grass full of fibrous roots. Scrape or cut this off with a sharp hoe, and you will have something light and spongy in character, and rich in vegetable matter. Add to this an equal quantity of rich loam, and mix in with it enough of the sharpest kind of sand you can find to make the mass so friable that when you squeeze it in the hand it will fall apart as soon as you relax your hold. Such a soil will answer admirably for almost all plants, and you will find it very convenient to have a supply on hand to draw from when needed. If you have a greenhouse, put it under the benches and keep it moist. If you put it in the cellar it will keep moist enough without adding any water. Never be without a supply of potting material, for you don't know when you are going to need it.



Girls.

By HELEN EKIN STARRETT, in *The Forum*.

"Thousands who are now in shops and other organized industries would really prefer work in homes, i. only the heavy, grimy, malodorous, clothes-destroying work of cooking and laundering were not required and expected of them."

Well—if this is true there's a good time coming for girls and the mistress too; for women (by millions) are coming to know, that *Pearline* saves the clothes on your back as well as the clothes in the wash; the paint on your walls—the sheen of silver—the lustre of glass and reduces the labor—drudgery—health breaking—temper and comfort wearing work of washing and cleaning to almost nothing.

Besides—the girl—the mistress—or both—are better satisfied with the results. It cleanses—restores original colors—but hurts nothing, not even delicate skin—luxurious for bathing—be among the bright ones and use *Pearline*.

Beware Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you, "this is as good as" or "the same as *Pearline*." IT'S FALSE—*Pearline* is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you some thing in place of *Pearline*, do the honest thing—send it back. 190 JAMES PYLE, New York



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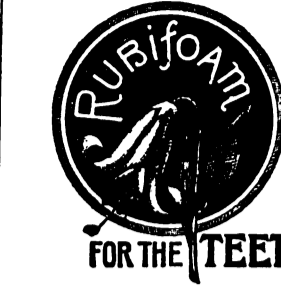
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KEEPING NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS.

In a recent number of the *JOURNAL* a correspondent tells what she considers the best method of preserving newspaper clippings. Having discovered what I think "a more excellent way," let me briefly describe it:—

Select small, pasteboard boxes of uniform size, as many as are the subjects in which you are specially interested. On the front of each box write in plain letters one subject.

Arrange the boxes in any convenient place in the room in which you usually read and cut. A very nice way is to have them on one end of a book-shelf which has curtains.

There they are out of sight and near at hand, and, when placed in alphabetical order, it is only the work of an instant to fold a cutting, with title uppermost, and drop it into its proper box.

We all know by experience how easy it is to cut out items of interest, and how irksome to paste these items in a book.

It is too much trouble to make paste each time, and paste will not keep sweet; mucilage is unsatisfactory for this purpose, while the "Mark Twain" scrap-book is expensive and not without disadvantages.

Then, too, a book large enough to include all the departments you wish, must inevitably be heavy and cumbersome, a decidedly inconvenient article to run for when you wish direction in case of accident or other emergency.

With the box system, on lifting the cover you find at a glance the very thing you want, and have the benefit of it without being bothered with the hundred and one other things which will be useful some other time.

Convenient boxes can usually be obtained for the asking, from a merchant or manufacturer; or, they may be bought at slight expense at a paper-box factory.

If the *JOURNAL* sisters will try this method they will surely agree that it gives the most satisfaction for the least trouble.

Let all who are mothers remember to have one box for games and other home amusements. It will be found a veritable treasure-box when the children are kept in the house with colds, whooping-cough or similar difficulties.

MARTHA C. RANKIN.

A PECULIAR MARRIAGE MIX.

I GOT acquainted with a young widow, observes a recent writer, who lived with her step-daughter in the same house. I married the widow. Shortly afterward, my father fell in love with the step-daughter of my wife and married her. My wife became the mother-in-law and also the daughter-in-law of my own father; my wife's step-daughter is my step-mother, who is the step-daughter of my wife. My father's wife has a boy; he is naturally my step-brother, because he is the son of my father and of my step-mother; but because he is the son of my wife's step-daughter, so is my wife the grandmother of the little boy, and I am the grandfather of my step-brother. My wife also has a boy; my step-mother is consequently the step-sister of my boy, and is also his grandmother, because he is the child of her step-son; and my father is the brother-in-law of my son, because he has got his step-sister for a wife. I am the brother-in-law of my mother, my wife is the aunt of her own son, my son is the grandson of my father, and I am my own grandfather.

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